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Vol. XLVIII Contents, December, 1916 No. 2

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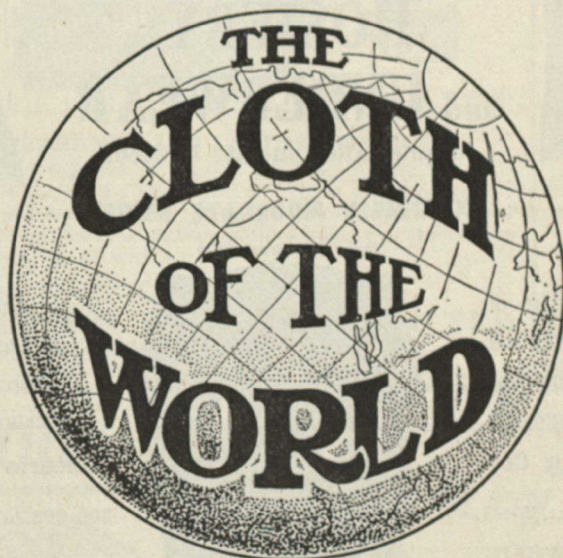
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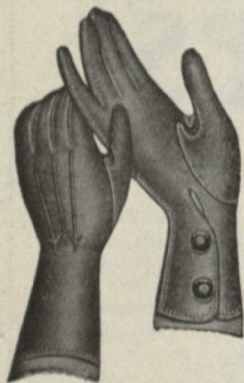
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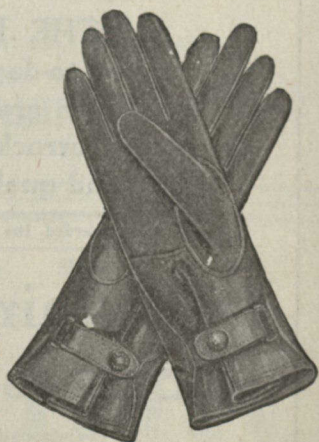
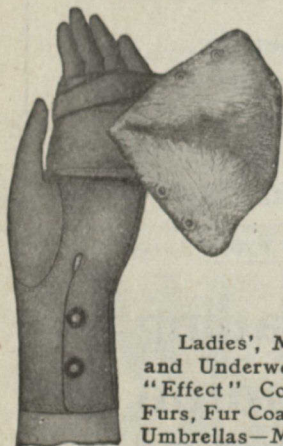
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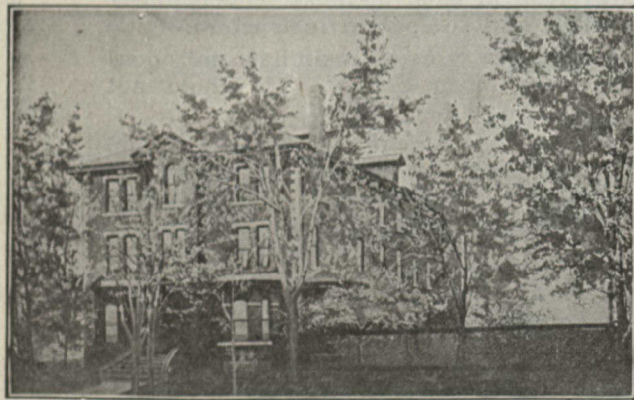
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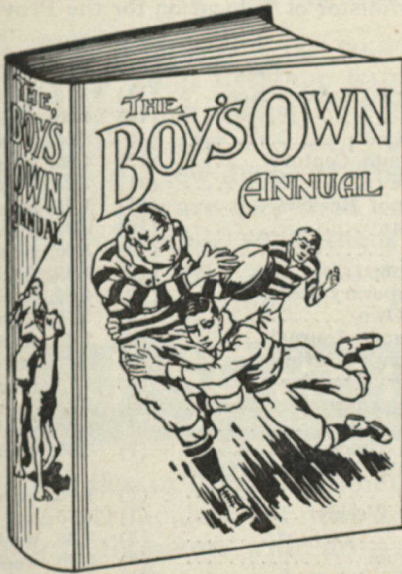
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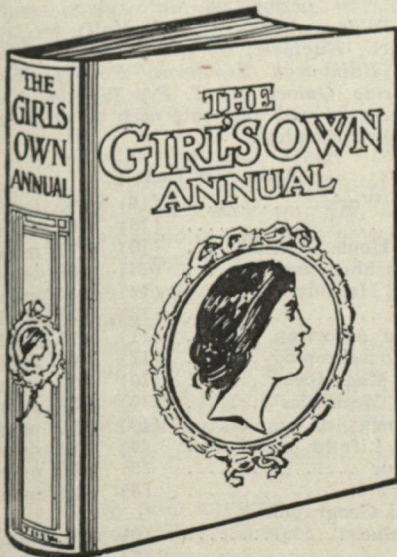
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# THE CHOICE OF PERIODICALS

By E. S. CASWELL, Assistant Librarian, TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

## AN INTERESTING STORY

MR. E. S. CASWELL, writing in the September, 1916 issue of the *Ontario Library Review*, published Quarterly under authority of the Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario says:—

At this time of the year a very practical subject for discussion in our new journal would be that of the periodicals to be selected and ordered for the coming year. Where the field of choice is so wide, and the funds in most cases anything but ample, it is of vital concern that intelligent discrimination should be used in the selection, so as to ensure as many and as good publications as the means available will provide. Just here I would advise the librarian never to order a periodical without first, if possible, securing a copy for careful examination.

I had set myself to frame a list of the periodicals I considered most useful to the average library when the thought occurred that a better and more valuable list might be had by securing similar lists from others and making up a composite one from these. Acting on the idea, I asked a number of librarians to make up lists to include 10 Canadian, 20 British and 20 American periodicals (no dailies)—just such an assortment as in their judgment would make the best working equipment for the average town library. There were seventeen responses. These have been tabulated and the results of what may be termed the popular vote are as subjoined. I give in each case the number of votes recorded, the publishers' price, including postage to Canada, and state whether published weekly or monthly.

### CANADIAN LIST:

Canadian Magazine .....	(17)	\$2.50, monthly
Canadian Courier .....	(15)	3.00, weekly
Maclean's Magazine .....	(12)	1.50, monthly
World Wide .....	(11)	1.50, weekly
Canadian Horticulturist ...	(10)	1.00, monthly
Saturday Night .....	(9)	3.00, weekly
Canadian Poultry Review..	(6)	.50, monthly
Canadian Home Journal ...	(6)	1.00, monthly
Canada Monthly .....	(6)	1.00, monthly
Canadian Engineer .....	(6)	3.00, weekly

These are the leading ten. Following them closely come *Woman's Century*, *Electrical News*, and *University Magazine*, with five votes each, and *Canadian Pictorial*, *Monetary Times*, and *Rod and Gun*, with four each. In all, 40 Canadian periodicals were represented in the lists, 18 of these with one solitary but loyal vote.

The *Canadian Magazine* has the distinction of being the only periodical of the three countries to be included in every list.

It will be seen from the above that the CANADIAN MAGAZINE heads the Lists of all Periodicals in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

### BRITISH LIST:

Illustrated London News ..	(14)	\$7.75, weekly
Punch .....	(14)	4.00, weekly
Blackwood's .....	(12)	3.35, monthly
Nineteenth Century .....	(12)	4.85, monthly
Graphic .....	(11)	7.25, weekly
Review of Reviews .....	(11)	1.75, monthly
Bookman .....	(10)	2.25, monthly
Strand .....	(10)	1.75, monthly
Spectator .....	(10)	7.35, weekly
Contemporary Review .....	(10)	4.85, monthly
Boy's Own .....	(9)	1.75, monthly
Chambers's Journal .....	(9)	1.75, monthly
Fortnightly Review .....	(9)	4.85, monthly
Windsor Magazine .....	(9)	1.75, monthly
My Magazine .....	(8)	2.25, monthly
Queen .....	(7)	8.75, weekly
London Times .....	(7)	3.00, weekly
Woman's Magazine (Girl's Own) .....	(7)	1.75, monthly
British Weekly .....	(7)	1.75
Nation .....	(5)	7.35, weekly
Athenæum .....	(5)	3.75, weekly
Public Opinion .....	(5)	3.00, weekly

In all, 80 periodicals were given mention. *Round Table* and *Nash's (Pall Mall)* received 4 votes each; *Engineer*, *Cornhill*, *Hibbert Journal*, *Sphere*, *Edinburgh Scotsman*, *Family Herald*, *Engineering*, *Quiver* and *T. P.'s Weekly*, 3 each. There were 36 with one vote each to prove them not wholly friendly.

### AMERICAN LIST:

World's Work .....	(14)	\$3.60, monthly
Century .....	(13)	4.00, monthly
Ladies' Home Journal ...	(13)	1.75, monthly
Harper's Magazine .....	(13)	4.00, monthly
Atlantic Monthly .....	(12)	4.40, monthly
Outlook .....	(12)	3.00, weekly
Scientific American .....	(11)	3.75, weekly
Good Housekeeping .....	(11)	2.00, monthly
Garden Magazine .....	(10)	1.85, monthly
Popular Mechanics .....	(10)	1.75, monthly
St. Nicholas .....	(10)	3.00, monthly
Country Life in America ...	(9)	4.85, monthly
Delineator .....	(9)	2.00, monthly
Scribner's .....	(8)	3.00, monthly
National Geographic Magazine .....	(8)	2.50, monthly
Nation .....	(7)	4.50, weekly
Independent .....	(7)	5.00, weekly
Modern Priscilla .....	(5)	1.25, monthly
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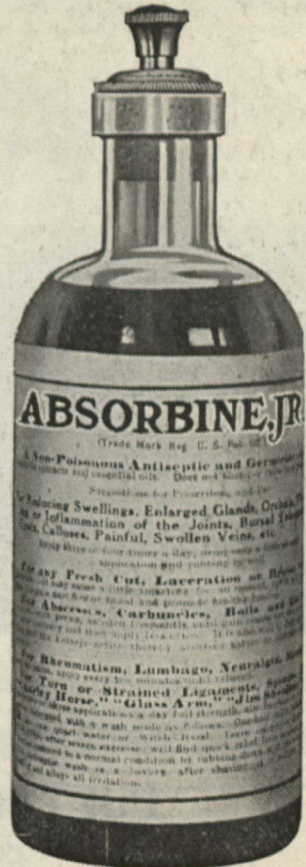
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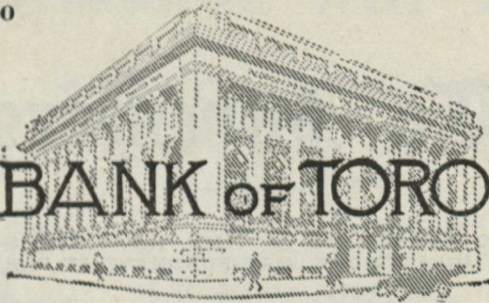
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Most of the fortunes have been accumulated by men who began life without capital. Anyone who is willing to practise a little self-denial for a few years in order to save can eventually have a fund sufficient to invest in a business which will produce a largely increased income.

No enterprise can be started without money, and the longer the day of saving is postponed, the longer it will be before the greater prosperity be realized.

Begin to-day. One dollar will open an account with this old-established institution. We have many small depositors, and many who began in a small way and now have large balances at their credit. Every dollar deposited bears compound interest at

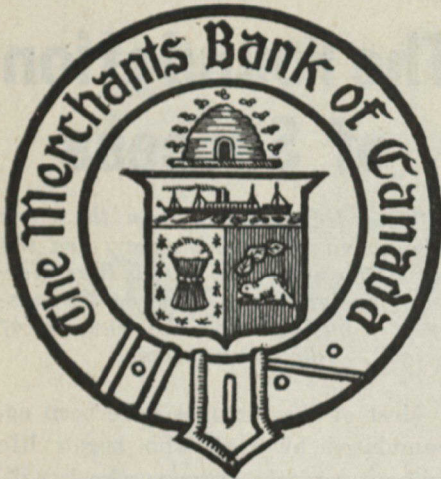
**Three and one-half per cent.**

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Paid-up Capital . . . . \$6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund . . . . . 4,750,000.00  
Investments . . . . . 33,546,242.74

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ESTABLISHED 1855





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206 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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is a source of concern even to those well placed in the world. How infinitely more difficult is the problem to those poorly provided—for example, to the unfortunate ones deprived of the supporting care of father or husband.

Life Insurance solves the problem. To the great majority it is the *only* solution.

The Great - West Life Policies provide protection at rates well within the reach of all—on liberal clearly-worded conditions—Policies so obviously valuable that for nine successive years The Great-West has written the largest Canadian Business of all the Companies.

*Write for information, giving date of birth.*

*The*  
**GREAT - WEST LIFE**  
**Assurance Company**  
Head Office, - Winnipeg

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Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up - 11,820,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,236,000  
Total Assets - 235,000,000

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The North American Life commands the confidence of every man.

Since its inception it has paid or credited to its Policyholders or their beneficiaries over \$16,500,000.

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"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"

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# BANK OF HAMILTON

## HEAD OFFICE

## HAMILTON

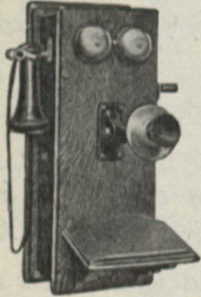
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
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Canadian Independent telephones have been giving genuine satisfaction for years in every service—in the city, on rural lines and in the factory.

This has been due to quality, as nothing but the very best material and the highest class of workmanship enter into the manufacture of our telephones.

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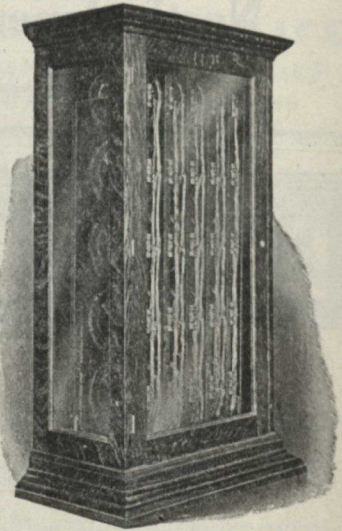


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Our Presto-Phone System, connecting your different departments, will give you advantages in service that you cannot get with any other system. It will therefore be to your advantage to get full particulars of our automatic systems before going outside of Canada to purchase.

Drop us a card and let us know what telephone service you require and we will send you bulletins and full particulars of the equipment that will take care of your wants.



Presto-Phone Switchboard which  
does the work of a girl

### *Canadian Telephones for Canadian Service*

We have, now, a special department which will contract to instal or keep in repair your private system. Let us hear from you.

**Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited**  
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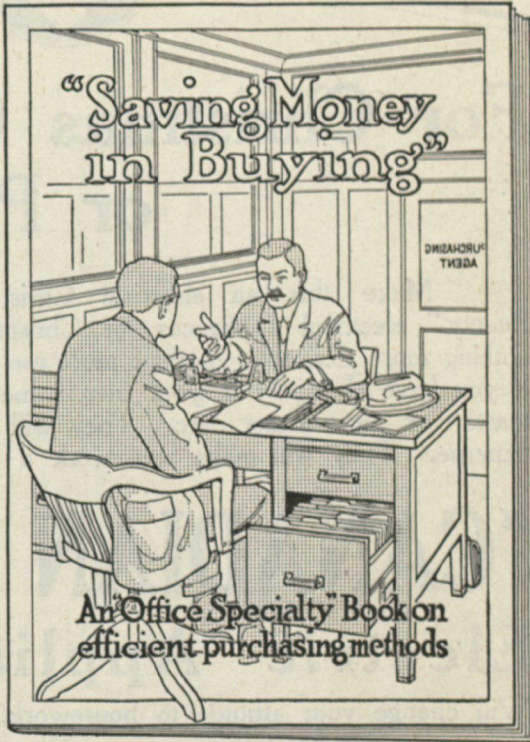
# A Buyer sent for this Booklet

—When it came he saw in five minutes' study where he could use the ideas to make his work a whole lot easier, to buy closer, and “be ahead of the game” all the time! And when he got the system going, he found he had cut out of his own work two whole hours of petty detail!

That Buyer purchases for a big Manufacturer. He now has all the WHAT—WHEN—WHERE—and HOW MUCH of buying right where he can get it *any minute*. His Follow-Up on deliveries is automatic.

So is the checking of Goods Received for payment of bills. He now has more time to buy intelligently and does.

You ought to have that Office Specialty booklet—“Saving Money in Buying”—and you *can*—simply by requesting it on your business letterhead.



This 24-Page Booklet gives complete particulars on the  
 Requisition File  
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**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
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 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD  
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*Largest Makers of Filing Devices in the British Empire*

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## Electric Appliances

Will change your attitude to housework. Life will be easier when you begin using any one of the many appliances in the "Canadian Beauty" line. Every appliance is made of the best materials and is of highest quality. The **Iron** which is shown here will be found almost indispensable when once used.



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These are only a few of the appliances of the "Canadian Beauty" line. Ask your dealer or write us for complete catalog.

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Labour-Savers  
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TWO-PLATE STOVE



TOASTER-GRILL









From the Etching by H. Ivan Neilson

TIMBER SHIP IN QUEBEC HARBOUR

Showing (on the right) the Citadel



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVIII

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1916

No. 2



*"Before he left for  
the front"*

## THE CURTAIN

*By*

*Isabel Ecclestone Mac Kay*

Illustrations

by

Dorothy Stevens

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS," ETC.

**A**LERIC JUDSON came home from the Great War a changed man. There was nothing strange in that, since every man who came came changed. But the change in Aleric seemed especially dreadful to me, because we had been friends since

boyhood—and there was also the fact that he had married Betty. They had been married just two months before he left for the front. Everyone but Betty had been against the marriage. Even Aleric had not been quite in favour of it, under the circumstances. But Betty said that two months' happiness was a whole month or two bet-



ter than no happiness at all. She wanted it, and she was going to have it. And she did.

Betty came of a race of soldiers. She was brave, and she knew how to smile. She smiled when she said good-bye to Aleric, although she must have had small expectation of ever seeing him again. Nor, as a matter of fact, did she, for the man who came back was not the man who had gone away. The Aleric Judson who married Betty was young and brave and debonair. He could be best described as an incurable optimist with a nice sense of humour. The Aleric Judson who came back to his wife was a man who looked as if he had never been young, a man with an odd trick of shrinking, a man who never smiled, a haunted man astray in a haunted world.

Aleric went with the Sixth Contingent and served through the last and hottest part of the war. He led his company in that great final offensive whose record already reads like some horrific fable. He was wounded four times, once in the arm, twice in the leg, and once in the head. This last injury left him definitely incapacitated for further service, and after a tedious convalescence in an English hospital he was invalided home.

I have always thought that if Betty could have been with him during his convalescence things never might have come to the pass they did. In his weakness he might have told her of the horror that oppressed him before its hold became too strong. Or, listening to his raving, she might have guessed. But Betty could not go to England, because just at that time Betty the second was entirely too new and fragile to be taken on so long and dangerous a journey. Neither could she be left save in extreme necessity. So Betty stayed at home and tried hard to smile so that the family might not shake its head and say, "I told you so".

She did manage, however, to go as

far as Montreal to meet him on his return journey. Aleric was to rest there, so husband and wife had a few days together away from the fondly curious eyes of their special little world. What happened in those few days no one knows. Betty wrote only one letter, and in it she did not say what she felt when she first saw Aleric, nor what Aleric felt when he first saw Betty the second. She said very little, save that they were travelling back very slowly. But she managed to intimate that Aleric was still far from strong and that it might be wise if the family and friends would give him a little time to recover himself before welcoming the returned hero. In fact, she made it fairly plain that the returned-hero business would have to be omitted altogether. Aleric, it seemed, did not want to talk about the war.

Naturally, this attitude did not find favour. It savoured of pose. The family felt that its tact had been questioned. It agreed that if Betty and Aleric wanted to act "like that" they could jolly well do it! Far be it from them (the family) to go where they were not wanted.

This fine aloofness persisted for almost a week after the soldier's return, and then, realizing the wrongness of dissension in a family, they forgave Betty and went to call on Aleric.

The verdicts were various. But all agreed in one thing—Aleric was changed. This was only what everyone had expected. The trouble was that they had not realized that they had expected it. Change, they agreed, was inevitable. A man may not go through hell and come out an incurable optimist with a nice sense of humour.

It was not really strange that Aleric did not smile any more; neither was it strange that he stooped or that he limped or that all the gay and youthful bravery of face and bearing was as if it had never been. It was not even excessively strange, when one came to think of it, that he





"The Aleric Judson who married Betty was young and brave and debonair"

should fall into trancelike silences, thinking heaven knows what thoughts.

But as the days went by what the family asked was, Didn't Betty the first think it strange that Aleric was so odd about Betty the second? As his health improved and as the baby grew older everyone had confidently expected that Aleric would "rouse himself", that he would adore his delicious morsel of babyhood, reveal himself the doting father, and so forth. But he didn't. The family were careful not to say much about it, but it could not hide from itself that Aleric avoided Betty the second. And he did not rouse himself at all.

Whether Betty the first realized this and other strangenesses, no one could say. If she did one would never have guessed it. She was always busy

and cheerful and unceasingly careful for Aleric's comfort and peace of mind. The odd thing about this was that he did not seem to want her to be. The family resolutely declined to notice this. It would have been too disloyal. They could only hope that Betty would notice that they did not notice it.

But unfortunately Betty was clear-sighted. I am not very certain as to how long this state of things continued, but it was a very cold day in early December when Betty herself came into my office and attacked the subject without preliminaries.

"Tom," she said, "when you and Aleric were at college didn't you rather go in for that William James kind of thing—psychology, and all that?"



"Rather," I admitted. "Not much."

"And are you terribly busy?"

I said I was busy, but not terribly. "Because," she went on, "I want you to come to us on a visit. You may be surprised at my wanting a visitor just now, but I do want one. You are the only visitor that Aleric would stand."

"You flatter—"

"Oh, don't be silly, Tom. You know what I mean." She loosened her furs nervously. "And you must have heard about Aleric—about his being so—different?"

I nodded.

"I expected that he would be different," she said. "It couldn't be otherwise. I knew he would be older, sadder; his letters prepared me for a big change. I could understand his silences, his fits of brooding, his nervous tricks of manner. And if these things were all, I would not worry. Time would heal all that. Little Betty and I could win him back to youth. For he is young and youth is so wonderful. But, Tom—"

She paused, throwing open her coat as if its warmth oppressed her, and her clear voice began on a lower note.

"There is something else, Tom. Something definite, I mean. Something unnatural—poisonous. I can't get at it, but I know it's there—an invisible barrier—impassable—"

Her breath caught, and her eyes looked large and frightened behind her veil.

"Tom, why does he shiver when the curtains sway in the wind? Why does he start and tremble at the rustle of my dress across the floor? What is it that turns to ashes all his love and pride in our wee Betty? It is not my fancy, it is cold and hateful fact. I tell you he never touches her if he can help it. He is uneasy if she plays about the room. There are certain little baby sounds she makes which disturb him incredibly. He shudders and his face turns gray. It isn't that he doesn't love her. I know that. It's more as if he were afraid to let him-

self love her. He looks at her, poor fellow, and his eyes are so miserable! But why? There seems no sense in it—no key—no possible reason—"

"One can't wonder at a lack of reason," I began somewhat lamely. "Aleric has come through terrible things. The after-effects of shock and suffering are incalculable. Men have been known to turn from their nearest and dearest—"

"You mean that Aleric is not quite sane?" Betty's blue eyes met mine straightly. "You may put that out of your head at once. He is altogether sane. Whatever it is, it is not that."

"But—"

"That is why I feel so certain that there is a definite cause somewhere. If I didn't believe that, I couldn't go on. The thing is to find the cause. Hysterics won't help. And I have been perilously near hysterics several times of late. I need help, Tom, and I want you."

"You can have me," I said sincerely. "But I am not so sure about the help. He may resent my coming. As he has not asked me, he is almost sure to think my sudden arrival odd. He will probably wonder what in the deuce I mean by it."

"I hope he does!" Betty's return to her usual manner was simultaneous with the readjustment of her furs. "It would do him good to think about anything rather than the things he does think about. Is my nose too red, or may the atmosphere be safely held accountable?"

I suggested a little powder because I always enjoyed seeing Betty powder her nose. The discovery that she had forgotten her vanity-case struck me as the most significant thing about our interview. I made no further objections when she arranged the date and details of my visit.

Next week saw my arrival at the pretty bungalow which I had helped to furnish in days already incredibly remote. What Aleric thought of my unlooked-for appearance it was impossible to say. Without being ter-





"A man who never smiled, a haunted man astray in a haunted world"

ribly enthusiastic he welcomed me cordially and did his best to fall back into the familiar ways of our long friendship. But from the first it was evident that he could not do it. He spoke to me; he looked at me across some intangible gulf. At times I surprised a kind of wonder in his eyes, a puzzled question, as if he asked himself what once we might have had in common. As to myself, I felt acutely uncomfortable, as one must who shakes the dead hand of friendship. But I allowed none of my discomfort to appear.

On the contrary, I tried to be as much in his company as possible. Finding that the war was never mentioned in his presence, I made a point of mentioning it. For, I argued, the last thing which Aleric should be allowed to do was to shut himself and

his experiences away from the common light of day. The best way of finding out his trouble was to treat him as if he had no trouble at all. Of course, my position as guest gave me an unfair advantage, for however stupid and tactless a guest may be, a good host must be politely blind and blamelessly patient. Aleric's traditions were those of a good host. But at times I pressed him hard. I couldn't even explain that it hurt me as much as it did him. I could not allow myself the luxury of being decently sensitive. I simply could not see that he wished to be alone, that instead of my talk and tobacco he wanted solitude—and the privilege of staring unseeingly into the fire while time slipped past unheeded and his unlit cigar fell from his listless hand.

I sometimes think of that visit of



mine to Aleric as one long third degree!

After all, granting my invulnerability to hints, it was natural enough that I should want to know all about the war. Everyone knew that my being turned down on account of an old football strain had been a severe blow. General references would not do for me, I wanted details. I craved personal experience. In fact, it soon became apparent that I had the war so greatly on my mind that no matter how often the subject was changed, sooner or later I drifted back to it.

This went on for nearly a fortnight and no breach had appeared in Aleric's impenetrable barrier of reserve. I might crave personal experiences, but I certainly did not get them. It began to look as if I had failed completely and that a prolonging of my visit would result in nothing save a straining of our friendship beyond recovery. I was ready to give up. But Betty wasn't.

She declared that she noticed a slight change, a little lightening of Aleric's heavy mood.

"Dogged does it!" said Betty, setting her red lips firmly. "One of these days his silence will wear thin. Then he will speak, then—"

"He will hate me forever," I declared morosely.

"What if he does?"

"Your insinuation of my insignificance is plain, but all the same one does not like to lose one's friend—"

I happened to be looking into Betty's eyes and saw their brightness suddenly dim.

"One doesn't like to lose one's husband, either," she said quietly.

So, of course, there was nothing to do but to pack up my finer feelings and go on.

These uncomfortable days had not been entirely fruitless, however, for my study of Aleric had convinced me that Betty had been right when she declared that his trouble was due not to general conditions, but to some definite matter over which he brooded.

We were working in the right direction, I felt sure. It was a case of the "fixed idea" combined with an instinct for secrecy. If we could overcome the secrecy much, perhaps everything, would be gained. Once let him bring his obsession into the light of day and much of its power would be gone.

"Suppose," said Betty suddenly one day, "suppose that you change your tactics. Stop talking about the war altogether and see what happens?"

"Why?" I asked stupidly.

"Because I think he will miss it. Don't you notice that although he is as brusque as ever in his answers, there is a subtle change in his attitude. I believe he is beginning to want to talk—try him and see."

Betty was a keener psychologist than I, for, although I had noticed nothing, her observation proved to have been entirely correct. Under the new treatment Aleric became decidedly restless. It seemed that in spite of himself he had found a certain relief in my questioning. I became very hopeful and after two days' rest I began again my persistent probing for the hidden wound. Aleric was not nearly as brusque now, but he seemed more miserable than ever. Little by little our talks became more intimate, a breath of our old warm friendship came stealing back.

Yet when the crisis came it was proved that Betty was right once more, for it came suddenly and when I least expected it. Betty had gone to bed early (the strain was telling on Betty), Aleric was in an especially unresponsive mood. He wanted to go off by himself, but as I headed cheerfully for the den he had perforce to follow me, banging the door as he did so and starting nervously at the bang.

Paying no attention to his mood, I lit a cigar and began to mask my approach to our usual subject by a few carefully-prepared observations of a political trend. Taxation, I think, was the theme.

"You see," I said didactically, "it's





“War is a Vampire”

not as if there were any fear of another war. Never, from generation to generation, while the memory of this frightful strife endures, will there be fear of war. Men will not look that horror in the face again. War has killed itself.”

“Killed itself?” Was it Aleric speaking? I looked at him in wonder, for his voice was suddenly the voice of a stranger. Hoarse and broken, it might have come from the lips of an old man. His eyes, a moment ago apathetic and sullen, were burning wells of hate and horror.

Betty would have known at once that her predicted “breaking through” had come. But I sat wondering.

“Never another war?” went on this strange man in his strange voice. “You think her dead, do you, because—well you may think that—you who never saw a battlefield. But let me tell you a secret—war is alive! Bah! You talk of politics. It makes me

laugh. Kings and presidents, powers and conditions, war has nothing to do with these. They exist for her, not she for them. Let me tell you”—his voice took on a low note of horror—“war is a vampire. She lets us play awhile when she is gorged with the blood of her victims, but when she stirs again, when she wakes, when she is ravenous once more—”

Had he suddenly gone insane, I wondered? Had his mental state been worse than we had feared? The thought must have shown itself in my eyes, for Aleric’s frenzy suddenly checked itself. He held me for a moment with his blazing eyes and then continued in a more natural voice:

“You think me crazy? Of course you do. I knew you would if I ever spoke what I really believe. But other men would not. The men who went through that hell with me would not think me mad. They *know*. What I tell you is the simple truth.”



I managed a puff or two at my cigar.

"I see what you mean, old man, I think I can follow you, speaking figuratively—"

"Not speaking figuratively. Listen. One night I lay wounded and unable to move on the strip of land between the trenches. There were many around me. I won't tell you of them. Our language was not made for such tales. What did Shakespeare know of night made hideous? Had he lain for a while, wounded, in No Man's Land he might have known! . . . There was a faint moon, and by its dim light I saw her. Like a black wind she came over the field, crouching low. The man beside me saw her, screamed once, like a baby screams, and died. She came swiftly, silently, running like a hound on the scent. . . . I saw her face. . . . I thought I died then. Part of me did die, I think; although I was still alive when our men got to me."

I pushed back my chair, glad of the scraping sound it made upon the floor. As an excuse for the sudden damp upon my forehead I remarked that the fire was rather hot. It began to appear that Aleric's silence had covered some curious things. In the meantime he waited for me to say something.

"A horrible experience!" I said, "delirium, of course—very vivid and all that—horrible!"

Aleric interrupted with a short laugh.

"You think it wasn't delirium?" I ventured.

"Oh, I saw her all right. I wasn't delirious. But I am not surprised that you think so."

Now, I felt, was the time for me to move carefully, to use wisdom. But somehow I couldn't. Aleric's eerie story had shaken me and I blurted it all out without finesse of any kind.

"Even supposing," I stammered, "that doesn't account for things—a swaying curtain, the rustle of your wife's dress, the—the child—"

I had done it now! I knew by the look on his face that he understood me instantly. He knew that what he had tried to hide had not been hidden. My stumbling words had laid bare all our futile secrecies.

Aleric was gazing at me thoughtfully. The wild light had died out of his eyes. He appeared almost normal save that he looked white and shaken. I had expected a new outburst, but none came. Instead, after a moment's scrutiny, he turned away with a gesture of intense weariness.

"No—it doesn't account for that." There was a kind of flat finality in his level tone which told me plainer than words that my only chance of helping him was slipping away. The knowledge steadied me. For Betty's sake I must not let him leave it so.

"Old man," I said, "you think I'm hatefully, meanly curious. God knows I'm not. But you are in a bad way. If you could talk about it, it might help. You can't go on like this: I tell you plainly that madness lies at the end of the road."

"I know that," he said and fell heavily silent.

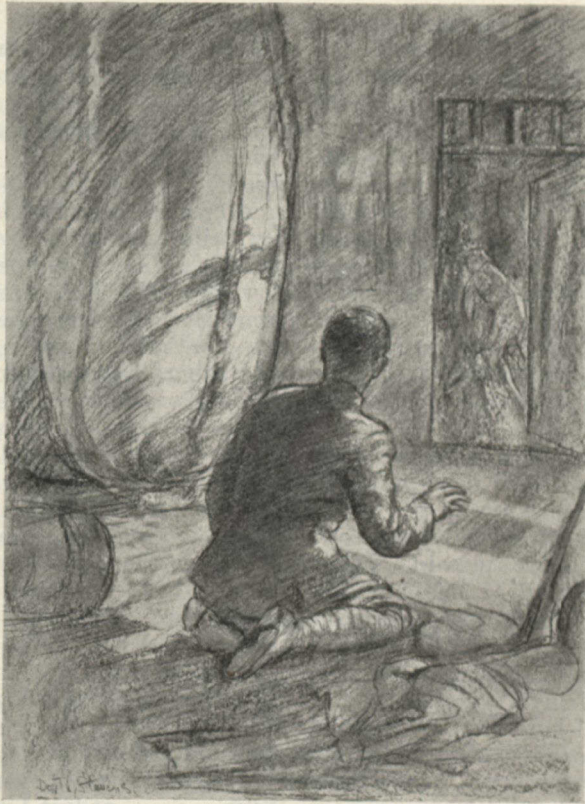
I waited.

"Talking about it won't help," he went on. "Common sense doesn't help. Reason doesn't help. There are things outside of common sense and reason. I've always considered myself a reasonable man. I have reasoned over this. Reason tells me I torment myself needlessly. Common sense laughs at me. I have observed myself quite calmly and called myself a fool. I have pointed out the absurdity of being obsessed by what is past, by what was not, after all, any fault of mine. But nothing has any effect—nothing."

"You are ill, man," I said eagerly. "A man's sick mind seldom cures itself. The impulse of healing must come from without. You need help."

With an upleap of hope I felt his hand tighten a little in mine. Presently he spoke again, using short, halting sentences with pauses between. It was as if he dragged the words





“‘I made a little movement, and the curtain stirred’”

from the depth of tragic self-communings.

“Well, I’ll tell you. . . . It’s a short story, after all. . . . The second time I was hit, it happened, in the leg that time, and not so badly, but enough to put me out of action. I fell in a street. . . . I mean what had recently been a street . . . of what had been a village. The sensible thing seemed to be to get to cover. I could crawl, after a fashion. . . . There was a shell of a house not far off. I crawled there . . . crawled right in, over the ruins of the shattered door-sill. I wasn’t in great pain. The first effect of some wounds is numbing. But I was faint, loss of blood, reaction, weariness, and so thirsty! . . . But I was glad. I began to think of Betty and the baby. I had just heard about the baby. It

was good to think I was going to see them both, maybe. . . . That I wasn’t lying dead out there . . . likely to have another chance. But I was so thirsty— I began to look around, and there, almost opposite, where a rag of a curtain hung, something caught my eye, paralyzed me! . . . It was behind the curtain, making it bulge . . . an odd, irregular bulge. I knew in a moment what it was . . . a man, crouching! . . . and there was something else . . . something glittering . . . it was right in my eye . . . I knew he had me covered! . . . There would be no Betty . . . and I would never see the baby . . .”

“My first and last thought was, ‘Why the deuce doesn’t he shoot?’—a kind of rhyme. It got singing through my head, over and over. But he



didn't shoot. . . . He just held me there, covered. . . . Presently the idea came to me that he might be dead. The relief of it made my head swim. . . . He was so still . . . after all, he might be dead. I made a little movement . . . and the curtain stirred . . . someone moved behind it . . . hope fell dead. Then I thought I saw the pointed muzzle shift a trifle. In a moment it would spit out death. . . . But it didn't . . . it seemed that the hidden man was a humourist . . . he wanted to play with me . . . so amusing.

"I don't know how a mouse feels when a cat plays with it. I've heard it squeal and seen it try to run away. But for me, I grew suddenly cool. All at once, I wasn't afraid. I felt nothing save a kind of steel-blue anger. . . . I don't want Betty or the baby or life. . . . All I wanted was to kill the man behind the curtain. . . . I lay very still. . . . It is wonderful how keen eyes are in face of blank-eyed death. I let my eyes search everywhere. . . . Presently they found something. . . . Well within reach of my flung-out fingers lay a piece of broken bayonet. He wouldn't be afraid of that . . . a bayonet presupposes close quarters, and he could shoot me dead a dozen times before I could get within reach.

"But there was one chance. It would not occur to him that I might find another use for it. That I knew how to balance and aim and hurl . . . if I could only get the right hold . . . and be quick enough . . . before he guessed."

"I was cool enough. The thing resolved itself into a matter of player's skill. I was always a cool player. I began to move very carefully . . . very, very slowly . . . then, just as I had my fingers properly around the steel . . . there came a curious sound. I didn't know what it was . . . a little, funny gurgling sound . . . it startled me so I almost dropped the bayonet . . . then I

thought it was the hidden man, making game . . . laughing! Anyhow, it gave me the extra strength I needed . . . with a sudden movement, I lifted myself, aimed . . . and let fly. . . . The aim was good."

Aleric's voice, which had been steadily failing, seemed to die away altogether. He sat humped up bending low over the fire, a very figure of tragedy. It seemed he could not go on, nor could I utter another word of urging. Not even for Betty's sake could I so much as breathe upon the unknown heart of his suffering. But I was to hear the end of the story. Aleric's voice began again, taking up the tale, a little further on, as if his pause had told me of unspoken things.

"When the curtain was quite still," he went on, "I felt a great leap of exultation. My enemy was dead . . . and he had not fired! I felt nothing save satisfaction. . . . I rested. . . . But the muzzle of the gun still pointed. . . . I thought it might be well to have that gun. Little by little I dragged myself over the littered floor . . . at last I could touch the curtain . . . it was a rotten thing. I tugged, and it came away in my hand. There was a dead man there, a peasant . . . he had been dead some hours . . . it was not he who had moved the curtain, nor had he died by my bayonet. Who then? I felt frightened . . . sick . . . I had *seen* the curtain move and the gun shift. . . . Summoning all my strength I pulled the curtain completely away . . . and then I saw. I thought it was an hallucination at first, that I had gone a little mad thinking so much of Betty and the baby . . . for it was a *child* that lay there, its tiny fingers caught in the curtain's fringe . . . a little, fair-headed baby thing. . . . Oh, God! . . . I began to laugh. I was shouting with laughter when they took me to the hospital."

Aleric's face was hidden in his hands. His story was told. And I



had nothing to say. What could I say save those things which he had said to himself so fruitlessly? Accident! He knew it was an accident. Blameless! He knew himself blameless.

For all that I could say he would still shrink at the swaying of a curtain, and turn his haunted eyes from the sight of his little fair-haired Betty creeping about the room. I knew now what he saw when he sat alone staring into the fire! Reason and common sense were indeed helpless here, and for the first time since

Betty's coming to me at the office I could see no hope for Aleric. A miracle might save him, but miracles do not happen.

Then, into the ghastly silence which held us both, stole a new sound, the sound of sobbing. I looked at Aleric. His huddled shoulders were shaking and between his shielding fingers shone the gleam of tears. For a long time he wept and when the worst of it was over, and he looked up I saw that miracles do happen sometimes!

I slipped away and presently Betty stole in to comfort him.

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## YOUTH

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

YOU . . . oh, you . . . low lying there,  
 So still-handed, steeped in sleep,  
 Lover, too, of earth and air:  
 Know, oh, know, I cannot weep  
 When the wind is in the hills  
 And the skies are soaked with blue,  
 Even when the raindrop spills  
 Over you . . . all over you.

I must laugh and I must sing,  
 And at times I must be glad.  
 Oh, is at a cruel thing?  
 They would have me always sad.  
 They would hang before my eyes  
 Veils to blot out all the sun—  
 Muffled in a black disguise  
 I might neither dance nor run.

You . . . oh, you . . . low lying there:  
 Know, sometimes, I must be glad.  
 Well I love the earth and air,  
 The adventure of the day . . .  
 I cannot be always sad,  
 Sometimes I must sing and play.



# Petit Jean Pierre

BY MARGARET BELL



HE Petit Jean Pierre lived above a shop in Sous le Cap. In the door of the shop sat old Batiste, calmly smoking a stubby pipe.

Every one knew Batiste. Tourists who visited Quebec, every summer, learned to look for the old man, who sat outside the door. Very often they would stop and have a few words with him. When they heard his voice come across the cobblestones, in a shrill, piping monotone, "*Tabac! tabac! tabac à vendre!*"

The pungent stuff hung above the door in small bundles. It waved back and forth on its grimy string, as if exhorting the passers-by to take it down.

Batiste was Jean Pierre's grandfather. The little boy had never known any home but the attic above the tobacco shop. Very often he would peep through the cracks in the roof and wonder what was going on in the big world above. The world which was sprinkled with twinkling points of silver.

And he would form wonderful stories about that world. Each star was the soul of someone who lived up there. There was one star much brighter than the rest. Jean Pierre called it the Queen. He imagined that she must be very good, for she shone so much brighter than the rest. And sometimes, in the winter, when Jean Pierre would shiver and draw the tattered quilt over him, he would imagine that the Queen star shone down more kindly at him. And

he would fall asleep with the brightness filling the crack in the roof.

The neighbours in Sous le Cap called him a funny little fellow.

Jean Pierre was lame. He could not remember how it had happened, but there was a fire, one time. Jean Pierre lay in a white room for many weeks, and when he came back to the tiny attic in Sous le Cap, he carried a crutch.

Since then a lovely lady came every Sunday afternoon to see him, at the *magasin de tabac*.

Soon he began to associate the lovely lady with the Queen star, which watched over him every night.

Sometimes his lameness would make him very sad. He could not run and play like the other boys in Sous le Cap. And when strangers drove through, in their motor cars, he could not run after them to get the coppers they sometimes threw into the street.

Now and then, one of the boys would give him a bit of candy, or a slice of orange which he had bought with his coppers. And this would make Jean Pierre very happy.

He often lay awake thinking what he would do for the other boys, if he had a whole pile of coppers, if the corner of the attic suddenly became full of them. He would buy Paul a new pair of shoes. His always had holes. And Gustave needed a cap. He went to school every day in his bare head.

The winters are cold, in Quebec, and one cannot go bareheaded very long.



He would buy old Grandpere Batiste a big muffler, and a new pipe. Jean Pierre had seen a whole windowful of pipes, one day, when the lovely lady took him up on the hill. And he often thought he would like to buy Grandpère a hat like the Archevêque wore. Jean Pierre was in great awe of the Archevêque. He was so great and mighty! But he had a kind face. Jean Pierre wondered what he did with all his old hats. What would the Archevêque do if he asked him sometime?

There was a great parade one day. A whole regiment of soldiers were marching from the big steamer, up the hill to the Terrace. Jean Pierre heard the drums. He asked Grandpère Batiste if he might go up to the Terrace to see. Batiste was nodding on the doorstep. He yawned, and answered "Oui".

Jean Pierre went as quickly as he could, along the narrow street, past the little shops and stifling doorways. Everyone seemed to be in the street. They ran past him, pushing him this way and that. It was hard for him to keep from falling. All the boys from Sous le Cap had gone down to the docks to see the big ship come in. They would follow the procession up to the Terrace.

The boards in the sidewalk were rickety. They would shoot up suddenly, at one end, when Jean Pierre stepped on them. And his crutch would catch in the holes.

He could hear the bands playing. The procession was coming nearer. All the boys were following it. Jean Pierre was away down below the Terrace, with the roofs of the houses shutting out everything.

He walked along till he came to the little railway which goes up to the Chateau. The elevator was at the top. True, it cost five cents to go up, but Jean Pierre thought the man might let him ride free.

He could hear the soldiers up on the Terrace.

For a long time he stood there,

waiting for the elevator to descend. He seemed to be all alone. Everyone was up on the Terrace. Everyone but old Grandpère Batiste, who nodded in the doorway of the *magasin de tabac*.

But the elevator did not come down. The Petit Jean Pierre stood looking up toward the Terrace. He could not climb the hill, for the streets were full of carts. And there were gendarmes, who kept little boys back.

Big tears fell from Jean Pierre's eyes, and a lump came in his throat. He started to walk back to the shop.

That was what made him wish, more than ever before, that he were not lame.

The brown tints from autumn faded, and left the trees gaunt and thin. Snow filtered down between the houses, and the wind whistled around Jean Pierre's attic.

People began to talk about Christmas.

Jean Pierre lay awake, one night, looking up toward his Queen star. Suddenly he sat up in bed. He felt for his rosary, and began to pray. The Queen star seemed to be the Kind Virgin. He prayed to her. Prayed for a long time. That she would take his lameness away and give him strength. It was the only Christmas gift he asked for.

And he fell asleep, with a smile on his lips.

It was the day before Christmas. The lovely lady was coming to take Jean Pierre out in her sleigh. He would see the big stores, up on the hill. They were bright and dazzling in Christmas finery. And Santa Claus was to be there, with a great load of toys.

No wonder the Petit Jean Pierre was excited. Even old Batiste appeared brighter. He put on a red tie, and fastened a few sprigs of holly to the swaying bundles of tobacco. Jean Pierre had found them on the street. They fell from a big load, which was



drawn up the hill to the Chateau.

The lovely lady came about two hours after mid-day. She had a red sleigh filled with great robes. And there was a string of bells around the horse.

Jean Pierre was radiant. He laughed and cried, and clapped his hands. The lovely lady looked more beautiful than ever. She was muffled up in furs.

It was a great time for the Petit Jean Pierre. All the boys from Sous le Cap ran screaming after the scarlet sleigh, which carried him up the hill, to the dazzling mysteries of Christmas.

He had never seen so many wonderful things. There were hundreds of little Christmas trees, all tinsel and stars. Jean Pierre thought of his Queen star, and wondered if she had not sent the other stars down to tip the treetops.

And there were tin soldiers and drums and toys. Jean Pierre thought of the procession to the Terrace and of his disappointment.

But what was that disappointment now? Now, when he was being driven around in a scarlet sleigh, by the loveliest lady in the world?

She left him standing beside a tableful of toys, and went to speak to a man who walked up and down the aisles of the store. Then she came back, and patted Jean Pierre's head. There were so many beautiful things!

It became tiresome, after a while. The stores were full of people, who pushed and crowded. Jean Pierre found it hard to walk. His crutch seemed to be in everyone's way.

Out in the street, tiny fragments of snow had begun to filter down between the rows of houses. All the lights were lit, and the streets looked gay and festive. People stood about, laughing and talking.

Jean Pierre's head was in a whirl. He had never seen so many beautiful things. But his little heart was sad. For he could not forget the

crutch, and how it seemed to be always in people's way.

It was quite dark when they drove back to Sous le Cap. Old Grandpère Batiste had hung a lantern in the doorway. A red candle sputtered inside it.

The boys stood round the door of the *magasin de tabac*, waiting to see Pierre come back. When they saw him, they shouted and called and waved their arms in the air. They ran to the scarlet sleigh, and caught hold of the robes. Jean Pierre was angry. They were begging for coppers. He could not understand how anyone could beg for coppers from the beautiful lady.

She threw them a few coins. They began quarrelling over them. And she kissed the Petit Jean Pierre, and wished him a Merry Christmas. He stood in the doorway of the *magasin de tabac* and watched her disappear down the tawdry narrowness of Sous le Cap.

Jean Pierre did not eat any supper that night. He crept up to his attic, and looked out through the hole in the roof. The Queen star seemed to shine more kindly than before. Jean Pierre knelt down by the little bed and prayed:

"Oh Beautiful Virgin, Mother of Our Lord, take away my lameness and make me strong. Help me, in the morning, to leave my crutch behind, when I go down to Grandpère Batiste. I do not ask for any other gift, Blessed Virgin, only this. Bless everyone, Grandpère and all the boys, but most of all, the lovely lady who is kind. Give them all a *bon Noel* and much happiness. Amen."

For a long time, he lay open-eyed, looking up at the Queen star, which seemed to flood the bed in kindness, and when he fell asleep, he dreamt that the lovely lady had come and cured him of his lameness.

The sun was smiling in through the crack in the roof. Bells were ringing everywhere, and joyousness filled Jean Pierre's tiny attic.



Jean Pierre rubbed his eyes. He must have slept a long time. Then suddenly he sat up in bed. He remembered. This was Christmas Day.

A fear came over him. His prayer! Had the Queen star sent his message to the Virgin?

For a long time he lay there wondering. He almost feared to get up. He could hear old Grandpère Batiste, moving about downstairs. He was preparing breakfast.

Jean Pierre always placed his crutch in the corner, just back of the head of his bed. It was easy to reach in the mornings when he got up. The lovely lady had told him, once, that some day he might be able to walk without his crutch. That was a long time ago. He wondered what she was doing. She must be very happy on Christmas Day. She gave so much happiness to others.

He sat there in bed, thinking of all these things. Then he reached for his crutch. He could not feel it, but his hand touched something which pricked. He looked toward the corner and uttered a little cry. For there stood a beautiful Christmas-tree, all

glittering in toys and tinsel, just like the trees he had seen in the shops the day before.

He jumped out of bed, and stood in the middle of the tiny room, shouting and clapping his hands. Very carefully he turned to go toward the Christmas-tree. His leg did not hurt him. He felt quite strong.

Old Grandpère Batiste came clattering up the steps to Jean Pierre's attic. He wanted to see if the prophecy of the doctor had come true. That Jean Pierre would be able to walk, if he found he had no crutch, but a joyful surprise instead. He saw the little fellow jumping around the beautiful tree, which, in the morning sun, looked like a thing of silver.

"*Bon Noel, mon petit,*" said Grandpère Batiste.

"Oh, Grandpère, I can walk, I can walk! The Queen star gave my prayer to the Blessed Virgin and she has turned my crutch into this lovely Christmas-tree. And I'm sure the lovely lady knew the secret too."

"Maybe, maybe," said Grandpère Batiste, with a smile.







EDITH CAVELL

THE KAISER: "Now you can bring me the American Protest"

The first of a series of remarkable drawings by the celebrated Belgian artist Louis Raemaekers



# CHRISTMAS FOIBLES

By Ashley Sterne



N first reading the above title you will think it's a misprint; for you will say to yourself that Christmas is all peace and good-will, and turkey and mistletoe, and that the man who argues that the festive season has its anxieties must be one of those impossible misanthropes who when (if ever) he gets to Paradise will complain that the harps are out of tune or that his halo is not a perfect fit.

But if you will pour a little cold, strong tea upon your head, a few moments' reflection should serve to demonstrate to you that there is a thorn in every ointment, a fly in every rose, and that even Christmas with all its joys and gaieties is not entirely devoid of those petty annoyances that have been known to reduce strong men to the verge of tears, and to drive weak men to the brink of drink. Take, for example, the fact that Christmas Day is also always rent day. I don't know what playful satirist was responsible for this sorry and unseemly booby-trap. I wish I did. I would inveigh him with all the recognized curses known to the world's most fluent bargees, so that he would not merely turn in his grave, but positively gyrate. For when I require money to spend on presents for my near and dear ones, it seems to me to be the height of irony that a prior lien upon my resources is already legally

established in favour of my landlord who (fortunately) is not near, though (unfortunately) he is abominably dear.

The direct result of this tactless and heartless arrangement is that for at least a week before Christmas I have to exercise the most rigid economy—only two glasses of port after dinner, *The Daily Mail* instead of *The Times*, and nothing in the collection on Sunday—in order that I may be able to afford to send my annual sixpenny packet of milk chocolate to my Aunt Louisa, a sixpenny Keats calendar to my Uncle Jasper, and a couple of sixpenny pocket-diaries (containing valuable accident-insurance coupons enabling the holder to lose one or more limbs in several attractive ways entirely free of expense) to my two cousins, Mildred and Grace.

On more than one occasion a financial panic has only been averted by my utilizing for my own ends Christmas cards of the previous year upon which the senders had happily omitted to write their names. You, gentle reader, with your fifty or sixty thousand a year, who send your cheque for seven pounds ten to your landlord punctually every quarter with no more concern than if you sent him a doughnut or a banana, can afford to cavil with me and accuse me of attempting to make a mountain out of a sow's ear; but I assure you (with my hand on Webster's Condensed Dic-



tionary, which happens to be the most solemn tome within easy reach) that the co-incidence of Christmas Day with rent day completely transforms—in my own case, at least—what is glibly termed “the festive season” into what may be aptly termed “the restive season”.

Another thing for which I shall always hold Christmas in disfavour is the unsolicited *al fresco* choral performances to which one is compelled to listen. Now, I am very fond of vocal music. I have listened for hours to Pavlova on the gramophone, and for the last ten years I have regularly attended a famous songstress's annual Farewell Concert solely to hear her sing that delightful old ballad, “Here a Sheer Bulk Lies Poor Tom Howling”. And I am equally fond of music when circumstances permit of, and are suitable to, its being performed in the open air. I remember one evening at Venice lying in a gondola on the Grand Canal, gazing up into the deep blue of the Italian sky (a hue which Mrs. Elinor Glyn has so successfully incorporated into the modern novel, and Mr. Reckitt into the modern wash-tub), and being moved to a state of lachrymose rapture by the rendering of “Hitchy Koo” by a party of American tourists from Honk (Pu.) who were undergoing one of those ten-day trips through the Sunny South that have inspired so many transpontine literary masterpieces on the subject of the Italian Renaissance by such able and illuminating writers as Mungo T. Bilge, of Piffleville, Pa.; Sadie Q. Figmush, of Mulgiddersprat, Ma., and Urquhart J. Duddle, of Bosh, Ba. Under these conditions you will readily imagine the added enchantment which was lent to the scene by the rhapsody and threnody of these subtle (though perhaps somewhat nasal) harmonies; and as I rose from my horizontal position to assume the perpendicular one in which I invariably walk, and ascending the steps of the quay preparatory to entering my hotel to

dress for dinner, I could not help thinking of Shakespeare's beautiful words:

“If music be the love of food, feed on,  
Macduff.”

Contrast this with the sensations you experience on a cold December night when, having just snuggled down into the comforting depths of a well-feathered bed, you are promptly assaulted by the harsh, half-broken voices of the local butcher-boy, the newspaper-boy, the milk-boy, and half a dozen other confederates, acquainting you with the fact that the good (and apparently draught-proof) King Wenceslas once had the temerity “to look out” (“of window,” I take it) “on the feast of Stephen” (which—presumably—was held in the garden immediately beneath the window out of which King Wenceslas looked; otherwise, the words are pointless).

Then, when they've croaked their cacophonous way through what seems to your tortured ears to be about forty-seven verses concerning the subsequent adventures of this inquisitive monarch, they have the impertinence to ring a triple bob-major, a straight flush and a jack-pot upon your front-door bell, and continue to peal until you get out of your warm bed, don your chilly slippers and dressing-gown, descend the frozen staircase, and shout through the icy letter-box all the bitterest anathema and most trenchant sarcasms you can think of. At this game, however, you probably find that the butcher-boy and his disreputable colleagues can more than hold their own; so after consigning them, their heirs, executors and assigns, collectively and individually, to a variety of hideous dooms long since regarded as relics of paganism, you return to your room with the words of the Village Blacksmith running in your head:

“Something attempted, nothing done,  
To earn a night's repose.”

This will be more fully impressed on



you as the night wears on, and further parties of vocalists turn up at intervals of a few minutes to haunt you with relays of carols, and drive you demented with assorted *solis* upon your bell. The climax is eventually reached when the local brass band arrives about two a.m., and launches a selection of ear-splitting melodies full at your bedroom window. Goaded by desperation to your last extremity you once more bound out of bed, and hastily searching your trousers pockets for the morrow's lunch-money, you fling open the window, and hurl the extorted bullion at the head of the ruffian who is putting about seventy-five horsepower down the business end of a bass trombone.

You finally tumble into bed in the firm conviction that if the pandemonium you have endured at intervals during the last three hours is to be taken as an expression of the goodwill towards men with which Yuletide is popularly supposed to be saturated, the sooner a competent chartered accountant is called in, and his opinion taken as to the advisability of writing off that same good-will as a doubtful asset, the better it will be for a tolerant and long-suffering humanity.

Lastly, let us briefly consider the extraordinary and inexplicable custom of making and consuming that highly injurious form of pabulum known as Christmas pudding. Everyone admits that Christmas is not Christmas unless the dyspeptic compound forms the *pièce de résistance* at the festive board. But where, I ask, is the authority for including it in an already overcrowded and super-indigestible menu? I have turned the usually well-informed Mrs. Beeton inside-out—I speak figuratively, of course—in my endeavour to solve the problem, but she maintains an obstinate silence on this important point. (She seems to have completely exhausted her investigatory resources in that absorbing and powerful essay

entitled "Observations on the Common Hog").

Other culinary authors, too, are as mute as dumb-bells upon this momentous question, with the result that the origin of Christmas pudding is swathed in several thicknesses of mystery, *albeit* some investigators hold that the first appearance of Christmas pudding coincided with the discovery of Portland cement.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that we annually turn out—and subsequently turn in—several thousand tons of this deleterious mixture, and thus help to keep ninety-nine per cent. of the medical profession from swelling the ranks of the unemployed. It is no exaggeration to say that in the majority of households the whole domestic machinery for weeks before Christmas suffers severe dislocation on account of the services of every servant, and all the available cooking utensils, being reserved for the purpose of manufacturing these pernicious puddings. For the average housewife is not content with making one solitary specimen; she must make, not a single spy, but a whole battalion, and this passion for pudding-production has on more than one occasion been the cause of bitter friction arising in hitherto happy and flourishing homes.

Personally, I never touch Christmas pudding as a comestible. I have occasionally used one as a jack at bowls, and another small one (possessed of enormous specific gravity and a pachydermatous rind that has blunted more cutlery than the most slovenly knife-boy) reposes on my writing-table, where it fulfils the useful function of a paper-weight. Its beauties as a food are absolutely wasted on me; and if ever I feel as if a little illness would be beneficial to my health I go about and catch a thoroughly respectable disease that I am not ashamed to exhibit to the family doctor.



# SPIDER ISLAND

By Patric Morrison.

Illustrations by C.W. Jefferys



THE advertisement said, "Come and pick your summer cottage", and we at any rate were allured into taking the ferry to see it. If you go so far, and if you are the kind to deserve it, after that the question is settled. The ferry starts off as if it were bound for the Myriad Isles, but one look at the ferry would decide you that it had nothing in common with them. And as a matter of fact, after leaving Port Frontenac, it goes straight across the bay, breasting the current, beginning to set towards the St. Lawrence and waddling from one to another of the low islands between us and the American shore.

We shan't be at our island just yet, so have a look at the ferry steamer. Blunt in the nose and solid in the build, she could tell stories of ice-pans and dark howling nights and the time the big freighter broke the rule of the road. But just now she is a plain, domestic little craft full up with market-stuff, with horses gazing solemnly over her bows, a peremptory toot for a whistle, and a Scots captain, who looks Irish.

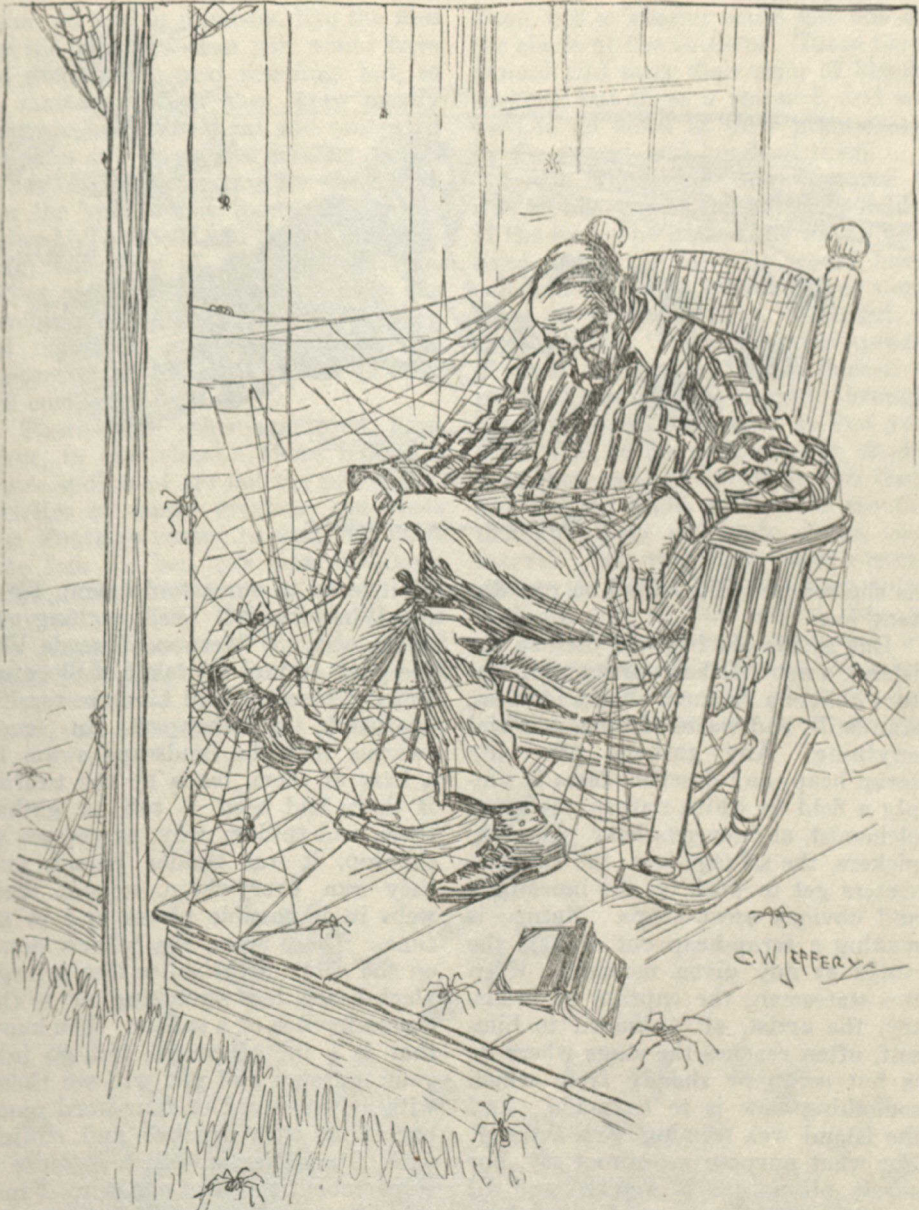
But here we are. One must get off quickly, for she bumps on to the

wharf, backs water (step lively now), and she's off, with you landed on Spider Island.

Just about a thousand yards long, a sickle in the shining surface of the lake, either No. 1 or No. 1001 of the myriad isles, and all day long the ships go sailing by, lake liners, freighters, tugs, imposing *Toronto*, or the picaroon craft that hang in the offing at nightfall and take down their sails out by the lighthouse and Rock Isle.

Spider Island had once been busy island; they had made ships here, the smart little one-hundred-tonners and the long lumpy lighters. They had made them all from lumber towed to the spot, and then a change had come, and one day the yards were silent, the chains and the iron work began straightway to rust, the wood-work to rot, and in the bay of the sickle the derelict craft lay half submerged, as if some ferocious submarine had reaped a rich harvest in a well filled harbour. The shipwrights had downed their tools and moved to other scenes, and in a long row their shafts stood idle and empty along the single road that ran to the tip of the island, and only one man was left in charge, a skipper of the old school,





"They ran everywhere, weaved their webs in impossible places and in no time"

now skipper of a patch of dry land and admiral of a fleet which was reduced to the little motor launch he ran backwards and forwards through all weathers and all waters to take and fetch the morning and evening mail. And the one link with Canada was

the stumpy little ferry boat which, four times a day, waddled alongside the crumbling wharf, bumped, shed a parcel or a passenger, and was off again, snorting vigorously into the thumping waves, fading into the distance, till we heard her cheerful toot





' The toads were the most sociable''

as she reached Big Island on our distant lee.

But as the old life had died in the island, a new life had sprung up. Nature abhors a vacuum, abhors idleness, standstill, and waste of time, material anything. Any garbage pile, any scrap heap, any deserted farm is simply a field on which nature, the great alchemist, at once gets busy. The rag pickers, the salvage-men, the rubbish-sorters get to work on the immediate and obvious scrap-heaps. Nature is making a scrap-heap out of half the world at any given moment. Even the statesman, the captain of industry, the artist, all unknown to himself, often reaches the stage where he is but scrap or shoddy from which something new is to be made. And the island was teeming with activity. For what purpose we cannot say, but surely all nature is a plan, and all creation working to perfect wisdom, in the end without waste or fussiness, or mis-spent effort, or any of the botchery of man.

To us *habitants* this activity could have no special purpose; sometimes even it was a nuisance, as the myriad shad flies came at nightfall to rest in our hair; but soon, very soon, the activity impressed one, and one accept-

ed it, even to our astonishment, liked it. What was it? Well, nothing out of the way. Wilderness of weeds, like the park around the castle of Sleeping Beauty, insects of all kinds in terrific profusion, grasshoppers in such swarms that the landscape swam in a haze of them, toads by the tubful, if there had been a tub to gather them, and spiders, why, as you see at the top, it was Spider Island, and they ran everywhere, weaved their webs in impossible places and in no time. There were big fellows down on the shore with bodies like a large black berry, legs stretching out to the circumference of a saucer. You know that is a lie, of course, but go into your museum and you will see them, with a three-word or four-word name beginning with *arachua* and ending with *Laurentiensis*, which is quite a respectable title for a monster. From these they tapered away down to the mite that threw a web across the cream-jug and could push through the meshes of coarse muslin. Only one thing saved us humans from destruction. If the spiders co-operated like the bees, they would have you, and would weave a web strong enough to see you dangling in it like a carcase in a butcher's shop. Even if they



came at you in numbers, like the flies or the 'skeeters, then you would have to decamp the next morning, but, as a matter of fact, they were mostly harmless, and lived fat and contented on flies and gnats and smaller moths. They and the toads were the check on the voluminous insect life of the island. The toads ran riot in the evening, but were of the most sociable. They came out boating with us in the evening, and dropped into the kitchen at nightfall, and were always the decentest of fellows and the quietest of company.

There were other creatures, however, in our island. These fellows I have spoken of are not the prime favourites of minor creation, not since La Fontaine ceased to sing, but none the less we had our compensations. Mosquitoes there were in plenty, and any of you that have been plagued by mosquitoes could come here and have your laugh at them. The wind blew ever cool and free over our island, and after one week's bleeding in

June, not a 'skeeter could stir out of the shade of the thickets. There they danced and sang their song of blood-sucking, but there it stopped, and we used to go down to their plantations by the swamp and laugh at them.

I was wandering there because I was on my way to the butterfly fields. If the man who named the island had lived up at the farm he would have called it Butterfly Island. Never were there so many and so beautiful, I should think. With the great spread of their wings they could darken a patch of sunlight as you came through the wood to an open spot, so that you could still be for a moment in shade. And then as they fluttered with their half-halting flight you would see the brilliant hues on their wings, and marvel. One week there came a workman to the island from the busy world without, who at first looked askance at us islanders, and suggested we should go somewhere else and live, but at the end of the week, when his job was done, or rather not done—he had



“ ‘If’s a bloomin’ marvel.’ ” he said



tried to sink a well, if you please!— I found him in the butterfly field lying on his back and gaping.

"It's a bloomin' marvel," he said to me, and when he left next morning I saw on his face the look of one who leaves the sirens and the lotus-land.

But I know you will be getting impatient. After all, what did you do, you will want to know. Well, let me tell you first who we were, we *habitants*. First in honour were the families of three soldiers, and you will understand that their wives wanted a quiet place, still near enough for us to see at night the lights of the big camp away up on the bluff above the river. The children, of course, made the natural population of the island. It was for them Robinson Crusoe's island, and each would take his rôle. Then there were three scholars on vacation with their wives, three no less, and one of them a philosopher. Often I felt tempted to whisper to Beta McManus, the chubby twelve-year older, "Do you know Mr. Donaldson is a real live philosopher," but I think she half suspected it from his title and description. Yet you would doubt it, for how would a philosopher dive like that, or ask such natural questions, or be so glad to see you, or join in breaking into—but that we must keep from the captain. Then there were the motor-boaters. Three householders came over at evening from the town across the bay with terrific tuff-tuffs, and sometimes when they started at more or less the same time there were dreadful races, followed palpating by us all.

So you can see a little now what we did. There was swimming, and boating, even fishing, it was said, and a rock bass *is* a bass after all, and then, as I have reminded you, it was in a way Robinson Crusoe's island. And so we had the usual fun of campers, the fetching wood and water, the mysterious delving in the stores, the novelty of the wrong people doing the housework and the cooking.

But, above all, there was the sun-

set. Even the children felt it, not that children do not enjoy sunsets and things of beauty, but they felt here it was a part of the day, a rite not to be omitted, like the daily mass of a devout Catholic, fragrant and refreshing, a long picture gallery of wonderful skyscrapers, shown one at a time, and erected in a half-hour, richer than picture-show, or stage-play, more reverential than orchestra or organ piece, sweeter than children singing hymns by lamplight, reminiscent of time and eternity, life and creation, the end of all, and the new glories of the many mansions.

I am not going to try to describe those sunsets, whether they were the kind that lit the whole sky with their radiance, or whether they were the real Canadian sunset, a long bar of rich light along the western horizon. For though a sunset in words may be a feeble daguerreotype recollection to one who has seen that sunset from just that spot, to others they mean nothing definite or shaped, only conferred futuristic images tiring or untrue. But what I will try to do is to give the moral of them, in our old puritanical way, though that puritanical trait dates back to days of bestiaries and lapidaries, when there was symbolism in everything. And it seems to me it is this: Other countries go by their contours. The shape of their coastline determines them. Italy and Britain you cannot think of apart from their map picture. I would not wonder if what is wrong with Germany is that she has not got a profile. It is not so with Canada. You visualize Canada at once the first time you pass from the Gulf into her shining and majestic waterway of the St. Lawrence. That waterway stretches on through thousands of miles to the far extreme of Lake Superior, and even then so mighty a highway is not complete till you have satisfied yourself where it leads to and how it goes. And that waterway was not complete till it was fully realized how much the end and aim of Canada lay in the





" We used to go down to their plantations by the swamp and laugh at them "

harvest-fields of the West. Still more that way was not fully paved until man took a hand in its making, and when he planned and planted its iron tracks and made all Canada one, and that one the spacious rich lands of a great community stretching from here

to the sunset, then the ideal Canada which you visualize at the gateway of Quebec becomes a real thing.

And that is what makes our enjoyment, the reverent hush with which we watch the closing at evening of the gates of the West. That is the legend



and the call which all those who enter our eastern portals see and hear. "Are you stepping westward," said the strange woman to Wordsworth on the strand of the Bristol Channel. "We're *marching* west," or "we're bring east the golden riches of the West," is the true land song and folk-song of the dwellers on the Great West Road. Even here the throb of that marching song echoes. We came here, for we were all rather tired this summer. But we have had our rest, and we are bid begone. The waves have been telling us this long time to be up and doing. They have been coming, surging with their ceaseless activity, beating at our doors, waking us at night with their pounding and the tramp of their feet. And I have heard my companions, with their sympathy that belong to the children of Evis—I have heard them interpret those voices. And now other and plainer voices are speaking. If I fall asleep, and wake when the six o'clock hooters sound across the bay, I hear the patter of feet pass up the old board walk by the road, and catch the murmur of the talk of the workers as they hurry to their evening meal. If I wake at night I hear, too,

voices. It is not the sound of the waters, for that I hear apart. It is not the wind in the trees or the creaking of the roof timbers. But somehow it comes to me, like the blended murmur over the wires, all the sounds and talk and actions of the busy little world that was here, the good man throwing down his tool-bag, the call of the wife to the bairns without, the clatter of pots on the range, and dishes from the press, the murmur of talk at the supper table, and the pushing back of chairs, the buzz that rose from the school-room, the shrieking of the pulleys and winches, the clang of hammers, and roar with which a ship was launched from the ways.

I hear it all, and I wonder. Is it somehow that this is the cause of the activity which goes on about me in the daytime? Are the chirp of the grasshopper, and the shrill of the cricket, the drone of the hymenoptera, the running of the spiders and the toads but an echo of the labour that was here before, a fermentation of those waters now still, and do these noises, just one note in the sphere of music, call to me again to be up and doing to the marching song of the road to the West?





# THE CAPTOR CAPTURED

By Mabel Quiller-Couch

AUTHOR OF "SOME WESTERN FOLK," ETC.

**I** AM awfully sorry to have given you so much trouble, and—and I am very much obliged to you for your help, but," raising two rueful, shamed, but glorious eyes to his. "I—I hope I may never see you again—I beg your pardon, I mean I hope you may never see me again. I—I am so horribly ashamed."

"I am glad to have been of any help," the young man's tone was polite, but painfully formal.

"If only he would not look so shocked," thought Betty desperately, "if he would but take it as a joke, I should not feel half so bad."

"I will return you your shoe," he added, holding it towards her by the extreme tip of its lace. Even the snow and slush on it could not conceal its appalling shabbiness, Betty noticed, and, oh, why did he persist in dangling it so that every dilapidation showed to the utmost. "May I help you to put it on?"

"No, you may not," snapped Betty, "I begged you not to fish it out of the river, now please throw it back again at once, or, if you dangle it before my eyes a moment longer, I cannot be answerable for what I shall do."

For the first time a smile crossed her rescuer's face. "You have put a terrible temptation in my way," he said almost boyishly.

"Nevertheless you have to obey me. Please," pleadingly, "throw it away."

"But you can't walk over this half-frozen snow with bare feet, a bare foot, I mean. You will have to put on your shoe, or let me help you home. If you leaned on my arm and hopped"—he paused to try to conceal the laughter in his eyes and voice, "it would warm you. You will really be ill if you stand about any longer in your wet clothes in this atmosphere."

This roused her. "Ill! oh, I mustn't be ill—I've got a Christmas dance on—" She was thankful afterwards that she had said "I" and not "We," and so given away her identity.

"A Christmas dance! So have"—but before he could complete his sentence he found himself addressing space only, for Betty was flying along the road as fast as her unshod foot would allow her. Her skirts, heavy with water, clung about her legs uncomfortably, hampering her at every step, the broken snow hurt her foot, but she cared nothing so long as she got away from her rescuer and her shoe. By going across the fields to the Grange she would save a ten minutes' walk—but he might be watching her, and not for anything would she have him know that the Grange was her home. So she went the long way round by the high road, though there was the risk of meeting people she



knew, "and, of course," she told herself bitterly, "everyone she especially did not want to meet would be out."

She met only Philippa, however, and at the sight of her Betty sank on to the low wall of the churchyard with a sigh of relief. Philippa would scold, but what one's own sister said mattered nothing. Of course, Philippa's eyes fell at once on the hole in the toe of Betty's stocking.

"Oh, that's a trifle," sighed Betty wearily, "you should see the heel!"

"Well, if you run in stockinged feet over half-frozen snow—"

"Only one shoe came off," corrected Betty, "but, of course, it was the one that had the biggest holes in it. I wouldn't have minded so much though, if—if I hadn't had such holes in my stockings. Shabby shoes look like honest poverty, but holey stockings show—"

"Sheer laziness," said Philippa uncompromisingly. "Betty, you hadn't on those awful old shoes of yours, your pets, had you?"

Betty nodded. "Yes, I had a long way to walk, and I wanted to be comfortable. The worst of it is I have left one in his keeping!"

"Betty!"

"And he was such a toney-looking youth, too," ruminated Betty. "Awfully superior, and painfully polite, and so well dressed."

"I hope he was not anyone we are likely to meet again," Philippa murmured anxiously.

"So do I."

"There are any amount of strangers staying about here for Christmas, a lot are coming to our dance to-night, and I suppose we shall get to know them all."

"He is sure to be one of the 'lot'," sighed Betty drearily. "But he shall not know me, though. I'll wear the Nun's gown, Philly, and he will never guess I am the pig-tailed, short-skirted damsel he found up to her knees in river mud. I pulled my old cap well down over my eyes—what do you think, Phil?"

Philippa looked doubtful. She could scarcely believe that any man would fail to recognize again Betty's blue eyes, black lashes, and copper-coloured locks.

Betty got up and shook out her wet skirts. "Never mind," she said provokingly, "perhaps he will mistake you for me! We are rather alike—Oh, I say, here comes the curate—Good-bye!"

Michael Gregory buttoned himself into his policeman's tunic with a despondent sigh, and as he pulled on his black woollen gloves he anathematized all fancy-dress dances soundly and comprehensively.

"Why on earth people can't dance in their ordinary clothes, but must get themselves up in something hotter and stuffier than usual, it passes my understanding to discover!"

He repeated the problem to Tom Howard when Tom burst into the room to have his pinafore tied about his neck. "My dear Mickey, nobody dictated to you what you should wear. You could have gone as an imp, if you had liked, or an Ice King."

"Well, I couldn't decide what to go as, I never can, and just as my brain was giving way under the strain I came upon this helmet—a relic of bygone Town and Gown row—and that settled it. It's too late now to change. Do you think anyone will recognize me?"

"Oh, no!" ironically, "of course not."

Not recognize him! Betty Brunton, coming down the stairs as he stepped into the hall, knew him the moment her eyes fell on him, and was filled with a rush of deep thankfulness that she had chosen the nun's white robes, and the close-fitting coif and veil, rather than the early Victorian gown and bonnet which Philippa had wanted her to wear. The flowing robe made her look tall and dignified, the coif and veil concealed every bit of her beautiful hair.

That the disguise was perfect she



knew when her host brought her and her rescuing knight face to face, and no gleam of recognition showed in his eyes.

There was a gleam of something else, though, which was much more pleasant to Betty than the grave shocked look of the afternoon, and brought a tint of roses to her cream-tinted cheeks.

"May I have the pleasure of a dance?" he asked gravely, "at least—I mean, you do dance?" he added hurriedly.

"You think my 'habit' will not permit?" Betty's smile was not at all nunlike, but it was very compelling.

Michael smiled back. "It seemed wrong, somehow, to suggest anything so frivolous."

"But what of your own? Do policemen dance?"

"Not often, I imagine," with a tug at his collar, "or they would all be dead of apoplexy." He held out his hand for her programme. "May I?"

"I don't know. What should I do if you died of apoplexy in my arm—at my feet, I mean!" Betty added hastily.

"But I will not, I promise you I will not. If I feel the slightest symptom coming on I will ask you to lead me to a cool and secluded corner."

"Very well," agreed Betty, but she spoke absently. Her brain was busy with an idea, a delightful idea promising plenty of fun and a neat little turning of the tables on this young man who had witnessed her humiliation and laughed at her embarrassment. Betty's eyes grew brighter, in her excitement her feet simply flew over the polished floor, her body seemed to float.

"Do all nuns dance as you do?" her partner asked in undisguised admiration. Betty looked up at him. He had taken off his uncomfortable helmet and hung it on his arm. "Ah, how handsome he is!" thought Betty. "What a well-shaped head he has—and that ripple in his well-groomed hair—" Her heart gave a curious lit-

tle throb, and her eyes fell suddenly.

"I—I—what did you say? Do all nuns dance? I don't know. I should think it depended on which they went in for first. You see, I learned to dance before I became a nun." She spoke in broken, nervous fashion. Later on she felt that her embarrassment had helped her scheme, but at the moment she felt only foolish, and angry with herself. It was all lost, though, on her partner. He was conscious only of her sweet face, her grace, her indescribable charm.

"Do you know," he said at last, and he spoke almost shyly, "I cannot picture you as anything but a nun—it shows how well your raiment suits you."

Then it was true he had not recognized her! Her heart beat just a shade faster, but she looked up at him with mischievous taunting eyes, and her laugh rang out gaily. "And I can picture you everything but a policeman, which—"

"Which shows how little my raiment suits me," he concluded for her, "and I am not sorry."

The music had stopped minutes ago, yet still he lingered. Across the room Betty could see the band preparing for the next dance.

"Here come our partners in search of us," she said hurriedly. And before Michael had realized what she was saying, the place at his side was empty, the "sweet-faced nun" had vanished.

The "sweet-faced nun" was at that moment hurrying up the kitchen stairs, on her way to her own room. As she entered it the strains of "Blue Danube" reached her. "There is no waltz in the world like it," she sighed regretfully, and felt sorry for her defrauded partner and herself. "I hope Major Dunn will find someone to take my place, and not be very, very angry with me."

There was no time, though, to waste in regrets. Hurry as she would, the waltz was ended before she descended again. Michael Gregory, wandering



into the hall in the unexpressed hope of meeting his nun again, saw instead a quaint figure in early Victorian crinoline and coal-scuttle bonnet floating down the stairs. Her gown was befrilled and garlanded, a full thick veil carelessly thrown back over her bonnet brim concealed the face so much that it was not until she spoke to him that Michael noticed how curiously the smooth bands of dark hair contrasted with the rosy face they surrounded.

At the sight of Michael the little lady broke into a run, landed with a whirl at the foot of the stairs and almost in his arms.

"Oh, Constable!" she gasped, "I am so glad to see you, I was—" glancing nervously over her shoulder and lowering her voice, "I was looking for a policeman, I hoped there would be some here to-night—so wise—so necessary. I—to tell you the truth," leaning forward confidentially, "I am sure there is something very wrong going on—something extremely painful. Oh, constable—I hardly like to put my suspicions into words—but I must—I must, and then leave the matter in the hands of you and your brave comrades!"

She shuddered so violently that the poke bonnet lurched to one side, and she had to unloose her clinging hands from Michael's arm in order to straighten it.

Michael was almost speechless with embarrassment and annoyance. "I—I am—" he stammered.

"Already watching," she broke in hurriedly. "Ah, I might have known you would not need to be told—but how you must abhor your duty at times—especially when the guilty one is a young and apparently refined young woman, and more especially when she dons the garb of religion."

Her victim looked so perplexed and uncomfortable, that Betty had to pause for a moment in order to choke back her laughter.

"But I—"

"Oh—I quite see that you can give

no heed to garb, when duty calls on you to act. You see the criminal, not the woman. Alas, I wish I had your stoicism, but the sight of a guest taking advantage of her host's hospitality to—to pursue her nefarious designs—that sounds well," thought Betty, "I hope it is all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I hardly know, I can scarcely explain, but a woman, dressed as a nun, has absented herself from the ballroom, and I saw her going from bedroom to bedroom in the most suspicious manner. She glided so softly, and—and every now and then she stopped, and listened, and glanced about her—oh, it was dreadful to see her, and she so young and—and with such a good face," wound up Betty, with a sound in her throat like a sob. "You won't be hard on her, will you?"

"Hard on her!" gasped Gregory. "There has been some horrible mistake, I have seen a lady dressed as a nun, I have danced with her. She is no thief," he declared indignantly; and Betty could have hugged him for it. "I will stake my existence she is as—as—" He broke off abruptly, suddenly conscious that he was making himself conspicuous.

Philippa, dressed as "Evangeline," came into the hall leaning on the arm of Tom Howard. "Why, Betty!" she exclaimed, "I thought—" But Betty was already skimming away.

In another few minutes the bonnet and crinoline, the false front and beflounced gown were scattered over her bedroom floor, and from under the bed Betty was pulling out her nun's robes.

"Philippa is a perfect idiot at times," she muttered wrathfully, as she arranged her veil. "Of course, he will find out who 'Betty' is. If I hadn't flown she would have gone on to say, 'Oh, I thought you had decided to wear the nun's costume instead of that'—I wonder how my constable is feeling now," she added irrelevantly, a ripple of laughter breaking from her. "He looked so disgusted."



Her eyes softened and fell before their own reflection. "It was—it was rather nice of him to stand up for her in that way. I believe he really hated me for throwing suspicion on her."

"Now," with another glance in the mirror, "am I looking all right? Won't poor Philippa be puzzled, if she sees me, I only hope she will have the sense not to shout 'Betty' again."

But Philippa had departed when Betty once more glided down the stairs, so had Tom, and everyone else, as far as she could see. From the ballroom came the sound of a minuet. "That will keep them for some time," she thought. "I suppose 'he' is there, too—Oh!" For almost the first time in her life Betty screamed as the policeman stepped out of the shadow of a doorway. "Oh—h, it's only you," she added, beaming on him one of her most winning smiles. "Why don't you go and have some refreshments? You will find the room almost empty, if you go now"; and before he could answer she had glided away down a side passage.

Michael stood for a moment staring after her dumbly. At the sight of her again, his presence of mind had forsaken him. How dared anyone accuse her of dishonesty. Hot anger flamed up in his breast at the mere thought. Yet, to his deep annoyance, a wave of common sense surged over him, too. A thief, of course, did not go round labelled thief, nor looking like one. Her garb—well, it did give plenty of opportunity for concealing things—

The next moment Police-Constable Gregory was making his way softly down the passage, too.

Betty, standing half concealed, yet purposely conspicuous, was growing impatient. "If I dive into the pocket of my old cloak many more times, I shall wear out its edges. I wonder if he did go into the refreshment-room, or if he is watching?" But at that same moment she heard footsteps coming stealthily along the passage. And

then—even though she was prepared for it—she could not keep back a scream as a hand was laid heavily on her shoulder.

It took her only an instant to recover herself, with agonized face and eyes wide with terror, she turned on her captor, and as she did so he saw the glint of gold and jewels in her hand.

"Oh—or, do let me go," she gasped, trying to wrench herself from his grip. Something fell from her hand and rolled along the floor. "You are hurting me!" Then growing more righteously indignant as she saw that he had not the faintest idea what he must do next. "How dare you lay your hand on me—and what right have you to enter the ladies' cloak-room!"

Michael had not thought of that, and did not know how to conceal his embarrassment. "I was asked to—I was warned—"

"Asked to! Warned! Told to—to arrest a lady because she takes something from the pocket of her own cloak! From whom did you take your orders?"

Again he saw his mistake. "I don't know," he admitted. "She was a lady in crinoline and poke bonnet, and she was called Betty."

"Oh, kindly bring my accuser, I wish to meet her face to face!" Betty's hauteur was splendid. She was thoroughly enjoying herself.

Michael felt horribly uncomfortable.

"You can lock me in while you are away, if you like."

"No, I can't, there is no key."

Betty knew that, there was never a key in any lock at the Grange.

"I will give you my word of honour that I will stay." But Michael did not hear her, he was on his knees groping for something small and glittering.

"Here was proof conclusive," he thought miserably, and dawdled over his find, in the hope that the prisoner would make her escape. Surely she



would realize, and seize her opportunity! But, instead of the rush he almost prayed to hear, came a peal of laughter, genuine uncontrollable laughter, and from his prisoner.

"Oh, I can't keep it up any longer," gasped Betty. "Do get up, and don't bother any more about that brooch, it is not priceless, it came out of a cracker."

Police Constable Gregory rose stiffly. He felt foolish, angry and perplexed. How was he to know which was the ruse, this or the other! Then he met the heavenly blue eyes, and their glance determined him. She was a minx, but she was straight as a die. He could not yet unbend, though, the thought that he was being laughed at left him uncomfortable, and inclined to be frigid.

"Is it intended to be a joke?" he asked, looking a little sheepish, "and directed against me?"

"You look as though you don't like jokes. Are you very angry?" Betty's face had grown grave, her lips drooped a little at the corners. He hastened to reassure her.

"Angry? No, of course, not! Why should I be? I can stand a joke—"

"Can you? I wish you would look as though you could."

"Don't I?"

"No, you quite frighten me," Betty's eyes were full of concern. "It was very silly of me, I know, and very wrong, but—I did so long to have a little revenge on you."

"Revenge on me? What on earth for? I have never seen you before, so how can I have offended you?"

"Never seen me before? Oh!" Betty looked hurt, "have you forgotten?"

Michael looked foolish. "I—am sorry—but your dress is—is—but how can I have offended you so deeply?"

"You humiliated me—you pulled me out of the river, and—and you were laughing at me all the time, I know you were—there, there you go again!"

A roar of laughter sounded through

the room. "Oh, now at last, I begin to understand! You are the lady of the gorgeous pigtail, of the angry eyes, I own it was inexcusable of me to laugh, but—you did look funny. You were so mad with yourself, and with me, and your shoe—"

"You did not look entirely dignified yourself when you were groping on the floor just now," retorted Betty.

He checked his laughter and held out his hand. "Shall we shake hands and cry quits?" he asked. "And, look here, let's go together in search of that early Victorian Betty who played so well into your hands. It would be a lovely revenge to face her, arm in arm—"

"It would," said Betty hastily, "but I am afraid you will never have it—unless we meet a mirror," she added mischievously. He looked at her for a moment with a face full of bewilderment—then suddenly enlightenment came to him. "You don't mean to say—that I—that you—"

Betty nodded. "Yes, I do, I mean that exactly, I am Betty, sister Betty, early Victorian Betty, Betty Brunton."

Her eyes met his defiantly. But there was no answering laughter in his, to her surprise, he was very grave. "The only Betty—" he said slowly, "for me," and Betty's eyes fell, all the laughter and defiance gone out of them.

A sudden silence fell on the room, a silence during which both realized that here and now they had met their fate. It was Michael who broke it.

"Betty," he said, and took in his own one of her trembling hands, "Betty, I came here to capture you, and do you know what has happened?"

"You—you have decided to let me escape," said Betty, but in a voice so small and shaky she herself could scarcely hear it.

"Indeed I haven't. What has happened is that you have taken me captive, Betty, body and soul—"





WINTER LANDSCAPE  
From the Painting by  
Maurice Cullen







# RE-VIEWS of the LITERARY HISTORY OF CANADA By J. D. Logan

ESSAY II—CANADIAN FICTIONISTS AND OTHER CREATIVE PROSE WRITERS

**I**T is unfortunate that hitherto Canadian verse has occupied the centre of the critical stage and has had the spotlight of sympathetic criticism focused upon it. Hardly has Canadian fiction and imaginative prose in other *genres* had even the fringes of the limelight of appreciative criticism thrown upon its evolution and qualities. Mr. Marquis has devoted a considerable section of his monograph to a more or less sketchy, though constructive, review of Canadian fiction. As a bird's-eye view of the history of Canadian fiction, and as a succinct fresh estimate of its literary distinction and value, his review is informing and critically sane. But even Mr. Marquis hastens to state that "the chief glory of Canadian literature is its poetry". The truth is that Canadian fiction, taken in the large to include such imaginative *genres* as novels, romances, tales, prose idyls, animal stories, and creative comedy or humour, has a more distinctively nativistic origin and history, and a more distinctively national note, than has Canadian poetry. Here I may not wait to explain in this essay how the spotlight of appreciative criticism

and of consequent fame has been deflected from Canadian fiction or imaginative prose to Canadian poetry. I need all the available space to present fresh constructive views of Canadian imaginative prose, and thus to signalize its real glory—which, let me add, only in fine craftsmanship and sustained inspiration is, at its best, less impressive, if less conspicuous, than the glory of Canadian poetry. Here, however, before passing, I may say that the critical neglect of Canadian imaginative prose has been due chiefly to two causes. Poetry is intrinsically a more inviting and engaging literary species than is prose for critical treatment and appreciation. Aside from that, foreign, as well as native-born, critics of Canadian literature have had no really regardful eye for the historic process. They were concerned only with individuals and literary works, as if both were absolutely discrete entities that simply happened. Their criticisms were merely private appreciations or personal opinions. Whoever, then, considers Canadian fiction and other imaginative prose *genres* strictly with his eye on the historic process in them, disclosing their beginnings and evolution, will do Cana-



dian literature and literary criticism a genuine service. The present essay attempts such a service.

In the history of Canadian fiction and other imaginative prose *genres* I observe a Pioneer, Colonial, or Pre-Confederation period, and a strictly Canadian, or Post-Confederation period; and in the latter, at least so far as the novel and the romance are concerned, first, a tentative period, and, secondly, a constructive, systematic, or renaissance period. As a ready aid to recalling important persons and dates in a historico-critical review of the creative prose writers of Canada, I note that Canadian nativistic fiction began virtually one hundred years after the first genuine work of English fiction had appeared, and that the original creators of fiction, both in England and in Canada, bore the same patronymic, or family name—Richardson. In 1740 Samuel Richardson published his "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded". It is the first specimen in English of the authentic novel; for though composed in the form of letters, there runs through the epistles a skilfully constructed and coherent plot; and plot is essential to the authentic novel. In 1832 Major John Richardson, born near Niagara Falls, published his "Wacousta; or, The Prophecy", and, in 1840, its sequel, "The Canadian Brothers; or, The Prophecy Fulfilled". They are authentic novels of the romantic type, having, as they do, respectably constructed plots, and being filled with the romance of the passion of love, heightened with thrilling adventure and incident, and coloured with pictures of aboriginal character and life against a background of nature in the wild. We may, then, put it down in our mental note-book that the first nativistic fiction, having the authentic Canadian note and having the right to be included by the literary historian and critic in the *corpus* of Canadian literature as such, appeared considerably prior to Confederation.

The literary annalist, no doubt, would date the beginning of fiction in Canada with the appearance of "The History of Emily Montague" in 1769, a romance written and published by Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of Rev. John Brooke, Chaplain of the British Forces at Quebec under the Carleton régime. Apart from its matter, which is lively in movement and made sprightly with engaging characterization and with the colour of social life and of wild nature during the decade following the Fall of Quebec, Mrs. Brooke's novel is imitative, being written in the epistolary manner of Samuel Richardson. While, indeed, it affords pleasurable reading, "The History of Emily Montague" is to be valued rather as a social and historical document, in as much as it faithfully depicts the customs and manners of the times in British North America after the conquest of the French. As literature and as history the book is strictly Colonial. There were other Colonial writers of imaginative prose. They are, however, to be accepted as quasi-fictionists; for they had no genius for invention, characterization, and realistic nature-painting in words. Including Mrs. Brooke, all the writers of fiction in Canada, preceding John Richardson, were, as Mr. Marquis phrases it, "birds of passage", and have no right to be considered as producers of a Canadian nativistic fiction. As "birds of passage", they have merely a right to have their existence and work noted in an inclusive Literary History of Canada.

Now, as Samuel Richardson was the creator of the English novel as such, that is, of fiction with plot, and as Sir Walter Scott was the creator of the English historical novel or romance, so James Fenimore Cooper was the creator of the distinctively American historical romance, and John Richardson was the creator of the distinctively Canadian historical romance. Moreover, all four were equally original, independent, and in-



dividual; Samuel Richardson's novels were a pure invention in literary species; Scott's historical romances were also a pure invention in literary species; and as Scott had no influence on the inspiration and the methods of Cooper, so, as I shall show, contrary to received opinion, Cooper had no influence on the inspiration and the methods of John Richardson. Unless a constructive critic can show the originality and independence of John Richardson as a literary creator, the critic cannot mark a true beginning of Canadian nativistic fiction, trace an evolution in it, estimate its literary value, fix its place in the *corpus* of English, as well as Canadian, literature, and thus disclose its relative distinction and glory when compared with British and American fiction, or when, on the other hand, compared with Canadian nativistic poetry. Let us, then, consider the formative influences which shaped and inspired the genius of John Richardson, the first Canadian novelist as such, the creator of the Canadian nativistic historical romance.

Richardson was born near Niagara Falls in 1796 (seven years after Cooper) and spent his childhood and early adolescent days till he was sixteen years of age, that is, up to the outbreak of the War of 1812, in the vicinity of the Falls and of Detroit. On the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in Brock's army. Up to that time, young Richardson, during his most impressionable and receptive years, was entertained by his grandparents and parents with tales of Pontiac's siege of Detroit, and stories of the thrilling and romantic and tragic events in the history of the Niagara and Detroit districts—events which are surely amongst the most enthralling and stirring in the vividly romantic history of Canada and the United States. These early days of Richardson's were thus replete with rare and unique formative influences; they created in him the love of romance, of the heroic past of his own

country, and later, when he came to write, afforded him the inspiration and the material really to write authentic Canadian historical novels or romances.

Two other formative influences, besides those exercised over his heart and imagination by his grandparents and parents, have been noted by certain critics as determining Richardson's genius, inspiration, and literary methods. In the War of 1812 he had fought side by side with the noble Indian warrior Tecumseh. Further, on his own confession, he had, as he puts it, "absolutely devoured three times" Cooper's Indian romance, "The Last of the Mohicans". Some critics, therefore, hold that Richardson was a mere imitator of Cooper: that, first, he studied the mind and ways of Indians at second-hand in the pages of Cooper's romance, and that, secondly, he acquired the art of writing fiction from Cooper's volume. There is not any real ground for such beliefs. Mr. Marquis rightly holds that as a historical romancer Richardson was original and independent. I hold the same belief, but I do so for reasons which differ from those that Mr. Marquis and others advance. On the first count, that Richardson got his knowledge of Indians at second-hand from Cooper's pages, I submit that such an opinion requires an absurd anachronism to make it possible and true. The War of 1812, during which Richardson fought side by side with Tecumseh, began fourteen years before the publication of "The Last of the Mohicans", (1826), or long before Richardson could have read a page of Cooper. Richardson's genius was romantically formed in his early days; and during his association with Tecumseh he came to know Indian psychology and character at first-hand. That is indisputable. Again, on the second count, that Richardson acquired the art of novel-writing from Cooper, I submit that the Canadian romancer had learned the art of novel-writing, and had published



novels some years before he published "Wacousta". There was, for instance, his "Ecarte; or, The Salons of Paris", published in 1828. But this is a sort of demi-monde novel, dealing with the evils of gambling, and, of course, far from the romantic passion, thrilling incident, and all the colour of life and nature that appear in Richardson's "Wacousta" and "The Canadian Brothers". Possibly Richardson may have got from his reading of Cooper some "coaching" in the mere mechanics of writing romance. Yet, when we compare the diction, sentential structure, descriptive epithets and imagery, and the general style of the two romancers, Richardson, if not a better plot-maker than Cooper, is the superior craftsman and stylist, a fact which is proof presumptive that the Canadian romancer developed independently his own mechanics of literary composition. Finally, in the fine art of character-drawing, Richardson is more veracious and incisive than Cooper. When we compare the American novelist's characters with those of the Canadian, we find that Cooper's are more like "studies" from books than pictures drawn from real life, whereas Richardson's Indians are very near to the real Indian, very life-like: the heroic in them is heroic enough, that is to say, human and natural. Richardson's Indian characters, then, are original creations — absolutely his own. Also his own are the other characters (soldiers, fur-traders, French Canadians, etc.), the plots, all the stirring incidents and the colour of the Canadian background from nature. Of his romances, "Wacousta" and "The Canadian Brothers", the only æsthetic criticisms worth while making are that not infrequently Richardson forces the dramatic in them into the melo-dramatic, that he puts into the mouths of his characters utterances which are unnatural or not in keeping with the position and circumstances of the speakers, and that he suits his historical facts to his own purposes.

In sum, then, since Richardson had his genius romantically formed, and had engaged in the art of fiction, long before he had read Cooper, the only possible influence Cooper could have had on Richardson was to incite him to emulate the American romancer. Emulation, incited by a contemporary author, does not imply imitation, and has no significance in original literary creation. Taken by and large, John Richardson was the first creator of Canadian nativistic fiction as such. He had first-rate powers of invention, was a respectable craftsman, and produced at least two original romances that are worthy to be included in the *corpus* of general English literature, and to have a distinctive niche in the *corpus* of Canadian nativistic literature.

Contemporary with Richardson, a man of greater creative genius and versatility, who, in fact, became the foremost native-born writer of his time in British North America, gave to the world a species of the fiction of characterization and of the criticism of society and manners that for originality and enduring appeal to all classes is the most remarkable produced by a Canadian man of letters, and amongst the most remarkable produced by any modern man of letters as such. This man was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who, if he did not absolutely create a species of fiction without plot interest, at least gave it new form and potency, as he did, in those ingenious volumes which have Sam Slick as their chief inspirer and central character. Though born in Nova Scotia, Haliburton's genius was indigenous, not so much to Nova Scotia or to Canada, as to the world; and the fiction he produced belongs, not so much to Canadian nativistic literature and to general English literature, as to world literature.

It is as a systematic creative humourist, embracing, as it were, in one genius the gifts of Benjamin Franklin, Charles Dickens, Artemas Ward, Josh Billings, and Mark Twain, that



Haliburton has won a unique and permanent place in Canadian, English, and world literature. This is the only angle from which it is worth while for genuine criticism to view and estimate the genius and creative prose of Haliburton. Those who deal in literary dominoes, and who call such diversion criticism, may pother with the fact that Longfellow, by his own confession, actually did read Haliburton's account of the expulsion of the Acadians, or with the possibility that Parkman may have read the whole of Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia". Longfellow and Parkman merely turned to Haliburton, just as Shakespeare, Scott, and Tennyson turned to Plutarch, the Chroniclers, and the "Morte d'Arthur", as "sources" of material for plays, romances, and idyls; and the "influence" of Haliburton on the creative genius and invention of the American poet and historian was as insignificant as that of the author of the "Morte d'Arthur" on the poetic invention of Tennyson. But it is very highly significant that Haliburton was the author of a distinct—and alas! extinct—type of creative comedy or humour, that he was the foremost systematic humourist of his time on the North American continent, that he was in his day the supreme aphorist and epigrammatist of the English-speaking peoples, and that his wit and wisdom remain part of the warp and woof of modern world literature. In comic character-drawing Haliburton takes a place beside Cervantes, Dickens, Daudet, and Mark Twain. His Sam Slick, and even his minor characters, are amongst the best imaginative creations of modern fiction, Sam Slick himself being as unique—individual, real, human, and fascinating—as Don Quixote, Pickwick, Tartan or Huckleberry Finn, while being distinguishable from these others by aphoristic speech that in form is brilliant wit and humour, but that in substance is enduring wisdom.

Now, it is this abiding philosophical quality of Haliburton's wit and humour, as we get it chiefly in the utterances of Sam Slick, that constructive criticism seizes on to remove the superstition which Artemas Ward first created by declaring that Haliburton was "the founder of the American school of humour", and which so acute and well-informed a Canadian critic as Mr. Marquis has gone to pains to perpetuate by submitting that "American humour received its first impulse from 'Sam Slick'; and Haliburton was, moreover, the first writer to use the American dialect in literature. Artemas Ward, Josh Billings and Mark Twain are, in a way, mere imitators of Haliburton, and he is their superior". There is not a single grain of truth in any of these claims, except possibly that Ward, Billings and Twain imitated or adopted Haliburton's so-called American dialect, if a manufactured *potpourri* of Yankee localisms and slang and mis-spelled diction can justly be called "the American dialect". Haliburton created the shrewd Yankee pedlar and humourist, Sam Slick, and then put him as a "character", and his wit and humour, uttered in a dialect which virtually existed in New England, into literature. That is all Haliburton ever had to do with American humour. He certainly was not the founder or the father of the American school of humour. The real "father" of American humour—that is, the humour of sheer exaggerated nonsense, having on the face of it seriousness and veracity—was Benjamin Franklin who in 1765, or thirty years before Haliburton was born, produced the first example of what is popularly meant by American humour. The example is to be found in a letter by Franklin to one of the eighteenth century London newspapers to offset the idiotic views which Englishmen then held about the British colonies, including Canada, in America. I quote from the letter in part:



"I beg to say that all the articles of news that seem improbable are not mere inventions. The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little car or wagon on four little wheels to support and keep it from trailing on the ground. Would they caulk their ships, would they even litter their horses with wool, if it were not both plenty and cheap. . . . Their engaging three hundred silk throwsters here in one week for New York was treated as a fable, because, forsooth, they have 'no silk there to throw'. Those who make this objection, perhaps do not know that at the same time the agents from the King of Spain were at Quebec to contract for one thousand pieces of cannon to be made there for the fortification of Mexico. . . . And yet all this is as certainly true, as the account said to be from Quebec, in all the papers last week, that the inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for a cod and whale fishery 'this summer in the Upper Lakes'. Ignorant people may object that the Upper Lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are salt water fish; but let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they can be safest; that whales when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the Falls of Niagara is esteemed by all who have seen it as one of the finest spectacles in nature."

That was written by Franklin in the eighteenth century, and it is written in the newspaper style of Addison. Yet any well-read student of the history of literature who did not recognize the authorship would likely credit it to Mark Twain. But Haliburton, Ward and Billings wrote their humour in a specious or perverted dialect. How, then, can it be said, with any plausibility, that Haliburton "fathered" or "gave impulse" to American humour? Moreover, Franklin began early the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," a quasi-literary periodical which gave vogue in America to that sort of aphoristic or humorous wisdom which is also uttered by Haliburton's chief character, Sam Slick. It is more than probable that Haliburton had read "Poor Richard". Are we to conclude that Franklin is the literary "father" of Haliburton as a humourist and

aphorist, and that Sam Slick's epigrams are an imitation of "Poor Richard's" bits of practical wisdom? There is, in fact, no plausibility in either view that Haliburton is the "father" of American humour or that Franklin is the "father" of Haliburtonian; that is, Canadian, humour. Possibly Haliburton got some "coaching" in the methods of humour from Franklin.

Still, Haliburton created Canadian nativistic humour—and has left no successors. He was the first systematic humourist of the Provinces that have become the Dominion of Canada—original in time and original in inventing the humorous character, Sam Slick, an in being the first to use the so-called American dialect as speech for wit and humour, and to employ wit, wisdom and kindly satire—not, note, exaggerated nonsense after the American manner—as humour. And so Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a native son of Nova Scotia, appears as the foremost man of letters of the Colonial Canadian period who had first-rate creative genius and who has won a unique and permanent place, not only in Canadian and in English literature, but also in world literature. He is the only native-born Canadian writer to whom we can justly apply the epithet "great". As Mr. Marquis puts it: "Of him we can say, as Ben Johnson said of Shakespeare—'He is not of an age, but for all time'".

After Richardson and Haliburton there were no Colonial or Pre-Confederation fictionists of any constructive significance in Canadian nativistic letters. The first stage of the new constructive period in Canadian fiction began with William Kirby's historical romance, "The Golden Dog" ("Le Chien d'Or"), published in 1877, that is, ten years after Confederation, or twenty years before the publication of Roberts's "In Divers Tones", which inaugurated the First Renaissance in Canadian nativistic and national poetry. It may be ob-



jected that because Kirby was born in England, he is not rightfully to be regarded as a Canadian. He came, however, to Canada when he was but fifteen years of age, was resident in Canada for forty-five years before he produced and published "The Golden Dog", and chose the theme, setting, and colour of his romance from Canadian history and social life. Essentially, therefore, Kirby was a genuine Canadian man of letters. But it is not æsthetically or as a work of artistic fiction that Kirby's romance "The Golden Dog" is important, but in its constructive and inspirational influence on other Canadian fictionists. In that regard it is more important than Richardson's "Wacousta", and better entitled than Richardson's romance to a permanent place in the *corpus* of Canadian literature. In "The Golden Dog" Kirby went back for his inspiration to the romantic and heroic past of Canada, and thus brought to the notice of future fictionists the wealth of novelistic material that lay in the unknown or the forgotten Canadian past. In short, Kirby and "The Golden Dog" were the literary progenitors of a series of romances that have a Canadian historical basis and Canadian incident and colour. While his own historical romance was a tentative production, that is, not succeeded by other romances on Kirby's part, "The Golden Dog" was, as it were, the harbinger of the spring and summer that were to be in Canadian nativistic and national fiction.

The systematic Renaissance in the scope, themes and technic of Canadian fiction and other imaginative prose began about a decade after the Renaissance in Canadian poetry, and resulted in an impressive body of Canadian nativistic fiction in all of the chief *genres*—novels, romances, tales, prose idyls, animal stories and social satire and humour. Here I may merely mention the most significant names in the Renaissance period of Canadian fiction. I lead off with Miss Marshall Saunders, who in 1889 pub-

lished her "My Spanish Sailor", whereas Mr. Marquis gives preference to Sir Gilbert Parker and his "Pierre and His People", published in 1890. Parker is indubitably the most eminent of Canadian fictionists, but in scope he tends to be Imperial, rather than Canadian, even in those novels which have a Canadian historical basis, setting and colour, as, for instance, in his "The Seats of the Mighty" (1896). Miss Saunders is pervasively Canadian, quite as inventive as Parker, and technically a better craftsman than he. I might have led off with Mr. W. D. Lighthall's "The Young Seigneur", published in 1888, were it not that this work is a socio-political study and not a genuine novel. In romantic fiction of the Renaissance period, the salient names, then, are Miss Saunders, Sir Gilbert Parker, Charles G. D. Roberts, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Charles W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Edward W. Thomson, J. Macdonald Oxley, W. A. Fraser, Mrs. Grace Dean MacLeod Rogers, Miss Alice Jones, Mrs. Carleton Jones, Norman Duncan, and Arthur Stringer; and beginning again with Lucy M. Montgomery (Mrs. Ewan Macdonald), the still later generation of Canadian fictionists, as, for instance, Alan Sullivan, Peter MacFarlane, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Mrs. Virna Sheard, the really creative artist amongst them all being the author of "Anne of Green Gables". In another *genre* of fiction, namely, social satire and humour, Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), stands by herself as the foremost Canadian woman of letters in her special field, just as Miss Saunders stands by herself in the fiction of the humanitarian animal story, as Ernest Thompson-Seton and C. G. D. Roberts remain *sui generis* in the fiction of the psychological animal story, and as Stephen Leacock remains alone in creative literary comedy or humour and wit. All the foregoing Canadian fictionists, save "Ralph Connor", whatever be the



*genre* they have essayed, have been moved to write by artistic inspiration and aims, and, on the whole, have succeeded admirably. Some of them have won world-wide reputation for first-rate invention, enlivening incident and colourization, and incisive characterization; others have achieved international reputation; and others are on the way to appreciation wider than what they receive in their own country. Taken all in all, they have created a very respectable body of fiction and imaginative prose, quite worthy, if it does not shine with equal glory, to have an honourable place beside the body of Canadian creative poetry.

In this essay I have applied the historico-critical method to the appreciation and evaluation of Canadian native and national fiction or imaginative prose, signaling only con-

structive authors and movements. From Richardson and Haliburton to Kirby, and from Kirby to Miss Saunders and Sir Gilbert Parker, and then onwards to Lucy M. Montgomery and her *confrères* or contemporaries we have noted a genuine evolution in literary species and eventually the systematic production of a body of prose that has æsthetic beauty or dignity, artistic structure, and imaginative and spiritual appeal. Some of it will have a permanent place only in Canadian literature; some of it is worthy to be included, as it is, in the general *corpus* of English literature; and all the best of it, despite the contempt of those myopic critics who find literature only in antique tomes and literary beauties only in the supreme masters, is genuine literature. I hold to that—unswervingly.





# THE TEAPOT

*By Jessie Pope.*

**N**ANCY FOSTER was "broke", and just before Christmas-time, too. It was the war that did it, because, as Nancy said, "How can anyone be contented to be warm while the Tommies are cold?" and what with blankets and socks, and belts and mufflers, there was nothing left for Christmas presents. As a matter of fact, she had to borrow money to contribute to the last fund that was started—but that was just like Nancy. Of course, under the circumstances she knew that none of her friends would feel hurt at not receiving their usual gifts, with the exception of Miss Titmus, a gaunt maiden lady living in the same town, who possessed an ample income, an iron-gray moustache, a fondness for presents, and an extraordinary facility for taking offence. Miss Titmus was Nancy's godmother and had hinted more than once that favourite godchildren who behaved themselves might benefit from certain sound investments in the years to come. It was not easy for a high-spirited, unconventional girl to keep on the right side of an exacting old lady of obsolete views, but Nancy had managed it, and though she didn't bother much about money, the thought of a nice little nest-egg is always comforting.

It was on Christmas Eve morning, while she was worrying over Miss Titmus's probable annoyance at drawing a blank from her godchild, that the teapot arrived. Such a dainty bit of china would have pleased any girl, and Nancy's drooping spirits went up with a bound when she saw that it was addressed to her in Harry Vereker's sprawling hand. Nancy liked Harry more than a little. She had knitted him a helmet when he dropped stock-jobbing and donned the khaki, and if he found that form of head-gear a thought too constricted for practical use he did not mention the fact. Harry Vereker was Miss Titmus's nephew, and might also benefit by his aunt's will if he was a good boy—and he was really such an engaging nephew that Nancy, being rather suspicious by nature, more than once wondered if he was trying to cut her out.

But it was dear of him to send the teapot, and the girl pressed its cold china cheek against her soft warm one and lifted the lid and peeped inside. Harry was by way of being a wag, and on a slip of paper inside he had printed in neat characters:

Let the water be damp,  
Put tea leaves within;  
But, like old Sarah Gamp,  
Don't substitute gin!



Nancy uttered a little liquid gurgling giggle and murmured something that sounded suspiciously like, "the silly old duck," and then she had to fly to the kitchen, her promise to help cook with the mincepies being much overdue. In fact, she forgot all about her worries till a pair of dark brown kid gloves arrived from her godmother, with the compliments of the season.

A harassed look came in Nancy's blue eyes. Then all of a sudden she remembered the teapot. Better sacrifice Harry's gift than risk her godmother's displeasure; besides, he was stationed with his regiment somewhere in the Midlands. She could write him the sweetest little letter of thanks and he would never know. And thus salving her conscience, she packed up the teapot, posted it, and went to bed with a quiet mind.

It was while she was dressing on Christmas morning that Nancy remembered that she had forgotten to extract the slip of paper from the interior of the teapot. For a few moments her brain reeled. Then she did a little quick thinking. If Miss Titmus saw that verse she would be fatally offended. That her dutiful godchild should hurl such a ribald jest at her gray hairs was an insult never to be forgotten.

"I must get that paper or die in the attempt," muttered Nancy with pale lips. But how? She knew her godmother made a practice of opening all her presents at breakfast-time on Christmas morning. If she could get there first and remove the incriminating document the situation might yet be saved.

Slipping on her hat and coat and leaving the tantalizing fragrance of fried sausages behind her, Nancy mounted her bicycle and rode away to the outskirts of the town as she had never ridden before. The vision of the pretty girl pedalling swiftly along was an inspiring sight that Christmas morning. Little did the passers-by imagine that it was tragic suspense

more than the exercise that made her cheeks so pink and her eyes so sparkling.

The air was mild, and the French windows of Miss Titmus's pleasant breakfast-room were open, and, blessing her good luck, Nancy left her bicycle outside the hedge, slipped across the lawn and into the room, unseen by a soul. The breakfast table was laid, but the room was empty, and there was the parcel containing the teapot by her godmother's plate.

With a gasp of thanksgiving Nancy was approaching the table, when the sound of footsteps coming along the hall turned her to a petrified statue. They were masculine, not to say martial, footsteps, and the baritone voice that was humming a line of "Good King Wencelas" sent her heart in her throat and the colour draining from her face. It was Harry's voice—Harry's footsteps—but what was he doing here? In another moment he would be in the room, he would see her—where could she hide? The massive mahogany table formed the only available cover, and she took it. With a lithe doubling-up of her slender body she dived among the chair-legs and crouched—hardly daring to breathe—under the kindly screen of the heavy-fringed tablecloth. Through that fringe in the long mirror opposite she saw Harry, handsomer than ever in his khaki, enter the room, stroll to the window, and then return to the table and peep under the shining covers of the breakfast dishes, until the heavy, warning tread of Miss Titmus made him remember his manners in a hurry.

Cordial Christmas greetings passed between aunt and nephew, and the meal began placidly, though Nancy narrowly escaped a kick on the temple from her soldier boy's service boot. She screwed herself to a position of greater security, and to the tinkling accompaniment of coffee cups and knives and forks gathered that the regiment had been stationed near-by, and the soldier had got a day's leave



to spend Christmas with his friends.

"And so you thought you'd come to your poor old aunt," remarked Miss Titmus's deep voice. "It was very kind and considerate of you, Henry. I shall not forget it, my dear."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Harry. "Yes, I'll have some more ham, it's topping. I thought I'd run round and look Nancy up later on. Seen anything of her lately?"

"I have not," said Miss Titmus sternly. "She has been too occupied to think of me; and really until she gets more material in her skirt and in the neck of her bodice she'd better stay away. I don't know what girls of the present day are thinking of. Now, when I was a young woman—"

"Well, anyhow, aunt, she's sent you a present," interposed Harry. "That's her writing, isn't it?"

"So it is," exclaimed Miss Titmus in a mollified tone. "Open it for me, my dear boy, and let us see what it is."

With quailing eyes Nancy peeped through the fringe, and her heart thumping with apprehension and remorse, she saw the expression of surprise changing to vexed annoyance on Harry's face as he drew forth the teapot.

"Oh, what a charming present!" exclaimed Miss Titmus. "The dear child! It must have cost her a pretty penny, and she has little enough to spare. However, she shall lose nothing by it. But is there no message? Perhaps she has put a few lines inside. Yes, here it is. Read it, Henry; I haven't my glasses."

The crunched-up little figure under the table clenched her fists and listened with the calmness of despair as Harry took the slip of paper and paused.

"What does she say?" remarked her godmother. "Can't you make it out?"

"Oh, yes," said Harry in a quiet voice. She says, "With Nancy's fond love to her dear godmother, wishing

her a peaceful and happy Christmas."

Nancy buried her face in her hands, and the little gasp that broke from her was lost in the clamour of Miss Titmus's pleasure at the gift and appreciation of the giver.

At this moment the maid knocked at the door with the tragic intelligence that cook said the turkey was too big to go in the oven.

No sooner had Miss Titmus hurried to the kitchen, leaving her nephew to finish his breakfast alone, than the empty chair opposite to him began to move about in a most unaccountable manner, and next moment Nancy crawled out from under the table, and with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes stood before him.

"Hullo!" cried Harry, springing to his feet, thunderstruck at her apparition.

"It's all right," said Nancy, "I'm not a German. Oh, Harry! I loved the teapot, but I sent it to her because I was absolutely broke and I knew she'd be so vexed if she got nothing. I forgot to take the paper out, so I bicycled over and thought I should be in time to retrieve it, but I—I wasn't. Oh, Harry," she said, "you've been such a brick. I don't deserve it. Can you ever forgive me?" Then her voice broke and her blue eyes suddenly brimmed over. With a tender little ejaculation of pity, Harry took a quick step towards the shame-faced culprit, and next moment she was sobbing on his khaki shoulder. There was no time, however, for more than one kiss. He hustled her out of the window and through the garden, and was eating toast and marmalade with the incriminating document blazing in the fire when his aunt returned.

"But I think," she added, "I ought to ask that dear child to come round this afternoon and drink a cup of tea out of her charming present."

And Harry not only agreed, but he went and fetched Nancy himself, and took her home again, when the Christmas stars were the only spectators.



# THE CURSE of REGULAR HOURS

## By Vincent Basévi



FORTY-FIVE is the critical age, I think. Some people find freedom of mind at this age of life: others deliberately chain themselves to the treadmill. For the man who can earn just enough in three hundred days to keep his family for 365 days there can be no freedom. He is doomed to the treadmill for life. A victim of circumstances he deserves more sympathy but less pity than the worker who at forty-five years of age might find freedom but fails to recognize opportunity. It is with the latter class I wish first to reason, and when they see light there will be hope for the others.

In a civilized world capable of producing far more than it can consume no excuse can be found for unremitting toil. Golf has proved conclusively that the busiest man has much time to spare. Men on the lower edge or middle age, if they are but moderately prosperous, may discover new avenues of activity that lead gently to the pleasant byways of moderate leisure. I meet from time to time elderly business men who make one think of the Doges of Venice; opulent merchants, portly bankers, solid brokers, and others, who take two hours for lunch and talk of pictures and music and statuary with quiet comfort betokening deep knowledge of the subjects. As a rule they are better merchants and bankers and brokers than their unfortunate associates who live

is perpetual turmoil and an atmosphere of overcharged energy.

Men somewhat younger, but still past the hey-day of youth and most vigorous manhood, are to be found interested in municipal clubs and hospital boards and philanthropic organizations. They are busy people. They meet at lunch to decide what shall be done about the unemployed or how they can persuade leading citizens to contest municipal elections. They are irritated if the luncheons and discussions together last more than one hour; for business is business and must claim every precious minute of the day. They rise briskly from the table, put on their coats hurriedly, and very naturally those who occupy adjacent offices walk away from the club together. Perhaps the discussion is continued, and small groups stand at the doors of elevators talking on subjects far removed from trade and finance and stocks. In time these men come to give fewer hours each day to their business and more to their other interests. And they grow no poorer. In fact much of the breathless speed and rigid attendance at work accomplishes little more than self-deception, while it has a tendency to put the mind in at least a strait-jacket.

This is not intended to suggest that indolence and fecklessness are desirable attributes, but that extremes are dangerous. If an average man cannot support himself and a family in frugal comfort with anything less



than his entire energy, then we have built badly our social organization and must start to build it over again. If a man earning five thousand dollars a year exhausts himself earning so much, he is not worth so large a salary. Leisure is one of the most priceless things one can possess, but it is a drug and must not be taken to excess. A man without leisure knows as little of the art of living as does the man without energy, or he who has never had to struggle for a livelihood.

Business of itself is a poor excuse for existence. Business as a means to acquire real life is worthy of respect. Leisure in old age is a necessity. Leisure in the prime of manhood, when full use can be made of it, is a priceless boon, and one that should be within the reach of all. Men have told me with pride that they have no interests outside their businesses, that they are, in fact, monomaniacs, and that they glory in their infirmity. I venture to think that such men would change their minds if they would but change their habits. It is my firm belief that men of middle age who concentrate exclusively on business do so because unconsciously they dread the unknown paths of moderate leisure, or because they have come to think always in extremes and can see no course between continuation of drudgery and complete retirement. Fatigue can be overcome by stimulants. Headaches yield to the influence of sedatives. And so the business monomaniac struggles on, flogging a jaded mind; keeping alert, but not so alert as he might be; doing well so long as he deals with familiar situations, when he might do better if he braced himself to explore; often failing when confronted with the unexpected and unfamiliar, when a less regular life might have given to his mind perception to profit by all the varying breezes of fortune.

To the average young man an income of five thousand dollars a year seems a fitting goal for which to strive.

Having reached this goal others are seen beyond, and each successive one is decorated with more dollars than its predecessor. I have no quarrel with wealth. My quarrel is with the man (I nearly used a less complimentary term) who is willing to pay any price for a certain income. A very large number of men win the incomes for which they strive, and so give to the platitudes of canting moralists the dignity of axioms. "Wealth will not bring happiness." How often has this shoddy been offered to the public as pure silk! Wealth is a relative term. One dollar brings untold joy to a negro loafer in the south. It brings him more than enough to provide his immediate needs, and he has already the leisure in which to enjoy this surplus. On the other hand a man who earns \$50,000 a year by dint of never ceasing toil gets no pleasure from wealth. He may build a palace in which he is but a lodger. His carriages and motor cars are but emblems of his slavery. Give this man three hours real leisure every day, and at once his wealth becomes a visible asset.

One hears much about the pleasure of home life. Nearly every city in the United States and in Canada claims to be a city of homes. In a sadly large number of cases the home consists of a house with two mortgages, a wife who is really a general servant, a husband who works at office or factory for nine hours a day, which means he is away from the house twelve hours, children who work and children who go to school to prepare for work. Sleep, meal hours, work and chores; when these have taken their daily toll how much time is left for family life? The pity is that so much of this ill-directed energy is given an appearance of dignity by wrongful association with ideas of progress. The telephone, the telegraph, steam railways, street cars; these were invented to serve humanity, and they have become our masters. So long as they are servants



they mark advances in the art of living. When they become masters we are at once thrown back to the days of slavery, and we are the slaves. No one who can afford to have a telephone would be without one. I have one acquaintance who will not have the number of his private telephone printed in the directory. He enjoys peaceful evenings.

Time occupied in journeys to and from work should be regarded as part of a man's working day. A few years ago miners in Northumberland and Durham insisted that their time should count from arriving at the pit's mouth and not from the hour at which they reached the scene of their labours. If this practice is just underground it is just overground. Count the hours a man spends travelling to and from his work and see how, in any city, this will increase the average length of the working day. If office hours, the luncheon recess and time spent travelling total daily to one round of the clock, how much time is left for home life, for study, recreation and social intercourse? Eight hours for sleep, bath, dressing and undressing; that is eight hours from the time of saying good-night to the time of saying good-morning is not over generous. Allow an hour for dinner at night and half an hour for breakfast in the morning. We have left two and one-half hours daily for meditation, study, social intercourse, private correspondence, chores and recreation. This is the result of a nine-hours working day. The clerk and the artisan are doomed to such a life because they are the victims of a faulty social fabric. But employers, presidents of corporations, brokers, dealers in real estate and other free agents who submit to this arrangement seem to be conspiring to place living among the lost arts.

Take a glance at the calendar and see how the ordinary business man fares for holidays. Christmas Day and the New Year bring relief from concentration on work. There fol-

lows the long, unbroken stretch to Good Friday. From then until Thanksgiving Day each month has one day for pleasure, and then business goes on without interruption till the following Christmas. Each public holiday brings chaos for a few days before and a few days after. Such chaos is not felt in countries where all the saints' days are observed as public holidays. The explanation is simple. A whole day without work is a great event in our strenuous lives. It casts a luminous glow before it and leaves a dark shadow behind. This is because holidays are unaccustomed incidents. Where holidays are of frequent occurrence they cause no disturbance to business because they fail to create the mental disturbance that attaches to the unfamiliar. Hence arises the thought that possibly we hamper business by reducing the frequency of festal days. So the wheels of commerce are kept turning faster and ever faster, and we pile up more than we can use; we throw men out of work that their fellows may be broken on the wheel of never-ceasing effort; we fill our hospitals and asylums; we build up an army of unemployables who become dependent on our earnings; we drive ahead still harder to meet the growing cost of our own folly, and then we attribute all the misfortunes incurred to "modern economic conditions". This is ridiculous. Political economy is not a science. It is an excuse for some good literature and many mediocre speeches. Economic theories may now be thrown on the scrap heap with the nostrums of astrologists and other fads. Every self-respecting economist proved conclusively in August that the war could not last three months. They have been exercised by their own incantations.

A wealthy manufacturer of motor cars, and one gifted with a rare social conscience, tried recently to make all his employees happy by establishing a very high minimum wage for all deemed worthy of good fortune. This



action shows how our minds have come to focus on actual money rather than on those things for which money is meant to be a convenient note of demand. The employees of this factory, mostly skilled artisans in receipt of good wages, were to be made happy by the possession of more money. They were not to be given an extra hour at home each day, or more time for sports, or ease in the early hours of the morning. They were to have dollar bills. Their wives may spend more on clothes. They may put better furniture in larger houses. And they may continue as strangers to their families; men who board and lodge in the places they are pleased to call homes.

I have no inclination to return to the customs of what are vaguely termed the good old days. I like telephones and a good telegraph service, and fast steamers and express trains. But evidence grows stronger to prove that the advent of power-driven machinery was marked by a wrong turning in the development of society. Steam and electricity have not eased our burden; they have added to it. We have driven ourselves as we have driven the steam engine, and electricity has inspired us to emulate *Puck* and put a girdle around this earth in forty minutes. The quick lunch counter, the rocking chair and the strip of chewing-gum are three notable emblems of wide-spread mental disorder. A very large section of society knows real repose only in sleep.

Labour-saving machinery lacks justification unless it can be shown that it saves the labourer. The train has this much advantage over the stage coach that it saves time in travelling between two places. If the time thus saved is passed in strenuous work with the result that, as in the days of the stage coach, only the required income is earned, then has the train failed to prove its usefulness to humanity? The truth would seem to be that we have tried to use steam and electricity to

wring more than a just measure from the world, and we have failed. A manufacturer may earn greater profits in money, and this increase, or more, must be spent to maintain a relative position in society equal to that held by a similar person in the stage coach era. A mechanic earns higher wages to-day than his father could earn. But he works harder and faster, and at the end of each year he finds himself where he started—within sight of the poor house. Judging by appearances it would seem as though we lack intelligence to profit by the discoveries of modern genius.

I have no desire to underrate the advances that have been made in the last century. My contention is that we have failed to reap full advantage from these, and that we have, in our blindness, piled on our backs a needless burden. Life is a fine art. It is not merely work or merely play. Excess of either is nauseating. Light labour, labour, bright homes, ample recreation and moderate leisure to cultivate the tastes; these are the ingredients of real life. Steam and electricity, by reducing our labours, can give us opportunity to enjoy full life. That they fail to do so is our fault and not the fault of modern inventions. Machinery reduces the number of hours required to produce a certain quantity of goods. These hours saved reach the artisan in the form only of unemployment. The employer knows little of leisure, for the pace made possible by steam and electricity holds him hypnotized. He may spend all he makes: he cannot enjoy what he earns.

There are indications that the limit of human endurance has been reached, and that mankind is reverting to a more rational state of mind. Some time ago the miners of Wales refused to work overtime, preferring leisure hours to additional pay. It is noteworthy that two examples of returning sanity come from below the surface of the earth. Golf, as I have said before, is gradually weaning the



average business man from a dangerous obsession. A few of our merchant princes are showing by example that success crowns the man who is able to give his mind needed relaxation. We may hope to arrive gradually at a fuller life by the very means that are now cramping existence. Some day a genius in commerce will discover that he can come down late to business now and again without risking bankruptcy. A daring futurist of the business world will alter office hours from month to month to suit the vagaries of trade and the changing seasons; and variety, even in this small detail, will bring relief from drab monotony. The old belief, unex-

pressed but none the less real, that the blessings of Providence rest only with those who do duty to the clock will die out, and with less regularity of hours there will be smaller tendency to mechanize human beings. Life, real full life, with zest to work and play and study and rest and meditate will come to the majority when the demon of unalterable hours is exorcised. Some will have to be chained to the treadmill, but they should be the young and buoyant, and there should be for them the prospect of freedom before the joy of living is worn down. When this has been accomplished, the object of work will have been found.

## THE HEARTS OF MOTHERS

By KATHERINE HALE

THE hearts of mothers are hid things  
 In these days of woe,  
 And troops of strange thoughts move therein  
 Silently to and fro.

They are not thoughts of yester-year,  
 Or thoughts of you and me,  
 And that which we have done, or do,  
 By air, or land, or sea.

But these are thoughts steel-bright with pain,  
 And death-thoughts bare and stark,  
 And shining thoughts of armaments  
 That glitter through the dark.

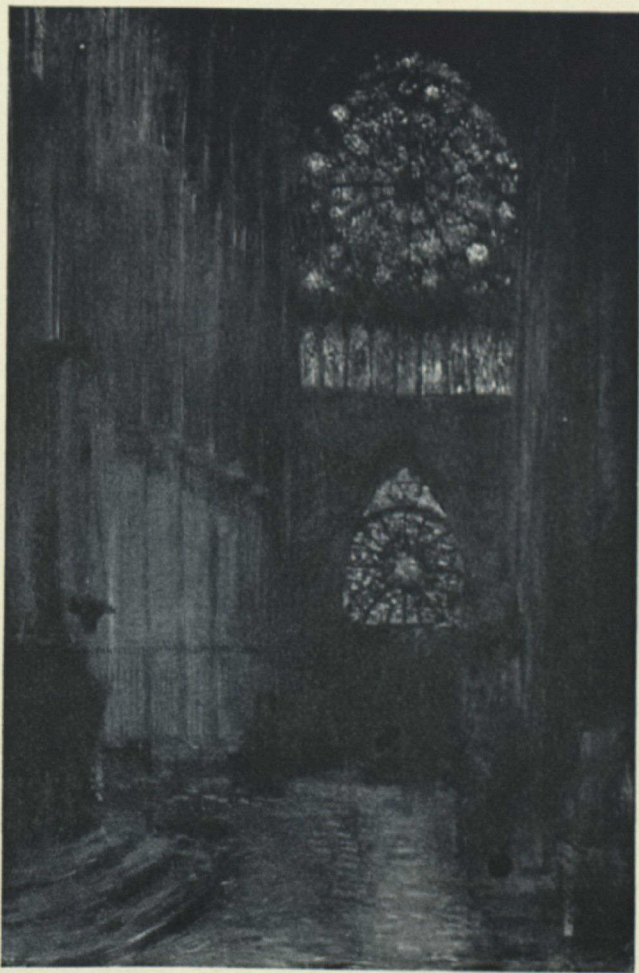
They move, old passions and revolts,  
 Fresh-called, yet stiff with scars,  
 To music crimsoned with the clash  
 Of endless ancient wars.

And those who summon memories  
 From pathways of the sun,  
 When death spoke life most solemnly  
 Ere new life was begun.

They dream of a strange blooming  
 That dawns in greater birth;  
 The frail, bright flower of selfishness  
 Brought back again to earth.

They feel, the Givers of all Life,  
 Great need to give again  
 The utmost dower of womanhood,  
 All mystery—all pain.



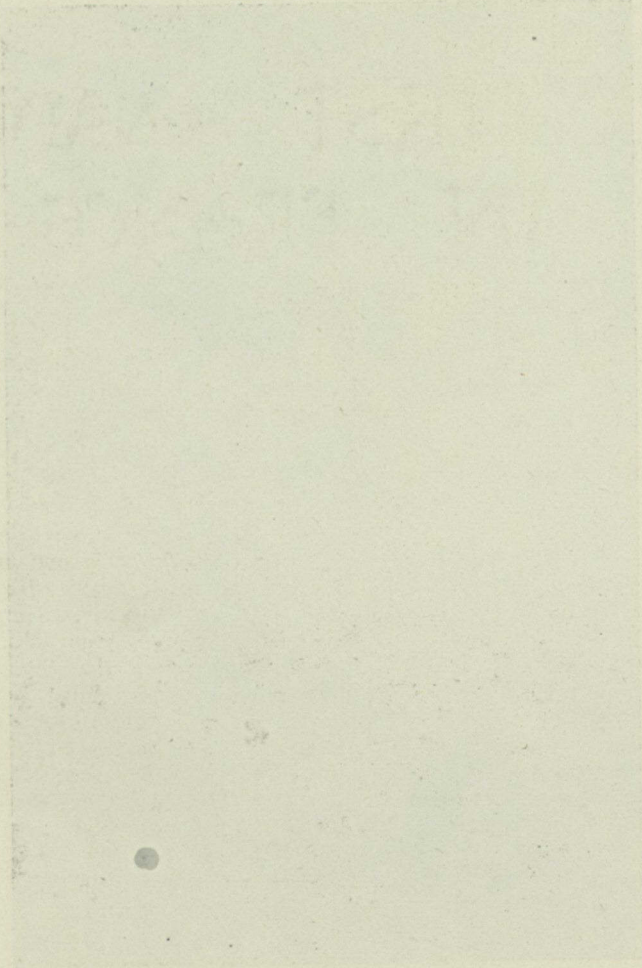


THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

From the Painting by  
Paul Helleu

One of the French Exhibits at the  
Canadian National Exhibition







# THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

## CHAPTER VI.

**W**HEN we awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and through the train windows we could see the steep banks of the Seine as we wound along that picturesque river toward Rouen. From time to time we passed small villages, the red tile of their roofs contrasting prettily with the snow-white of the walls. Some houses were decorated with bright blue or green, and as they swept by the window in kaleidoscopic array, the scene was one of manifold variety.

The French love a dash of colour; it was manifest everywhere, in their clothes, their houses, in their military uniforms. In the larger cities where civilization is over-developed, and humanity is more effête, the bright colours have given place to pale and delicate shades—an indication of that transformation of life which we call art. But in these little country villages, a thousand years or more behind the times, Dame Nature still holds sway, and the primary colours riot in their rugged strength. Centuries from now these rural hamlets, grown to greater size, losing their primitive audacity, will fade as well and looking back will marvel at the boldness of their youth.

Every quarter-mile along the track a lone sentinel, in sky-blue coat and scarlet cap, guarded our path. With fixed bayonet he stood hour by hour, watchful and keen. He had a little thatched sentry-box into which he might retire when it rained, and through the small, round windows watch on either side.

As we pulled into the railway station at Rouen, we could see resourceful Tommy cooking his breakfast on a little charcoal stove. Tommy is always at home, no matter where we find him, whether it be on the battlefields of France or Belgium, or on the rock-bound shores of Gallipoli.

Our men descended from their coaches, lugged out their bags of bread, their cheese and jam and bully beef. The sergeant-cook meted out each portion, and soon the boys were at their morning meal.

A few hours later Reggy and I were seated at luncheon in the *Hotel de la Poste*. The *salle à manger* was filled with English, French, and Belgian officers, with their wives or friends, and to the casual observer the place was as gay as in times of peace. But in spite of the bright colours of the uniforms, in spite of the *chic* Parisian hats and pretty faces of the ladies, one felt over all an at-



mosphere very subdued and serious.

It is true, wine sparkled upon almost every table, but in France this doesn't necessarily mean gaiety. Every Frenchman drinks wine, but it is very rare indeed to see one intoxicated. Wine, like water at home, is used as a beverage, not as an intoxicant.

Imbued with the spirit of the time and place, Reggy and I called for a bottle, and under its mellowing influence care and the war were soon forgotten.

Of course, we visited the Cathedral and listened to the old sexton pouring incomprehensible data into our stupid ears for half an hour while we examined the rare stained windows and the carved oak door. When we returned to the train the senior major and the transport officer were deep in conversation:

"But where are your papers?" the latter was asking.

"We haven't any," the major replied. "That French conductor would not hold the train until they arrived. Can't we go on without them?"

"Where are you going?"

"We presume to Boulogne—the rest of the unit is there, but we have no orders. When does the train leave, please?"

"There'll be one at 3 p.m., and if you wish to take that, get your men aboard."

We might have been touring France, he was so nonchalant and there was such an absence of red tape. Imagine in these hyper-martial days being told to take the 3 p.m. train *if we wished!* Now-a-days it is not a matter of volition; units go where and when they are commanded, and a definite system has replaced haphazard. But the old way had its good points—it still let one believe one was in part one's own master.

Having a sense of duty and, moreover, being anxious to reach our destination—wherever that might be—we entrained once more, and travelled the rest of that day and night.

Promptly at 3 p.m. Reggy fell asleep, and didn't wake once, not even to eat, until the following morning at six o'clock, when with a crash he was thrown off his couch to the floor of the train. Thus rudely startled, but not quite wide awake, he ejaculated: "Torpedoed, by gad!"

We didn't take time to wake Reggy and explain the situation, but sprang to our feet and threw open the door of the train. What had happened? We were at Boulogne; our train had collided with another in the railway yards, but fortunately only one coach was crushed and no one hurt. We descended to the tracks and found other coaches on other trains in a similar condition.

It was not difficult to understand the cause. The German spy leaves nothing undone, and was very careful to attend to such details as changing the railway switches to the wrong tracks. By now they have been almost completely weeded out; but in those days they were very active.

How thorough was their system was well illustrated when, later on, the Western Cavalry entered the trenches. A wooden horse rose instantly above the German trench, bearing this legend: "Western Cavalry, come over and get your horses!" Our boys promptly shot the offending animal full of holes. It fell; but in a moment was raised again with bandages about its neck and legs!

Despite the early morning hour, in a railway car a few yards from us, several young Englishwomen were busy serving hot cocoa and rolls to the hungry soldiers. The interior of the coach had been transformed into a kitchen and travelling buffet. Every man in uniform was welcome to enter and partake, free of charge. We took advantage of this practical hospitality, and, much refreshed, returned to our own train.

At another platform a regiment of Ghurkas were engaged loading their equipment. One came across to our engine, and, drawing some hot water



from the boiler, washed his teeth and mouth with infinite care.

The Ghurka is so like the Jap in appearance that when, later, we saw a body of these brave little chaps, with their turned-up Stetson hats, marching along the street, for a moment we actually mistook them for our Oriental allies. It was only when we observed their short, broad swords (kukris) that we realized it could be none other than these famous men of India.

The colonel was at the station to meet us. How glad we were to see his genial face once more!

"Your billets are all arranged," he said. "The officers will stay at the *Louvre*, and the N.C.O.'s and men at the *Jean d'Arc* theatre."

The men were lined up and, now that the unit was once more complete, formed quite an imposing sight. In those days medical units wore the red shoulder straps; the privilege of retaining these coloured straps has been granted only to members of the First Contingent.

The men marched across *Le Pont Marguet*, up the main thoroughfare, along the *Rue Victor Hugo*, crossed the market-place, and in a narrow street not far from *Le Marché* found the little theatre. It made a perfect billet, the main hall serving as a mess-room and the gallery as an excellent dormitory.

The quartermaster, Reggy and I were billeted in one large room at the *Louvre*. Our window overlooked the *Bassin à flot*, and across *Le Quai* we could see the fish-wives unloading the herring-boats as they arrived in dozens. With their queer wooden shoes, they clack-clacked across the cobble-stones, their large baskets, overflowing with fish, strapped to their backs. Among all the varied odours of that odorous city, that of fish rises supreme. It saluted our nostrils when we marched in the streets, and was wafted in at our windows when the thoughtless breeze ventured our way.

We could see, too, the Channel boats arriving at the dock, bringing battalion after battalion of British troops. These rapidly entrained, and were whisked away in the shrill-whistling little French trains toward the battlefield.

Sometimes convoys of London 'buses, now bereft of their advertisements and painted dull gray, filled with Tommies destined for the "big show", passed by the door and rolled away into the far beyond.

The second morning of our stay at Boulogne Reggy awoke feeling that he really *must* have a bath. Why he should consider himself different from all the other people in France is a matter I am not prepared to discuss. A bath, in France, is a luxury, so to speak, and is indulged in at infrequent intervals—on fête days or some other such auspicious occasion.

He rang the bell to summon the maid. In a few moments a tousled blonde head-of-hair, surmounted by a scrap of old lace, was thrust inside the door.

"*Monsieur?*" it inquired.

Reggy prided himself upon his French—he had taken a high place in college in this particular subject, but, as he remarked deprecatingly, his French seemed a bit too refined for the lower classes, who couldn't grasp its subtleties.

"*Je veux un bain,*" he said.

He was startled by the ease with which she understood. Could it be that he looked—but no, he appeared as clean as the rest of us. At any rate, she responded at once in French:

"*Oui, monsieur,* I'll bring it in to you." She withdrew her head and closed the door.

"What the deuce," cried Reggy as he sat up quickly in bed. "She'll bring in the bath! Does she take me for a canary?"

"A canary doesn't make such a row as you do," growled the quartermaster, "looking for a bath at six a.m."

I tried to console him by reminding him that it was much better to have



Reggy sweet and clean than in his present state, but he said it made small difference to him as he had a cold in his head anyway. Reggy, as an interested third party, began to look upon our controversy as somewhat personal, and was about to interfere when a rap at the door cut short further argument.

Two chambermaids entered the room, carrying between them a tin pan about two feet in diameter and six inches in depth. It contained about a gallon of hot water. They placed it beside his bed.

"*Voici, monsieur!*" cried she of the golden locks.

Reggy leaned over the side of the bed and looked down at it.

"*Sacré sabre de bois!*" he exclaimed. "It isn't a drink I want, it's a bath—*bain*—to wash—*laver*, ye' know!"

He made motions with his hands in excellent imitation of a gentleman performing his morning ablutions. They nodded approvingly, and laughed:

"*Oui, monsieur*—it is the bath."

"Well I'll be d——," but before Reggy could conclude the two maids had withdrawn, smiling.

Reggy explored the room in his pajamas and emptied our three water pitchers into the pan.

"Now I'll at least be able to get my feet wet," he grumbled. "Where's the soap!" he exclaimed a moment later. "There isn't a bally cake of soap in the room."

It was true. This is one of the petty annoyances of French hotels. Soap is never in the room and must be purchased as an extra, always at the most inopportune moment. After half an hour's delay Reggy succeeded in buying a cake from the porter, and his bath proceeded without further mishap. He then tumbled into bed again and fell asleep.

The maids shortly returned to carry out the bath, but when they saw how Reggy had exhausted all the water in the room they held up their hands in undisguised astonishment.

"*Monsieur* is extravagant," they exclaimed, "to waste so much water!" Fortunately Reggy was fast asleep, so the remark passed unnoticed.

Later we approached the *concierge* and asked whether there were not a proper bath-tub in the place. She laughed. "*Les Anglais* were so much like ducks—they wanted to be *always* in the water."

"But I will soon have it well for you," she declaimed with pride. "I am having two bath-tubs placed in the cellar, and then you may play in the water all the day."

At the time we looked upon this as her little joke, but when, weeks later, one early morning we noticed a tall *Anglais* walking through the hotel lounge in his pajamas, with bath towel thrown across his arm, we realized that she had spoken truth. The bath-tubs were really and truly in the *cave*.

It was ten days before we succeeded in locating the building which we wanted for our hospital. All the suitable places in Boulogne were long since commandeered. Every large building, including all the best hotels, had been turned into hospitals, so that we were forced to go far afield. Finally, twenty-two miles from the city, we found a summer hotel, exactly suited to our needs. It was in a pine forest, and close to the sea shore; an ideal spot for a hospital.

During these ten days the talent of our corps conceived the idea of holding a concert in the *Jean d'Arc* hall.

At this time all theatres, music halls, and even "movies" in France were closed, and music was tabooed. France was taking the war seriously. She was mourning her dead and the loss of her lands. The sword had been thrust deeply into her bosom, and the wound was by no means healed. The streets were filled with widows, and their long black veils symbolized the depths of the nation's grief.

Let those who will admire the light-heartedness of Britain, for Britain wears no mourning for her heroes dead. In Britain it is *bourgeois* to be



despondent. We keep up an appearance of gaiety even when our hearts are heaviest. But France is too natural, too frank for such deception. What she feels she shows upon the surface. At first our apparent indifference to our losses and hers was a source of irritation. France resented it; but now she knows us better. We are not indifferent—it is merely an attitude. The two nations now understand each other, and in that understanding lies the foundation of a firmer friendship.

With success and confidence in the future, France has risen out of the "slough of despond". She has recovered a portion of her old-time lightheartedness. We thought her effervescent, artificial and unstable; we have found her steadfast, true and unshakable. She has manifested throughout this desperate struggle a grim and immutable determination, which has been the marvel of her allies and the despair of her enemies.

Realizing the temporary distaste for amusement in France, our little concert was intended to be private, and confined solely to our own unit. But a few of the new-found French friends of the boys waived their objections to entertainment and as a special favour volunteered to come.

It was a strange and moving sight to see a Canadian audience in that far-off land, gravely seated in their chairs in the little hall, waiting for the curtain to rise. Our staff of nursing sisters honoured the boys with their presence, and every officer and man was there. Thirty or forty of the native population, in black, a little doubtful of the propriety of their action, were scattered through the khaki-clad audience.

The boys outdid themselves that night. How well they sang those songs of home! We were carried back thousands of miles across the deep to

our dear old Canada, and many an eye was wet with tears which dare not fall.

But reminiscence fled when Sergeant Honk assumed the stage. Someone told Honk he could sing, and—subtle flatterer—he had been believed. With the first wild squeaky note we were back, pell-mell in France. The notes rose and fell, but mostly fell, stumbling over and over one another in their vain endeavour to escape from Honk. Some maintain he sang by ear. Perhaps he did. He couldn't sing by mouth, and chords long lost to human ken came whistling through his nose. The song was sad, but we laughed and laughed until we wept again.

At the end of the first verse he seemed a little bewildered by the effect, but he had no advantage over us in that respect. At the end of the second verse, seeing his hearers in danger of apoplexy, he hesitated, and turning to Taylor, the pianist, muttered in an aside:

"They down't hunderstand h'English, them bloakes. This ayn't a funny song. Blimed if I down't quit right 'ere, and serve 'em jolly well right, too!"

And under a perfect storm of applause and cries of protest, Honk departed as he had come—anglewise.

Tim and his brother then had a boxing-bout; and Cameron, who acted as Tim's second, drew shrieks of joy from his French admirers, between rounds, as he filled his mouth with water and blew it like a penny shower into the perspiring face of Tim.

"A wee drap watter refraishes ye, Tim," he declared argumentatively, after one of these showers.

"Doze Pea-jammers tinks it's funny," Tim puffed. "Let dem have a good time—dey ain't see'd nuthin' much lately, an' a good laff 'll help dem digest der 'patty de frog grass'."



# THE COMRADE

*By Mazo de la Roche*



CORPORAL PHELAN of the Irish Guards lay crying in a ditch. He was so lonely, so chilled by the autumn mist, and so peevish with the pain that had goaded him into consciousness, that he rocked himself in the ditch, crying miserably, and thinking of his poor old mother in Fermanagh.

He thought, too, with much bitterness, of the young German officer he had been chasing when he tripped and fell in the ditch. The young officer had turned then, laughing, and fired two shots at him, before he strolled away in leisurely fashion, while Phelan lay gasping and cursing.

Just before he lapsed into unconsciousness he had heard British cheers, so he knew the village was recaptured from the enemy.

"Curses on the long-legged loafer that hit me whin I was down," muttered Phelan, wiping his eyes, "he put a bad ind to the best day's fightin' I've had! An' he's kilt me so far off from me comrades that I'll niver git home to thim anny more at all."

He strained his eyes into the foggy dawn and could just make out the shattered spire of the village church and the yellow blur of its lighted windows.

He gave a loud halloo, which was beaten down by the heavy air. Again and again he shouted.

"It'll be broad day before they spot me," he said querulously, "and this ditch gittin' fuller of me blood every blessed minute!" He groaned heavily.

Then the child cried.

Out of the fog and the dark it came to him, a faint, yet piercing, wail. It had an uncanny sound as of something not yet one with this world.

"Gad!" said Phelan, "if I was one o' thim Papists, I'd be crossin' meself fer fair now, an' callin' on the Virgin to save me! But as it is, I'm not scairt at all—hardly. Now, what the divil is yon wan holdin' forth in a ditch at this hour for?"

"Hi!" he called, rather tremulously, "who are ye there, an' what might be *your* complaint?"

The cry came again, but smothered this time, as though the mouth that uttered it were pressed against some breast.

With a new-found strength Phelan scrambled to his feet and stood dizzily among the fallen leaves. Around him stretched the level fields, broken only by the stately march of poplars beside the road, and the dark bulk of a straw-stack and cattle-shed on a ruined farm. A dog, hidden in the shed, began to bark.

Phelan was very weak from loss of blood, his wound burned horribly; he would have given all he owned for a mouthful of water; yet he was full



of joy to discover that he was able to walk despite the pain. He stumbled for a few yards through the ditch, listening intently. Then the cry rose, very near, from a clump of straggling bushes that drooped just beyond him.

Toward these Phelan limped painfully. The dead leaves rustled under his feet, twigs snapped, the dog ceased barking, as though he listened for a returning step.

Suddenly, with an exclamation of pity, Phelan stopped short. He had almost stepped on them.

The woman gazed up at him with wide terror-stricken eyes, her face, white as a flower, against the dusty grass of the bank. She held the child close against her breast.

"Och!" said Phelan, his eyes filling with tears. "The creatures!"

She saw his uniform then, and his kindly, compassionate face, and laying the infant on the ground beside her, she clasped Phelan's knees in her arms and broke into excited and unintelligible explanations.

"No, no, no, my girl," said Phelan abashed, "no kneelin' to me! It's me that must find a way to git you and yer baby under a roof before ye are starved wid the cowl."

"I've got to git ye on yer pegs," he repeated loudly, "this is no place at all for a young baby. Is it the way ye can walk?"

The woman, seeming to understand, began to wrap the child more securely in a flannel petticoat. It came to Phelan then with a pang that the child had been born that night in the ditch, and that the young mother, like a hunted wild thing, had borne her agony unaided.

"And I thought I was hurt," he groaned, "I thought I was hurt."

He saw that her dark eyes were filled with pity for him. She touched the blood-soaked shoulder of his tunic and questioned him eagerly in French.

"Sure, I'm wounded," he replied loudly in English, "but it's nothing to talk about. It's you that has to be

got out o' this infernal ditch in short order. I'm surprised at ye, havin' yer new baby here!" He spoke sternly, but his face quivered with tenderness.

And somehow, though the effort hurt him cruelly, he got her to her feet and took the child in his own arms. It moved against his breast. Its face lay, small and pink, upon his khaki sleeve. Phelan was thrilled with the mystery of this new life. The woman clung to him weakly.

Then, in the early twilight, they moved slowly and painfully along the high road toward the village, the young mother, peaceful and confiding, after her great extremity, the soldier racked with pain, yet filled with pride in succouring these dependent ones, and the newborn child staring straight ahead with glazed black eyes.

The dog at the ruined farm began to bark and howl alternately. The village looked very far away.

Phelan thought a bit of a song would help them. He had a high wailing voice that came in gasps. He sang:

"Oh, I wish we all were geese, over here,  
So we all could die in peace, over here."

The woman smiled encouragement, but the child raised his voice dismally.

"He's got no love fer me singin'," said Phelan, "and small blame to him, fer I have no more voice than a candle flickerin' in the draught. Eh, woman, ye should feel him foosterin' agin the breast av me! Sure, he thinks I'm his mammy."

After a little Phelan ceased to speak. It required all his strength to repress his groans. His lips were parched. It seemed to him that at any moment his legs might sink under him. The weight of the child grew unsupportable, and every stumbling step of the woman's threatened to drag them both to the ground.

A cold rain began to fall. It became almost dark again. They could no longer see the light in the village



church. The woman sobbed as she struggled on. Phelan knew that a little trail of blood marked his passage. The child's face was wet with rain. It slept.

The woman tripped on something in their path and fell. She could not rise. It was the body of a German soldier that lay there.

Phelan put the child on the ground and tried to lift her to her feet. He could not. She lay, a sodden heap, in the rain, moaning piteously. The hands of the dead German youth were clasped as though in prayer. His face was a pallid blur.

Phelan grasped the woman beneath the armpits and dragged her into a sitting posture.

"Non, non," she moaned, "non, non."

The child slept.

Phelan saw then why the hands of the German soldier were clasped in prayer. Towering above them stood a crucifix from which the cross had been almost entirely shot away, and only the tall figure of the Christ remained, with arms outstretched against the sky, as though in a noble gesture of despair.

It was before this shattered shrine that the boy had knelt. The woman now perceived it also. She crossed herself and bent her head submissively.

Phelan stood, tottering, tormented with pain. He looked with bitter scorn at the tall gray figure above them.

"If ye were anny good," he growled, "if ye were anny good at all, ye'd come down off o' that monymint and give a hand to a pore fellah to get yon creatures under a roof!"

A gust of rain beat upon his face, obscuring his vision. The wind whipped the woman's hair about her face. Phelan stooped and picked up the child, muttering angrily.

Then, in a dazed way, he knew that someone was approaching from the direction whence they had come. A rabbit ran from under the shrine

where it had been crouching, and sat for a moment on the road, ears erect, listening.

Phelan now saw a man drawing near, a soldier by his walk, though he could not make out the uniform. Something in his bearing suggested an officer, one that was accustomed to command. He stopped beside the little group with an inquiring turn of the head from one to the other. He was unarmed.

"If ye could just give me a lift here, sir," broke out Phelan eagerly, "I'll bless ye the rest av me days. I'm clean spent thryin' to get this pore young woman to them as'll care fer her, and her bit baby is as wet as a drowned kitten. It come to her last night out yon in the ditch. God pity her, just like some scared animal, tholin' her pain alone. It's the saddest thing I've run across since the war! Ain't it quare such things can be?"

"The saddest thing—" repeated the stranger in a low, deep voice, "it is all so sad—so heart-rending to see them hating each other like this! It is hard to pick out the saddest thing."

"Eh, but think of this pore girl out in the night alone—like this," urged Phelan.

"Yes, and this poor little boy—who is no longer alone," said the stranger, gently lifted the body of the German youth from the highway to the grass beside the shrine.

"That's carrion to me," muttered Phelan.

"It is wings to me," the stranger said.

He took the child from Phelan's arms and bent over it in silence a moment as though in prayer.

"I see you're a very religious man," ventured Phelan, rather timidly, for there was something about this stranger that did not invite familiarity.

"Religious?" The word came mockingly. "I know no religion such as you know."

"Ah, but you *believe*," persisted Phelan.



"I believe"—the stranger's face was raised to the eastern sky where a strip of bluish silver marked the approaching day. The rain had ceased. "Yes, I believe," he repeated, "in the love of all that is." Then, tenderly, he raised the half-conscious woman on his arm, held the child close to his breast, and said to Phelan:

"Put your arm about my shoulder, boy, and lean on me."

"Och, no, no," said Phelan, "I'll do no such thing. What wid the woman, an' the young 'un, ye've helf enough fer the strongest man."

"Lean on me," commanded the stranger smiling. "It will help rather than hinder me. That is why I came."

Phelan, too weak to refuse, put his arm around the stranger's shoulders, and the support he got seemed to put new life into him. A bird skimming over the nearest meadow burst into song. They drew near the village. A little cloud, pink as the branch of al almond-tree in bloom, hovered in the east.

The child lay staring up at the stranger's face.

"Bedad, he ought to know ye agin, when he meets ye," said Phelan, and he turned to look himself at the face beside him.

"And would *you* know me again?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, I would," said Phelan, gazing hard, "un' yet ye've a quare face fer a man. Ye remind me av some-one—I can't rightly think who—but, I believe it's me pore mother's face ye've a hint of."

He continued to gaze in the stranger's face as they walked. He thought he had never seen a face so full of compassion and love.

"God bless ye, sir," he sobbed, "never, never, shall I forget what ye've done fer us this night!"

Phelan pushed open the door of the chapel and staggered inside, supporting the woman with one arm, while the other held the sleeping child. There was a wild light in his eyes.

The Red Cross nurses hastened to meet him with exclamations of pity and amazement. A fire was lighted in a stove in the centre of the building, and around it wounded soldiers lay on heaps of clean straw.

Up beyond the altar-rails half a dozen horses had been stalled, and paused in their crunching of hay to raise their heads and listen. Their forms showed darkly against the bright colouring of the chancel walls.

A doctor came forward, and Phelan was relieved of his burdens. But he pushed the nurses aside when they would have laid him on the straw.

"Why, where is he?" he cried distractedly, "my friend—my good comrade—him that brung us here? I want him—I got to thank him! Keep away, will ye, an' let me afther him."

"Poor fellow, he is clean out of his head," said the doctor. "He's been under a terrific strain—half carried this woman, heaven knows how far!"

"Sit down, there's a good boy!" said a nurse, taking his arm. Phelan roughly threw her off.

"Sit down is it?" he stormed, "an' my friend goin' off with never a glass of something hot to cheer him? Not Tim Phelan! Not on yer life!"

"Sit down, sit down, Tim!" growled his friend, George Bradey, from his heap of straw. "Divil a sowl but yourself come in wid the woman. You're dreamin'."

"There he is! There he is!" shouted Phelan, his eyes starting, "he just now passed up through the chancel yonder, among the horses!" He staggered in a frantic pursuit as far as the rails and clung to them with shaking limbs.

"See!" he cried, "the horses knows! They're lookin' afther him. . . . They seen him, too. . . . Good-bye! Good-bye! God bless ye, comrade!" He sank to his knees.

One of the horses put its nose down to Phelan, and sniffed at his blood-stained face; then, with a shake of the bridle, it raised its head and uttered a loud and mournful whinny.



# THE ETCHER'S POINT OF VIEW

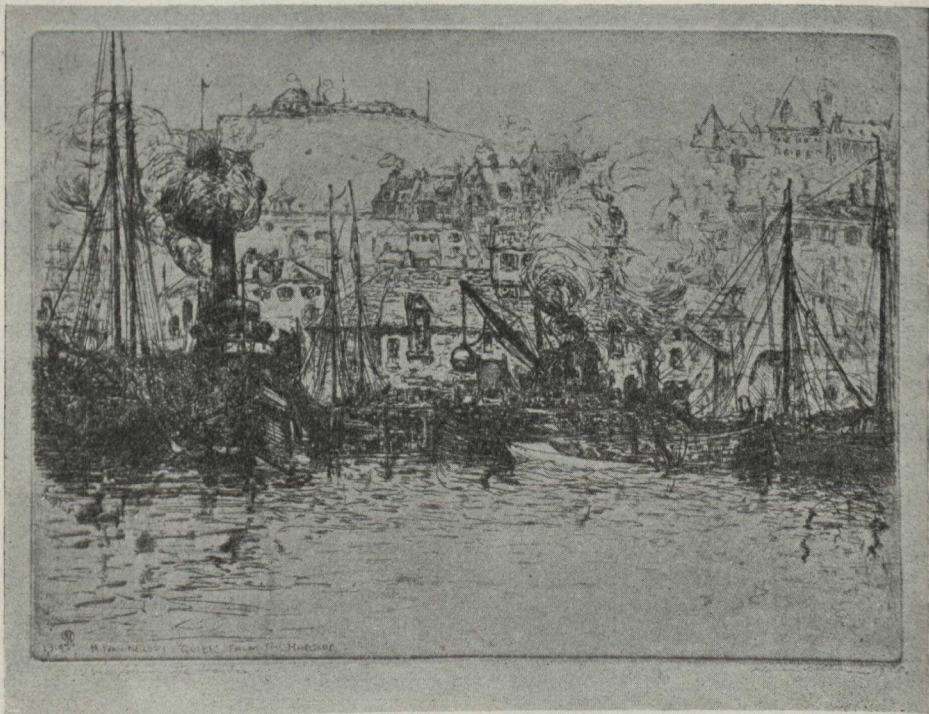
*By Estelle M. Kerr.*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY SEVERAL ARTISTS

**B**EAUTY, we are told, lies in the eye of the beholder. The most hideous object may be glorified by art; the loveliest may be degraded; yet the artist is regarded by most people as the exponent of the ideal, and the beauty of

a place or person is more generally admired if some great painter has rendered it immortal.

Modern artists are losing caste as judges of beauty, for instead of painting saccharine madonnas and well-arranged landscapes, they exercise talents on one-eyed street singers and



From the Etching by  
H. Ivan Neilson

QUEBEC, FROM THE HARBOUR





From the Etching by  
Herbert Raine

#### EVENING ON THE CANAL AT MONTREAL

decrepit tenement houses. "The artists all want to paint her," is no longer a term of approval, and people in quest of a quiet place for their summer outing are not tempted by the announcement that "it is a great resort for artists". For everyone knows by this time that artists prefer to paint in evil-smelling surroundings, that they adore the atmosphere of cod-fisheries and shrink with horror from a well-kept golf course. So it is amusing to the uninitiated to speculate as to what they will do next.

Well, they are doing Canada now. Foreign lands no longer tempt them. They used to tell us that Canada was too new, too crude, but that remark is worn out with age. What they will select depends, of course, on the artist. The man who is looking for colour will find the richest hues in the world in our Canadian woods in au-

tumn; those who love to paint sunlight find that our sunshine is seldom accompanied by a heat that renders painting impossible. They don't care about the subject so long as they have colour or sunlight. As to the figure painters, they know that interesting types of the human face and form may be found all the world over, and if our costumes lack the picturesqueness seen in foreign lands, so much the better they can concentrate on the essentials, for beauty unadorned is adorned the most (with apologies to the board of censors).

But etchers care not one jot for colour, and very little for sunlight. It is rather a convention that etching should be largely used for architectural subjects, and the workers on copper plate have complained rather more bitterly than anyone else that "Canada is too new, too crude!" Now, Whistler has shown us that subject





From the Etching by  
Herbert Raine

BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL

matters not at all. Brangwyn has set the fashion for industrial drawings—scaffoldings, factories, and tall black chimneys belching smoke. And thus the etchers look around them and discover new fields for their efforts. Yet they have not begun to discover the possibilities of Canada as subject matter for art.

The most obvious subjects for etching are found in the settlements of greatest antiquity, so it is in Quebec that the greatest number have been made; but the last annual exhibition of Canadian etchings showed that Ontario was gaining in favour and Manitoba beginning to discover her resources. In Quebec the subjects are interwoven with romance and history. Even when an etching lacks great artistic merit, memories will enhance it in our eyes and take us back to the days when the resources of Canada

were as vague and visionary as art itself. All of Canada's past clusters around Quebec, which for a century and a half was the headquarters of France in the New World, the centre from which she sent forth missionaries, trappers, and soldiers, who established themselves on other strategic points.

Perhaps the most prolific exponent of Quebec on copper-plate is Mr. H. Ivan Neilson, who is essentially a Canadian and a lover of all things Canadian. Both of his grandparents were Scots and they both married French-Canadian women. His paternal grandmother inherited a seignery granted by the French King in consideration of services rendered to the state. He understands the characteristics of French-Canadian life, speaks the language of the habitants and finds among their homes subject



matter for painting and etching as interesting as anything he has seen during the years spent in continental study. Mr. Neilson makes a point of etching only Canadian subjects. The National Gallery at Ottawa possesses a number of his prints, all scenes of historic interest, such as "Montgomery's Headquarters", "The Ramparts of Quebec", "The Louise Basin" and "The Deepening of the St. Charles". The picturesque scenes about his home in Cap Rouge are replete with romance, for it was here, just nine miles from Quebec, that Jacques Cartier spent his first winter in Canada.

Cartier, too, loved the charmingly situated town of Stadacona and the country with its wide rivers, high hills, and fertile fields, and he lingered too long until the cold winter found him unprepared and the ice held him prisoner. It was here in Cap Rouge that Cartier, when eight of his men were dead and more than fifty in a helpless condition, ordered a solemn religious act, which was the first public exercise of the Catholic religion in Canada. A statue to the Virgin Mary was carried over the snow and ice and mass was sung before the image while all who were able to walk formed a procession, singing penitential psalms. There is a subject for a great work of art, surely!

At last the ice broke and the survivors were free to return, but with what tales of cold and misery! No wonder the people could not be persuaded to settle in the new land! No wonder that many years later, La Pompadour, on hearing of the defeat of the French army in Canada, should exclaim that "France was well rid of her fifteen thousand acres of snow"; and now, with Montcalm dead, "at last the King will have a chance of sleeping in peace".

The shipping in Quebec harbour has inspired many an etching. The high distant hills of the Laurentians form a charming background; and sometimes a quaint sailing-vessel is

seen amongst the ships of more modern type. A charming etching that Mr. Neilson exhibited this year made in Quebec harbour, shows an old timber ship, one of the last of the sailing vessels, which was seized from the Austrians last year, brought to Quebec and sold. In the background is the citadel, and other ships and barges are seen. (See frontispiece).

Near Quebec is the Calvaire de Saint Augustin, a wooden shelter in which a figure of Christ, admirably carved, hangs upon a cross. The figure is painted in flesh colour and is further decorated with drops of bright red, but this fortunately does not appear in the etching Mr. Neilson has made of this historic spot. The Calvaire was erected by two French gentlemen in 1698 to commemorate the fact that they had been saved from a watery grave. It was used as a rendezvous for French troops guarding the river above Quebec in 1759-64 to prevent the landing of General Wolfe's troops. The etching shows a group of peasants in front of the shrine, while behind is the wide St. Lawrence.

Mr. Neilson is not the only etcher who has found inspiration in Quebec, though he has pretty thoroughly covered the ground of the obvious subjects. Miss Dorothy Stevens, who spent a summer in the old town, produced several distinctive plates. Of course, she did *Sous le Cap Street*, that narrow little thoroughfare crowded close to the great rock—no one who etched could help making a plate of that, but it and her view from the Ramparts, which also has been done before, are executed in a manner strikingly original, while her etching of the work on that famous, or infamous, bridge that never was finished is marvellous for the intricate drawing of the scaffolding. Herbert Raine, Charles W. Simpson, and Ernest Fosberry have made valuable contributions to Canadian art in their etchings of Quebec, but we are speaking of subject matter rather than exe-





From the Etching by  
George Fawcett

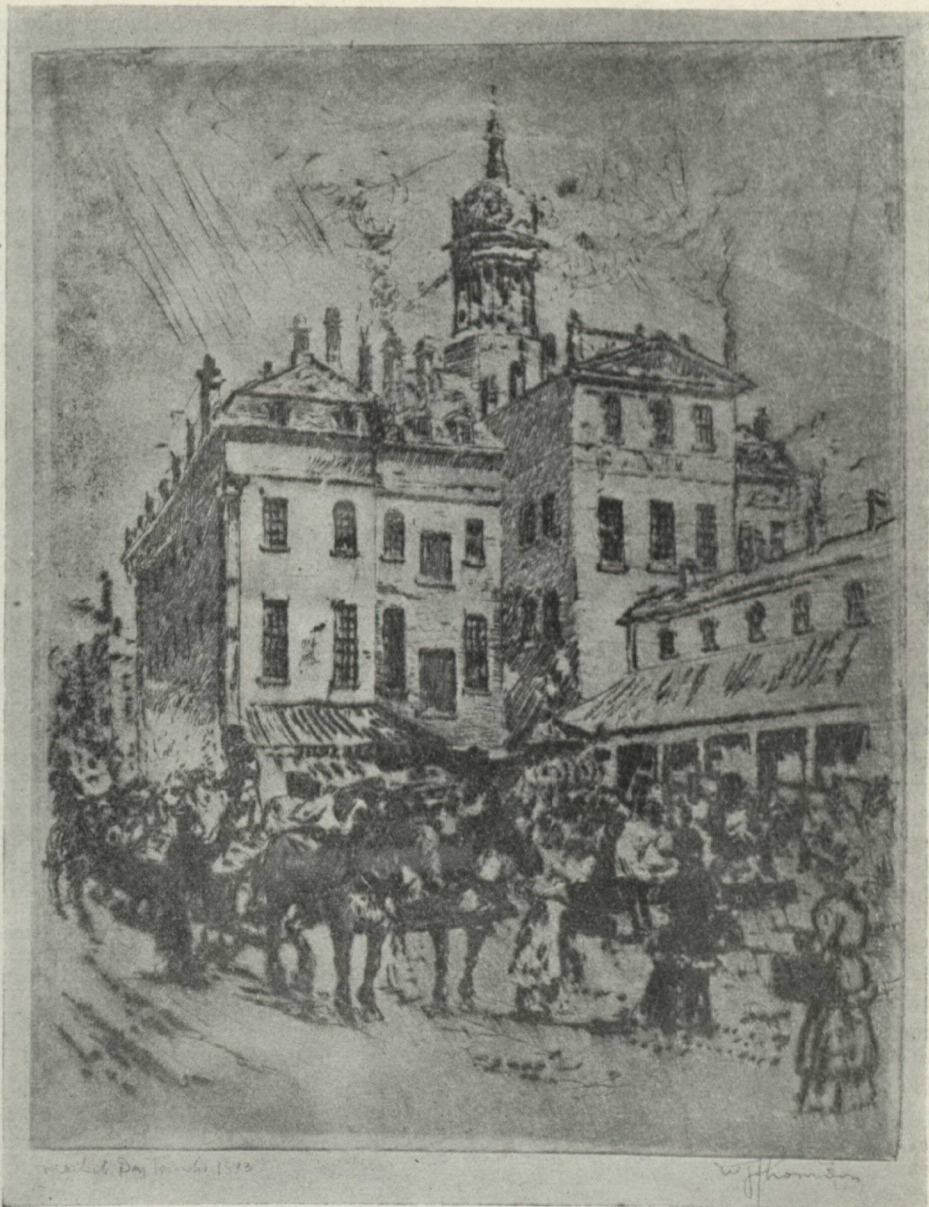
#### THE CATHEDRAL, ST. BONIFACE

cution, of history rather than of art. Next to Quebec, the city of Montreal has perhaps inspired more etching than any other place in Canada, and the picturesque section around Bonsecours market is one of the favourite localities. "Evening on the Canal," view from the commissioner's wharf, showing the tower of the market-place, is one of Herbert Raine's best plates. Bonsecours church is another quaint bit, and the market itself has been frequently depicted.

But market-places are always popular with artists, even without coloured umbrellas and gay awnings that make them doubly attractive abroad. The old Church of Notre Dame is responsible for etchings by Charles W. Simpson and others. In fact, the French and the Roman Catholic element both tend to make the country more artistic, less prosaic.

We find the etchers of Ontario turning more to industrial subjects, or confining themselves to landscapes.





From the Etching by  
W. J. Thomson

#### MARKET DAY, TORONTO

Toronto has inspired few etchings of note. Walter Duff has methodically reproduced many of our important buildings on copper-plate; Maw has contributed some street scenes in which one recognizes the architect,

but the typical old houses of the city that have been so admirably rendered in the paintings of Lawren Harris have never been attempted. Toronto old and new was typified in the last exhibition by etchings by W. J. Thom-



son and Dorothy Stevens. The former showed an attractive print of the old St. Lawrence market, and the latter one of a scene only a few blocks away, but essentially modern; imposing sky-scrapers, electric lamps and a group of modishly-dressed figures in the foreground.

In the etching of landscape J. W. Cotton is supreme and his recent works in the country around Ancaster, Ontario, and in the Credit valley are particularly fine. Frederick Haines has also been successful in delineating Ontario landscapes, and in an etching of the Rosedale ravine he successfully introduced construction work on the Bloor Street viaduct. A deep cut on the new Welland Canal inspired W. J. Thomson to produce an etching of great artistic merit, and it may in time have historical significance as well. F. W. Jopling also excels in industrial subjects, such as railroad yards, ship-building, etc.

Two Winnipeg etchers have had some of their prints purchased by the Government this year, and it is surprising to find such good material for etching on the prairie. George Fawcett's view of St. Boniface Cathedral as seen through the piles of an old bridge, and also one of the same building with a foreground of ice and snow, are both very charming. Perhaps it is because of this vicinity we return to the French Roman Catholic element. W. J. Phillips has successfully etched the Red River scene, but there is little of the picturesque about Winnipeg. Hardly anything remains of old town of Fort Garry, and the well-planned modern city has not yet reached that stage of excellence which

makes even the newest thoroughfares in some of the largest cities attractive to artists.

Art follows in the train of civilization; it does not accompany the pioneers. In the struggle for existence such things are forgotten; in war time they are overlooked. There are more important things to be discussed just now than art; history is being made so fast that we never give a thought to the events that went to make up the history of Canada that we learned at school. Art must be kept alive, however, for we shall not always be at war. The Germans are not so short-sighted as to let this important asset suffer more than is necessary. Their schools of art are still flourishing; big prices are still paid for the best pictures, though the ultra-modern art which had its birth in Germany has been killed by the war.

The works of three of our best Canadian etchers were greatly missed at the annual exhibition this year—Mr. A. E. Waite, now serving with No. 5 Ambulance Corps; Lieutenant Fosberry, of Quebec, and Lieutenant Cyril Barraud, of Winnipeg, who, in a letter to the curator of the Toronto Art Museum, says:

"I'm kept too busy dodging weinemburgers to do any etching; the entrenching tool has taken the place of the burin. The engraving is deeper, but being in softer material I hope it will not last so long."

We hope so, too, and we also hope that our national art will last throughout these troubled times, and become not only immeasurably better but also more distinctively Canadian.





From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens

YONGE STREET, TORONTO



The Canadian Magazine



# THE STRANGE LADY

By Alan Sullivan



THE canoe crept delicately up stream, like a vagrant leaf whose brown, impalpable weight only skimmed the flat surface of the foam-flecked water. Now stopping, now swerving questingly into untroubled pools, now thrusting out till the swift current thrilled against her bows, she worked steadfastly toward a cleft in the pine-topped ridge that lay directly athwart her course. From this cleft the hollow grumble of a rapid boomed incessantly. Presently, rounding a point, the barricade of white water flashed brilliantly.

"If m'sieu will cast in front by the big rock," said an amiable voice. At the same moment the canoe, poisoning for an instant, slid shoreward and fetched up in a patch of drifting foam. The paddle blade of Alphonse had not left the water and now winnowed softly like the tail of a gigantic fish.

Past the great rock moved sluggishly a dark arm of the river. It was agitated with wayward whirlpools that rolled formlessly out of sight, then swung to the surface and expanded into large, smooth wrinkles. The wrinkles twisted, overlapped, broke, reunited and disappeared. Through their thin, reiterant hissing a sharp plunge sounded thirty feet ahead.

The brown wrist of Alphonse turned swiftly. The canoe shot ahead and

lay inert just outside and abreast of the smooth rings that began to spread so rapidly. Then a yellow rod swayed in the bow like a streak of pale flame, and a gossamer thread floated lightly outward, and two flies, hovering for an instant, dropped delicately in the centre of those watery circles.

In another second, something stirred beneath the surface, then, flashing upward, broke into the air with a scattering of wine-like spray, and bored down again to the depths. The fisherman's rod had curved like a stalk of wheat and bright diamond drops were racing along his taut and singing line.

The sun was low when the canoe slipped shoreward to a portage that opened as might a leafy tunnel leading straight into a slumbrous woodland heart. Beside it the rapid growled interminably like a vast and shaggy watch-dog. Alphonse, with a chuckle, balanced the great trout, laid it softly in the moss and swung the canoe over his head. The quick pad, pad of his moccasined feet seemed at once to be obliterated in silence.

The fisherman lingered on a trail cushioned with the bronzed rain of pine needles. Mounting irregularly, it wound between great boles, whose topmost branches were woven into a canopy that stretched high, green and motionless. Beneath this canopy lay nooks, corners and caverns, windless places and spaces—glade and thicket.



The fisherman passed on, blending like a shadow with this divine serenity. At the end of the portage gleamed a lake.

"M'sieu can see Jacques and Alcidore?" said Alphonse, leaning on his stroke when they had re-embarked.

"No, not yet!"

"So, over de bow."

The canoe swerved ever so slightly, and, staring over the knifelike prow, the fisherman detected two tiny flashes that glimmered intermittently and far away.

"Dey travel fas'," went on the Frenchman. "Two hundred mile in five day wit' many portage."

But this time the fisherman did not answer. Alphonse, with his eyes wandering from the distant point to the figure which, even in the canoe, never entirely lost its erectness, fell to thinking once again of the strange chance that brought him and Jacques and Alcidore a hundred miles over the hills to live with this strange gentleman, who caught so many fish and said so little.

He had arrived the summer before quite unexpectedly at Fond du Lac, which is, as everyone knows, at the end of a narrow-gauge railway that runs north through the Laurentians not far from Quebec. And at Fond du Lac he had asked Pierre Lozeau, the postmaster, in the most perfect French possible, how he should get farther north. It seemed, looking back at it, that that French had stirred something in the soul of Alphonse, who was lounging in the doorway. He had not dreamed that his own tongue could be so beautiful. So it was a very natural thing that, moved by the desire to hear more of it, and being a free man who had just come off the drive, he should offer to take m'sieu north—as far as m'sieu should wish to go.

That was the first time he had ever looked into the eyes of m'sieu. They were very remarkable—sometimes gray and sometimes green or blue—they seemed to be full of little hidden

fires that either melted one's heart or scorched it. Then, again, they were the eyes of one who sees a very long way. Sometimes they were like ice in the early winter—and sometimes as tender as the April sunset. When Alphonse recovered himself, he heard m'sieu say that they would start at once. Then the stranger waved his hand at the station platform, on which were piled six large leather trunks. When Alphonse had engaged Jacques and Alcidore for the trip, and they all went toward the canoes, it was discovered that from each trunk there had been scratched out a name.

And all this, reflected Alphonse, with his eyes fixed on m'sieu's back, was over a year old. There was that curious trip northward, the strangest trip he had ever made. They soon got into virgin country untouched by the lumberman's axe. Sometimes m'sieu would drive them on from morning till night, and the next day he might lie on his back and stare for hours at the heavens. But all the time Alphonse noted that the lines and wrinkles were leaving his face. In a month he had seemed ten years younger.

Then, too, had come that marvelous night when m'sieu had ordered Alphonse to open a long box and took out his violin. For a time he gazed at it, turning often to peer into the woods with half-closed eyes. Suddenly he laid his cheek against it and began to play.

And as he played, Alphonse and Jacques and Alcidore began to shiver. Moved by uncontrollable impulse they drew closer together. The night turned blacker, and as the violin deepened its unearthly note, every wolf on the ridge yelped back its answer and a carcajou fishing by the river-bank whined and cried. Wilder and more fearful came the music, till the shadows around seemed full of spirits who were moaning and wringing ghostly hands.

But, just as suddenly, the note



changed. The violin ceased its wailing, and from its hollow throat floated a song. The song was so sweet that Alphonse thought at once of Philomèle, the girl he hoped to marry. From the woods there came a strange twittering as the song drifted through and roused drowsy birds to answer its magical message. In the middle of the most beautiful part m'sieu stopped abruptly. Instantly the three Frenchmen had frozen into images. The whole thing might have been a dream.

The very next day after portaging around a big rapid, they had come to Lac Perdu, a molten sheet lifting flat to a horizon ringed with unruly hills. Thrusting down from the north was a long point where great white pines stood in ordered ranks at the very water's edge. The stranger saw it and stared wistfully.

"What is it called?" he asked.

Alphonse shook his head in ignorance, but Alcidore spoke up from the other canoe.

"Pointe aux Pins, m'sieu. She's all desert, this lake. No mans live here."

The stranger stared again, then nodded and smiled contentedly. And since then many things had happened. The cabin of M'sieu Brown—for thus were addressed the letters that came to Fond du Lac—was finished, and another for the three voyageurs. That of m'sieu stood near the water and the other a little way off. The route to Fond du Lac had been traversed many times by Jacques and Alcidore. Nothing now lacked in security and comfort. They looked very romantic those two cabins, with the roof logs that overhung so far in front to make shade—just like bushy eyebrows. The fisherman surveyed them with satisfaction as he now approached.

"A good trout," he said, and dangled the great iridescent fish. "Five pounds, I think."

"Seex," said Alphonse cheerfully. "Observe his tail, how broad, how strong! M'sieu will go again to dat pool to-morrow."

M'sieu smiled. "To-morrow we commence the second year of your service. You are content for another twelve months?"

Very slowly Alphonse drew a beautiful curve in the white sand with the blade of his paddle.

"M'sieu," he answered with a touch of emotion. "Dere is somedings all mens want—his woman. Lac Perdu, she's wan fine lake, but she don't take de place of Philomèle Doucette. I wait wan year more—dats hall right; but after dat I guess Philomèle she's say somedings, too."

Monsieur Brown's eyes took on a softened look.

"And if at the end of the year I should say to you, 'Take my cabin, my friend Alphonse, and the canoe and tents and all, except what I brought to Fond du Lac, and live here with Philomele?'"

Alphonse caught at the lean brown hand, then drew back in confusion.

"M'sieu, I do not know how," he stammered, and added, "but will m'sieu not live here any more?"

"No, not here—you see, Alphonse, I have discovered that I was not meant to live in one place. Twenty years from now you may follow me by a trail of cabins, all leading further north. I shall be in the last one."

"M'sieu then is not mar—?"

The words died on his tongue. The glance of M'sieu Brown had hardened into steel, and his lips were pressed tight. A dull flush had risen to his temples. He stood very still and suddenly terrible and magnificent.

"But, m'sieu," faltered Alphonse piteously, "I—I." Then again he stared.

The strange appearance had vanished and left his master as kindly as before. "Alphonse," he said evenly, "it is quite right to ask. We wish each other to be happy. Is it not so?"

"*Mais certainement, m'sieu.*"

"I was married—but now—I have not a wife."

The Frenchman felt something tug-



ging at his heart-strings. Never had m'sieu seemed so noble. Just then the canoe of Alcidore ran swiftly ashore beside them.

Alphonse took the leather mail-bag and followed m'sieu to his cabin. There the contents were spilled on a table. On top of the heap lay a violet envelope from Philomèle.

"Ah," smiled M'sieu Brown. He reached suddenly and plucked out another envelope. It was long and white. Alphonse noted that it bore no stamp and had a great red seal that glowed like blood. M'sieu looked at it hard.

"Leave me," he said presently. His voice had taken on the tone it had that first day in Fond du Lac.

At supper-time he shook his head and would not eat. Alphonse moved away puzzled and disconsolate. The sun went down and night closed in black and starless. Lac Perdu was blotted out and only by the lispings along the shore could one tell where the water lay. M'sieu lit his lamp and the three Frenchmen clustered together and stared across at the window, through which they could see the figure of m'sieu sitting with a square sheet of paper in his hand. Sometimes he leaned his head on his palm, but for hours there was nothing more than that.

At midnight they were wakened by what Jacques took to be a wendigo in the woods behind. It was the violin of m'sieu. The sound of it gripped and wrung their hearts. The lamp had long since been extinguished, and he was playing strange things to himself in the dark. At daybreak he looked ten years older.

It was not long after this that M'sieu Brown decided to go a day's journey down the river and fish for a week in a certain pool. Alphonse nodded and suggested that he go down a day early with the tent. He would prepare such a camp as befitted the dignity of his patron.

To this M'sieu Brown assented, so Alphonse paddled away with the mid-

dle thwart of his canoe gripped tight between a sinewy calf and a curving thigh.

That evening, the camp half made, he caught, far down the river, the flash of paddles. Presently a canoe, edging along the shore on the rim of the heavy water, thrust its bows around the nearest point. In the stern sat Pierre Lozeau. In the middle was a strange woman. Then Pierre nosed in to shore and the woman spoke:

"How far are we from Lac Perdu?"

The pulse of Alphonse beat a shade quicker. She had spoken in French—the French of M'sieu Brown. "One day, madame," he said curiously.

She turned to Pierre, "Then do we camp here—I'm very tired?"

"If madame wishes—yes—dat's hall right." He pointed to the work of Alphonse. "She's wan good place here."

Alphonse stepped forward quickly and steadied the canoe while madame got out. She stood for a moment, then walked stiffly to the little point and stared up-stream. The livid sunlight poured over her, and Alphonse instantly decided that she was more beautiful even than Philomèle. There was something strangely familiar about those eyes, those delicate features and the proud carriage of that head. Suddenly it flashed upon him that upon the log-hewn wall of his cabin on Lac Perdu the picture of this strange lady had been pasted. It was taken from an English magazine. He had found it crumpled in a ball and pitched into a corner of the sitting-room of M'sieu Brown. At the time, he wondered why m'sieu should have done this—but now!

He strode into the bush and staggered back under a mountain of cedar boughs. Half an hour later, madame had eaten and lay on a scented mattress staring into the fire.

It was not till an hour after, when she had drawn the doors of her tent, that Pierre Lozeau jerked his chin toward those white walls.



"She's look for M'sieu Brown."

"What for she's do dat. M'sieu Brown she's not marree."

Pierre pressed a tawny finger into the bowl of his pipe, "Hall I know she's come to my bureau on Fond du Lac an' hask if dere's wan Henglishman who's live on Lac Perdu. Den, by gar, she's mak me tak de canoe and go on voyage."

Alphonse was sharply torn between a sense of the beauty of the strange lady and a curious throb of protection for his patron. M'sieu did not want the strange lady, or he would not have meant to destroy her picture. At the same instant the printed name flashed into his memory.

"She's de Comtesse de—" he stopped abruptly.

"What's dat?"

"She's look lak picture I see of wan Henglish comtesse, an' I guess I look lik wan beeg fool for go wild goose chase on Lac Perdu." He stretched out on his back, feet to the fire, and instantly fell asleep.

An hour after daybreak he had killed enough trout for breakfast and came silently ashore standing up in his canoe. When he looked up he saw the strange lady. She wore a great cloak, but was shivering in the gray of the morning.

"*Bonjour, madame.*" He kicked the camp fire embers into redness and heaped on dry birch. The strange lady smiled her thanks and spread her long white hands to the flame.

"Is M'sieu Brown well?" she said very distinctly.

Alphonse, already busy with his trout, started, "Oui, madame, ver' well—now."

"Has he been sick?" There was a sudden lift in her voice.

"*Mais non*—madame—but M'sieu Brown he's wan sick man when he strike Lac Perdu."

She glanced up sharply, "What was the matter?"

"Don't know, madame. Ver' strange maladie! Jus' same as some-dings go wrong here an' here." He

touched head and heart. "Never see dat kind maladie on Lac Perdu or Fond du Lac before."

"But he is well now?"

"I guess yes. When he play de fiddle he feel pretty queer."

"Why do you say that?"

"*Bien, madame*, sometime I want to dance all de way from Lac Perdu to les Rochers Rouges—and the nex' minute he bre'k my heart wit dat fiddle."

"Are you very fond of M'sieu Brown, Alphonse?" Madame looked up the river.

"*Oui, madame*, She's won fine man—M'sieu Brown."

"So am I—Alphonse—and—" she stooped forward and her voice grew very tender. "I want you to take me to see him."

The Frenchman examined his trout gravely. It had always seemed a strange thing that M'sieu Brown, such a man, should bury himself on Lac Perdu—and worse than that, talk of going farther north every year. He had said, too, that he was married, but had no wife. And here—he glanced at the strange lady with bright, curious eyes—here was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, also alone, also unhappy. Suddenly it appeared to him that in this delightful world there was misery enough. Why should it be increased by these two, between whom there was some link, he did not understand. What harm could so wonderful a woman do to anyone—even his own patron? The biggest trout quivered in his hand, and he felt on the edge of amazing things.

"Madame," he said slowly, "M'sieu Brown comes here to fish. *Voici his campement*. He come. I guess, 'bout seex o'clock. Suppose madame wait. I feex him up, *le campement, bien comfortable*. Madame eat, res'—sleep. *Bien?*"

The strange lady glanced at him, turning her head with a quick, bird-like alertness.

"But is there any other reason why I should not go on?"



"None, madame," countered Alphonse hastily. Then he paused—for romance had begun to flutter in his heart. He would make a *campement*—one worthy of this lady and M'sieu Brown. He had a restless consciousness that whatever he might offer would be infinitely less than this proud lady had been accustomed to receive, but it would be the finest *campement* ever seen on Lost River. He looked at her with pleading eyes. "Madame will stay? Is it not so? Pierre Lozeau, he shall return to the bureau at Fond du Lac." He hesitated and added swiftly, "An' if madame, she does not stay on Lac Perdu, I shall tak her down the river—Eh—" A flush mounted to his swarthy cheeks.

And into madame's face, as she met that beseeching gaze, there also crept a rising colour. "Very well, Alphonse. If I do not stay, you shall take me back to Fond du Lac."

She ate with a delicate hunger and watched Pierre Lozeau, as in high content he slid down-stream. Alphonse finished his breakfast, wiped his fingers in moss and sprang to his feet.

"Madame, *maintenant pour le campement.*"

By mid-afternoon it was finished. The tent was knee-deep in small cedar tops that cushioned it like a spring mattress. The space in front of the tent was floored with flat-split birch. Beyond this rose a royal fireplace, flanked with boulders and backed with great logs that would prison the heat and reflect it into the open tent. Steps cut in the bank were paved with flat stones, and a small floating dock thrust out from the shore into black water. On one side lifted a shelter roofed with bark that housed a table and two small opposing benches. It was all sweet and odorous, with the scent of fresh-hewn timber and the sharp fragrance of cedar. At four o'clock, Alphonse straightened his back.

"M'sieu Brown," he said quickly, "*Le voila.*"

The strange lady looked up and saw a canoe in mid-stream. It moved swiftly in the centre of the ridge of saw-toothed swells that marked the toe of the rapid. In the stern crouched Alcimore, with his eyes glued to the surging line and feeling the weight of the water with his skilful paddle-blade. In the centre knelt M'sieu Brown. He was bent forward and was staring at a miniature whirlpool in the back water above which dangled a single fly. The tail fly had been snapped under. Presently the nose of the canoe edged into the back current and the fight went on. To Alphonse, all this was an old story. He glanced at madame.

Her face had become deadly pale. Her thin hands twisted nervously together and her lips were moving. He could not hear the words, but they seemed to go ont to M'sieu Brown, who turned so suddenly that but for the quick balance of the steersman the canoe would have upset. At the sight of the strange lady he motioned to Alcimore, and they began to come slowly across stream and all the time his face became colder and sterner. It was just as though her eyes had flung out an irresistible cord that was drawing him to shore. Presently he reached land.

Alphonse shot a swift glance at the face of his patron and gesticulated wildly to Alcimore, who came, wondering. Instantly Alphonse pulled him down into a clump of ground hemlock. M'sieu Brown, who had taken not the slightest notice of this pantomime, went slowly up the new flagged steps and forward to where the strange lady stood by the tent door. Two pairs of glittering eyes devoured them.

"Seems lak I know dat womans," whispered Alcimore.

"Tch!" hissed Alphonse. "You spik wan leetle word an I sack you, by gar."

Alcimore grunted a protest, but just then the strange lady stretched out her hands:

"Arthur, Arthur, don't say you'll



send me away again!" she implored.

M'sieu Brown trembled quite visibly. "Why did you come here?"

"I can't live without you. I would have followed you anywhere. Let me stay now." A royal colour rose to her cheeks. "I was only dreaming before—I'm awake now."

"And—"

"He's gone—gone forever. I was crazy, a fool—but never what you thought—Arthur. Take me—keep me close to you—always."

M'sieu Brown lifted his eyes and surveyed her petitionary beauty. "I'm done with life—your way of living. I've lost the taste for it, and shall never go back."

"You!" she whispered. Her hand fumbled at her throat. "You, what will—" The rest dwindled into silence.

"There are worse fates than to be forgotten," said M'sieu Brown slowly.

The strange lady looked at him for a moment and swayed toward him ever so slightly. "Then let me be forgotten, too," she implored. "Arthur, don't you understand? I want nothing more than you can give me. I am content to stay here always—I would be proud to do that. I have learned to love it already, and," she faltered, "beloved—I love you."

M'sieu Brown caught his breath

sharply. "To live here always—year after year—and to die in the north with me—" he said unsteadily. "Are you ready for that? Can you forget the life that is behind?"

"My—life—is—just — beginning," she whispered faintly.

And at that he stepped forward very swiftly.

Not long after, the sun dropped behind a bank of cloud and night came on fast. The flames were leaping in the big fireplace. M'sieu and madame, lying on the spruce branches, were gazing into them when, quite unconsciously, m'sieu reached for his fiddle case. Alphonse lay back and closed his eyes.

Presently woven into the rumbling rapid came the music, a lifting thing that picked up one's heart and moulded it into many shapes. There was silence when it ceased.

Next day they headed for Lac Perdu. Madame's lips parted in delight when she caught sight of the cabin. The canoes touched shore—and without a word, Alphonse dashed toward his own log-house. Once inside he stopped breathless before a picture pasted to the timbers.

"By gar," he panted, "Alcidore, she's wan beeg fool—suppose Madame Brown he see dat." Then he tore it from the wall.





# WITH CANADIANS <sup>from</sup> <sub>the</sub> FRONT

*By Lacey Amy*

## IV.—THE WEAPON OF OFFENCE

**A**T different stages of the Great War different conclusions have been arrived at concerning the respective values of the various branches of the offensive weapon. Away back when Belgium was standing off the Germans single-handed until the Allies could collect an army, as well as during the following weeks ending at the battle of the Marne, while the British and French were trying to get their breath, there was only one thought in the minds of the experts—guns, guns, and of the largest calibre! Before the great German guns forts previously considered impregnable were reduced to powder. The Allies kept dropping back, crying not so much for men as against the unopposable might of the German artillery.

Then came the turn. The Allies, rallying before Paris, with the Germans puffing from their pursuit and weakened in guns and ammunition by the impetuosity of their advance, stood their ground and fought the enemy to a standstill. The retreat of Mons developed into the victory of the Marne, and trenches began to wind from the sea to the borders of Switzerland. It was then, when Germany stood with her back to her homes, when attack and counter-attack seemed to be deciding between Calais and Berlin, that the critics

cooled down and determined that, after all, it amounted to men, not guns.

But when trench warfare seemed to be leading to that statement so confidently predicted by German sympathizers and so feared by the Allies a new era dawned. What human waves could not accomplish might be done by a more violent agency. England, Russia, France crowded on steam in the munitions factories and guns began to pour to the front to compete with the German military machine that had been building for three-quarters of a century. At St. Julien it switched from the moment from guns and men to gas. Now and then liquid fire has figured. But for more than a year the swing of the critical pendulum has been once more towards guns; and at guns it promises to stay for the remainder of the war.

There is no chance of the infantry missing its dues. Guns without men to follow up would be no more use towards ending the war than Zeppelin raids. But men without the guns! That is where Russia stood in June, 1915, when her hordes were powerless against the rain of German shells that poured death on them from a safe distance.

Canada has not attempted to maintain her share of the field guns necessary to the support of the number of



men she has sent to the front. She has contributed that which she was in a position to give in the quickest time. England, from her greater resources and experience, has added the greater part of the batteries of larger calibre now considered wise for the completion of the force in the field.

Canada has contributed at least three of what are called heavy batteries. Cobourg, Ontario, perhaps the most famous, saw emergency service early in the war. As the only heavy battery available it was hustled about Canada wherever attack from German cruisers threatened. Right across to Victoria it tore in anticipation of the Pacific squadron that never came, and when the danger was over it was recalled to other active duties.

But Canada's heavy batteries, consisting only of 4.7 guns, are light compared with the guns now doing duty behind the lines on both sides. A 4.7 gun, throwing a sixty-pound shell, does a lot of destruction with its "coal-box", but it is when sixteen-inch shells are dropping about that "heaviness" begins to reach the limit. The vast majority of guns are much smaller than either of these. Canada's batteries, and the most convenient size in use by all the armies in the organized batteries, are thirteen-pounders for the horse artillery and eighteen-pounders for the field artillery.

There is as yet in this war no difference in the uses of horse and field artillery, as there is none between the mounted rifles and the infantry. All are doing trench work. And their shells, usually called by the soldiers "whizz-bangs", do perhaps more destruction in the aggregate than all the larger calibres put together. They are exceedingly mobile and that characteristic has saved the day scores of times when the larger guns would have been useless, perhaps even captured.

On many occasions they have proved their worth in emergency to the cost of the Germans. Once—it was at Loos—an eighteen-pounder

was rushed right to the front lines. There, at a distance of 175 yards, it was turned on the advancing enemy at point-blank range. Eighty shells it sent tearing into the oncoming ranks; and then the Germans concluded they shouldn't ask too much and retired. When the British lost Messines the Germans began immediately to erect a barricade across the road. Counter-attack after counter-attack had failed and bombing parties had paid the penalty of their bravery. That night a horse artillery gun was rushed up by an armoured motor car. With a few shells the barricade was blown to bits, while the big German shells vainly tried to reply effectively. Right in the middle of the road the gunners stood behind their gun, while the German guns, far back where they could not see, showered the fields on either side, not suspecting that any enemy would dare the easiest location. In thirty minutes the Canadian gun was back in its old place sending over occasional shells at its former range to prevent the Germans enjoying the night. Of course, there were some little wrinkles in the operation which are not for public print, and which have been, and will be, used again as occasion requires.

The placing of the guns is an art in itself. They must be sufficiently near to cover a varied range within the German lines, while far enough back to be safe from sudden raids. Roughly, these smaller guns are placed at 1,500 yards from their target, and at that distance they can search out the front, support and communication trenches with disastrous effect. Their concealment is as necessary as their use, since one well-placed shell from the enemy may clean out the entire crew and disable the gun. In the preparation of their emplacement sandbags figure, as they do everywhere about the front. These bags are built up about the gun, and over them a galvanized roof is built. The roof is covered with sod or clay, according to the nature of the sur-



rounding ground, in order to render it invisible from the air. The sand-bags are rubbed with clay or painted green, under similar conditions, that the place may not be discernible from the front. But that is not sufficient. Now that the shelter is complete, no one is permitted to walk behind it, as it would reveal its existence by momentarily hiding him. Usually there is constructed in the rear a hedge, kept green by being rebuilt each day. Only behind that hedge may one pass. There are a hundred such dodges utilized by both sides in the ordinary course of the day's work, and only the most common of these are described. Upon the ingenuity of his concealment depends the gunner's effectiveness and safety.

In connection with every gun is a number of horses, under the care of men who face much of the same danger as the gunners without the satisfaction of getting even. To each gun are six horses and three drivers. In the field artillery the gunners ride on the limbers; in the horse artillery they have horses of their own. As each gun goes into its place for action it is followed by its ammunition wagons, and as required these wagons—almost always by night, of course—replenish the supply of ammunition. In this work there are two stages. From the rear the ammunition column, in comparative safety, carries the ammunition forward to a given point, where it is reloaded into the wagons in direct touch with the guns, and these are taken to the front by the drivers and ammunition carriers. In case of injury to the gunners, the carriers take their places.

While the artillery, owing to its distance behind the front, is not considered as dangerous a sphere of action as the infantry, or its immediate branches, there are times when the gunner is subjected to a shelling which partakes not at all of the desultory nature of front-line shelling. As the aim of every battery is to locate the guns of the enemy, and in this they

are aided by an air service that pays little attention to anything else, immediately a gun is located it is shelled into helplessness; and in these days of marksmanship the fate of a discovered gun or battery is unenviable.

Corporal Y., a St. Catharines gunner, a member of the 10th battery of the 3rd brigade, was the victim of another danger to which gunners are exposed. Everywhere through the lines, even far behind the front lines, the Germans have managed to maintain a sniping force that has been of special menace to those whose operations are carried on beyond the reach of the constant rifle firing across No Man's Land. While this menace is decreasing day by day, owing to improved organization and greater care for its extermination, no one is safe. In the comparative retirement of the gun crews these snipers find their most telling opportunity. There have been instances, one to my own knowledge, where an entire crew was wiped out without the discovery of the sniper. Corporal Y., a husky Canadian of six feet, two, received his "blighty" in the foot through this means. Before that he had passed through the usual narrow escapes without a scratch. Once a shell passed right through his gun shelter without exploding. At Wolveringham the battery was shelled out, two shells coming through the officers' mess without doing more damage than the wounding of the major.

Private G., from Sherbrooke, Quebec, a member of the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, an ammunition carrier and general utility man on account of his knowledge of French and English, is another sample of the powerful Canuck who reached the hospital with a leg injury. When not engaged in carrying ammunition he was back at the rear with the horse artillery as interpreter, a duty assigned to many Canadians from Quebec.

Driver H., Kingston, A Battery,



had been at the front a long time without injury, although he had been in the thick of it around Plug Street, where the mud hampered no other branch of the service so much as the artillery drivers. Frequently they were forced to attach ten horses to each limber, and even then stuck. All last winter he was engaged in the delightful task of hauling ammunition right up to the guns through a narrow valley full of shell-holes. Filled with water, these holes froze over, cutting the horses and making the road not only almost impassable, but positively dangerous to horse and man. Floundering in the dark, with shells searching them out, the drivers had to keep the supply up over a road whose unevenness and depths they could never see nor even guess until the horses sank into them.

Ask a soldier what he dreads most at the front, and, after the cold, he will name the trench mortar. These light but powerful weapons are everywhere, dealing out death in terrible doses. Standing right in the front trenches often, they toss hideous projectiles across No Man's Land into the enemy trenches as one would throw a baseball. Time was at the beginning of the war when the trench mortar crew was as unwelcome in a bay (one of the sections into which the trenches are divided) as a fifteen-inch shell. From bay to bay the trench mortar was cursed, and only when it arrived where the N.C.O. in charge had not the strength to insist upon its removal was it allowed to get in its work. For a mortar was certain to draw a heavy bombardment from the nemy. Now, with the organization of trench warfare, this has changed. The mortar is placed under orders, and no local objections have weight. Which does not modify the local cursing.

The trench mortar is portable. Therein lies its efficiency. It is built on a base that is covered with sandbags to hold it firm while it throws its bombs over at the enemy. The old

mortar threw a sixty-pound shell that had a range of 280 yards. From that the size grew to 192-pounds, throwing across 800 yards and making a hole twenty-eight feet deep, it is said, and twenty-six feet square. It was a miniature earthquake when it struck, and it was little wonder its presence brought the attention of the enemy artillery of all sizes. The latest development is a small affair, called the Stokes gun, weighing but fifty-two pounds complete, and presenting the enemy with an eleven-pound high-explosive. The war is passing more and more to high explosives.

The Stokes gun looks like a bit of stovepipe, and is most useful for sniper's plates and gun emplacements. One of its advantages is that it is even more silent and unseen than the other mortars, all of which emit little noise, and only a few sparks at night. Its thirty-two shots a minute are sure destruction to a wide section of trench. The secret of the new mortar was long zealously guarded. There were standing orders to destroy it at any cost before capture, one shell being carried solely for this purpose. It is reported that the Australians failed, losing two to the enemy.

The projectile of the trench mortar is more a bomb than a shell, with a tail to guide it, bursting either by time fuse or concussion. In the latest designs the shell carries its own charge for propulsion. The Germans, early in the war, had this style of warfare much their own way, but, as in everything else, the Allies caught up. The aerial torpedo of the Germans was for a long time the special terror of our soldiers. Passing very high, it dropped square into our trenches and did much destruction. For a long time there was a special reward of six months' leave and £50 offered to the soldier who would bring one in unexploded. The nearest to success was a British soldier, who loaded one on a transport—and himself, horses and wagon paid the penalty. Of late the Allies have ceased



to worry about it since they have something more effective. The ordinary bomb from the trench mortar is clearly visible through the air in the daytime. It is at night that its silent "puff", in disproportion to its execution, is most dreaded.

Private P., Montreal, of the 2nd Division trench mortars, is one of but seventeen remaining of the original 142. His appearance in the casualty list was due to losing his way and thereby coming under the shell-fire of the nemy. With fifteen others he was carrying up ammunition by night to a new trench mortar position. Each with his sixty-pound shell, led by a corporal, who alone knew the location of the gun, they found themselves in the German trenches. On their way back they were discovered by a listening post. A shell dropped among them and twelve of the sixteen were killed. P. managed to crawl away, but another shell buried him. While not seriously injured, the not unusual shellshock following burial resulted.

If the Germans have taught us one thing more than another it is that machine guns can take the place of armies in many of the operations. We were slow to realize this fact, as we have been slow to show our willingness to learn many of the other valuable things so apparent from the first of the war. Now we are catching up even in this branch of offensive service. Without machine guns, even with the most powerful artillery, it is doubtful if an attacking force of determined nature could be stopped. The usefulness of the artillery stops a hundred yards or more in front of one's own lines. Rifle fire, while necessary and deadly, is inadequate. A dozen riflemen and a machine gun are almost as effective as one hundred rifle-armed men. It was a knowledge of this that enabled the Germans to make such serious opposition to the Allied advance in July. It is said that there have long been sections of the German front manned

by entirely inadequate numbers, but made efficient by machine guns, a product of factories not affected by the "policy of attrition" so confidently adopted by the Allies for the first two years of the war.

The fact that Canada's eager contribution of funds for machine guns did not develop into what was hoped for, is no proof that the guns were not needed. While not of much service for active attack, they are indispensable for stopping the counter-attacks whereby we hoped to make the enemy suffer even more than by our artillery. There is no doubt that the rifle of the future will be a miniature machine gun.

The Canadians have been armed with three kinds of machine guns, the Colt, the Vickers, and the Lewis. The former, an American gun, has been almost superseded by the Vickers, an English production, and at the time of writing a still newer style is under test and the new machine gunners are being trained to its use.

The Vickers is a large gun, requiring an emplacement, and while portable, is beyond the strength of one man. It is now built with a tripod, which facilitates its use under conditions impossible to the old style. It is a powerful gun, firing from belts at the rate of about 500 a minute. Machine guns of this nature are fired from prepared positions. While often brought right into the front trenches, they are usually operated from a support trench or from an emplacement some yards in the rear. As in the case of artillery, concealment is an absolute essential.

When used in the front lines, an emplacement is built up so that the gun is above the level, and the parapet is left before it as before the rest of the trench. When operated from the rear, a more elaborate shelter is constructed. The general design of the shelter is a trenchlike excavation on three sides of a square. On the higher centre the gun is placed, and in the trench, so that they are able to



work the gun with ease and be partly protected, the gunners stand. In front sandbags are heaped, finished off to resemble the surrounding ground, and overhead, as a protection from the prying eyes of the aeroplanes, a roof covered with grass or mud is erected.

Except under attack, machine guns are operated only by night. The location of one of them meets instantly with a severe shelling, or when in the front lines, with the German aerial torpedoes. In the daytime the gun is entirely concealed and silent, but the crew may be engaged in obtaining their sights for the night work. It may be a sniper's shelter or an emplacement, or a bit of new work that is to be destroyed. When darkness comes the concealing sandbags are removed and the gun is fired through a bag of grass to hide the flash. In the use of the machine gun the range is sometimes almost as important as with the artillery. For its ordinary night operations of destroying work observed in the daytime, its aim must be accurate. Frequently an emergency calls for the temporary use of the gun elsewhere. In order that this might not nullify the range secured, perhaps with much daring, the gunners have invented various range-keeping devices that enable them to pick up the range again upon their return. A box, a sheet of paper with a hole in it, and a candle form one of the simplest and surest of these devices.

One of the most effective uses of

the machine gun is the night firing in the direction of a suspected exposed foe. Thousands of the Canadians have been caught by this blind firing. By some noise, or by a flare, a patrol or wiring party is suspected. Instantly a machine gun is turned in the general direction, and the sweep of bullets turned loose over the whole area. Only by lying down is there escape, for a machine gun turned slowly will cover the ground so closely that scarcely a fly could escape on the proper level.

Machine Gunner B., Toronto, one of the 1st Canadian Motor Machine Gun Company, outfitted, I think, by Clifford Sifton, has experienced the lot of the men recruited for a service not adapted to the present style of warfare. Like the cavalry and the mounted rifles, they were forced to get down and fight in the trenches like the infantrymen. The machine guns were removed from the cars and taken into the trenches, but the cars found sufficient service in other ways to make them valuable. The machine gunners' turn in the front is much longer than that of the other soldiers. Sometimes they are on duty sixteen days, with seven days' rest. It is not implied that their work is any harder on that account, for the duration of duty has been graded as nearly as possible to the work and exposure and danger endured. B.'s "wound" was shellshock, his convalescence being delayed by an attack of gastritis. His fourteen months in the trenches earned him the rest in the hospitals.



# CANADIAN HISTORY & ADVERTISED

By Aubrey Fullerton



VEN in those early days when people lived more simply than now, and knew nothing of booms or bargains, the well-being of society, in Canada as everywhere else, rested in some measure upon the gentle art of advertising. It is no new invention of these latter times that men should be told through the public prints that their various wants may be supplied, at place and price indicated; nor is it a new thing that men who are prepared to render services should seek to convince their neighbours that they need such services. All the psychology and utility of advertising, as known to us of the present day in a hundred and one complicated forms, existed in embryo a long time ago: in proof of which one may look at the ways of society and the wiles of merchantmen in the good old city of Halifax from, say, 1870 to 1814.

Eighteenth-century cities in Canada were not many or large, but after their kind they took colour, just as cities do to-day, from their business houses and their ways of buying and selling. Halifax had as picturesque a row of shops, and as notable a roll of shop-keepers, as ever a city had, and it is a pity that something of that old-time merchant flavour could not have been preserved to this more

busy day. But the Halifax tradesmen of a hundred years ago announced their wares in *The Halifax Royal Gazette*, and otherwise, and their advertisements—more enduring literature than many of the modern best-sellers—still remain as reflections of the life and social order that gave them birth.

There was a certain barber in Halifax in 1789, George Clarke by name, who believed in letting his light shine. Hairdressing in those days of wigs and curls was a quite different matter from twentieth-century barbering, and since there were no barbers' unions to regulate the trade, the way was open both to cultivate a really professional pride in it and to make a strong bid for custom, brother friseurs notwithstanding. On the first day of December, perhaps in view of a general sprucing-up for Christmas among the dandies of the town, Barber Clarke advertised himself and his work thus adroitly:

“The subscriber, hair dresser to ladies and gentlemen, begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public, that he now lives at the north-west corner of the Grand Parade, and informs them that he follows his profession with punctuality (as usual), and flatters himself that notwithstanding he is a Nova Scotian, his performance will be at least equal that of many German, London, Dublin, or Cork Court friseurs! And altho' he is possessed of the greatest share of customers, that his diligence and activity in business entitles him to more



encouragement from the old standing inhabitants than he now receives. He begs leave to acquaint the public that it is not his intention to gain their custom and approbation otherwise than by his industry, although many have succeeded by flattery and misrepresentation."

The nearest approach to modern department-store advertising was that of Anthony Henry, in 1782. Henry was King's Printer as well as merchant, and for forty years the publisher of *The Gazette*; and it may be that his familiar knowledge of printer's ink had something to do with his generous use of it in the interests of trade. His shop must have been a delightful place to visit, and a reasonably satisfying one; for its wares were very miscellaneous. One naturally pictures the good folk of Halifax flocking to it in response to the following announcement:

"Just imported from London, in the ship Adamant, Capt. Wyatt, master, and to be sold by Anthony Henry, a general assortment of the best stationery and books; Bohea, Souchong, Green, and Hyson tea; loaf sugar and molasses; wax and tallow candles; men's best shoes and pumps; women's everlasting and sarsenet shoes; an assortment of pickles, in cases; fiddle strings; printing types, for marking linen; an assortment of curious prints; magick lanterns and slides; scented hair powder; Jarr raisons; Valencia almonds, shell'd and unshell'd; candied citron and orange; troffels; macaroni; morels; vermacella; pearl barley; almonds; comfits, carianther do., carraway, and other confectionary, sorted; cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and mace, &c., &c.

"Parlour and Franklin's open stoves; Irish Rose butter; French and Scotch barley; split peas; a variety of telescopes, opera and reading glasses; acorn microscopes; with a variety of other articles. All will be sold at the lowest rates for cash."

Not so clever or encyclopedic an advertiser as either of these tradesmen was Robert Walker, who combined shoemaking, gardening, and philosophy. He was a flower-lover, and seems to have made some effort to encourage gardening throughout the town. This brief advertisement is on record:

"A great variety of flower roots and seeds, warranted good, to be sold by Robert Walker, nearly opposite to Hesterman's."

But Walker, perhaps Canada's first seedsman, was himself more interesting than his business. He was something of a cynicist, and delighted in his later years to pull down the pride of his fellow townsmen of the younger generation by telling them tales of how humbly their fathers had begun in life.

A mathematical school was advertised in 1795. It was a night-school, with hours from six to nine o'clock, and evidently was intended for the young men who were otherwise engaged through the day.

Old Halifax had a gay and varied social life, as befitted the capital and garrison city. Banquets, balls, and theatricals were frequent, and some very pretentious stage-play was put on the boards, under high patronage. The amusement bulletins had these, among other notices:

"Grand Theatre, Argyle street, 26 Feb. (1789), 'Merchant of Venice,' and the farce of 'The Citizen.' The characters by gentlemen of the navy, army, and town. Tickets to be had of Mr. Howe, printer. Boxes, 5s.; Pit, (first), 3s.; second pit, 2s. The doors to be open at 6 o'clock, and the curtain drawn up precisely at 7."

"Tuesday, 10 March. New Grand Theatre. 'Beaux Strategen' and 'The Deuce is in Him.' It is particularly requested the ladies will dress their heads as low as possible, otherwise the persons sitting behind cannot have a view of the stage. The ladies and gentlemen are desired to give directions to their servants, when they come to take them from the theatre, to have their horses' heads towards the parade."

"Wednesday, 13 Jan'y., 1795. Halifax Theatre. By the desire of H.R.H. Prince Edward. 'Love a la Mode' and 'The Agreeable Surprise'. No children in laps to be admitted."

Fashionable conveyance to and from the playhouses and other social gathering-places was by sedan chairs and coaches. In 1793 and 1794 sedan chairs were advertised to stand for hire in Barrington Street, at charges of from one shilling to one and six-



pence. "On Sunday, one-eighth of a dollar to church." This mode of travel, however, gave way in a few years to hackney coaches, one operator of which advertised in January, 1811, as follows:

"Under the patronage of His Excellency Sir George Prevost, Lieut.-Governor and Commander-in-Chief:—W. Madden begs leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of Halifax, that he has fitted up Three Carriages, which he will send to the Stand for their accommodation, on Monday next, 21st instant, on the following reasonable rates: To any part of the Town, for one person, 2s. 6d.—for two, 3s. 6d.—for four, 6s. 3d. . . . When kept in waiting longer than one-quarter of an hour, to pay at the rate of 5s. 6d. per hour. . . . All jobs about town after Dark to pay one-third more fare. . . ."

But Halifax's social life was not all pleasant and rose-tinted. This, on January 19, 1779, shows another and a sorrier phase of it:

"To be sold, an able negro wench, about 21 years of age, who is capable of performing both town and country house work. She is an exceeding good cook. For further particulars inquire of the printer."

In the same year another citizen advertised a reward of twenty dollars for information of a negro man-servant who had run away from him.

If the commercial advertising of a

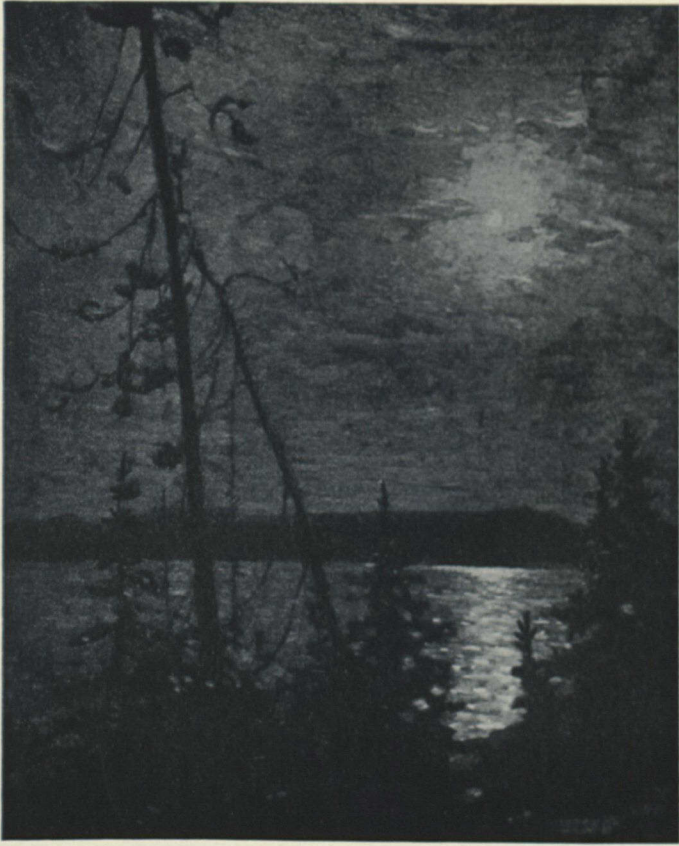
hundred years ago was ordinarily heavier and duller than that of to-day, some of the Government notices at least were more lively than either departments of state or city councils now send out. Facetiously worded allurements were thus held out to young Haligonians in May, 1813, by the Navy Office:

"What Should Sailors do on Shore, while King, Country and Fortune point to the Ocean!—His Majesty's Schooner PICTOU, of 12 guns, commanded by Lieut. Stephens, as fine a vessel of her size as ever floated on salt water, wants a few jolly, spirited fellows to complete her complement for a short cruise, who may all fairly expect to dash in Coaches on their return, as well as other folks. Apply on board, at the Navy Yard."

Had there been even more advertising in pioneer Halifax, it would be possible, with some imagination, to reconstruct the general life of the old citadel town. Such announcements, however, as these, being fair and truthful samples, give hints of the close and interesting relation that existed between business and society then, as now. They bought and sold, made and asked special prices, invited custom and gave or withheld it, after the same very human way as do we to-day, but with the mellow colouring of a hundred years ago.





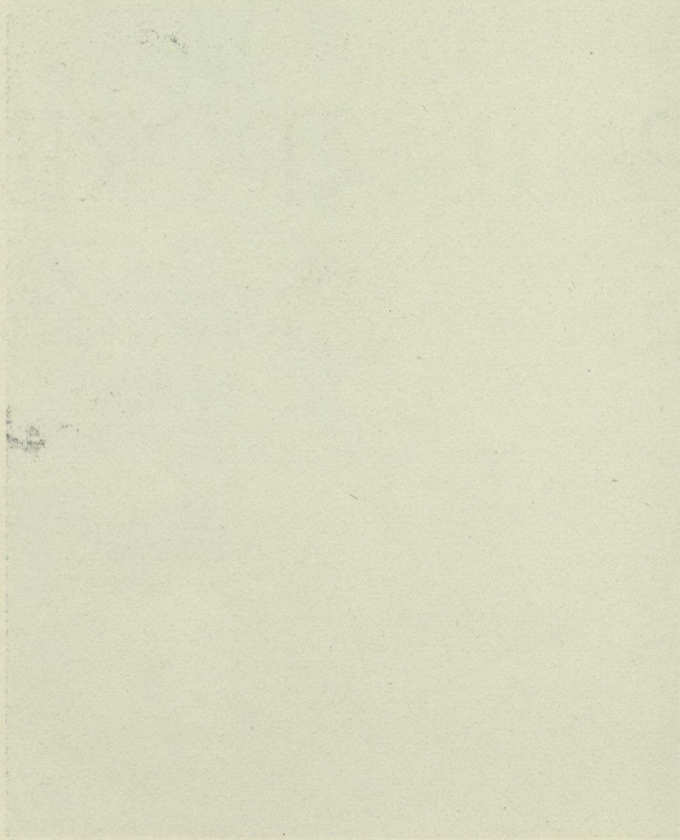


MOONLIGHT

From the Painting by  
Tom Thomson

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the  
Canadian National Exhibition







# PAUL MORIN

*By Bernard Muddiman*

**S**OME books always remind me of perfumes. They suspire a fragrance just as dancing figures evoke un heard melodies. I never leaf the magic pages of the Anthology without being caressed by invigorating eau-de-Cologne. A phrase of Verlaine wafts me peau d'Espagne; Daudet's "Sapho" floods me with heavy patchouli, Gerard de Nerval's "Sylvie" with meadow sweet. And it is in this way the work of the French Canadian poet Paul Morin reminds me of the acute nasal thrill of the thin perfume of violets—violets gathered on the lower slopes of Parnassus by a beautiful young man, an odour as clean as that of Russian cigarettes.

That Paul Morin is a French Canadian is an accident of birth, for, in reality, his poems are flowers begotten of a trained and cultured art, more redolent of the Parisian boulevards than the Dufferin Terrace of Quebec. Only the other day in a little flat down east in Montreal I heard him described by a Frenchman as "the most cultured poet Canada has produced". Certainly none have equalled him in mastery of technique or in Latin sense of form. Nelligan is uncouth beside his well-trained stan-

zas; but, then, Nelligan had a heart, which felt shivers of ecstasy that no other Canadian poet, be he French or English, has ever felt. Yet, on the other hand, there is perhaps nothing so erotically beautiful in all our crude young literature with its lack of form, its timidity of the conventions, its careless technique, as the work of Monsieur Morin. It may be so far superficial and without depth of thought, but it is the product of art. It has been refined in the crucible of style, it has been distilled down to an essence. It is the work of a young writer, but here, at last, is the work of a writer who knows the best that has been thought and said. There is nothing provincial about him. In fact he is almost too cosmopolitan, too much the scholarly hectic, who loves every oddity of proportion in beauty. Above all he has the poetic temperament developed by travel and study to an extent our homestaying poets can never attain.

He is amorous of old world gardens where in sumptuous palaces cast their picturesque shadows over stately lawns, balustraded walks and plashing fountain pools. He rejoices in the cruel passion of summer's noon and in the calm peace of nights lit with a moon of rose. As he says:



Je n'évouquerais qu'un décor pastoral,  
Un puits, un banc tiède, un mur lourd de  
glycine. . . .

The gardens of the Villa d'Este with their pageant of beauty, their flowers and peacocks, their statues of Venus and Pan, and their bronze jets of purling limpid water; the mysterious lagoons of Venice, washed with the silver of a summer moon, tranquil and redolent of "*l'âpre arôme marin des eaux vénitienes*," while his gondolier sings softly in his vague, wistful voice of velvet some fair song of "*La Dogaresse amoureuse de l'Echanson*":—such are the pictures that stir him. The nuns of Bruges, the Béguines of Malines or the old mill of that city of tulips, Haarlem, have moved him with exquisite shivers. They have feasted his eyes as dream cities of the East have captivated his imagination—Isaphan, with its Persian roses; Damas, where bulbs awake the silence of gardens down whose paths linger the phantom forms of Haroun-al-Raschid and Al-ladin; Tokio, with its geishas, lacquer and gold; Constantinople, with its muezzins to the faithful of Allah. The exotic, the abnormal, the Byzantine, the Orient charm him as they charmed Heredia.

La voix claire de muezzin,  
Dans le jardin fleuri de roses,  
Tombe d'un minaret voisin,  
Emaillé de faïences roses.

There you see the whole skill of his art. He is one of those who live by their eyes. Here there is nothing subjective. He never wearies us with thought. Each poem is a visible picture. As we read them everything is realized. We are at Galata. We behold the old men smoking their narghilehs under cupolas crowned with Mussulman crescents. Colporteurs from Scutari with their dromedaries pass in the narrow streets. From the harems come veiled women and eunuchs purchasing cosmetics, perfume in sachets and phials, Persian papochs and love songs. And as he

sees these women, our poet, always intensely literary, murmurs the sonorous, perfumed names of Lakmé, Louise and Hérodiade. At Eyoub in the cemetery planted with palms and cypress, where nightingales and bulbs nest and cicadae chirp their matutinal anthems, and on every tomb the dead pigeons coo to the wandering peacocks, he remembers the sleeping Sultanas, dead in their rose-white beauty.

Et quand le croissant plane sur,  
Constantinople qui se dore,  
Quand le soir en turban azur,  
Se reflète dans le Bosphore,

Il sait que les morts, pleins d'ennui,  
Tous ces vieux pachas sans royaumes,  
Aiment se promener, la nuit,  
Dans le Jardin-Blue-des-Fantomes.

This love for the exotic is a remarkable feature in recent French Canadian literature. Do not think this is a decadent sign. If so the forerunners of the Elizabethans were decadents. It is simply an attempt to escape the commonplace, the platitudes, cheap restaurants and poor newspapers. Love of the Orient, for instance, is one of its manifestations—that is the Orient *via* Pierre Loti and Baudelaire. And in many other ways this passion for rich colour and sound is displayed. Indeed this love of the flamboyant, the arabesque, the fantastically exotic, the odd, the grotesque, strange birdlike women, sensual polyphony, cushions two feet thick in down, endless electric lights, theatrical tinsel, mirrors, colours that shriek at you, mesmeric dances seems to be an inherent characteristic of all French Canadians. It is almost comic in the way it blossoms out in the tin and stucco churches of their Province; or, as it strikes you in an ice-cream parlour in Montreal. In any little town of shacks notice how its wooden hovels are painted in brilliant stripes of green and scarlet and yellow. Take the Sunday costume and hat of a French Canadian work girl. Did ever such a conglomeration of discordant colours writhe and wail so before your



startled eyes. Portions of Montreal look as if those who lived in them not only suffered from continual nightmare, but loved it as a psychic condition.

However, this yearning of theirs for the bizarre has its good points, when crudity and ignorance are toned down or real artistic feeling is revealed. It has then produced many lovely things—the best dressed and wittiest girls in Canada, theatres where one can enjoy oneself without the gentleman behind you in the throes of musical motion kicking your chair to pieces in an effort to keep time with the orchestra, and as well Octave Crémazie, Hébert, Nelligan, Gagnon, Lavallée. It has made well-dressed men possible in Montreal—men who have forsworn the ready-made chain mail of American tailors that can be seen blocks off; men who refuse to parade in twenty dollar suits with trousers whose tops are wide enough for hippopotomean hams and whose ankles are too narrow for drumsticks, or to deck themselves in goose-bill shoes and padded shoulders and wisps of cravats that are bottled in linen dog collars. Indeed, where this trait of the French Canadian has been at all trained and Cimmerian darkness illuminated by side-lights from Paris, it has achieved much. So much, indeed, that it leads one to think that the artistic creation of Canada will be accomplished by the French and not by the British elements. There are many reasons for this. First of all they are of a more artistic temperament. They are born with such instincts. Endowed with Latin susceptibilities and Latin nerves they are a more highly strung and emotional race. Again though the Roman Catholic Church has miserably failed to create an architectural source of inspiration in the Province as in France, the pomp of its feast days must always be an artistic inspiration as well as the charm of the Mass, a relic of Greek drama. Then, too, the Gallic nature is unfettered by those

hidebound shackles with which Puritanism is handcuffing the rest of Canada. Other factors, no less potent, but too numerous to discuss, may make for this. Indeed they have made for this already, for is not Crémazie the only national literary figure we have ever created?

And in no French Canadian writer that I know of has this artistic training, this initiation into modern French art, this sense of values been so highly perfected as in Monsieur Paul Morin. He has come back to Canada, so to speak, with the fragrance of the boudoirs of Madame la Comtesse de Noailles, that strange Tartar Parisian poetess and grande dame, still fresh about him. He is a product of those groups whom their enemies have contemptuously named as the "Bacchantes," the "Nerasthenics," the "Epidermists," the "Incoherents," but more wisely called by us the Neo-Romanticists. And Monsieur Morin is such a forced flower of mental hothouses and æsthetical nutrition that one wonders whether he will be able to survive the transition of diet that the change from the *Mercur de France* to the ecclesiastical monthlies of Quebec entails. When he develops a feeling for his own country—what will happen? What form will it take? Frankly, I do not know. And then why worry about it, for, like Nelligan, he may never discover Canada. It is not necessary that he should to live in our literature. One cannot imagine him any more at home with the folks that people the pages of Fréchette or Hector Bernier than he would be with the aureoled habitants of Drummond or the miners of Service or the Glengarry men of Connor. In fact he is not yet concerned with people at all. Things interest him more than people. He has yet to hear the still, sad music of humanity and the sound of tears falling in the dark places of the world. He is one of those for whom the visible world alone exists, and in this he is a true son of Heredia the



deathless lord of pictorial writing. If he had to describe a peach à la Melba, you would have it before you as much as if you were sitting before it at Lavenue's with your gustatory organs a thrill. For Monsieur Morin has this faculty to perfection—not in long passages that gradually send you to sleep, but in a few, short stabbing sentences. The words are as few as the lines of a Phil May drawing, and this economy enhances their effect.

Monsieur Morin was born in 1889. He was first educated at the Montreal High School, then by the Jesuits at Paris, but in 1900 he returned to Montreal and was put to school with the Jesuits of Montreal. In 1905 he was back with them in Paris "pour me philosopher". Then at Laval he was received as a Quebec lawyer when only twenty. But even then his education did not finish. This young man had a passion for knowledge. He was gifted too in other arts as pianist and with his pencil. Returning to France, he spent three years at the Sorbonne and at the College de France. On June 4th, 1913, he was received as a doctor of the University of Paris. To-day we find him occupying the chair of French literature at McGill University as substitute for Monsieur du Roure. And during all this busy youth he has found time to travel widely in Europe and North Africa. And his travels were not the conventional travels of the Cook-guided - hoteled - chaperoned - tourist Canadian, *id est* Venice in a cushioned gondola at so much an hour; ditto, one taxi for the Bois de Vincennes trip at Paris, with a dash of Louise's Montmartre and Ninon's "Boul Miche". Monsieur Morin lived in Europe and that is the only way you can see it.

In 1911 he published with Lemerre's of Paris his volume of poems "Le Paon d'Email" dedicated to Madame la Comtesse de Noailles. In 1913 came his academic thesis "Les Sources de l'Oeuvre de H. W. Longfellow." At the present moment he has two new

books on hand—a volume of poems, "Mosquées," the publication of which was delayed by the war and another thesis "De l'Orientalisme dans les lettres francaises" in connection with the Sorbonne.

"J'ai la hantise des pays orientaux, de leurs littérateurs, de leurs moeurs, de leur horizons." Such is the keynote of his work. And in his verse we see everywhere the influence of his own few favourite poets—Henri Regnier, Madame de Noailles and Heredia. With consummate art he has played the violin of his muse.

Autant que l'a permis un art adolescent,  
Mes vers, je vous ai faits sincères et  
sonores;

J'ai dit les jardins bleus sous le rose  
croissant,

Les dieux antiques, les centaures,

La douceur de l'Hellade et le bel Orient;  
Et vous avez loué, dans mon coeur qui  
s'éveille,

La nature ou, païen, bondissant, souriant,  
Je cours de merceille en merveilles.

Je veux tout ignorer du monde que j'ai fui;  
L'ami fourbe et furtif, l'amante qui nous  
laisse,

L'importune espérance et l'innombrable  
ennui,

Les pleurs, les haines, la tristesse.

Pourquoi chanter l'amour, le doute, la  
douleur?

Le brulant univers m'appelle et me caresse;  
Vivre est pour moi le seul tourment en-  
sorcelleur:

Est-on coupable de jeunesse? . . .

Above all he has sung the praises of the peacock, that strange bird that inspired one of Theodore Peters best poems. He has sung of the bird's bitter joy of trailing in the mud and blood "l'azur d'une orgueilleuse aigrette". He has loved the pomp of this mysterious bird with its resplendent imperial train. The peacock's glory, its starry trail of marine and emerald, its sacred imagine moulded on the golden status of Juno are interwoven with his poems. The poet's temples are made of things that the hands can touch, that the eyes can see. Some of his poems are like moonlight in a boudoir of silk; others are



like the narrow and tumbled bed a beautiful woman has just left; others, again, are like the tears one weeps before Our Lady's altar.

Can you not see him—this young poet in his little room, while the noon throws a veil of dreams over sleeping Paris? Here are his beautiful books Heredia, Ivan Gilkin, Samain, Verlaine and the rest, elixirs of visions. Here on his white wood *escritoire* as dainty as a young girl's dressing table is the quaint inkstand, the white bowl of red roses, the little bronze Greek youth, while the perfumed candles under their crimson shades cast a subdued light on the white face of a painted Pierrot. And the poet sitting there by the half-opened window experiences the thrill

De feuilleter avec un bruit léger de soie,  
Les Contes d'Orient qui laissent à la main  
Une fugace odeur de cèdre et de jasmin.

Or he has summoned from the realm of love the Beloved herself and laden her white body and cool hands with jewels and gold.

Cercle ta cheville ivoirine,  
D'anneaux de jade qu'au Japon,  
On incrusta d'aventurine,  
De Sardoine et Corindon.

Que des bagues de chrysope  
D'émeraude, de péridot,  
Sur tes doigts longs, à la topaze  
Mêlent leur rutilant fardeau.

And if the moon's spleen retards his sleep dreams or study fight with his insomnia. Now he pens an epigram full of memories of the Greek Anthology. Or his fancy may lead him to that land of frissons—Japan:

Fantasque pays d'hippogriffes  
Dont les temples d'ocre vêtus,  
Et flanquées de monstres à griffes,  
Jaillissent, bulbeux ou pointus.

Et se reflètent dans le moire  
Azurée d'un bassin  
D'onyx rose ou de pâle ivoire,  
De granit rouge ou de succin;

Rafales nippones, fleuries  
De la neige des fleurs de thé  
Que moissonne aux branches meurtries  
Le vent nocturne de l'été;

Pagodes bizarres, dieux bîées,  
Geishas en robes de crépon,  
Jardins gemmés de chrysanthème  
D'iris, de jonquilles . . . Japon.

Or he turns back to Hellas the eternal Aphrodisiac of all poets of beauty invoking the pagan Gods in such a fervent way that it almost scandalized certain of his Quebec critics. In his pagan being he hears the calling of invisible, thrilling strains across Arcadian meadows. With garlands of flowers and seaweed, golden hippocamps, blue peacocks of Mytilena, Levantine fishers and their dripping nets beside ultramarine seas; by the sound of flutes and lutes where scarlet butterflies float, by vests of purple silk and saffron satin, by the naked breasts of dancing girls, by the sob of Pan's syrinx, by aigrettes of costly feathers and gardens of grenades and troops of bacchantes and menads, by Stoics opening their veins in bathrooms perfumed with verveine; by parades of Satyrs with flashing eyes and full mouths; by the horns of Artemis, he would recall across the gray centuries of Christendom that blithe Greek world we shall never see more. Such is the measure of Monsieur Morin's art; such are the melodies he pipes for us; such are the views he throws on the screen.

But unfortunately we Canadians are ashamed of art. As a nation we look upon it as a Puritan looks upon nudity. Our young men are unwilling to make the sacrifice necessary for art. They become engineers or real estate men, lawyers or something else practical. When you mention art to them, they become clever:

"Cut it out. The men on top haven't got art and literature and culture and all that sort of dope and, what's more, don't want 'em. Cut 'em out. We don't want 'em in Canada except some old women in Toronto. No siree—only highbrows that feel good in sunsets and blow about books they have never read and who bum around picture galleries and go to classy shows of a guy like Shakespeare want



'em. No real man wants 'em. Only dried up old lemons and Cissies pickled in art dope need 'em nowadays. We've gone ahead, sir. This is a free and civilized country. Today we've got first-class movies and good baseball and only the bughouse want this art dope. Take it from me, kiddo."

In the face of these facts it is not to be expected that young McGill will throb with an art pulse because Monsieur Morin expounds in their midst.

Yet though real-estate agents and shopmen can jeer at bards at large in

Canada, fortunately the real poet like the poor will always be with us. And, moreover, for those who love poetry at all, it is delightful to think that even in Montreal one man lips the brimming beakers of old wine; that for him dead women come back in the still night to reveal their beauty; that for him the myrtle woods of Parnassus are not closed; that for him the street cars are as the wagons of Troy; that at a forsaken altar in a dream built shrine he still can meet Semiramis with her fevered kisses. And that man is Monsieur Morin.

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## SEA BEAUTY

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

ONE on a coral island,  
 In an opal sea,  
 Lingered a sea nymph lovely  
 Making melody.

Her voice was as the moonlight,  
 With all wild moon lure,  
 Her brow more white than storm spray,  
 And her breasts more pure.

Smoother than snowy marble  
 Her white shoulders were,  
 And passioned as purple dusk  
 Her lips and her hair.

Oft have earth men seen sea nymphs,  
 Oft; but ne'er before  
 Loved as I loved and followed  
 To the green sea floor.

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# THE LIBRARY TABLE

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE RT.  
HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER,  
BAR'T, K.C.M.G.

Edited by E. M. Saunders, D.D. Two  
Volumes. Toronto: Cassell and  
Company.



THE Tupper literature grows rapidly. A few years ago the deceased statesman issued a volume of his own Reminiscences, and about the same time a series of interviews with Sir Charles, covering much the same ground, was published. There was also "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia", by Doctor Saunders, covering the political life of Johnstone, Howe, and Tupper in this Province. Doctor Saunders has drawn freely from the latter volume in the present work, which is a perfect treasure-house of material dealing with Canadian politics for the past half-century and more. Having so long a period and so many movements and spheres to cover, it is not surprising that Dr. Saunders should be scrappy and brief in spots, but on the whole it is a painstaking and well-balanced biography. Naturally he is a Tupper partisan, and when there is conflict between Tupper and Cartwright or some other opponent, the Tupper side is regarded as right.

There is some interesting new material. It has long been a mystery why Sir Charles Tupper did not succeed Sir John Macdonald as Premier. It now appears from documents quoted that he did not want the position.

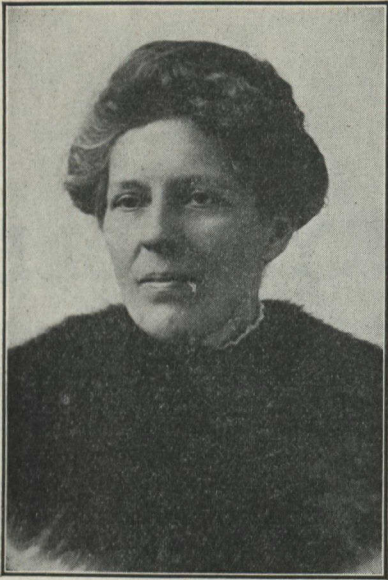
Speaking at Kingston in June, 1878, after Sir Charles, Sir John had said:

"I have long been anxious to retire from the position I have held, and I am sure you will say from the acquaintance you have formed with my friend, the Honourable Dr. Tupper, he is a man who will fill my place."

Three years passed and Sir John's end came. Sir Charles was in Vienna when his son, S. H. Tupper, who was then in the Cabinet, cabled him that Sir John was dying, that there was talk of Thompson being made Premier, and that he thought of resigning as a protest. Sir Charles then wrote his loyal son a lengthy letter, showing how foolish he would be. "You know I told you long ago," he said, "and repeated to you when last in Ottawa, that nothing could induce me to accept the position in case the Premiership became vacant. I told you that Sir John looked up wearily from his papers and said to me: 'I wish to God you were in my place,' and that I answered, 'Thank God I am not!'"

Among the documents which add spice to the book is a series of letters which passed between Mr. J. S. Willison and Sir Charles in 1903. Mr. Willison, who had recently become editor of *The Toronto News*, after editing *The Globe* for many years, had published an article in which he said of Sir Charles that "with all his faults" he was a great statesman. Sir Charles, meeting Mr. Willison at a friend's house in Toronto, asked what the "faults" were. Mr. Willison said he preferred to think of his virtues,





The Author of "Beautiful Joe"

Miss Saunders has published a new story entitled  
"The Wandering Dog"

but, being pressed, made a reluctant promise to tell them in a letter. This letter is published, together with Sir Charles's reply. It is impossible to quote either letter in a short review, but it may be said that Mr. Willison related some of the criticisms of Conservative corruption, for which he held Sir Charles partly responsible, as he had not protested, while Sir Charles replied categorically that he was not personally responsible.

It is a captivating and ever-informing story that Dr. Saunders tells of this eminent Father of Confederation. Charles Tupper was born at Amherst, N.S., on July 2nd, 1821. His boyhood was marked by the escapades to be expected from such a courageous, even pugnacious temperament. On one occasion he "beat up" a mate on a schooner who persisted in smoking to the windward of the self-conscious youth. He had read the Bible through to his father when he was seven, and the same eager quest for knowledge and quickness of assimilation swept him through his medical

school days and made him a notable physician in his Province. He soon took an interest in politics, and early in the fifties crossed the trail of Joseph Howe, who was to be his antagonist for so long. When he defeated Howe in Cumberland in 1855 the latter went to Halifax and declared that he "had been defeated by the future leader of the Conservative party".

Tupper brought the same concentration and courage into politics that had marked his youth and medical practice. He advocated Confederation in a lecture at St. John in 1860, and in 1864 moved the resolution which led to the Charlottetown Conference, which was to consider the union of the Maritime Provinces. The Quebec Conference and agreement on union followed easily, but the battle came in his own Province, where a sullen populace, proud of their history, and influenced by Howe and other able men, resisted the union plan. It fell to Tupper to break down Howe's opposition, which he did by irresistible argument in London, when the repeal delegates went over in 1868. He followed this by enlisting Sir John Macdonald, who went to Halifax and held out the inducement of better terms for Nova Scotia, and ultimately took Howe into his Cabinet.

Despite Tupper's great service to the Confederation cause, he renounced his claim to a place in the first Confederation Cabinet in order to smooth the way for Sir John Macdonald, who almost gave up the task, in view of the many and conflicting claims for representation. He proposed what afterwards became the National Policy in a speech in the House in 1870, which so impressed Sir John that he took him into the Cabinet at once and adopted the policy. In the early eighties Sir Charles, as Minister of Railways, led the Canadian Pacific Railway negotiations and kept his shoulder to the wheel during the trying times that followed.



Having resisted the idea of becoming Premier in 1891, he was pressed into it just prior to the defeat of 1896, and led the party in Opposition during the ensuing four doleful years. When defeat overtook him in his own riding in 1900 he "laid him down with a will", and closed his journal for that eventful day: "I went to bed and slept soundly". He died on October 30th, 1915.

\*

### THE WANDERING DOG

By MARSHALL SAUNDERS. Toronto:  
The Copp, Clark Company.

AT last the thousands of children who have read and enjoyed "Beautiful Joe" have the opportunity of reading another dog story by the same author. This time the title is "The Wandering Dog", and while many at first will regard as an exaggeration the claim that it surpasses in interest the other remarkable dog character, few will challenge that claim after reading the later book. The author was born in Berwick, Nova Scotia. Her father, the Reverend Edward Manning Saunders, D.D., was a well-known Baptist minister, and his daughter's education was largely the result of his tutelage. At eight she began the study of Latin, and at fifteen she was sent to Edinburgh, Scotland. From Edinburgh, she went to France. Returning home, she taught school for two or three years, and later travelled abroad again with her friend, Miss Blaikie. Miss Saunders travels a great deal, but makes her home in Toronto with her brother. She is very fond of birds and animals of all kinds, and her chief hobby, or rather, it should be said, her life work, is the betterment of the condition of her animal friends. She is extremely fond of children. "Beautiful Joe" was first published about twenty years ago, and more than one million copies of it have been sold up to the present time, and it has been translated into many languages.



MRS. BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE  
Author of "The Nest-Builder"

### RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN

By ROBERT W. SERVICE. Toronto:  
William Briggs.

ALTHOUGH this book may not win the popularity of "Songs of a Sourdough" it is perhaps the best all-round book that the author has published. The first edition is 75,000 copies. We quote two of the poems:

#### FOREWARD

I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes  
In weary, woeful, waiting times;  
In doleful hours of battle-din,  
Ere yet they brought the wounded in;  
Through vigils of the fateful night,  
In lousy barns by candle-light;  
In dug-outs, sagging and aflood,  
On stretchers stiff and bleared with blood;  
By ragged grove, by ruined road,  
By hearths accurst where Love abode;  
By broken altars, blackened shrines  
I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes.

I've solaced me with bits of song  
The desolated ways along;  
Through sickly fields all shrapnel-sown,  
And meadows reaped by death alone;  
By blazing cross and splintered spire,  
By headless Virgin in the mire;  
By gardens gashed amid their bloom,  
By gutted grave, by shattered tomb;  
Beside the dying and the dead,  
Where rocket green and rocket red,  
In trembling pools of poisoning light,



With flowers of flame festoon the night.  
Ah, me! but what dark ways of wrong  
I've cheered my heart with scraps of song.

So here's my sheaf of war-won verse,  
And some is bad—and some is worse.  
And if at times I curse a bit,  
You needn't read that part of it;  
For through it all like horror runs  
The red resentment of the guns.  
And you yourself would mutter when  
You took the things that once were men,  
And sped them through that zone of hate  
To where the dripping surgeons wait;  
And wonder, too, if in God's sight  
War ever, ever can be right.

Yet may it not be, crime and war.  
But effort misdirected are;  
And if there's good in war and crime,  
There may be in my bits of rhyme,  
My song from out the slaughter-mill:  
So take or leave them as you will.

#### THE CONVALESCENT

So I walked among the willows very quietly all night;  
There was no moon at all, at all; no timid star alight;  
There was no light at all, at all; I wint from tree to tree,  
And I called him as his mother called, but he niver answered me.

Oh, I called him all the night-time, as I walked the wood alone;  
And I listened and I listened, but I niver heard a moan;  
Then I found him at the dawnin', when the sorry sky was red:  
I was lookin' for the livin', but I only found the dead.

Sure I know that it was Shamus by the silver cross he wore;  
But the bugles they were callin', and I heard the cannon roar.  
Oh, I had no time to tarry, so I said a little prayer  
And I clasped his hands together, and I left him lyin' there.

Now the birds are singin', singin', and I'm home in Donegal,  
And it's springtime, and I'm thinkin' that I only dreamed it all;  
I dreamed about that evil wood, all crowded with its dead,  
Where I knelt beside me brother when the battle-dawn was red.

Where I prayed beside me brother ere I wint to fight anew:  
Such dreams as these are evil dreams; I cant believe it's true.

Where all is love and laughter, sure it's hard to think of loss . . .  
But mother's sayin' nothin', and she clasps—a silver cross.

\*

#### RELICS OF THE REVOLUTION

By REGINALD P. BOLTON. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

SO much interest and importance has been credited to this book as a means of further cementing the bond of "cousinship" existing between Great Britain and the United States that the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society has sent a copy of it to each of the British regiments that were encamped on Manhattan Island during the Revolution in America. The book is the result of twenty years of patient, skilful and appreciative investigation, and is of great interest and value to the student of modern history. During the War of Independence fifty-two regiments were stationed on Manhattan Island, including some of the most famous in the British army—the Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Guards, the Royal Fusiliers, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and the Welsh Fusiliers. That was in the stirring days of 140 years ago. Shot, solid and chain, fragments of shell, arms and accoutrements, buttons in profusion, buckles and many articles of personal use and sometimes adornment were brought to light in Mr. Bolton's refined and almost microscopic search so that the result is one of high distinction in archæology, and with carefully-studied maps and historical information reproduces with vivid, almost startling realism, the battalions of which Thackeray wrote: "The tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades". Many of the regiments on duty during the Revolution on Manhattan Island have since seen arduous service in the Peninsular wars, at Waterloo, in the Crimea, in India and Egypt, and have borne their colours to victory as they would



now in France and Flanders, did not present regulations consign them to headwaters and safety at home. The note accompanying the presentation volume says in part:

Fresh proof, if it were needed, that our English cousins entertain as we do, warm sentiments of pride in our common heritage of relationship and history; and if, perchance this book recalls a period of temporary estrangement, we trust that your memories, like ours, will dwell rather on the longer periods before and after the events alluded to in the book, during which, as children of the same blood, we have developed the glorious traditions of liberty which mean so much to the world to-day, and as leaders in which our two peoples must always stand forth pre-eminent among the nations of the earth.

\*

### THE WAR FOR THE WORLD

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE great Jewish novelist here presents in book form a collection of newspaper and magazine articles that do not deal wholly with the present war in Europe, together with an introduction which treats mostly of the conditions arising out of the war. Several of the articles antedate the war, one at least going as far back as 1904. The general theme running through nearly all of them is the never-ending conflict for the possession of humanity that goes on between the forces that make for evil and the powers that work for righteousness, concerning which the author says that "there is neither truce nor standstill in the war for the world, that no liberty is so old established as to be safe, and that what our ancestors won for us we shall not necessarily bequeath to our children".

The initial chapter is, in part, "an apologia for not being pro-German", Mr. Zangwill thus characterizing with gentle sarcasm his feeling about some of the measures adopted by the British Government in the conduct of the war. He calls these measures and the spirit out of which they come

"Prussianism pro tem.", and he thinks them to be so entirely on the side against reason and liberty and human progress that he adds wonderingly: "It does not seem to occur to anybody that a great nation must take a little risk for a great principle". He hopes "that after the war, despite our pro-German press" [by which he means the English papers that support what he considers unnecessary and Prussianistic invasions by the British Government of personal rights and liberties] "the British Constitution will be thoroughly repaired and repainted".

Mr. Zangwill is a believer—and to that extent is a pacifist—in the final triumph of love and reason as the guides of human conduct and in the desirability of both individuals and nations following them now and always. Under the influence of that conviction he makes these remarks in his opening chapter about affairs in the United States:

In fact, the War for the World—that eternal duel of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of good and evil—stands in America at one of its most critical moments since our planet was launched upon its mystic adventure. Here is the forefront of the battle, the first line of trenches, always in danger of being retaken. . . . Under the slogan of "Preparedness" America is now seething with incipient Prussianism and announcing with the first fine, careless rapture of discovery that "to insure peace you must prepare for war". . . . And so the most peace-loving country in the world is to have the second largest navy, and in time no doubt "the largest on earth". I agree with Lord Rosebery in lamenting this victory of Ahriman in America.

\*

### THE TUTOR'S STORY

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY and LUCAS MALET. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IT should be regarded at this late day as something of an event to have a new novel by the author of "The Water Babies", "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia". The late Charles



Kingsley, at the time of his death, left a mass of manuscript which fell to the lot of his daughter, Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, whose pen-name is Lucas Malet. Mrs. Harrison held the papers until about a year ago, when, in making a thorough examination of them, she discovered about 150 pages of an unfinished novel. The first fifty or sixty pages were fairly consecutive, but they were followed by chapters, skeletons of chapters, sketches, brief summings-up, far on in the story; events were set down with nothing to lead up to them; and the plot, though firmly based, was unresolved. The whole presented, as Mrs. Harrison says, "a puzzle of which a good many pieces are either lost or have never existed", for it was Kingsley's habit to "put down a scene, description, or dialogue just as it occurred to him, leaving all linking up and filling in to a final rewriting of the book". This puzzle Mrs. Harrison set herself to solve. And she has now presented us with "The Tutor's Story" as a complete novel, of which she has "developed the characters, disentangled the plot, and completed the story, and doubled the length of the original manuscript in the process".

The theme of the story offers another interesting comment on the wide interests of the author of "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia". "The Tutor's Story" is a tale of adventures and intrigues in a nobleman's country house, told in the first person by a young scholar who went to be tutor to a profligate boy-Lord. It is a simple story enough, not a tale of exciting incident so much as a study of a moral conflict; its plot resolves itself into a battle for the possession, so to speak, of young Lord Hartover's soul. His enemies, leagued against him, do not try to kill him outright or enmesh him in physical peril; they merely surround him with such dissipations, thrust him into the midst of such destructive vices as promise to make his future existence both worthless

and short. The picture offered at the story's beginning of a seventeen-year-old boy a drunkard and a gambler in his father's house is an appalling spectacle. Lord Hartover is young enough to be won to the study of history by the telling of picturesque tales; he is old enough to be ensnared in an intrigue with his stepmother's maid. His tutor finds him setting out weakly on the road of sordid tragedy. Yet the boy is lovable and really high-spirited. The completeness of his regeneration by no means passes the bounds of easy belief. And the pretty romance on which Mrs. Harrison has ended the story is not really out of keeping with the reader's first glimpse of the young Lord.

\*

### THE NEST-BUILDER

BY BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE.  
Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

**M**RS. HALE, who, by the way, has engaged successfully in the several pursuits of the actress, the lecturer and the sociologist, here gives us her first novel. She makes both her Stefan Byrd and his wife, Mary, very real individuals, and skilfully sketches the backgrounds out of which they emerge, embodiments of the two opposing principles of life. The girl, however, is better, more convincingly backgrounded than the man, doubtless because in writing of her beginnings in an English cathedral town Mrs. Hale wrote of something of which she knew, while in trying to picture the life of the boy in a Michigan village with a New England father and a Bohemian mother she was depending entirely on her imagination. This part does not all ring quite true, but, nevertheless, she makes graphic his childhood and youth of unhappiness and revolt and his longing for beauty and for the power to express in form and colour his conceptions of beauty. As he grows into bigness of stature as an artist there is always in his pictures





MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Whose volume entitled "Lundy's Lane" is one of the important poetry publications of the year

the suggestion of rapid movement, of wings, and flight. What he likes most in his wife is that out of her beauty and vitality he gets spiritual wings, inspiration, and he says to her when they learn how far apart they are, "Oh, Mary, you have lost your wings!"

But afterward, after he has given the strength and agility of his own

body to France, in the trenches at the front, and has found his soul thereby, he sees that what, in those impatient days, he was fleeing from in his art was not the ugliness of life, but the ugliness of his own spirit, its selfishness and egotism and unwillingness to accept the facts and responsibilities of life.



The first part of the story takes place on board an Atlantic liner coming westward, where the English girl and the Bohemian-American artist meet, have a whirlwind courtship, and with the sublime audacity of youth, decide to put their two poverities and hopes together and marry as soon as they go on shore. Mrs. Hale writes very well, indeed, with good taste and distinction, and with a happy faculty of phrasing vividly the spirit of a scene or of an occasion in a few words. When she mentions Stefan Byrd's possession of his "demon of disparagement" she makes graphic the spirit of cynic humour and scoffing ill-temper which frequently animates him. And a few sentences which tell of the effect in New York when the *Lusitania* was sunk catch and make vivid the feeling of horror which held the city.

There are several individual and lifelike people in the story, but Stefan and Mary Byrd are the best of them. The others sometimes have the air of being there for the sake of the story, but Mary and Stefan are there for their own sakes, original creations, pulsing with life, creating and finally interpreting and illumining their own problem in life; the problem which has agonized many another couple, and will wring the hearts of many another man and woman for ages yet to come.

\*

#### THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK ZIA

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a highly imaginative story based on the Nativity. A little hunchback Syrian lad, cast out into the world by the witch with whom his lot had fallen, comes accidentally to the holy birthplace, just a few minutes in advance of the shepherds who have followed the Star of Bethlehem. The lad is a leper as well as a hunchback, but the mother of the radiant child bids him come closer.

He obeys, and the babe places a hand upon him. Straightway he is cleansed and made whole, and when the shepherds meet him going forth they make an obeisance to him, to the one who formerly had been despised and rejected.

\*

#### RINKITINK IN OZ

By L. FRANK BAUM. Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the latest Oz book, with all the characteristics that have made its predecessors famous. Inga, Prince of Pingaree, sets out to rescue his parents, who are held as prisoners by warriors of King Gos. He is aided only by Rinkitink, Bilbil, the goat, and three magic pearls. After much adventure and many narrow escapes, the end comes happily.

\*

#### LUNDY'S LANE

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

IF for nothing else than the beautiful love poem, "Spring on Mattagami", this volume could be regarded as one of the important poetry publications of the year. The author had already established his reputation, and this book increases it. For here we have the fine music of words, the majesty of cadence, the inspiration of lofty thoughts. "Spring on Mattagami" is an entrancing poem. We quote several stanzas:

If she could be here where all the world  
is eager  
For dear love with the primal Eden  
sway,  
Where the blood is fire and no pulse is  
thin or meagre,  
All the heart of all the world beats one  
way!  
There is the world of fraud and fame and  
fashion,  
Joy is but a gaud and withers in an  
hour;  
Here is the land of quintessential passion,  
Where in a wild throb spring wells up  
with power.



She would hear the partridge drumming  
in the distance,  
Rolling out his mimic thunder in the  
sultry noons;  
Hear beyond the silver reach in ringing  
wild persistence  
Reel remote the ululating laughter of  
the loons;  
See the shy moose fawn nestling by its  
mother,  
In a cool marsh pool where the sedges  
meet;  
Rest by a moss-mound where the twin-  
flowers smother  
With a drowse of orient perfume drench-  
ed in light and heat:

She would see the dawn rise behind the  
smoky mountain,  
In a jet of colour curving up to break,  
While like spray from the iridescent foun-  
tain,  
Opal fires weave over all the oval of  
the lake:  
She would see like fireflies the stars alight  
and spangle  
All the heaven meadows thick with  
growing dusk,  
Feel the gipsy airs that gather up and  
tangle  
The woodsy odours in a maze of myrrh  
and musk:

There in the forest all the birds are nest-  
ing,  
Tells the hermit thrush the song he can-  
not tell,  
While the white-throat sparrow never  
resting,  
Even in the deepest night rings his  
crystal bell:  
O, she would love me then with a wild  
elation,  
Then she must love me and leave her  
lonely state,  
Give me love yet keep her soul's imperial  
reservation,  
Large as her deep nature and fathom-  
less as fate. . . .

There is in these lines some peculiar  
flavour of the North. What fine lines  
are:

Hear beyond the silver reach in ringing  
wild persistence  
Reel remote the ululating laughter of  
the loons!

The book contains in all some fifty  
numbers, which include the remark-  
ably fine poem entitled "Lines in  
Memory of Edmund Morris", which  
first appeared as a brochure.

## THE RED WATCH

BY COLONEL J. A. CURRIE. Toronto:  
McClelland, Goodchild and Stew-  
art.

THIS book contains Colonel Cur-  
rie's account of the battle at St.  
Julien, in which the 48th Highland-  
ers suffered terrible losses. It is a  
straightforward, plain chronicle, in  
which is shown without any question  
of doubt the great bravery of the  
Canadians who fell in that historic  
battle. The account is in part as  
follows:

The counter-attack was launched at  
midnight, the 10th on the right, in two  
lines, and the 16th on the left. Major  
Lightfoot led the front line of his bat-  
talion, the 10th.

"Come on, boys," he said, "remember  
you are Canadians." The line advanced  
with great spirit, less than two thousand  
Canadians against a hundred thousand  
Germans. It was the biggest bluff in his-  
tory, but it won. On and on went the  
Canadians, 10th and Highlanders, one mo-  
ment with the bayonet, the next moment  
firing. The Germans, who were busy dig-  
ging in south of the wood, saw the Cana-  
dians coming in the twilight, and only  
waited to fire a few shots and then they  
started to run. Lightfoot was down, but  
the line went on. Major McLaren fell,  
but the line never wavered. They drove  
the Germans into the wood and clear  
through it on the other side. If there had  
only been plenty of supporting troops the  
German victory would not only have been  
stayed, but the charging Canadians would  
have gone through the German army that  
night.

The British howitzer battery which had  
been lost was retaken, the French guns  
were recaptured, and a great victory was  
in sight.

When the Germans were caught they  
began to throw down their arms and cry  
for mercy. The gallant Canadians gave it,  
but in the hot rush of the charge they did  
not wait to disarm their foe. The second  
lines merged into the first and the fight  
in the dim forest became Homeric. Then  
the cowardly Germans whose lives had  
been spared, plucked up their courage.  
They picked up their rifles and began like  
Arabs in the desert to shoot the men in  
the back who had spared their lives. Col-  
onel Boyle went down, killed almost im-  
mediately. He had led his troops on  
through the forest by voice and example,  
armed only with a riding crop. The Ger-



mans were driven beyond the northern edge of the forest. The charge by this time had spent a good deal of its force, and as the flanks of the charging lines were not protected, and men were falling on every side, it was deemed advisable to withdraw to the southern edge of the wood and occupy the line of shelter trenches which the Germans had begun to dig. This was one of the most gallant charges in the annals of the Empire. The fame of the gallant charges of the Canadians in St. Julien wood will live forever in history, engraved in letters of gold.

The book gives a most interesting account of the experiences of the 48th Highlanders from the time they left Toronto until Colonel Currie relinquished his command.

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### EGOTISM IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY

By PROFESSOR G. SANTAYANA. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

IT will be a matter of great satisfaction to present-day critics of German philosophy, so called, to find themselves supported by one of the greatest exponents of philosophy in America, the late professor of philosophy at Harvard University. The author of "Winds of Doctrine", a review of modern religious tendencies, finds egotism, that is, the worship of self, in the entire scheme of German thinking. He believes that the perversity of the Germans, the childishness and sophistry of their position, lies only in glorifying what is an inevitable impediment, and in marking time on an earthly station from which the spirit of man—at least in spirit—is called to fly. This glorified and dogged egotism, which a thousand personal and technical evidences had long revealed to him in philosophy, might now, he should think, be evident to the whole world. Dr. Santayana does not find the German

philosophers responsible for the war, but he charges that they shared and justified prophetically that spirit of uncompromising self-assertion and metaphysical conceit which the German nation is now reducing to action.

\*

### NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: T. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is perhaps the most comprehensive history of the progress of the war from the beginning that has been published at the popular price of a shilling. The author is a journalist of wide experience in European affairs, and it appears that the publishers have given him ample scope and opportunity for making his work comprehensive, interesting and authoritative. The first volume contains an introduction by no less a personage and man of letters than Lord Rosebery. This introduction is itself well worth reading. Then Mr. Buchan takes the war from the beginning, that is, from the tragedy of Serajevo. He goes on to study the development of modern Germany, the German Emperor, the new "Religion of Valour", and, indeed, treats all the various phases of the conflict down to the fall of Namur. The second volume takes the reader into the thick of the fight, describing the battle of Mons and the memorable British retreat, down to the German retreat back to the Aisne. Then in the third volume come the battle of the Aisne and the events that followed down to the fall of Antwerp. Volume IV. describes the great struggle in West Flanders, the two attacks on Warsaw and the fighting at sea down to the battle off Falkland Islands.



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CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

A seasonable card, bearing greetings, will be sent to each person for whom a subscription is ordered to reach them on Christmas morning notifying them that they will receive the Canadian Magazine for the coming year and by whom it is being sent.

*THIS OFFER CLOSES DECEMBER 20TH*

Each subscriber may order as many subscriptions as he or she desires. Remittances must accompany all orders.

The publishers take pleasure in offering this reduction to subscribers and hope that many will avail themselves of it.

During 1917 the Canadian Magazine will contain the very best material available and will be illustrated profusely. Neither expense nor effort will be spared in order that it may compare favorably with the leading English and American periodicals.

*Make Your Gift this Year Truly Canadian*

The Canadian Magazine is published in Canada by Canadians, for Canadians and about Canada.

Be sure to write all names and addresses plainly and address all letters to:—

THE CIRCULATION MANAGER

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO





## A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS CAKE MAKING

When you are ready to start your Christmas Baking, be sure to order a 10 or 20 pound bag of

# Lantic Sugar

Lantic is especially good for cake baking because the "FINE" granulation creams up quickly with the butter and saves much of the labor of long beating.

2 and 5 lb. cartons. 10, 20 and 100 lb. bags

*"The All-Purpose Sugar"*

### CHRISTMAS RECIPES FREE

we will send you Free a LANTIC SUGAR Recipe Book, telling you how to make new and delicious cakes, confections and desserts.

Address—Dept. C.M., ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES, Ltd., Power Building, MONTREAL

"Made in  
Canada."



"Spreads  
like Butter"

## THE Ingersoll TRIO

*Delicious and  
Appetizing*

### INGERSOLL Pimento Cheese

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

### INGERSOLL Cream Cheese

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

*Sold by all  
Grocers*

### INGERSOLL Green Chile Cheese

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





# Breakfast in Five Minutes



Getting a warm, nourishing breakfast on a cold morning for a commuter-husband that must catch a train and a hungry boy that must hustle to school is easy for the woman who knows

## Shredded Wheat

the ready-cooked, ready-to-eat, whole wheat food that supplies all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Heat two or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness, then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and a dash of salt. The perfect food to work on, to study on, to play on. Better than porridges because it encourages mastication, which develops sound teeth and healthy gums. Always the same price, always the same high quality.



Made in Canada by  
**THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED**  
 TORONTO OFFICE: 49 WELLINGTON STREET EAST



# In After Years—

One can be mighty glad if, in the spring- and summer-time of life, some care was given to Nature's laws of health.

To a great degree continued elasticity, vigor and happiness lie in the rational use of good food and drink, and in the avoidance of those things that usually hasten a condition of old age.

For this reason a great many thoughtful people have adopted

## POSTUM

as their usual table beverage.

It is a pure, cereal food-drink, free from any harmful substance, but nourishing, and especially delicious in flavor. Where tea or coffee interferes with personal comfort, a change to **Postum** brings happy results.

**"There's a Reason"**

—at Grocers.





# How shall I wear my watch?



As a  
Regular  
Bracelet Watch

## THE DISAPPEARING EYE

WHAT an added pleasure its convenience gives to the wearing of a Watch. In an instant you can change your Waltham from a wrist watch to a regular watch, and wear it in a variety of pleasing ways. The little eye at the bottom of the case folds back out of sight when its use as a wrist watch is not desired. Your Jeweler will gladly show them to you in a variety of grades, as low as \$18.

Write for the booklet  
"Concerning a Timepiece."

WALTHAM WATCH CO.  
MONTREAL



As a  
Chain  
Sautoir



EYE OPEN  
for attaching  
Bracelet

## Waltham Convertible with disappearing eye



EYE CLOSED  
when worn as a  
regular watch



As a  
Brooch  
Chatelaine



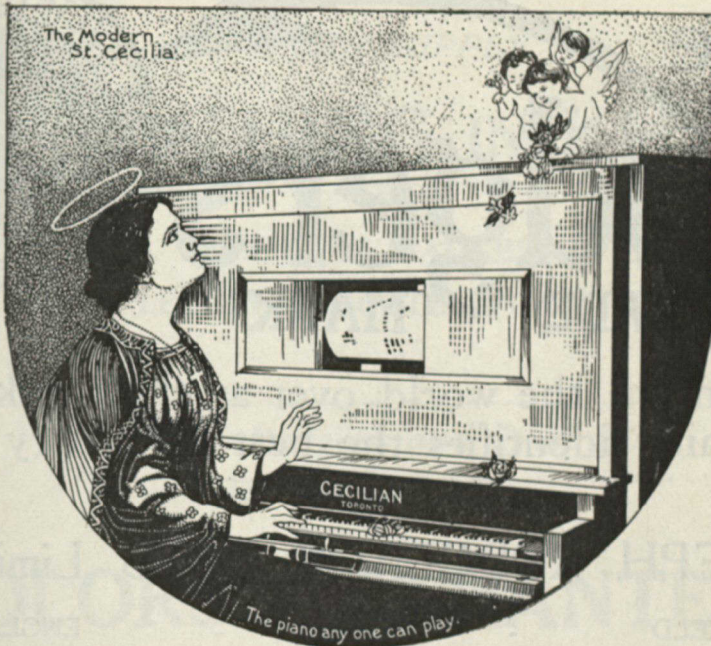
As a  
Ribbon  
Chatelaine



As a Leather  
Wristlet  
Watch

Ask your jeweler to show you  
The Waltham  
Convertible Wristlet Watch





THE High standard attained by CECILIAN CONVERTIBLE PIANOS and ALL-METAL PLAYER PIANOS is recognized all over the world, and now that these famous instruments are "Made in Canada", the hitherto high price which the payment of duty formerly necessitated, has been overcome, and the famous CECILIAN PLAYERS and PIANOS are within the reach of even the modest pocket.

The wonderful tone, the mechanical perfection of the all metal player-action, the interpreting temponoid, the artistic beauty of the cases and designs, appeal to all that is fastidious and discriminating in taste. We will take your old instrument in part payment, and if necessary make terms to suit.

Write us for catalog and particulars.

THE CECILIAN COMPANY, Limited

Canadian Factories:  
1189 Bathurst Street

ESTABLISHED 1883

420 Yonge Street,  
Toronto



# 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 SPAGHETTI

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

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

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL



*WE CAN SUPPLY*

# EVERYTHING IN KHAKI

CLOTHS, TRIMMINGS, BADGES, BUTTONS,  
LEGGINGS, PUTTEES, CAPS.

*Write for Patterns and Price Lists*

## COLORS GUARANTEED

In spite of existing conditions, B. VICKERMAN & SONS, Limited,  
are still able to guarantee the color of every yard of Serge  
they sell in Canada.



Trade Mark stamped along the selvage.

Canadian Selling Agents for these Lines

# Nisbet & Auld, Limited, Toronto



# Certain-teed Roofing



Tremendous production lowers manufacturing cost—only the world's *biggest* roofing mills could make such *high quality* roofing as CERTAIN-TEED at such a *low price*.

CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years (accord-

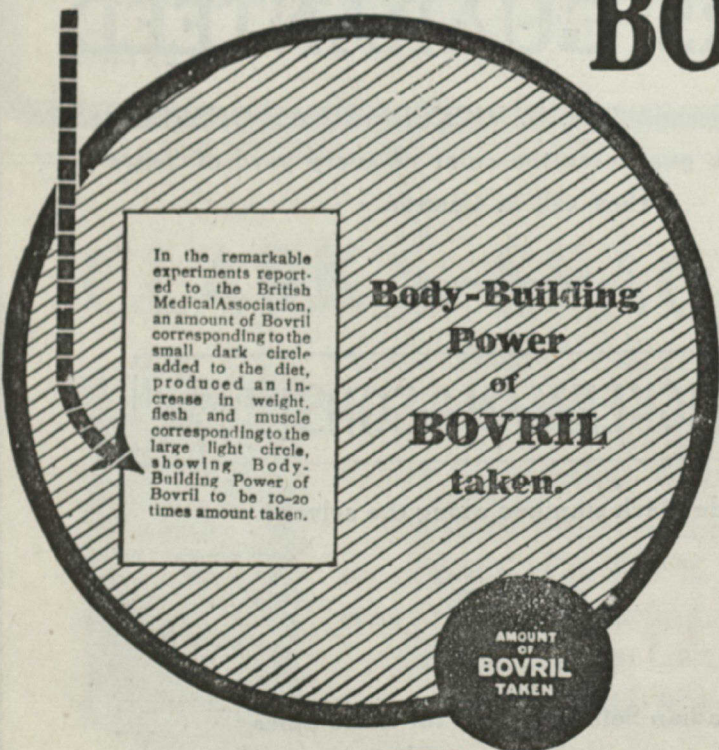
ing to ply, 1, 2 or 3) and it outlives the guarantee. Easier to lay and cheaper than wood shingles, tin, galvanized iron etc. Far superior to "ready roofing" sold by mail. Your local dealer sells CERTAIN-TEED Roofing at reasonable prices; have him show you the Guarantee.

**GENERAL ROOFING MANUFACTURING CO.**  
**World's Largest Manufacturer of Roofings and Building Papers**

Distributing centers: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Ottawa, Quebec, Edmonton, London, Halifax, Regina, St. John's, Sherbrooke, Brandon.

## You can be sure of being' nourished if you take **BOVRIL**

this is the Reason



In the remarkable experiments reported to the British Medical Association, an amount of Bovril corresponding to the small dark circle added to the diet, produced an increase in weight, flesh and muscle corresponding to the large light circle, showing Body-Building Power of Bovril to be 10-20 times amount taken.

**Body-Building  
 Power  
 of  
 BOVRIL  
 taken.**

AMOUNT  
 OF  
**BOVRIL**  
 TAKEN

it must be Bovril

BOVRIL has the peculiar power of enabling people to get from their food nourishment which they cannot obtain in any other way. Unless your system crushes the gold of nourishment out of the ore of food you cannot get strong or keep strong, however much you eat.

Until your food has become part of muscle, flesh and bone, it cannot assist in that process of rebuilding the body which is essential to good health. If your food does not nourish, however you vary your diet; if you are not strong enough to resist illness, you will find a magical change if you add Bovril to your diet.



*La Diva*  
NON RUSTABLE  
CORSETS



LA DIVA  
SUPER-BONE  
CORSETS

Q This new fashionable and daintily finished corset needs no introduction.

Q The illustration gives some idea of its singular beauty; entirely different to any other corset made.

Q SUPER-BONE boning is the best boning ever invented.

Flexible as the body  
itself.

Unbreakable and  
Non-Rustable.

Perfect-fitting models for every  
type of figure

*Just try a pair and be  
convinced*



DOMINION  
CORSET COMPANY

QUEBEC  
MONTREAL, TORONTO  
CANADA



**WE DELIVER FREE OF CHARGE TO ANY POINT IN ONTARIO**

**10 DAYS  
MORE**

Rush Telegraphic orders without cash, will be executed, cheque to follow by first mail, if parties are rated and satisfactory to us.

If we receive your order within ten days, we can guarantee to deliver Wines and Liquors in time for Christmas cheer. Send your reservation order now. It implies no obligation on your part. It does insure prompt and proper delivery, if you confirm it in time.

On receipt of your order, we will pack goods, addressed to your name and hold them in our warehouse.

If we do not hear further from you by **December 18th**, we will cancel the order, without any cost or liability of any kind to you.

Remember you have but 10 days more. Order NOW and insure your Christmas supply reaching you in time.

## Best Wines and Liquors

We import direct from the Distillers and Wine-growers in Europe such well-known brands as:

Hennessy's and Martell's Brandies, John De Kuyper and other brands of Hollands, Gordon's and Burnett's Gins.

Sandy Macdonald, Greenlees' Old Parr, Bulloch Lade, Dewar's, Kilmarnock, Old Mull, Sherriff's, King George, Usher's and "Black and White" Scotch Whiskies.

Pommery, Deutz and Geldermann's, Gold Lack, Brut (1904 Vintage), Mumm's, Veuve Clicquot, Jouet, and Heidsieck Champagnes.

Port and Sherry Wines, Clarets, Burgundies, Sauternes, Vermouths, and Liqueurs.

### MINIMUM SHIPMENTS

Canadian Ryes, 3 Bottles; other goods, 4 Bottles.

**Orders for one dozen bottles or more are packed and ready and therefore shipped first.**

**REMEMBER,** only 10 days more in which to place orders for Wines and Liquors for Christmas. Order now—to-day—or if there are some special brands not mentioned in the above list, write us for prices.

**REFERENCES: The Mercantile Agencies, The Canadian Bank of Commerce.**

**LAWRENCE A. WILSON CO., LIMITED**

**Offices: 83, 85, and 87 St. James Street, MONTREAL**

Last year, we paid to the Dominion Government more than One Million Dollars for Customs and Excise duties.

**Complete price lists cheerfully mailed free upon application.**



# Baby's Own Soap



Vegetable Fats and Natural Flower Extracts give **BABY'S OWN SOAP** its wonderfully softening and aromatic lather.

*Sold everywhere*

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, Manufacturers,  
MONTREAL

The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**



## A Christmas Gift That Is a Continuous Reminder of the Giver

A Bissell's Carpet Sweeper or a Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper would make a most sensible and appropriate Christmas gift for wife or mother.

Both are used *every day*, and would be a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness.

# BISSELL'S

**Carpet  
Sweeper**

**Vacuum  
Sweeper**

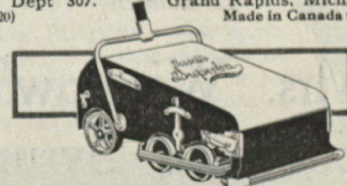
Either or both will be highly appreciated. If she has a carpet sweeper she wants the exceptional cleaning qualities of the powerful, easy-running, easy-emptying vacuum sweeper.

Or, on the other hand, remember that the light, handy carpet sweeper has its own distinct field of usefulness. The two make a work saving combination that will bring you the gratitude of the recipient long after some pretty little gift would have been forgotten.

As to prices: The Vacuum Sweepers \$9.50 and \$11.50. "Coco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers \$3.25 to \$4.75. A trifle more in the Western Provinces. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**  
Oldest and Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of  
Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World.

Dept. 307. Grand Rapids, Mich.  
(320) Made in Canada too.



## GENUINE DIAMONDS

CASH OR CREDIT

Terms: \$1 - \$2 - \$3 Weekly.

Write to-day for Catalogue, it is FREE.



The Jacob's Credit System enables you to make beautiful Christmas presents without the outlay of much money. A Diamond constantly increases in value and lasts forever.

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or monthly.

We trust any honest person.

**JACOBS BROS.,** DIAMOND IMPORTERS 15 Toronto Arcade  
TORONTO, CANADA





**For Whooping Cough,  
Spasmodic Croup,  
Asthma, Sore Throat,  
Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Colds, Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep"*

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresoline stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

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

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

**For Sale by all Druggists.**

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

**The VAPO-CRESOLINE CO.,  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada**

*A safe and palatable laxative  
for children*

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

*Absolutely Non-narcotic*

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

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

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

**As good as the  
Finest Imported  
Brands.—None  
Better.**

This New Ginger Ale of O'Keefe's is the same type as the famous imported brands. It is quite dry—with a most delightful flavour.

**O'Keefe's**

**SPECIAL PALE DRY  
GINGER  
ALE**

is only one of the many  
delicious beverages, put up  
under the

**O. K. BRAND**



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

**Order a case from  
your dealer. 517**

**O'Keefe's, Toronto**



What You Would Like to  
Receive Is What You  
Ought to Give—

# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

When you give Waterman's Idea, you give more than a thing of beauty. Something that takes a real place in the everyday work and activities of the user—a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness. It is more than the gift of a day; it is the gift of years to come.

There are Waterman's Ideals that have been doing daily duty for a score of years or more. Their users claim they have never faltered, never leaked, never disappointed—and are still in good writing condition.

Such service PROVES Waterman's Ideal quality, and demonstrates how practical and superior are its many patented features, conveniences and pen advantages.

Ask  
at the Best  
Stores

Pen points to suit any handwriting—sizes and designs to meet every preference. Self-Filling, Safety, Pocket, or Regular types—\$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, to \$150.00. May be exchanged after Christmas.

In  
Gift  
Boxes  
Folder  
on  
Request

Self-Filling  
Chased Finish  
No. 121-2 PSF  
\$2.50  
Larger Size  
No. 14 PSF  
\$4.00  
with Clip-on-  
Cap 25c  
additional

Pocket Type  
Sterling Silver  
Filigree Pattern  
No. 412 Poc.  
\$5.00  
with  
Sterling Silver  
Clip-on-Cap  
50c  
additional

Regular Type  
Plain Finish  
No. 12  
\$2.50  
Larger Size  
No. 14  
\$4.00  
with  
Clip-on-Cap  
25c additional

Safety Type  
Chased Finish  
No. 121-2 S  
\$3.00  
Larger Size  
No. 14 S  
\$4.00  
with  
Clip-on-Cap  
25c additional

Self-Filling  
Gold Banded  
No. 12 PSF GM  
\$3.50  
Larger Size  
No. 14 PSF GM  
\$5.00  
Gold Filled Clip  
\$1.00  
additional

Broadway, New York  
24 School Street, Boston  
115 So. Clark Street, Chicago

**L. E. Waterman Company, Limited**  
107 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal

17 Stockton Street, San Francisco  
Kingsway, London  
Avenida de Mayo 1364, Buenos Aires



## For the Holidays

—

# Wines and Spirits

Direct from the Importers

Get our price list of high class Champagnes, Brandy, Scotch, Irish, and Rye Whiskies, Port and Sherry Wines, Burgundies, Clarets, Liqueurs, etc., etc.

— We guarantee the genuineness of all our brands and our prices are right.

**The Imperial Wine Co.**  
215 St. Paul Street West  
Montreal

**Use this coupon--it saves you time**

To THE IMPERIAL WINE CO.  
215 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P. Q.

Please send price list and full information as to terms and delivery to

\_\_\_\_\_

Name

\_\_\_\_\_

Street and No.

\_\_\_\_\_

City or Town

\_\_\_\_\_

Province From The Canadian Magazine

# FEARMAN'S Star Brand HAMS & BACON



There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

## Fearman's Star Brand Bacon

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

## Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

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





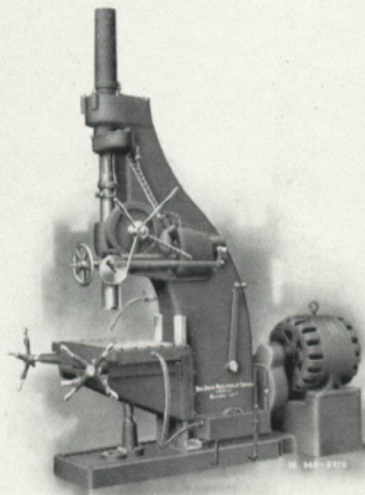
# OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
tobacco smoked  
in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES  
"OLD CHUM"



*You  
need  
modern  
equipment*



At the present cost of labor you can't afford to use obsolete machinery.

The efficiency of your machine tool equipment is of vital importance to your costs.

## **BERTRAM MACHINE TOOLS**

are modern in design and efficient in production.

*LET US SHOW YOU HOW*

# **The John Bertram & Sons Co., Ltd.**

**DUNDAS, ONTARIO**

**MONTREAL — WINNIPEG — VANCOUVER**





## Hail, Merry Christmas !

A Century of Christmases have come and gone, and still the years proclaim

# MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

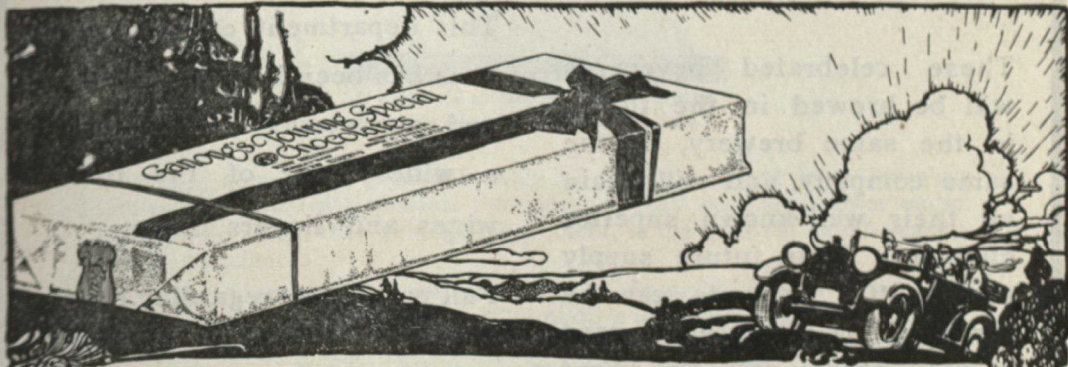
a delightful, seasonable and most acceptable gift for  
BACHELOR, BENEDICK, MATRON OR MAID.

For the Handkerchief, Dressing-table, Bath or Shave  
IT IS ALWAYS A DELIGHT.

All the leading Druggists and Perfumers sell it.

*"Health and Beauty" booklet on request.  
Sample size mailed on receipt of six cents.*

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 Water Street, NEW YORK



### THE NEW BIG FLAT BOX

# Ganong's Jouring Special

An Assortment of Chocolate Covered—Brazil Nuts, Burnt Almonds,  
Nougatines, Milk Chocolates Almontinos and Maple Walnuts.

Ganong's  Chocolates



# ANNOUNCEMENT NO. 2

# Labatt's

India Pale Ale  
 Extra Stock Ale  
 XXX Stout  
 Canada First  
 Lager

Wines and  
 Liquors  
 Mail Order  
 Department

These celebrated beverages will be brewed in the future in the same brewery, by the same company, and will retain all their well-known superior qualities. Your future supply of Labatt's products can be arranged by dropping a card to me. Prices will be about the same as heretofore and delivery will be prepaid.

*Be sure to write to*

**J. GRATTON**

8 Wellington Street, Hull, Quebec

This department of our business has been largely increased and our stocks will comprise a wide range of the finest wines and liquors made.

Full particulars regarding prices and deliveries will be furnished on request.

*Be sure to write to*

**JOHN LABATT  
 LIMITED,**

23-25 Wellington St., Hull, Quebec



# FACES AS FAIR AS A SUMMER'S DAY

**Are Possible if Stuart's Calcium Wafers are  
Used for a Short Time after Each Meal.**

Many people have been heard to say that they used creams and lotions for years without effect, yet after five or six days of Stuart's Calcium Wafers their complexions were perfectly clear.



**"I got rid of Blackheads in a jiffy  
by using Stuart's Calcium Wafers."**

They contain no poisonous drug of any kind, are perfectly harmless and can be taken with absolute freedom, and they work almost like magic. Calcium Sulphide, their principal ingredient, is the greatest blood-cleanser known to science.

No matter how bad your skin may be, Stuart's Calcium Wafers will quickly work wonders with it. It's goodbye to blackheads, pimples, acne, boils, rash, eczema and a dirty "filled-up" complexion. You can get a box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store at 50 cents a box, and you will be positively delighted with their wonderful effect.

## FREE TRIAL COUPON

47

**F. A. STUART CO., 342 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.** Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Prov.....





Our new recipe book—  
"Desserts and Candies"—  
shows many new and  
happy uses for "Crown  
Brand". Write for a copy,  
to our Montreal Office.

Makers of "Lily White"  
Corn Syrup — Benson's  
Corn Starch—and "Silver  
Gloss" Laundry Starch.



**3 Pounds  
of Happiness**

In these Glass Jars of

**CROWN BRAND  
CORN PURE SYRUP**

3 pounds of *deliciousness*, when eaten on Criddle Cakes,  
Waffles, Muffins, Hot Biscuits or good wholesome Bread.  
3 pounds of *goodness*, too, because "Crown Brand" is a  
nourishing, body-building *food*.  
3 pounds of *economy*, when used in making Gingerbread  
Puddings and Sweet Sauces.  
3 pounds of *happiness*, when converted into home-  
made Candy to delight the children.  
Your dealer has "Crown Brand" in 2, 5, 10  
and 20 pound tins—as well as "Perfect Seal"  
Glass Jars.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED  
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD,  
FORT WILLIAM.

223



## A CHRISTMAS GIFT

that will lighten the labor of those you love will be found  
in our

# "CADILLAC"

**Electric or Hand Power Vacuum Cleaners.**

These are the machines that were Awarded the Grand Prize and  
Gold Medal at the Panama California Exposition, 1915, in competition  
with almost every other make of Cleaner sold.

This in itself guarantees you against getting an inferior article.

Every part of our machines are MADE-IN-  
CANADA and guaranteed.

We give you Ten Days Free Trial.

Our prices range from \$8.00 to \$45.00.

We sell on easy payments if desired.

Write us for particulars or phone Main 6148.

**CLEMENTS Mfg. Co.,**

**Dept. C,**

**78 Duchess St., Toronto**



# Cheery Walls Make Happy Homes



**YOU** feel their restful comeliness at once—inviting you to slip into cosy slippers, pull up your own chair to the fire, and find a new friendliness in home's attachments.

## PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILINGS AND WALLS

quickly change dull, dreary rooms to ones you like to linger in. Whether you prefer plainness or a touch of ornament, you will find many to please you in the 2,000 styles and Period designs to choose from. Easy to put on over plaster or wood, the joints fit in snug so they cannot show or come away. Last without repair as long as your house. Shall we send you the complete Ceiling Catalogue "C. M."?

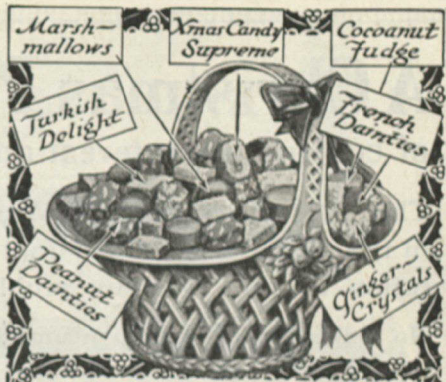
Write for it!

**THE PEDLAR PEOPLE  
LIMITED**

(Established 1861)

Executive Offices and Factories:  
**OSHAWA, ONT.**

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



### DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak  $\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Mix 2 cups granulated sugar and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful cream of tartar together; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine through syrup quickly and turn in a pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partially cool add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

**THIS** year make candy for home use or put up gift boxes for your friends. Here are two good candy recipes. There are many more in our book, as well as recipes for Jellies, Desserts, Salads, and a wholesome, easily digested CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, which would be a treat for your Christmas dinner.

# KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

### CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

### FREE

Our **RECIPE BOOK** will be sent for your grocer's name.



Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.  
Dept. A  
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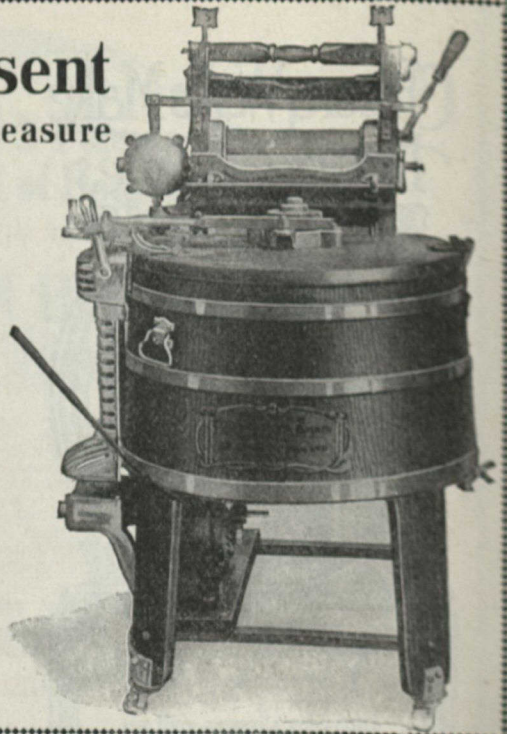
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 Four \$1675  
 Six \$1855

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## Double the Utility—Double the Comfort —and for a Moderate Price

Here is a car that is just as ideally suited for use in winter as in summer.

It is a closed sedan and open touring car in one.

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Closed, it has the appearance, luxury and protection of a car that is permanently enclosed. It's exactly the car for cold, inclement weather—or hundreds of occasions all year 'round when a closed car is desirable.

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The Touring Sedan has double the utility and double the comfort of any car that is permanently either a closed or open car.

The Touring Sedan is a beauty, either open or closed.

You can have a Touring Sedan on either a four or a six cylinder chassis.

The four has the famous 35 horsepower Overland motor in its latest and most improved en bloc type.

It has a 112-inch wheelbase, 4½-inch tires and those long, shock-absorbing cantilever rear springs.

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116-inch wheelbase—large tires—long cantilever rear springs.

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These Overlands are the first full size Touring Sedans ever offered at a moderate price.

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Enhanced pleasure and satisfaction are attained by owners of a motor equipage embodying efficiency, comfort, beauty and economy.

McLaughlin engineers have perfected a mechanism of maximum efficiency around the valve-in-head motor.

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A NEW McLAUGHLIN 7-Passenger car will be announced in January, 1917. Send for description and prices on the model best suited to your needs.

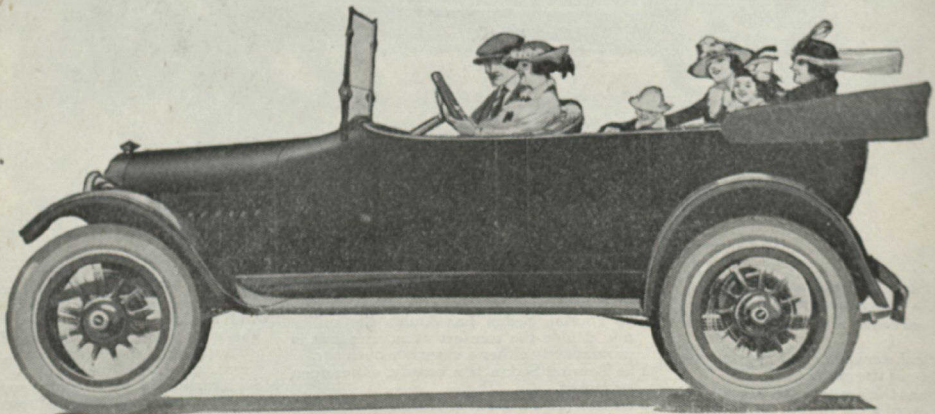
1917 sees McLaughlin motor cars even further in the lead than before. Our new series includes models of Four and Six cylinder cars from \$880.00 up to \$1520.00 in roadster and touring car bodies, and a Sedan at \$2350.00.

Model D-4-35—the new McLaughlin Four—the challenge in 1917 motor car values—5 Passenger touring car.

D-6-63—a new McLaughlin Six with 41 h.p. valve-in-head motor, taking the place of last season's D-60.

D-6-45—Canada's Standard 5 Passenger Touring Car.

D-45 Special, a replica of D-45, with added refinements and improvements.



Model D-6-63—a new McLaughlin Six Cylinder Touring Car, 112 in. wheelbase, 41 h.p. Valve-in-head Motor, a continuation of, and improvement on, Model D-60.

**The McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited**  
Oshawa, Canada




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A patented electric lighted oil feed is another new feature. A speedometer and ammeter, both standard equipment, are mounted on the dash. Non-skid rear tires are furnished.

All these are unusual features and never before offered at the Chevrolet price.

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## The 1917 Ford Sedan

THIS is the ideal car for theatre and social occasions, and for general use in cold, stormy weather. A cool, shady car for hot weather, too.

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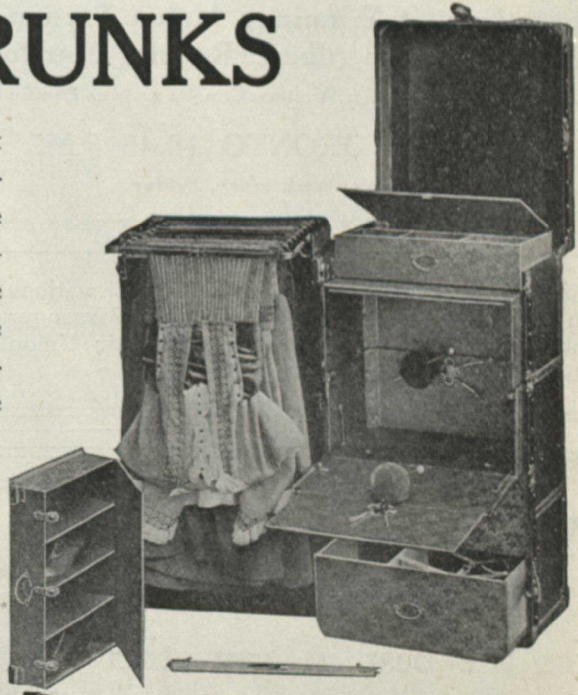
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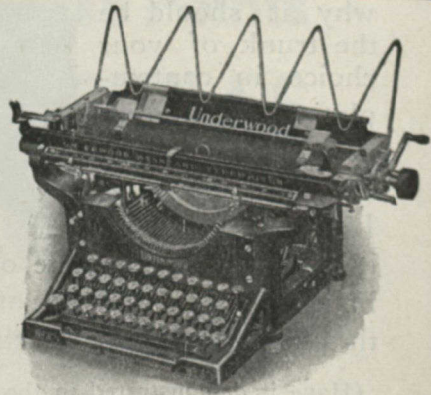
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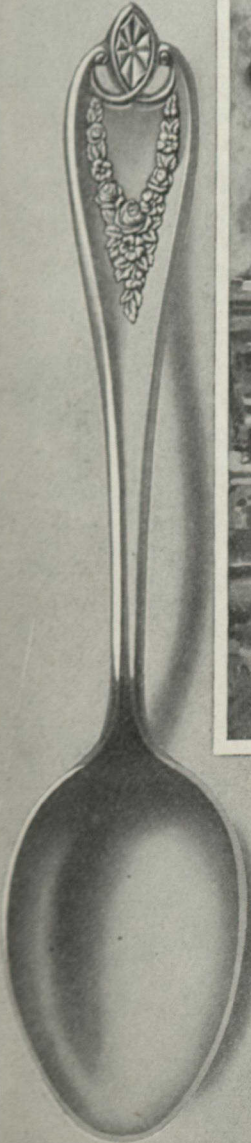




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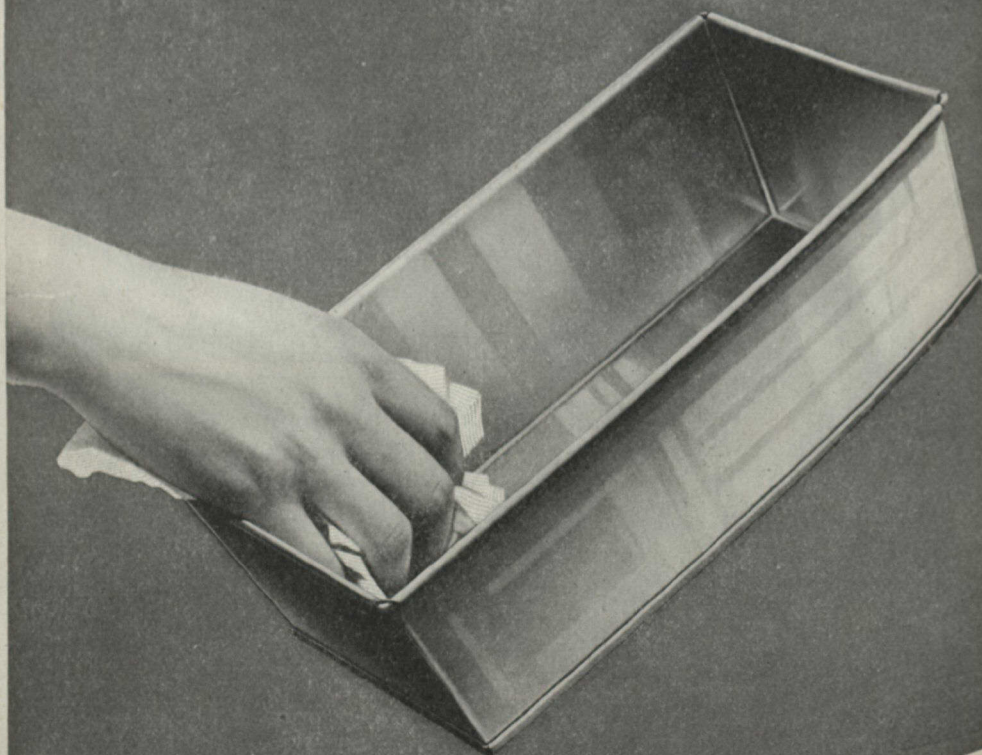
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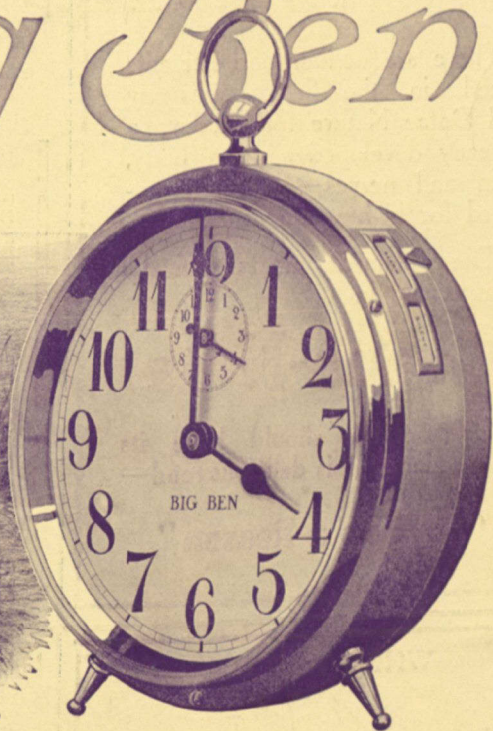


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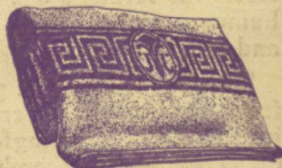
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