

THE
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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



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MAY, 1919

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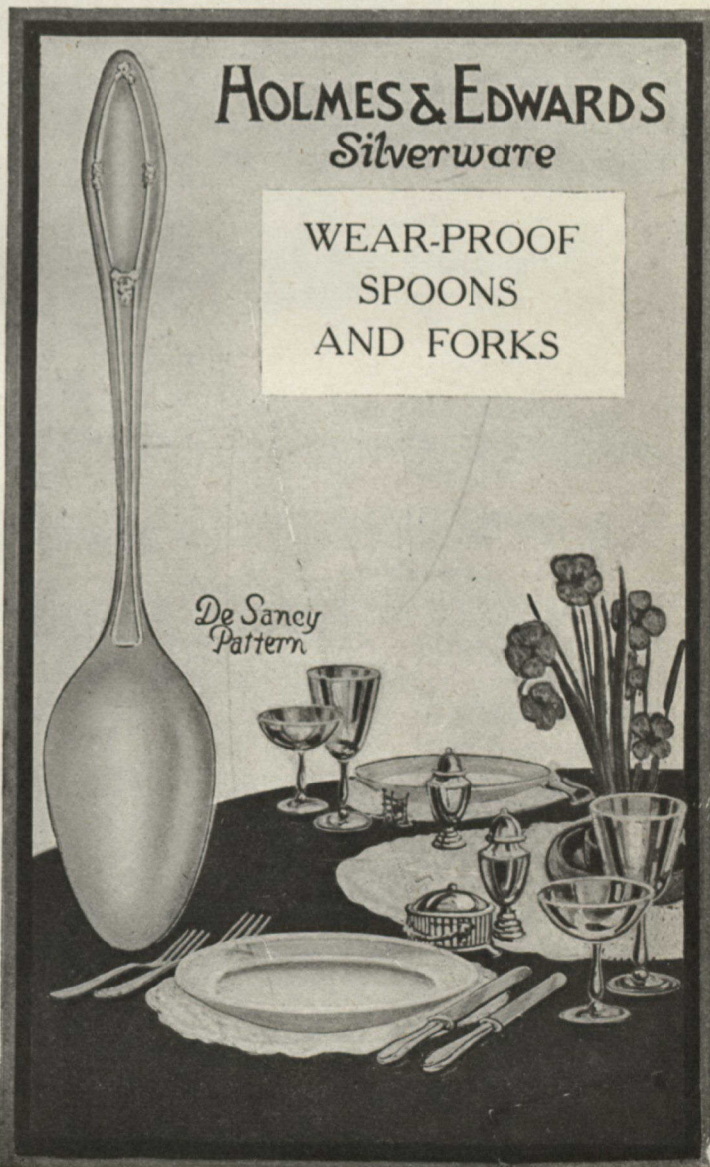
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The Canadian Magazine

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WHAT WAS LEFT OVER

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Now that the ravages of influenza have abated it will be interesting to trace the history of epidemics that have fallen upon the human race and to make a comparison of them with the present scourge. This has been well done by Professor R. K. Gordon, of the University of Alberta. Read the Article in the June number.

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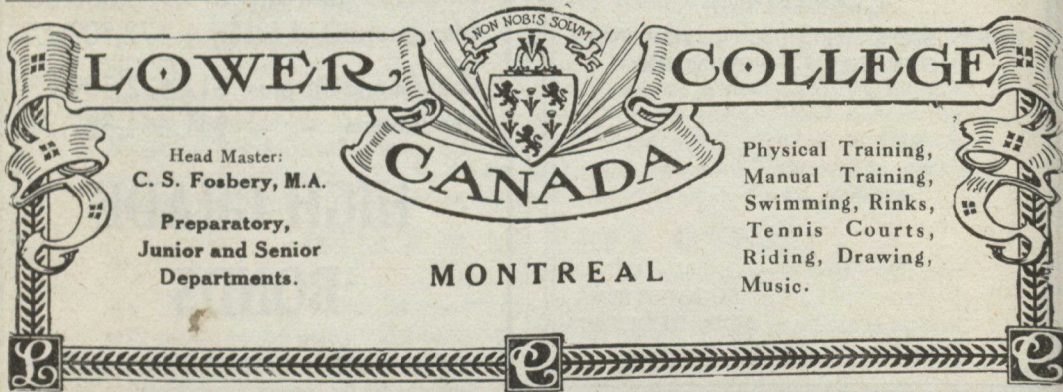
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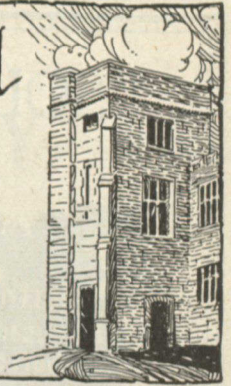
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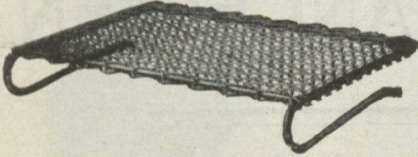
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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 1

THE WAY TO SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PEACE

BY W. E. RANEY

WAS it possible, Victor Hugo inquires, for Napoleon to win Waterloo? He says that it was not; and not because of Wellington, not because of Blücher, but because of God.

It was time that Napoleon should be eliminated. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. Probably, Hugo says, the principles and the elements, upon which the regular gravitations of the moral, as of the material, world depend, had complained. Smoking blood, overfilled cemeteries, mothers in tears, these were formidable pleaders. Napoleon had embarrassed God.

But if God intervened at Waterloo to eliminate Napoleon, why did he not interfere at Marengo or Austerlitz? Why all the intervening carnage and welter of human misery when it might have been prevented at an earlier date?

Attila the Hun, in the fifth century, was called the Scourge of God. May we believe that the people of that time

who named him so were using words having a very real meaning? And if Attila was the Scourge of God, so perhaps also were Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, who reared their pyramids of human skulls, and Napoleon and every other predatory world conqueror.

Jeshuran waxed fat and kicked. And so it has been. Peace hath her defeats no less renowned than war—riches, idleness, luxury, intellectual pride, and perhaps there is no cure for the social carbuncles begotten of these things but blood letting, and perhaps William Hohenzollern has served as a leech for the world of to-day, as Attila did for the world of his day.

We tell ourselves that there was spiritual decadence in Germany, and that Germany deserves to suffer the penalty. So be it. But it is as though the prophets had dwelt not on the sins of Israel, but on the abominations of the Philistines. We ignore the fact that we also have paid and are paying the penalty. The destroying angel passed over the land, and only the

door-posts of the Quakers and Menonites and Doukhobours bore the mystic sign of immunity.

Unless this is a mad world, without guidance or governance, there was somewhere a cause for this penalty, this slaughter of both first-born and the younger sons, beside which the last of the plagues of Egypt was a local circumstance.

Unquestionably the highest conceptions of the moral law are to be found in the Bible: Resist not evil; if a man takes your cloak, give him your coat also; get wisdom; get understanding; love mercy; do justice. These are some of the Christian precepts.

But what are the precepts of our twentieth century social order? Our laws, which are the expression of our real social conscience, are based, not so much upon Christian ethics as upon the ancient Roman or Saxon systems, both pagan. And what is our modern civilization? Rather, perhaps, we should ask, What was our modern civilization four years ago or five? Because there has been some change. It was churches, colleges and hospitals. It was a great literature and widely-diffused knowledge. It was wealth and luxury. It was railroads and steamships, telegraphs and telephones, the printing press and the daily newspaper, electricity and gasoline, the seeder and the harvester, and all the multitude of labour-saving devices. And in its nether regions, it was expressed by the tango and the turkey-trot; a legalized liquor traffic, and in many cities police protected prostitution; feminine fashions dictated by the demi-mondaine and lecherous playhouses; legalized theft by manipulation of joint stock company laws and common gaming houses under the protection of the Criminal Code, when conducted by governors and members of Parliament, but not protected at all when conducted in the back room of a Chinese laundry.

The moral law says, Thou shalt not steal. To steal in this commandment means to take the property or earnings of another without rendering an

equivalent. But our economic fabric was based largely upon the violation of this commandment. All gambling is theft, and all (or almost all) speculation is gambling. There was recently a great hub-bub about war profits. A citizen accused of over-kindness to himself in this respect, explained that, after all, his 80 per cent. profit meant only an increase of two-fifths of a cent a pound to the consumer of his bacon, and he had no qualms of conscience. There was no reason why he should have had, if that kind of thing is not against the moral law in peace times. His excuse was precisely that of all the other men—the oil men, the cement men, the tin pot men—who, having secured control of the supply of some article of human consumption, proceed to levy tribute. They have no qualms of conscience, because their consciences are grounded not upon the moral law within them, but upon the Criminal Code, and the Criminal Code is silent on the subject of profits.

And not only do our laws safeguard and encourage the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of individuals, but they permit the owner to control its devolution, until in the European countries the dead hand has become too heavy to be borne, and here in America, where society is still in the making, we already count our millionaires by the thousands, and our near-paupers by the millions. The evil is not so great whilst the men who engrossed the millions still live, for, after all, they remain human. But when they have passed and are succeeded by parasitic sons and sons' sons, who view the rest of mankind from a pedestal and put into practice the theory that they are a superior breed of humanity, the social order and the moral law are both outraged. And this is so whether the parasites call themselves dukes, or earls, or barons, or knights, and whether they live in the old world or in a country that has respect to the forms of democracy, but not to its spirit.

It is a moot point whether any man can earn a million dollars, much less

ten, or twenty, or two hundred or a thousand millions, in a lifetime. At all events, if he gets such vast wealth he does so with the assistance of the existing social order, and if he is permitted to control his gettings while he lives, there will be no violation of the moral law if society appropriates them at his death, subject to a provision for his dependents, but leaving his children, when old enough to do so, to work for their living like other self-respecting members of society. In other words, there is no natural testamentary right and no inherent right of inheritance.

Another moral law is, Thou shalt not kill. The heathen woman throws her child to the crocodiles. Civilized women have other means of preventing the demonstration of the Malthusian theory, until race suicide has become a by-word, though scarcely a reproach.

Primitive man was his own beast of burden—in time his labours were lightened by the domestication of the camel, the ox and the horse. Then after many centuries came steam and machinery, and the fruits of his industry were multiplied by ten; and then came electrical and gasoline energy and more machinery, and they were again multiplied many fold. And still in the twentieth century myriads of the people of the highly civilized countries win a bare subsistence, and men and women and little children live huddled together in unsanitary surroundings and die for lack of the things which they could command were they given their fair share of the fruits of their toil. May this also be murder according to the moral law?

Before the war, there was a general consensus of opinion among the students of the subject in the United States, that \$15.00 a week was the minimum cost of subsistence of a labouring class family. But in one of the great Chicago packing houses, the average weekly income of more than half of the men was \$6.37. In the steel industry of the United States, according to a Government report,

twenty per cent. of the men worked twelve hours a day and seven days a week, and half the employees got less than eighteen cents an hour. Not one of the twelve basic industries of the country paid the head of a family, on an average, within one hundred dollars a year of the minimum for family subsistence, and nearly one-third of all the working class families of the country had incomes of less than \$500.00 a year. And as the scale of wages descends, infant mortality increases. The rate was 84 per 1,000 where the father earned \$1,200 or more a year. When the father earned only \$500 a year, the rate was 255 per 1,000, or more than three times as great. In a pitiable effort to eke out the family larder, more than 600,000 boys in the United States between ten and twelve years were workers for wages. And conventional commercial morality saw nothing in these figures but the law of supply and demand. But all the while the moral law was being violated and the penalties were piling up.

It would be strange if the millions of men, who are the victims of these conditions, endured their lot without protest. Syndicalism, sabotage, bolshevism, anarchism, socialism, and the Industrial Workers of the World are the eruptive protests of those of them who resent most keenly the injustice of the present order. And however much we may reprobate their excesses, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that their complaints are grounded upon facts and figures taken from Government blue books. "Don't you know," said President Wilson the year before the war, "that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong. What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say, 'This is the way, follow me,' and lead in paths of destruction. . . . We are in a temper to reconstruct economic society as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society."

A bare score of years ago, the conscience of the world was shocked by the atrocities of Leopold in the Bel-

gian Congo. The natives were enslaved and tortured and murdered that the old King might have jewels to lavish on his court favourites. But had the conscience of the world been better educated and less hypocritical, it would have discovered similar conditions nearer the heart of both the European and American civilizations.

Service is the basis of the moral law. Self is the tap root of the laws by which we are actually governed, and the vice of it is that the average man accepts the law of the land as the boundary of his responsibility, and justifies himself by the laws society has made to replace the moral law within the individual.

Our self-made laws are in number as the sands of the seashore. No man knoweth them. They are contained in volumes so numerous that they could scarcely be read by a man in his lifetime, and their number grows steadily greater year by year. If there is no statute, what is the nearest precedent? It is only when there is no statute and no precedent that the judge is free to consult the moral law within him. Now and then, indeed, he feels impelled to remind litigants that his court is not a court of morals. He might also often truthfully say that it is not a court of justice, though I have never heard it put by the court itself quite so frankly as that. In truth and in fact, our courts are courts of law. Sometimes the law is justice and sometimes it is not.

Greed is one of the master passions of mankind. It was thought by the Idealists of the French Revolution that ignorance was the chief prop of greed, and that if only men were educated, greed would lose its mastery. What men meant then by education was the getting of knowledge. Well, in the century and a quarter since the French Revolution, knowledge has come beyond anything that Rousseau dreamed, and greed is more strongly entrenched than ever before. For greed was crafty, and when education became inevitable, greed said, "Go to now, education also shall be

my bondservant". And greed engrossed the fruits of knowledge, and more and more our universities were given over to the pursuit of science and less and less to the distinction between right and wrong.

Idealists of the last century perceived that while knowledge had come, wisdom still lingered, and that while we were mastering the material forces of the universe, we were losing our moral sense, and they warned us that the only true education, the only education that would conquer greed, was that which would help men to see clearly the relation of cause and effect, and the difference between right and wrong. But the voices of the Idealists were voices crying in the wilderness, and greed paid no heed at all, except to see to it that as little as possible of these things was heard in college halls.

The essence of democracy, as of Christianity, is brotherhood. The essence of autocracy is privilege, and privilege is greed rampant. But a democracy of millionaires and paupers is a contradiction in terms. As well speak of a democracy of autocrats (or aristocrats) and slaves.

The figures for Canada are not available, but from the Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the United States published in 1917, it appears that at the end of 1916 there were 22,696 millionaires in that country. In that year 396 persons in the United States paid taxes on incomes of \$1,000,000 or more, as against 120 in 1915, 60 in 1914 and 44 in 1913, an increase of eight-fold in three war years!

Ten of the 396 who had incomes of \$1,000,000 or more in 1916 paid income taxes on \$5,000,000 or more!

The defeat of the German armies was a victory for international morality. To adapt the language of Hugo to the events of 1918, it was not possible that the Kaiser should have won the war—not because of Foch, not because of Haig, not because of Pershing, but because of God.

After Lincoln's proclamation of

emancipation of the slaves in September, 1862, the question at issue between the North and the South became a moral, instead of a political, one. Before that time, the South had the sympathy of Great Britain on the issue of secession, and many people, even in the North, were lukewarm. Washington was depressed by Bull Run and Antietam, and the outlook was dark indeed. It is said that during the first two years of the war, no one ever heard President Lincoln say that he knew the country would be successful in the war. But his emancipation proclamation brought the moral opinion of the world definitely to the side of his Government, and, after that time, no one ever heard Lincoln express a doubt of success.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. A civilization cannot endure permanently, half barbarian and half Christian, as was our civilization prior to the war. I do not include in this generalization the civilization of Germany. We now know that that civilization was essentially barbarian, and as the war progressed, it changed only for the worse.

But no sooner was the war started, than the Christian element in the civilization of the rest of the world began to assert itself over the pagan. With an abandon of self, Belgium and England, and Canada and Australia, and even South Africa, threw their bodies across the path of the beast, and, from that moment, even as the blackness of darkness descended upon the earth, the morning light began to break, and men began to say that after the war, the world would never be the same again. What they meant to say was that the triumph of international morality would be followed by the triumph of social morality. Of course, it was not to have been expected that the new order would be born full-grown. That would not have been according to the law of evolution. The application of the moral law to commerce and industry, education and

legislation, will be a complicated process and may perhaps not be accomplished without a painful struggle.

But the world has been thinking these years in terms of the essentials. People have been "seeing clear and thinking straight". Having rid the civilized world of autocracy, they will have scant patience with its blood relations, aristocracy and plutocracy. They may not at this moment see clearly how the desired changes are to be brought about, but they do see clearly the false pretence that our social order, as at present constituted, is grounded on the teachings of the Prince of Peace. The militant democracy of to-day, under the hard pressure of laws that create social conditions as far removed from each other as the poles, is Christianity with the graces—faith, hope and charity—subtracted. In other words, the socialists, and perhaps even the anarchists and bolsheviks, accept the social teachings of Christianity and reject the spiritual. In this respect they are one step in advance of the defenders of the present social order, who reject both.

If the masses have the support of the leaders of public opinion in their struggle for social justice, the graces will be added in due season. If not, the solution will have to wait on strikes and lock-outs and other social disorders—for, by one means or another, a Waterloo is as inevitable for social immorality as it was for international immorality.

In his speech before the Peace Conference proposing the formation of a League of Nations, President Wilson said:

"Gentlemen, the select classes of mankind are no longer the governors of mankind. The fortunes of mankind are now in the hands of the plain people of the whole world."

The "select classes" will do well to recognize the change socially and industrially, as they have already done politically. It is the only way to social and industrial peace.

THE TEAR OF ISIS*

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN



AND everywhere, of course there was sand everywhere. Was this not the desert and Egypt! And always before until he had disembarked at Port Said, Egypt, the Desert and the Sand had been synonymous to Halliday. Like many another of us he had never expected to get farther in the Nile country than his imaginings carried him. But now, having come, he had found that Egypt was made up of many things beyond his farthest fancyings, scents and colours and sounds, unsensed in any of his thoughts and dreamings, and over all and through all, the beginning of all and the end of all—mystery. He had loved it too, with the very deep love of an intensely romantic undemonstrative middle-aged Englishman who would rather be cut in little pieces than let one suspect he regarded anything in the world from any attitude except a frivolous one.

When for the first time, standing on the outskirts of the encampment he had watched the sun go down into a sea of golden sand, that had not seemed so much to receive it quiescently as to mount in any ecstasy of glittering joy to meet it, he had almost swooned at the marvel and the magnitude of it; but he had abruptly turned from the sight with a curt command to his orderly, an unneces-

sary command made simply to hide the tremor of his lips and hands. When, the first day of his arrival he had seen the too slender khaki column swing off and away until it was lost to sight behind the hummocks and the palms, he had had to grind his teeth together to keep the sobs from choking him, so swift his imaginings carried him forward to what was in store for the men, who scorned to send an equal force to meet a force in ambush; who would be ashamed to fight an enemy which did not outmatch them two or three to one. He watched them go, and the realization of what the British in Egypt meant made his head throb with the splendour of it. The Sand itself, the Queen of Rivers, the ancient Trees, the Monuments, and millions of voices from the great Tombs all had been calling, calling for centuries to a deaf world, until England had heard and English men had come to restore through untold sacrifice the ancient glories of a civilization more marvellous than our own. That was what the little khaki column marching over the Sand spelled to Halliday. Outnumbered they! when all the hosts of the dead Pharaohs and Ptolomys marched beside them to spur them on to victory. He had stood there long after they had gone, visioning a rushing joyful host in the heavens, hearing the clash of cymbals and the song of those who

* The tears of the Egyptian gods and goddesses, particularly those of Isis, were supposed upon falling to the earth to be endowed with miraculous powers.

will triumph, until a brother officer called him laughingly from his reverie, and he had turned with a quick jest on his lips which entirely belied the tears on his cheek.

Yes, he had loved it all. He had loved the narrow, old-world streets of the cities, where romance and intrigue lurked and beckoned round every corner; he had loved the way the sun embraced everything, the tall leaning buildings, the dusty mosques, the squat little shops, even the warm worn cobblestones under foot, which could they speak might tell tales that would put Scheherazade to envy. He had peered through his monocle into the shadowy incense laden, musky depths of the bazaars and his heart had swelled to the suggestive stimulus of them. He had looked, not too intently, for he would not spoil by reality the loveliness of his ideals, at women with veiled faces, and had brushed against slim shoulders, and once touched furtively a pink-palmed slender olive hand. But only as one reads a book, feeling nothing but the impersonal interest conjured up by the mind alone. He had loved the little naked, round-stomached, black-eyed children, playful as puppies and colourful as bubbles. He liked to think that the blood of forefathers dead four thousand years and more still flowed in their veins, and that instinctively their little feet and hands kept time as they danced and played, to rhythms and songs born of poets who were old when the pyramids were in the making. But if you had asked Halliday as he had been asked again and again how he liked campaigning in Egypt, he would have answered as he had answered a score of times. "Rather rotten, meastly hot, and all that sort of thing you know."

So, no one really knew Halliday. Everybody liked him. He was a favourite with his brother officers, a capital story-teller and the lightest-hearted man among them, in spite of his fast-graying hairs and a bit of

sciatica. His men were a little afraid of him but rendered him unswerving obedience, and women found him pleasant of manner and banteringly flattering of speech, but entirely cold and unmoved by the warmest coquetry. No one would have believed that Halliday was the shyest man in the regiment, and that his dreams were made up of rosy and golden tissues as beautiful and vagrant and unsubstantial as the air-castles of a little boy; that, having learned the deepest lessons in life from a mother who was love personified, and from another woman whose love was no less pure though an impassable barrier separated her from him in life. he had come to love so widely and deeply and impersonally that his love embraced the whole world and beyond, but was quite impractical from a wholly material point of view. And that was how he had loved Egypt.

And it had brought him to this, nothing but Sand.

It was very dark, darker than the cellar in his father's house in boyhood, and the feel of the Sand and the smell of the Sand were everywhere. He had not minded it before because there had been the sun before or else the stars; but just now it was dark and it was wet, the rain was falling. It had been falling for an eternity. Sheets of it, blankets of it. He had never in all his mind's conjuring pictured the desert in the rain. He could not see anything, not even his hand before his eyes. He could not visualize the desert in the rain. By now you will understand that that was Halliday's life, standing on a plane a little apart from his fellows, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, thinking compositely. But just now he could not seem to get away from the Dark without and the Dark within. He tried to. He tried to detach himself, to think of the rain and the desert apart from himself; of himself as looking on while the dark clouds sent down

their overflow and the thirsty sand reached up its billions of parched mouths. He almost succeeded. He almost began to rejoice in that cosmic sense of rejoicing which had come to be so much the greater of all his senses; and then—the Rain and the Sand came closer, closer, and pressed against him and smothered him with their smell and he had to fight hard against an inclination to cry out.

But presently his trained mind began to exert something of its normal control over his faculties, and he tried to remember what had happened. The enemy had been retreating when night and the storm came, and the army had kept following to make sure of a complete rout. He had no idea when he had dropped out of the ranks. He had been wounded just previously somewhere around the shoulder and had dropped his revolver from his left hand. He was carrying his sword in his right. He recalled distinctly that he had shouted to one of his lieutenants but that his voice did not seem to carry and the other had not answered. They had all been running, madly exultantly running, and he hated dreadfully to fall back. He had tried to keep on, but it was dark and the rain blinded one still further, and besides he was losing a lot of blood. Where was he? He tried to feel around him, then he tried to stand. Something wrong with one of his legs or back. He essayed crawling next but that was quite as useless as trying to stand. Furthermore it brought a very terrible dull grinding pain down one side of his body. Then he smiled. That was it. That was why he could not keep the press of the Rain and the Sand away and lift himself to the plane outside where he belonged. He had not understood before. Now that he did, what had frightened him ceased to be a terror. It was only his wound.

But the pain was not to be minimized and vanquished in a moment. It was too real, and the cold and the

wet were too real. He tried to reach his haversack. He had a first-aid kit and such like in it. But he could not reach it, he could not. He ground his teeth and concentrated all his strength of mind and body on the effort, but his muscles at both shoulders seemed paralyzed. With a sigh he gave up for the time. Well then, now to put his theories to the test. If he were part of the Infinite, a little thing like a broken leg, or a broken shoulder or even a broken body could not matter. He tried to fix his mind on that one great fact; to get his normal philosophical mental poise. After a time his mind let go of the pain as the predominant thing and he began to reason more clearly. Halliday believed he was fatally wounded, but the idea of death had no more terror to him than going to sleep has to a child, so he dismissed that phase of the situation. But if he were going to live even until the morning he must make his plans. Of course they would come back for him, might be on their way back now, and possibly others might have fallen near him, though he doubted that. The enemy had not been firing as they ran except a few fitful shots. However he would send out a call. He did so and was surprised at the faintness of it. It only penetrated about two inches of the dark and then returned to him. Something wrong with his vocal chords evidently. He gave up the idea of trying to summon help. He was sorry he had lost his revolver, he might have sent out a shot or two. Well, there seemed nothing left to try unless it was to sleep. There would be several more hours of dark. He was not sure how many but he thought it must be close to midnight. He closed his eyes and put the thought of being cold and wet away. Fortunately he was not thirsty, the rain attended to that. Having by this time grown surer of himself mentally, he ventured to feel out again with his uninjured arm and his

hand came in contact with what was either a large or a small sand mound. He must reach that and get the protection of it. With infinite patience and fortitude he worried the few feet towards it. It took him a long time, moving by inches, but it was worth the effort, for he could lean against it and it sheltered him a little from the slanting rain. But he was quite exhausted, and he thought he must have fainted, for it suddenly came to him that the left side of his body was in a torture of pain. Unconscious of what he did he began to pick up the sand in handfuls and throw it from him mechanically, trying with all his mental strength to get a grip on his will. Presently his fingers closed on something hard, a round, flat object. He sifted the sand from it and felt it with dull curiosity. He put it on his wet knee, and, holding it with the ball of his hand, examined it more minutely with his finger tips.

It seemed to have characters scratched upon its smooth surface. A little flutter of excitement moved Halliday, though he smiled grimly to himself for evincing any interest. Even if he had found something, something of tremendous archaeological value, of what earthly use would it be to him when he was going to die in a few hours. He pictured others seeking for him and discovering the stone with its hieroglyphics, clasped in his hand, and picking it up and examining it, and the good old colonel getting out his spectacles to try to decipher the characters.

His pain suddenly began to grow surprisingly less and a little drowsiness fell upon him. He clasped the stone closely in his hand, and leaned more comfortably against the sand mound. He supposed he was dying and smiled a little deprecatingly, for to die so gently made him feel humble for the great mercy of it. He was not sorry to die. Of course there was his mother, but

she was as philosophical as he, and he had no manner of doubt that it was only a question of a short time when they would be reunited. He would have liked to live longer if he had had his choice, just long enough to see the end of the war, the Holy War, as Halliday named it in his heart of hearts. But he knew how it would end ultimately and his being alive or not would make no difference one way or the other. There were a few memories he wanted to carry away with him, and these he recalled lovingly, dwelling upon them as one dwells upon the beautiful pictures of some favourite story while one turns the leaves of a book many times read. And he had always thought he would like to go out holding fast by a hope that had been long deferred, but that he felt quite sure would be realized in some form or another after life was done. So he reached down through the years to a picture that was the most beautiful of all, and, as his mind held it, and his inner vision dwelt upon it, the old wistful longing which had been his through all his youth returned. He was surprised that it should be so, surprised that he could feel an emotion so poignant after so many years of quiescent patience. But there it was, the old ardent eagerness which had belonged to those wonderful days when the future was a rainbow-coloured, unknown quantity. Again he smiled at the fantastic tricks his drowsy mind was playing him, and, leaning more heavily against the sand, he opened his eyes slowly to recall the present.

What was this! The Dark and the Rain were falling away from him! He sat up straight, unconscious of any pain, and looked about marveling. Every moment it was growing lighter, brighter. Stay! there was the sun, and low in the west. And hark! What was that! A bird's note. And that! The croaking of frogs in some distant meadow. There was a flutter of wind on his cheek

and in it was the scent—the scent of clover and sweet-briar and balm-of-gilead and and—the sea.

There was the sea, there was the white fringe of it only a few yards from his feet, and beyond—the blueness of it, and beyond again—the rose and the gold of it where the sun was sinking. There were the mountains rosy, too, with purple shadows crowding the foothills, and here close about him was still the sand, but the sand of the seashore, and behind him was a granite boulder with grasses and little white-tipped flowers growing in the crevices. A bee droned lazily by him, heavy with its load of honey, and a sea-gull circled high above a little white-sailed boat a mile from shore.

It was all dearly familiar. He saw a dozen old landmarks that he well knew. Presently he ventured to stretch his body a bit. He felt no discomfort. He tried to raise his left hand, and he did so without effort. Then he opened very timidly his right hand, and closed it quickly. He held the round flat stone there. It was pearly white and scratched with infinitesimal characters. Curiously enough, he was not greatly amazed or perplexed. He felt a mild wonder and an intense satisfaction, and his body seemed to throb and glow as the body of one who has taken his first champagne, but with more vital, forceful energy. His eyes seemed suddenly clean-washed, and all his senses quickened. He knew it was a miracle, but he had no desire to understand it.

Then he saw Her coming. His eye caught the flutter of her dress first, then her little feet, her round white chin and the brim of her wide hat. He could not see her face until she was before him and had tilted up her head. By that time he had sprung to his feet breathless, speechless. Her cheeks held sprays of wild-rose colour, she bit her red lower lip with her little white teeth to hold back a smile.

And so they stood and looked at each other, and he was so tumultuously happy and confounded that he was afraid to speak.

At last she released her lip, and an irrepressible dimple came in her left cheek. She spoke very softly with a delicious shyness, lowering her head a little and lifting up her thick-fringed lids to look at him.

"Perhaps," she said, "you did not expect me after all."

Hesitatingly, stammeringly Halliday responded, "I did—did—didn't dare to expect you."

"But I promised," she said with sudden gravity, "and I saw your mother in the rose-garden and she told me I would find you here."

Then Halliday knew that it was a dream or that it was magic. At first he had thought he might have died and gone to heaven. Now he knew that instead he had gone back more than twenty years, and that he was dreaming what had happened then. But he was very timid. He was living his most sacred memory over again, and he felt ashamed and almost afraid. His heart was beating fast and he dared not move nearer her lest he should wake up. He clutched the talisman tightly in his hand and spoke.

"You are Letty, aren't you?"

She nodded. It was an odd question, but she did not seem to find it so.

"Of course I am Letty, and this is the hour we are to have out of a lifetime, the hour we are to remember until we go to heaven." She smiled swiftly and bravely, though her lips drooped a bit when the smile was done.

"I know you—you Letty. I have never forgotten you," Halliday said, "but I am a bit confused. I can't think coherently and I don't want to, that's the odd part. I want to put out my hand and touch you too, but I am afraid."

The dimple came in her cheek again and she bit her lip quickly to

stay the smile. She moved toward him softly and laid her hand in the one he held out. As the warm little palm touched his own, all Halliday's youth, all his old memories, emotions, desires rushed upon him. The past became vivid, alive, the only reality. He held her hand tightly and drew her closer to him. The twenty odd years which had passed since he had seen her vanished with all that they meant of everything. He was young again, and there was no room in his throbbing heart or brain for anything but the supreme demands of that moment.

"Letty," he said, as he had said twenty odd years ago. "It's all nonsense and it's all wrong. I thought about it all night. For myself it does not matter so much. I would not mind if I had to suffer alone, but to know that you must suffer too is unbearable."

"I am not suffering," said she, smiling again. "I am entirely content. Did we not promise one another one happy hour with no regrets and no vain complaining? To-morrow we will go separate ways. This one hour is all our own. I do not suffer."

"One hour out of a lifetime," said he, with unsteady lips, "and life is so infernally long. I thought last night would never end. It isn't fair, Letty. What did mother say to you?"

"She said she knew we would do what is right."

He dropped her hand. Unconsciously he thrust the talisman into the breast pocket of his shirt.

"Let us walk down the beach a little way," he said, "there is a tree that overhangs the bank. It is very pretty. I wish I could show you all the beauties of this place, Letty. I wish it was yours as well as mine. We should build a boathouse near that willow with a verandah on the south side, where we could have tea; and mother and I had planned a pergola from the rose garden to the bank. I'm not going to build the pergola."

"Life is very long," she reminded him softly. "You have such a beautiful home here. I want to think that by and bye after I have been gone a while, you will marry and have little boys and girls who can play about and—"

"Letty," he stopped abruptly, and putting his hand on her shoulder moved her about to face him. "Letty," he repeated, his face paling a little, "do you want to think that?" His eyes sought hers. The rose colour in her cheeks grew rosier, her glance wavered and fell. "Do you want to think that I will marry and have children, Letty?" he insisted, "do you, Letty?"

"I want to think it," she said slowly. "I really do want to think it, but—but—I can't."

"Very well," he let her go, and they walked on. "Don't try, it's not worth while."

When they reached the seat under the willow and sat down beside one another, he noticed that her lashes were wet, and he was hot with self-reproach in a moment. "Don't think I was vexed," he pleaded. "I was only hurt for a minute. It is all over now," and because he must not do anything else he clenched his hands in his pockets and bit his lip hard. She shook her head and smiled faintly.

"This is the most beautiful hour in the whole day, isn't it?" she asked, her eyes on the glowing west. "We could not have chosen a more lovely one unless it had been the sunrise time, and that is far too early for a lazy boy like you. Look, Philip, all those wonderful clouds give promise of a bright to-morrow, and that's the promise we are looking for, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Halliday, his eyes on her face.

"It doesn't matter," she said steadily "how long or how dark the night is, if the sun shines in the morning we forget all about the darkness in a moment. It is as if it had not been. And it must be the same

way with life when we leave it and wake up in some other Light than the sun."

He did not answer, and she turned to him. "It must be, mustn't it, Philip?" she asked.

"I suppose so," he nodded, smiling wistfully, and suddenly she put her hand up and touched his cheek with timid fingers.

"Don't doubt it," she said entreatingly. "It's so true. It will all be made up to us by and bye."

He held the hand that she would have withdrawn. It was the left hand, and he sought gently to take off the wedding ring from her finger. As he did so the knowledge thrust itself upon him again that it was only a dream, and he thought impatiently that he ought to have the weaving of his own dreams. He remembered that she had not let him remove her wedding ring before, had not let him even keep her hand in his, and that at the end of the hour which was torturingly happy, and that spelt their final separation, she would not discuss any other farewell than a quick pressure of her hands. Well then, this was a dream and he would have it to suit him. That was twenty odd years ago, and there would be no manner of harm to anyone to change things in a dream now. So with her eyes rather fearfully fixed upon his, he persisted in trying to take off her wedding ring.

"You must not," she said faintly. She had said that before, and her wild rose colour had faded before just as it was fading now. He must get beyond the dream. He felt if he could get beyond one point in the dream that an indescribable difficulty might be overcome, that he could take her in his arms and keep her there, never to let her go again, because holding her close the dream would end and he would go out of life at the same moment. He had no doubt whatever that this enchantment that was upon him was the semi-consciousness that comes to many people just

before the end, and that he would never waken to realization again.

All of these thoughts passed through his mind in an instant, even while he smiled into her frightened eyes and drew her closer to him.

"It's all right, dear," he said, "quite all right. It's only a dream anyhow. You're not afraid of me in a dream now are you?"

She smiled tremulously, keeping her wide eyes on his in questioning doubt. What would she say? He turned a little cold with apprehension. What would she do? Would the dream end abruptly and would she vanish before his eyes, under his touch? He had changed the dream already, could she change it too? He gripped her little hands and held her eyes compellingly.

"You said before," went on Halliday, "that it would all be made up to us by and bye, and no doubt it will, dear. But you know I mayn't want to kiss you in the by and bye when you are only a vague little spirit and I a tall gaunt-looking shadow, and you may not want to let me. And Letty, I do want to now. I want to kiss you more than I ever wanted anything in my real life. I don't care if it is only a dream. I want to kiss you more than I wanted to kiss you twenty years ago."

This was a very long speech for Halliday. He looked at her anxiously. "I'm so afraid of saying the wrong thing," he said. "But you know, don't you, dear, that it may be nearly the end of things for me, and I want what belongs to this life before I go. Can't you understand?"

He held her little hands against his breast, her face was just beneath his own, and it was very pale, only her lips were scarlet, and her eyes were dim with unshed tears. And that was all, as it had been before, all as he remembered it. She had done nothing, said nothing outside of the dream. After all he could not change it unless she changed it too. And she looked so frightened!

"I'm a beast," said Halliday wearily. "It's all right, dear. Don't worry about it. We'll just sit here quietly together, as we did twenty wears ago, and watch the sun go down." He dropped her hands and turned away from her. But he was sick with disappointment. He suddenly felt very old and tired, and then his leg began to ache dully and his back gave a twinge of pain. He turned to look at her again and found she was not there. The seat beside him was empty. He stared up and down the beach, there was not a soul in sight. And the colour was fading from the sky. It was growing dark, growing dark rapidly. The air became damp and the fragrance of sweet briar and clover vanished. Strange scents came to him. He felt the rain on his face and behind his back the wet sand. He was awake!

He closed his eyes. He tried to sink into merciful sleep again. He even whispered softly over and over "Letty, Letty!" and endeavoured to bring the pictures of his dreaming back. But the pain of his wounds was hot upon him, all drowsiness had left him utterly. And he was very cold in spite of the burning pain. He had a flask in his haversack, he thought of it longingly, and lifted his right hand. Suddenly he realized the talisman was gone. He felt cautiously in the pocket of his shirt and found it there. He tried to lift his hand higher but he could not.

It was not so dark now, and he knew that in a very few minutes daylight would come as swift as the rush of a bird's wing. Presently he would be able to get a view of those characters on the disc, providing the lasting darkness did not come before daybreak; providing the increasing pain in his side left him a desire for anything save a surcease of suffering. If only he could reach his haversack. What did people do when they were tortured like this and helpless and alone? Halliday checked a groan. No use to give way.

He tried again to reach the strap on his right shoulder, tried until his whole body steamed with perspiration and his back throbbed as though a furnace burnt inside it. Then he realized that he was still instinctively holding fast to the talisman. His hand dropped to his knees, and a sudden thought came to him.

Supposing, just supposing there were magic in the talisman! He had read of such things, since coming to Egypt he had heard of them. What if there were some latent power in this flat object he held in his hand which a word of his could call into life. It might be a wishing stone, the sort of thing he used to love to read about when he was a lad. If it were a wishing stone what would he ask for? It was not hard to answer that question. He would ask for his haversack, and then, and then—he would ask to go to his last sleep with the touch of those lips denied him in life on his. Was it fancy or did he feel the talisman move slightly in his hand. "I want," said Halliday aloud, his voice and his whole body trembling very much. "I want my haversack and I want Letty," and then a blackness came upon him just as the sun reached the sand's rim and sent its glittering heralds far and wide.

When he came to himself he was conscious of no pain. He opened his eyes. The light dazzled them at first and anyway he thought he must still be dreaming. Someone stood beside him, a gray clad figure, and tender hands were binding up the long gash in his left shoulder. He kept his eyes closed, unquestioningly accepting the amazing change in his condition, too faint and too happy to bother about the why and the wherefore of anything. The whole of his left side was numb, there was no pain anywhere. But he was faint and a little thirsty and he asked for water.

He felt his head lifted with hands so tenderly soft that a sob came to his throat for the compassion of them.

He swallowed gratefully the liquid held to his lips. Stronger in a few moments, he opened his eyes again. He was lying back on the sand, the mound sheltering him from the direct heat of the sun's rays; his folded coat was under his head and the sand had been scooped away that his wounded arm might rest easily. He felt warmly comfortable, and he refused to puzzle where and how the gray-garbed woman got there to minister to him. She was bandaging the calf of his leg now, putting a splint on it, and he saw his haversack and its contents spread out on the ground beside him. Her head was turned from him, he could see only her white coif.

"Is there any use bothering about me?" asked Halliday. "I supposed I was all in."

She did not answer, she was working very swiftly and skilfully.

"Its awfully good of you," said Halliday. Then because he knew that nurses and doctors do not like to be questioned he was silent until she had quite finished. But he looked about him. He could see miles and miles of desert but not a human being in sight save the nurse. Puzzled, he glanced at her again, and a sudden frightened expectancy seized him. He lifted the talisman before his eyes. It shone with a strange luminosity and the characters upon it were vividly gold. It felt warm in his palm with a warmth of its own, and as he looked it seemed to palpitate evenly like a living breathing thing. He thrust it in the bosom of his shirt. Then he stretched his hand along his body toward the white-coifed, gray-garbed kneeling figure.

"Letty," he questioned, timidly, huskily.

She raised her head and he looked into a face beautiful, dearly familiar, with a spray of wild rose colouring in the cheeks, and the white teeth holding the red lower lip to check a smile.

"Is it you, Letty?" he whispered.

"It is I," she said, releasing her

lip and smiling frankly, and her voice was just as tender and soft, with a lower note of poignant sweetness.

"But I'm not dreaming now am I, Letty? This is the desert, isn't it? And the morning after the battle?"

"You are not dreaming," she answered.

"How did you come here all alone?" he asked.

But she only smiled again.

"Did you hear me calling you?" he asked.

She nodded, still smiling.

"Put your hand on mine, Letty dear. I can't be quite sure of you," he entreated her.

She laid it where he asked, curving her fingers about his.

"You have not grown any older," he said, an exultant contentment upon him. "How is that, dear?"

"Under my coif," she said, "my hair is white."

"But your face is so young, as young as it used to be."

"It is young to you, Philip."

"All through these years, Letty," he asked after a happy pause, "has life been kind?"

"As kind as it has been to you, dear dreamer of happy dreams."

She stooped and pressed her lips to his other hand, the wounded one that lay helpless on his breast.

His body glowed and trembled under her touch, he heaved a great sigh that shook him from head to foot.

"Is the hope just as strong, Letty?"

"The hope is a certainty," she smiled. "It will be made up to us."

"It will all be made up to us," he repeated, watching her face, drinking in the tender loveliness of it, the wonderful shining smile of her eyes, the soft bright smile of her lips.

Suddenly from far, far off came the faint notes of a bugle. He saw her start a little away from him, but his eyes held hers.

"Letty," he entreated, "are you going?"

"For a little while," she smiled happily.

"Letty, am I going to live on without you?"

Her smile was most beneficently tender and compassionate in a moment.

"For a little while," she said.

Again the bugle call came to them, clearer, nearer now.

"Dear," he whispered, the hot colour mounting to his pallid face, "I only want one thing more on earth."

She leaned nearer to him, her face above his face, her soft hands on his cheeks. He held her slender body, warm and trembling in his arm, and then—all of his wish came true.

He knew nothing more until he heard men's voices around him, well-known voices talking in low tones. He opened his eyes. He recognized Seaton, a young lieutenant in his own company, and one of the doctors.

"Helloa," said the latter. "He's coming round. How about it, captain?"

"I'm all right," said Halliday. "How long have I been here? What day is this?"

"This is the 3rd of March, sir," Seaton answered. "You've been here all night."

"How did the fight end?" asked Halliday.

"We drove 'em across the river, and those that aren't drowned in the mud, are still running."

"By Jove," said Halliday with vast satisfaction.

He learned that his left shoulder blade had been shattered by a bullet; that it was weakness occasioned by loss of blood that caused him to faint and fall; and that in falling he had broken his leg above the ankle, wrenched his thigh and further complicated the injury to his shoulder. In the excitement of the chase, and the rain and darkness, he had not been missed until they reached the stream, where some of the enemy in ambush darted upon them and kept

them engaged until daylight. He learned furthermore that owing to the first aid that had been rendered him, he would recover entirely in time. But when his puzzled fellow officers questioned him closely as to who could have rendered him such assistance, Halliday only shook his head. It was as much a mystery to him, he declared, as it was to them.

Through the weeks that he lay in the hospital he kept the talisman near him and looked at it now and then, though he always took care that no one else should see it. It had lost its luminous appearance, and no longer seemed a sensate thing, even the hieroglyphics seemed gradually to be growing fainter. There was a badly wounded native soldier in the bed next him who had won the D.S.O., and who kept him entertained by scores of stories about the country, its people and its history past and present. When they were both convalescent Halliday ventured to show him his treasure. From his bed he stretched out his hand to his companion, holding the disc in his palm. "What do you make of this?" he asked him.

The other was visibly excited and agitated in a moment. He muttered something in his native tongue and made a quick pass with his hands, all the time keeping his eyes upon the stone. Then whisperingly he asked Halliday where he had found it. Halliday, watching the other's face eagerly, told him. It was some time before the Egyptian spoke. But first, he took the disc in his hand reverently, examined it minutely, muttering something in his own language. Then he gave it back.

"It is the 'Tear of Isis,'" he whispered to Halliday, in so low a tone that no one else could hear. "Thou art beloved of the gods."

And then he rambled on to explain. He had heard of others who had found such stones though not for a generation or more. Their origin was a great and sacred mystery which

no mere decipherer of hieroglyphics could translate. For himself he had no need of translation. He had read of it in the sacred books, and his father and his grandfather had told him of it. In the dawn of Egypt's history when, Osiris having been killed, Isis sought for his body over desert and hill and sea from the mouth of the Nile to the confines of Ethiopia, where ever her tears had fallen in the sand, the sun god had blessed them, and they had become sleep-stones. Over and over again those lost or dying in the desert had found them, and death had come to them in happiest sleep or had held them in its enchantment of dreams until aid had arrived. More than this, even as it is well-known that long after his death Osiris used to come to Isis by night to help her in various ways and advise her as to how she would bring up their infant Horus, so, it is said, that those who find these sleep-stones can call upon one whom they have loved and who has passed to the spirit land, and that one will return from the place of shadows to fulfil the desire of those who call and to obey any proffered request.

Halliday placed the talisman in the pocket of his pajamas, and thanked the other briefly. The latter after a pause leaned nearer, saying:

"The Tear of Isis accomplishes its purpose but once."

Halliday nodded. "I understand," he said. "I have nothing more to ask of it."

*

It was three months later, Halliday was at home on furlough. He was sitting in the bay window of the drawing-room with his mother. They had been talking since breakfast, and it was nearly lunch time. Halliday had only arrived the night before, and there had been a thousand things to discuss. Presently his mother rose and going to an escritoire near the fireplace unlocked a drawer and took out a newspaper clipping.

"My dear," she said, as she came to his side, "I have something here to show you. I would have sent it to you, but thought I had better wait and give it to you when you came home." She handed him the paper, and then moved away to the open window to busy herself among the rambler roses that hung in clusters around the casement.

Halliday read the clipping. It was from a paper three months old and ran as follows:

"Died at Saloniki on the 3rd day of March, 1916, nursing sister Letitia Eleanor, beloved wife of Colonel Hargreaves Hamilton, B.E.F."





A BAZAAR IN TUNIS

From the Painting by Villegas V. Cordero,
in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal

HORATIO WALKER: PAINTER OF THE HABITANT

BY M. O. HAMMOND



LATE in the summer of 1870, an impressionable boy from Ontario was making his first visit to the old city of Quebec. His father had brought a shipment of timber to Wolfe's Cove, now marked by rotting docks, but then a lumber mart for two continents. As the lad drew into Quebec he was astonished to see a flotilla of fur-laden canoes manned by Montagnais Indians from the Lower St. Lawrence. The spectacle seemed like a page from Parkman himself.

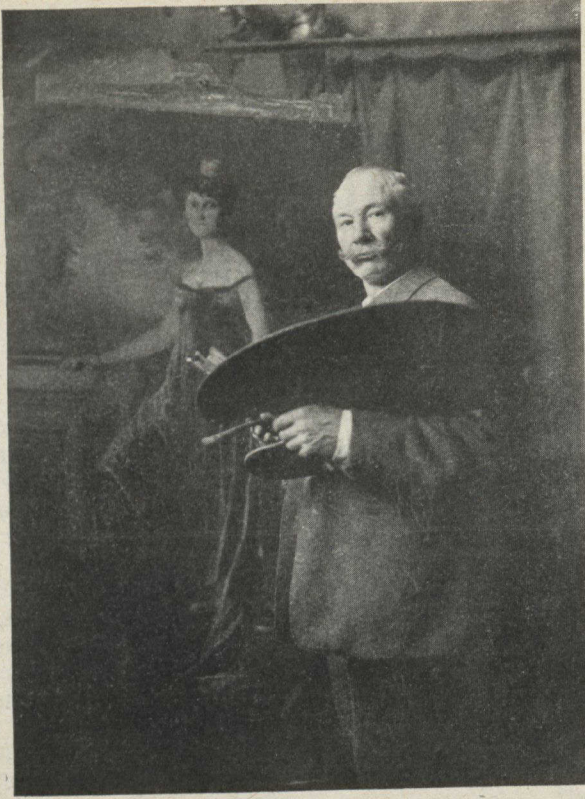
"How I would like to live here," said the boy.

It was Horatio Walker's first glimpse of the land he was to perpetuate in paint for future generations. The Canada of yesterday had gripped him; it has held him ever since and made him its supreme artist-interpreter. Others have come and gone, on visits or vacations; he has set up his home and spent his life in the very midst of the habitants. He came while rural life was yet primitive and unspoiled; he sighs now as the old order changes and gives place to the new. Horses may replace oxen, shoes may drive out the homespun, but the habitant life of the past will linger in the poetic canvases of Horatio Walker.

As a boy of twelve left these romantic scenes to return to the more prosaic backwoods of Perth County, his decision to make his home in Quebec was completed, but it was years before this

hope was realized. Already in Listowel, where his father was a considerable citizen, his native ability in art was evident. A curious incident, a landmark in his career, had occurred a few months before. Observing the lad's facility with pencil and brush as evidenced even in cartoons of his teacher, the local Orange lodge, needing a banner for their coming Twelfth of July procession, had asked the Walker boy to paint one for them. The opportunity was as great as the compliment, and soon there was a dashing silk banner, with "King Billy" on the white horse, crossing the Boyne, on one side, and the open Bible and the immortal names of Ulster towns on the other side. The banner was an instant success, and for his first public commission the boy artist received the tremendous sum of \$20. In the Listowel of those days that spelled fortune to a youngster, and soon the swelling artist was treating his chums to such luxuries as the town afforded. A hair cut with a shampoo was about the height of metropolitan imitation to which their tastes led them.

A kind father indulged a yearning boy's love for Quebec with two or three more annual visits, with fresh glimpses of timber rafts, steep-roofed cottages, and dominating church spires, the memory of which remained and beckoned as other tasks came to hand. At fifteen, young Walker went to Toronto and secured employment in the photograph studio of Notman &



Horatio Walker

Fraser. We think of photography nowadays as a recently developed art. We do not realize the artistic product of the Notman studios of that day in Montreal, Toronto, Halifax and Boston, recording the leading men and women of two nations and rendering pictures in natural colour through the skilled brushes of real artists. It was a studio in which a young artist might well seek a place. The "atmosphere" was there, trained men mingled with eager youths, and the celebrities of the day passed steadily through the portals. Among living Canadian artists who worked and learned in this home of the strangely assorted paint brush and wet plate were R. F. Gagen and F. McGillivray Knowles, as well as Horatio Walker. Mr. Gagen, as an older man, then gave Walker most of the practical instruction he ever received, though its volume was natural-

ly slight considering the circumstances.

It is evident that Walker was an apt pupil, for at twenty he had left photographs behind and crossed the border to attain his first success in paint. He lived for a short time in Rochester, wandering afield sketching in the rolling and wooded valleys of northern New York, as well as doing several commissions. His first picture shown in New York, to which height he had now reached, was called "A Sty". It depicted with much realism, a number of pigs lying down, and was a worthy precursor of many later rural studies. The sketches for it were made in Quebec, where the young artist had strayed from Toronto when chance offered. A larger picture followed, the next year, bringing election to the Society of American Artists, then to the American Watercolour



Ave Maria
Painting by Horatio Walker

Society, where he won a \$300 prize with a picture called "Swineherd and Pigs". This fine bit of French Canadian life was bought at once for the Riker Art Gallery at Northampton, Mass., and the young artist had made his first score in the world at large.

Now began the thorough study of Quebec rural life, which is the basis of Walker's individuality and his achievement. He possessed remarkable natural gifts in draftsmanship, for the lack of which no splashing colour can compensate. From a modest studio in Quebec City, he radiated through the riverside parishes, pack on back, sketchbook in hand, and learned his country and his people thoroughly. Only a deep enthusiasm would carry a young man for years through this drilling and grilling. He walked forth and back through the shore settlements from Portneuf to Charlevoix, seventy-five miles, sketching the habitant as he worked, as he played, and as he lived. No peddler or insurance agent could be more devoted to his "beat" and his calling. He talked with the people in their own *patois*, he lived in their primitive homes, he attended their festivities and joined in their hours of sorrow. Moreover, he was their link with the outside world. In his pack were the late French-Canadian newspapers, and from these he read the news to the habitants, hungry for variety in their drab life. Murder trials and stories of great crimes and disasters interested them most, and they crowded round the dim light in their cottage as the visitor, joining in the smoking of *tabac Canadien*, unfolded these thrilling tales of a faraway cruel, but interesting, world. For this suave and talkative stranger the habitants conceived a real liking, and for the courteous and kindly old men who headed the north shore families of that generation the artist had a fondness and respect which has never left him. Close contact for years brought an exhaustive collection of sketches in pencil, watercolour, and oil, recording the whole life of a people with sym-

pathy and exactness. With his power with the pencil, as well as his luminous colour, the artist made spot sketches which have been a solid basis for the more ambitious interpretations of later years. Those early impressions of the habitant have been constantly freshened and reinforced as the artist yearly takes to the field on the Isle of Orleans, and makes new sketches of the quaint life now fast passing away. We still think of rural Quebec as picturesque and backward, but to an artist like Horatio Walker there are many changes in a generation, and he sighs for art's sake as the old implements and the old garments give place to modern and exotic things. He has lived on the Island since the eighties, and has ever made his environment his work and his interest. There have been annual visits to New York, and several sojourns in Europe, but they have been for observation and recreation, rather than study. The artist has made his way in his own method, dowered by nature with a colour sense and supreme ability to draw.

And what kind of man is the habitant as seen by Walker, his artistic interpreter? There is a natural tendency to compare the work of Walker with that of Millet, who has perpetuated on canvas the peasant life of France. The resemblance, however, stops when the type of subject has been mentioned. Millet gives the world a discouraged, downtrodden race, as symbolized in "The Man with the Hoe". Walker's men are hard-working, but they are not gloomy nor despairing. There is ignorance and lack of animation in Millet's figures, but in Walker's there is sunlight and the glory of accomplishment. Faces in Millet's works tell of the hopeless struggle to raise rent for a non-producing owner; Walker's farmers know that the reward of their industry is their own.

As has been so well said, "Art is life seen through a temperament". Millet, dealing with down-trodden peasant life, carried that side perhaps to an exaggeration. Walker, possess



Horses at the Trough

Painting by Horatio Walker

ing a sanguine temperament, living in a new country, perhaps idealizes his people. At any rate, no Walker picture fails to cheer and inspire the spectator. The colours alone would do this were one to disregard the epic theme or the superb drawing. There is ever a warmth that carries its seductive tones to the fibre of one's body. Is there a cloud in the sky? There will be a rosy glow, as in "Plowing—The First Gleam", as the sun breaks over the south shore of the St. Lawrence; or in "Oxen Drinking", where the day ends with a glorious burst of colour, suffusing the tired figures at the trough. Is there a woodsman in the forest? Against the snow and the dark trees there will be a touch of red, perhaps the axeman's trousers, perhaps his shirt. Always there is luminous colour which reaches the spectator's faculty for appreciation.

Some say Walker's pictures are theatrical, that his figures do unusual things to heighten the effect. It is quite true that this artist is daring, but if his farmers are represented at times in striking attitudes, they are not impossible, though rather, perhaps, uncommon attitudes. The up-raised hand with the goad in "Plowing—The First Gleam" is arrested and demonstrative, but it gives at once a fine feeling of effort and movement, which promises that the day will see something accomplished. In "Oxen Drinking" there is a spacious sky, full of colour and interest, all giving a Homeric scale and epic grandeur to the scene. Even the woman and turkeys in "At Feeding Time" and the figures in "A Sty—Boy Feeding Pigs" uplift and glorify the routine of these commonplace tasks. One cannot study them without a new sense of the dignity of labour and an enhanced respect for such workers. His men in the fields are absorbed in their tasks and almost unconscious of their own personalities. They fall naturally into their environment, and their work and their land seem to form part of the great scheme of a nation's enterprise and development. Arched by a

kindly sky, living on a goodly earth, their place in the world is worthy, and men's reward will correspond with their effort.

Absorbed in their daily tasks, they yet do not neglect their religion, and in the hour of trouble or unrest they kneel at the wayside shrine. This symbol for the devout habitant is plentifully distributed along the highways of Quebec, but the more elaborate shrines with a large figure of Christ on the cross are fewer than formerly. In "A Rural Shrine" Mr. Walker shows a figure bowing in prayer before a figure of the Christ. He is returning from toil, and as he prays his oxen stand, seemingly with understanding. The shrine lifts high on the canvas and is dark against a bright sky beyond. Clouds and a warm glow fill a large space, and one feels, no matter what one's creed, that here is comfort for the weary and hope for the habitant's future life.

Many artists of to-day would say Horatio Walker is conservative and old-fashioned. Compared with the radicals, he is both. He has not experimented in the new methods of the Impressionists and Futurists, and doubtless has little sympathy with them. He is a realist and a careful, honest painter, but withal a colourist. He paints life as he sees it, even though his spectacles may be a trifle rosy. He knows the life he interprets, and he pictures it with sympathy. His home at St. Petronille, Isle of Orleans, faces Quebec, six miles up river, and from his garden the Falls of Montmorency, like a bridal veil, and the ever-changing Laurentians, are always in view. The site is eminently historic, for on the point now forming Walker's spacious country house style of home, Jacques Cartier camped when in 1535 he spent the first winter ever endured by a white man in Canada.

The river road winds through the village and far down the Island towards St. Francois. The massive village church almost casts its shadow from the hill to the Walker studio, and



Looking towards Quebec City from Horatio Walker's garden on the Island of Orleans



Horatio Walker chatting with friends in his garden on the Island of Orleans



Girl Feeding Turkeys
Painting by Horatio Walker



Milking, Evening
Painting by Horatio Walker



De Profundis
Painting by Horatio Walker

down the road the shrines are freely sprinkled. An old-fashioned windmill with sails for farm power is but one remnant of primitive methods. The habitants are laying aside their

homespun, and old cottages as they fall are replaced with hard, tinny-looking structures; but while Walker's art remains the world will never forget its happy, simple-living habitant.

FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL

BY EDWIN SMITH



N the road from Naples to Pozzuoli and Baia, high above the famous Grotto of Posilipo, and in the midst of a pretty orchard, stands the ruined columbarium known as The Tomb of Virgil.

Virgil died at Brundisium (Brindisi) B.C. 19, and at his own request his body was brought to Naples and buried at this spot. The tomb was originally shaded by a gigantic bay, which is said to have died on the death of Dante. Petrarch, who was brought hither by King Robert, planted another, which existed in the time of Sannazaro, but was destroyed by the relic-collectors in the last century.

The tomb itself is a small square vaulted chamber with three windows. Early in the sixteenth century a funeral urn, containing the ashes of the poet, stood in the centre, supported by nine little marble pillars. Some say that Robert of Anjou removed it, in 1326, for security to the Castle Nuovo, others that it was given by the Government to a cardinal from Mantua, who died at Genoa on his way home. In either event the urn is now lost.

Not one out of a thousand visitors to this enchanted land makes a pilgrimage to this tomb, but it is worth the climb if, for no other reason than the view which one gets of the famous bay—the most beautiful and romantic sheet of water which the earth contains. Indeed, it would be difficult to choose a more favourable spot for viewing not only the famous bay, but the historic and interesting cities, towns and villages which stretch like

a string of rarest jewels around these romantic shores.

The bay is of a circular figure, in most places upwards of twenty miles in diameter; so that, including all its breaks and inequalities, the circumference is considerably more than sixty miles. This whole space is so wonderfully diversified by all the riches, both of art and nature, that there is scarce an object wanting to render the scene complete; and it is hard to say whether the view is more pleasing from the singularity of many of these objects, or from the incredible variety of the whole. You see an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern; some rising to fame, and some sinking to ruin. Palaces reared over the tops of other palaces, and ancient magnificence trampled under foot by modern folly. Mountains and islands that were celebrated for their fertility changed into barren wastes, and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. Mountains sunk into plains, and planes swelled into mountains. Lakes drank up by volcanoes and extinguished volcanoes turned into lakes. The earth still smoking in many places, and in others throwing out flame. In short, nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood, for every object is a *lusus naturae*. She never seems to have gone seriously to work, but to have devoted this spot to the unlimited indulgence of caprice and frolic.

The bay is shut out from the Mediterranean by the island of Capri, so famous for the abode of Augustus, and afterwards so infamous for that of Tiberius. A little to the west lie



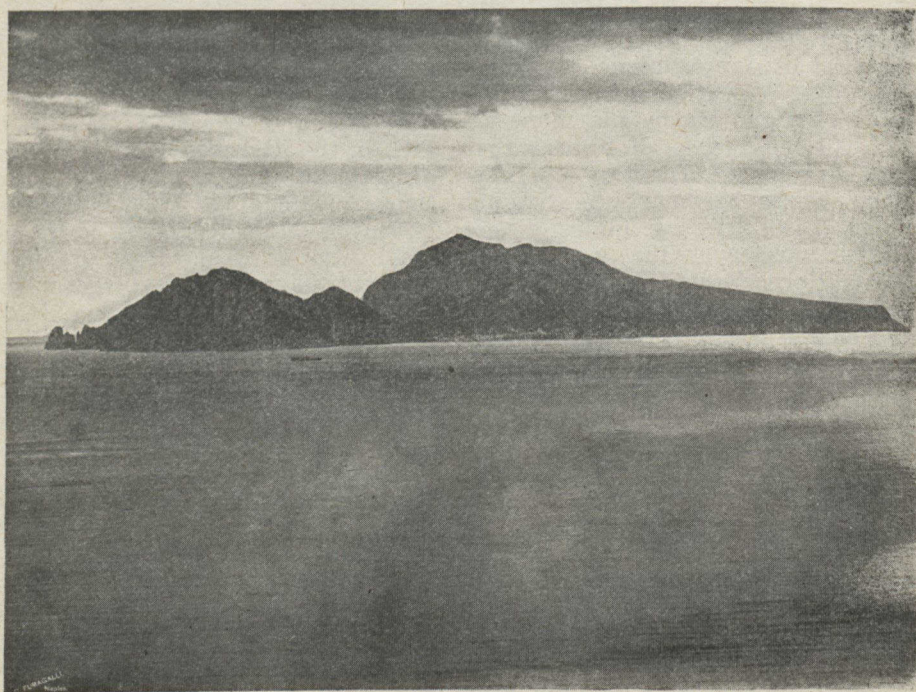
Naples as seen from the Tomb of Virgil. Mount Vesuvius in the distance

those of Ischia, Proseida, and Nisida; the celebrated promontory of Micaeum, where Aeneas landed; the classic fields of Baia, Cuma and Pozzuoli, with all the variety of scenery that formed both the Tartarus and Elysium of the ancients; the Campi Phlegrei, or burning plains, where Jupiter overcame the giants; the Monte Novo, formed of late by subterranean fires; the picturesque city of Pozzuoli with the Solfatara smoking above it; the beautiful promontory of Posillipo, exhibiting the finest scenery that can be imagined, with its beautiful villas peeping out of magnificent parks and lovely vineyards; the great and opulent city of Naples with its three castles, its harbour full of ships from every nation, its palaces, churches and convents innumerable; the rich country from thence to Portici, covered with noble houses and gardens and appearing only a continuation of the city; all built over the roofs of those of Herculaneum, buried near one hundred feet by the

eruptions of Vesuvius; the black fields of lava that have run from that mountain, intermixed with gardens, vineyards and orchards; Vesuvius itself, in the background of the scene, discharging volumes of fire and smoke, extending, without being broken or dissipated, often to the utmost verge of the horizon; a variety of beautiful towns and villages round the base of the mountain, thoughtless of the impending ruin that daily threatens them. Some of these are reared over the very roofs of Pompeii and Stabia, where Pliny perished; and with their foundations have pierced through the sacred abodes of ancient Romans, thousands of whom lie buried here, the victims of this inexorable mountain. Next follows the extensive and romantic coast of Castellamare, with its ruined castle now inhabited by fishermen, standing in the sea upon a heap of rocks; on, by an unbroken succession of enchanting bays and beautiful scenery, to Sorrento, where the poet Tasso drew his inspiration



House of Diomedes, Pompeii



Capri, visible from the Tomb of Virgil



The Temple of Isis, Pompeii



Caligula's Arch, Pompeii



The Harbour Front, Naples, visible from the Tomb of Virgil

from the beauty surrounding him. The fairest country in the world is here spread about us. No matter which way you look, it is one succession of delights. Everywhere one beholds traces of antique beauty and joyousness, diversified with every picturesque object in nature.

It was the study of this mild and beautiful country that formed some of the greatest of the world's landscape painters. This was the school of Poussin and Salvator Rosa, but more particularly of the last, who composed many of his most celebrated pieces from the bold, craggy rocks that surround this coast; and no doubt it was from the daily contemplation of these romantic objects that they stored their minds with the variety of ideas they have communicated to the world with such elegance in their works. Says Hippolyte Adolphe Taine: "Veritably, to paint such nature as this, this violet continent extending around this broad, luminous water,

one must employ the terms of the ancient poets, and represent the great fertile goddess embraced and beset by the eternal ocean, and above them the serene effulgence of the dazzling Jupiter."

Now shall I occasion some surprise when I state here that this extensive coast, this prodigious variety of mountains, valleys, promontories and islands covered with an everlasting verdure, and loaded with the richest fruits, is all the product of subterranean fire? Yet the fact is certain, and can be only doubted by those who have wanted time or curiosity to examine it. It is strange, indeed, that nature should make use of the same agent to create as to destroy; and that what has only been looked upon as the consumer of countries, is in fact the very power that produces them. Indeed, this part of our earth seems already to have undergone the sentence pronounced upon the whole; but, like the Phoenix, has arisen again from its



Vesuvius in Eruption. Telescopic photograph from the Tomb of Virgil

own ashes, in much greater beauty and splendour than before it was consumed. The traces of these dreadful conflagrations are still conspicuous in every corner; they have been violent in their operations, but in the end have proved salutary in their effects. The fire in many places is not extinguished, but Vesuvius is now the only spot where it rages with any degree of activity.

Besides the discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which of themselves afford a great source of information and entertainment, the whole coast that surrounds this beautiful bay, particularly that near Pozzuoli, Camae, Micena and Baia, is covered with innumerable monuments of Roman magnificence. But, alas! how are the mighty fallen! This delightful coast, once the garden of all

Italy, and inhabited only by the rich, the gay and luxurious, is now abandoned to the poorest and most miserable of mortals. Perhaps there is no spot on earth that has undergone so thorough a change, or that can exhibit so striking a picture of the vanity of human grandeur. Those very walls that once lodged a Caesar, a Lucullus, an Anthony, the richest and most voluptuous of mankind, are now occupied by the very meanest and most indigent wretches on earth, who are actually starving for want in those very apartments that were the scenes of the greatest luxury. There, we are told, suppers were frequently given that cost \$250,000, and some that even amounted to double that sum.

The luxury, indeed, of Baia was so great that it became a proverb, even amongst the luxurious Romans them-

selves; and at Rome, we often find them upbraiding with effeminacy and epicurism those who spent much of their time in this scene of delights; Claudius throws it in Cicero's teeth more than once; and that orator's having purchased a villa here, hurt him not a little in the opinion of the graver and more austere part of the senate. The walls of these palaces still remain, and the poor peasants, in some places, have built up their miserable huts within them; but at present there is not one gentleman or man of fashion residing in any part of this country; the former state of which, compared with the present, makes the most striking contrast imaginable.

Ichabod is written large over all the coast from Micena and Baia to Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed on his last voyage to Rome.

THE "FLU"

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

STOPPED in the road at the cross-roads—
He was going to the store,

For sugar and wheat-flakes and candies,
and a keg of coal oil.

Head of a family;

A merry man,

We liked him.

We chatted while his bright horses fretted

And the sleigh-bells jingled,

And he said, "Whoa, Nell!"

"Well, come up!"

"Come up yourself!" we said.

And now he is dead!



SUNDAY IN THE BACKWOODS

From the Painting by T. Faed,
in the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal

UKRAINIANS IN CANADA

AN ESTIMATE OF THE PRESENCE, IDEALS, RELIGION, TENDENCIES, AND CITIZENSHIP OF PERHAPS THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND UKRAINIANS IN CANADA

BY F. HEAP

LAST fall a party of Winnipeg duck-hunters on their way to St. Andrew's Marsh lost a military kit-bag that had been fastened to the outside of their automobile. As the bag contained socks, underwear and other clothing worth about fifty dollars, the road was retraced for a number of miles in the dark in an unsuccessful search for it. Next morning while the wet shooters were around their breakfast camp-fire on the prairie, a Galician boy passed by, herding cattle, but no words were exchanged. About half an hour later, a Galician farmer walked up and restored the lost bag. He explained in broken English that his boy had passed the camp half an hour previously and had observed a soldier amongst the party, which had given a clue to the ownership of the article he had found, and he added that in the days of his military service (in Austria) a soldier was fined or "docked" heavily for losing any article of his kit, and that he supposed the rule would be the same in the Canadian army. The stranger declined all offers of money, cigars, cigarettes, apples, etc., and, without any suggestion from the campers or expression of intention on his part, returned half an hour later with a present of a big jar of cream.

A few nights afterwards, the same party was returning home from Devil's Creek when they unexpectedly found themselves out of oil and water

for the automobile. They went into a Galician farm-house on the chance of getting these necessaries. The woman of the house at once went out into the cold and darkness to a shed about a hundred yards away and brought in a can of oil, and then went a similar distance and showed them the well. Then the party learned that her baby was dying, or at least very dangerously sick, with the "flu" and that her husband was off to the nearest town for a doctor. The woman, though half frantic over her baby, nevertheless had, without saying a word, quit rocking the cradle to attend to the strangers' wants.

These two little incidents (according to the writer's experience of these people, which has been considerably beyond the average), are by no means exceptional, but on the contrary are fairly typical of them.

The term "Ukrainians" means in Europe a certain distinct race, which is now, and from long before the Christian era, has been, inhabiting the south portion of Russia (chiefly around the Black Sea and Dneiper River), and the eastern portion of Austria (chiefly the provinces of Galicia and Bukowina). In Russia they include the Cossacks, and are often called "Little Russians", and number about thirty millions, and their chief cities are Kiev and Odessa. In Austria they are commonly called "Ruthenians" and "Galicians", and their chief city is Lemberg (or Lwiw), and they number about four millions. It

will thus be seen that "Ruthenians" and "Galicians", who are commonly here in Canada spoken of as being and constituting the Ukrainian race, form in reality (or in Europe at all events) only a small portion thereof.

Ukrainia, or the Ukraine, being the name used for many centuries previous to the eighteenth century to describe the above-mentioned land occupied by the Ukrainian race, and lying as a buffer-state for Europe against the aggressions of the Mongolians on the east, and the Turks on the south, was from very early pre-Christian times, an independent country, governed by princes (one of whom, it may be mentioned in passing, married a daughter of King Harold of England, the last of the Saxon Kings). In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the form of government changed to a republic, the ruler called "Hetman" (headman) being elected by the people. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the Muscovite race occupying central Russia joined with Austria-Hungary, and overran the extremely rich and fertile Ukrainian territory, and succeeded, by means of treaties, cunningly made, and treacherously broken, and afterwards by open force of arms, in dismembering and subjugating the Ukraine; the eastern and larger portion falling into the hands of Russia, and the western or smaller portion into the hands of Austria-Hungary. From that time on, the history of Ukrainians in both countries, but especially in Russia, has been that of oppression and suppression on one hand, and intermittent and increasing, but ineffectual, struggles for liberty, which were almost, if not quite, as gallant as any recorded in history. This especially attracted and aroused the sympathy and admiration of the British poet Lord Byron, who wrote the well-known poem, "Mazeppa", on one of their leading "Hetmen". The Ukrainians were not without their own patriotic poets; the one who was most influential amongst and revered by his countrymen being Taras Shevchenko, who died in 1861.

Commencing about the year 1900, large numbers of this liberty-loving race sought relief from their political troubles in emigration to Western Canada (at the invitation of the Canadian Government) and to the United States of America. In the latter country they now number about 800,000; and in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta they number about 300,000, constituting (let it be marked) almost one-third of the entire population of these three Provinces.

In the spring of 1918, the old nation of Ukrainia re-established itself as an independent republic, and it has been recognized already by some of the European powers. The question of its recognition will be settled at the present Peace Conference. The Canadian Government has, broad-mindedly, at the request of the Ukrainians of Western Canada, issued passports to Paris to two delegates appointed by these people, to enable them to be present (quite unofficially) in Paris during the discussion of this question. In connection with these passports, the British Premier, Lloyd George, has just cabled from Paris to the Ukrainian Canadian Citizens League at Winnipeg, expressing assurance that "His Majesty's Government are anxious that the question of the Ukraine should receive full consideration at the Peace Conference".

The race being almost entirely one of peasant farmers, farm labourers, and gardeners in the "old country", the majority of its emigrants to Western Canada are such here; most of them are owners, in many cases, of free homesteads, but perhaps more frequently of purchased farms or garden plots of from, say, ten to one hundred acres, generally acquiring these in the rougher and more outlying districts. These they have steadily improved, until now they are beginning to be fairly prosperous. These farmers are to be found in nearly all parts of the three provinces, but are specially concentrated in a few places, such as in the Stuartburn, Selkirk, and Dauphin districts in Manitoba, and the Yorkton,

Canora, and Radison districts in Saskatchewan, and the Vegreville district in Alberta. Of those who have not gone on the soil, a great majority, though they were agriculturists in Europe and came to Canada with the intention of continuing as such, have nevertheless stayed in Winnipeg and a few other cities, where they first "landed", being attracted by the high wages prevailing for unskilled labour, and becoming day-labourers in the construction of railroads, sewers and building of all kinds, and in mining and lumbering camps, and in many other manual occupations. The women and girls, of both farm and city classes, furnish the great bulk of the rough "help" in hotels, restaurants, laundries, factories, stores and private houses. Thus being physically big, strong and healthy, these people, both male and female, have been found little short of indispensable as productive labourers. They are also establishing general stores, grain elevators and other mercantile businesses to a rapidly increasing extent.

In the days of its independence, the standard of education and culture in Ukraina was by no means low; but, during the last century or more their oppressors, especially the Russian Government, have systematically and increasingly discouraged and suppressed education amongst them in all forms, and has latterly even forbidden the use of the Ukrainian language. Consequently, at least fifty per cent. of their emigrants to Western Canada were illiterate. The hardships of pioneer life here, especially in outlying districts, were by no means favourable to any rapid improvement in education. But their traditions have been a strong incentive in this respect, and the rising generation have availed themselves to a rapidly increasing degree of our public schools, and even of our colleges and universities. A considerable and growing number have been entering the teaching, legal and medical professions and journalism. The abolition of bilingualism in the Manitoba schools aroused a certain

amount of dissatisfaction and resentment on the part of these settlers (which was not unnatural, in as much as it would seem, in a superficial way, to remind them of the Russian abolition of their language); but, with wise administration of the new law, there seems little doubt but that such feelings will soon disappear. It is safe to predict that in, say, ten years, practically none, except the very old and very young, will be unable to read, write and speak the English language. They have formed and maintained colleges or boarding-schools at Saskatoon and several other points, and in many places libraries and reading-clubs, and also dramatic and musical societies. Conventions, annual and otherwise, are held by them at Saskatoon and elsewhere for the purpose of promoting their educational advancement, which are attended by their leading men from all parts, even from the United States (the delegates generally paying their own travelling and other expenses).

Prior to Russian and Austrian domination, the form of Christianity prevailing in Ukraina was that of the Greek or Eastern Church or Confession. Russia forced its Ukrainians into submission to its state-appointed Orthodox Synod. Austria, Roman Catholic, induced the Ukrainians to unite with Rome by promising to arrange that the Papal rule of clerical celibacy would not be extended or enforced amongst them, but she made no attempt, or at all events failed to implement the promise. The Ukrainian immigrants to Western Canada, thus divided into two classes as regards church, have continued so here to a considerable extent, some maintaining connection with the Pope and some with the Russian Synod, erecting a church-building in nearly every small community, and there being often one congregation and building of each of the two kinds in the same locality, considerable quarrelling and even litigation has resulted between the two classes. A new church, called the Independent Greek Church, has grown

up, which recognized neither the Pope nor the Russian Synod, and which was fostered, and to some extent initiated, by the Presbyterian Church, and which in some respects has adopted the forms and doctrines of that last-mentioned church. The Independent Church has spread considerably, but it has not been gaining much ground of late owing to a prevailing inclination not to give up the "old country" ritual and liturgy, but to return or adhere to the traditional ritual and liturgy of Ukraina. This inclination has resulted in a strong movement for a second new church with the ritual and liturgy of the old and pure Greek or Eastern Church or Confession, free from the Russian Synod and the Roman Pontiff, and the Presbyterian Church, and with a constitution framed after a careful study of, and somewhat along the lines of, the proposed basis of union between the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches in Canada. This new church is being incorporated and seems not unlikely to supersede the other churches amongst these people, and terminate their dissensions in a strong union. Speaking generally, these people are devout in religion and devoted to church.

It is sometimes said that this class is guilty of more crimes than any other class in our community, and figures more frequently in the police courts and assizes in proportion to its numbers. No exact statistics are available on the question. When such a charge is made, the term "Galician" is generally used very loosely to include nearly all of foreign birth (at all events all Austrians). Galicia is only about one-tenth of Austria, and the Ukrainian portion of Russia is only about one-quarter of the whole. In Winnipeg, the "North End" is sometimes spoken of as if all the foreigners there were Galicians, whereas German Jews, Bohemians and other such people form a very considerable proportion. When proper distinctions of this sort are made, it is believed that the charge will be found to be un-

true. And it should be borne in mind that the very prevalence of this opinion or prejudice may itself be responsible for a good many convictions, which otherwise would have never taken place. Lawyers have often observed that the rule of English law, as to giving the accused the benefit of all reasonable doubt, does not seem by any means always to be applied in our courts in favour of "foreigners", in actual practice. Then again it should not be forgotten that "ignorance of the law", while not to be accepted as a defence in the courts, nevertheless to some extent accounts for not a few of the convictions against this class, more especially for minor offences.

What has been the attitude of these people in Canada in regard to the war, now just closing? They naturally have had no love for their old oppressors, Austria and Russia; but as the Ukrainians in Austria were being forced to fight by that country, most of the Ukrainians in Canada naturally disliked the thought of running the risk of personally fighting on the battle-front against persons who might turn out to be their own brothers, fathers, sons or near kinsmen. There was the further fact, too, that their Canadian naturalization was of no legal effect outside the borders of Canada, and if they should be captured they would be treated, not as ordinary prisoners of war, but as traitors to their former country, which never recognized their Canadian citizenship. However, notwithstanding these considerations, their sympathies with the British Empire, which they have learned to associate with the blessings of freedom and liberty, were so strong that more than 10,000 of them voluntarily enlisted from Western Canada, and actually served "Somewhere in France". Two Alberta battalions there were composed almost exclusively of these settlers. More than one newspaper in England has praised specifically the work of our Galician Forestry units. When conscription (the Military Service Act) came, these people acquiesced and went into ser-

vice in very large numbers in the various barracks and training camps throughout Canada. The Canadian Government recognized the force of the two considerations mentioned above and put them into non-combatant, *i.e.*, forestry or engineering units. Of those at home here, many lost the exemption based on the grounds open to all citizens, *i.e.*, special domestic hardship, special farm need, etc., owing to a prevalent misunderstanding: they not unnaturally got the impression that, under the terms of the Act, they as an entire class, having been disfranchised, were exempted, and accordingly they saw no occasion to claim exemption on the special grounds open to all citizens. A considerable number "defaulted" in reporting as required by the Act, owing to this and other misunderstandings, and incorrect information, non-receipt of notification through the mails, erroneous advice by local justices of the peace, etc., but on the whole, especially when viewed in connection with the entire absence of anything like open or concerted opposition or sedition amongst these people, their conduct has displayed a substantial and creditable degree of loyalty, and certainly more than that displayed by certain other elements in our community that might be named, who have resided in our country much longer and from whom, therefore, much more might be expected. Their contributions to the Victory Loans and to the Red Cross Funds have been decidedly substantial.

What is the general attitude of this class towards Canada, now at the close of the war? About seventy-five per cent. of them have become naturalized, which indicates general desire and intention to become a permanent part of our community. Unlike the Menonites and Doukhobours, they have shown themselves good "mixers", taking part fully, as far as allowed, on school boards, municipal councils and even legislatures, as well as in all elections and public affairs generally. Their nationalism, in so far as they

can be said to display any, is unlike the French or Quebec nationalism, in that it has no ulterior designs of separate government or political supremacy, and is confined practically to protection, co-operation and mutual helpfulness, and ambition to "do well" as a class, and cannot be said to amount to even excessive clannishness. Following closely after the abolition of bilingualism in the Manitoba schools, the sudden disfranchisement of all persons of such alien birth (which, however justifiable, was not based on any such ground as past misconduct here), the sudden and indiscriminate suppression of all newspapers published in their native language (modified, after strenuous protests, by an onerous condition requiring English translation in parallel columns), the alterations in the naturalization law (which practically prevent many of them from getting patents for homesteads, for which they lawfully procured "entries", and on which they have lawfully completed their "duties")—these and other such drastic measures on the part of the governments (to say nothing of the more recent demonstrations and riotings against employers of "foreign" labour) have produced a certain amount of restlessness and misgiving on their part, and have led some of the more ignorant and less balanced ones to fear a general confiscation in some form or other of their lands and property here (as was, in fact, more than once proposed by "veteran" associations, or at least by individual members thereof). The time is ripe and calls decidedly for a more friendly attitude on the part of our governments and other public bodies and public men. Our Canadian clubs can and should do much in this direction.

Individual employers, too, can do much along this line. The Canadian Reading Camp Association has been doing splendid work of this sort in lumber, mining and other camps, and is deserving of strong support. Some of our individual church congregations and their Ladies' Aid Societies

have begun good labours to this end, but very much indeed remains to be done, and that without a moment's delay. In particular, the unfair and offensive practice of calling naturalized citizens "alien enemies" should be discouraged and stopped. Mistresses can do much with their domestic "help". The following will illustrate the capacity for improvement which is latent in many of them. Sophie, a Galician from a Saskatchewan farm, aged fifteen, was employed last summer at the cottage of a Winnipegger on the Lake of the Woods. For the first fortnight, Sophie could not be coaxed, scolded or alarm-clocked into getting up before 9.30 a.m. She would break dishes, spill the morning's milk, drop the fish-cleaner over the dock, etc., and in general displayed an astonishing capacity for not learning or improving or taking an

interest. Then her mistress gave her an English-Galician dictionary, and from that time on Sophie was up with the lark—and almost as bright. In her zeal for learning, she pursued the entire family with incessant questions, and in a few weeks was reading simple English story-books. Her pots and pans were also brighter, and all her house work was several hundred per cent. better, and her interest in it, and her zest in every feature of camp-life, was permanently quickened (and was constantly finding vent in her common exclamation: "Oh! say, Missus!"). Alas! when Sophie returned to Winnipeg in September, she became employed in a cigar factory, with hours from 8 to 6, at \$6.00 a week, and when next seen by her former mistress, two months later, she had lost all her brightness and ruddiness and looked indolent and lifeless.

DUSK

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

PALE saffron clouds lie loose along the sky,
 Like blossoms dropped from the day-angel's hand,
 And o'er the purple hills, hung white and high,
 One virgin star watches the harvest land,
 Where, amid tasselled sheaves, the low wind stirs
 With a sweet sound, as of far dulcimers.

Saving for this, in all the glimmering reach
 Of sundown interval and fallow fair,
 There is no song, no sigh, no sound of speech,
 But only a great silence everywhere,
 With dream and peace and beauty peopled through,
 And in my heart a starry thought of *you*.

A POEM FOR JENNIFER

BY C. W. SHEPHERD



WHEN the last of his cares had scurried away Mr. Septimus Blew slowly closed his desk and, through his large, horn-rimmed spectacles, surveyed the room to see that all was well. With the exception of the usual litter of paper pellets and a broken branch on a window geranium everything was in order. There were no books left open, no spilt ink, and, something more to his satisfaction, no crude caricatures of himself on the back of the black-board.

Yet the schoolmaster was graver than his wont. He did not, as usual, hurry out into his garden to tend tomatoes or tie up some erring mass of glory in the herbaceous border. The blue delphiniums, for which he was famous, had been displaced in his mind by soft eyes of the same colour and the thought of auburn marigolds had vanished before the picture of a girl's brown hair.

Mr. Blew's old-fashioned ways and his dried-leaf complexion might have led one to guess his age as fifty, but the cider orchards about the village would mellow at least thirty times before Septimus reached his allotted years. He was a happy man and his pale blue eyes beamed with equal kindness on all around.

To-day his happiness was questionable, for he was becoming consciously aware that forty is a late age for falling in love. The prospect of proposing—Septimus always called it "proposing"—at that age to a girl of two-and-twenty filled him with foreboding. Yet to-morrow night he was go-

ing to put his fortune to the test and he had this present evening in which to decide what to say and how he should say it. Nor was it easy to decide, for Jennifer Hunt, despite her simple life, was unlike other girls in the village.

Looking back eight years, Septimus saw Jennifer, a year past "leaving age", by far the most forward of his children and, like most schoolmasters, while disappointed with his own calling, he had urged Jennifer to sit for examinations and become a teacher.

"And a rare teacher you'll make with your learning and bossy ways," he had said to the freckled Jennifer of fifteen.

"And what about grandad?" she had asked. Her grandmother had recently died, and her question was pertinent. "It comes terrible hard on him even now to get about the kitchen. He broke a lustre jug only this morning. What's the good of me going off teaching when he's left here?"

"You could get somebody to do for him," Septimus had suggested. "And, anyhow, you'd be here for a bit yet. Mrs. Goodman could manage for him, if it came to that."

Jennifer gave a cynical little laugh. "And who do you think would manage for his dahlias?" she asked. "Grandad would die if they weren't looked after, and Mrs. Goodman knows as much about dahlias as—as you know about me. Good morning, Mr. Blew."

And Jennifer had fled down the petal-strewn lane, leaving Septimus staring after her, bewitched and bewildered by her precocity.

Each of the succeeding years had laid a mantle of beauty on Jennifer, and she became a girl of rare charm. Although she had ignored Septimus Blew's suggestion that she should become a teacher, she had continued to read all she could, with a result that she was tolerably well educated.

Her days had been happily spent in tending her grandparent, but quite recently the old man had passed peacefully away at a window from which his failing eyes could see the coloured wealth of the countryside. It was the old man's passing which had brought Septimus to the point of "proposing". While she was tethered to the ancient life his feelings were restrained, but now Jennifer was free he considered himself free also.

This afternoon Septimus walked, unheeding of his flowers, along the red brick fold which led from the school door to his little house. He paused for a moment before entering and looked across the green, where, through the dancing heat-haze, he he could see Jennifer's thatched cottage with its black and white walls half hidden by climbing rose and honeysuckle. Jennifer, in her blue print frock, was on a ladder, nailing up an unsupported bloom.

"Just like her," Septimus muttered as he went indoors. "Always helping somebody or something."

He took a walk later that evening, missing Jennifer's cottage and going by way of the river, where the fields sloping down to the stream were dotted with plum trees and fringed by battalions of foxgloves. An owl was hooting behind the Manor, and bats fluttered and squeaked above the reeds. Except for a blackbird's late song in an orchard far away, the only other sound was the splash of rising trout.

Septimus had made up his mind what to say to Jennifer and, like one of his own school-children, had committed to memory his chosen words. With this part of his adventure accomplished he looked on the scene around him and found it good. The

thought of Jennifer refusing him had scarcely entered his mind, for of late she had been for many walks with him and listened rapturously as he described the beauties of nature and the value of wayside plants.

"I'll be able to cure my husband's ills without a doctor," she said, laughing, to Septimus one evening.

"Yes," Septimus had replied in like vein, "especially if he knows more about it than yourself, Jennifer?" And he thought he saw a blush on her cheek as she diverted the conversation to the virtues of agrimony and fennel.

Septimus was thinking of these things this evening by the river when the sound of a step broke the silence and sent a cock-pheasant screeching into the woods.

"Good evening, Mr. Blew."

Septimus turned to see young Daniel Evans. Daniel, although not claiming more than twenty-seven years, was one of the biggest farmers of the countryside. The care of his six hundred acres, left to him by his father, had held him to the village when the great war began, and his presence had grown more valuable from that time. He worked as hard as his own men and was, in consequence, thought of highly in the village.

"How come you to be wandering in these sentimental hours in such love-scented parts?" asked Septimus with a touch of oratory. He was always conscious of the schoolmaster within him and persuaded himself that he had a reputation to maintain.

"Lord, I wish I could talk like you, Mr. Blew," said Daniel with envy. Then he added: "It's odd I should come across you, for I have been thinking of you this many a day."

"Oh," said Septimus, "and how come you to have been thinking of the humble pedagogue?"

"It's not a long story," replied Daniel. "I want you to do me a favour and I was coming round to see you to-morrow night."

"Better tell me about it now," said Septimus. "I—I may not be in to-morrow."

"Very well, and thank you," said Daniel. "Now, would you call me an ignorant chap, so to speak?"

It was an old question, and the schoolmaster said so. Then he added:

"Ignorant? Why, we're all ignorant. I'm ignorant. Even the vicar; he's ignorant. But if you ask me if you're more ignorant than most lads like yourself I willingly say that you are far from it. Indeed, you are better educated than most lads in these parts. You've read something more than auction-sale bills, I'll lay a groat."

"It's very kind of you to say so, and perhaps I have, but I want to read more. I want to read the right things—poetry and such as that. Now, do you think I'm too old to learn?"

Septimus looked at the handsome young farmer and laughed.

"I can see you don't," continued Daniel, "so I'll ask you another. Do you think I could learn a good bit in three months—become what you'd call a well-read chap, able perhaps to make up a bit of poetry and so on?"

"Why, certainly," said Septimus, "if you went the right way about it." Mr. Blew never went further than the village for his criterions of learning.

"Then, to come to the point, will you give me lessons?" asked Daniel. "I'll pay you, of course, and I'll work hard and be a credit to you. I want to be able to talk like you and use words like pedagogue and so on. Will you teach me, Mr. Blew?"

Septimus held out his hand to the other.

"My lad," he said. "You've spoken words which have brought me an abundant pleasure. Would that there were more like you. Yes, of course, I'll teach you, but not for payment. It's far too grand a thing to take money for. I'll do my best to give you the right things to read and we'll read together at nights in my little room. The rest will be in your hands. When would you like to start?"

Daniel was overjoyed.

"I can never thank you enough," he said fervently, "and I'd like to

start to-morrow night if it's all the same to you."

"I—I'm afraid I'm occupied to-morrow night," said Septimus, "but the night after would do. By the way, I haven't asked you why you have suddenly got this hunger for learning. What's come over you, Dan?"

Their leisured steps had brought them to the little wicket-gate of the schoolmaster's garden. Septimus's eyes strayed to Jennifer's cottage which the dim light had almost made one with the many fruit trees around it.

"You'll not tell anyone, if I tell you," Daniel asked cautiously.

"Not a soul," said Septimus.

Daniel drew a little nearer.

"It's because of Jennifer Hunt," he said. "I'm as gone on that girl as a man could be. We've had a stroll or two together, and she seems to like me, but somehow I can't talk up her level. She reads poetry and all that, and I want to read it as well, aye, and talk it. I've told her I'll send her a poem within three months, and with God's help and yours, Mr. Blew, I'll do it. Now, I mustn't keep you any longer. Good-night, and again thank you—a thousand times over."

Septimus stepped back a few paces. It was too dark for Daniel to see his face grow white, and the young farmer was striding down the lane before Septimus recovered himself. Then Daniel heard the schoolmaster's voice calling after him.

"Daniel—Daniel, I find I'm not occupied to-morrow night after all, so I'll expect you about six. We'll have a good long evening.

The sound of Daniel's steps had long merged into the enveloping silence before Septimus Blew turned from his wicket-gate. The surprising news had transfixed him. One thing only had been clear in his mind; he must give to Daniel the learning he has asked. He had put away in a moment, as unworthy of him, the thought of speaking to Jennifer, notwithstanding Dan's request.

Yet Septimus knew, and this was the subject of his thoughts at the gate, than when Daniel was equipped with a little learning he would, with his youth and his means, be a fine man for Jennifer. A light shone from Jennifer's bedroom window. To the little schoolmaster it might have been one of Jennifer's bright eyes watching his thoughts.

"Yes," he murmured, "I'll teach him all I can, and I won't say a word of love to her till the three months are up."

Septimus rather enjoyed the next three months. If every hour spent with Daniel had not been undermining his chance of winning Jennifer the whole period would have been wonderful. Night after night he and Daniel would sit and read until the warm dusk fell. Then Septimus would light the little paraffin lamp, and put a jug of perry on the table; then the pair would read and talk of books until long after the village was abed.

Daniel was an apt pupil. He read everything that Septimus recommended, and the schoolmaster's bookshelves grew rich with volumes which Daniel had been glad to buy when farming business took him to Ludlow or Shrewsbury.

All this time Daniel was unaware of the sacrifice which his tutor was making. Septimus intended to tell Daniel in due course, but the time was not yet.

Meanwhile Daniel had been hewing his poem from the solid rock. At first Septimus had been amused at the thought of Daniel writing a poem, but, as time went on, Daniel so grew in learning that secret fears began to steal into the schoolmaster's heart. The poem was to be done by Daniel alone and read to Septimus for criticism on the last night of the three months.

The three months had passed and September had stolen into the village, dappling the orchards with mellowness and turning red the creeper on

Jennifer's cottage. Daniel came round on the appointed night. Septimus had prepared for him by killing his best chicken and obtaining a stone jarful of Farmer Broadhurst's wonderful perry. The meal over, Septimus took his favourite chair and motioned Daniel to a position on the hand-made hearthrug.

"I suppose the poem's about Jennifer?" said Septimus.

"No," said Daniel. "I didn't dare to do it. If she didn't like it my chances might be gone. No, Mr. Blew, it's about our village of Melton Dip. I hope you'll like it. It's due to you that I've done it. Lord, to think, I've written a poem. Well, anyhow, here it is."

Daniel cleared his throat and began:

The ground rolls down in folds of green,
With little rivulets between.

"Very fair, Dan," said the schoolmaster, "but all rivulets are little, and there's no need to say it. Go on."

That flow to meet the trouty Rea,
Which laughs its way towards the sea.

"Quite good, Dan," said Septimus. "Let's have some more."

A blaze of gorse lights every side,
And in the hollow houses hide,
Houses quaint with roofs of thatch,
And quaint inhabitants to match.

"Oh, Daniel, Daniel!" broke in Septimus. "This bit of learning's done you a power of harm. Who told you that our inhabitants are quaint? Folks stop being quaint when they know it, and if you go about calling folks quaint the village is going to wrack and ruin. Go on."

Shaded by the fruiting trees,
Playgrounds of a million bees,
Little gardens rich with flowers
Smile throughout the dewy hours,

Septimus sprang to his feet. "Splendid!" he shouted. "You're a marvel. Let's have the next bit. Phew! The girl's yours!"

A hundred homes, a church, an inn,
A little school with sleepy din.

Septimus was up again instantly, and he spoke with evident feeling.

"No, no! We can't have that! Oh, a thousand times no! I've nurtured a viper. Oh, Dan, you mustn't jerk the poor old pedagogue's elbow! Any more?"

A kindly word on every lip,
There's little else in Melton Dip.

Septimus stood up and shook Daniel by the hand.

"You've written a right good poem, Dan," he said, "though the last line loses sight of Jennifer. You can't say anything about the charms of the village and Miss Jennifer out."

Dan looked at Septimus in an odd way.

"Anybody would think you were in love with the girl yourself," he said.

"I love her better than anything else in the world," said Septimus. "No, don't interrupt me for a minute. Listen to the whole story and you won't jump at conclusions."

Septimus then told Daniel the history of that evening by the river. Daniel sat mute, regarding the schoolmaster as though he were some uncanny being. When Septimus had finished the two men sat silent for some moments. Then Daniel spoke.

"Mr. Blew," he said, "if I told you what I thought of you it would be more wonderful than my poem, and if I did as I ought I'd clear out of the village forever and leave Jennifer to you. But I'm not built like you. I couldn't leave Jennifer without trying my fate. So I'll agree with what you suggest, that neither of us will speak to Jennifer till a week's gone by. Then each of us can do his best. Mr. Blew, you—you're a sportsman."

The week had passed and Septimus was in his garden collecting dead relics of herbaceous wealth from his border, where chrysanthemums now showed like a sea of bronze. He was going to see Jennifer that night. The words he had learnt three months ago were fresh in his mind and he had thought of none better.

Presently Daniel came hastily into the garden, slamming the gate behind him.

"We've made a nice pair of fools of ourselves," he cried.

"Whatever's the matter?" asked Septimus, peeping from behind a barricade of withered sunflower stalks.

"Why," said Dan, "I've just been up to ask Jennifer, only to find her sitting in her privet arbour with—who do you think?"

"I'm blessed if I know. Not young John Potter, is it? I heard he had arrived here this morning. Got the D.C.M., I'm told. Is John with her?"

"John it is!" said Daniel angrily. "In the arbour like a couple of lovers, they are. The D.C.M. has done it."

Septimus's eyes strayed in the direction of Jennifer's cottage and acquired a suspicion of moistness. He was beset on every side by Youth—first Dan, then John.

"Let's go inside and have a glass of perry," he said quietly.

Four years ago Jennifer had had a lover in the harum-scarum son of Farmer Potter, but her happiness had been diluted by the variegated nature of young John Potter's life. His visits to Ludlow on Saturday nights were badly spoken of, and he was said to be known to girls whose friendship had been the wreck of better man than himself. Jennifer overlooked his shortcomings as long as she could, but finally cast him off for good and all.

Not unnaturally the loss of Jennifer had its effect on the quite good-hearted John, who mended his ways from that time on, but to no purpose. The village saw the pair together no more, and in due time the episode was forgotten. That was two years before the war. When the struggle broke out John joined up in a horse regiment and had not been seen again. That had been Jennifer's only *affaire*—a limitation which raised her mightily in the eyes of Septimus Blew.

"Dan," said the schoolmaster when they were indoors. "I'll tell you what it is. We've got to leave Jennifer to John. He'll be here on leave only and

I want you to join me in not speaking to her about ourselves till he comes back for good. He's done more for his country than ever you or me will do. He's the lad who deserves the girl. Now, what do you say? Is it a bargain?"

Septimus stood with outstretched hand. Dan hesitated a moment, then grasped the hand firmly.

"Mr. Blew—" he said, "Mr. Blew—oh! It's no use talking to you. You're worth the lot of us put together."

Before Septimus realized it Dan was gone.

Septimus stood at his gate again that evening and watched the little gleam of light from Jennifer's window. The breeze which, as he had worked in his garden, had been warm suddenly rose to a small gale and a chill entered the schoolmaster's bones, but he stayed on until the light disappeared.

"Seems as if my soul had gone out just like that," he muttered as he turned to go in. He paused by the door and listened to the sound of a heavy step. Someone was coming up the road and Septimus would bid him a good-night whoever he was.

A soldier's figure came into sight a few yards away.

"I shouldn't like to go back without a word with you," It was John Potter who spoke. "I've got to walk to Ludlow to get a train. No, my leave isn't up, but I've got a wife in London, Mr. Blew, and just pinched a day off to see the old place—"

"And old flames," put in Septimus.

"And old flames," repeated John. "I suppose you mean Jennifer. Well, she's a good girl is Jennifer, and—but I've no time to spare if I'm to catch that train, and, Mr. Blew, Jennifer knows all about the lessons you gave young Daniel Evans. He's told her himself this evening, and she's told me. I don't know that I'm right in letting it out, but I'm leaving the village and I don't much care."

"What a mistake!" said Septimus. "He should never have told her. Whatever did she say?"

"That's just the point, Mr. Blew. I ought not to let it out to you, but she told me, as an old friend, that if there's any man in this village she'd like to marry it's Mr. Blew."

Septimus tried to make some reply, but before he could frame the words John Potter had gone.



TREES AND A POET

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

II. ETHELWYN WETHERALD



AMONG the many memory-pictures which I can visualize clearly, there is one of a room in a little New Brunswick city—a study, with walls of faded blue; with windows where the spirea blossoms look in with news of summer, and past which fall softly petals from the delicate blooms of an old gnarled acacia tree; with a fireplace ample and alluring, the centre of family gatherings when winter frosts those windows and drifts thick clouds of snow against them.

Tacked on the side of a tall bookcase in that study, just where it can be seen nicely from the chair by the writing-table, is a poster; a poster with a white background, and a lady in green flowing robes sitting under a tree. The name of the book which the poster advertises is printed there, and it is "The House of the Trees", by Ethelwyn Wetherald. And on one of the shelves is the little green book itself.

When you open that little green book, you do really enter a house of the trees. Green branches sway about you, tiny feet rustle in the underbrush, delicate wings drift above, mosses and fairy-like ground-vines make a carpet of intricate design. But you are made aware of far more than a close observation and love of nature. One of Miss Wetherald's reviewers says of her verse: "Its charm in the main lies in the sense it conveys of the mystic relation between the world without us and the world within";

and this seems to me profoundly true. The power of conveying this sense is exemplified in poem after poem. I think one gets the perfection of it in "The Fields of Dark", beginning:

"The wreathing vine within the porch
Is in the heart of me,
The roses that the noondays seorch
Burn on in memory;
Alone at night I quench the light,
And without star or spark,
The grass and trees press to my knees
And flowers through the dark."

"The Visitors" shows the same quality; "the soul of the wind and the rain" are made as real and living to us in this poem as the elemental forces in their outward manifestations could be:

"In the room where I was sleeping
The sun came to the floor,
Whose silent thought went leaping
To where in woods of yore
It felt the sun before.

At noon the rain was slanting
In grey lines from the west;
A hurried child all panting
It pattered to my nest,
And smiled when sun-carest.

At eve the wind was flying
Bird-like from bed to chair;
Of brown leaves sere and dying
It brought enough to spare
And dropped them here and there.

At night-time, without warning,
I felt almost to pain
The soul of the sun in the morning
And the soul of the wind and the rain
In my sleeping-room remain!"

In "Rest" we find the same note:

"To the depths of dreams I go
On the sounds of falling rain,

That in the night-time gently flow
 In a stream on my window-pane.
 Stream-rest and dream-rest
 And a cool, dark path between—
 A cool, dark path from the rain's breast
 To the heart of the deep unseen."

Again and again one comes across this mystic vision of our possession of nature. All of good that we see and love becomes an intrinsic part of our inner being, an addition to that soul-substance "that dreams are made of". Many of us feel this; not many can express their realization of it in haunting lyric words.

But though Miss Wetherald is pre-eminently a poet of trees and flowers, of sun and wind and rain, she does not sing only of these. Her interests and sympathies embrace a wide range of subjects, and, with all her dryad-like affiliations, she is warmly human in emotion. Love and life, death and parting, childhood, and memories of home—these all come within the scope of her song. The web of life which she weaves for us is never drab or sombre in hue; it is rich with shimmering and delicate colour, and one feels that there is no such thing for her as a day without beauty and savour. She expresses her rejoicing in "the daily round" delightfully in "Every Common Day":

Every common day that we live is clasped
 and jewelled with love;
 The stars of night are beneath it, the morning
 stars above;
 The peace of God broods on it, as on her
 nest the bird,
 And over its wearied moments the music
 of hope is heard.
 So, when my life-work is finished, and I
 go to God for my wage,
 I wonder if He can give me a heavenlier
 heritage
 Than to feel that each day that I live is
 clasped and jewelled with love,
 With the stars of night beneath it and the
 morning stars above."

It is seldom, indeed, that Miss Wetherald's verse becomes prosaic; her thought and its form are, in most cases, sheer poetry. When she does, occasionally, verge on the commonplace, she gives us the impression that she has endeavoured so to do; that

someone has suggested that she write in a more "robust" or didactic manner, for instance—and she produces "My Orders", "Pluck", and one or two others more popular than poetic! It is seldom, however, that she wanders from the domain of wonder and enchantment that is her own.

Ethelwyn Wetherald's love-poems have a distinctive and delicate charm. Many, perhaps most, of them, deal with love in its beginning—an elusive, Ariel-like love, a sprite half-fearing lest it become a mortal, or at least involved and tangled in mortal pettiness. Her lovers wander in dream-paths, and the wandering allures them rather than any goal, however fair. This ethereal quality manifests itself in "Enchantment", with its

"Dearest, give your soul to me,
 Let it in your glances shine;
 Let a path of ecstasy
 Stretch between your eyes and mine.
 Should you press me to your heart,
 That enchanted,
 That enchanted little pathway must
 depart";

in

"If you love me, tell me so
 As the dawn may hint of noon,
 As a glance the deep heart's glow,
 As hepaticas of June,"

and in many another poem dealing with young love, with emotions half-distrustful of their own strength. In her sonnets, however, a deeper note is struck. The distrust of life has been cast aside, and love has proved itself not a fragile bloom, losing its beauty and mystery at the first breath of storm, but a thing stronger than the storm itself, more wonderful, more enduring, than its first dear promise hinted.

"Youth and Age" holds this stronger note; "Telepathy" has it, and "Good-bye"; "At Parting" is vibrant with it, and "Love's Phases" is worthy to stand among the most perfect love-sonnets in the English language. I quote "At Parting" as a good example of the lyric fervour and intensity shown in her use of this form of verse:

“Goodbye! Goodbye! My soul goes after thee,
Quick as a bird that quickens on the wing,
Softly as winter softens into spring;
And as the moon sways to the swaying sea,
So is my spirit drawn resistlessly.
Goodbye! Yet closer round my life shall cling
Thy tenderness, the priceless offering
That drifts through distance daily unto me.

Oh, eager soul of mine, fly fast, fly fast!
Take with thee hope and courage, thoughts that thrill
The heart with gladness under sombre skies,
Oh, living tenderness, that no sharp blast
Of bitter fate or circumstance can chill,
My life with thine grows strong, or fails, or dies.”

Miss Wetherald evidently finds the sonnet a natural form of expression. Its technique has become part of her artistic equipment, and one never feels that thought or emotion has been sacrificed to the exigencies of the form. Her nature-sonnets are full of colour and richness. “In August” breathes the joy of retrospect:

“Just as in rich and dusty-leaved age
The soul goes back to brood on swelling buds
Of hope, desire, and dream, in childhood’s clime,
So I turn backward to the Spring-lit page
And hear with freshening heart the deep-voiced floods
That to the winds give their melodious rhyme.”

The octave of “October” glows with autumn splendour:

“Against the winter’s heav’n of white,
the blood
Of earth runs very quick and hot to-day;
A storm of fiery leaves are out at play.
Around the lingering sunset of the wood
Where rows of blackberries, unnoticed, stood,
Run streams of ruddy colour wildly gay;
The golden lane half-dreaming picks its way
Through ’whelming vines as through a gleaming flood.”

“To February” is sonorous in its vowel harmonies, and magical in its picture of the winter world.

Miss Wetherald’s work is of a distinctly original type; it is not easy to deduce from her poems what

authors have most interested her. There is a hint of Browning in “The White Moth”, with its vivid, passionate, yet colloquial, style; and there is an Emersonian outlook in “Limitlessness”, which I quote:

“Beyond the far horizon’s farthest bound
A farther boundary lies;
No spirit wing can reach the utmost round,
No spirit eyes.
The soul has limitations such as space,
Such as eternity;
The farthest star to which thou set’st thy face
Belongs to thee.”

In some of the poems, especially in the sonnets, there is an Elizabethan fullness of vowel-music and richness of diction which suggests that Miss Wetherald’s reading has led her largely among the writers of “those spacious times of great Elizabeth”. One gets this quality in poem after poem, in lines such as

“For me the hoarded honey of the past
Outlives the wintry interval of pain,”

and in all of “To February”:

“Oh, master-builder, blustering as you go
About your giant work, transforming all
The empty woods into a glittering hall,
And making lilac lanes and foot-paths grow
As hard as iron under stubborn snow,
Though every fence stand forth a marble wall
And windy hollows drift to arches tall,
There comes a might that shall your might o’erthrow.

Build high your white and dazzling palaces,
Strengthen your bridges, fortify your towers,
Storm with a loud and portentous lip;
And April with a fragmentary breeze
And half a score of gentle golden hours,
Shall leave no trace of your stern workmanship,”

and in many and many a memorable phrase.

But it is her intimacy with and her attitude toward nature which mark her work with a haunting quality, distinctive, individual. She is of the trees; she interprets them; she seems half-dryad, knowing and helping us

to know the very spirit of the woods. One is not surprised to hear that Miss Wetherald has a material "House of the Trees", built in a huge willow near a stream, where she sleeps on sultry summer nights. She sings of the joy of her outdoor retreat in "A Summer Sleeping Room", and we feel with her that it is

"Sweet to waken with the flowers,
A morning spirit steeped in calm."

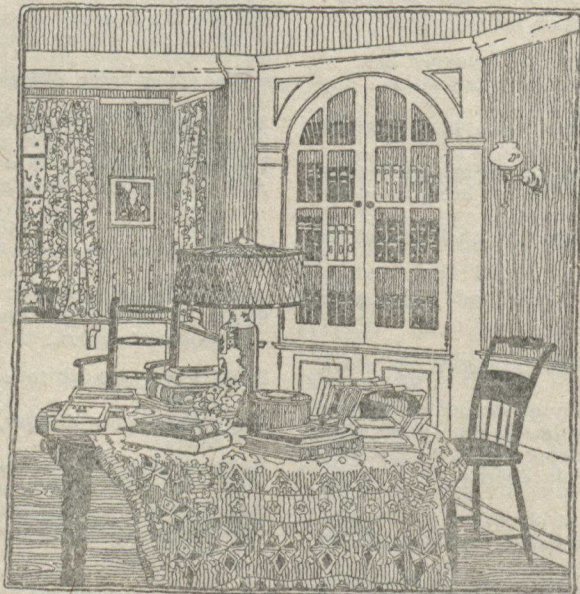
In one of her letters—and she is a delightful letter-writer — Ethelwyn Wetherald says:

"For me there is no such thing as monotony. Tame and sameness are non-existent. Every day overflows with a wealth of impressions, hopes, and desires."

This radiance of spirit glows through all Miss Wetherald's work—this, and a closeness as of kinship to the world of tree and moss and flower. We feel like addressing to herself the words of her own poem:

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

In the June number the subject of Mrs. Roberts's essay will be "The Sonnet in Canadian Literature".



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XIII.—LAURIER AND THE EMPIRE

MYSTERY surrounds the decision of the Laurier Government to establish a fiscal preference in favour of imports from Great Britain. It is certain that no such action was contemplated by the Liberal leaders before they took office. In 1892 Mr. L. H. Davies, of Prince Edward Island, had offered an amendment to a motion by Mr. McNeill, of North Bruce, in favour of reciprocal preference, in effect that, as Great Britain admitted the products of Canada free of duty, the scale of Canadian duties levied on goods mainly imported from Great Britain should be reduced. But, while this proposal probably expressed the sincere conviction of Mr. Davies, many of his parliamentary associates were chiefly concerned to embarrass the Government and the Conservative Imperialists who were as rigid protectionists for Canada as any other element in Parliament. When Mr. Davies submitted his motion, the Liberal parliamentary party was still committed to unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, and there was a disposition to declare more definitely for direct discrimination against Great Britain. As editor of *The Globe*, I represented to Mr. Laurier that any such course would be fatal to Liberal candidates in the constituencies and that it was necessary to recede from the position which the party had taken rather than

to persist in flagrant defiance of the British sentiment of the country. I had knowledge that this was a common feeling among Liberals. I knew that there would be a formidable revolt against any proposal for open and deliberate discrimination against British imports. The true feeling of the party was soon revealed and, as has been said, was expressed in the resolution subsequently adopted by the National Liberal Convention.

The leaders also became convinced long before the general election of 1896 that it would be impossible to "eliminate the principle of protection from the tariff". Whether the country understood or not, there was deliberate adjustment of the party to a moderate and practical fiscal policy in many of the speeches and much of the literature of the campaign. One recalls the letters exchanged between Mr. Laurier and Mr. George H. Bertram, of Toronto, and many private and public assurances that there would be no revolutionary fiscal changes. This was so clearly the attitude of *The Globe* that it was doubted by Conservative candidates if the paper expressed the actual spirit and intention of the Liberal leaders. Nor was the chief object to conciliate protectionists. It was recognized by the official leaders of the party that any radical reduction of duties was impracticable and impossible, and that it was desirable to prepare the country for the

position which would have to be taken should they happen to succeed in the election.

A curious story attaches to a speech which Mr. Laurier delivered at Winnipeg. In the report as published there was a declaration in favour of "free trade as it is in England". He told me later that he had refused, despite great pressure, to use the phrase which was beloved of Western Liberal candidates and that an eager and importunate colleague, distressed at his caution, had incorporated the sentence in the report of his address. He could not challenge the accuracy of the report without a practical repudiation of the position of the free trade extremists in the party, nor could he expose the associate who had revised the address without authority. But he would sometimes recall the incident when he was denounced for apostasy to his platform pledges. Mr. Borden once said that Laurier had promised prohibition as it was in Maine, and free trade as it was in England, but had maintained protection as it was in Maine and prohibition as it was in England. The truth is that Laurier did not declare himself in favour of prohibition nor did he believe that complete free trade was practicable in Canada. The whole argument of the Liberal party in 1896, however, was for lower tariff, although in the speeches of the leaders there is no definite forecast of the British preference. But when the leaders attained office and redemption of the fiscal pledges became the immediate concern, it was recognized that substantial duties against American imports must be maintained and that even upon goods from Great Britain the tariff could not be greatly reduced without depleting the revenue and endangering the position of Canadian industries. In these circumstances the suggestion of lower duties upon British imports was the happy solution of a perplexing problem.

It will be remembered that in the campaign the Patrons of Industry and the Third Party, under Mr. D'Al-

ton McCarthy, had candidates in various constituencies. Between the Patrons and the Liberal party there was organized co-operation. So Mr. McCarthy was concerned to damage the Government and assist the Opposition. But in consideration of Mr. McCarthy's attitude towards Quebec the true relation between Mr. Laurier and himself was not disclosed. At a meeting at Owen Sound, Mr. McCarthy was asked to say what he thought of Laurier. He smiled and suggested softly that he doubted if a frank answer to the question would be of advantage to the Liberal leader. What he had in mind was that praise from McCarthy in Ontario would not help Laurier in Quebec. Mr. McCarthy was an advocate of Imperial fiscal preferences, while the Patrons of Industry demanded a revenue tariff and transfer of taxation from necessities to luxuries. All three groups supported the British preference when the proposal was submitted to Parliament. Possibly Mr. McCarthy suggested the cardinal principle of the Fielding Tariff, but as to that I cannot speak with knowledge. I never sought to discover the origin of the preference, although I was consulted before the proposal was considered by the Cabinet.

Through Mr. George H. Bertram, who came to me with a message from Laurier, I had the first intimation that the economic practicability and the political advantages of discrimination in favour of countries which admitted Canadian products free of duty was a subject of consideration at Ottawa. Naturally, I gave instant support to the proposal as politically advantageous, as agreeable to Canadian and British feeling, and as a method of escape from the position in which advocacy of free trade with the United States had involved the Liberal party. It was clear that the country would approve preferential treatment of British manufactures and that no general feeling in favour of equal treatment of American manufactures could be developed. Thus the British

preference was an Act of Extrinsication, of Emancipation, and of Indemnification for pledges which could not be fulfilled. Liberal Ministers, however, in establishing the preference, were not implementing any unholy compact with manufacturers, but were governed by industrial and national considerations which in the actual situation of the country could not be disregarded by practical and responsible statesmen.

There was singular boldness in the determination of the Canadian Cabinet to offer the preference to Great Britain and compel the Imperial Government to reject the concession or denounce the German and Belgian treaties which prevented discrimination by the Dominions in favour of the Mother Country. Indeed, the preference was imposed upon Great Britain, and there were British statesmen who denounced the old treaties with reluctance and in slumberous wonder over the serene audacity of an inconsiderate colony. Laurier was attacked for not exacting a reciprocal preference from Great Britain. But he was convinced that no such preference could be obtained except upon conditions which Canada could not accept. As it was, the Canadian offer was regarded with suspicion by rigid British free traders. Mr. Chamberlain had not yet adopted "tariff reform", and among Unionists and Liberals alike there was uncompromising adhesion to the teaching of the Manchester economists. While Laurier was in London, in 1897, Mr. Chamberlain declared that, except on the basis of free trade within the Empire, he would not touch preference "with a pair of tongs". This, however, was said in a conversation between Laurier and himself and was not available as a defence for the Canadian Government against the attacks of opponents. In the autumn of 1897 there was a bye-election in Centre Toronto. Mr. George H. Bertram, the Liberal candidate, was opposed by Mr. O. A. Howland. At every Conservative meeting there was criticism of Laurier

for "the free gift" of preference to the Mother Country, when preferential treatment of Canadian products could have been obtained if the Liberal leader had not been more anxious to secure the "Cobden medal" than to initiate a system of Imperial protection. During the contest Laurier came to Toronto and was at pains to give me an exact statement of Mr. Chamberlain's position. He did not authorize me to make any public use of the statement, nor did he suggest that there was any obligation of discretion or silence. For a day or two I hesitated, but the Conservative attack persisted and I persuaded myself that Mr. Chamberlain's position should be stated. *The Globe's* explanation was cabled to England and became the subject of a question in the Imperial Parliament. In reply, Mr. Chamberlain frankly admitted its accuracy and thus gave the confirmation which was required. Shortly afterward I suggested to Laurier that I was probably in disfavour for using Mr. Chamberlain's statement without authority. His answer was, "My dear fellow, that is why I told you". I thought I had read his mind, but one cannot always be certain that a statement communicated in private is intended for publication.

Once I asked Laurier how the famous letter from Father Lacombe, intimating that the Roman Catholic bishops were united in support of the Manitoba Remedial Bill and would be as united against any public man who opposed the measure, came to be published. He said, "I do not know, but it was wise to have the letter appear in *The Montreal Daily Star* instead of in a Liberal newspaper". It was necessary that his political associates should have knowledge of the letter, and one doubts if he emphasized its confidential character. He held that there was moral and public justification for its publication, and clearly there are circumstances in which a political leader has the right to call the people to his defence against groups or interests which present pri-

vate ultimatums. In this instance, nothing but the letter itself could have disclosed the actual situation. But, ordinarily, Laurier was very scrupulous and no one could more resolutely retain what he did not choose to reveal.

It is doubtful if there ever was exact accord between Laurier and Chamberlain. The one was as resolute as the other and each had a vitally different conception of the Imperial relation. Laurier regarded free trade within the Empire as impracticable and impossible. Nor was there complete agreement between the two when Chamberlain became an advocate of tariff reform and Imperial preferences. It is true that when Laurier desired to have the food duties imposed during the war in South Africa retained against foreign countries and remitted in favour of the Dominions, he would have had Chamberlain's support; but they were repealed during Chamberlain's absence in South Africa. When the Imperial statesman in his early speeches for tariff reform suggested that certain branches of manufacture should be reserved for Great Britain, the Canadian Prime Minister would have resisted if Chamberlain's withdrawal from the position had not rendered resistance unnecessary. Thereafter Laurier would not entertain any suggestion that Canada should demand British taxes on foodstuffs from foreign countries and free admission of such products from the Dominions. As has been said, he did ask to have the duties on foodstuffs imposed for revenue during the war with the Boers retained against foreign countries, but when this was refused he finally abandoned effort to obtain preferential treatment of Canadian products in British markets. But there was irritation over the refusal and even serious thought of actual withdrawal or substantial modification of the Canadian preference in favour of British manufactures.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to establish a consultative Imperial Council, Laurier opposed and defeat-

ed. He was reluctant to send contingents to South Africa and submitted at last only to a manifestation of public feeling which he could not wisely resist. He was embarrassed by the attitude of Mr. Tarte and disturbed by the vehement counsel of Mr. Bourassa. As editor of *The Globe*, I was in a difficult position. I told Laurier that he would either send troops or go out of office, but gave a rash pledge that *The Globe* would not suggest the despatch of contingents in advance of the decision of the Cabinet. A few days before war was declared Laurier had to go to Chicago and he insisted that I should go along. In the party also were Mr. L. O. David and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, of Montreal. For three days we discussed the Imperial obligation of Canada and the possible political consequences of a decision against sending contingents in all its phases, if not with unanimity, at least with good temper and complete candour. I shall not forget the wise discretion of Mr. David and his grave concern that nothing should develop to affect Laurier's position or disturb the relations between Canada and Great Britain. It is fair to explain that Sir Wilfrid contended the war in South Africa, if war there should be, would be a petty tribal conflict in which the aid of the Dominions would not be required, and that over and over again he declared he would put all the resources of Canada at the service of the Mother Country in any great war for the security and integrity of the Empire. When we reached London on the homeward journey we learned that the South African Republics had precipitated the conflict. Laurier had not believed that war was inevitable and he was greatly comforted by assurances received at Chicago, through British sources, that the Republics would submit to the demands of Great Britain or the conditions would be so modified as to avert hostilities and ensure a settlement by negotiation. During the journey between London and Toronto he was very sober and silent.

He recognized that the Canadian Government must reach an immediate decision, but he would not admit that the fact of war necessarily involved Canada in the conflict. When we parted at Toronto, I urged that as soon as he reached Ottawa he should announce that the Government would send troops to South Africa. But he was still reluctant, unconvinced, and rebellious. Next day, however, I received this despatch: "Am sending contingents. Will be in Toronto in the morning.—Wilfrid Laurier." When we met next morning he frankly admitted that public feeling in the English Provinces was too strong to be opposed and that under all the circumstances the Government could not afford to challenge the sentiment of the country and withhold Canada from a struggle in which the other Dominions would be engaged. He explained that there would be no serious division in the Cabinet, but he doubted if the Liberal representatives from Quebec could be united in support of the action of the Government. Unfortunately there was no such unanimity of feeling in Quebec as existed in Ontario, and probably his influence among the French people would be sorely tested. Over the decision of the Government Mr. Bourassa resigned his seat in Parliament and was re-elected. But the intimate personal and political relation which had existed between Laurier and Bourassa never was restored. The war in South Africa produced the Nationalist movement. The seeds of Nationalism lay long in the ground, the growth was reluctant, the harvest ripened slowly. But at last Bourassa gathered many sheaves in Quebec from the sowing which began when his counsel was rejected and Laurier sanctioned the organization of contingents for South Africa. I think I never doubted that Laurier's ultimate decision would be in favour of contingents. For that among other reasons *The Globe* said nothing to embarrass the Government or to excite public feeling.

The Globe's first deliverance in support of contingents was not written in the office. One day Mr. Justice Street offered a letter for publication. He explained with much courtesy and equal hesitation that *The Globe's* position was detached and indefinite and that doubtless there were legitimate political considerations behind its discretion and reticence. As a judge he was not clear that he should speak in his own name, but he had written a letter which would not compromise the paper and which he would like to have published without his signature. When I had read the letter I intimated that if he did not object I would make a few minor changes and print it as an editorial. He was agreeable and grateful. There was judicial caution in the statement which *The Globe* required at the moment and it is doubtful if Mr. Justice Street would have been censured even if he had written over his signature.

In the general election of 1900, rash utterances by Mr. Tarte were exploited with deadly effect by the Conservative Opposition. There is no doubt that Tarte was opposed to the organization of contingents for South Africa and believed that his position would be sustained by the Cabinet. In this confidence he made statements which were singularly inconvenient and embarrassing in the English Provinces. He explained that he had gone no farther than to insist that troops should not be sent out of the country without the direct authority of Parliament. But in a political contest there is no reverence for a qualification. Tarte was gibbeted in every Conservative journal and from every Conservative platform. For the time he displaced Mr. Sifton as "the master of the Administration", and a very fervour of passion was excited in the country against the contumacious and aggressive French Minister. There was much sheet lightning in the display, but even sheet lightning is dangerous when it is associated with racial feeling and Imperial patriotism. Tarte was the issue, and the jawbone which

he wielded too freely slaughtered many Liberal candidates. Eight or ten days before polling Laurier was in Toronto, and naturally there was anxious consideration of the political outlook. At a conference which I attended, the leader was assured that Ontario would give a majority of at least twenty for the Government. I alone insisted, against the angry protests of the optimists, that the majority against the Government would be twenty. I gave my reasons, of which Tarte was the chief, and Laurier agreed that my forecast would probably be justified by the result. The returns gave the Opposition a majority of twenty-two in Ontario.

The defeat of Laurier in Ontario in 1900 had long consequences. No doubt he had hesitated to involve Canada in the war in South Africa, but he had yielded to public feeling, had imposed his decision upon Quebec, had alienated cherished associates, had frankly confessed his reluctance to involve Canada in a British quarrel, and had defended the British position and the final intervention of Canada with vigour and eloquence. But despite the British fiscal preference and the action of the Government in relation to South Africa, despite recognition of Imperial sentiment and despite disregard of the protests of elements in Quebec, he sustained a decisive defeat in the chief English Province of the Confederation. He coveted the goodwill and the confidence of Ontario. He had doubted if a French Roman Catholic could lead a national party. In any evidence that this was a misinterpretation of the Protestant majority, he rejoiced. He believed in 1900 that he deserved a greater measure of support from Ontario than he received. Thenceforth he turned to his own Province and his own people. He never wooed Ontario again. It may be that he never was willing to lose Quebec. He would often insist that at any cost he must have the confidence of his own Province. There is reason to think that Bourassa became a spectre in his pathway. He

often said that if Bourassa had not separated himself from the Liberal party and had cultivated a national outlook he would have been his natural and inevitable successor. But from 1900 he saw Bourassa as an ever-present menace, against which he believed he could not rely upon Ontario.

No one who knew Laurier could ever believe that he was an Imperialist. Economically he was a continentalist and politically he was an autonomist. At Imperial Conferences he resisted all proposals leading towards federation of the Empire or even involving any rigid machinery of co-operation between Great Britain and the Dominions. It is not surprising to learn from letters published by Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., that he was in sympathy with the movement to establish Canada as an independent kingdom under the British monarchy. What the position would be of a common sovereign over five equal and independent nations if a domestic quarrel should develop, taxes the imagination. We talk of the Sovereign as the bond of Empire, but an Empire united by a sovereign who would be bound by the advice of his Ministers at five separate capitals would be feeble and fantastic enough. Laurier thought of Canada as a nation. He made Canada a nation according to the panegyrists. Indeed with every change of Government, Canada is made a nation over again. But the new pattern much resembles the old, however the artificers may labour to remould and rebuild. It is not easy to see how we can be an Empire for commercial purposes and five separate nations for diplomatic purposes. If we think of separate nations instead of Empire, the ultimate result may be separation. Equal citizenship in the Empire cannot be achieved by extension of autonomy so long as an Imperial Parliament at London exercises authority over war and peace which is not possessed in equal degree by the Parliaments of the Dominions. War Cabinets and Overseas Ministers and

Imperial Conferences are perhaps convenient agencies of co-operation, but they cannot give the Dominions co-ordinate authority in emergencies, or even in the regular adjustment of relations with other nations. Where the parliamentary power reposes the real authority rests. A fractional majority in the Parliament at London will have greater power than the Governments and Parliaments of the four Dominions to commit the Empire to war which may involve the Dominions in great sacrifices of blood and treasure. What actual responsibility had Canada for the Great War which cost 60,000 lives and a billion of money? No one doubts that our decision would have been if we had possessed co-ordinate authority, but an issue may arise in the future over which vital differences may produce disruption. It is idle to pretend that under the existing organization of the Empire the people of the Dominions can have equal citizenship. Autonomy is consistent with the ideal of ultimate separation, but not with the fact of Empire. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that Canadians will be forever content with an inferior citizenship or with a divided loyalty. They must have an equal voice in the Empire with the people of England or Scotland, or ultimately they will establish a separate and independent nation. This voice can be obtained only through a sovereign Imperial Parliament exercising authority over the foreign relations of the Empire and in which the Dominions will have actual, direct and equal representation.

Who believes that the American colonies, if they had not separated from Great Britain, would now be tolerant of war cabinets and periodical imperial conferences? Would they regard representation in an Imperial Parliament as a sacrifice of autonomy? In the near future the Dominions which now have a population of 17,000,000 or 18,000,000 will have thirty, forty or fifty millions of people. Even to-day they would have a third of

the representation in an Imperial Parliament. The autonomy of Prince Edward Island is not impaired by representation in the Canadian Parliament, nor that of Montana or Oregon by representation in the American Congress. There is an answer to the anxious autonomists in the cry of the world for a League of Nations. If the United States and the British Empire can agree to the assumption of common international obligations, Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions can safely establish a common Parliament for the protection of interests and the adjustment of affairs common to all portions of the Empire. The world has had a new revelation of the vital need for understanding and organization and the lesson has its significance for the British communities. For either organization or disruption is the fiat of destiny. By one method or the other, equality of citizenship must finally be established. One believes that the Empire will not dissolve and that the genius of British statesmen will find and the British peoples in their sanity and wisdom accept the inevitable solution.

Nor is it true, as is so often contended, that free trade within the Empire is an essential condition of organic federation. There is no vital reason why Canada should not maintain protection for national and industrial reasons or that Great Britain should not do likewise. It is not even necessary to establish preferences within the Empire, so long as there is not discrimination in favour of foreign countries. Control over fiscal policy, as over immigration, would naturally and wisely be vested in the domestic Parliaments. Each portion of the Empire would be concerned to develop its own resources and determine its own methods of production and standards of living. There need be neither friction nor conflict under a system of Imperial organization which would clearly separate domestic from Imperial interests and reserve alike for Great Britain and the

Dominions unchallengeable control over domestic concerns. It is not essential either that any absolute power to levy taxation should be reposed in an Imperial Parliament. There is reason to think that effective organization for defence would be less costly through the operation of common machinery, and since by the very evolution of the Empire to which we have consented the Dominions have become partners in defence, they would provide the contributions required to maintain and stabilize the partnership. Undoubtedly the whole problem is complex and difficult in many of its phases, but at least the chances of misunderstanding and confusion are greater under an unorganized than they would be under an organized Empire in the new relation which has involved the Dominions in common obligations for the support of the Imperial structure. The details of federation could only be settled by the statesmen of the Empire in conference around a common table, as any project of Imperial union would require the free and decisive assent of the Parliaments and peoples of all the British Commonwealths.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not a federationist. As he grew older he became inflexible in his attitude towards the Empire. He often seemed willing to extend autonomy to the verge of separation. For his day he could acquiesce in the existing relation. He was not anxious for the future. But he thought he could see the ripe fruit falling from the parent tree. He was not hostile to Great Britain and he had reverence for British traditions and British institutions. But he believed that there was no advantage to Canada in closer connection with the Mother Country. He regarded projects of federation not only as visionary and impracticable, but as inimical to colonial freedom and self-government. He could see the vision of a League of Nations. He could not see the vision of a League of Empire. Looking into the future he probably saw an independent Canada, not sep-

arated from Great Britain in interest and sentiment, but politically dissociated from problems which were the necessary condition and inheritance of an Empire. He was indeed a Canadian nationalist, and grew ever more convinced that between nationalism and Imperialism there was a necessary conflict. He was deeply impressed by his first visit to Great Britain. But he grew weary of London Conferences and the insurgent Imperialism and diplomatic precipitancy of Australia. He was closer to Botha than to any other representative of the Overseas Dominions, convinced perhaps, that Botha was his natural ally in resisting doubtful Imperial enterprises. But there is no reason to think that he ever had to resist pressure from any British statesmen except Chamberlain, or that the autonomy of Canada that he so dearly cherished was ever menaced by any secret design, covert manoeuvre, social attack, or political cabal. British statesmen have long recognized that any impulse towards Imperial organization must proceed from the Dominions and that any suspicion of British coercion would excite only irritation and resistance. The future of the Empire lies with the Dominions. Downing Street is a legend. No system of Imperial organization incompatible with national sentiment in the Dominions could endure. It is inconceivable that British statesmen would imperil the whole structure even by consent to any unequal centralization of authority in London. But Laurier was doubtful and apprehensive. Possibly his apprehension only expressed his attitude in domestic affairs. There were phrases and catchwords that were useful in Canada, and he was careful not to reduce their value on the political exchange. Possibly he resented the pressure of Imperial officials in Canada when an offer of troops for South Africa was desired, and over certain proposals for the organization of the Canadian forces. But he never could have doubted the position of responsible British

statesmen, misrepresented sometimes perhaps by functionaries and officials, who could not understand place without power and were reluctant to acknowledge that they had no actual responsibility for the decisions of the Canadian Cabinet and the Canadian Parliament. And there was Bourassa.

From all the fretful agitation of Australian statesmen in England for preference in British market, Laurier held coldly aloof. He conceded to the United Kingdom all the freedom which he demanded for Canada. He did not believe that colonial statesmen could wisely intervene in the movement for tariff reform in Great Britain or appear on British platforms as advocates of preferential treatment of colonial products. In that he was upon ground which could not be challenged. The strength and sanity of his position would be convincingly established if British statesmen should appear on platforms in Canada as advocates of free trade for the Dominion. Changes in British fiscal policy imposed upon the British people at the demand of the Dominions would subject the Dominions to angry political attack in Great Britain, produce a situation not unlike that which led to the revolt of the American colonies, and endanger the unity and stability of the Empire. The doctrine of colonial autonomy cannot be wisely carried to the extent of direct interference with the free judgment of the British people.

The naval controversy in Canada had many strange and ugly manifestations. It may be that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was as reluctant to establish a navy or commit Canada to any direct obligation for sea defence as he was to send troops to South Africa. But public opinion demanded and he submitted. In 1909 the Canadian Parliament adopted a unanimous resolution in favour of a Canadian navy or other speedy and adequate contribution to the defence of the Empire. Laurier opposed any direct contribution to the Admiralty, but after consultation with the Imperial authori-

ties it was resolved to create a naval college and to organize a fleet of cruisers.

This programme was opposed by Mr. Bourassa, as imperiling Canadian autonomy and exposing the Dominion to compulsory participation in the wars of the Empire all over the world. Mr. Bourassa ultimately was joined by Mr. Monk, the French Conservative leader for Quebec, and an inflammatory appeal was made to the French constituencies against the naval policy of the Government. On the other hand, the Conservative Opposition, under the leadership of Mr. Borden, contended for an emergency contribution of Dreadnoughts and urged a further consultation with the Admiralty in order to frame a measure which would be of greater immediate service to the Empire and of greater ultimate value in the defence of Canada, and which should be submitted to the Canadian people for ratification. Against his French assailants, Laurier argued that the proposals of the Government were a just and necessary assumption of responsibility to aid in the defence of the Empire, but insisted that the fleet should be under the control of Canada and should engage only in such wars as the Canadian Parliament might approve. As against his Conservative opponents, he contended that a contribution of Dreadnoughts would infringe upon the autonomy of the Dominion and that the demand for a referendum was a manoeuvre to delay action and to exploit feeling in Quebec to the advantage of the Conservative party. At stages of the controversy the fear or the lure of Bourassa was behind the action of both parties. There was no danger to the Empire in a Canadian navy. There was no menace to the autonomy of Canada in a contribution of Dreadnoughts or in the naval proposals subsequently placed before Parliament by the Borden Government. There was reason, perhaps, to enlarge the Laurier programme. There was no sound reason that it should be opposed. When all is

said, Laurier committed Canada to naval defence, and in consequence sustained heavy political losses in Quebec. It is understood that Mr. Borden himself was anxious to maintain the unanimity secured in support of the original naval resolution. But he could not hold Mr. Monk, and there were forcer within the Conservative party which could not be withheld from assault upon the Laurier programme. For this there was a time of visitation and vengeance when parliamentary ratification of the Borden proposals was required. There was burning anger among Liberals over the substantial alliance between Conservatives and Nationalists in the general election of 1911, and the character of the attack upon Liberal candidates in the French Province. The truth is that Monk and Bourassa controlled Quebec. For the time the official Conservative party did not exist. Conservatives adhering to the traditions of Cartier and Macdonald could not be nominated, and not a few would not have accepted nomination under the conditions prescribed by the Nationalists. The old Bleus, under Bourassa, were in even worse fortune than the old Rouges under Mercier. Whatever responsibility lies upon Sir Robert Borden, it is certain that he regretted Monk's desertion and never submitted to Nationalist domination. Exclusion of Nationalists from the Borden Cabinet would have been equivalent to denial of French representation. In a country with Canada's history and with 2,500,000 French people in a total population of 8,000,000 or 9,000,000, counsels of patriotism and prudence forbid such a decision, as any deliberate resolve by Quebec upon self-exclusion would be singularly unfortunate and undesirable.

There are few less attractive chapters in Canadian history than that which covers the parliamentary debate on the Borden naval programme. One feels as he reads through Hansard that there was an insensate and incurable determination to misjudge

and misunderstand. It is hard to think that anyone believed the purchase and transfer of three Dreadnoughts to the Royal Navy, subject to recall if the country should determine to create a home navy, was reconcilable with any jingo conspiracy to destroy self-government and restore the ascendancy of Downing Street in Canada. But there was much passionate rhetoric to that effect and danger of actual physical violence in the crises of the debate. One feels that the action of the Nationalists in Quebec in 1911 affords the explanation. At least they could not complain of the ardour with which their doctrine was proclaimed to the detriment of Conservatives who had temporarily profited by their inflammatory agitation in the French constituencies. Nothing was more startling than the metamorphosis of the leader of the Senate. From urgent advocacy of closure to force the Naval Aid Bill through the House of Commons to spokesman for the majority of the Upper Chamber, who rejected the measure, or at least demanded a referendum, which was practically equivalent to rejection, was a remarkable demonstration of political devolution. But in a few weeks Sir George Ross passed through all these phases and was still fresh for new achievements. It was a triumph in transformation of which perhaps there are few like illustrations in practical politics. But Sir Wilfrid prevailed, and when the Great War came, no Canadian Dreadnoughts rode the seas under the ensign of Canada. One reads the story from the original unanimous resolution of Parliament, through the controversy over the Laurier proposals and down to the rejection of the Borden programme, and feels that a great issue was enmeshed in party strategy and that neither party is to be congratulated upon the result to which they mutually contributed.

It is said that Laurier, at a dinner at Windsor Castle, found a card at his plate inscribed, "Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier", and that in

this fashion he was subjected to the honour or indignity of Knighthood. It is a pretty story. It may or may not be true. One can hardly conceive of a Laurier manœuvred or coerced into acceptance of a title if his will was not to accept. If ever there was a man who was master of himself, it was Laurier, although the country was slow to understand how vitally resolute he was. There is no doubt that before he left Canada for the Diamond Jubilee, he had considered acceptance of a title and was chiefly concerned over the fact that he had proclaimed himself "a democrat to the hilt", and by acceptance of any Imperial recognition would expose himself to criticism and misunderstanding. We talked together in London shortly after he had accepted the title, and he explained frankly that refusal would have been ungracious and that he could not think there was any valid objection to the decoration. It is inconceivable that he would seek a title. Nor had he then any feeling that he should not have accepted. It is certain that he was not less a democrat, but not even the bonfire which he suggested, when titles were under attack in Parliament, could have purged him of the high social fastidiousness which was a vital element in his character. He was most indifferent to wealth or social position. Socially, Laurier belonged to the old Whig group of England, or to the old Court circle of France, gracious, restrained, of serene spirit and simple tastes, hating noise and swagger and loving culture and the surroundings of beauty and plenty. But, titled or untitled, he was himself, as is every other man who has native quality, to whom a decoration can give no distinction, nor invest with virtue or authority which are not his by character and achievement. Titles give no social precedence in Canada. Precedence belongs only to members of the Senate, members of the Parliaments, the Church, the Bench, and the Army and Navy. From recognition of faithful civil service to

the State no evil can proceed. It is doubtful if wealth alone should mould and dominate society. For there will be society, however legislators level up or level down. Hereditary distinctions belong to the past, and titles, too, may be banished. Whatever the decision is of no vital consequence to those who have or to those who have not. It is vain to think that honours will always be worthily bestowed or the fact universally admitted when they are so bestowed. This is a human world and often envy is as powerful to destroy as ambition is to build. One cannot desire that all the distinctive badges of British civilization should disappear, nor can one admit that the State will be endangered by recognition of civil service according to the traditions and customs of an Empire which through centuries has been the cradle of free institutions. Very rarely have Canadians deliberately sought Imperial honours. There is no evidence that they have been awarded in recognition of service to the Empire as distinguished from service to Canada. For half a century there has been continuous extension of freedom and authority to the Dominions, and Imperial honours have fallen chiefly upon colonial statesmen who have organized and directed the forces by which this result was accomplished. Besides, however we may regard the King's honours, is it a reproach to a colonial statesman that he concerns himself with the affairs of Empire? Is Imperial patriotism repugnant to domestic patriotism? Is devotion to the common interest treason to Canada? Laurier was not affected in his attitude towards Great Britain by Imperial recognition, nor has any Canadian statesman since Confederation succumbed to the mysterious social influences in London which we are so often told seduce representatives of the Dominions from their natural allegiance, and forever prey upon weak and complacent colonials for evil purposes which never take the form of action.

When Great Britain declared war

against Germany, Laurier gave ungrudging and unequivocal support to the decision of the Government to equip and despatch contingents for service in Europe, and the Opposition voted as a unit for the appropriations necessary to make the participation of Canada in the conflict influential and effective. In Parliament and on the platform he denounced German aggression, extolled the heroism of France and Belgium, and maintained with convincing argument and luminous eloquence the justice and righteousness of the cause of Great Britain and the allied nations. It may be that at vital moments he was governed by political considerations, but again there was Bourassa.

From his youth Laurier was a politician. He became more utterly and incurably a politician as he grew older. He could take defeat, but he loved power, and meant to regain power before he died. No one who knew the man could believe that he would resign the office of leader while his strength lasted, and no one who knew the Liberal party as it was fashioned under his hand could believe that he would ever be displaced except by his own decision. Whether an Imperialist or not, he made no quarrel between Great Britain and Canada, he established the British fiscal preference, he first sanctioned the organization of Canadian regiments for Imperial service abroad, and he first committed Canada to a definite obligation for naval defence. It may be that he answered to public opinion, but he did answer, and that was something.

The next and final chapter of these Reminiscences is entitled "What was Left Over".

REHABILITATION

By LAURA A. RIDLEY

I SCARCELY dare to think of you all day,
 For peace of mind, I value you more than all
 Imaginings that used to so enthrall,
 Before I knew that you were common clay.
 But, when night comes, and I am far away
 From worldly traffic, I can hear you call:
 Your voice—as David's music solaced Saul—
 All bitterness of spirit doth allay.

And once again I see you as of old,
 With all those attributes I thought you had,
 Quixotic, noble, free from petty strife;
 Once more you seem to come into my life:
 We hold each other close, and we are glad
 That memory lives and love has not grown cold.

TRIUMPH

BY A. CLARE GRIFFIN



AR back in the great mountains there is a deep valley; a river roars through its depths, and the peaks rise on either side of it—up, up, up, into the blue heaven; the sunset and the sunrise outline the crests of the great hills in gold, and noontide fills the whole valley with a glory of pure light. On summer nights of storm the lightnings flash from crest to crest, and in winter the wild winds sweep through the length of the valley and the snow-wraiths—the white women who weave spells in the northern forest—go with them on strange errands. But when neither lightnings nor winds are awake, the valley is full of the wonderful silence of the great hills—the silence that is made up of a thousand blended sounds and is deeper than even the silence of the sea.

In such silence, at noon of an August day, when the wonderful light made the peaks across the valley seem scarce more than a stone's throw distant, the man who lay stretched at full length beneath the vanguard of the pine woods felt the last trace of the strain and fever of eight years' grind go from him. He looked up through the branch tracery into the transparent blue and drew long breaths of content. Three weeks more of this silence—this air and sun—and he could go back to the career that awaited him. He fingered absently the open letter bearing the name of a

famous law firm, and smiled at himself for his childish pleasure in this chance of chances. Well, even if he had had the letter for two weeks he had scarce had time to realize all that this start might mean. Why, it might even mean Elizabeth!

He closed his eyes and pictured her as he had seen her last. A tall girl, very reserved, very proud; not beautiful, perhaps, but with a fine clear-cut face, and calm eyes; he had never seen her moved in all the years he had known her, had wondered at times if she felt love or hate, or joy or grief at all, had wondered at himself when he found himself loving her, and wondered now what reply she would make to the letter he had written her the moment his future seemed assured.

A shout, faint, indistinct, roused him from his day-dream, and he raised himself on one elbow and looked down the trail. A man was running up it—a man in breathless haste, waving something above his head. He lifted the glasses lying beside him, and saw it was Harding, his friend, the engineer of the great highway that was pushing forward into the heart of the silences. He started down the trail, wondering what could be amiss—some accident to a workman, perhaps. Perhaps Harding wanted him to bring help; he was half-unwilling to leave his world of day-dreams, the world that had been so still but a moment before and that was now troubled with a vague terror.

Then at a turn of the trail he met Harding—flushed, inarticulate with haste; and Harding thrust into his hand a crumpled newspaper with staring headlines: a newspaper dated August fourth. Seaforth read the headlines—read the scarcely less fragmentary matter below—and turned to Harding, who was seated on a stone mopping his forehead.

"It's what you've been saying all along was bound to come," he said weakly.

"Yes," said Harding, "but who the deuce would have known it would come like this—out of a clear sky. Why, two weeks ago when you came up here there wasn't a word of it."

"I never thought it would come myself." Seaforth looked moodily at the paper, and then slowly folded it. Neither spoke, and the eternal silence, that had been broken for a moment by an echo of guns half the world distant, settled back upon the valley. In the crowd and roar of a great city the thing might have seemed less fantastic in its terror; here, in the fragrant peace and silence, it gripped both men with a horror they only half understood. Silently they rose and walked back into camp together; the mail carrier who had brought the paper was there, and he had reports of later intelligence telegraphed to the station an hour before he left.

"They wait up nights to get the news," he said as he finished. "Some things they get before the papers come. And some things that come by wire ain't so." Then he told of the report of a great victory by sea that had drawn an eager crowd about the little railway telegraph station; a report that had been contradicted next day. Even in listening you felt the strain of waiting that had been on the men who had heard that report and its denial tapped out.

Then the carrier rode out of camp, and the round of work went on as before; the great silent hills guarded the night and morning as they had done so many yesterdays; outwardly

there was no change, but every man in camp felt, according to the measure of his power of feeling, the weight of this new knowledge. To Seaforth and Harding it was the background of all their thought and speech; on whatever topic they began, they drifted inevitably to that one in the end. For a day they agreed to bar it from their talk and did so, yet felt the strain of the constant unspoken thought of it more irksome than free speech. Thenceforth they talked and waited—waited for the next coming of the carrier; dreading and hoping for his news.

He came into camp in driving rain and threw to Harding a bundle of papers and then passed Seaforth a letter. It was the noon hour and he hurried into the great kitchen where the men ate to give his news; Harding followed him almost at once, but Seaforth sat still, his letter unopened in his hands. Then when he was alone, he opened it and knew that good fortune had followed him; when he went home it would be to Elizabeth as well as to a career. So with a feeling that his world at least was a happy one, he went out into the long kitchen.

Harding was standing at one end of the table; the paper was spread on the table before him and Seaforth got an impression that he had been reading something aloud. Half a dozen men were standing grouped near him, and Harding was writing something in his memorandum book; another man walked slowly over to the group, and asked some question in a low voice. Harding's answer was likewise low, but he went on writing, and presently another joined him. Harding finished his writing, passed the memorandum to the carrier and turned to Seaforth as the men went back to their places.

"What's been going on?" asked Seaforth.

"Just getting down the names of the ones who want to go in the first contingent," Harding told him.

"The company will have to get some new men for the job, too."

"All those chaps going?"

"Yes, and probably some more. I advised them to take plenty of time to think it over. It isn't the kind of thing you want to go into without knowing what you're doing. At the same time we've had this business forced on us and we might just as well see it through."

"Any of them had any drill?" asked Seaforth.

"Three or four; Buckle was through the South African War. They're about as good men as there are in camp. Well, there'll be plenty of time for the rest of them to make up their minds; more than one contingent will go before the thing's over. Accounts in the papers look pretty black for us. But, he looked at Seaforth with a little smile, "you look cheerful enough old chap. Had a fortune left you?"

"About that," Seaforth reddened a little under his tan; "you know Miss Westbury don't you?"

"Miss Elizabeth?"

Seaforth nodded.

"Oh, I see!" Harding's voice had an undertone of surprise in it. "I should say you were a pretty lucky man, Seaforth. But isn't it something rather recent; I don't seem to remember—"

"No, it's been working up to this pretty much ever since I first met her—only I hadn't the cheek to ask her till I had something definite in view; now, of course—"

"That's true; well, best wishes old man." Harding hurried off to the cut and Seaforth settled down to read the week-old papers with their mangled, padded, half-guess-work accounts of skirmishes along a battle front that stretched across a kingdom; accounts that came into this place of still peace, half-told their horrible story, and then ceased, leaving the silence with horror in them that must needs be far keener than that of the anguished waiting before

the bulletin boards of a great city. Seaforth thought of them almost as a relief: the white glare of the great arc-lights; the still heat of the city at night; the press of people, white-faced, eager, many-tongued, mourning and rejoicing at the same news as each claimed a different fatherland; the boards themselves with their few words summing up a whole chapter of horror; and all over the city the newsboys with their "war-extra". Horrible all, but far less horrible than this waiting here in the sweet wholesome wilderness for news of a world gone mad. For so it seemed to Seaforth; he could not feel with Harding that it was something that must be met, bravely as might be. To him it was simply horrible insane waste; a plague, an obsession of slaughter, a terrible thing to be avoided by all sane men; those who were soldiers must go—but let all who could keep free from it do so, since no idea, no empty name of honour could justify this waste of life.

But he could say none of this to Harding when, on the day that he was to go away, his friends shook hands and then said quietly:

"May possibly see you pretty soon, old man; I'm coming East as soon as they can send me someone to take my place here. I'm afraid my drill has got a bit rusty."

"Your drill?"

"Yes, I'm going to Valcartier if they'll let me. And besides, I want to see some people before I go."

"All ready, Mister," called the mail-carrier, who was to be guide, and there was no time for more than a brief word from Seaforth. He said what he felt he must and then hurried away, with a horrible picture before him of Harding lying dead—disfigured, ghastly.

Through the August beauty and abundance of the land Seaforth came East and felt with every mile of his journey a new love for his wonderful

heritage. Fair—from the heaven-seeking impulse of great mountains that he left to the tender homelike beauty, the sober peace, that lay across the rounded hills and green intervals that he came home to; pine or elm, rock crest, or grim reef worn jagged by the Atlantic, every inch of the land had its own grip on his heart—a grip that he had never felt, it seemed, till now.

But with this new-wakened love came too the sense of horror at the cloud that lay across this beauty; from every town of any size on his route—even from the little stations, sometimes—men were going East—turning steadfast faces to the great struggle. Many of them he knew; schoolmates at “prep” school, senior classmen of his freshman days, men of other colleges whom he had met in sport or council; from office or professor’s chair or ranch they gathered—facing Eastward all, toward the sacrament of terror, their hearts lifted up. Quiet men all, with sly dry humour in touches, slow of action, high of thought, gentle and steadfast. Seaforth talked with them, watched them; talked with many others and saw how his people turned to face the thing that had come upon them; some (like himself) with bewilderment and horror and a sick sense of horrible waste; others with a sense of its inevitableness (*it was bound to come*, they said); a few with a certain primitive joy of battle; but, for the most part, in these men who were to go he saw neither horror nor submission nor joy—only a strange quietness of spirit. And Seaforth wondered at them and raged inly at the thought of the waste of it all—for he pictured each one dead—torn, mouldering—and of how they must be lost to this beautiful country that needed their life and not their death.

Then at a certain city he stopped off a night to visit a friend—one of those fortunate ones who deserve and win all good things; one who had health and success and love given him

richly. There was much to talk of, much to hear, much to tell; and if Seaforth felt any shadow in the happy gossip he thought of it only as a part of that great shadow that lay on all the land; but at evening, coming down early to dinner, he found his friend’s wife alone in the little garden, looking into the dim East, and as she turned towards him he saw in her face a strange grief and a strange exaltation.

“We may as well wait for Arthur here,” she said serenely. “He will be a little late.”

Through all the joyous evening that followed, Seaforth was haunted with the memory of that look, and could think of no cause for it in this happy, ordered life. But next morning, after he bade his friend good-bye his eye was caught by a news item that he read and reread and knew for the cause of that strange look. His friend had enlisted and equipped a company and would lead them himself.

So Seaforth came home, to a city of red brick and gray stone set on a hill, looking seaward. There, too, he felt the stirring of the tides sucking in towards that vortex of death that he had come to hate and fear almost as a personal enemy; he had seen in this journey so much of high faith and strength drawn into it to be wasted and flung aside. But now he was at least near Elizabeth—could see her daily—and could hope and strive to forget these things, hard as it seemed.

There was his new life to be entered on, too; as fair a prospect as he could ask; work and love; a chance for the good things of life; the door to happiness wide open. He thought of these things as he sat one day in a quiet walled garden waiting for Elizabeth, and when she came a moment later he spoke—tried to tell her something of his thoughts.

“It is more than I deserve,” he finished; “success waiting for me—and you to share it with.”

She looked at him with wide grave eyes, but did not speak. They were both silent, for a long moment, then Seaforth began:

"Harding will be here next; he's going with the contingent; but he told me he had some people here to say good-bye to; and Arthur Harrington is going. Elizabeth the waste of it all sickens me. Think of those chaps! Harding is good all through—and he's given up the hope of ever doing much with his profession, even if he should come back; the chances are he'll be shot; buried forgotten, just so much cannon fodder. Arthur Harrington has everything in the world that a man wants, yet he goes with the rest, and—you should have seen the look in his wife's face! She is breaking her heart. Elizabeth even if all the war-madness came over me so that I forgot everything else, I think the memory of that woman's face would keep me from going, if I thought you would care so."

"You will not go mad, Guy; you will stay here and we shall be very successful and very happy. Have you heard any more about that house the Cunningham's were telling you about?" She turned the conversation on their happy interests of everyday, and he went away soothed; glad of her wisdom and sanity, amid all these clouds and horrors of war.

Yet almost at the gates there came to him another reminder. He ran into, almost, a very old friend indeed; one who like himself had fallen into pleasant places professionally; brilliant, with the clear road to success before him. Seaforth with the glow of his late happiness still on him would have Kempton home to dinner with him, but Kempton smiled easily. "You are coming to dine with me, Seaforth; I've promised mother. I won't go out; going away, you see, she wants me round as long as she can have me?"

"But you're all settled with Eaton and Wray, aren't you? And aren't you going to lecture as usual?"

Kempton smiled and shook his head. "That was the scheme; but I've pretty well decided to go with the contingent. Come on home with me and have a talk; I want to hear about Harding."

Seaforth went—in a maze of new indignant horror. More waste, more senseless sacrifice; yet he could not say so, for he knew that no words could bridge the gulf that lay between his feeling and that of these men who went away. And not only they but those who stood nearest them. For he saw to-night in Kempton's mother's face that light and that agony that had been on Mrs. Harrington's. The talk at dinner was light and cheerful enough; the little white-haired woman had been a wit and a beauty in her day; but after, when they came to her in the dim drawing-room with its staid old black-walnut furnishings, Seaforth was quick enough to catch the look on her face as her son entered; and again, when Kempton started out to walk home with his guest, and ran upstairs for a cap, Seaforth saw her look follow the light supple figure, and then turned away, as from something too high and sacred for other eyes to see. Yet there was something more than grief in her look; and dimly Seaforth wondered what these two women had found that raised them thus above fear and pain, so that they seemed to find some strange glory in what was to him only shameful, cruel waste.

Then a busy week followed; there were plans to be made, business to be done, a host of pleasant tasks; he saw Elizabeth daily, and daily held in higher value her wisdom, her pride, her firmness; he saw what his life would be with her—ordered, wholesome, made easy by the thousand appliances of money and intelligence combined. The one cloud was the thought of the others who were leaving all for an idea—no more, he told himself, at the farewell dinner that was given them; all very well for

men to talk of patriotism and the like—of sacred duty—names all and empty names—the real things of life were those that he had chosen, work and love; then real service to give what he gave, his life for good citizenship; his children perhaps some day to take his place worthily; he could have no part in this madness that gave up certain good for a vague dream; as Elizabeth had said, he would be sane. So he thought, then raised his eyes and saw Kempton and Harding standing together and must needs think that here seemed to be no madness—rather a great peace; and he thought of Angela Harrington and of Kempton's mother, and fell into a maze of wonder that stayed with him till he slept.

So it happened that the next day he went to the Westbury's about mid-afternoon, meaning to see Elizabeth, and to tell her all that troubled him for he doubted not the clearness of her vision. Waiting for her, he passed through the long open windows into the little garden, all glowing now with the gorgeous fall flowers; late roses and dahlias and lilies a riot of colour and light in the warm sun. Life seemed more than ever precious here in the colour and warmth and brightness that were all the fuller because death was near. Then when he had gone but a few steps he stood very still and would have turned and gone away, yet for a moment could not.

For, at the end of a little sidewalk, bordered with old lilacs stood Harding and Ruth Westbury, Elizabeth's younger sister; Seaforth had thought of her as a child; a slender girl, dark-haired, blue-eyed, silent, shy perhaps; loved and shielded by parents and sister. Now he knew her a woman and felt strangely that she had some wisdom denied him; she stood before Harding, slender and erect, her hands lightly on his shoulders, her face upturned; and on her face and Harding's alike was that strange look of triumph, of pain of love unutter-

able—all three, but most of all of triumph.

They spoke, a few sentences, very softly, for Seaforth heard no words, only a murmur deep and sweet; it was their farewell, for Harding was to go that night, but it was taken less in words than in that long look; then as Harding with a little cry drew her closer and stooped to kiss her Seaforth turned and went back into the cool, shaded drawing-room.

There Elizabeth found him when she came in a half-hour later.

"I'm so sorry you have had to wait so long," she began; "and it's too bad there was nobody here; mother was at that meeting, and Ruth—"

"I saw Ruth, Elizabeth; oh, my dear, my dear, I have been all wrong. Let me tell you what I must and try to make you see it as I do."

He drew her over to the wide window-seat where they could watch the first and the last of the sunset, and stood beside her, her hand in his. Her clear eyes never left his face.

"You weren't here, and I went into the garden," he told her; "and Ruth and Harding were there; I saw them just for a moment. Elizabeth, I must go with the rest—with Harding and Kempton and Harrington."

She turned white, very white so that even her lips were pale and the hand in his trembled; but he went on.

"You are hurt, dear, hurt and I don't know what to say to help you; a week ago, perhaps even yesterday, I thought just so; that it was better to be happy and at peace here at home; that we were more use than they, that their going was waste; it hurt to see my friends—the men I've played and worked with—wasting their lives for an idea. It seemed just madness. But things they said—or seemed to think—and the look on the faces of women that loved them—made me wonder—sometimes; last night at the dinner I wondered if I were perhaps wrong; and I came to you to-day to help me, and instead

of you—oh, my dearest, they have found the best thing in the world—somehow; I can't rest till I find it for myself and you."

"You must go?" her voice was quivering, but her face was turned away now and he could not see her eyes.

"Yes, dearest." He felt her hand clasp his as he spoke.

"But the—the things you planned to do—"

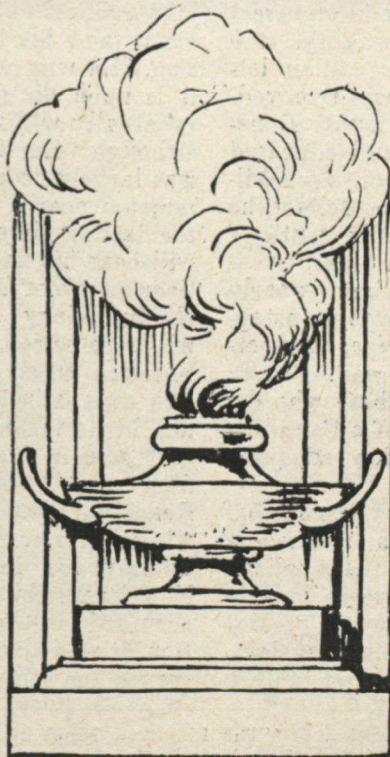
"They must wait; nothing matters but you."

She turned to face him as he spoke and stood upright before him; then she spoke softly and with a little sob running through the joy in her voice. "Dear, dear, blind one," she said, "you were half afraid to tell me this because you thought I loved the world so much—you thought I would

care about the things you would leave—the things that don't matter to us now. You know now how it will hurt me to have you go, but it has hurt me more to have you blind—to have you miss so much. I have seen Ruth go in and out, and have known how much you and I missed. Oh, I have hoped and prayed you would know too, and then have thought that it must mean parting from you—"

"But you never spoke, dear? I thought you—"

"Wanted 'things' I didn't, but I wanted you to find out all this for yourself. For me to send you wouldn't have been the same thing! But now—" her voice broke and she turned away to hide the tears that blinded her. But in that one look Seaforth saw love and grief and triumph—but, most of all, triumph.



JOHN READE

AN APPRECIATION OF THE "DEAN OF CANADIAN LETTERS"

BY JOHN BOYD*

John Reade is dead—the sad words tell
A nation's loss; whilst bowed the head
Ring softly bells a requiem knell,
A poet's soul has fled.

With length of days, with honour crowned,
With love his lot was blest,
At death no darkling shadow frowned,
He gently passed to rest.



Y the death of John Reade, which took place at his home in Montreal on March 26th, the Dean of Canadian letters has been removed.

Born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, in 1837, and educated at Portoro Royal School, Enniskillen, and Queen's College, Belfast, he came to Canada in 1856, a youth of nineteen. His first venture, it is worthy of note, as showing his early interest in literature, was to establish *The Literary Magazine*, an enterprise which, while it was received with much favour by those who desired the development of a Canadian literature, failed for lack of adequate public support.

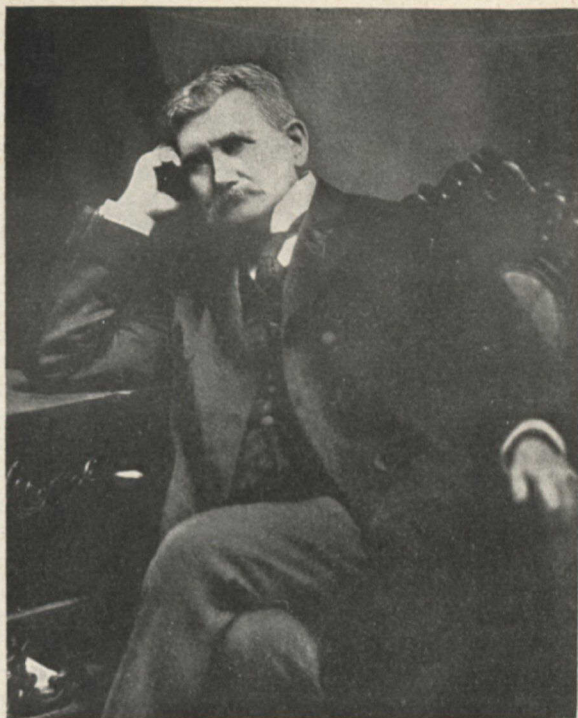
After completing a theological course, John Reade was ordained in 1864 as a clergyman of the Anglican church, and for some years he laboured in the Eastern Townships. But literature, as it was his first love, was to be his life work, and in 1870

he relinquished the active work of the ministry and joined the staff of *The Gazette* (Montreal), with which he was to be associated for the long period of nearly fifty years. He was still writing for *The Gazette* when the last summons came.

As was to be expected from one who was Irish by birth, John Reade possessed all the genius of the Celt—his largeness of heart, his breadth of vision and his brilliancy of expression. He was essentially a poet, and it is upon his poems that his fame eventually will rest. His prose work, although voluminous and important, was largely of an ephemeral character; his poems, bearing as they do, the lasting impress of his genius, will bear his name to future generations as one of Canada's truest poets. No anthology of Canadian poetry will ever be complete without a wide selection from John Reade's work, rich as it is in its content and faultless in its technique.

It was in his youth—that "budding time" of poets—that John Reade did his best poetical work, but while in latter years prose work, and notably his invaluable "Old and New" contributions to *The Gazette*, occupied most of his time and attention, it was always to poetry that he turned for solace and recreation. A

John Boyd, historian, author of "The Life And Times of Sir George Etienne Cartier" and other important historical works, was closely associated for many years with John Reade, whose memory will ever be lovingly cherished by those who had the privilege of knowing him.—The Editor.



John Reade

fine poem, as a "thing of beauty". always appealed to him — to use Keats's famous expression as "a joy forever". Whilst still a comparative youth he began contributing poems to the leading Canadian newspapers and periodicals, and it was not long before his fame as a poet was established. A collection of his poems under the title of "The Prophecy of Merlin And Other Poems", published in 1870, further enhanced his reputation and gained for him the encomiums of leading English and American poets. "The Prophecy Of Merlin", the chief poem of the collection, naturally shows the influence of Tennyson, several instalments of whose "Idylls of the King" had been published only one year earlier. But though the influence of the great English poet is apparent, there are passages in "The Prophecy Of Merlin" that are unsurpassed by Tennyson himself. Of blank verse John

Reade was, indeed, a master and, like Tennyson's Idylls, "The Prophecy Of Merlin" is striking for the melodious cadence of the verse and the artistic beauty of the word-painting. The poem, the central figure of which is one of the most notable figures of the Arthurian legend, the Sage Merlin, one of the goodly company of the famous Round Table, was written to commemorate the coming of Prince Arthur, who in 1870 was on his first visit to Canada and who in after years as the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, in one of the most momentous periods of the Dominion's history, was by his unaffected manners and democratic spirit to gain the esteem and regard of the whole Canadian people.

Merlin's prophecy, as he unfolded to his comrade, Sir Bedivere, which foretold all that was to befall in future years, was:

Of the Good Queen and the Blameless
Prince

One son shall be named Arthur, like the
King

For whom thy heart is sad, Sir Bedivere,
He shall be true and brave and generous
In speech and act to all of all degrees,
And win the unsought guerdon of men's
love.

* * * *

In a far land beneath the setting sun,
Now and long hence undreamed of (save
by me

Who, in my soul's eye, see the great round
world

Whirled by the lightning touches of the
sun

Through time and space)—a land of state-
ly woods,

Of swift broad rivers, and of ocean lakes,—
The name of Arthur,—him that is to be,—
(Son of the Good Queen and the Blame-
less Prince),

Shall shed new glories upon him we love.

Merlin's prophecy, or rather John
Reade's prophecy, was to be amply
fulfilled, for surely the Duke of Con-
naught won

"The unsought guerdon of men's love".

Whilst "The Prophecy of Merlin"
was the author's longest and most
ambitious poem, there were many
gems in the collection.

John Reade's genius was essential-
ly lyrical and it is in some of his
short lyrics that the choicest aroma
of his spirit is to be found. In his
tribute to Shakespeare, written in
1864, for the tercentenary of the
Bard of Avon, in "Spring", "Tha-
latta", "Dew", "Natalie", "Sing
Me The Songs I Love", "Killynoo-
gan", "To A Dead Field Flower",
"In My Heart", "The Clouds Are
Blushing", and in many another of
his shorter poems the exquisite lyri-
cal note is in evidence. Take Killy-
noogan for instance:

Dear old Killynoogan, thee,
Once so full of life and glee,
Lifeless, desolate, I see,
But, beloved and sacred spot,
Nought of thee shall be forgot,
Till what I am now—is not.

In the sonnet—one of the most dif-
ficult forms of poetical composition—
John Reade also excelled, many of

his sonnets being of rare beauty. In
patriotic poems he showed his ferv-
ent love for Canada, the land of his
adoption, in which he passed the
greater part of his life. His was the
voice that sang the birth of the Do-
minion, his fine Dominion Day ode
appearing on the first Dominion Day,
July 1st, 1867, in *The Gazette*. The
ode, which was worthy of the poet
and of the occasion, struck a high
note of national jubilation and
breathed the spirit of abiding faith
in the future greatness of the new-
born nation. The note of jubilation
was sounded in the lyrical refrain:

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people.
Close not thy heart to the music they
make.

Bells chime out merrily,
Trumpets call cheerily,
Silence is vocal and sleep is awake.

And the poet's faith in the future
greatness of the Dominion was shown
in the closing stanza:

And long, long ages hence, when the land
that we love so well,
Has clasped us all (as a mother clasps
her babe) to her motherly bosom,
Those who shall walk on the dust of us,
with pride in their land shall tell,
Holding the fruit in their grateful
hands, of the birth of to-day, the
blossom.

Deeply versed in the classics, in
French and in many other languages,
John Reade was not only a master
in original poetical composition but
also excelled in adaptation, and his
translations from the Latin, Greek,
and French poets bear the mark of
distinction. It was his good fortune
to have his poetry appreciated, in
his lifetime, if not by a numerous,
certainly by a select, audience by
whom he was recognized as a mas-
ter. Many of his poems were given
prominence in Dewart's Collection,
one of the earliest of Canadian an-
thologies, published more than fifty
years ago, and every anthology of
any pretension that has appeared
since then has done justice to his

merits. During the years that followed the publication of "The Prophecy of Merlin" he wrote many other poems, and it is to be hoped that a complete collection of his poetical works will some day be published. Long recognized as the dean of Canadian poets, his fellow-poets all over the Dominion united, on the occasion of his 75th birthday, in paying him a well-merited tribute of their high esteem and affectionate regard. Since then in the quiet of his home (for in latter years he rarely went out), he continued his literary activities to the last.

Of John Reade's prose work it may be said that he put into all his contributions, and notably into "Old and New" articles, which were such a striking feature of *The Gazette's* Saturday issue for many years, his vast store of erudition, his unrivalled powers of lucid narrative and his unsurpassed knowledge of men, events and literature. In this field he was indeed *facile princeps*. For John Reade was not only a poet and a writer, but he was a scholar of rare distinction, and that distinction was in evidence in all his work, whether prose or verse. His literary labours won for him many distinctions, all of which he wore with that modesty which was so characteristic of the man. His greatest reward was in the consciousness of work well done, of duty nobly performed. Finer than all his work, greater than all his achievements — notable though those were—were the character and personality of the man. John Reade was indeed one of God's elect. No kinder, truer, nobler, more generous gentleman ever lived. He was the very soul of honour and goodness. Of him it could be truly said that throughout a long career he nothing "mean or common did". His whole life was a benediction. To how many a young and struggling writer did he not extend his aid and sympathy! One at least—he who writes these lines—can never think of his kindness

without the deepest emotion and shall ever cherish his memory as countless others will. For his pen, unlike that of too many critics, was never dipped in wormwood; never an unkindly word, either written or spoken, came from that noble heart; never did a criticism of his leave a sting behind. He was, in fact, the type of the very perfect knight—the Sir Galahad of Canadian literature, and his life should furnish a lasting example to Canadian men of letters.

Canadian literary effort ever found in John Reade a firm friend. For *The Canadian Magazine*, as the leading literary exponent of the Dominion, he had an especially warm regard. He recognized the invaluable service it was rendering in the encouragement and development of Canadian literature, and his reviews of each issue's contents were always sympathetic and appreciative. His eye was quick to notice special merit, and he did not stint his praise where he thought it deserved.

John Reade's end was a fitting close to his career. Long past the Psalmist's allotted span of life—for he was in his 82nd year—working almost to the last, amidst his beloved books and surrounded by those whom he loved and by whom he was loved and revered, as few men have the privilege of being, he passed from this life to life more abundant, his passing being as his life had been, serene and tranquil. By loving friends and associates his remains were borne to their last resting place. In beautiful Mount Royal, overlooking the city he loved so well, his ashes now repose, and above his grave waves the maple, the emblem of the Dominion whose birth he sang. His memory enshrined in his poems will be held in honour as long as Canadian literature lasts.

His gentle spirit and his soul serene
 Cast over all a lasting spell;
 Now, free from turmoil of this mortal scene
 His spirit lives where God's beloved
 dwell.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

WEST'S "DEATH OF WOLFE"

AMONGST the new battle pieces shown recently at the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition at Burlington House, London, there hung an old picture of special interest to Canadians, both on account of its subject—"The Death of Wolfe"—and because it has been presented to the Dominion, through the Committee of the Canadian War Memorials Fund, by the Duke of Westminster in token of his "great appreciation for the magnificent part" Canada has played in the war.

The Duke himself, by the way, has seen actual war service, both in his very early manhood during the Boer War, and in the tremendous conflict just ended.

The picture was painted by Benjamin West, nearly 150 years ago, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771. Three or four years later it was purchased by Richard, Lord Grosvenor, great-great-grandfather of the present Duke of Westminster, for the decoration of his mansion at Eaton, near Chester.

Since that time, Eaton Hall has been remodelled and enlarged and pulled down and built up till it is now one of the most imposing of "show-places", but the old picture (with or-

ders by the same ambitious and industrious artist) has survived not only these architectural upheavals, but even more dangerous changes in taste and fashion. For many years it hung above the book-shelves in the great Library at Eaton.

The story of the painter of this famous picture contains all the materials for a romance. Born in a Pennsylvanian farmhouse, West was the youngest of the ten children of a Quaker family. As an artist, he was largely self-taught. At eighteen he set up as a portrait painter in Philadelphia, and succeeded so well that friends thought it worth while to help him to go to Italy to study. After spending three years there, he went to London with a reputation already made, and in a year or two was able to send for the girl to whom he had been engaged before leaving his native land. Soon afterwards West was introduced to George III, and henceforth enjoyed the sunshine of the royal favour until the king's mind became unhinged. The monarch gave him numerous commissions, and during West's lifetime his pictures sold for large sums. He was one of four painters to whom the king entrusted the task of drawing up the plan for the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts, and was its second president, succeeding Sir Joshua Reynolds.



Eaton Hall, the Seat of the Duke of Westminster

West painted about 400 portraits and pictures, sacred, classical and historical. Of these "The Death of Wolfe" is said to be the best and most successful. This was the first important historical picture, in which the artist ventured to break with the tradition

requiring the characters to be attired in the old classical costumes. Reynolds protested earnestly against the daring innovation, believing it to be destructive of grace and elegance. But West answered, "What I lose in grace I shall gain in simplicity," and per-



The Death of Wolfe
From the Painting by Benjamin West



Mrs. George A. Brodie
President of the United Farm Women of Ontario

sisted in representing Wolfe and his officers in the uniforms of their day. Thus he killed an absurd old tradition, for, from that time, "the English historical school took a new and sensible departure", and British notabilities were no longer "camouflaged", to the confusion of the unlearned, as Greeks and Romans.

*

THE U. F. W. D. AND ITS PRESIDENT

HARD workers as they are, the women on the farms are finding time in these strenuous days to think as well as work; and their thoughts are taking a practical turn. They are occupied with some of the root problems of Canadian life. Rural depopulation is to them no academic question, but an evil and a misfor-

tune which presses on their very lives and is seen as a menace to the whole Dominion. The best, most enterprising farmers, it is said, are leaving the land for the city, where the chances of ample reward for brain-power and industry are many times greater than in the country, though after the experiences of the war years all concede that the production of food is the underlying essential of every other industry and pursuit.

What is to be done to keep the farmer on his farm at his absolutely necessary business? The thinkers on the farms, men and women, believe they have the answer to this question, and they are getting together in mighty organizations to press their solution on the attention of the legislators of our country.

The great, successful organizations of the Grain Growers of Saskatchewan and Manitoba and of the United Farmers of Alberta and Ontario are making themselves felt in the national life. In the West farm women banded themselves together several years ago to work for the same objects as the farm men (with, in addition, some specific objects of their own), but the association, called the United Farm Women of Ontario, will not be a year old till June 17th next. It also means to make itself felt, and that in no long time, for the farm women of Ontario are many and when they come into line must have weight.

The President of the new organization is Mrs. George A. Brodie, of Newmarket. She is a Canadian of the fourth generation, for it was her great-grandfather who first settled in North-York, where she was born. Her husband was also born in this country, but his immediate forebears were Scottish.

Mrs. Brodie should prove a successful organizer, for though direct and forceful in her arraignment of the ills she knows, she has the fearless air of one who can see the way to victory. She puts the cause of rural depopulation and the attendant social disadvantages of the country, in a nutshell. The whole question is economic, she says. The farmer does not get his fair share of either capital or labour, and cannot compete with protected industries for the labour he so urgently requires. It must be remembered that, while the prices for his produce are undoubtedly high, the farmer is a large consumer, and if he

gains from the high prices of the foodstuffs he takes to market, he suffers from heavy taxation, from the excessive cost of machinery and implements, of clothing and other necessaries. That, at least, is one view of the situation, from the inside.

Mrs. Brodie says that the farmers and farm women want cheap food, and desire that every worker should receive the due reward of his labour. As a means to this end, the organization of farmers demands a tariff for revenue only and direct taxation on land values.

It is of interest that membership in the U. F. W. O. is open to farmers and their sons as well as to their wives and daughters, while the men's organization also admits women. Farm men and women are accustomed to working together, as Mrs. Brodie says, "want to co-operate in the same way on municipal, Provincial and Federal matters. One of the special objects for such co-operation is the building up of community life in the country". The women are bent on having consolidated schools, technical training and education planned with a definite view to the needs of the country man and woman, and they wish to have at least one woman on every rural school board to attend to the small details that "are beneath the notice of men".

The spirit of organization and co-operation is spreading from province to province, and at the time of writing, Mrs. Brodie is on her way to represent the young association of Ontario in the first inter-provincial convention of "United Farm Women".



THE LIBRARY TABLE

MODERNISM

BY M. D. PETRE. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons.



THIS is one of the books that helps to clarify the vague notions of some of us on this side of the Atlantic concerning the pre-war religious troubles of France and Italy. To understand what was happening prior to 1914 may aid in understanding what may happen subsequent to 1918. The war for all countries is beginning to constitute itself in the general regard as a sort of interim in which only the war happened. It is only now since the armistice that in matters social, political and religious men and women are contemplating changes as possibly permanent that, during war, could always, if unpleasant or unaccustomed, be dismissed as temporary. It is only now that we are really facing a new era. Looking at one another in a maze, men and women are beginning to accept the necessities involved in readjustment. What those necessities will be for the Church is anybody's problem. Some say the Church, Protestant and Catholic alike, must inevitably disappear. Others say her dignity and authority and place will be re-established. The consideration of modernism as it appeared in the Church of Rome in pre-war days and as it was dealt with by that Church makes an interesting point of departure for this discussion.

The author of the book at hand quotes this from Abbé Loisy:

What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the Scripture is the impossibility in which a man, using ordinary com-

mon sense, finds himself of reconciling what he sees the Bible to be, as a book, with what theologians seem to affirm of its absolute, universal truth. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to tradition is the impossibility of reconciling the historical evolution of Christian doctrine with what our theologians seem to affirm as its unchangeableness. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the Divinity of Christ and His "infallible knowledge" is the impossibility of reconciling the natural sense of the most certain Gospel texts with what our theologians teach, or seem to teach, regarding the consciousness and knowledge of Jesus. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the redemption operated by the death of Christ is the impossibility of accepting as an adequate theory of the economy of salvation one that is founded on ignorance of the history of mankind and of the religion of mankind. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the resurrection of Christ is the simple reading of the Gospels as contrasted with the assurance of our apologists, who declare them to contain an absolute agreement among the witnesses and historical certainty both in character and fact . . .

She herself adds this paragraph:

Then, too, if Biblical criticism has raised difficulties in the believing mind, let us not forget that it has also solved a few. Have we not all of us, who were brought up in Christian homes, suffered in our time from that whitewashing of Old Testament immorality which was regarded as a necessary part of our religious education? Deeds of murder and cruelty were justified, not as the inevitable product of their day, but as carried out by the command of God . . . And if the God of the ancient patriarchs seemed, to the mind of the Christian child, far less honest and pure and merciful than the least worthy of his living acquaintances, he had still to believe that this was the same God whom he worshipped . . . What many minds have suffered during this process will perhaps never be fully realized, nor the relief with which they grasped at a conception of the Bible which made it reflect the moral and

intellectual shortcomings of its writers and their people, as well as the action and guidance of God in their history.

Something of the nature of the modernist position and contention may be gathered from the above extracts. The first thing that will strike an orthodox Protestant is that the Church of Rome could produce such utterances. Then there dawns the comprehension that here is a movement that is too radical; it savours of higher criticism and looks to the destruction of the Faith once delivered to the Saints. The orthodox Protestant will not likely realize the logical third stage in this process of commentary. The third stage, should he be resolute and consistent, would ally him with the Church of Rome.

So it comes about that the consideration of the modernist position draws to it controversy like water draws ducks. The question at once and inevitably takes form, not as the question as to whether the Church of Rome and Italy can excommunicate with thoroughness a few radicals, but rather as to whether the Church idea, be it Romanist or Protestant, can survive in modern life. For it has to be admitted that the distinctively "Church" elements of Protestantism are being gradually shrivelled while the other elements are expanding. Protestantism in socializing her Gospel is destroying her churches. Any one who sees this process going forward and deplors it has only one eventual alternative; he must go over to Rome, where churches are built and the socialism of the Gospel repudiated. It is a real problem for serious minds. The Church stands for sacraments, for public worship, for the Sabbath, for a certain theology. Pared to the barest last essentials these things are the same for Protestant Churchism and for Roman Catholicism. Modernism, viewed broadly, and not quite so precisely as the author of this book views it, stands for science, for whatever may be meant by evolution, for democracy, for general en-

lightenment and progress. Developed in all their implications, these things bring about a condition of affairs when the Church and the things and customs she has maintained are unnecessary. It is possibly significant that certain of the modernists excommunicated from Rome were able to preserve their souls independent of the Church. That is the inevitable logic of the modernist position.

"Modernism" by M. D. Petre is written with an entrancing clarity. It should be in every Protestant clergyman's library. Even an Orangeman might find it interesting, because it presents a side of life within the Church of Rome utterly different from that side so exclusively and usually scrutinized. It is the kind of book that hints at a strange happening as a possibility in future time. It may be that a great body of people will go out of the Church of Rome into life and that a body of people will go out of life into the Church of Rome. We should have, then, the Church as an institution making her last stand in her churches amid the hardly achieved quiet of her isolated Sabbaths, while the great world throbbed on, its banners of art and science flying, the wheels of progress roaring in the grooves of change.

Because, be it again noted: The Church has to preserve her Sabbath, her sacraments, her worship, her theology, and so herself, or, turning her pulpits into lecture platforms, her buildings into community centres or art relics, her sacraments into daily life, and her theology into science, has to merge indissolubly with the flux of the generations.

To some the first alternative will seem the necessary and only possible one for the good of the world.

To others the second alternative will seem the re-discovery of Christ's meaning for the Church, that inevitable body of worshipping believers at the shrine of holy life.

Modernism raises these questions for discussion.

THE ESSENTIALS OF AN ENDURING VICTORY

BY ANDRÉ CHERADAME. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE are those who accuse Chéradame of being a monomaniac, being a man obsessed with a particular theory concerning world events. When faced up with the incisiveness and clarity of his writing, the precision of attack of his ideas, and the sense of finality he can attach to his judgments, the only defense some of these critics offer is to say that Chéradame manifests in these things the characteristics of the insane. A fine kettle of controversy surely. Because Chéradame has, on the other hand, called Lloyd George "an incorrigible lunatic"!

Long before the armistice was signed, the controversy went merrily and tragically forward as to the relative importance of the Eastern and Western theatres of war. The controversy in some form or other involved practically every military and diplomatic conversation in Europe and America. At its extremes it was the controversy between those who viewed man power as wasted when expended in the East and those who regarded the Western front as one on which no decision could ever be expected. Chéradame, though not extreme enough to minimize the importance of the Western front beyond the point of safety to the allied armies, bent his main energies to awakening public opinion to what he considered the real strategic area of the war. Germany, he contended, could be overwhelmingly defeated on the Western front and yet win her war.

Now, while yet the sense of victory remains in the minds of practically all the allied peoples following upon an enemy capitulation and a vigorously imposed armistice, and while the devotees of the Western front strategy are being tempted to say I told you so, Chéradame is busy with a very incisive needle deflating all such naïve enthusiasms. He is claiming that un-

less Germany is occupied by allied armies for an indefinite period and Berlin marched on, unless a series of independent States is created about a truncated Germany, putting her into a complete isolation, in a word, unless everything and anything that "Berlin to Bagdad" symbolized be forever broken up, Germany has won her war. This is strong meat for the innocent babes who have been shouting victory.

That Chéradame believes what he talks about is beyond question. As to whether the passion of his arguments and utterance is in reality nourished more by nationalistic ardour of a chauvinistic type or more by a resolution to assist in achieving a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness is a matter in doubt. The thing that makes the typical chauvinist in these days so tragic and reputable is his utter sincerity and his so ardently entertained belief that it is verily the welfare of the world that is at stake when the interests of his own nation are at stake. The essence of the chauvinist's conviction lies in the fact that in the diluted nationalism of any confrères who are not completely with him in his aims and contentions he sees a policy that is a world calamity; he cannot ever see that national safety may lie away from an emphasized nationalism rather than towards it. He is thus, except in rare and blatant instances, by protestation an internationalist just as much as the so-called pacifist. Those who see in the extremity of the chauvinist's views a menace to any real international security must nevertheless give him credit for his intention if not for his execution. We must, on the basis of his protestations, then, give M. Chéradame the credit due his intention. His intention is manifestly to build a new and safe world order. It is from this viewpoint that he should welcome discussion and criticism. But the tone of the book does not suggest that its author is ready for comment from this viewpoint. If Lloyd George suggests the remote contingency of including a democratic Germany in a League of

Nations he is called "an incorrigible lunatic". If Lord Robert Cecil, who is rather in the way of being an English authority on the League of Nations idea, lays it down as one of the necessities of any League that will keep the peace of the world that Germany be included, Chéradame dismisses him with complete contempt.

So it comes about that while one must read such a book as "The Essentials of Enduring Victory," and can gather from it much that is contributory to any adequate view of the world situation, nevertheless, one cannot be wholly at ease with such a book. It is clear without being comprehensive. It is passionate with the lack that passion manifests at its apex of intensity—the lack of restraint.

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THE BRITISH NAVY IN BATTLE

BY ARTHUR H. POLLEN. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

ALL should read this book who have any lurking suspicion that throughout the war the British Navy played generally a passive part. That it was anything but passive is here clearly revealed, and, apart from any mere glorification of the Navy, the book is a valuable and serious contribution to this period of the history of the war as it affects the Navy. It is confessed that after the war started doubt began to appear as to Britain's supremacy at sea. The *Emden* and the *Karlsruhe* were raiding the trading routes in the Indian Ocean, and between the Atlantic and the Caribbean Von Spree, with his armoured cruisers, was at large. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* had slipped through the blockade in the Mediterranean, and German battle cruisers had crossed the North Sea and battered a defenceless town on the east coast of Scotland. Then someone discovered that the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty was a German. On his retirement things seemed to change. Then came Lord Fisher. What was the result? Von Spree had but a month of triumph. The *Emden* was captured

by the *Sydney*, the *Karlsruhe* vanished from the sea, and Von Hippen's battle cruisers were driven in ignominious flight across the North Sea and made to pay with the loss of the *Blücher*. The submarine menace is considered in all its phases, and indeed nothing in which the Navy figured is neglected. This book in a wonderfully concise and understandable manner gives the reader full knowledge of what the British Navy accomplished during the war and what its great place was as a preventative.

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WILD YOUTH AND ANOTHER

BY GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IN this novel Sir Gilbert Parker has attempted the task, which frequently has been attempted without success, of writing a romance of the Canadian West. The setting undoubtedly is Saskatchewan, and "Askatoon" one might suspect casually as the university city of that Province. To a ranch nearby came "the prophet-bearded Joel Mazarine", a despicable landowner of about sixty years, and his wife of but twenty. Everybody in Askatoon, from the young doctor and the mayor to the humblest citizen, wondered how it came about that so young and attractive a girl should marry so old and unattractive a man. The author explains this unnatural situation by giving the time-worn reason that the girl's mother arranged the marriage in order to induce Mazarine to remove a mortgage which he held against her property. Thrown thus ruthlessly into an uninteresting environment, this beautiful young wife was attracted by a somewhat dashing bachelor of a nearby ranch, and he in turn was attracted by her. Their affair, of course, was discovered, but the young doctor, who was ever in demand when trouble arose, was a common friend of all. The characters are well drawn, even if one or two of them are rather commonplace, but the story as a whole is not convincing.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

QUALIFIED

"My husband," remarked a Philadelphia matron to a group of friends, "was a confirmed smoker with a tobacco heart when I married him a year ago, but to-day he never touches the weed."

"Good," said one of the group. "To break off a lifetime habit requires a strong will."

"Well, that's what I've got," said the wife.

*

A visitor to a Scottish village went out on the links to play golf. After trying in vain to hit the ball, he became enraged because the caddy laughed at his awkwardness.

"If you laugh again," he exclaimed, "I'll hit you over the head—so there!"

"Ah, weel," said the caddie, backing to a safe distance, "I'll bet ye wouldnt ken the richt club tae dae it wi'!"—*London Answers*.

*

Dr. X. hired O'Brien to clean off the walk from his house to the front gate. At the close of the day, when he examined Pat's work, he was dissatisfied with it.

"O'Brien," he said, "the whole walk is covered with gravel and dirt. In my estimation, it's a bad job."

Pat looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, doctor, there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."—*Boston Transcript*.

*

JUST THE DIFFERENCE

"If I can go into the town and come back again without getting drunk, why cannot you?"

"Aye, meenister, but I'm sae popular."—*London Mail*.

THIS WAS AN EASY ONE

"Tickets!" said the conductor as he stood in front of a passenger the other day on a train leaving town.

The passenger began fumbling nervously through his pockets, and finally turned them inside out.

"Where's your ticket?" asked the conductor, "You can't have lost it."

"Can't have lost it!" repeated the nervous one sarcastically. "My friend, I lost a bass drum once,"—*Harper's Monthly*.

*

STICKING PLASTER

The late Frank T. Bullen was the raciest of story-tellers. One of his best yarns was of an old woman in a country church "praying at" a wealthy miser. The man was obvious until a large piece of plaster fell from the ceiling plump on his head.

"Lord, Lord", he roared, jumping up. "I'll give five pounds!" The old woman, in tones of disgust lifted up her voice in appeal once more: "Hit him again Lord; 'tain't enough: hit him again!"—*Exchange*.

*

TOO MUCH REFORM

Mr. Curran and Mr. McManus spent their Saturday half holiday in artistic pursuits. Among the objects examined was a fine new public building. The feature of this building that appealed most strongly to Mr. Curran was an inscription cut into a huge stone.

"MDCCLXXVIII," he read aloud. "What does them letter mane, Tim?"

"That," replied cultured Mr. McManus, "stands for 1898."

"Oh," replied Mr. Curran. Then, after a thoughtful pause, he added:

"Don't yez think, Tim, that they're overdoin' this spelling reform a bit?"

Ah! Wonderful Dish



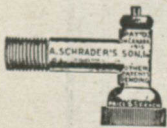
Mild—yet with enough of the tangy flavor to make it so delicious, **INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE** is unexcelled for table use.

Spread it on biscuits and serve it for lunch. Spread a thin layer of it over a dish of spaghetti and tomatoes and put it in the oven to bake. Serve it hot for the evening meal—it is so nourishing. It is a wonderful dish.

THERE IS SOMETHING about this Cheese which makes you want to eat and eat until the last little bit is gone—and then you look for more.

*Get a package today
at your grocers*

THE INGERSOLL PACKING
CO. LIMITED :: INGERSOLL, ONT.



Schrader Universal Pump Connection

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

Price 85c

Schrader Universal



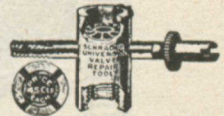
Tire Pressure Gauge

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

Price \$1.75

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.
334 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.



Schrader Universal Valve Repair Tool

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

Price 45c

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

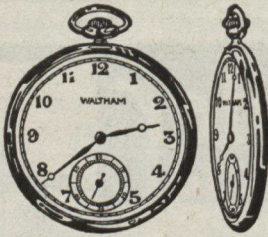


Select a WALTHAM for Presentation

IT is impossible to conceive of a watch more completely dependable than a high-grade Waltham. Select it not only for its rich beauty, but also for its intrinsic merit as the best buyable device for time-measurement.

The perfect mechanism of the high-grade Waltham Watch is the world's standard of accuracy. In it you have a really wonderful combination of delicacy with strength.

The Waltham "Colonial A" — a model which is thin without sacrifice of accuracy—is an ideal watch for presentation to gentlemen.



Colonial "A"

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy

For ladies the selection should be the Waltham Convertible Bracelet Watch, the case of which has a disappearing eye that enables the watch to be worn in any way that changing fashion may suggest.

Both are gifts certain to be prized as beautiful personal ornaments and as time-pieces that will give a life-time of reliable service.

Waltham Watch Company, Limited, Montreal

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.



Grape-Nuts

supplies the growing child's dietary with the vital mineral elements and all the nourishing goodness of wheat and barley. Children are very fond of this delicately sweet, crisp food.

It's a Builder



"They add to the grace of the figure"

This is what Anita Stewart wrote about the Goddess lace-in-front Corsets, whose strong and supple boning wraps the form without compression, giving the latest lines, while the exquisite fabrics used make the Goddess stand out from all others.

Sold by leading corsetieres and bought by women who seek the very best corset.

Made in Canada by the Dominion Corset Co., makers of the celebrated D & A and LA DIVA.

Always keep a Daylo under your pillow!



So handy and convenient;
—a household necessity!

Is the rain coming in?
What was that?
What time is it?
Is the baby all right?
Did I lock the cellar door?
Where are my slippers?



No. 2631

Important

For your protection the registered name *Eveready DAYLO* is stamped on the end cap.

Accept no substitute

The ideal Daylo to have under the Pillow. 77 Styles, many especially designed for home use.

The Light that says:
—“There it is!”

With that long-lived



Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited., TORONTO. 2 604

Tungsten Battery

The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



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

Look for it on every blade.

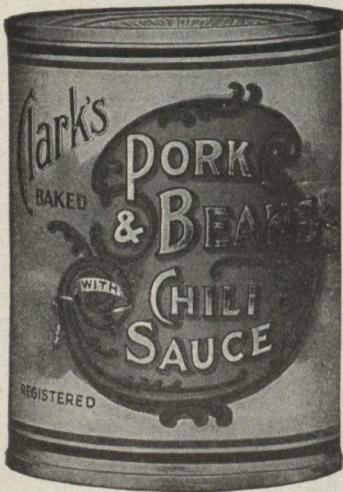
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

CLARK'S PREPARED FOODS



Some of our helps to Food
Conservation

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

W. CLARK, LIMITED,

MONTREAL

Canada Food Board License No. 14-216



Eat 30 lbs. Daily If You Live On Vegetables

Vegetables are good foods and necessary. But the kinds we picture average about 100 calories per pound in energy value. And the average person needs 3,000 calories per day. Fish is good food, but fresh fish averages 300 calories per pound. You would need 10 pounds per day.

Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories per pound. You would need $1\frac{2}{3}$ pounds of that. This is what 3,000 calories cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of 3,000 Calories			
In Quaker Oats - -	\$0.16	In Blue Points - - -	\$7.50
In Round Steak - -	1.23	In Salt Codfish - -	2.34
In Veal Cutlets - -	1.71	In Squash - - - -	2.25
In Canned Peas - -	1.62		

Eat a mixed diet, but consider what Quaker Oats means in your breakfast. It costs one-half cent per dish. It costs one-tenth what meat or fish costs for the same energy value. Each 35-cent package served in place of meats saves about \$3. In the oat you get supreme food—the greatest food that grows. You get almost a complete food—the nearly ideal food. You get a food with age-old fame as a builder of body and brain. And you get the most delightful flavor which Nature confers on grain. One reason for high cost of living is too little use of oats.

Quaker Oats

The Flavoury Flakes

Get Quaker Oats because of its flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the plump, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

It makes the oat dish doubly delightful without any extra price.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c (Except in Far West)

We have never heard of
 anyone who regretted
 changing from some other
 Coffee to Chase & Sanborn's
 "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE
 But we have heard of a great
 many who were sorry they
 did not change sooner.

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

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

203



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

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

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

THE WORLD FAMOUS
CECILIAN

All Metal Action

PLAYER-PIANO

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.

THE Cecilian Player is an instrument which will really provide music with all its greatest charm and beauty — A Superb Player at a Popular Price.

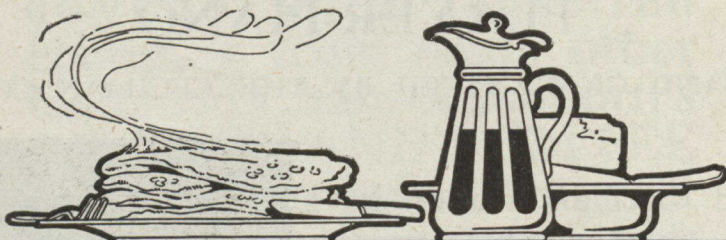


The Cecilian-Player is Perfect in tone—Beautiful in Design—It can be operated as though one were actually playing by hand possessing that human sympathetic quality of tone.



*Write for Illustrated Booklet
With Prices and Terms*

THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.
247 Yonge Street
Toronto



HOT PANCAKES!

Yes, But -- What are pancakes worth without syrup? It is the syrup that gives the flavour; and there is no other syrup that tastes just as good as

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

For hot pancakes, hot biscuits and muffins and a dozen other Table and Kitchen uses, housewives with the widest experience use Crown Brand every time—the golden syrup with the cane flavor.

For Marmalade and other preserves, we recommend our LILY WHITE Corn Syrup



189

Sold by Grocers everywhere, in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co.
Limited - Montreal

Prune Jelly

½ Lb. Prunes	¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Water	1½ Tablespoonful
Rind of Half a Lemon	Gelatin
Grated	1 Cupful Fruit Juice
1 Inch of Cinnamon	Shredded Almonds
Stick	Chopped Nut-meats

WASH the prunes, cover them with water and allow to soak for thirty minutes; then put them both into a saucepan, add the grated lemon rind, the cinnamon stick, and the sugar. Cook until tender, strain off the liquid, and rub the prunes through a sieve. Crack a few of the stones, blanch the kernels, and add them to the pulp. Put the liquid from the prunes into a pan, add the gelatin, and the fruit juice and dissolve over the fire. Strain this into the pulp and stir occasionally until nearly cold. Rinse out a jelly mold with cold water and decorate with shredded almonds; fill up with the prune jelly, and set aside in a cool place until firm. Decorate with a few chopped nut-meats.

Pictorial Review

Whenever a recipe
calls for "Gelatine"—
it means

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE



HOUSEWIVES everywhere use Knox Sparkling Gelatine because of its 4-to-1 economy, each package making four pints of jelly or four times that of flavored packages.

Every woman should read the Knox Knowledge Books—"Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They are an education. Sent free if you give your grocer's name and address.

KNOX GELATINE

Mrs. Charles E. Knox

Dept. A. 180 St. Paul St. W. Montreal, Que.



Canadian Candy and Chocolate

IN recent years, it has been demonstrated to the world that in most lines of manufacture the Canadian product is equal to, and in many, superior to foreign-made goods.

In the manufacture of candy and chocolate, Canada is at the top. The Pure Food Laws guarantee a wholesome product, while skill in manufacture has produced a quality and deliciousness unequalled in any country.

Within the last few months a tremendous demand for Canadian candy and chocolate has grown up in England and Europe. The large supplies sent to our men overseas during the war gave to many Europeans their first opportunity of appreciating the high qualities which the Canadian product possesses. European merchants and candy lovers are clamoring for Canadian candies.

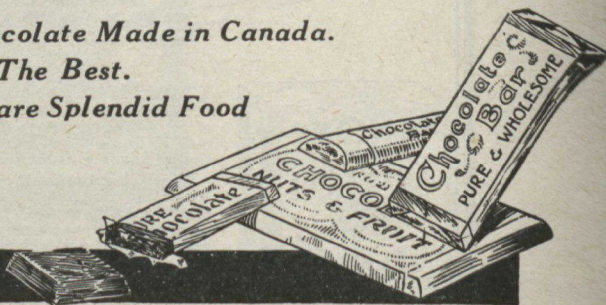
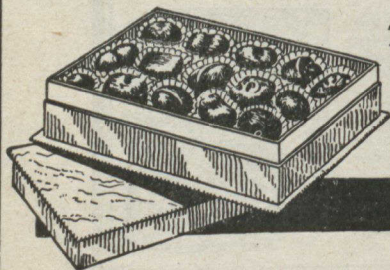
There may be some Canadians who do not realize that the most wholesome and delicious candy and chocolate are made here at home—but this is true.

You can eat Canadian-made candy and chocolate with assurance of their high quality and wholesomeness.

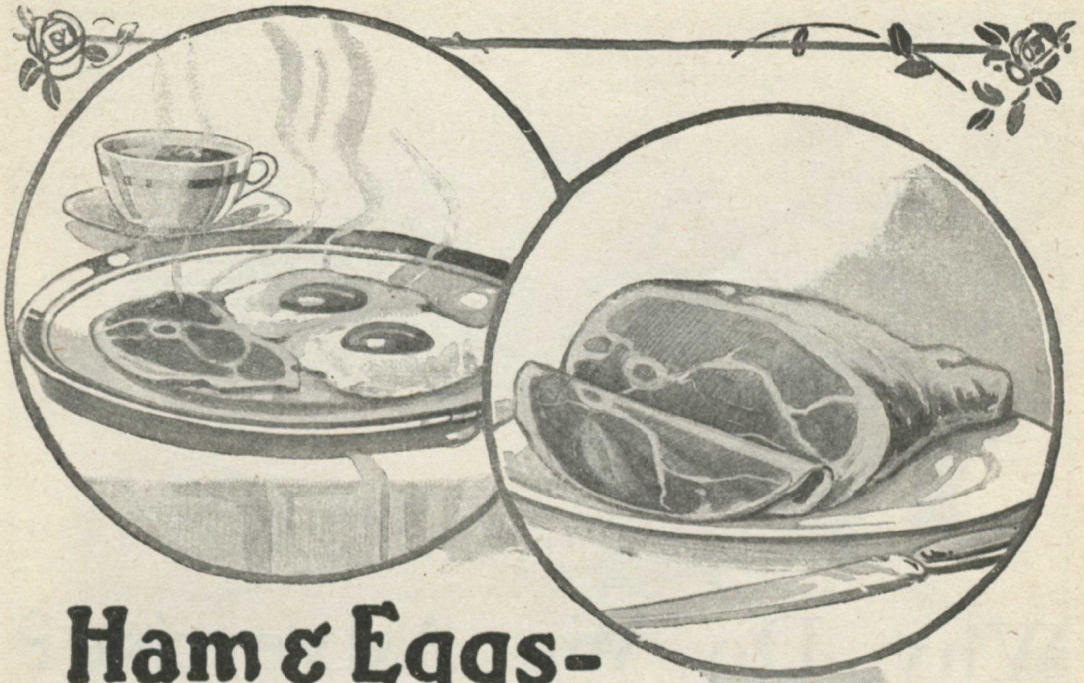
Candy and Chocolate Made in Canada.

The Best.

They are Splendid Food



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA



Ham & Eggs- Cold Ham

"A ham in the house is worth ten in the store." for its uses are manifold. With it you can prepare tasty meals on short notice.

For breakfast, dinner or supper, serve

ROSE BRAND HAM

The Ham Delicious.

Its flavor makes it a delicacy that no one ever tires of.

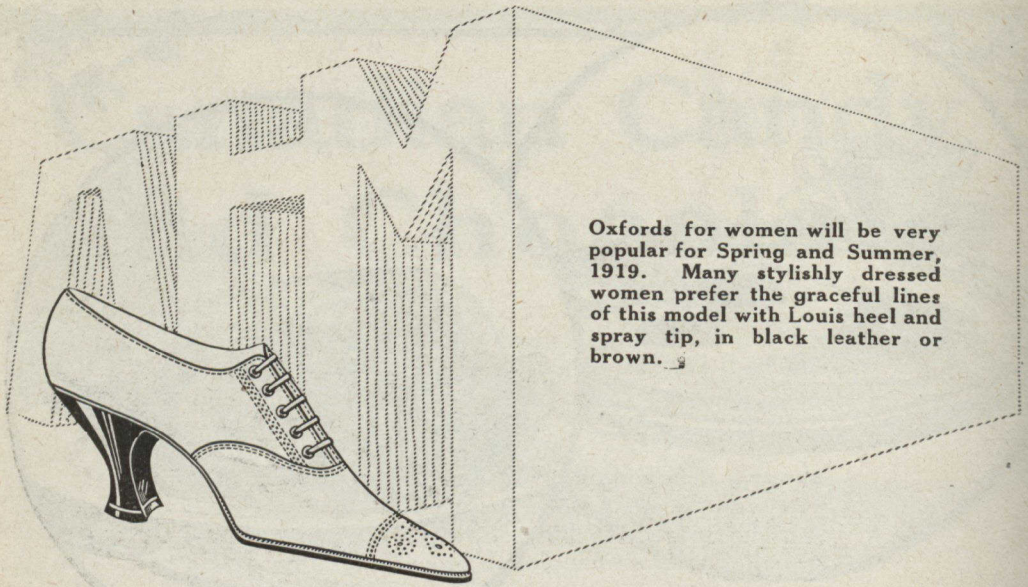
Sold Almost Everywhere.

Matthews-Blackwell
Limited

Established 1852

Canada Food Board License 13-85.





Oxfords for women will be very popular for Spring and Summer, 1919. Many stylishly dressed women prefer the graceful lines of this model with Louis heel and spray tip, in black leather or brown.

Why Do We Advertise?

YOU may think that because we are big manufacturers, and you are only one consumer out of several million, we have no special interest in you, and you have no real interest in us. Nothing could be farther from the truth than that.

Our future as manufacturers depends, in the end, upon just one thing: the satisfaction which our product gives to you, the consumer. And your satisfaction depends to a large extent upon the attention which you yourself give to the buying of shoes.

For, bear in mind this fact: no matter with what care we select the materials which go into a shoe—no matter how perfect the workmanship may be—it will not give you the full measure of satisfaction unless it is correctly fitted to your foot. And that is something which we cannot control.

We do insist that the materials which go into our shoes shall be the best quality possible at the price: we do make sure that the workmanship is as nearly perfect as our human organization can make it—but we must stop there. We cannot insure ourselves that you will buy the type of shoe which will give you the best

service, or the size and width which alone can give you comfort and satisfactory wear.

And so we speak to you through this advertising—the only method by which we can hope to reach you all. Our object is not merely to sell more of our shoes. We seldom ask you to buy A. H. M. shoes. Our purpose is rather to tell you how you may obtain better comfort and better service from the shoes you buy.

Of course, we hope that you will buy A. H. M. shoes, and we are confident that sooner or later you will do so. But we want to make sure that when you do buy you will get all the comfort and satisfaction which we try to build into them.

Our booklet, "How to Buy Shoes", goes into the subject more fully than is possible in newspaper space. It is sent on request to any address in Canada. May we send you a copy with our compliments?

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY

LIMITED

"Shoemakers to the Nation."

ST. JOHN

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

EDMONTON

VANCOUVER



When you buy Shoes look for—

—this Trade-mark on every sole



**The only way
you can discharge an
Iver Johnson is to pull
the trigger all the way back**

You often read of tragedies caused by the accidental discharge of revolvers. Perhaps this is why you haven't a revolver in your home.

Do you know that an accident is impossible with an Iver Johnson? The only way you can discharge it is to pull the trigger all the way back.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

—the *only safe* revolver for the home. There is nothing to fear from an Iver Johnson for the man or woman who owns it. Its safety is automatic and sure. There are no levers to adjust or forget to adjust. It simply can't go off unless you want it to. You can even "Hammer the Hammer" without discharging an Iver Johnson Revolver.

Iver Johnson Revolvers embody the simplest, safest principles of mechanism and construction. No flat springs in an Iver Johnson—all springs are made of the finest piano wire, drawn tempered—they will last a lifetime. And the perfect rifling of the barrel means *straight shooting*.

The Iver Johnson shown here has the "Western" Walnut Grip. Other models have "Perfect" Rubber and Regular Grips.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

145 River Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts

99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco



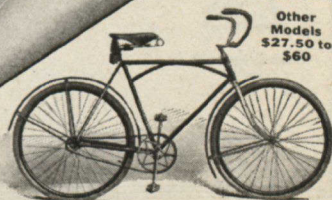
Three Booklets FREE

We have three booklets which are well worth reading by anyone interested in firearms, bicycles, or motorcycles. Indicate which books you want: A—"Firearms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

"Hammer the Hammer"

The Iver
Johnson
Superior
Roadster
Price \$50.

Other
Models
\$27.50 to
\$60



MURAD
FINEST
CIGARETTES

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

*Everywhere
Why?*

**Finest
Quality**

S. Anargyros

The advertisement features a central illustration of a cigarette pack and a single cigarette. The pack is tilted and shows the brand name 'MURAD' in large, bold letters at the top. Below it, the words 'FINEST CIGARETTES' are written. The main illustration on the pack depicts a woman in classical-style clothing sitting on a balcony, with a large, fluffy dog lying beside her. The background shows a building with a chimney. At the bottom of the pack, the name 'S. ANARGYROS' is printed, followed by 'IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO.' in smaller text. A single cigarette lies horizontally in front of the pack, with 'MURAD' and 'S. ANARGYROS' visible on its filter. The entire scene is set against a background of horizontal lines. In the lower-left corner, the phrase 'Everywhere Why?' is written in a stylized, cursive font. In the lower-center, a rectangular box contains the words 'Finest Quality' in a bold, serif font. In the lower-right corner, the name 'S. Anargyros' is written in a cursive signature style.



DESTROYERS of Stockings! Truly.
The rules of wear and tear they know from A to Z. Yet, try as they will, it takes them longer to go through the knees of Penmans stockings.

There's something more than strong re-inforcing to defy the wear and tear. The yarn is of special long-fibre, spun carefully to insure strength.

To make sure of extra wear as well as neatness and warmth, mothers need only remember the name Penmans.

Penmans Hosiery

"THE STANDARD
of EXCELLENCE"



Penmans Limited
Paris

163

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

For Canada's Soldiers Coming Home



*Help the Y.M.C.A. make a happy home-
coming for our boys from
Overseas*

NOT for Y.M.C.A. work in Europe, which will continue at its maximum until August 31st, financially provided for—but for the Y.M.C.A.'s service to the soldiers coming home—on the transports, at the Canadian ports of arrival, on the troop trains, at the dispersal centres, in the Red Triangle Clubs, and in all military hospitals, camps and barracks—you are asked to contribute to the Y.M.C.A.'s Red Triangle Campaign this year. And for 300,000 'teen age boys growing up to replace the war wastage of Canada's man power, your generosity is also bespoken. What work of reconstruction is so vital to the nation as the reconstruction of her manhood?

Canadian
Y.M.C.A.
Red Triangle Campaign
\$1,100,000 May 5th to 9th
Canada-Wide Appeal

SERVICE TO SOLDIERS

The "Y" provides music, entertainment lectures, information re pensions, Patriotic Fund, Repatriation, etc., reading matter, writing materials, religious services, and personal help to soldiers on the transports and at all military hospitals, camps and barracks; free distribution of eatables, drinkables, and cigarettes at ports of arrival, on troop trains and at Dispersal Centres; and six months full membership privileges in any local Y.M.C.A. In eleven chief Canadian cities the Y.M.C.A. maintains Red Triangle Clubs for Soldiers, with bed and board below cost.

SERVICE TO CANADA

The reconstruction programme of the National Y.M.C.A. Council includes extension of Y.M.C.A. work among Canadian boys; extension of Y.M.C.A. work to country districts; establishment of Red Triangle huts in industrial plants and manufacturing centres, and in lumbering and mining districts; development of Y.M.C.A. activities among College Students and railway workers; the promotion of physical and sex education; and the stimulation of the Y.M.C.A.'s religious activities throughout the Dominion. Help us construct Canada's men.

National Council
Young Men's Christian Associations
Headquarters: 120 Bay Street, TORONTO

For Soldiers' Wives and Little Ones



*Help the Young Women's Christian Association
brighten the home journey for our
Soldiers' Dependents*

THOUSANDS of Canada's soldiers overseas are sending wives and children home to Canada. It is a weary journey for women folk and the children, though Y.W.C.A. workers accompany them and help to make their worries lighter. From the Red Triangle Fund of the Y.M.C.A. a sum of \$175,000 will be set apart for the work of the Dominion Council of the Young Women's Christian Association, including this work for soldiers' dependents coming to Canada. Remember the Y.W.C.A. when you make your contribution to the Red Triangle Fund, and be generous for sake of the soldiers' families and the womanhood of Canada.

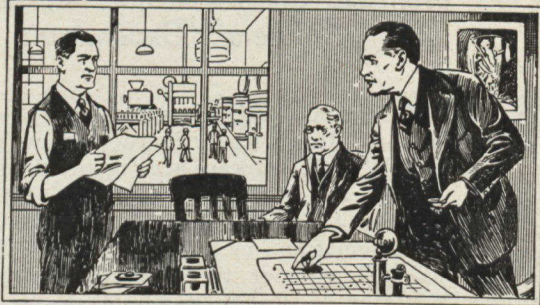
Canadian
Y.M.C.A.
Red Triangle Campaign
\$1,100,000 May 5th to 9th
Canada-Wide Appeal

Y.W.C.A. service to soldiers' dependents begins overseas. On the ocean voyage the Y.W.C.A. workers look after needy cases for the Patriotic and Red Cross Funds, help wives and mothers, amuse children, care for the sick, supply information, comforts and conveniences. At Canadian seaports the Y.W.C.A. provides rest rooms and nurseries, serves free refreshments, explains about trains and traveling arrangements. At the railway stations, the Y.W.C.A. helps soldiers' families make transfers or find hotel accommodation, and in needy cases supplies necessary traveling funds.

Canadian women and girls are helped by the Y.W.C.A. as the Y.M.C.A. helps men and boys. The Dominion Council of the Y.W.C.A. promotes, superintends and extends this work for women and girls. For these purposes part of the amount subscribed will be devoted, including extension of girls' summer camps, establishment of social, recreation centres in the cities for girls away from home, extension of Y.W.C.A. work into country districts, and the promotion of health education and sex hygiene, and the physical, intellectual, religious and social development of Canada's girlhood.

Remember the Y.W.C.A. when you make your contribution to the Red Triangle Fund

Elgin— “The Spirit of Reconstruction”



A War Lesson

“**N**OW SIR—you've heard the President's criticism—here's the secret of how you can increase the output of your department—*this schedule*. The war has taught us one lesson which absolutely must be followed in this business—the necessity of timing all our operations by the Elgin.”

In the Allied advance to victory we have seen mighty energies combined, and stupendous undertakings accomplished, by this simple expedient of *working to schedule*.

To the tick of the Elgin the efforts of Allied forces on land, sea and in the air were synchronized and united in one tremendous power—the power that brought success.

To-day our production problems demand that every energy be properly directed—that every tick of the Elgin shall register accomplishment—that we *work to schedule*.

Make the Elgin your guide. It will as accurately direct your efforts as it did the Allied forces.

There is a jeweler in your vicinity who is equipped to help you safeguard your Time.



*Streamline
Pendant
Patented*

CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.
Toronto

*One of the famous
streamline models*



MOIR'S

Chocolates

SATISFY the child's hunger for sweets with Moir's Chocolates. Moir's name is a guarantee of the pure, wholesome quality of the ingredients as well as perfection in the making.

**MOIR'S
LIMITED
HALIFAX**

Canadian Food Control License
Nos. 5-776, 11-687.

REGAL

FREE RUNNING
Table Salt

Pure and White as
the Driven Snow

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED



Made in Canada

179



GENUINE DIAMOND
CASH OR CREDIT

Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person
Write for Catalogue to-day

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

Try **MURINE** EYE REMEDY



For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes
And Granulated Eyelids

For Book of Eye write
Murine Co. Chicago



MOVING TIME IS MADE EASIER WITH **Globe-Wernicke** Sectional Bookcases

A Globe - Wernicke Sectional Bookcase is readily portable. It can be easily moved section by section, with contents intact, from room to room or from house to house.

Write to-day for handsomely bound 54 page book No. 116 illustrated in colors. You will receive the booklet by return mail along with name of your nearest dealer where you may see these bookcases on display.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Ltd.

STRATFORD ONTARIO

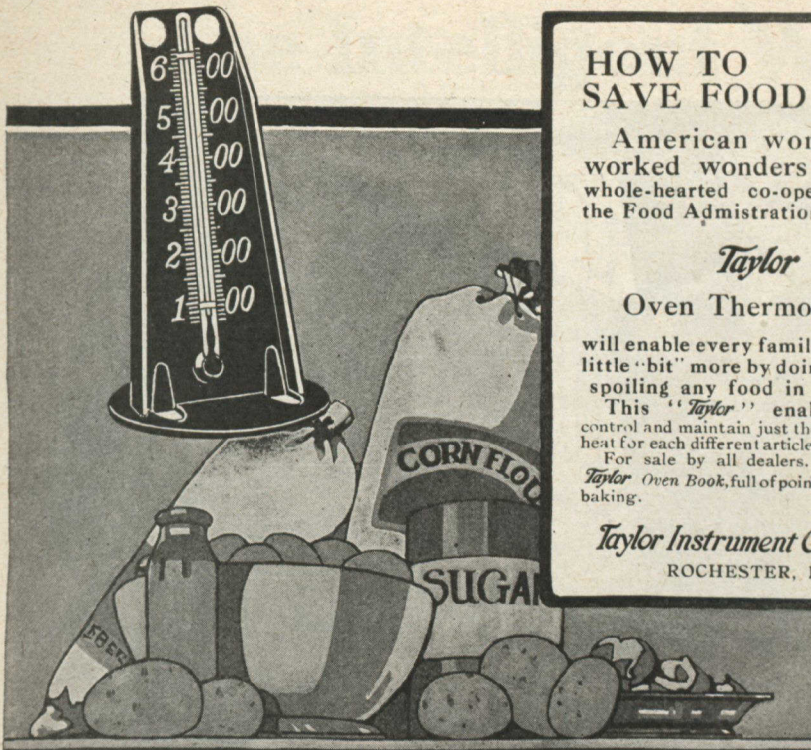
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American women have worked wonders by their whole-hearted co-operation with the Food Administration.

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will enable every family to do just a little "bit" more by doing away with spoiling any food in the baking.

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There's a *Tycos* or *Taylor* Thermometer for Every Purpose



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MADE with MILK

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It can be bought as "Prepared Junket" (Nesnah) with sugar, flavor, etc., already added (in 6 flavors) or as Junket Tablets. Delight your family—with Junket.

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Not by paring. That's a risky make-shift, and results are brief.

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Blue-jay was invented by a scientific expert. It is made by a house famed for its surgical dressings.

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Apply it and the pain stops instantly. Forget it for two days. Remove it, and the corn is gone for good.

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Stops Pain Instantly

Ends Corns Completely

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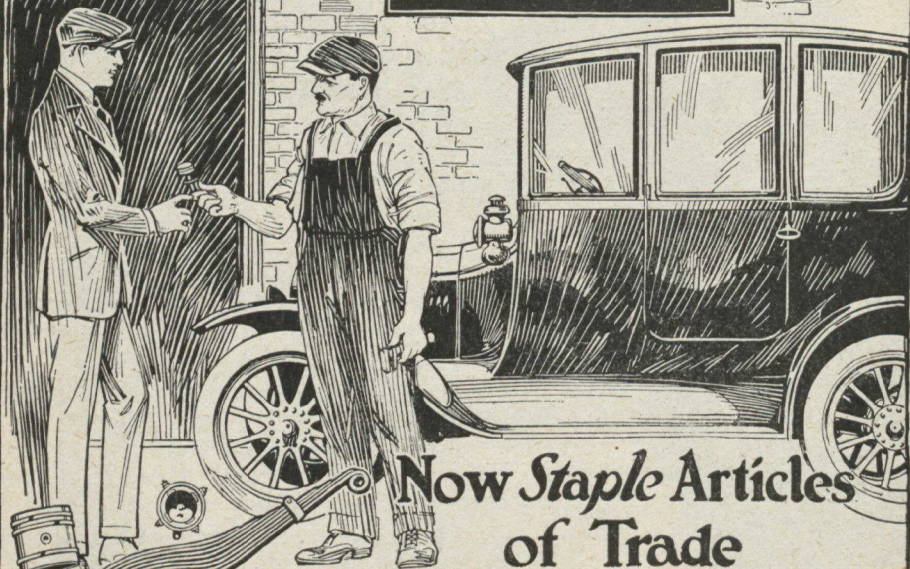
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They need not be "ordered from the factory."

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Although highly specialized pieces of engineering and machining, Ford parts have become *staple articles of merchandise*. They are as easy to obtain as a hatchet or a saw.

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The New Non-Skid
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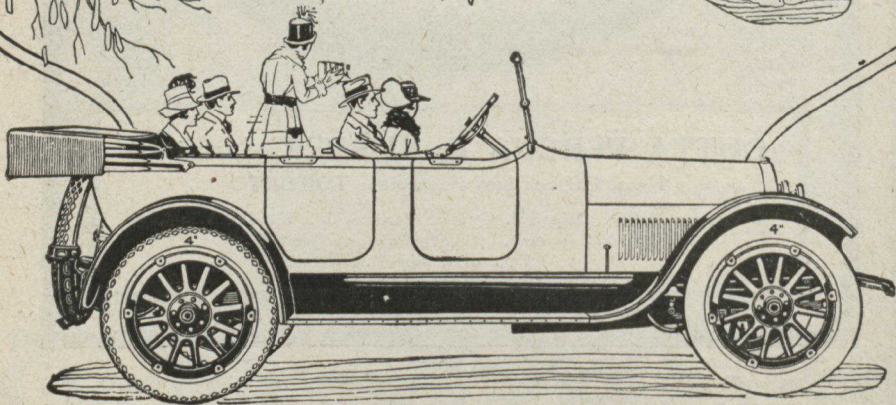
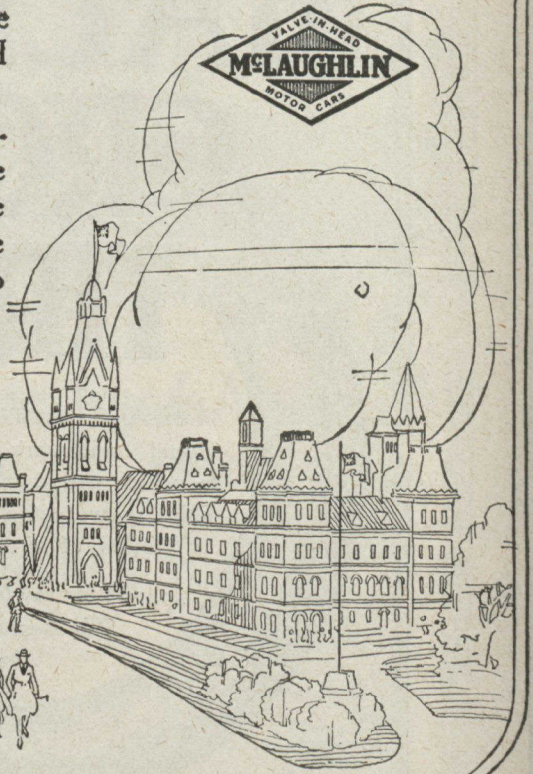
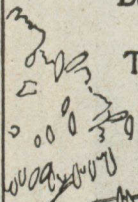
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This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians for years. You have never in all your life used anything like it. Makes muddy complexion, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porcey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In 10 days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is very pleasant to use. A few minutes every day does it. Let me tell you about this really astounding treatment free. You take no risk—send no money—just your name and address on coupon below and I will give you full particulars by next mail—Free.

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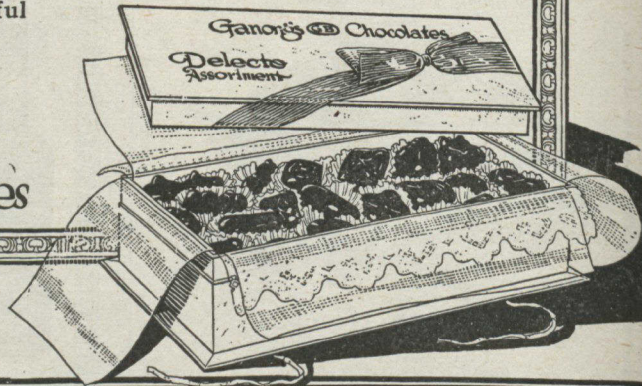
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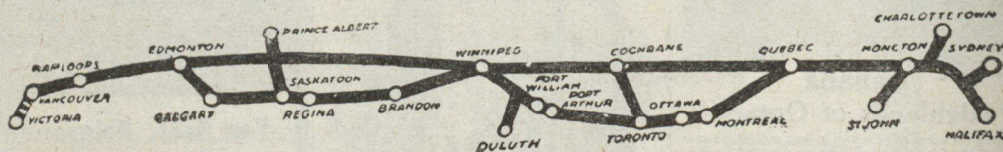
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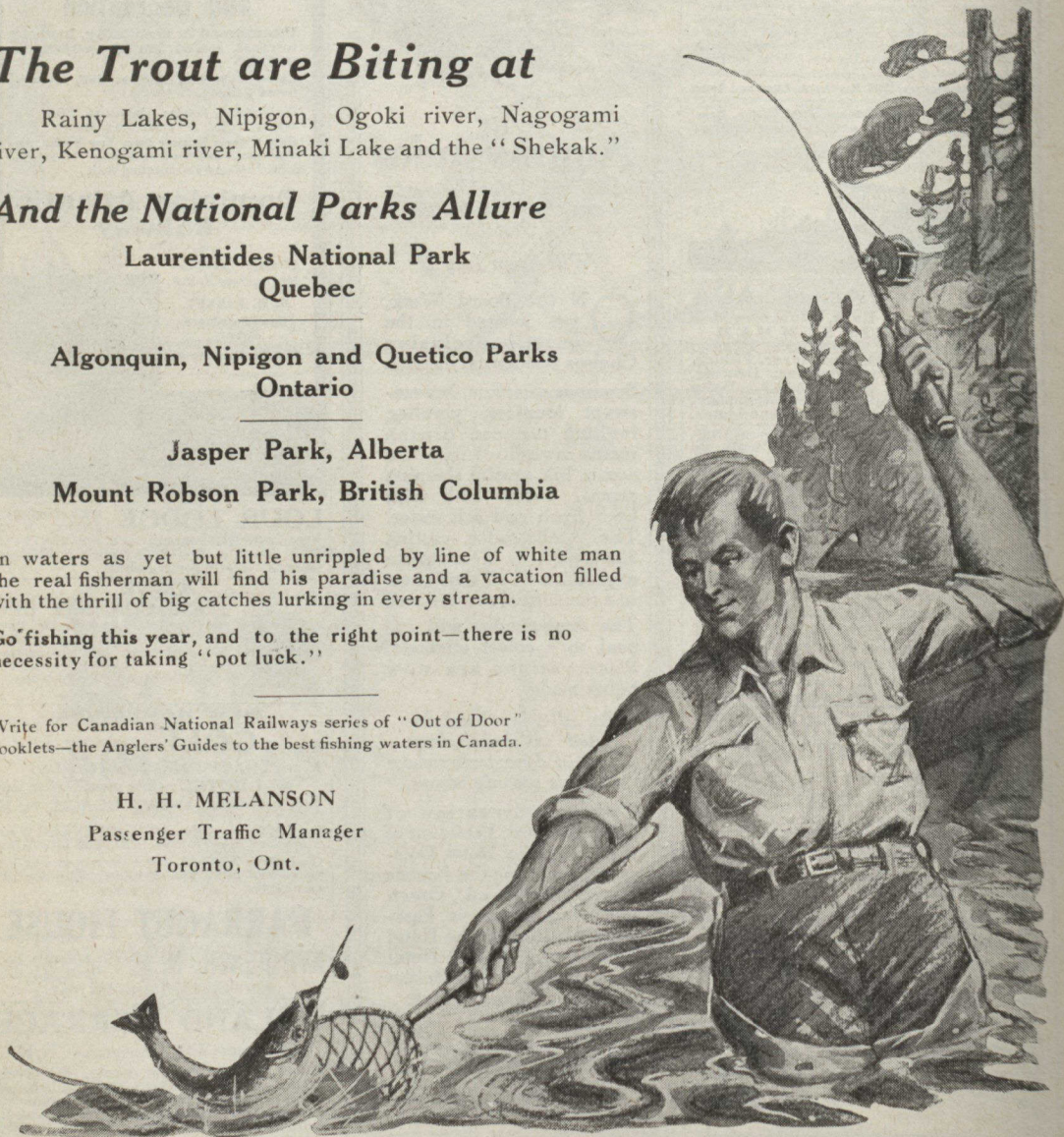
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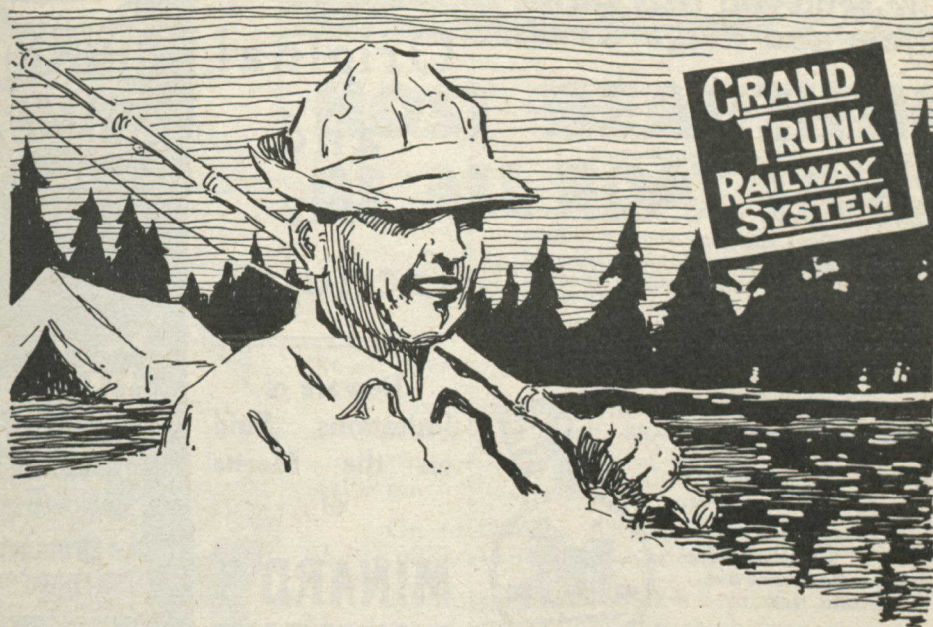
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May we send you this guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?

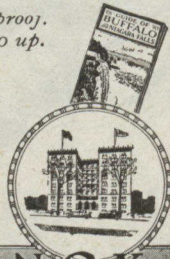
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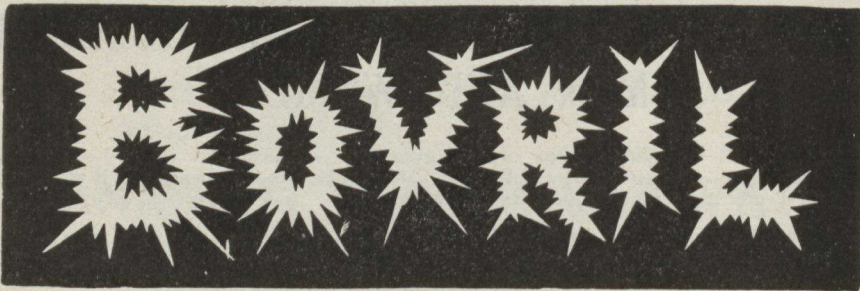


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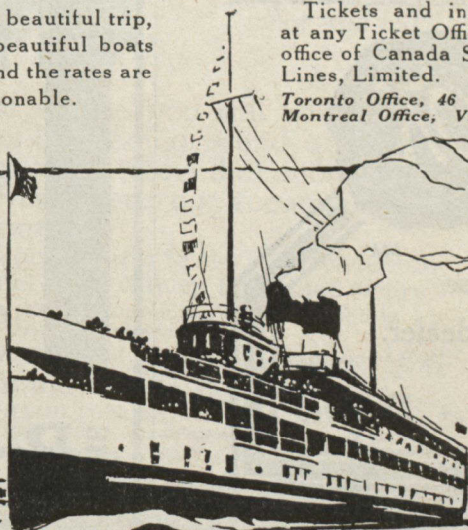
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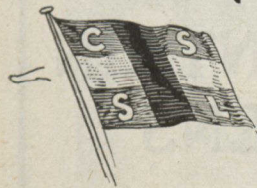
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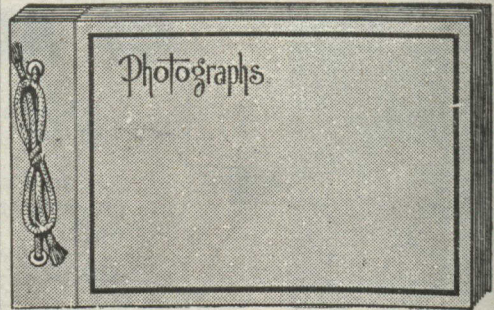
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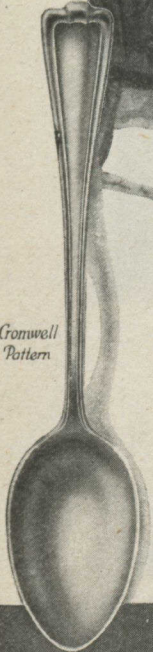
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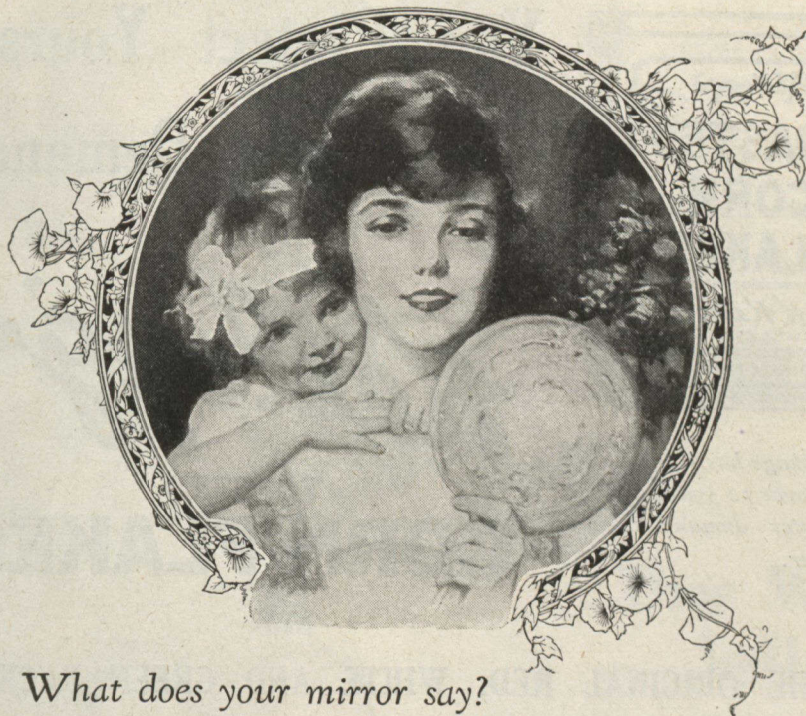


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THE COWAN CO., Limited
MANUFACTURERS OF COCOA AND CHOCOLATE
TORONTO



What does your mirror say?

Does your mirror show that you are keeping your skin soft, smooth and clear?

A pure, free-lathering soap — like Fairy — cleanses perfectly and rinses off thoroughly.

Choice, balmy oils are “mellowed together” in Fairy Soap — blended, in every pure

process of its making, for the particular care of the skin.

Perhaps you don't realize how helpfully Fairy Soap deals with tender complexions.

Make friends with Fairy Soap. Buy several cakes. Use “Fairy” regularly, thoroughly. Make your mirror reflect a soft, clear, glowing skin.

*For toilet
and bath*

THE N.Y. FAIRBANK COMPANY

LIMITED
MONTREAL





This package has been on the market over 12 years and is in greater demand to-day than ever.

You Protect Yourself
When You Demand

Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN FLAKES

IN THE ORIGINAL RED, WHITE AND GREEN PACKAGE

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. *Our product is imitated but not equalled Refuse all substituted imitations.*

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are only
made in Canada by

**THE BATTLE CREEK TOASTED
CORN FLAKE CO., LIMITED**

Head Office and Plant - LONDON, ONT.



They Wanted Jell-O

Do you remember the dreadful disappointment it used to be in the old days at home when mother brought on for dessert some baked apples or pieplant pie, or something else that was too common, and you had expected ice cream or shortcake at least?

Now the little folks want Jell-O, and it is so delicious, refreshing, pure and wholesome, so "economical" and so easily prepared, that there is no reason why the little tots or anybody else should be disappointed in their dessert.

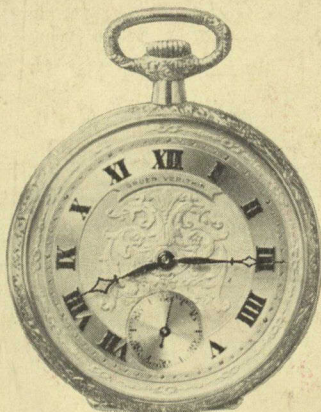
Creamy Desserts

that do not require any cream at all for making them, nor eggs or sugar, are made in perfection of Jell-O—and of course they do not have to be cooked.

To give you the best possible idea of "the Jell-O way" we will send you, free, a copy of the latest Jell-O Book, which gives full information on the subject, if you will send us your name and address.

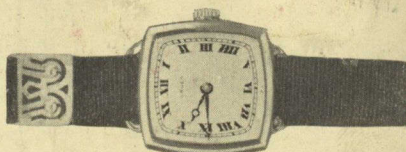
Jell-O is made in seven pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Vanilla, Chocolate.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Limited,
Bridgeburg, Ont.



Patented

The new Louis XIV style. Solid Gold, \$100 to \$250. Gold filled (ultra quality) \$65 and up



The "Paris Square." Plain or Decorated. Solid gold, \$50 to \$200.



The "Modish." Plain or Decorated. Solid gold, \$65 and up

How Gruen Watchmakers standardized fine watch service

The Gruen Watchmakers Guild—an American organization—was built on a unique plan for making fine watches.

Instead of bringing, as is frequently done, a few Swiss watchmakers to America to train American workmen in that part of watchmaking which machines can't do, they took American machines to the Swiss craftsmen.

At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, Gruen gathered a group of the sons of the sons of world famous watchmakers. Equipped with the most modern machinery, operating on America's principle of standardization, these master craftsmen make the Gruen movements, and then do what no machine can do—skillfully finish by hand and adjust each movement to that Precision accuracy which really makes a fine watch.

The Guild Workshop on Time Hill, Cincinnati, is not an ordinary Trade Repair Shop where regular

repairs are sent—that is a function your local jeweler can perform. It is a real *Service Workshop*, where very badly damaged watches can be restored, and what is more important, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to jewelers everywhere.

Thus does the Gruen Guild give you finest modern examples of American and Swiss watchmaking skill with complete standardized service behind it.

Remember, however—not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

Gruen Verithins	\$40.00 to \$250.00
Very-Verithins	45.00 to 250.00
Ultrathins.	200.00 to 400.00
Dietrich Gruens.	275.00 to 785.00



GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Iowa and Morgan Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874.

Canadian Branch, Toronto, Canada

GRUEN Verithin and Wrist WATCHES