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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. L

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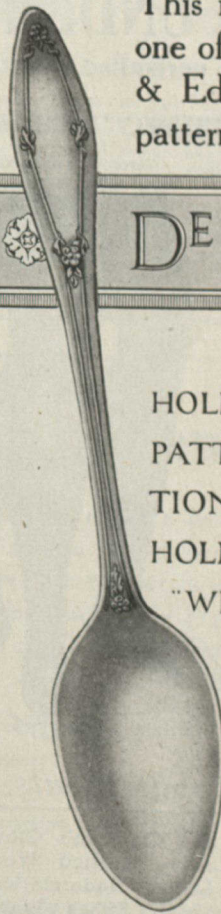
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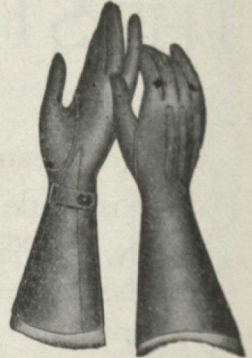
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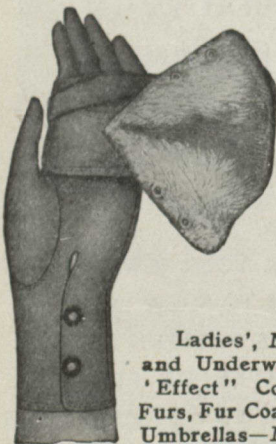
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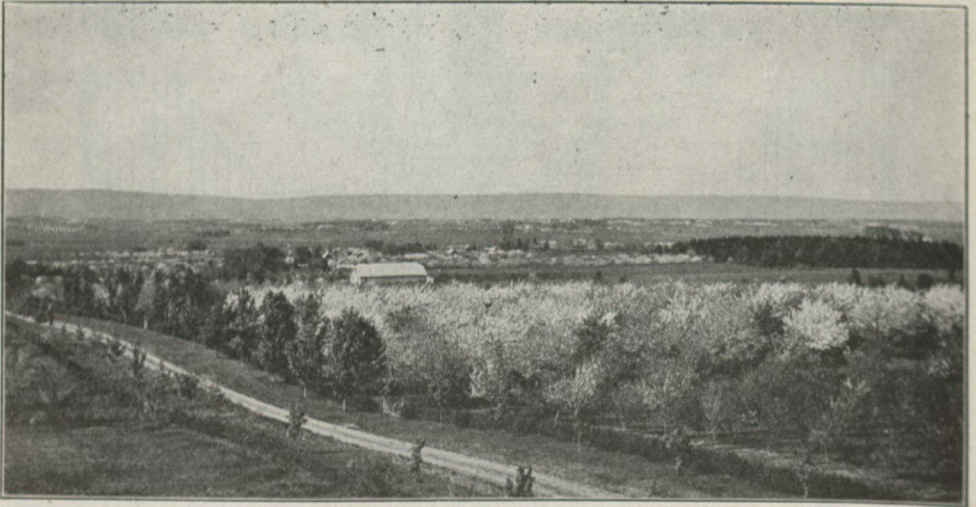
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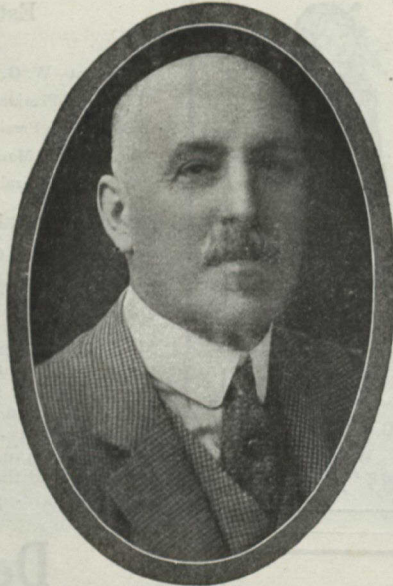
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[SEE NEXT PAGE]

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES OF SIR JOHN WILLISON

Few Canadian journalists have had such an interesting and vivid career as Sir John Willison, the famous correspondent in Canada of The London Times. There is a touch of romance in the fact that a country lad, without powerful connections or any influences other than his own ability and indomitable perseverance, should have achieved the editorial chair of The Globe at a comparatively early age as the successor of George Brown, Gordon Brown and John Cameron. Young Willison, almost from his first connection with the press in 1881, was prominent in journalism. For at least 30 years he has been a foremost figure in political and press circles. Circumstances have thrown him into close contact with the Liberal Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and afterwards with the Conservative Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden. He has probably met and known most of the political worthies of his time. He wrote the biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and it reveals the most intimate knowledge of Canadian political history and public men. He now devotes the whole of his energies to The Times, and as a writer and speaker is known from one end of Canada to the other. He has been connected with many organizations which have the public interest at heart, is a member of the Royal Society of Canada, has received the degree of LL.D. from Queen's University (of whose governing body he is a member), and was honored in 1913 with the title of Knight Bachelor for his services to the Imperial movement in Canada and for his standing in his profession. The story of Sir John Willison's life would make an attractive narrative.

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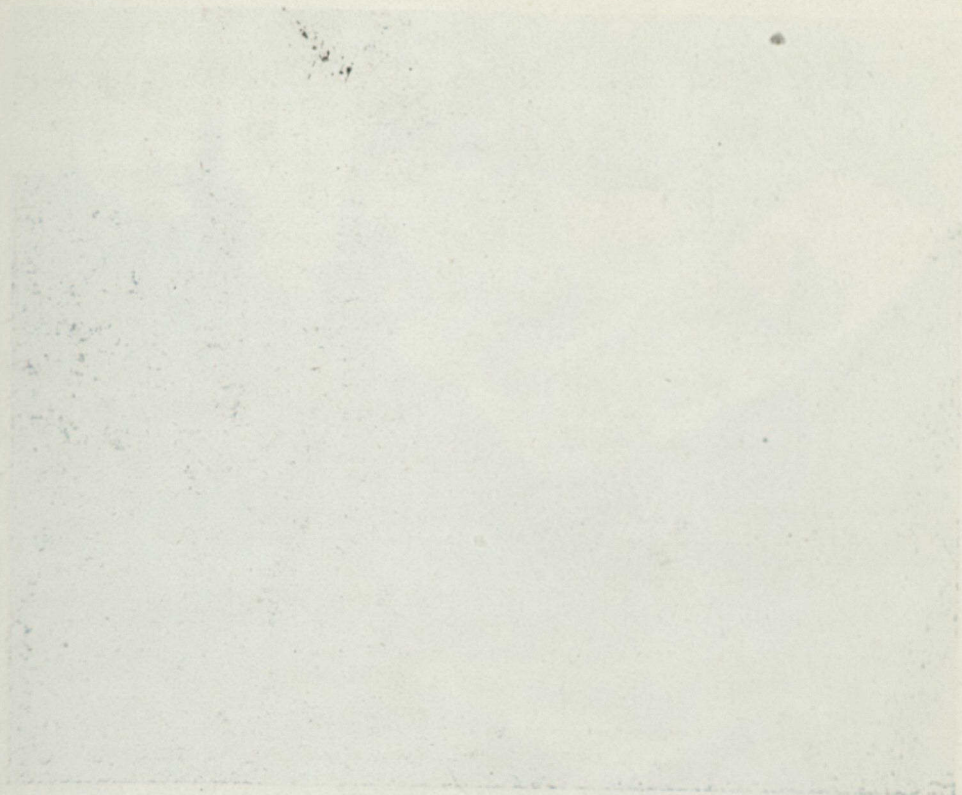
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. L

TORONTO, APRIL, 1918

No. 6

DAHABEAH DAYS

BY HELEN M. EDGAR



HE conjunction of a happy chance and a bad cold converted our plan of wintering in Rome to a flight, instead, into Egypt.

The bad cold needs no explanation, but the happy chance consisted of meeting in Rome our friends the "C's". Professor C, who is the curator of a well-known Canadian museum, had combined a prolonged honeymoon with a roving commission to add to his collections. Being the possessor of great resourcefulness of mind and an abundance of hope, he cheerfully suggested that we two professorial couples, with professorial incomes, should journey to the land of the Pharaohs. The solemn warnings of Baedeker on the need of unlimited time and gold, and the solid facts in Cook's lists of expenses for sojournings on the Nile, all melted before the eloquence and enthusiasm of our guide, philosopher and friend. Knowing his Egypt like a book, C. prom-

ised us a dahabeah and a crew that could be obtained by direct dealings with a certain Ali Bey, of Cairo.

We were to provision our own craft and lead the simple life, gaining wisdom and experience by friendly intercourse with the dwellers on the Nile. Some of these experiences I jotted down and now proffer them with only one guarantee, their truthfulness.

On a sunny afternoon of January 4th, we embarked at Naples and awoke next morning to find ourselves at anchor opposite the ruins of Messina. When we landed the listless crowds clad in their mourning garments still seemed paralyzed from the horrors of the earthquake of the previous year. The work of rescue seemed scarcely begun. One could gaze into rooms high up where clothes still hung and fluttered in the wind. Papers with seals attached protruded from the hastily-closed drawer in a lawyer's office, with upturned table and pictures askew. A bright spot of colour amidst the tot-

tering walls was made by the paper flowers in the broken vases of a private oratory. The only thing that cheered our sight was the gay donkeys, with their tasselled harness and glittering bells, drawing their quaint two-wheeled carts, whose panelled sides were painted with the care of a predella.

Four days later, having been tumbled in the cross seas of the Mediterranean, we reached Alexandria. Our first impression was of a swarm—an indescribable swarm—of green, blue, mauve and yellow fluttering garments, turbaned heads and black faces, with palm trees acting as sentinels somewhere in the distance. In one moment C. produced order out of chaos and repelled like a rock the onslaughts of shrieking Arabs wanting our patronage. We recognized with pride

and confidence that our leader was on a known if not upon his native heath.

After some magic intervals, we found ourselves passed by the customs and seated in a Victoria driving at breakneck speed to the railway station. Each corner turned revealed a new picture—veiled women, the hookah and its smoker, or tired musicians, resting with their odd instruments beside them, were part of the kaleidoscope. We had a threatened breakdown on the way, and during the pause were nearly smothered by the kind attention of Egyptian sympathizers. We reached the station to find C. once more directing affairs. A carriage reserved (the harem division), a breakfast ordered and despatched, and we were off.

Egypt ancient and modern lay around us—a level stretch of green



Courtyard of Mosque Mohammed Ali, Cairo



A Street Scene in Cairo

country dotted with working peasants supervised generally by a superior camel. Civilization has made but little impression on the camel; alike for Arab and Englishman he has the same contemptuous look. The whirling train that almost hits his flanks causes not even a tremor of the eyelid, much less the turn of a head. Sublime, indifferent, sneering at everything, they passed us by the score journeying along the high road that ran parallel to our train. The Bedouin tents, pitched low to screen them from the wind and dust, Arabs seated astride the haunches of their donkeys, children fishing in muddy pools that looked most unlikely haunts, water-wheels half buried in the sand and turning slowly at the rate of one hand-power, cemeteries with maybe a special tomb erected over a saintly man where prayers would be doubly effective, formed

links in the chain of interest about us.

The express rushed through stations where native crowds sat cross-legged waiting for their special. Cairo came upon us all too soon. We found ourselves once more a tempting sugar loaf for the Egyptian flies! *Ru imshi* were our first Arabic words, and the timid use of them was so successful that we soon acquired a fiercer note. *Balash* was also serviceable. Mrs. C. was horrified to hear her temperate husband shout in stentorian tones for "hot water toddy". It really was a "pick me up" he wanted, but in the form of a second porter. However, we had learned our lesson, and by uttering these words in a guttural tone we found we could always obtain a duplicate. C. again waved his wand, and, our besiegers being scattered, we emerged into the bustle of the capital.

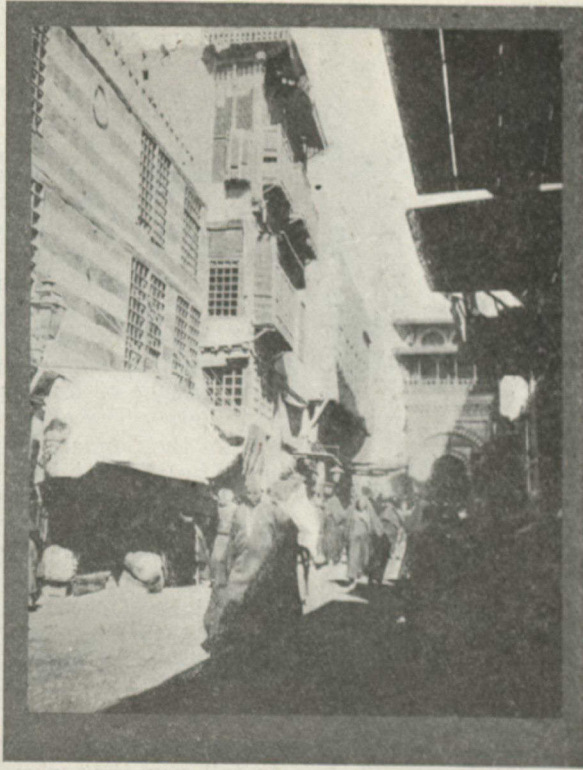


The Bab-el-Mitweli, a famous spot in Cairo

Cairo looked very modern in spite of the robes and veils and tarboosh of its inhabitants. The air was cold as we drove through the wide well-paved streets to our hotel. We stood on our balcony for a long time gazing at the *va et vient* of the streets. A building in course of erection opposite afforded much interest as the workmen in their blue "skirts" strode up and down the inclined planks or climbed ladders, managing their flowing robes and baskets of bricks or sand with perfect ease. On the pavement beneath sat a seller of dates. She had flung her veil aside, showing an old and tired face. As the noonhour drew near the workmen assembled around her in little groups to eat their modest luncheon of bread and dates. As they chattered together a superb figure swept down the street, albeit she was but another date-seller. Such arro-

gance could only belong to youth and beauty, hidden though it was beneath a dense black veil. Her approach was evidently expected, for, long before the clank of her anklets could be heard, a little space was made for her beside the elder woman. Trade now became brisk indeed, and the slim hands delved deep into the basket, gathering the dates together in a compact bundle, which she weighed in scales she held aloft. Wit flowed as fast and free as the purchases. Her last customer, in an ecstasy of enjoyment at some repartee, went back to his work dancing like a dervish.

The streets of Cairo have a fascination all their own. East and West meet there, but do not mingle, even in the cosmopolitan Shepherd's or Semiramis, where the Egyptian, clad in his robes of costly silk, which look as if a rainbow had been dissolved to



The same gateway, seen from a greater distance

give them colour, sits apart and eyes with seeming distrust the frills and fashions of another world.

On the afternoon of our arrival, longing for a sight of the Nile, we walked towards the Pont des Anglais. The view seemed wonderful in the light of the setting sun. Feluccas with folded sails were drifting with the current, but against the wind, to rest for the night beside the shore. Gradually the light faded, the palm trees in the distance lost their contour, the misty pyramids sank back into the night, and all was still but for the faint motion of the slanting masts.

Next morning we submitted ourselves to the mercy of Allah and the reckless driving of the H's' chauffeur, who whirled and swirled us in magic curves to the entrance of the "Muski". Here we adopted a safer mode of travel by hiring a Victoria to drive

slowly through the narrow crowded streets and deposit us at intervals before the doorways of inviting shops.

Shopping and bazaaring are not interchangeable terms; a gulf as wide apart as is an Arabian Night's entertainment from a Sunday school picnic separates the two. We sat on soft divans while black "slaves" unrolled carpets and embroideries of great age and richness. In shadowy corners the glint of silver and the glow of brass and copper bowls gave a setting to our purchases that no mere shopping would afford.

It was open sesame to C. in this weird world, and as we sipped our coffee and nibbled "Turkish delight" the depths of the bazaar were searched and its treasures disclosed. After we left Cohen's shop, which is the Mecca of all European visitors, we wandered on foot through the narrow roadway



Ruins at Messina

lined on each side by tiny shops hung round with merchandise. the owners crouching on a raised platform, ready as it were to spring at their customers. I sat on the edge of one dais and tried on red morocco shoes, and purchased several pairs, in spite of the vehement protests of surrounding merchants, who asserted that their superfine leather was alone worthy of the "Sitt's" (lady's) consideration.

We continued our ramble, C. marching ahead and raising the expectation of many an eager seller. Some silver cups were our only catch before we reached a most imposing court, one of the few really old-time trading-posts. Under the Moorish arch, made high enough to let the burdened camels enter, we passed and came into a courtyard screened lightly from the sun. Here the camels stand while their precious loads are safely stored in tiny vaults opening into the court.

A jar of huge dimensions was standing in one corner, and we were told that buried somewhere in its interior was an ounce of attar of roses. C. being in high favour with the stately owner, we were given, as a special mark of respect, Persian tea with ambergris. This last ingredient is very costly, but I fear the honour scarcely compensated us for the queer flavour.

Being in a land of wonders we were not at all astonished when we heard that Abdullah Kohal, our host, had once been appointed King of Syria. The manner of his appointment was as follows: Travelling with merchandise in the Soudan, he was taken prisoner by the Mahdi at the same time as Slatin Pasha. While being haled by the beard before his captor, Abdullah Kohal, with native ingenuity, invented this plausible tale: "O, High and Mighty One! I am a Syrian sent by my nation to find if in very truth you are the Mahdi, and I have been intrusted with this message should I find, as in very truth I do, that you are the great and only Mahdi. I was to tell you that when you had conquered this land and fattened your soldiers on the Egyptian crops, you must come to Syria and we, too, would accept your lordship over us." The Mahdi, flattered by this tale, caused great honour to be given to his diplomatic guest, no longer prisoner, and anticipating his Syrian triumph, appointed Abdullah king of that land.

After this interview we bazaar-hunted in another direction. Into the heart of things we went, through close-packed, evil-smelling spots with faint light filtering through the mattings of the covered roadway. We passed by weavers bending over their creaking looms, half-buried in the rich cloths that were slowly growing beneath their fingers. Little children were sewing Egyptian legends and figures into Egyptian hangings, and small heads with twinkling eyes shot out from every cranny. One ebony ebony-worker used his prehensile toes with all the suppleness of fingers to turn



A Sicilian Cart



The Sphinx and Pyramid of Cheops

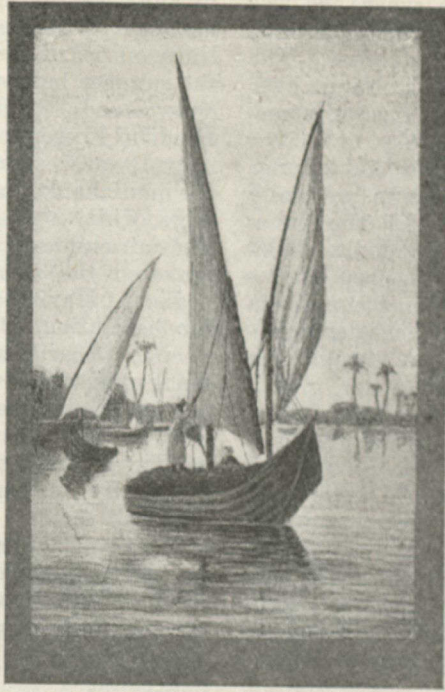


Feluccas with Folded Sails

his frame. Great Ali Baba jars, brimming with spices ready to be ground, encroached upon the narrow way. We ended our walk beneath the arch of a huge gateway, Bâb el Mitwelli, whose rusty nails were twisted round with fragments of cloth, the owners thus placing themselves under the protection of the Afreet supposed to dwell behind the open doors. Some believers in excess of ardour had buried teeth in the crevices of the wood, and these we saw in hundreds. We finished our day's prowl in a light and airy room hung with silk and wool embroideries of every lovely shade.

We spent the evening with the H's, or rather part of it, for an hour or more was taken up in finding their hospitable mansion.

To start out with an Egyptian driver, you knowing no Arabic and he no English, your destination becomes an entire speculation. We crossed the Pont Des Anglais at a spanking rate, the driver shouting at short intervals, "*Rig lac, rig lac*", which, translated, is, "Mind your feet". Whether it was addressed to his horses or the perilously-placed foot passengers we could not tell. Our Jehu drew up before a tightly-barred gate that led nowhere. We remonstrated in unintelligible terms and then resumed our mad career. We reached within the next half-hour a gateway, the twin of the one we had first stopped at. After many shouts and shakings a turbaned villain appeared and led us to the third storey of a Mr. T. B.'s house, where we found a native interpreter,



Feluccas on the Nile

who showed our benighted driver the right direction. We spent what remained of our evening with the H.'s, discussing the possibilities of obtaining a dehabeah without the comfortable but costly assistance of Cook. Our prospects seemed fairly bright, for we heard that Ali Bey had a new one fitted with every luxury that the heart of a Nile dweller could desire.

Our third day in Cairo was memorable for our first visit to the pyramids. We lunched with the H.'s, whose pretty bungalow stands almost at the dividing of the ways. We motored along the five-mile, acacia-shaded road, level as a billiard-table, and seeing always in the distance the great silent, imposing pyramids. As we neared them a camel caravan passed across the sandy desert foreground, skirting on its journey the golf links where Europeans "played the game" under the very eye of the unseeing Sphinx. Surely it must depress the most ardent player when his finest

drive stirs no emotion in that mighty form. We left the motor and journeyed on foot to have a nearer view of the Great Inscrutable, passing on our way the Pyramid of Cheops, whose shadow seemed to blot out half the world. An Arab guide perched on the apex looked no larger than a sparrow on a house-top.

The Pyramid of Khafri is smaller and the working of the stone not so perfect. On the east side of it the remains can be seen of the Pyramid Temple, and the causeway that led to the plateau level can still be traced.

The sand ebbs and flows from year to year, covering, baring and re-covering in endless rotation of time. The paws of the Sphinx were partly buried when we saw "him" first, but he reared his head with majesty, daring wind, weather or the ages to do him harm.

After an hour or two of exploration we succumbed to camels and were rocked in the cradle of the desert ship

as far as Mena House, where tea was waiting to refresh our dusty throats. We motored home in darkness. The new moon and Venus hung over Cheops and, as a parting shot, a meteor blazed across the sky.

In spite of our delight and wonder at the multifarious sights we daily saw, our negotiations for the dahabeah were by no means ended. A business contract with an eastern Bey is almost as complicated as a cuneiform inscription. However, matters progressed by slow if not always sure methods. Ali Bey, the owner, grandly "presented" us with his craft and crew. Though we knew the presentation did not lessen by a piastre the monthly rental he would receive in return, yet to our western minds it seemed difficult to ask such crude questions as, "Is the noble gift in a seaworthy state?", "Were the sails sailable?", "What about linen or china?". What, we hinted, "about dirt?"

Apparently the *Dodo* was a craft of exceeding beauty and delight, and it seemed brutal to insist on definite answers when the Bey had employed an interpreter to expatiate on the extreme perfection with which the dahabeah was equipped. When we heard that a porcelain bath and hot and cold water in all our cabins was on the list we felt the acme of comfort had been reached, and were inclined to rush on board at once, accepting blindly the word of honour of the Bey. C., more knowing as to Egyptian character, refrained from exuberant thanks till he had thoroughly examined our prospective property; and well it was we did refrain.

The day before we planned to set sail we drove to the picturesque spot where the *Dodo* lay; we found her brooding calmly by the shore, while her crew reclined beneath the shadow of the palm trees that topped the bank. Our 150-foot mast was also reclining on the shore, while the material that was to clothe it was still in bales, and no attempt was made

by our cigarette-smoking men to mend matters, or rather, make the sail. No linen on board had been washed since the summer before, when Ali Bey had entertained a numerous company. Evidently prepared for this emergency, two washerwomen arose from the mud bank and offered their services, which were accepted. Ali Bey also miraculously appeared and loudly rated the *rais* (captain) for his neglect. Having prepared one cabin for habitation, P. and I decided to sleep on board, as nothing but personal supervision would put us in commission for at least a month. We dined with the H.'s and on returning to the dahabeah found our crew slumbering peacefully in tightly-rolled-up bundles, and the two women, by the light of the silvery moon, scrubbing hard at the household linen. They apparently scrubbed all night, for in the morning the *Dodo's* upper deck was a bewildering mass of sun-dried sheets and tablecloths.

Fortunately for the crew no wind availed us, so they had a tranquil day of sail-sewing, broken at frequent intervals by a smoke, a dish of lentil soup and constant coffee. Our *rais* sat in an elevated position surrounded by his harem, who subsisted apparently on admiration, for none of the refreshment he partook of was offered to them.

The 20th to the 22nd of January was passed very busily by us in arranging the stores and getting everything shipshape. I had a rapid motor trip to old Cairo to get water *kulee* (filters), which are a very necessary part of dahabeah comfort, Nile water being sometimes of pea-soup consistency, our drinking-water was of the bottled variety and formed by far the largest part of our cargo.

On the 23rd, as there seemed no prospect of a favourable wind, we left our languid crew putting the last stitches in the sail, and went to the museum, the treasures of which are wonderful. We pored over papyrus rolls illustrating most exquisitely the

perilous road the spirits of the dead had to journey before they were acceptable to the gods. The mighty statues of the Pharaohs and the exquisite delicacy of the jewel-work stand in amazing contrast of boldness and fineness of touch. The Hathor Cow stood lowing in her shrine with nostrils distended as if she sniffed the ripened grain of the Elysian fields. Later we were to see her native spot at Der-el-Bahri, where C. had assisted in her excavation. It must have been a most dramatic moment when the cloud of dust and sand subsiding, this wonderful figure was revealed guarding the little Pharaoh. The leaves and blossoms of the lotus form a flowing veil from the head of this most divine of cows.

On leaving the museum we noticed that the wind had changed and as we drew up beneath our palm trees the *Dodo*, to our delight, was in mid-stream. Two of the crew came in the felucca for us, and we boarded our craft and had the gayest of luncheons. We had hoped that afternoon to get through the second bridge, which opens only from 10 to 11 in the morning and 3.30 to 4.30 in the afternoon. Our brand new sail had not been hoisted for this first move. The *Dodo* submitted to a warping process, which was picturesque as well as novel to our eyes. Two men rowed about one hundred yards ahead

and dropped anchor. The rest of the crew left on board hauled on the rope, marching in a circle, their bare feet beating time while they chanted a melodious song—"Allah, illi Allah" seemed to be the refrain. We were all so sure that we were really off that P. retired to his cabin and emerged shortly clad in regulation khaki and sun helmet; at that dramatic moment we realized that all our crew were sitting round the *rais* taking coffee. C. held a colloquy, which the *rais* skilfully prolonged till it was impossible to reach the bridge that day.

The weather was simply perfect. Sitting on deck in our luxurious chairs we feasted on the view. Some of the few remaining old palaces lined the shore opposite, and palm trees reared their heads against a cloudless sky. To our right the pyramids stood out against the horizon, the moon doing her best to show them off.

Two days were spent at our new landing-stage, which was opposite our starting-point. The harem journeyed by land, and the *rais* and crew resumed their cigarettes and coffee and waited for the wind. We employed our time in visiting the Coptic churches of old Cairo, dirty, evil-smelling, but picturesque. I think I would be a Moslem in the East. The open air and colonnades of the Mosque appeal much more to my religious sense.

(To be continued).



SIR LOMER GOUIN: A NATIONAL FIGURE

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CAREER AND CHARACTER OF THE PRIME MINISTER
OF QUEBEC

BY JOHN BOYD

Author of "The Life and Times of Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart."

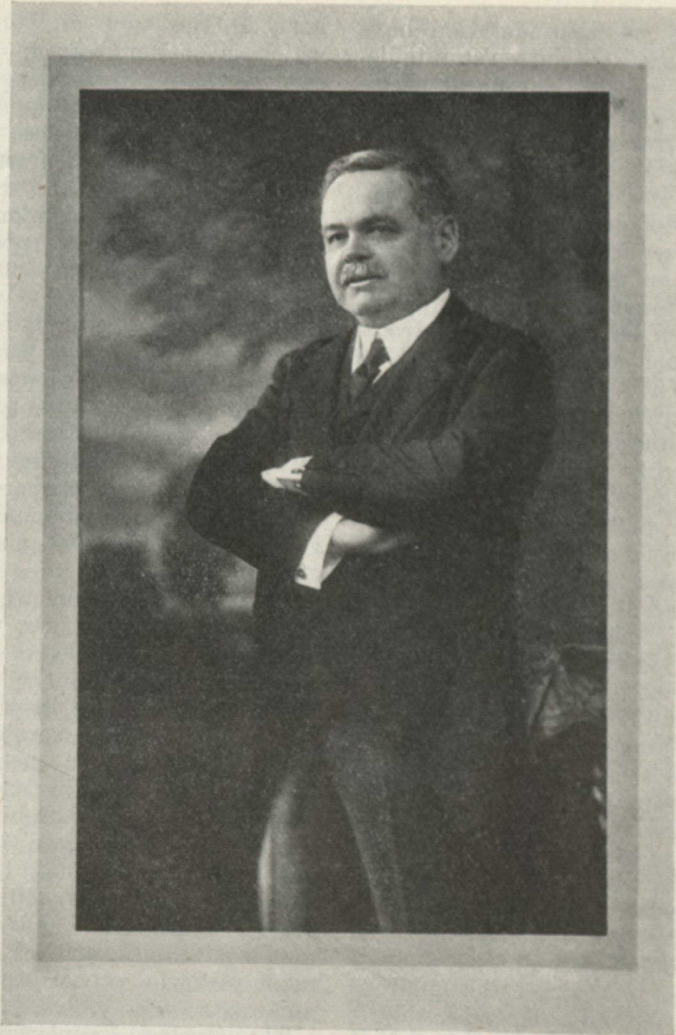


IN the critical times through which the Dominion is passing the Province of Quebec, the oldest and one of the most important Provinces of the Canadian Confederation, is fortunate indeed in having at its head a man of the character and calibre of Sir Lomer Gouin.

The memorable speech which the Quebec Premier made at the recent session of the Provincial Legislature on Quebec's position in Confederation, as has been well said, not only gave renewed proof of his statesmanlike qualities, but revealed him in stronger light than ever as a national as well as a provincial asset of the greatest value. The Francoeur motion, which called forth that speech, was regarded by many at the time of its introduction as both injudicious and inopportune, a view that was largely due to a misconception of the real purport of the motion, which did not, as many supposed, favour the separation of Quebec from the rest of Confederation, but simply declared that the Province was ready to agree to the breaking of the federal pact of 1867 "if the other Provinces consider that Quebec is an obstacle to the unity,

progress and development of Canada". As Sir Lomer Gouin pointed out when he came to deal with the question, the motion had been submitted by Mr. Francoeur—one of the ablest of the younger members of the Legislature—in no spirit of disloyalty or anger, but simply with a view of clarifying the situation and removing all stumbling blocks to a better feeling between the various Provinces.

The calm, dignified and impressive discussion to which the motion gave rise was worthy of the best traditions of the historic Legislature of Quebec, and the climax of that discussion was reached in Sir Lomer Gouin's masterly address which was generally acknowledged to be one of the greatest speeches ever delivered before a Canadian legislative body. The Quebec Premier rose to the height of the great occasion. In a calm, dispassioned, judicial manner, but at times with an eloquence which evoked rapturous applause from the crowded chamber and galleries, he put the whole question in its proper historical perspective, effectively defended his Province from the unjust attacks of which it had been made the target, eulogized and justified the work of the Fathers of Confederation, expressed the belief



The Honourable Sir Lomer Gouin

that the language and other questions in Ontario and elsewhere would be settled in the course of time, and closed with an eloquent appeal for peace and union between all Canadians in the interest of the Dominion.

Sir Lomer Gouin's views on Confederation are of special interest to all Canadians. As he pointedly declared, Confederation was not the result of a whim, but of a necessity, and the federal system, the adoption of which was due to that great French Canadian statesman and patriot,

George Etienne Cartier, was the only government possible for Canada. "For fifty years we have lived under the federal system," added the Quebec Premier. "We have had difficulties, we have had troubles, and perhaps because of this it is said by some that the system of the Canadian Confederation has failed. I think the contrary. When I think of what we have gained, when I think of the development of this country, of the progress of all kinds, I cannot help saying with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, 'The hopes of

the Fathers of Confederation have been surpassed". When we stop to deplore the divisions that separate us we may console ourselves when we think of the progress we have made." The Province of Quebec, Sir Lomer Gouin added, had no good reason to complain of the federal system, and any idea of the separation of Quebec from Confederation was absurd.

"We complain of insults, of appeals to prejudice, but our fathers always suffered from such things," said Sir Lomer Gouin in a passage of moving eloquence in closing his address. "For sixty years they have constantly been used for party ends. Such appeals pander to the appetite for power and the lust for patronage. But in spite of the quarrels of the politicians, our fathers, those sturdy colonists and builders, had strength. They accomplished their mission. We have been insulted, it is true, but I persist in believing that it is not by the majority, but, on the contrary, by a small minority of the people of Canada. I believe that the majority of the people of this country are good and fair people. An English lord has said that the liberty of a country is to be measured by the liberty of the minority living therein. That means that if the minority is not well treated the majority suffers as well.

"We must not forget the qualities of others. We must remember that it is owing to the united qualities of all groups and all races, thanks to the faith, intelligence and great vision of the founders of this country and the Fathers of Confederation that we live happily. Their efforts and their sacrifices will do more than repay, and that not extravagantly, for the birth of a nation that the twentieth century will reckon amongst the great nations of the world.

"When I look upon our country, when I admire our old Provinces with their rich lands and virgin forests, I am proud of the name of Canadian, proud of my country—Canada. I thank God that he allowed me to be

born in this new and fertile land which is sheltered from the bloody carnage that is devastating Europe—a land of liberty and equality, which will never know castes, a land of equality, where talent, effort and rectitude alone count, a land where fruitful peace will bring union and concord and inspire more progress and prosperity than in any other corner of the globe.

"It is to preserve to my country her greatness, to guard in the hearts of our children all their hopes, to hand down to our descendants the great inheritance we received from our fathers that we should fight fearlessly against the passing storm, work ceaselessly for the maintenance and development of the Canadian Confederation."

What followed these words of wisdom and patriotism was timely and appropriate—the Francoeur motion was, with the consent of the whole House, withdrawn by its proposer and one of the most memorable episodes in the annals of the Quebec Legislature brought to a fitting end. But the echoes of Sir Lomer Gouin's historic speech have since been heard from one end of the Dominion to the other, and it is everywhere admitted that the Quebec Premier rendered a signal service at a most critical time to the cause of racial concord and national unity.

The Quebec Premier's speech on that occasion was only in keeping with the whole of his career. In dealing briefly with that career, as I have been requested to do for *The Canadian Magazine*, fulsome eulogy would not only be unseemly on my part, but assuredly most objectionable to one who is always content to allow his actions to speak for themselves. A reference to the record of those actions will be the best indication of Sir Lomer Gouin's merits.

Sprung from real *habitant* stock, than which there is none sturdier in the world, Lomer Gouin typifies in his person the strength and virtues

of the French Canadian people. To a rugged and robust physical equipment are added the mental vigour, the strength of character, the steadfastness of purpose, the determination of will, the sound practical common-sense and the breadth of vision and toleration of view which, all combined, constitute true greatness.

The Quebec Premier's career is a record of achievement rather than of pretence. Without ostentation he is a true democrat who proves his democracy not by talk but by action. When at the early age of forty-four years he assumed the helm of the provincial ship of state the position of affairs was far from promising. Twelve years have passed, and to-day it is universally acknowledged that the Province of Quebec is one of the best, if not the best governed, of all the Canadian Provinces. What a striking reproof in itself of the slanderers of Quebec!

Since he has had the direction of Quebec's affairs Sir Lomer Gouin has shown his true liberalism and his ardent democracy by his support and encouragement of all progressive measures for the welfare and advancement of the masses. Under his administration not only have the Provincial finances, now under the able direction of the Honourable Walter Mitchell, the worthy English-speaking representative in the Cabinet, been brought to a higher position than ever before, but the Provincial territory has been extended, agriculture has been fostered, highways have been built and improved and the utmost encouragement has been given to education, and especially to technical education, the importance of which in the advancement of the people the Quebec Premier fully recognizes. Education, in fact, always finds in Sir Lomer Gouin an earnest champion and zealous supporter, as he fully realizes that it is a prime essential for the realization of true democracy. What words of wisdom were those he uttered at a gathering at Pont Rouge, in Portneuf county, the country which

he personally represents in the Legislature: "The best investment that the head of a family can make is to give all his savings for the education of his children. We (the French Canadians) are a minority in this country, and we are not the richest. We should therefore work to supplement by intelligence what we lack on the material side. That is why I always am happy to aid those who are striving to increase our intellectual patrimony." The policy of prohibition for the whole Province which was announced at the last session of the Legislature is another evidence of progressive legislation.

Sir Lomer Gouin's rise to his present commanding position has been an evolution—an evolution through persistent effort with the constant aim in view—good government for his native Province. There was a time in his career when he was regarded by some who did not know him as being rather inclined to be lakadaisical, as too prone, perhaps, to pursue a *laissez-faire* policy. It required opposition to bring out the real qualities of the man, and when that opposition was encountered—an opposition of no mean character—his innate ability and force of character were displayed to a marked degree and he emerged from the struggle with increased power and an enhanced prestige. Since then he has been easily the dominating figure in the public life of Quebec, standing head and shoulders over all others.

The most ardent supporters of Canada's participation in the great war cannot but admit that the Quebec Premier was not slow in showing his sympathy with the cause of the Allies. His actions in that connection were characteristic of the man, as well as typical of the loyalty and staunchness of the race to which he belongs. At the very outset of the conflict the Premier, on behalf of the Province, forwarded six million pounds of good Canadian cheese, representing an outlay of over six hundred thousand dollars, to the Allies, a most timely and

serviceable gift. The Quebec Government on his initiative subsequently contributed one million dollars to the Patriotic Fund. It may incidentally be mentioned that the total contributions from the Province of Quebec to the Red Cross and Patriotic Funds amount to over six million dollars, and that there is hardly a single family in the whole of the Province that at one time or another since the beginning of the war has not made material donations such as clothes and comforts of various kinds for the soldiers and refugees, an action that has evoked the warmest praise from France, Belgium, and, in fact, from all the Allied countries. The Province, too, has subscribed for large amounts of the various Canadian war loans. In addition to this material aid, in itself of no mean value, thousands of gallant young French Canadians voluntarily joined the colours, and many of them have shed their blood and laid down their lives for the sacred cause of the Allies. The heroism displayed by the famous 22nd Battalion, composed exclusively of French Canadians, has furnished one of the most glorious chapters of the whole history of the war. Through that battalion alone, which has been maintained as a unit since the beginning of the war, nearly ten thousand French Canadians have passed, not one of the original compliment remains and hundreds of those who belonged to the regiment have made the supreme sacrifice.

And whilst all this was being done quietly and unostentatiously, strange to say, a systematic campaign of misrepresentation and slander was being waged in certain quarters against the Province of Quebec and its people, who were represented as disloyal, recreant and unpatriotic. Through it all the head of the Province maintained his perfect poise. He did not even deign to notice the traducers of his people and his Province. Not that he was not deeply moved by the injustice of the attacks and the baseness of the motives which prompted

them, but he was content to allow time to vindicate his people and himself.

A time of stress showed the inherent strength of the man. While others were giving way to excitement and invective, and thus only adding fuel to the flames, he retained his calmness and serenity. The turbulence of popular clamour found him cool and unmoved at the helm of the grand old Province of Quebec. And that there is nothing provincial or sectional in his outlook, but that it is as broad as the Dominion itself, was shown by the notable speech which he made at the great *Bonne Entente* banquet in the city of Toronto. As one listened to that speech the thought asserted itself, "Surely after hearing such a discourse the extremists and fanatics who have been traducing the French Canadians will have a more exalted opinion of their fellow countrymen of French origin". It would be well indeed for the Dominion if all Canadians would take to heart the wise words uttered on that occasion by Sir Lomer Gouin and strive to understand and appreciate each other better than they do.

Without any pretensions to oratory Sir Lomer Gouin is a forcible and finished speaker. In debate on the floor of the Legislature he is particularly effective. With a full array of facts, or *bien documenté*, as it is expressively said in French, he is always master of his subject and rarely fails to convince his auditors. On notable or state occasions which demand more than a plain business discourse he is dignified with an eloquence that is a mark of his sincerity, and whatever the demand may be he is always equal to the occasion.

One of Sir Lomer Gouin's most notable characteristics is his staunch Canadianism. Like Cartier and Macdonald and other great Canadians of the past he has unbounded faith in the Dominion and in the great destiny that awaits it, and he believes that Canadians should be true to their country and firm in maintaining their

autonomy against all attempts to interfere with it. English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, it is his firm conviction, which he always emphasizes, should, whilst retaining their distinctive racial qualities, strive to work together harmoniously for the welfare of their common country and the advancement of the Dominion in whose future they are both equally interested.

Of course, no human being is perfect, but whatever defects Sir Lomer Gouin may have they are of a minor character and simply the natural compliments of his great qualities. By some he is regarded as somewhat reserved. But that reserve, which is an evidence of his sincerity is, as his intimate friends know, only on the surface. Beneath is to be found a warm and sympathetic nature, a temperament which while it is inclined to weigh men and events well before coming to a conclusion, is sure to be swayed by considerations of justice, fairness and equity. It is not always the popular politician, the good mixer, the hail-fellow-well-met individual, who has the true interests of the people most at heart. Too often superficial in his convictions, and insincere in his pretensions, such a one is apt to be lavish of promises but laggard in performances. It is in performances, not in promises, that Sir Lomer Gouin excels. His reserve is conducive to confidence, one of the greatest assets a public man can possess, for one instinctively feels in his presence that here is one who can be trusted to the utmost. As a result Sir Lomer Gouin enjoys the unquestioned confidence of both English and French-speaking Canadians and the warm regard and loyal co-operation of all his colleagues in the Government of the Province. His administrative capacity is best proved by the high position the Province has attained under his Premiership. And the Province which he has served so well and represented so worthily has good reason to be proud of him.

The Quebec Premier, in short, is one of those rare men who uniting to force of character and robustness of intellect an executive ability of high order, coupled with sound practical common-sense and good judgment, are best qualified to be at the head of a people in a time of crisis, who never losing their heads amidst the storms and passions of the hour, maintain their perfect calmness and serenity and guide the people to the haven of national honour and safety. It is such men who are more than ever required in Canada to-day. With such a man at its head, the idea of the Province of Quebec being isolated from the rest of the Dominion is as futile as it is foolish.

Quebec, it must always be remembered, is the pivotal Province of Confederation. It was made so by the founders of the Dominion, and as Lord Shaughnessy, whose eminent services entitle his utterances to special weight, has well observed, "The good old Province of Quebec will always remain the bulwark and strongest support of the Canadian Confederation notwithstanding the irritation and resentment sometimes displayed when the Province is criticized—and it must be said often mischievously—by a number of people whose efforts as citizens of the country should be directed towards a good understand and conciliation." Two million people with a leader of the calibre of Sir Lomer Gouin cannot be isolated, and if there are any who dream of such a thing they are likely to have an awakening.

In his private relations the Quebec Premier is particularly happy, being the head of an ideal household and enjoying the warm friendship of a large circle of staunch friends who know and appreciate his fine personal qualities. Lady Gouin, a lady of culture and great social charm, is a worthy helpmate to her distinguished husband. Of the Premier's sons one has distinguished himself by his brilliant scholarship and another is serving with the colours.

THE ESSENTIAL CONDITION OF PEACE

BY JOHN R. BONE



THE war will come to an end in one of two ways, first by negotiation, or second by the destruction of the enemy's armed forces, either by revolution at home or by defeat in the field. It will help us to an appreciation of the task that still lies ahead if we consider the consequences of a peace by negotiation, either now or at any time in the future, and secondly, the probabilities of a German revolution coming to our assistance.

Peace by negotiation is regarded tolerantly by individual members of three or four widely divergent elements which have, however, one distinguishing feature in common. There are "international" financiers who see their private interests jeopardized by a prolongation of the war; there are at the other extreme, "international" Socialists to whom any international war is but as a curtain-raiser to the war against capital that is to come; there are dynastists, including possibly Lord Lansdowne, who since the Russian Revolution are in greater dread of social upheaval than they are of German militarism; and there may be other international organizations which see in any human discord, no matter how much to be deplored, nothing that is by comparison of vital importance to human welfare. The characteristic that is common to each of these groups is that they have an in-

ternational affection that is more important to them than their affection for the State in which they live. The fate of any nation, even their own, is not to them a matter of supreme consideration.

In this they differ from the great majority of their fellow men. Nevertheless the idea that peace is possible by negotiation has been and continues in a vague form widely prevalent. The numerous and continuous predictions that the war will be all over at some near date are evidences of the fact. And the idea that peace by negotiation is possible is based to some extent on the erroneous conception that the war is only or largely a struggle for territory, a conception which no doubt endures because of the insistence of the statement in early days that the British Empire entered the conflict primarily for the restoration of Belgium. While the restoration of Belgium remains an important issue, it is far from being the supreme issue.

If the possession of territory was the only issue involved then peace by negotiation is conceivable. The "war aims" announcements of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George and Von Hertling assume a real meaning. On the one hand we have the Allies asking for a list of things summarized like this: Evacuation of Russia; Belgium evacuated and restored; French territory freed; Alsace-Lorraine wrong righted; readjustment of

Italy's frontiers; autonomy in Austria-Hungary; Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro restored; autonomy in Turkey, and Dardanelles free; an independent Poland, with sea outlet.

We have Hertling, on the other hand, declining to acquiesce in any of these things, and making certain demands of his own, such as that Britain shall give up Gibraltar, Aden and Malta. "That's all right," say the peacemakers-by-negotiation, "both sides are bluffing. Let them get together and compromise. Set one item off against another until a balance is struck. Neither side regards all its demands as vital, and they can bargain." The world is full of compromise. A politician's ordinary routine of life is just one compromise after another. So, too, with lawyers. They are continually "settling" cases, reconciling irreconcilable clients. And so the lawyer-politician, who now looms so large among our trusted rulers, becomes the greatest compromiser on earth. Why cannot he compromise this like any other line-fence dispute?

The difficulty in bringing "Armageddon" to a close with a compromise, either now or at any date in the future when the battle-lines may be in an altered position, is that the possession of territory is not the supreme issue. Suppose the Kaiser and his Chancellor, suddenly abandoning their swash-buckling pose, announced to-morrow that they would concede every territorial claim suggested by America, Britain, France and Italy, and suppose that peace thereby ensued. A moment's consideration will demonstrate that such a peace would be no peace. You might call it a truce, but it would be only an armed truce. Germany, as it has been revealed in four trying years, would remain, unpunished, except as we ourselves have been punished, swaggering and impenitent. Her army of at least 5,000,000 men equipped and trained, and her formidable navy, would survive as the greatest menace that ever hung over a civilized world. As a military

force her army would be much more powerful than that which took the field in 1914. In self defence the western Allies would be obliged to maintain their armies at corresponding strength.

For the western Allies to maintain an adequate defence against an unrepentant Germany would involve a strain little less severe than the strain of war. Maintaining a standing army of millions, though a new experience for Anglo-Saxon nations, might not be impossible, but that alone would not be sufficient protection against disaster. This war has revealed the tremendous possibilities of two new weapons unheard of in any previous European war—the submarine and the aeroplane. What could Germany do in the construction of submarines and aeroplanes during say a five-years' "truce"? Unpunished for all her flagrant violations of international law, this time she need not observe the formality of even a declaration of war in the future. What could she do with a five-years' accumulation of aeroplanes and submarines launched on a day of peace without warning against England, and France, and Italy, and even America? Twenty-four hours might tell the tale.

Is it objected that Germany would not do such a thing? Why would she not? How does such a programme differ an iota in morality from that of a nation which in these last four years has without warning torn up treaties, has sunk hospital ships, has carried civilians into slavery, has murdered right and left at sea, has bombed open towns from land, air and sea, has driven women and children as a screen ahead of their advancing armies. Mr. Hilaire Belloc reminds us that the German is the inventor of these things in modern war. There was never much chivalry in war (begging the pardon of some romantic souls), but war as we knew it up to 1914 did *not* include these things. Germany established them as precedents, along with various other horrible concec-

tions, such as poison gas. They and every other conceivable atrocity, or treachery, or violation of law and right, will remain as the regular accompaniments of war in which the Germany we know to-day plays a part.

Would you guard against all these horrible menaces by a treaty? by a League of Nations? A treaty with whom? A League of Nations including whom? The present German dynasty and Government? *Any* German Government with an army of 5,000,000 men and a powerful navy?

The fact is a peace by negotiation is for us but a euphemism for defeat. We cannot compromise issues that are moral as distinguished from those that are merely territorial. How can we negotiate with Hertling's Germany an agreement as to the "sanctity of treaties"? How can we negotiate with Hertling's Germany an agreement as to future peace? Since the beginning there have been scoffers cynical of the idea that this is a war to end war. Would they be so good as to answer this question: Why else are we fighting? Have we adopted the Prussian point of view that war is a good thing in itself, and that in any case the earth's population needs killing off? Or is it that we are engaged in a mere exhibition of national strength or skill, staged like a ten-round bout, for the edification of the multitude? If so, and we are wearied, we had better call a halt at once. We can probably make about as good terms now as we shall be able to make at any time in the future antedating that of the "destruction of the armed forces of the enemy".

That phrase is the soldiers' definition of victory. It is the essential condition of peace. And yet it is curiously absent from the "war aims" speeches of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George. You will find it, however, in the review of last year's operations by the British Commander-in-Chief, wherein he declared that "the ultimate destruction of the enemy field forces has been brought appreciably nearer",

thereby indicating that the army, at least, has not in the haze and fog of "war aims" discussions, lost sight of the one definite objective that will bring peace.

Now, what are the prospects of destroying the enemy's armed forces through a revolution at home? The discussion is forced upon us by the suggestions of Mr. Wilson, who at one time at least was not for making war with the German people, and even of Mr. Lloyd George, who was willing to discuss peace conditions with the German people in a spirit different from that he would adopt with the German Government. The Germans are being urged to revolt by a whole school of writers—in Allied countries. At their head is Mr. H. G. Wells, the most widely-read writer in the English language, who declares that if the Allies only make their war aims clear enough he is sure there will be immediately a revolution in Germany.

It is true that during the past winter, as during that of two years ago, and for the same reason, we heard something of German suffering and riots and mutinies and threatened collapse. On the previous occasion the purpose was to induce relaxation in British preparations; to-day it is to throw the United States off guard. While the German nation may be uncomfortable in spots, the evidence so far as we have it is that they think they are winning the war, that they are just as content with their form of government as we are with ours, probably more so—that Bismarckian government of blood and iron in less than two generations has made modern Germany and promises world-domination.

Is there any evidence of even the first symptoms of a German revolution? The man on the street has no such evidence, and he will avoid possible disillusionment if he doubts that such evidence exists. Scrutinize for yourself all the despatches bearing on the point, and weigh their value as real evidence. All of it can be at least

offset by evidence directly contradictory, and equally credible.

A German writer in *The Freie Zeitung*, a weekly journal published in Berne, says that the German military leaders exemplify the truth of the French proverb about appetite coming while eating, and that during the present war their lust after more wars is increasing. "It is already an open secret," says *The Freie Zeitung*, "that many of our leaders declare that peace can only be of short duration; that all Germany's aims have not been attained; that certain wrongs must be set right as quickly as possible; that the prestige of German arms must be restored in the sight of the world," etc.

Therefore, according to this German, who writes from Leipsic, the Germans are everywhere beginning rigorously to drill the rising generation of boys, and to drill them both physically and mentally.

Dr. Rosemeier, formerly political editor of *The Berliner Morgenpost*, now a political refugee in Switzerland, is another instance of a man well acquainted with modern Germany who yet holds out not the slightest prospect of her becoming genuinely more democratic, at any rate, not for the present.

The foregoing is gleaned from a despatch by Julian Grande, who concludes thus: "It will be seen, therefore, that the democratization of Germany may as yet be classed with chimeras and 'castles in the air' generally."

Mr. F. W. Wile, an American who for years before the war was Berlin correspondent of a London newspaper, and who since the war has conducted a "Germany Day by Day" column, writes:

"I have unrestricted 'access to German papers'. I read twenty-five or thirty every day. I have done so, with brief interruptions, ever since the beginning of the war. My eyes are growing positively dim from looking for reliable evidence of revolutionary sentiment in Germany. I cannot find it. I have never found anything a tithe

as revolutionary as Mr. Wells's own proposal that 'republican circles' should forthwith be organized in Great Britain. I never see articles one-half as 'up-heavalish' as those published every week in a certain organ in this country. The price of printing 'criticism' of that sort in Germany is suppression and hard labour, as Harden and Liebknecht know."

Hopes of revolution in Germany have in the last year been based on the example of Russia. Putting aside the question of why any other people should as yet desire to follow in the footsteps of Russia, it may be pointed out that even the Russian revolution did not occur as long as Russian arms were victorious. It will be time enough to look for signs of revolution in Germany after German armies have been punished as the Russians were.

So little is the German Government troubled with unrest at home that it has not found it necessary as yet to launch its great "peace offensive". At one time that offensive was expected during the winter season of 1917-1918. But the unparalleled military success in Italy at the close of the 1917 campaign, the peace with Ukrania and with Roumania, the evidences only recently visible of the utter collapse of Russia, and the opportunities thus promised of unlimited exploitation have done much to allay the alarms and sweeten the suffering of the Germanic masses. They are at least reconciled to, if not enthusiastic about, another season of conflict. At what precise moment the great peace offensive will be launched cannot be foretold. Certain it is that before utter collapse is confessed the use of that obvious strategy will not be neglected. Its subtle shock will come upon us at home and we will then need something of the fortitude with which our men at the front have withstood the shocks of armed offensives.

There is only one sure way to destroy the enemy's armed forces and that is on the field. That is the task before us. That was the task before Lincoln in the American Civil War. To revert to the peace-by-negotiation

phase for a moment it may be profitably recalled that Lincoln had no dearth of compromising advisers. How easy it would have been to compromise that dispute; how strong the pressure to put an end to a carnage in some respects as terrible as what has been reproduced in this war, and in some aspects such as the blood ties and sentimental relationship involved even more unnatural! Was there anything so very terrible in the prospect of a Southern Confederacy taking its place among the independent nations of the world? But that was a war to end war (also slavery), and it succeeded as far as this part of the world was concerned. It succeeded, not when the Confederate generals were at or near the crest of their success, not when the South was blockaded, not even when its people were starving, not when its army was in rags and went to battle barefoot. It succeeded when the "destruction of the armed forces of the enemy" was accomplished. Not before. If it was so essential to subdue and break the spirit of the South—the chivalrous, lovable South—how much more is it necessary utterly to subdue the monster that has arisen to dominate the world.

One is asked if one means by the "destruction of the enemy's armed forces" the total destruction of his army and his navy. That is just what one does mean. As forces capable of taking the field or the sea in such strength as to menace their neighbours, they must be killed, dissipated or surrendered. Some one says it can't be done. Obviously if Germany has anything like the spirit of the Southern States it will take a long time. But since when has difficulty frightened our western races from a necessary task? What a confession of incompetence to say it can't be done. It would be confession that all the scorn German autocrats have poured upon the ineffectiveness of democracy was justified. A favourite theme in Germany has been that the pretensions of democracy since the French Revolu-

tion have been hollow and would clatter to the ground at the first touch of reality, as applied by Germany. The test has come. The democracy of the west is on trial. There is no use pleading that the test is unfair, that Germany took forty years to prepare. If conditions are unfair now, they are much less unfair than they were four years ago, and they will never be better, for to-day practically the whole world is arrayed against Germany.

Germany and her three allies do not number one hundred and fifty million people among them. The peoples who have declared war upon Germany number almost one thousand millions, excluding British and French dependencies. More than six to one, and it can't be done! Surely that is bowing the knee to German efficiency and German superiority with a vengeance. Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States alone before the war outnumbered Germany and Austria two to one. And while Russia is now counted out it must not be forgotten that before she stopped she took a notable toll of Teutonic man-power. Despite disappointments and reverses, the fact remains that no competent and resourceful military leader of history ever asked more favourable odds than those we still possess. These odds may be estimated by a study of the following table, which shows the various countries which are or have been at war and their populations:

GERMANY AND HER SUPPORTS.

Germany	66,715,000
Austria-Hungary	50,000,000
Bulgaria	4,755,000
Turkey	21,274,000

142,744,000

ARRAYED AGAINST GERMANY.

Australia	4,455,000
Belgium	7,571,000
Brazil	22,992,000
Canada	8,000,000
China	413,000,000
Cuba	2,406,000
France	39,601,000
Great Britain	40,834,000
Greece	5,000,000
Italy	35,598,000
Japan	53,696,000

Liberia	2,060,000
Montenegro	520,000
New Zealand	1,099,000
Panama	386,000
Portugal	5,857,000
Roumania	7,600,000
Russia	175,000,000
San Marino	10,000
Serbia	4,600,000
South Africa	5,973,000
United States	102,826,000
	939,084,000

(In addition there are numerous other British and French possessions, including India and Egypt, whose population and resources are at least to some extent available, and a still growing list of other states, including Bolivia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Peru, Uruguay, who have severed diplomatic relations with Germany).

Obstacles such as length of communication, the U-boat menace, independent councils, are difficulties surely not insuperable. The task is merely a challenge to military genius, to talents for organization and inventiveness, to capacity for endurance, to the efficiency of democracy, and in the last analysis to its ability to protect itself from destruction.

We only delude ourselves by considering peace by negotiation possible or an early revolution in Germany probable. There is no choice but to go to the bitter end, though that bitter end can be reached only by conflict hard and long. In saying this, one does not forget the sacrifices that have been made, the further sacrifices that are involved in going on. Involved are injustices which under war conditions are springing up everywhere, and wrongs crying out for adjustment, but which in some instances at least must wait until the Great Wrong has been righted.

It may be urged that even when the enemy's armed forces are destroyed and peace is thereby achieved, it will

be impossible to prevent Germany immediately starting to build up a fresh armed force. This calamity would at worst be the lesser of the evils confronting us. But there is also to be said that Germany need be left with no rankling grievance except salutary realization of defeat, and the memory of a distorted and therefore justly thwarted ambition. If the German nation has all the good sense we are sometimes told it has, it will accept the chastisement and reform. If it has not, other measures will have to be taken. Mr. Wilson stipulates that there must be "adequate guarantees" for disarmament. With the whole world agreeing, it ought to be possible to find such guarantees, even in the face of German opposition—when Germany herself is disarmed.

There can be no peace with such a foe without victory. And it must be victory that we can recognize when we see it, not one that we shall have to argue about to discover whether it is a victory or not. It must be a victory such as was typified by the rout at Waterloo or by the surrender of Lee to Grant.

In those historic days in August, 1914, when we did not know what was going to happen next minute, but when we were all so sanguine—oh, so sanguine—I found that in the newspaper office where I labour we did not have type that seemed to be large enough to express what our feelings would be if the conflict suddenly reached its grand climax. Accordingly, I borrowed seven poster-type letters from a poster printing office, and had a zinc engraving made of an eight-column heading which I considered would be suitable for the occasion when it came. Those seven letters were V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. For forty-four months that zinc engraving has been lying on my desk. Some day it is going to come in useful.

MY GARDEN

By ANNIE BETHUNE McDOUGALD

THE chill of March upon my heart,
And April tears in the eye,
And my wonting steps on the garden path,
Where my friends all sleeping lie;
And in the sedgy hollows,
Where deepest lay the snow,
The faint, first glimmering of the grass
Gives but a greenish glow
To the new-bared earth, all redolent
Of the wonders that lie below;
And the earthy smell of last year's leaves,
Less pungent of regret,
Than of strength to give,
And again to live
In each radiant blossom's debt.

Your forms are hid, yet I feel you near,
'Neath the oozy, wrinkled loam;
But other hands shall tend you,
And greet you when you come.
For I may not turn my garden!
The gate from its latch swings free,
The road winds out like a ribbon,
There's a call on the wind for me.
Oh! rather the ache of a burden
And the gird of tired feet,
The heat, and dust of the highway,
Than dreams, and the garden sweet.
And it's ever the Treasure just over the hill,
And ever the soul-thirst quest,
And the rise and fall, 'till we rise no more,
And the shadows grow in the west.

Soon the daffodils will put to shame the pussy willow's down,
For the gold beneath, and the sun above, have woven for them a gown.
To a waiting world is their promise,
As ever the seasons run,
A cup to catch the rain drops,
A shield to reflect the sun.

Sun and rain! Sun and rain!
Life after death, joy after pain!
In your earthy bed
You were not dead,
And you rise again!

Just here the myriad points of green
 Are pushing through the sod,
 In all their matchless purity, their way is short from God.
 Hiding within each deep green sheaf,
 The waxen chime that rings
 For lambs, and babes, and all young things,
 Fraught with a holy mirth,
 Which cannot reach our older ears
 Now dulled and clogged by earth.
 And the smooth green mast of the rose-bush
 Flings out the flag of green,
 To herald the coming, and deck the bower,
 For they are bringing the Queen.

Oh, wanton, wanton poppies! In ever-widening patch,
 You'll spring again the sun to greet, the butterfly to match
 In colour, passion's orgy, like the dreams thou canst distill,
 Or saddest tints of mauve, or gray, the saintly reverie fill.
 You'll coo and softly murmur with silken swish and nod,
 "Peace! Peace! Come drink the magic nectar of our pod."
 And, whispering low, to hide your foul and fetid breath:
 "We dower the weary heart with sleep,
 The hopeless heart with death."
 As Eve from that First Garden pursued her hurried flight,
 And the flowers all hid their heads and wept the perfumed dews of night.
 The wicked poppy whispered, "I hold within my pod,
 A talisman to charm your grief, a challenge to your God;
 He offers you but pain and work, and weary care and fret.
 I give, at will, earth's only ease,
 To sleep and to forget."
 And to Eve's guilty bosom the temptress flowers she pressed,
 And thus the poppies ever bloom upon the wilderness.
 The noisy, bold nasturtiums, with all their blatant crowd,
 Will riot through the summer with colour bright and loud;
 And still with blossom running o'er,
 Nor choice of soil nor sun
 To cover every ugly spot, their busy race they'll run,
 Till the pale tints die, and the dhalias bud and blow,
 And the windflowers and the asters stand shivering in the snow,
 And every laggard rising sun brings the death of summer nigher,
 And the sumachs and the maples will light the funeral pyre,
 And the wind in the tall, bare tree-tops sing a requiem sad and drear,
 And a pall as white as a new-purged soul will silently cover the bier.

Sun and rain! Sun and rain!
 The shadows grow and the shadows wane!
 Could you struggle so,
 Could you blossom and blow,
 Were it all in vain?

ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT

BY MAY HUTCHINSON



DON'T see your ducks, McCarthy," observed Dr. Drummond.

He looked with a twinkle in his eyes at a man who entered the hotel bar and who, being plentifully besmirched and carrying a shot-gun, had presumably been shooting.

McCarthy deposited the gun in a corner, and held up two fingers to the bar-tender as an indication of the amount of refreshment required. "I haven't seen them, either," he said agreeably.

"There was plenty on the lake Tuesday," said Drummond, between puffs of his worn pipe.

"I don't know what there was Tuesday, but there weren't any today, and what there were were as wild as two legs and two wings apiece could make 'em," said McCarthy, who had been born and bred in the West, but who was still Irish. "There was a durned Indian with a squaw and a tepee at the south end of the lake, and I guess he's shot half of them and skeered the other half."

"Likely. Queer place to camp," said the doctor meditatively. "It's not on the straight trail, anywhere."

"You can't account for Indians. Maybe they're on their honeymoon," suggested McCarthy. "Bad luck to them, anyway. Will you come to-morrow, and try the big slough north of the town?"

The doctor declined the invitation, and went home, pondering upon the

migratory red men who interested him more than ducks.

Three nights later he was smoking a last pipe before going to bed, when he heard the soft thudding of a shoeless horse's feet. The sound ceased at his verandah, and he hoisted himself regretfully from his chair and knocked out his pipe-ash against the bar of the stove. He opened the door as the rider mounted the verandah steps.

In the light which streamed out the doctor saw the figure of a tall Indian, and met the gaze of a pair of sombre dark eyes. The man's dress bore no tribal mark, but after one glance, Drummond confidently put a question in the soft, Cree tongue, and was promptly answered. The Indian was camping at the Lake of the Black Water, and his squaw was sick, and he had heard that the medicine-man was wise and of a good heart. Therefore he came to ask help.

The doctor asked one or two questions, which were answered intelligently, and in ten minutes he was riding out into the dark with the Cree at his horse's flank.

It was cold, the gusty wind was bitter with the chill of coming winter, and the loneliness of the prairie night was profound and terrible. Drummond had faced it for twenty years, but he never ceased to recognize it, and now, following the little used trail to the lake, it struck him with fresh force. He imagined the little wind-beaten tent beside the black stretch

of water, and the stranger life suffering in uncomforted pain; his mind carried him to luxurious sick beds he had once known, to carefully tended weakness, to the alleviations of science and wealth, and though the night was wild and keen, and there was no reward in view beyond a glimpse of a strange and alien life, Drummond quickened his horse's pace, and looked ahead with sympathetic impatience.

The lake lay ten miles south-westward of the town, within sight of the bush which in places forms the frontier line between Manitoba and Dakota, and out of the track of farms. The land round it was waste, and even in summer when the scattered bluffs on the margin were in leaf, and the life of reeds and sedges was awake, it had an aspect of desolation. Drummond had never known it by night, but he had imagined it. He wondered if the Indian riding in silence behind him felt the chill of the waste places of the earth as a white man must always feel them.

The long ride drew to an end, and they came within sound of the sobbing water and the wrenching of the wind-torn trees. The Indian drew ahead, and broke his silence, glancing over his shoulder at the doctor.

"I guide—the trail breaks here. The tepee is to the south," he said; and Drummond recognized tense control in the deep, even tones. It seemed that this squaw must be better loved than is usual with the patient domestic chattel of the red man.

The wash of the water sounded close and presently a horse neighed near by and was answered by the Indian's pony. Then the dimly luminous outline of the tepee showed through the darkness, and Drummond drew up and dismounted. The Indian lifted the tent-flap and let the doctor pass in.

The interior was like all Indian dwelling-places, except that it was unusually clean and orderly. The sick woman was lying on a pile of skins against the canvas wall, one thin arm flung across her eyes. Before the doc-

tor could do more than glance at her, the Indian passed him and dropped on his knee beside his wife, drawing back the sheltering arm to look into the hidden face. Drummond bent forward also, and presently touched the man's shoulder.

"Go out and wait, my friend," he said. "I call if need comes."

The Indian rose and went out, and as far as could be seen in the flickering light his dark face was expressionless.

The wind was rising to a gale, and tore round the little tent in fierce gusts. The deep voice of the lake cried through the darkness and the threshing of the tree-branches answered. In the short pauses between the gusts, Drummond could hear the pacing of the moccasined feet on the shingle before the tent. When he lifted the flap half an hour later the Indian was beside him in a moment.

"I think your wife will live; the child is dead," he said slowly, and he spoke in English.

The man did not answer, but passed quickly inside. When the doctor followed he was kneeling beside the bed, and his head was bent low as he kissed the little brown hands. They moved under his touch, and the girl's eyes opened.

"It's all right, Rupert—don't worry," she whispered.

The wind dropped suddenly, and there was almost silence for a moment. Only the troubled waves broke on the shingle.

The man was to his feet and faced the doctor. His eyes were keen and defiant, but there was almost a humorous twist to the firm mouth.

"I had much feared that you would see through the stain," he said composedly. "A Cree would hardly see anything wrong with me, but she"—he looked down at the slender figure on the skins, at the thin little face with its fine lines, at the soft, tumbled hair so unlike the straight locks of a squaw—"nothing could make her anything but a white girl." He paused a moment, and his mouth hardened

into fighting lines. "My name is Maxwell, of Toronto, and if you have read the papers lately you will probably have seen it. I suppose you can't be expected to see things in the same light as we do—"

The doctor made a movement of interruption.

"As it happens, I've hardly opened the papers for some days. I know your name—you are a Toronto lawyer—but I don't know what you've been doing the last week or two. I don't want to know. I guess every man's conscience is his own affair, and as to that—child"—he looked down at the worn young face at his feet—"if she's sinned, she's paying, with interest. I'll come out again to-morrow, and as far as I am concerned there are only a couple of Indians at the lake.

The stoniness of the dark face broke as Maxwell held out his hand.

"You can take it, there's nothing worse than brown stain on it," he said. "I thought you were a good man. What am I to do until you come back?"

Drummond gave careful directions and some final attention to the girl. She was drowsy with weakness, and only roused a little when Maxwell touched or spoke to her. But when the doctor lifted her hands to feel the faint pulse, she tore it from him with the strength of delirium.

"You drive me mad if you touch me! Oh God! Don't let him touch me!" she gasped, cringing. And as the weakness seized her again—"It makes me mad" she whispered. "It makes me mad!"

Maxwell's arm slipped beneath the hard pillow, and his other hand pressed the anguished face against his shoulder.

"He shan't touch you beloved—you're safe from him," he said, with an undercurrent of fierce anger in his low tones.

The doctor lifted the swinging tent-flap and faced the darkness. The terror in the girl's voice told him much. The memory of some hated touch was full of horror for her, horror that

haunted her unconsciousness; and case-hardened as Drummond was by the hard schooling of the West, he felt nothing but pity as he rode home.

As often happens in such cases, he found half the tongues of the town ready to elucidate the matter wherein Rupert Maxwell, of Toronto, was involved. He would have preferred to leave the Indians as Indians, and he had resolved to be uninterested in the papers, but after various hotel and side-walk tribunals had asked his opinion on what was evidently a sensational case, he went home and read the fullest account he could find. That was saying a good deal. The columns rioted in detail and conjecture, denunciation, and wonderment. Drummond let the embellishment go and made a summary for his own use.

It seemed that Reginald Burnaby, a man prominent in Toronto social life, had a week before been found in his own dining-room shot through the heart, and that his young wife had disappeared in company with Rupert Maxwell, the well-known lawyer. The servants had seen them leave the house together a few minutes after the shot was fired. Mr. Burnaby had been fond of revolver shooting, and was in the habit of practising in a small gallery opening from the dining-room, which accounted for the fact that the servants were not alarmed by the shot. Beyond these facts the only clear conclusion to be formed from the mass of incoherence was that Reginald Burnaby was not in any sense a great loss to the world. In spite of his wealth and social position, and the merciful glamour cast by death, no voice was so bold as to claim for him the title of "good". And the murderess was a gentle girl of eighteen, married from her convent at Quebec less than a year before.

Drummond thought it all over as he rode out to the lake the next evening. He had known a good many criminals in his varied life, and a fair percentage of them had borne the guise of innocence; and in this case the problem of the woman's soul was not

his point of greatest interest. He had no idea what spirit was held in that frail body, behind that worn, childish face, and he thought it very possible that he would never find out. But the man he understood. He realized that whatever the end might be Maxwell would make a good fight; and Drummond loved a good fighter.

The wind had dropped during the day, but as he neared the lake the lapping of the still restless water drowned the hoof-beats, and there was no movement within the tepee when Drummond dismounted. A corner of the flap hung loose, and he could see the lighted interior, and Maxwell sitting on the ground by the girl's side, busy with the stitching of a beaded moccasin such as the Indians sell as curiosities. His supple brown fingers worked deftly, and his crouching attitude and immobile face were so absolutely true as to rouse the doctor's admiration afresh. He moved away quietly, and approached again with a clatter of pebbles, and the tent was opened to him as he reached it.

The girl had gained strength, and had rallied wonderfully, and though she said nothing beyond a whispered "thank you" when Drummond was leaving, she was fully conscious and comprehending. Her eyes were of great beauty and depth, and they were always his chief memory of her.

When he left the tent Maxwell followed, and the two stood for a minute in silence.

"You're making for the coast?" Drummond suggested presently.

Maxwell nodded and glanced over his shoulder into the tent.

"I must get her out of this before winter sets in," he said. "I know the country, and the Indians will help me. I've done a lot of Government work in the Reserves, and I have friends in most of the tribes." He made no effort to exculpate or explain away the crime, and the doctor appreciated the omission. He had generally found explanations anything rather than enlightening.

"It'll be two weeks at least before

you can move," he said, and suddenly Maxwell broke out with unusual passion.

"It's a refinement of cruelty that we must be stopped by this—the birth of *his* child."

Drummond shrugged his shoulders. He had seen a great deal of the irony of circumstance.

"Well," he said, as he moved to his horse, "I'll bring word if I hear anything you'd like to know."

For three weeks he went regularly to the lake, generally late in the evening. The Indian summer blazed over the dead prairie and died away.

Aurey Burnaby collected her strength rapidly, which gave a hint of the buoyant youth that had been wrecked. She never spoke of her crime, and rarely of other matters, but once on a quiet night of clear starlight, when she stood with Maxwell and the doctor by the water's edge, she broke her barrier of silence and showed a glimpse of the hungry youth that survived the shocks of disillusioned womanhood.

"There must be places in the world," she said, "where there's no one to judge, no one to hunt poor, hurt creatures. Rupert and I will find one, and colonize it, and I shall learn to love the sun again. Here in the quiet and the dark it seems so simple and so attainable."

Drummond looked at the girl's face, white and wistful in the dim gleam of the stars. The Indian blanket hung loosely on the frail shoulders, and as the low voice ceased he saw her hand go out to cling to Maxwell's broad shoulder. She was a child, and she had killed the man who had broken her as a child flings a stinging insect from its hand—with a gesture and a cry of fear. Drummond shrugged his shoulders again at the law which called her a murderess.

The day after, violent winds lashed the dry plains, and by four o'clock a dark night of storm had begun.

The doctor looked in at the hotel at about seven o'clock, but there were few men there, and he was leaving

when a hand dropped on his shoulder and he turned to meet a face he had known well many years before. It was that of a Winnipeg police-sergeant, known as Levett, though it was generally understood that he had borne another name before he joined the force. He was a clever man, and an artist in his work; and he had never been known to let sentiment in any form interfere with his relentless performance of it.

Drummond looked at him with only natural surprise in his steady eyes.

"What brings *you* so far off the track of crime?" he inquired. "You are not travelling for your health, I guess."

The man laughed.

"Call it the public health. It's a long time since you and I studied the shades of Montreal together. Come and have a drink!"

When they were settled by the stove and the bartender had vanished for a gossip with the cashier, Levett answered at length.

"I can tell you I'm on the Toronto murder case—Burnaby and Maxwell. I took it over from the Toronto men when they'd carried it as far as my limit. I guess I've about finished it."

"That so? I haven't seen any criminals knocking around," commented Drummond.

Levett puffed at his pipe meditatively and the doctor watched him, with his mind steadying itself for action.

"A man can't get a woman off, nine cases out of ten," said the sergeant. "Maxwell could have lost himself; he's shot and fished with the red men most summers for the last fifteen years and when he dresses as a Cree, he is one. But Mrs. Burnaby's trail was as cleanly marked out as a high road. They're camping at the Blackwater Lake, I've heard."

"Oh, that couple! McCarthy told me an Indian had a tepee and a squaw somewhere round there," said Drummond. He paused and drank pretty deeply from the glass beside him. "When do you take them?"

Levett glanced quickly at the clock.

"I'm waiting for two of my men who've been reconnoitring north. They'll be back in a couple of hours, and I'll give them an hour's rest, and we'll be off soon after midnight. I calculate to take them east by the morning express. Will you come along and see the thing through?"

Drummond rose and glanced also at the clock.

"I'll hardly be back in time. I've got to ride out in another direction, but I'll join you if I can manage it. Good luck, anyway.

He left the sergeant sitting by the stove, and went out into the wind. He walked rapidly down the street and along the bit of trail that led to his house, and spent a quarter of an hour there mixing some medicines and talking to his housekeeper, a soft-eyed, half-breed woman, who had been married to an Indian. It took her most of the fifteen minutes to trace some hieroglyphics upon a piece of paper which the doctor pocketed carefully when he went out.

There was a lull in the storm as he turned his horse on to the trail, and the thick darkness closed upon him, and whispered round him with the voices that murmur over all desert places in the time of sleep. When the wind rose again, drowning them, it was as the roar of a violent sea overwhelming faint human cries.

"What a night for a ride from the law! And, good Lord, that delicate child!" muttered Drummond. "And they've only a chance in a thousand! Only a chance!"

The wind was at his back as his horse settled into the cross trail leading west to the lake. He raised his head, and felt the straight force of it as it sang and whistled past him. It was a quick ride, but it seemed a weary length of time before the sound of water forced itself through the wind. As he neared the tepee he gave the whistle which was his usual signal, and Maxwell was outside in an instant.

"Anything up?" he asked sharply.

Drummond followed him into the tent, and gave an anxious glance at the girl. She looked frail and colourless, but she met his eyes bravely.

"Yes, you must get on," Drummond said shortly. He looked away from the pitiful girl's figure, and explained rapidly to the man, who met the blow with an unmoved face.

"You've risked a lot for us. I won't try and thank you," he said as the doctor finished. "We'll get on, Audrey." He moved nearer to her, and laid his strong brown hand on her shoulder with a protecting assurance that meant more than a caress. "It'll be all right, little girl. Help her get ready, will you, while I see to the horses?"

He went out, and Drummond helped in the packing of the small bundles which were all two wandering Indians might carry; saw that the girl was warmly wrapped, and gave her the strong stimulant he had prepared in the time he spent at home. They left the tent standing, and carried the two bundles out to where Maxwell waited with the ponies.

The storm whirled round them, and the darkness lay like a tremendous curtain across their path. The bitter desolation of it struck on Drummond's heart, and he struggled to express something of a man's sympathy for the hunted girl standing silently and patiently beside him. He could say nothing, but as he lifted her on her pony perhaps something in the kind touch of his strong arms spoke for him, and she looked down with a sudden smile, which beautified her face. Drummond never forgot the lovely eyes, radiant and young, which looked down at him from their most delicate background.

"Don't trouble about us," she said, "whatever happens."

"Nothing's going to happen to you," he answered. "But don't ride west! You hear, Maxwell? Go back on your tracks, due east, and make for Lake Superior; with luck you'll get there before winter. There's a tribe of Cree camping there, and my house-

keeper was the wife of one of their head men. He's dead, but Indians don't forget, and they'll remember her. Give them this letter, and they will give up their own children before they'll let you be taken." He put the paper into the girl's hand, which he still held. "Don't be afraid of the risks. Trust me, and look back in an hour, and you'll see I've hidden your trail!"

He let go the little hand, and stepped back. A frantic gust of wind swooped down on them, and the two wiry buckskin bronchos plunged away into the crashing dark. Drummond stood still for a moment; then went back into the tent. He glanced round, with his hand on the lamp, and noticed a basket of Audrey's faulty manufacture lying half finished on the floor. He took it up, put out the light, and left the little battered tepee to its stormy solitude.

He rode slowly along the homeward trail, looking often through the darkness towards the south. The little-used track by which the fugitives had fled ran parallel with his, but several miles nearer to the southern boundary of the bush. In about half an hour he had ridden a couple of miles, and after a moment's pause to satisfy himself that the wind had not veered, he dismounted, and with his bridle over his arm, walked off the trail for a few yards among the deeper grass of the prairie. He found a dried tussock under the lee of a small thicket of saskatoon and choke cherry, and in a momentary drop of the wind stooped and carefully struck a couple of matches, shielding them very anxiously with hands and coat. They flickered for a moment; then the tindery grass caught, blew to sparks, caught again and flared. When the tussock was well alight, and the dry twigs of the saskatoon bushes were catching, he left the wind to finish the work and walked on to start another small fire fifty yards in a straight line from the first. For half an hour he worked, until a line of fire ran brokenly from north to south for a hundred yards.

"Fifty dollars for starting a prairie fire, old man," he remarked grimly to his nervous horse, as he led him back to the trail. "And considerably more than a fifty-dollar fine for aiding and abetting criminals to escape. We ought to have learnt a bit more sense."

He patted the tired horse's neck, mounted and rode rapidly away from the growing line of fire, looking back many times to notice how the thin flicker grew and rose until a wind-driven flame leaped far towards west and south. He shook the reins, bent his head to the wind, and wearied horse and man forced their way towards home.

He met the sergeant and his men at the corner of the main street. They were watching the red glare in the west.

"That'll have spoilt your game, Levett," observed Drummond, reining up. "I've been watching it. They must be well on their way west by this. You won't catch them; but the chances are that the fire will."

"Yes. I've come to a baulk. They will be riding ahead of that, and it's small use riding behind it," agreed Levett.

Drummond hung the untidy little basket among an odd collection of relics in his rooms. Nearly a year later a passing Indian left on the doctor's doorstep a fine pair of Moose horns and a splendid skin of the rare black fox, from "A. and R. In gratitude and remembrance". And the world that knew them never heard again of Audrey Burnaby and Rupert Maxwell.





A FRESH BREEZE

From the Painting by H. Ivan Neilson, Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



UNCLE NORMAN'S PORTRAIT



BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



COULD stand it no longer. The only thing to do was to move.

"Why, what's wrong with the house? You used to like it," said my

husband.

"Wrong! Everything's wrong!" I cried. "The cellar stairs, the attic, the paper in the spare bedroom, the dining-room—especially the dining-room—have got on my nerves."

"The dining-room has got on your nerves? But why?"

I bit my lip. My husband must never know the truth, so I summoned a few tears to the rescue.

"You'll be sorry when you find me cold and white and still at the bottom of the cellar stairs," I blubbered.

"But, darling—"

"And I'm simply crazy about the house opposite! The people who lived there have just moved out, and it's got the cutest little sitting-room and such a pretty paper in the hall!"

"Oh, divine house opposite! Charming house opposite! What is man's own dull, uneventful home compared with life in that glorious house opposite? If only I might dwell forever in the house opposite!"

"John, dear, what *are* you talking about?"

"Nothing. It's something I read in a book. Do you realize that, if we do move across the street, this humble dwelling you now scorn will assume all the charm of the house opposite?"

"But, John—" I began to whimper again.

"Well, well, cheer up. To-morrow we'll make a closer inspection of the house opposite."

As soon as he had gone I danced for joy. I ran into the dining-room—that hateful dining-room—and shook my fist in the face of the hideous glazed crayon portrait that leered at me from above the sideboard. I had never dared to do such a thing before, and the cold gray eyes of Uncle Norman, which followed me as I moved about the room putting away the breakfast things, looked even more sinister than usual. He seemed to mock me and say:

"I'll get even with you yet!"

But I shook my fist in his face once more and cried:

"You won't! You won't! You won't!"

Some people might think it was easier to move that portrait than all the rest of our household goods, but, then, they don't know my husband. He is the dearest man in the world

and lets me have my own way in everything that really matters; but when he makes up his mind about some trivial little thing, I can talk till I'm black in the face, and nothing will move him.

How a perfectly charming man like my husband could be related to Uncle Norman is a mystery, and yet—though I don't like to admit it—when he is cross there is just the faintest little resemblance, and that makes me hate all the more to have that dreadful crayon portrait he gave us for a wedding-present hanging in front of me at every meal.

Uncle Norman seemed awfully pleased to see it there on the one occasion he came to visit us. He gave Tom (my husband's brother) the very same thing when he was married last year; and it's the only thing he ever did give to his dead sister's children! But Tom's wife wouldn't have it hanging in her home—not she! I pretended to be awfully interested in her house—though it's hopelessly dull—and made her take me all over it just to see if she had Uncle Norman hidden away somewhere, and she hadn't—unless she keeps him in the maid's bedroom. Threw him into the ash-bin more likely!

I told my husband, and he said it was all the more reason that we should show respect to his mother's brother, and so I decided that the only thing for us to do was to move. It is so easy to lose things when you're moving!

One reason we didn't want to leave this neighbourhood is the same reason for which we first chose it—it is so far from any of our relations. That is one of the many things my husband and I have in common—a dislike of relations. Of course, mine aren't so bad, though even they are a little interfering at times.

The more we saw of the house opposite the better we liked it. It was more expensive than ours, but being of trusting dispositions we decided that our income would probably ac-

commodate itself to this fact, and increase, too. And then, as though in direct answer to our prayers, Uncle Norman died. There our trusting dispositions displayed themselves once more, for Uncle Norman's will was a most uncertain thing. He might leave his money to an orphan's home, for anything we knew! But that made no difference whatever to our plans for moving. My husband would be more loyal to a dead uncle than to a live one, whether he left us any money or not; and the portrait would become a permanent fixture! Besides, it was too late to turn back, for our plans were made, the lease signed and the date of moving set.

We thought that moving across the street would be a comparatively simple matter. If you have any such idea in your head, forget it! Move to a new town; move to a distant suburb, and expressmen, cartage agents and railroads will unite to lend you aid; but move across the road and all the world turns against you!

My husband said he knew how it would be; I would want him to "just run over" with everything. As this was exactly what I had in mind, I denied it indignantly.

"Not at all," I said, "I mean to have expert packers and movers! Of course, you might carry the grandfather's clock, and a few breakable little things like that." It is funny how trustful young wives are.

I made a list of everything that should be done, on the back of an envelope. I love making lists. Unfortunately I always lose them; but I remembered that the first item was "van", and the next "packer".

There was a fluffy little girl in the "van" office, extraordinarily business-like. She wouldn't let me tell her about the glorious house opposite and how inconvenient ours was—the cellar stairs especially.

"Name?" she cried in such a fierce manner that I crossed my hands in front of me and said: "Mary Elizabeth."



"I watched him anxiously as he crossed the street, balancing the tall clock on his back"

"Address?"

"Number four, Chestnut Road."

"Date of moving?"

I told her the first date that came into my head. It happened to be my birthday.

"How many vans do you require?"

"Just one."

"Double or single?"

"That depends on the size of the van."

"Not at all," she replied severely.

"It depends on the size of the house. How do you know that your furniture will all go into one van?"

"But it could make two trips."

"Strictly against the rules. Better be on the safe side and engage two double vans."

"Oh, very well," I replied meekly.

"Now, where to?"

Number five, Chestnut Road."

"I have that address. Now I want to know where you are moving to?"

"We are moving to the house opposite."

The young woman slammed her book with extraordinary emphasis. "Then why do you want two double vans?"

"I don't. That was your idea. My husband refuses to carry everything, so I want a van to back up to one house, and then turn around and back up to the other. Of course, if they prefer to take a turn around the block—"

"Step aside," said the young lady; "don't you see that there is a customer waiting?"

Next on the list was a packer. His prices proved high, but he was so polite that I didn't mind. Then I went to a railway station and engaged a porter to come with that push-cart thing he uses for trunks. He promised to come early, and I gave him my address on the back of an envelope. I expect that was how I came to lose my list.

At last the day arrived and everything was packed—everything but the grandfather's clock and a few mirrors and priceless bits of china that I would trust to none but my husband. The professional packer had done his work thoroughly. He even packed the butter and eggs I had left in a little bag on the kitchen table for our breakfast. We had nothing but tea and dry bread.

"Never mind," I said; "just think, we shall dine together this evening in the house opposite. Now run across with the clocks and china, then go to your office, and forget all about it. When you come home I shall be nicely settled in the new house."

I watched him anxiously as he crossed the street, balancing the tall clock on his back. One of the neighbours stopped to ask him why he didn't carry a watch instead. I expect that was what made him tumble and break everything. But I am glad it wasn't the professional packer who smashed them.

"I am so sorry I can't stay and

help you," said my husband. "I would have come home early if they hadn't chosen this particular afternoon for reading Uncle Norman's will. Well, I hope I'll have good news for you when I return."

He kissed me, and I called after him, "And don't forget dinner at six-thirty in the house opposite!"

As soon as he had gone, I brought a step-ladder, lifted Uncle Norman from above the sideboard and placed him with a lot of other junk in the cellar, and heaved a sigh of relief. There were several other wedding-presents among them; three plated silver squirrels carrying a cut-glass card-tray (chipped) on their heads; a cruet-stand; a hand-painted fire-screen from Aunt Eliza; and the framed motto, "There's no Place Like Home", worked in faded wool. I regarded them with some misgivings. Possibly my husband would not approve; but still he didn't like them any more than I did.

The odd-job man I had engaged from the Salvation Army arrived promptly, and I showed him the accumulated rubbish of our married life, which I was generously donating to the association he represented. He seemed properly grateful, and promised to see that it was removed immediately. So with a mind at ease, I sat down to play the piano, pending the arrival of the porter. Ten o'clock came, eleven, and still no porter. The Salvation Army man was nowhere to be seen, so I decided to carry a few things over myself. Some cushions, a chair or two—it was rather fun, and the new drawing-room certainly looked better. I added a few pictures, the coal-scuttle—each article helped in the general effect; then the Salvation Army man appeared mysteriously from the cellar.

"Everything is gone, ma'am," he said.

"But I didn't see any wagon."

"No, I carried them."

Carried them! Here was I complaining of lifting a few things across



"I showed him the accumulated rubbish of our married life"

the road while this poor man had taken that dreadful rubbish all the way to the salvage department. I was so glad to think I would never see them again, the broken crockery, the hand-painted wedding-presents, the framed photographs of my husband's family! I slipped a dollar bill into his hand.

"Now will you stay and help me to carry some things across? Just the little things," as he glanced doubtfully at the piano.

But there were so few little things. The packer had seen that everything was put into enormous boxes, to correspond with his bill. I gave the Salvation Army man another dollar, and sent him to hunt up the delinquent porter. He did not return: the porter did not come. At six o'clock my husband ran gleefully up the steps and flung open the door.

"Dinner ready in the new house?" he cried. At that moment I hated him, but he proved sympathetic.

"Never mind. We can spend one more night in the old homestead."

"But everything is packed!" I cried hysterically.

"What you need is a cup of strong tea."

"But the gas isn't turned on, and I haven't had a thing to eat! I lost my list, and there isn't any electric light, or milk, or anything!"

"Well, never mind, we can go down town for dinner. Sorry I couldn't be here, but Uncle Norman's will—"

"Is it all right?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes, we get half the estate, possibly all. There was a condition, but I doubt if Tom can qualify—he looks rather worried—and I know we can. Come, let's have a look at the new domain before we go!"

"Alas, it was no longer the house opposite, but our own faulty residence. The hall was dark. Why had we not inspected it on a sunshiny day? The dining-room needed to be papered; there were draughts around the bay windows, and a crack in the drawing-room ceiling.

"We won't notice it so much when the furniture is here," I said.

"We'll feel it just the same when the plaster begins to fall," he retorted pessimistically.

"There is one good thing about moving that compensates for a lot of trouble, one gets rid of such a surprising amount of rubbish. You have no idea what a lot of things I sent to the Salvation Army."

"You didn't by any chance send Uncle Norman's portrait?"

"Why, what made you think of such a thing?" I said evasively.

"Did you or did you not?" My husband almost shook me and I burst out crying. At that he ran out of the house and up the steps of our old home.

"It is gone!" he exclaimed tragically when he returned. "I've telephoned for a taxi."

"My dearest, I had no idea you valued it or I wouldn't have dreamed—"

"Woman!" cried my husband, and I began to whimper again. "Do you want to know the conditions in Uncle Norman's will? His estate is to be divided between his two nephews, provided they are in possession of his last gift to them—a framed crayon portrait of himself. Failing that, his property goes to whoever is in possession of the said portraits, and you have given our entire inheritance away to the Salvation Army!"

I stopped crying in sheer astonishment, but before I could utter a word the taxi was at the door.

"Quick, jump in! Salvation Army headquarters!" commanded my husband.

On arriving there we were directed to the Men's Labour Bureau. "Yes,"

the man in charge said, after turning up the entry, "someone had been sent to our house that morning." He was sorry, but he did not have his address. With regard to any articles that may have been brought there, he referred us to the Salvage Department.

The Salvage Department had no trace of our belongings and declared positively that no such things had been received that day.

"The only thing we are anxious about is a family portrait which was sent by mistake."

"Ah! In that case the man probably recognized its value and took it to a picture-dealer."

"But it was not an oil painting; it was only a crayon portrait enlarged from a photograph," I explained.

"Possibly the frame was worth—"

"About ninety-eight cents."

"Ah! I see! Sentimental reasons! In that case it will be more difficult to trace, but I suggest that you drive along Baker Street and call at all the second-hand dealers, particularly those not too far from your own home, as you think the man carried them himself."

At the door of the first shop was a table which looked vaguely familiar, and I followed my husband; but the smell of fried onions painfully recalled the fact that I had eaten nothing since early morning, and I retreated hastily.

"Funny!" said my husband when he came out. "The man says there was another gentleman here this evening asking for crayon portraits. He says he never handles that kind of thing himself—makes a specialty of stoves and tools—but he referred me to a man in the next block who goes in for frames and mirrors."

At this shop the people spoke no English, but a search amongst their treasures—we even penetrated to the back yard, which was piled high with débris—failed to reveal any familiar objects.

At the next shop they shrugged

their shoulders as if to say, "What will people want next?" Portraits of dead uncles were evidently a commodity not frequently in demand.

We made a pretty thorough canvass of Baker Street, though I argued that the man could not possibly have carried the things so far, and we were just about to give up when I remembered another shop just around the corner from our own house. The very place, why had I not thought of it before?

"Quick, driver!" I gave him a new address.

As we approached two people jumped into a taxi that was standing in front of the door and drove off. I grabbed my husband's arm.

"Look!" I cried. "There's Tom and his wife! And what is that in the seat in front of them? Could it be? Can it be?"

The taxi turned the corner just as ours drew up before the door. We jumped out and ran into the shop.

"Have you a framed crayon portrait of an old man?" we asked simultaneously.

"A very ugly old man?" inquired the boy in charge.

"Yes! Yes!"

"Gentleman's just bought him," said the boy.

"Where did it come from?"

"Dunno. Was in that pile of rubbish over there; been most a year, I guess."

"No, it was just brought here this morning!" I cried.

"Well, mebbe you're right, lady. Things come in and things go out; we don't keep much track of them. T'other lady and gent 'peared to be most awfully pleased to get him; gave me a fiver and told me to keep the change."

We returned mournfully to our taxi. "Home," said my husband—a somewhat ambiguous direction which the driver settled by stopping in front of the house opposite. It was a sad home-coming. If only my husband

had reproached me I could have borne it better. We quite forgot that we were going down town for dinner; neither of us had any desire to eat; we only wanted to be quiet and think it out. Should we go to Tom and claim our portrait? Should we consult a lawyer? Telling the driver to wait, we entered the house, and, groping about, found a candle and some matches.

"Do you think, dear, that you might be able to turn on the electric light if you went down cellar?" I suggested. "Please be careful of the stairs, they're very steep. I'll hold the candle for you!" And together we descended in safety. But the cellar was not empty, like the other rooms. It appeared, on the contrary, to be remarkably well furnished with legless tables and bottomless chairs. In one corner an enormous pile was outlined against the window, and in the dim light I could discern a broken pitcher, a case of wax flowers, and—the framed crayon portrait of Uncle Norman!

My husband helped me half fainting up the stairs, the most dangerous and inconvenient ones I have ever seen, then he carried me gently to the taxi. The driver leaned out sympathetically and said:

"To the hospital, sir?"

"No," said my husband, "to the Grand Hotel."

In the taxi I snuggled up to him. "Am I forgiven?" I whispered, and he said (I'm telling this just to show that he really is the nicest man in the world): "Darling, I hate that old portrait just as much as you do. One reason I wanted to move was that I couldn't stand that infernal thing staring at me every time I went into the dining-room. I didn't like to move it for fear Uncle Norman would notice . . . but I'm glad we found it, all the same, for with all that money we can plaster and paper and make a really charming place of the house opposite."

And we did.

THE HONOURS OF DEFEAT

BY GWENDOLINE OVERTON



MRS. STANTON sat upon the porch in the shade of the morning-glory vines. She was sewing; and now and then she raised her eyes to look out into the garden, which showed so plainly the need of attention she had no time to give.

For many years she had been planning that the following season should see it as she wished, with annuals in orderly, well-dug beds, with strings for the climbers, and with all the weeds pulled up from the hard, unturned, unwatered soil that did not discourage them. Yet summer after summer found the same condition. There was a short period of beauty when the bloom of lilacs hid all defects: but that having faded away, nothing remained save rose-bushes full of blighted flowers and dead wood, the stunted sweet peas which had sowed themselves, and the persistent four-o'clocks and larkspurs.

Sometimes she wondered if there might not have been a way to arrange her work more advantageously, giving herself opportunity for that care of the flowers which would have been so keen a pleasure. An hour a day would have accomplished much. But if by any chance there was a rare interval of leisure, it found her too tired for exertion. She had never been strong enough for the life of the farm. The responsibilities it put upon her were too heavy. Nor were

they even lightened, rendered easier by any sense of sympathy and companionship. She was too much occupied to keep up friendly and intimate relations among the wives of the neighbouring farmers.

Long since she had ceased expecting understanding or affection from her husband. And there had been no time to take real satisfaction from her two children — who were, moreover, absent at school for the greater part of each day. So, after a period of heartsick inward rebellion, she had brought herself to ask nothing of the present beyond the strength to finish her work, and that peace in the family which her husband's humours seldom allowed to remain unbroken.

But since hope of some sort was needful to give her courage for her tasks, she had allowed herself to look forward to the future, to the time when Julia should have finished her education and when she would be at home for more than a few hurried hours out of the twenty-four.

The anticipation was one which held so much happiness that she made it the solace of her loneliness, dwelling continually upon the thought of how she and her daughter would sew together and talk together and perhaps even go off together upon little merry-makings—just the two of them.

On the evening before, Julia's schooling had reached its end in the great occasion of the graduation exercises, for which the whole country-

side had come forth. Yet fulfillment of her mother's wish had been destined to a little further postponement. For at breakfast Julia announced, with an air of some reticence and mystery, that she must go into town to see Miss Ballard, her teacher; and directly the meal was over she had taken the horse and buggy and driven off.

But it was she who was turning at present into the private road that led to the barn. Before long she came around from the side of the house and stopped upon the upper step.

"The sun is so hot, mother," she said, fanning herself with a little green pamphlet she held. "You look cool there in the shade. I'll take off my hat and be back in a moment to help you."

She went into the house, but presently returned, and taking a piece of sewing from the always-overflowing basket, fell to folding down a hem.

The first of the happy hours had begun.

Mrs. Stanton could hardly keep her eyes upon her own work, so often did she look over at the bright face bent above the piece of blue checked cotton which was in process of becoming an apron. Their conversation turned at once upon that culminating event of many months and years—the ceremonies of the previous night.

"You were so pretty," Mrs. Stanton said, with a tremour of fond pride in her voice. "You were the prettiest girl there."

Julia's red lips tried not to smile with undue satisfaction. "It was the dress you made me," she sought to be modest. But pleasure in the compliment inspired her to give one in return. "Mrs. Adams told me that I looked exactly as you did when you came here after you were first married."

It was a comparison which, in point of fact, had not suited her in the least at the time; for it had seemed to hold a chilling forecast that in

another score of years she herself might be the thin, colourless woman her mother was now, with meagre features and faded eyes. Something the same view of it affected Mrs. Stanton, making her shake her head sadly. "It is hard to believe to-day," she said.

"Never mind," the girl said warmly. "You are a dear, good mother. And I love you. It is because you have had too much work and too little play."

And all at once she decided to take advantage of this auspicious opportunity—coming earlier and more aptly than she had dared hope—to introduce the subject upon which the whole purpose of her mind was set.

Yet she went about it indirectly, bending her head closer above the sewing, that her eyes might not meet her mother's.

"Mother," she began in a low tone, "what do you suppose? It seems too ridiculous to tell you—when I'm so young, but," her face flushed a charming pink and her lashes dropped shyly, "but Will Adams thinks he wants to marry me."

A hand of ice was laid upon the mother's heart, stilling its beating. Through all the years she had resolutely kept her thoughts from dwelling upon that inevitable day when the girl would marry and go altogether from her life, leaving her desolate, more lonely than before. She had always said to herself that there would be at least a little time during which they could have each other undisturbed. And what must follow thereafter she would wait to bear when it should be laid upon her. But, that it should be at once—and in the first moments of her realized dream—

She heard her own voice asking, "Do you care for him, dear?"

In the interest of the minute the girl forgot her sewing and let it drop unheeded into her lap. "Yes, I do care for him," she came out earnestly. "I care for him a good deal. But, mother, I *don't* want to marry him."

Mrs. Stanton drew a sharp breath. Then she put another question. "Why do you not?" she said.

The answer was given promptly, impetuously. "Because — because when I am thirty-seven I don't want to be like you!"

It was an unintentional cruelty, inflicted in thoughtless sincerity. The thrust, however, was so true, the stab so keen that the older woman could not even cry out under it. Her faded skin grew more ashen, but Julia was far too intent upon herself to observe it, to be aware of what she had said.

"He is a farmer," she went on. "He always means to be one. He isn't ambitious at all. If I married him I would have to go and live with his folks. I'd have to wash and sweep and cook and sew from morning to night, besides taking care of children. You know how it would be. I've done so well in school; and that would all be wasted. I suppose I oughtn't to feel so about it, that it's selfish. But I can't help seeing things. And it seems dreadful to think about, when I am so young and strong and pretty." Tears of sympathy for her own imaginary lot had come into the eyes that were well able to discern the core of reality in the sweet fruit of romance. "Of course," she added contemplatively, "Will would never be as unkind to me as father is to you."

On Mrs. Stanton's lips, narrowed by long repression of hopes and desires, of sorrows and complaints, came a pathetic, yet half humorous smile. Julia read in it an unflattering doubt of her lover's real devotion—and objected to it.

"No, he wouldn't," she insisted. "He is very fond of me."

Mrs. Stanton let it pass without seeking to make clear by her own example the fate to which such faiths are liable.

There fell a silence. And it was she who broke it. "If you feel like that," she ventured, "it doesn't seem to me that you ought to take him."

She was trying to keep her judgment wholly for her daughter's welfare, unaffected by any wishes of her own.

"I will if I stay here, though, I know I will," came the convinced reply. "I'll keep seeing him around, and he'll keep asking me, and some day I'll say yes."

Mrs. Stanton smiled again. "But you are so young, dear—only seventeen. Not one girl in hundreds marries the first boy that makes love to her. In a year or two you'll both have forgotten all about it."

The prospect of such infidelity, at least upon the part of young Adams, was not agreeable to Julia.

"You don't know how long it has lasted already. I never told you, but it's ever since I was a tiny bit of a thing. Supposing, though, that we did forget each other," she admitted the possibility for the sake of argument, "there would only be some one else—some farmer."

"There are the men in town," Mrs. Stanton suggested.

Julia set it promptly aside. "They are just as poor and just as unambitious. I'd rather have a farmer, anyway, than a clerk or a store-keeper."

"People come here sometimes—and you might go visiting."

"And I might grow to be an old maid, I suppose." The tone swept aside all three possibilities as unworthy of consideration. "No, mother, dear—what I ought really to do is to go away."

Mrs. Stanton sat looking at her, with dazed, blank eyes. "Go away?" she repeated dully.

"To college," the girl brought out the truth at length. "Mother! You don't need to look so miserable about it! Of course, if you mind as much as that I will stay at home." Julia was beside her, sitting on the arm of the chair, drawing against her shoulder the head with its thin, gray streaked hair.

Mrs. Stanton let it rest there for a few minutes in a great weariness

from which to rouse herself seemed not worth while. But presently she moved away. Julia went back to her own chair. She took up her sewing with a gesture eloquent of resignation to her lot, of pursuing indefinitely and hopelessly these dull tasks.

"If it's going to make you so dreadfully unhappy, I'll give it up," she said. There was surrender in the words, but in the voice was covert tenacity and opposition. She felt herself ill used. Mrs. Stanton did not answer at once.

"It seems hard, though," Julia went on, hemming assiduously. "I've done so well in school, and I ought to have a finished education. Miss Ballard says I ought. It's a pity for me to stay around here, never doing anything interesting. If I went off to college, I could get a good position somewhere, and very likely I'd marry well and wouldn't have to work at all. I should think you'd *want* me to do it." The tears had come into her blue eyes once more, and they began to roll slowly down her cheeks, falling on the checked cotton apron.

Mrs. Stanton forgot all else at once. "Don't cry, Judy, dear, don't. I can't bear to see it. Of course, if you want to go I want you to."

"You certainly don't go about making it very easy for me," Julia reproached unsteadily. "I should think you'd be glad. I should think you'd like me to be smart and ambitious," she recurred to the word which had so prominent a place in her vocabulary.

"I do, dear, really I do," her mother pleaded. "Only it was the thought of losing you."

"Isn't that just a little selfish?" suggested the girl.

"Yes," there came an involuntary sigh, which Mrs. Stanton tried guiltily to check. "Yes, I suppose it is."

Julia rested upon the point gained.

"What college did you think of going to?" her mother asked presently. The girl told her. Her choice was not even in favour of one

near at hand, within a distance which would make it possible to return for holidays and vacations. "But I'm not ready for it yet," she explained. "I'd have to be prepared for at least a year."

"And how long would it be after that?" Mrs. Stanton's ideas of university matters were vague, but the rising inflection of her voice held a timid anxiety.

"Four years—if I get through."

"Five or six years, then, in all."

It was as if she were saying the term for which she had received a sentence.

"Yes, but that isn't really so long."

The girl looked at it from the viewpoint of one who has time for hopes.

"I'd be only twenty-three. I'll get you the book about it and you can see. Miss Ballard sent for it. That was what I went after this morning."

She ran into the house and came back with the pamphlet. Together they looked over it, the girl explaining, full of the excitement of exhibiting newly-acquired knowledge. Her enthusiasm threw a faint reflection of itself upon the blankness of her mother's soul, so that at last, feeling she had awakened a reciprocal interest, Julia made her plea.

"You *will* help me to do it, won't you, mother?" she besought. "You won't want me to stay on here and lead a life like yours? I ought to have a fair chance."

"I don't know what your father will say," Mrs. Stanton transferred the likelihood of difficulties. "You must choose the right time to talk to him." Julia's eyes grew wide with anticipated fright.

"Goodness! I don't want to talk to him," she protested. "I'd be so afraid of him that I wouldn't know what I was saying. I thought you'd probably do it."

"But he is fond of you, and proud of you," urged her mother. Then she added—"in his way."

The girl laughed incredulously. "I'd rather run away than suggest college to him," she stated definitely.

"I can see him when he hears what it will cost—though he's perfectly able to afford it. I'm certain he is. Everybody says he has plenty of money—enough to give you a hired girl, too, if he wanted to. No, I'm not going to talk to him," she reiterated. "But you know how to manage him, mother."

Mrs. Stanton thought of the price at which she had learned it and of the trepidation with which she exercised her knowledge upon the few occasions when necessity or duty drove her to it.

But this was surely duty now. Julia was right; she ought not to stay on here, wasting the promise of her youth, settling down unwillingly to marry young Adams, or another like him; doing hard work, losing her freshness and her strength. There were women who lived the life of the farm contentedly enough, but it would not be so with Julia.

Yet it would be no easy matter to make her husband look at it in the same way—he who had always been so impatient with her own inability to endure the strain. He would say that it was she who had been putting notions into Julia's head, spoiling her. And it would be the expense which, above all else, would rouse his wrathful protests. Always, for weeks in advance, she shrank from the ordeal of asking him for enough money to buy herself and the children clothing—to get some necessity for the household. Yet, as Julia had said, he was well-to-do above the majority of his neighbours. Sheer terror at the prospect began to possess her, until at length she had to put down her sewing.

"I must shell the peas for supper," she said. It would be done with hands which shook too much to hold a needle.

"Why don't you have Jimmy do it?" her daughter demanded. "He is growing perfectly worthless."

It was Julia's opinion that her

mother exhibited a deplorable weakness in handling Jimmy. His stubborn indolence was being indulged and fostered. It was all very well for her mother to say that the constant struggle of wills tired her, that she had rather do things herself than bring it about. But the boy would become exactly like his father—and to Julia's mind there was no worse comparison.

Her conception of its full import might have been enhanced had she been present to hear what passed between Mr. Stanton and his wife that night.

There was no immediate need for settling the matter. But by the time evening had come, she had decided that anticipation was a useless prolonging of her dread. So, when the two children had gone to bed, and she and her husband were in their room together, she ventured what she had to say.

Once, long ago, when she had intervened to save Jimmy from a punishment altogether disproportionate to any offense of which a four-year-old baby could be capable, there had been a scene almost equal to this one. She had conquered then, and she did so now. Yet, when it was over, when her husband had fallen into the heavy sleep following upon the exhaustion of anger, she lay awake until sunrise, dizzy with fatigue, quivering with nervousness, heartsick with recognition of the days and years before her. She crept out of bed at the first light, and went about preparing breakfast.

Julia cast anxious looks at her father's face as he came to the table and ate in grim silence. "What did he say?" she asked of her mother as soon as they were alone. Mrs. Stanton spared her the whole truth—which she herself was loath to recall.

"I think he will let you do it," she answered.

The girl's uneasy face lighted with satisfaction. "I am so glad," she exclaimed. "You are the greatest one for managing things." She threw

her arms about her mother's neck and kissed the hollow cheek with facile gratitude. "Was he fearfully cross?"

"Yes," said her mother. "He was." The very lightness of the thanks told her how little her ordeal had really been appreciated. And it seemed only fair that the girl should realize something of what had been met for her sake.

"Poor mother! I wish you hadn't had to do it. But father isn't so bad, at heart."

"Then why didn't *you* go to him, and save *me*?" came the abrupt demand. Julia stared back at her in surprise over a peevishness she felt to be unjustified.

"It seems to me you are cross, too," she said reprovingly.

Mrs. Stanton turned away and put down her dust cloth. "You can finish the work to-day," she said. And before her daughter had quite grasped what was happening, she had gone from the kitchen and locked herself in her room.

It was a room directly under the roof, and the sun beat down upon the shingles, making it insufferably hot. But all through the day she lay there where she had thrown herself upon the bed, unaware of the stifling atmosphere, of anything save the struggle going on within her own soul. At first there came to her frantic ideas that she would endure it no longer, that she would end it all by going away—going anywhere; back to her own people, perhaps. She had not seen them since the marriage she had made so much against their wishes. But she would return to them confessing her mistake. Her husband could do quite as well without her. He could have a stronger woman for the work and be better satisfied. As for Julia and the boy—she was nothing to them, except when they wanted something done. She had made a miserable, heart-breaking failure of everything. There were no tears in the eyes that stared at the patchwork quilt across

the foot of the bed. They were wide open, hot and vacant.

But gradually the violence of rebellion began to pass away, and the sense of duty, which had always impelled and sustained her, came in its stead. Toward her husband she was conscious of no obligation. Years since she had given him manifold more than he deserved. She could have left him to-day with no pang of any sort save a memory of the hopes he had once represented. And the boy? He, too, was fast becoming the self-sufficing, self-centred male. She recognized that he had little need of her, though the maternal instinct still persisted and gave that very fact the power to hurt her cruelly.

But Julia—she was a woman, requiring the help and protection which only another woman could give. And she was sincerely fond of her mother. Selfish, perhaps, she was. But what young creature was not selfish? Mrs. Stanton had a dim perception that it was part of the law of self-preservation, of race preservation. The young must make use of the old. They could not have them clinging to them, hampering their development, their actions. The unconscious attitude which was Julia's now had once been her own toward *her* parents. She had neither gift nor training for philosophy—other than of that dull, unreasoned sort which enabled her to bear the burdens of the day. Yet she felt that the girl was fully entitled to her chance and to all that a mother could do to further it. Responsibility for her future lay with those who had brought her into the world; and it was for them, at almost any cost, to help her obtain the better things she desired.

But the years ahead! She covered her eyes with her hands as if to hide the vision of them that came upon her. It was not that from henceforth she must take upon herself a larger share than ever of the already too heavy work. It was the loneliness, the isolation. And more terrible even

than this, the knowledge that she would be parting forever from her daughter who, from babyhood until now, had always been so close.

For though Julia might perhaps return—though she might not find work and a home of her own elsewhere, as she frankly hoped to do—there was none the less the certainty that she could never again see her mother as she saw her now. She would have new standards and criteria, she would be educated so far above her parents that to look down upon them would be inevitable. However real her intentions of faithfulness, she would be alienated, estranged. Her affection would be tinged with pity and condescension at the best. The pain of the thought seemed almost unendurable; yet gradually Mrs. Stanton brought herself to accept it with silent fortitude in which countless mothers have made the same unrecognized, unglorified sacrifice.

At the noon hour Julia came to the door and tried to open it.

"Dinner is ready, mother. Are you coming down?" she asked.

"No—I won't be down," Mrs. Stanton answered. She felt that she must have more time to make certain of her self-mastery.

"You are not sick, are you?" It was a voice of anxiety and a shade of self-reproach.

"I've a headache," she said quite truthfully.

"Can't I do something for it?"

"No—it will be better after a while."

Mr. Stanton called peremptorily from the foot of the stairs, and Julia went with reluctance. It was the first time she had known such a thing to happen, and it disturbed her. Her mother had always gone on with the work, hiding as best she could that anything was wrong. She had a sudden unpleasant perception of what the home would be if *both* her parents were to indulge their humours unrestrained.

And when Mrs. Stanton came downstairs toward evening the girl was so much more than ordinarily kind and thoughtful, that her attentions brought tears, once or twice, where neglect could no longer do so.

"I suppose you feel very badly because I want to go away," Julia said wistfully, as they sat together that night. Mrs. Stanton made no useless pretense of denying it.

"But I think you *ought* to go," she answered—"that you have the right."

"I think I have, too," the girl spoke in deep earnestness. "Why should I be obliged to stay here and always live such a life as this, just because you once married father?" It was the substance of the reasoning upon which her mother had based her own decision. And the logic was irrefutable, relentless and unpitiful though it might be, as all the logic of youth.

For the time being Julia had even less affection for her father than heretofore.

But gradually, as the summer went on, there came a change. Her mother watched it with a gnawing jealousy and sense of injustice. Yet she resolutely made no sign.

Not long after the day when she had obtained his more than unwilling consent to their daughter's plans, it had begun to be observable that he was not only reconciling himself to them, but taking a certain amount of interest. Though he still held his wife in marked disfavour because of her intervention and the braving of his opinion that it had entailed, he was unusually amiable with the girl herself. And to the neighbours he spoke with pride of the fact that he was going to send his daughter to college. It raised him to a plane above the men about him who kept their children at home upon the farms. It gave him importance in the community. The idea might have been his own from the outset, so entirely did he arrogate to himself all credit.

And by degrees his conception of his attitude in the matter affected the girl.

"Father has really been very good about it, has he not?" she said to her mother, who was bending over the sewing machine making the dress in which her daughter was to go from her. That the assent was quite without warmth brought a mild reproach. "Don't you think, mother, dear, that you are sometimes a little hard on father?" she propounded. "I am afraid you don't understand him altogether."

"It was I who got you your wish," came the reminder in a tone that was hard with suppressed pain, though the words were, in truth, a plea for appreciation.

"I know you did, of course," Julia conceded readily, trying to be impartial. "And I am grateful, very grateful. But I can't help thinking that father deserves some credit, too."

Mrs. Stanton did not point out that no single real hardship would fall upon her husband, no single real sacrifice have to be made by him, that all must be met by herself alone. Julia would only think her complaining and unfair. And above everything else she wished to keep the girl's good opinion. For the day was coming near that was to take her out into a world where love of her mother might

prove a safeguard and a defence.

And when at last it arrived, Julia, and her father drove to the railroad station by themselves. There was only the buggy, and two of them, with the satchels, filled it so completely that there was no room for another.

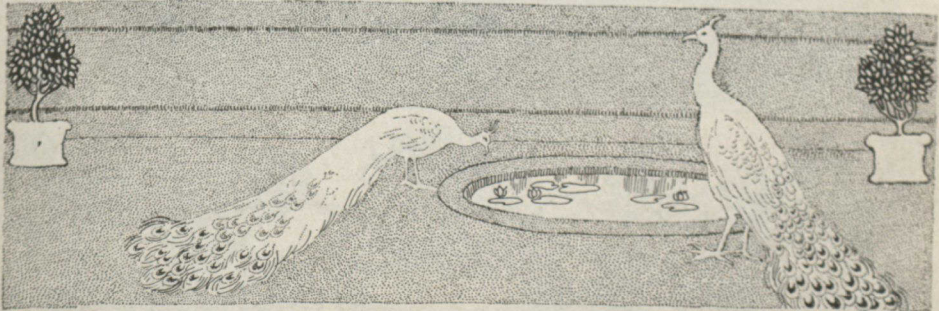
Mrs. Stanton said good-bye at the gate. Into her parting words she put all the lingering born of a knowledge that she might never see her child again—or that, if she did, it would be as one who was almost a stranger who would be removed from her to a distance she could not hope to make less. And the girl clung to her neck, sobbing. But in a moment more she had taken her seat beside her father. She leaned out for a last kiss, smiling bravely to give courage to the commonplace, faded little woman from whom radiated none of her own sense of adventure and romance.

"I feel like a heroine," she said, "leaving you all and going out alone into life."

The light of the future was in her eyes. And into her mother's eyes, too, came an answering light—that of the fires of the soul in which self has been burned quite away.

When they had left her by herself, she stood in the forlorn garden for a time, looking down the road.

Then she turned and went back to her work.



STANZAS FOR EASTER

BY CUTHBERT GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

THIS is the Easter season, and the time
Of resurrection of all buried things.
From every green-tinged birch what songs upclimb
Into the tender heaven! What minstrel sings
From out the drifting mystery of wings,
Or, dropping to the eager earth his voice,
Bids the brown fields and turbid stream rejoice!

Now the dear dead of other years arise;
Their beauty breathes from every waking flower.
Beauty that sleeps awhile, yet never dies,
But ever yearns toward this glad Easter hour,
Now lifts its head and with awakened power
In each snow-weary valley springs to sight
With all that lives and loves to take delight.

And soon, ah, soon! the summer night shall be
Made rich with lilacs lifting as in prayer
Their holy incense to the moon, and she,
Washing her beams through many a garden fair,
Shall make fresh paths among the shadows there,
And where low-bending willows bathe and dream
Shall trace her beauteous form on many a stream.

This is the Easter season. As of old
The glad earth knows the touch of joy and pain,
Feels the caress of gentle winds that hold
Promise of summer. And the drifting rain
Sweeps over her, and to the low refrain,
Hoarse-voiced and clamorous, the rivers sing
The song of immortality and spring.





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CANADA'S RELATION TO THE WAR

BY JOHN S. EWART



WE know why Serbia is engaged in the war. We know why Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and France are engaged. We recognize that the United Kingdom was under moral obligation to France, and that, in pursuance of traditional policy, she no doubt objected to the Belgian coast passing into strong hands. We have no doubt as to the reason for the entrance of the United States. Bulgaria and Rumania we do not—all of us—quite understand. Does everybody know why Canada's Governor-General, on the first of August, 1914, sent to the British Colonial Secretary the following cablegram:

"My Advisers, while expressing their most earnest hope that peaceful solution of existing international difficulties may be achieved and their strong desire to co-operate in every possible way for that purpose, wish me to convey to His Majesty's Government the firm assurance that if unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintain the honour of our empire?"

It was not because of German atrocities. War had not commenced. It was not because of Germany's invasion of Belgium. That had not occurred. It was on that same first of August that Sir Edward Grey said to the German Ambassador (*Italics added*):

"... If Germany could see her way to give the same assurance as that which has been given by France, it would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here. On the other hand, if there were a violation of the neutrality of Belgium by one combatant while the other respected it, it would be extremely difficult to restrain public feeling in this country. I said that we had been discussing this question at a Cabinet meeting, and as I was authorized to tell him this, I gave him a memorandum of it.

"He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgium neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral.

"I replied that I could not say that; our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. All I could say was that *our attitude would be determined largely by public opinion here, and that the neutrality of Belgium would appeal very strongly to public opinion here.* I did not think that we could give a promise of neutrality on that condition alone.

The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions in which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed.

"I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

It was not because of any prospective territorial or economic advantage. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa looked forward to the extrusion of Germany from valuable neighboring zones. For Canadian sacrifice, there could be no recompense or even recoupment

It was not because of any legal or

constitutional duty. There was none. Canada is not a part of the British Empire in the same sense as are England, Scotland, and Ireland. Upon the principle of *assimilation*, French colonies are deemed to be part of France: *Où est le drapeau, voilà la France*. British colonies are not part of the United Kingdom. They are "British possessions", or, at best, "British dominions". It was not because of the recognition of the overriding authority of the British Parliament, or the British Government, or the British King. There is, save in obsolete theory, no such authority. It was not because of any Imperial pressure which could be exercised in other departments than the military. No pressure-power exists. None was attempted. Then why did the Governor-General send the cable?

The Governor sent the cable because the Canadian Government handed it to him, and asked his signature to it. He, on this side of the Atlantic, and the Colonial Secretary, on the other side, are the media of communication between the Canadian and British Governments. Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues in the Cabinet had resolved as in the cable expressed, and the Governor-General, at their request, forwarded their resolution to the British Government. He sent the cable because it was his duty to do as advised by his Ministers. If he had refused, he would not have remained very long in Canada.

Canada's political relation to the war may be expressed in two sentences. The British declaration of war was known then as the Canada the whole British Empire—of which Canada is a part. Nevertheless Canada's offensive participation in the war was a matter exclusively within her own competence.* She has reached a point in colonial development far in advance of the stage at which the thirteen American colonies

had arrived when their evolution passed, *per saltum*, into independence. Canada arranges all her foreign affairs, except war and peace, as she pleases. No British military commission is effective in Canada, if we except the mere titular rank of the Governor-General. No British officer or official has any more authority there than in France. Canada has her own forces, and she regulates them by her own statutes.

And so the real question is: Why was Canada willing to join with the United Kingdom in offensive war against the Central Powers? What was there, in her relationship to that country, which made that action not only inevitable but certain? For reply, you must not search the law or the constitution, nor must you make calculation of advantages and disadvantages. Was Canada bound to tender help? No. Would she make money or gain territory if she became belligerent? No. Well, why did she turn her thoughts from farming to fighting? Look at some points in her history:

The Province of Upper Canada (now Ontario) was constituted just prior to the outbreak of the war with France in February, 1793. The few thousands of her people were those who had followed their flag from the south—civilians and reduced soldiery—and it was neither law, nor constitution, nor material benefit that urged them northwards. Call it loyalty, or stubbornness, or mere stupidity, as you like, the point for observation is that under such circumstances they did go, and that they carried with them bitter resentment against those whose actions ousted them (as they thought) from their homes. Note what they did in Canada.

Being in possession, in 1799, of a small balance of revenue, over expenditure, the Legislative Assembly of the Province adopted the following ad-

* Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Newfoundland are in the same position as is Canada. Freedom of participation could not be predicated of India or the Crown Colonies, for their affairs are still regulated from London.

dress to the Governor (Italics added) :

"May it please your Honour: To receive from the Commons of Upper Canada, with the concurrence of the Legislative Council thereof now met in Parliament, the strongest expressions of our most serious concern at finding our Mother Country still obliged to maintain a war against the restless destroyers of the peace of mankind, a war as unprecedented in lawless outrages from her unprincipled enemies as necessary for the preservation of everything that is sacred or dear to her or us.

"Though our distance prevents us from feeling the more immediate evils of such a warfare, or from suffering much from the heavy charges which must necessarily attend it, yet we are inclined to sympathize in the warmest manner with our brethren who bear these burthens, and to do all in our power, however little it may be, to alleviate them.

"We rejoice, therefore, to see by the accounts now laid before us that a surplus has arisen from the resources of our commerce and the productions of our fiscal regulations above our immediate wants, and we entreat that your Honour will be pleased to lay at the feet of His Majesty the earnest prayer of his Most Dutiful and Loyal Subjects in this Province that he will be pleased to accept of that mite which is too inconsiderable to be viewed in any other light than as a mark of our devoted attachment to his Royal person and Family, and of our grateful sense of the blessings we enjoy under his Government."†

As little of the causes of the French war was known then as the Canadians of 1st August, 1814, knew of the causes of the present war. But that was immaterial. And so were law, constitution, and self-interest. "That mite" was sent because "we are inclined to sympathize in the warmest manner with our brethren."

Those men were not oblivious of their rights, as they regarded them. They claimed authority to appropriate, as they pleased, the whole proceeds of their liquor licences, while the Governor asserted that two-thirds of the money belonged to the Crown. There was similar dispute as to the funds derived from fines. And as against the Governor's refusal to ren-

der accounts of customs duties levied under a British statute, but paid by Canadians, the Assemblies made vigorous, and finally successful, protest. They kept well separated their rights and their feelings.

As Upper Canadian political history commenced, so, to the end, it continued: assertions of right on the one hand, abiding sympathy on the other; sympathy sustained partly by co-operation with the United Kingdom, and partly by recurrent difficulties with the United States. Just as the presence of French sovereignty in Canada, prior to 1763, tended to the perpetuation of cordial relations between the United Kingdom and the thirteen colonies, so did the contiguity of the United States to Canada, and the periodic happening of quarrels between them, contribute to the continuation of the affectionate regard which British-born immigrants into Upper Canada had brought with them.

It is time, however, to ask what were, and are, the provisions of the law and the constitution with regard to colonial defence. For answer, we must distinguish between earlier and later periods, and between local and foreign defence.

According to the unwritten conventions of the *pacte colonial*, the metropolitan country, in return for trade and shipping monopoly, supplied defence against foreign aggression, leaving the colony to its own resources as against the indigenes. It was such an agreement as a farmer might have made with his hens: "You give me all your eggs, and I will keep the foxes from interfering with devotion to your business." It was a war-chief-and-squaw arrangement: "Work for me, and I will see that nobody runs off with you." Such as it was, it lasted until the hens and the squaws turned out to be men.

† Ont. Arch. Rept., 1909, p. 123. The above extract is given by way of illustration only. Subsequent appropriations are referred to in the same volume at p. 164, and in the Report of 1911, at pp. 372 and 450. In Lower Canada, a proposal to vote £20,000 was discouraged by the Governor (Prescott), and a voluntary personal subscription was made of \$33,529.89.—Kingsford's History of Canada, vol. 7, p. 474.

In the American thirteen colonies were no British troops until the war with the French, which commenced in 1754—the colonies protected themselves as best they could against the Indians. After the close of the war (1763), the British Government proposed to place twenty regiments in the newly-acquired expanses of Canada, the Indian territory, Florida, and Grenada; for in those places the populations were hostile. To that proposal, the thirteen colonies could make no objection; but, as against taxation for the purpose of raising money to pay the cost, they rebelled. They objected also to the location in their own territory of any of the troops.

History in the north was different. Canada, when ceded by France to Great Britain, was a country peopled by French and Indians. The conquering troops remained in order to support the new Government; to repel threatened French counter-attack; and, eventually, as defence against invasion from the south. And so far from Canada raising objection to the maintenance of a standing army in time of peace, it was only after constantly repeated protests that the British Government was able to withdraw its troops.

While the *pacte colonial* remained in operation—that is, until adoption of free-trade principles in the 1840's had rendered the United Kingdom indifferent to the possession of colonies—the function of British troops in the colonies was the maintenance of British interests. Change in trade-policy produced a letter from the Colonial Secretary (14 March, 1851) declaring that, with the exception of garrisons in Quebec and Kingston, the troops in Canada were to be withdrawn. He said:

“In adopting this principle, I need hardly observe to you that Her Majesty's Government would merely be reverting to the former colonial policy of this country. You are well aware that up to the period of the war of the American Revolution, the then British colonies which now form the United States as well as the West Indian colonies, were required to take upon themselves the prin-

cipal share of the burthen of their own protection, and even to contribute to the military operations undertaken to extend the colonial possessions of the British Crown. The North American colonies defended themselves almost entirely from the fierce Indian tribes by which these infant communities were frequently imperilled, and furnished no inconsiderable proportion of the force by which the contest of British power with that of France was maintained on the continent of America; and the West Indian colonies did not, in proportion to their means, make less exertions.”

The indicated policy was, with some interruptions, put into operation in Canada. Subsequently it was extended to the withdrawal of all British troops. In 1871, the last of them disappeared. Note, however, that prior to the termination of this period of military relationship, the Canadian Government had made very clear assertion of their view that, having no voice in the conduct of foreign policy, and not themselves being the cause of the quarrel, they were entitled to protection against foreign aggression. That, they said, was their right. At the same time, nevertheless, they gave renewed and substantial evidence of their sympathy with their brethren. Read the following extracts from a despatch sent, during the Crimean War, by Lord Elgin to the Colonial Secretary in 1854, in which he said:

“So long as the colonies have no voice in the Imperial councils, they are entitled to look to the Imperial authorities for protection against hostilities which they have no share in provoking, and that it is therefore fitting that Imperial garrisons should be maintained at certain important military stations, such as Quebec, as a pledge that this protection, when the contingency occurs, will not be invoked in vain.”

So far as to Canadian rights. In the same dispatch, the Governor reported (Italics added):

“The Parliament of Canada has just given proof of interest in the struggle in which the Empire is involved, and in the alliance now happily subsisting between the nations whose descendants form one people in this Province, by *unanimously voting the sum of £20,000 for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors belonging to either of the allied forces, who may fall in the ser-*

vice of their country during the present war."

Somewhat prophetically, the Governor added:

"Is it too much to expect that, if at some future day, when the material strength of these flourishing provinces shall have been more fully developed, Her Majesty should chance to be engaged in a contest which carries with it, as the present contest does, the sympathies of all her people, the same spirit which prompts to this liberal contribution in the cause of charity, may lead Canadians to desire to share with their brethren of the Mother Country the glories and the sacrifices of honourable warfare?"

Rights and sympathies are here, again, kept in separate compartments.

The British view of the period was reflected in the report of a royal commission, 24th January, 1860, (Italics added):

"England should assist in the defence of her Colonies against aggression on the part of foreign nations, but in no case, except where such Colonies are mere garrisons kept up for Imperial purposes, should she assume the whole of such defence; but, on the contrary, she should insist, as a condition of her aid, that the Colony should also contribute its share by maintaining at its own expense a local force; or if circumstances appear to make that impossible, by paying part of the expense of the Imperial garrison.

* * * *

"We dissent from the argument founded on joint interest. If England was considered bound to contribute towards the defence of her Colonies merely because she is interested in their defence, it might fairly be argued that the obligation is reciprocal, and that the Colonies, being deeply interested in the safety of England, ought to contribute systematically and habitually towards the defence of London and Portsmouth. But the ground on which we hold that England is bound to contribute towards the defence of her Colonies is, that the Imperial Government has the control of peace and war, and is therefore in honour and duty called upon to assist them in providing against the consequences of its policy."

But was Canada under obligation even to defend herself against the consequences of a policy in the framing of which she had no voice? In 1862, civil war was raging in the United States; the Trent affair had almost produced war between the United Kingdom and the United

States; relations were uncertain; and the British Government, while itself sending troops to Canada, urged preparation by Canadians themselves. In reply, the Canadian Government declared as follows (Italics added):

"The people of Canada, doing nothing to produce a rupture with the United States, and having had no knowledge of any intention on the part of Her Majesty's Government to pursue a policy from which so dire a calamity would proceed, are unwilling to impose upon themselves extraordinary burdens. They feel that, should war occur, it will be produced by no act of theirs, and they have no inclination to do anything that may seem to foreshadow—perhaps to provoke—a state of things that would be disastrous to every interest of the Province."

In 1899, Canada's rights and sympathies came into sharp conflict. The United Kingdom was engaged in the Boer war. She was meeting with disappointments and reverses. And Canadian assistance having been proposed, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government displayed an inclination to remain inactive. That was its right, but a right which was quickly swept aside by sympathy. Canadians sent eight thousand men to the help of their brethren in South Africa.

At the end of the Boer war, the situation of 1763 (as between Great Britain and the American colonies) was, in some respects, reproduced. In both cases, the United Kingdom expressed gratitude for colonial assistance. But in both the United Kingdom endeavoured to change voluntary co-operation into obligatory. In the earlier instance, she embodied her purpose in resolutions and statutes, and met with rebellion. On the later occasion, she tried remonstrance, and, that very largely failing, she made progress through politeness and proposals.

Mr. Chamberlain (Colonial Secretary), at the Colonial Conference of 1902, called the "serious attention" of the Colonial Premiers to the inequality in the contributions to Imperial defence. The population of the United Kingdom, he said, paid twenty-nine shillings and threepence a head per annum, while Canadians paid only

two shillings. That, he declared, was "a state of things which cannot be permanent. . . I think that something may be done—I hope that something will be done—to recognize more effectually than has hitherto been done the obligation of all to contribute to the common weal." Mr. Chamberlain wanted Canada to make cash contributions to the British navy. He desired that Canada should embody troops specially designed for service abroad. And, through his Colonial Defence Committee, he expressed the earnest hope that the "great self-governing colonies may be able to give some assurance as to the strength of the contingents which they should be able to place at the disposal of His Majesty's Government for extra-colonial service in war with a European power."

To these proposals for the assumption of military obligation, Canada and Australia replied (*Italics added*):

"The representatives of Canada and Australia were of opinion that the best course to pursue was to endeavour to raise the standard of training for the general body of their forces, to organize the departmental services and equipment required for the mobilization of a field force, *leaving it to the colony, when the need arose, to determine how and to what extent it should render assistance.*"

That was as far as Mr. Chamberlain could get: "Our right is to do as we please. What we shall do, we will not say." Mr. Chamberlain ought not to have been disappointed, for in the reply was the very valuable implication that the question with reference to Canada's participation in future wars was to be confined to "how and to what extent".

At the next meeting of the Conference (1907), Mr. Haldane, deprecating the slightest appearance of even a suggestion "that you should bow your heads to any dictation", proposed the constitution of an Imperial General Staff, "for giving advice and furnishing information based upon the highest military study of the times". "It is a purely advisory organization of which command is not a function".

The reference was to the land forces. (Australia had for some years been making contributions to the British navy.) Canada assented and agreed that the Imperial General Staff "shall undertake the preparation of schemes of defence on a common principle, and, without in the least interfering in questions connected with command and administration, shall, at the request of the respective Governments, advise as to the training, education, and war organization of the military forces of the Crown in every part of the Empire."

At the next Conference (1909), under the same genial and clever influence, Canada agreed to the establishment in the Dominions of local sections of the Imperial General Staff, and she subscribed to the declaration that each part of the Empire is "willing to make its preparation on such lines as will enable it, should it so desire, to take its share in the general defence of the Empire."

Safeguarding language accompanied the adjustment of each of these ligaments. For example:

"It is not suggested that any one of the Dominions should be asked to undertake a definite obligation. Whatever is done must be done spontaneously and with due regard to the circumstances in which each of them is situated."

But just as one feels that the effect of co-operation in preparation by the United Kingdom and France (although similarly safeguarded) produced a situation in which refusal to implement the reasonable anticipation of co-operation in war would have been dishonourable, so also and *a fortiori* one feels that, under the circumstances above described, refusal by Canada to participate in the present war would have been an unwarrantable disappointment of the anticipation naturally arising out of existing arrangements.

If, now, reply is to be made to the question, Why did the Canadian Government send the cable of 1st August, 1914, we bring forward from one hundred and fifteen years ago the rea-

son for the contribution of "that mite", and we say that "we are inclined to sympathize in the warmest manner with our brethren". For, although some obligation had been assumed by the arrangements just referred to, they, also, were the result of the same sympathy, and their compromising effect has seldom (save by the present writer) been alluded to. It is doubtful whether one Canadian in ten thousand ever heard of them.

Everybody recognizes that the war has made impossible the continuation of the present relationship between Canada and the United Kingdom. But what is to be substituted? Is federation of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa feasible? No. Any doubt upon that head has been removed by the resolution passed at the recent Imperial Conference. Is Canada to remain a subordinate state, with a right to a suggesting or advising voice in the conduct of British foreign policies? No. Self-respect forbids. But

if not subordinate, Canada must have a political status equal to that of the United Kingdom or any other state. And that can be obtained in one of two ways only, namely, federation or independence. Federation is impracticable.

The climax and highest achievement of Canada's sympathy with the British "brethren" has been written in the blood of thousands of her citizens. When the fearful effusion shall cease, Canada will once more revert to her rights. Her claim to international rank will be asserted and admitted. But sympathy with "our brethren" will not cease, nor will it suffer diminution. The British Empire, as the best of all empires, will continue to exercise beneficial guardianship over many millions of the less-advanced races. And the millions of those who, under her flag, have reached their political manhood, will generously be accorded that political liberty which is the indisputable right of such a community as Canada.



THE SOLDIER NEXT DOOR

BY KATHLEEN BLACKBURN



OLD LADY LANDOR had just gone up to bed with her little bottle of cough medicine, her glass of cold water and her soda biscuit, but she could not get off to sleep. Whether it was all the talk of the soldiers who were quartered in town, or the thought of there being no less than six at Mrs. Tomkins's, her next-door neighbour's, she did not know, but there it was. She could hear distinctly the sounds of revelry and shouts of laughter through the closed window, and she crept out of bed, drew up the blind and peered hard. Yes, the lights were still burning in the little house opposite. How very noisily common people always seemed to take their pleasures! And how glad she was not to have to be mixed up with it all! Just fancy, six soldiers crowded together in that bit of a house where there was scarcely room to swing a cat!

She had just crept back into bed again, and was shivering herself into warmth, when the door-bell gave a great clang—her door-bell, which was almost rusty from disuse.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, and again jumping out of bed, struck a match and looked at her watch. It wasn't so very late after all. Only nine o'clock. Perhaps it might be safe to venture to the door, and she bobbed up her gray locks and got into a dressing-gown and bedroom slippers. But by this time the bell was pulled again, and then again and

again, five or six times in succession, as though the intruder was either very hurried or very impatient, and old Mrs. Landor felt annoyed, and justly so, as she toddled downstairs, lamp in hand.

On the door-step stood a man in khaki. "Good evening," he remarked. Mrs. Landor merely glared.

"Hope I haven't disturbed you," he continued coolly, "but we're having a bit of a jollification over at Mrs. Tom's, and I just ran across to see if you'd lend us a pound of coffee."

Such a request! And such insolence! A pound of coffee, indeed! And from Mrs. Landor of all people! For during the many years she had lived at Backwater no neighbour had ever asked to borrow so much as a pinch of salt from her. A neighbour would know better.

"I'll just step inside while you're getting it," he said, and suited the action to the word.

Then, of course, Mrs. Landor saw his eyes. Bright eyes they were. Eyes that were fairly dancing with fun and mischief, and with a certain magnetic glint in them that was captivating. Old Mrs. Landor never quite knew why she trotted off for that coffee, but trot she did.

"Thanks very much," he said, as he took the loan, his eyes sparkling harder than ever. He paused a second. "They bet over at Mrs. Tom's," he remarked, "that you'd never lend it, and I bet you would. You know, if you grab hold of a nettle hard enough it don't sting you. That's true bill.

Good-bye, and thanks. Wish you were going to be with us."

He was gone, and Mrs. Landor and her lamp climbed upstairs again. Her feelings were a mixed quantity of anger and amazement, in which the latter possibly predominated. It was such a very unusual sort of thing to have had happen, and in Mrs. Landor's life the out-of-the-way features were not prominent—her pathway had hitherto been an unexciting one.

She climbed into bed again, but not to sleep. Every nerve in her body was jumping, and, besides this, the bright eyes of the soldier had awakened long-buried memories. The next day she went to a certain old desk where she kept her old letters, and took out a slim bundle tied with pink tape. "I feel as if I must," she said, as though exonerating herself from some crime. Then she opened one which began with, "Dear Mother", and ended with a bold flourish of a signature—"Victoria Landor Allen".

Mrs. Landor read it through. Such a letter for a meek girl to write! And such a complete scatteration of all her previous careful training! For Victoria—the name surely was almost enough—had appeared as innocent as any little baa lamb, and almost as white and pure. She had had no life and no individuality. She had never dared to, even had she had the initiative to try. Her mother had seen to that. Her mother had seen to everything, in fact, and Victoria had been as potter's clay in her hands until—

Well, it was a soldier with bright eyes—eyes very like the soldier's next door—who had upset all her plans, and then he had upset them most effectually. It was the time of the Boer War. He was going with the Canadian contingent to South Africa, and Victoria had run away to marry him and follow him out there. That had been almost twenty years ago, and apart from those few cold letters she had written after her elopement, her mother had neither heard from her, nor seen her since.

Mrs. Landor read the letters through—there were not so many of them—and tied them up again. There were no tears in her eyes. She was not given to tears, but her hand was trembling just a little. Somehow she had been feeling just a trifle lonely, and not quite as self-satisfied, of late. It may have been the effect of that cheeky young lieutenant next door, or those sounds of revelry that she could not help hearing, or her sleepless night. Which all goes to prove that the most self-centred old woman in the world cannot entirely be self-centred.

But stranger and even more exciting events were about to follow. Was it the next day or the day after? The time was immaterial, however. The important thing was that Mrs. Landor had been out shopping, and was returning with her string bag bulging with provisions, when she saw a something on her front porch. She peered hard. She walked a little faster and peered harder. She could not believe her eyes. The something looked like a trunk, and on the trunk was seated a girl. A handsome girl with wide blue eyes and fair hair fluffing out from under a smart little hat. As Mrs. Landor approached she sprang up and came hurrying towards her.

"Is this Grandma Landor?" she said in a frank, clear sort of voice. "I'm Doris Allen, your grand-daughter."

Mrs. Landor stared, of course, stared blankly and somewhat coldly. The thing was so amazing. She hadn't heard from Victoria for at least twenty years, and she didn't know there was a grand-daughter. And now to see this big, ready-made girl springing toward her and announcing their relationship was certainly startling. But the thing that upset her more than anything else perhaps in the whole affair was the girl's name. It was such a silly, ridiculous, meaningless name. As to the rest, she hadn't long to wait, for in one breath the girl informed her that her "dad" had

gone to the Front, and that her "mum" had gone with him, and that they didn't know what to do with her.

"You see," she went on to explain, "dad and mum are such old spoons that I'm just second fiddle all the time. Grandma Allen's dead. But I guessed Grandma Landor was right there in Backwater where mum was born, so I told mum I'd just go and find out. Will you let me stay with you, Grandma Landor?" and she looked down at her new, old relative in such a confident and irresistible sort of way that, as in the case of the soldier next door, the old lady was quite taken off her feet. It was a proof again of "if you take hold of a nettle hard enough it won't sting you". So it came about that young Doris Allen took up her abode there in Backwater with her grandmother. But Mrs. Landor meant to keep a pretty tight rein over her. There were two hundred and fifty soldiers quartered in the place, and she didn't intend that history should repeat itself. For a few days, though, the girl was almost as tractable as even her own baa lamb had been, and then came the deluge.

It was perhaps a week after Doris Allen's arrival when one morning the door-bell rang, and there stood the young lieutenant with an invitation for Doris for "another jollification over at Mrs. Tom's", and as luck would have it it was Mrs. Landor who opened the door, and Mrs. Landor who slammed it in his face with a peremptory refusal. She didn't even intend to tell her grand-daughter anything about it, but in small houses invitations are usually open secrets.

The scene that occurred afterwards was rather harrowing, at least to one of the parties concerned. The girl herself was as cool as a cucumber, but as firm as the proverbial rock.

"I know you bullied mum till she couldn't call her soul her own," she said bluntly, "but you'll find out that I'm a different sort. Besides, young people aren't the same as they were

when mum was a girl, and you've got to go with the times. I'm going over to that party to-night," and her square young jaw was very set.

Old Mrs. Landor was in a towering rage, and her face was white and her eyes steely. "Then, if you do," she said, "you'll find yourself locked out when you come back," a threat that was followed up by other threats of equal terror.

But the girl merely tossed her head and walked away. She had been prepared for this storm weeks and weeks ago, and she had planned to face it just in that particular way. She and her mother had talked it over and argued the question for and against. And perhaps it was part of the youthful conceit of her age that she had determined to reverse the order of things and train the old to respect the opinions of the young. At all events at eight o'clock that evening she came downstairs dressed in some filmy sort of gown with an entrancing little pink silk cloak, and looking pretty enough to turn the heads of every soldier in the town.

"Good-night, Gran," she exclaimed, and without waiting for the tail-end of the storm, tripped away.

Mrs. Landor walked to the door, turned the key sharply in the lock, drew the bolt for added security, and went to bed at nine o'clock. For hours she lay with her ear cocked, listening to the sounds of merriment next door—the tum-tum of the piano, the scrape of a fiddle and the far-away buzz of voices and young laughter. Mrs. Tompkins was just close enough to be aggravatingly disturbing. Mrs. Landor may have dozed a little. She wasn't sure. But it was about two o'clock by the striking of the time-piece downstairs when she realized that the senseless strumming had at last stopped, while the proximity of the voices just outside and the crunching of the snow under passing feet, told her that at last the dissipation was over. She sat bolt upright in bed, drew her little old plaid shawl

closer about her shoulders and listened for the expected clang of the bell. Doris should be taught her lesson. But the sound of the footsteps and the voices outside passed in a very few minutes, and nothing happened. Next door all was still, and Doris had made no attempt whatever to get in. Whatever was the meaning of it? Mrs. Landor's old heart had begun beating furiously, partly with rage and partly with fear. In her own peculiar and selfish way she had begun to grow a little bit fond of the girl, not that she would ever admit such a weakness even to herself. And so through the long winter hours of night she lay awake. She was awake when the wan and sickly light of morning straggled through the window, and when the bells in the village rang out seven.

She had just finished her solitary breakfast, and was clearing off the table, when the door she had inadvertently unlocked that morning was quietly opened and in walked Doris. Though still in her party finery, she looked as fresh as though she had just stepped out of her room.

"Good-morning, Gran," she remarked as coolly as though nothing had happened, and with not the slightest attempt at conciliation. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world," she continued. "We had loads of fun, That young lieutenant, Ned Allbright," and she smiled remotely, "is a grand dancer. It was glorious! Then when it was all over little Mrs. Tom offered to let me stay over there. She said she thought it would be a shame to disturb you. She's such a nice little woman, Gran."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Landor biting. She had her own speech already prepared. She was going to tell her grand-daughter to go upstairs and pack her trunk at once, and never, never, never to set foot inside her door again. Such conduct as hers would not be tolerated. She had never tolerated it in her mother, and she wasn't going to begin now. Yes, she

had intended saying all that and more, too. But somehow the girl's extraordinary coolness and self-control seemed to take her breath away. If she had given the least sign of weakness or contrition all would have been over, but it was the case of the nettle again—the sting was gone.

That one breaker overcome, Mrs. Landor was almost amazed at her own leniency. Had she been told that there could be such a thing as a young person crossing swords with an old one, and compelling that old one to moderate to a certain extent her crotchety ways, she would not have believed it. She did concede, however, that her will was not strong enough now to battle against conditions. And as time passed she actually allowed the young lieutenant to drop in to tea with them, or to spend the evening, and she closed her eyes to the fact that Doris was often out with him at parties, concerts and assemblies. As to the ultimate conclusion of the whole affair she had not allowed herself to think.

All through that winter Backwater had been very gay. There is always a prelude to every great tragedy in life, and joy and sorrow go hand in hand. So with the coming of the early summer the boys in khaki were to go to camp as the last step before they were drafted to the Front.

It wanted but two or three days before they would leave, when Doris interviewed her grandmother, her face a little pale, her square chin set.

"Gran," she said, "I've got something to tell you. Ned and I are engaged. We've been engaged some time, but we thought it was no use telling you. We knew you would only object. You don't believe in people getting engaged or married, do you?"

Mrs. Landor straightened herself up. The question really should not have been surprising, but she was surprised. It gave her a feeling as though a great current was running swiftly

at her feet and she was powerless to stem it.

"But you did get married yourself once," Doris was saying, "and Ned and I—well, we don't see the use of waiting."

"Wha—at?" exclaimed her grandmother, finding her tongue at last.

"It's no good waiting till the war's over. The war may last for years yet. Kitchener said it would. And Ned and I want to belong to one another before he goes off. It—it isn't very easy," and Doris's lip quivered, "being engaged to a soldier." Doris was not much of a one for showing her feelings, but occasionally she betrayed the fact that she did have feelings to show.

"Will you let us be married here, Gran?" she added.

And now an astonishing thing hap-

pened. Such an astonishing thing, in fact, that if it hadn't really taken place, it could hardly be credited. But old Mrs. Landor actually put her arms around her granddaughter. She was actually trying to comfort her, and actually telling her that she would consent to her marrying Ned, if Ned was what she wanted. But the fact was that Mrs. Landor was a very lonely old woman. She had been lonely all her life, and it was her way of life that had made her lonely. Doris's coming had broken the first crust of her loneliness, and Doris being the girl she was had effected the rest. Anyway, Mrs. Landor had grown to love her incorrigible grand-daughter dearly, and where love is all sorts of miracles are bound to happen. Even such a miracle as the one that has just been related.



OLD ARCHIE

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS



VERYBODY called him Archie, though he was old and venerable and had another name. Just what his age was, no one knew. Children were warned not to ask him that, for the question had fired him to outbursts of Highland wrath on more than one occasion. Why he should be touchy on this subject, who was so long-enduring and communicative on every other, was a point which the Ottway family could never decide.

His face was long, his eyes were large and blue and mild. He was clean-shaven; but the plentiful, iron-gray hair of his head fell in orderly ringlets to several inches below the collar of his shirt. He walked and stood with a stoop; but even so, his head brushed the drying ears of seed-corn hanging from the ceiling of that old kitchen. When not out and about his work he was always to be found (except in the heat of summer) seated in a low splint-bottomed chair beside the kitchen stove. In this position his knees were almost on a level with his chest, so long were his legs. So he would sit and smoke, and tell stories of his adventurous youth to the children who visited that old farm-house. The very way he cut his tobacco, and rolled it in the palm of one long hand with the heel of the other, smacked of the romance of woods and rivers and old days to the attentive children. Beside his chair stood a three-legged iron pot full of ashes, and upright in the ashes stood a bristle of slender

splinters of dry pine. These he used always for lighting his pipe, touching one to the red draft of the stove, then thrusting it back into the ashes when the tobacco was afire. The seasoned wainscoting behind the stove was covered with the little tin hearts which he had detached, one by one, from the plugs of tobacco he had consumed in that chair. He stuck them there in orderly rows, one by one; and perhaps they were a record of uneventful years to him—or perhaps a record of dreams. The children knew nothing of his dreams.

Whatever Archie's age may have been when the children knew him, he had spent many years in more adventurous spots than the old Ottway farm and in more daring activities than the pursuit of agriculture—and yet he had lived this life of sheltered peace and routine tasks with the Ottway family for twenty years. When he first came to the farm from somewhere up-river he was astonishingly active on his long legs and strong in his long arms, though his hair even then showed gleams of the frost of time or care. The romance of adventure came with him from wilder fields and rougher waters and remained his familiar to the last.

Archie could tell picturesque things even of his quiet life on the Ottway farm. He had worked at haymaking before the days of mowing-machines. He had been the smartest man with a scythe on any farm within ten miles up and down and across the river. The summer mornings used to ring

then with the whetting of the long blades. Archie had always taken the lead on such mornings. With his long legs crooked and spread outward a little at the knees, his long arms swinging and his moccasined feet moving regularly forward with the left always in advance, he had led the attack against the green and purple acres of grass. The other mowers had followed, each in his proper place to the right and in rear of the man ahead of him; and so they had crossed the bright river-meadow in echelon, each in a red shirt, all swinging and advancing to the music of the cutting blades in the lush stems. Archie had known such mornings when a dozen men had moved thus together across the wide, low meadows between the hill-set house and the shining river—swinging and advancing, swinging and advancing, through vetch and clover, timothy and blue-joint, with butterflies winging about them and, every here and there, tall, glowing tiger-lilies swaying and sinking before the swish of the dew-wet blades.

This was a picture to which Archie was always very partial. It lay bright and warm in his mind, and he constantly displayed it to the three children who, for a few happy years, spent their summers on that farm.

One morning, after breakfast, the children found Archie more inclined for action than talk. This was an unusual condition for him in those late days. It was a flawless August morning, clean and bright as spring water. The moment the children appeared in the kitchen, he rose gradually, joint by joint, from his chair. His weather-faded hat was already on his venerable head.

"I'll take ye across to the island to hunt butterflies," he said. "Maybe we'll find a few ye haven't got in yer collection yet; and I know where there's a nest of young bitterns."

That was enough for the three boys. They equipped themselves for the expedition in a minute, each with a but-

terfly net, and Jack, the eldest, with the tin box in which the cotton-wool and tiny, fateful bottle of chloroform were always carried—for these young naturalists despatched all insects (with the exceptions of mosquitoes, black-flies and "bite-um-no-see-ums") by the painless and scientific method of putting them to sleep.

They went down the short slope before the house and across the shorn meadow, passing along a flank of the high grove and still, mysterious waters of the Perdue. Here and there the level surface of the meadow was pitted by hollows in which coarse sedges stood uncut and flakes and slabs of gray drift-wood lay entangled—for all this rich lowland was covered by the overflow of the river for a week or more every spring. Now the great river lay narrowed in its bed, blue of surface and brown of depths in the distant channel, bright as silver where it twisted about flat islands and amber in the shadows.

The outer edge of the meadow was cut off abruptly where swirling floods and grinding ice had gnawed and slashed it. Old willows overhung it in places, with half their roots trailing in the empty air.

Archie and the boys slid down from the grassy lip of the meadow to the dry shingle. Here sand-plums and pennyroyal grew among the pebbles. Far out at the edge of the shingle the dwindled tide of the "thoroughfare" gleamed, and beyond that lay the gray sand, bright sedges and willow-tangled rim of Captain's Island.

While crossing the beach to the log canoe at the water's edge the boys pocketed a number of stones of various sizes and sorts, for a closer examination later. This was a way they had, and on the chance of finding one good crystal of rose quartz or fellspar they would trudge with bulging, sagging pockets all day. They were active in every branch of natural science. Nothing found afield was ignored by them, and they had harvested in their attic at home many

hundreds of natural and frequently commonplace objects ranging from the smallest known water-beetle to the jaw-bone of a horse.

The boys were for wading across to the island, but Archie would not hear of it.

"The bottom ain't to be trusted hereabouts," he said. "This thoroughfare is full of holes."

He pushed the heavy dug-out into the water and herded the boys into her with a sweep of the long pole. He stepped aboard, standing stooped and tall, and shot the canoe slantwise across the current. He looked very old, very thin, yet very much alive, like an old, old child that had been lost in the woods for seventy years amid many exciting but harmless adventures. A breath of wind moved the thick gray curls on his lean shoulders.

The boys looked over the low gunnels into the sunlit water. Here it was so shallow that the hard sand showed every wrinkle, and so bright that the eye could follow the trails of the clams at a glance as if they were traced on a map held in the hand; and here again the sand fell suddenly away and the water turned from a clearness as of air to amber, from amber to a brown dusk where half-seen, half-guessed bulks and slabs of water-logged wood lay fixed forever in hidden slime; and here, as suddenly, the clean sand rose again to within a hand-depth of the bottom of the canoe.

Peter, who was only eight years old, shivered at a fleeting picture of himself wading out and sinking into that dark hole.

It was a short passage. After four or five long thrusts of the pole the nose of the dug-out slid up heavily on the island sand. The boys darted across the shore and scrambled through the wide belt of willows, swamp-maples and vines. Archie followed slowly, stepping high and stooping low in the tangle of brush.

From the brush they issued upon the island meadow with its gray barns

stuffed almost to bursting with the new hay, its grazing steers and young cattle that had been ferried over from the mainland, its scattered mounds of gray driftwood, its clumps of alders and wild raspberries, its tall elms, all ringed about by the tangled wall of green. The climbing sun already set a skim of heat like a colourless tide over the farther levels of the island. It shimmered from afar; but when you drew near it vanished in thin air.

The boys wandered here and there, wide-eyed and alert; but they failed to put up anything in the way of a butterfly that was not already in their collection.

Archie followed them, walking stooped and slow, smoking his pipe. At last he halted beside a tangle of old, stranded timber and tall raspberry canes in the centre of the meadow. He struck his hands smartly together and a big, brownish-yellow bird flew up and away from the thicket with harsh, quacking outcry, trailing long legs. Then he called to the boys, who came running.

"Here's the bittern's nest," he said. "Come along easy, now. I reckon we'll find the youngsters at home, unless they've grown old enough to run."

He entered the thicket, stepping cautiously and parting the raspberry canes before him with his hands. The boys crowded after him.

"The young of the bittern eat fish—and I smell them," said Jack.

"And that's no reason for ye to brag about yer nose," said Archie.

He halted, and the boys peered past him. There in a well amid the stems of the raspberries squatted three ugly fledglings. They did not move. They showed no sign of fear, but only a bright and suspicious curiosity in the unwinking regard of their topaz-yellow eyes. The nest was nothing more than an untidy platform of dead branches, small pieces of driftwood and slime; and about their big feet lay small but high-smelling chub and redfin and young eels. Some of the eels had evidently been very recently

delivered to the young birds, for they still squirmed.

Archie let the smoke from his pipe trail up from his lips to his nose.

"The Injuns eat them—sometimes," he said.

"Let's take one home for a pet," suggested Peter.

"Take all three, and ye'll have one apiece," said Archie. "Ye can build them a nest just like this one in yer ma's parlour."

The boys understood that this was an example of what their elders called "dry humour". They laughed and backed out of the thicket. Archie turned and followed them.

"Hold on there!" he said; and there was an edge to his voice that caused them to halt on the instant and look at him inquiringly. They beheld him standing straight, with the stoop gone out of his lean shoulders, and his gaze fixed upon a point in the open meadow. They followed his gaze and saw a big, black horse with a white star on its forehead. They had not seen this horse before. It stood motionless now, with its head held high and turned toward them.

"I just thought of a new game," said Archie, his gaze still on the distant, staring horse. "Give me those rocks ye have in yer pockets, boys—the biggest of them. That's right! Now we'll take a line for the willows over there—dead for that spot where the two young elms stick up and all the wild grapes grow so thick. Jack and Bill, each of ye take hold of Peter by a hand and walk right along. I'll follow. And if I say "Go!", then ye run like all get-out—as fast as ye can twitch Peter along—and dive into those willows and vines. I'll be after ye; but if I don't catch ye in among the willows then ye work like Injuns round to the canoe and paddle across the thoroughfare. Then ye win the game—and I lose."

"What are the stones for?" asked Jack.

"Well, that's part of the game," said Archie. "I carry them for a sort

of handicap, because my legs are so darn long. Now move on. I'll answer yer questions afterwards."

The boys were puzzled about the game, but they obeyed Archie's instructions. Hand-in-hand, with Peter the youngest in the middle, they walked toward the tangled rim of the island. Jack glanced back and saw Archie following them slowly with a big stone in each hand and his head turned over his shoulder.

They were half-way between the clump of raspberries and the willows when Archie suddenly cried "Go!" They went—and little Peter of the short legs only touched the ground here and there. As they ran they heard a dull, pounding sound behind them, swiftly loudening. Again Jack looked over his shoulder. He saw Archie walking backwards. He saw the big black horse tearing across the meadow, straight for the old man, with its head low and swinging from side to side.

The boys dived into the tangle of willows and tough vines, rolled over and lost hold of one another. Jack turned, breathless with excitement and fear, and looked back at the sun-washed meadow. He saw the black horse close upon Archie, dashing at him like a mad thing with lowered head and bared teeth. He saw Archie swing his right arm and fling a stone. He saw the horse swerve, stumble and crash to earth.

Next moment Archie was beside him.

"This way, boys," he said. "Follow me."

Not another word was spoken until the canoe grounded its heavy nose on the other side of the thoroughfare.

"That was Bob Smith's stallion," said Archie. "He must have swum across from Savage Island. He is a bad horse, that—a real man-killer."

Then he smiled.

"He set out to kill the wrong men to-day, didn't he?" he said. "Reckoned old Archie had forgotten the use of his arm, I guess."



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

KULTUR HAS PASSED HERE

THE IMPERIAL SPIRIT IN MUSIC

BY HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

NEARLY every writer and speaker on the subject who is not treating of technical matters refers at one time or another to the universal nature of music and the cosmopolitan character of musicians. So common, indeed, is this view that in some circles the musician is generally regarded as belonging to any other country than the one in which he lives, or to no country at all. No class in our own or in other nations is more often frivolously accused of lack of patriotism, and even of preference for foreign rule and manners, though this charge has rarely been brought by any serious person, and has never been substantiated. Some of the greatest patriots have been musicians, professional as well as amateur. They have played their part in the affairs of the country to which they have belonged, and never more than during the present crisis. Few professions have given more freely of their best to the toil of war than that of music, and it was but a few short weeks ago that, to the personal knowledge of the writer, a leading British composer well over military age, declined point blank to accept a commission from a publisher on the ground that he must take his share as a tiller of the soil in raising food to withstand the onslaught of submarines and bad harvests.

But not only have musicians been

patriotic, they have in all ages employed their art as an encouragement to the patriotism of others and as an expression of their own. Especially in conjunction with the words of patriotic poets, but in a less degree as an independent expression, the employment of music in this connection is of ancient, though slow, growth.

As an expression of what we now know as Imperialism it is new, because Imperialism itself, in the present day sense of the term, is itself something new. The worship of an Emperor, and a regard for the lands over which he exercises lordship, are as old as any feeling aroused by political circumstances, and the expression of these by bards and minstrels is well-nigh as old. Later it took place in such works as "The Triumphs of Oriana," that remarkable collection of madrigals written in honour of Queen Elizabeth, in "God Save the King" as originally written, "God save great George our King," in Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser" and other short pieces. We find it also in Purcell's "Fairy Queen" and to a certain extent in Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony", though this last was written in honour of Napoleon Bonaparte the man, as opposed to the Emperor Napoleon. Monarch worship and hero-worship have now given place to the worship of an ideal, an ideal of worldwide Imperial community; patriotism has become Imperialism.

Imperialism, it may be said, is patriotism grown up, and the two bear much the same relation as do manhood and childhood; they are of the same essence. but the former has larger powers, wider duties and greater responsibilities than the latter. There are many who, like Mr. Cecil Forsyth, consider that "outside chronic poverty, there is indeed only one factor which can have any deterrent effect on national musical development, and that is the acquisition of world power." A careful observance of the conditions of the British Empire and of the music practised by the people who constitute that Empire, will, I think, arouse a cordial disagreement with this view. Never has the British nation had greater world-power than to-day, and never has it had a greater musical efflorescence, nor, what is more to the point, a more distinctively national feeling in its music than during the last two decades. World-power, sought and applied for sordid reasons and in a sordid manner, will run parallel with a decadence in music, as we see it to-day in the German Empire. It is not, however, the acquisition of world-power, or the desire for world-power, which in itself is the cause of this decadence, but the sordid spirit which affects both these and the art.

It must be admitted, too, that early settlers in remote and undeveloped lands are rarely men and women who either can or will devote very serious attention to the art of music. Neither are many of them Imperialist, for it is no desire to extend the bounds of the Mother Country's rule that sends them to the lonely wild, but rather a desire to get away from some real or fancied hardship which such rule imposes on them. With the revival of a spirit which unites them to the Mother Country—of an embryonic spirit of Imperialism—however, the spirit of song also frequently returns. The settler who is a settler because he is either an Imperialist or an adventurer generally possesses the spirit of song, possibly in a rudimentary state of development, but rarely of anything but

a natural and spontaneous character.

It is true also that when colonization first began in earnest the music of the English people was worthy to be compared with that of any other people in Europe; while the Irish and the Scottish, who are great colonizers, have each in their own way a natural bent towards self-expression in music. Nevertheless it was not by those who left their native country that the art of music was raised to a high standard. Many of these, by their nature and upbringing were averse from the use of music as a social amenity or as an act of religion; while the majority were of the type that has little desire in this direction. It was from this unpromising soil that the vital art-music which is now flourishing in all parts of the Empire had to spring.

One of the elements in its growth and enrichment was that of race mixture, particularly in Canada, though only in a less degree in Australia and other parts. Race-mixture is frequently productive of a desire for artistic expression and of artistic ability on the part of individuals and of communities, and it has been so in these cases. The character and form of the art are conditioned to no small degree by the surroundings, natural and domestic, of the artist, which accounts for certain differences between the music of different parts of the Empire. The freshness of some of it, even its elementary character (which is elemental as well as elementary) will contribute, if it is not already doing so, to the general character of what may yet be British music as effectively as to-day the music of the Saxon, the Bavarian, the Croat and many others is German music. At least it may be said that it is the union of these two with the older art-music of the Mother Country that will some day or other, how near or how remote the time is we cannot guess, make the music that will then be known as British.

There is, of course, also the danger of taking too narrow a view of what constitutes a national or imperial school of music. It is only a few years

since those who had wider ideas on the subject of music than had the majority were urging upon those who had not observed it that the term "British music" embraced more than the compositions of a few Englishmen. They had to teach their fellows that Scotland and Ireland and Wales had contributed very largely to the world of tonal art, not only by the inspiration they had afforded to Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Wagner, or by the magnificent tradition of folk-music they each possessed, but also by their actual contributions to the higher forms of art. Still more did they appreciate the potentialities of these countries in the higher forms of music, which are now being realized not only in the works of Mackenzie, Parry and Stanford, but in those of many younger men, who, as executants, composers, and critics are taking high places in the polity of the world's music.

To-day conditions of much the same nature exist with regard to the music of the Empire as a whole. The casual observer of musical affairs often regards the fact that a composer or an executant is by birth and training a colonial as something slightly bizarre, which adds a curiosity to his work, but which at the same time stamps it as of little importance. Such an one is not at all surprised to find that a colonial is a fine singer; fresh air and healthy living in the open country—as he usually imagines the whole of the colonies to be—is conducive to the possession of a powerful voice and good lungs. Besides, there is excellent precedent for this, for he knows that his favourite, Nellie Melba, is a Colonial, and he imagines other singers have also come from the same or other parts of the Empire which lie across the sea. He is only a little more surprised when a fine pianist or violinist comes fully equipped, or nearly so, from Melbourne, Sydney, Montreal, or Toronto. If, however, a headline in a newspaper tells him of "A Colonial Composer", he is not patronizingly interested, as in the other cases, but as a rule he is frankly sceptical. He

regards the music of the dependencies much in the same way as he regards other overseas social affairs; except, of course, that music is to his view the least important of these. The Colonials must be allowed, even encouraged, to do their best; but he cannot imagine that they will ever take, much less that they are already taking, a position alongside that of the Mother Country.

It is impossible to blame those who take this attitude, for it is that taken by the authorities in many leading educational establishments. They resent, and often quite rightly, interference with home educational affairs by Colonial institutions; but at the same time they send out their own teachers and examiners to direct the methods of education in the Colonies. These people, it would seem, endeavour to make England play the part of the parent who is jealous of the rapidly approaching manhood and womanhood of his children. It is not an unnatural feeling; neither is it a desirable one.

The expression of the wider spirit of nationalism, of the spirit of Empire, first began to show itself definitely in music more than a hundred years ago, when the songs of the people inspired by the success of Nelson, Rodney and other great sea fighters, were largely pæans of joy at the greatness of our naval power. This has continued, though it has developed and widened and passed through an almost infinite number of variations, up to the present. In the higher forms of art it started tentatively and tenuously in Sullivan's "Imperial Institute Ode" and his "Imperial March". It continued in such works as Parry's "The Glories of our Blood and State", in Mackenzie's "Britannia" Overture, Elgar's "Banner of St. George", his "Imperial March" and his "Crown of India" Suite. Of course, most of these are of a somewhat obvious type of music, and even of sentiment; but it is impossible to avoid this altogether when appealing to a wide public on such a subject. Elgar is one of our

most strikingly Imperial musicians, a true musician of the British Empire, and some of his music of the highest type and of more subtle character is just as much imbued with this spirit as that already mentioned. One may even call his latest work (and possibly one of his greatest) "The Spirit of England" with its three divisions, "The Fourth of August", "For the Fallen" and "To Women", Imperial music, and that of the best and noblest type.

An interesting and somewhat striking use of music in the encouragement of the Empire spirit was that made by Dr. Henry Coward of Sheffield a few years ago when he took a great choir on tour to all the principal cities of the dominions. This was followed shortly afterwards by a similar tour undertaken by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto under its great Canadian conductor, Dr. A. S. Vogt. It may appear at first sight that these efforts were not, strictly speaking, expressions of the Imperial Spirit in music. In the narrower sense, taking the meaning of music to be only that of the words with which it is allied, this was the case; for the programmes contained few items bearing any reference whatever to Imperial unity, or to cognate subjects. When the object in view is considered, when we consider the methods employed and the ensuing results, we are bound to include such undertakings among the most important and vital expressions of the Imperial Spirit. Music frequently expresses sentiments, and occasionally thoughts, to which the words to which it is set bear no relation. We see this in sailors' chanties, in popular songs of the type of "Tipperary", and in adaptations of such songs as Handel's "Ombra mai fu" (the popular largo) as religious pieces. It is with these, though on a higher plane, that such undertakings must be classed.

But what of the present and the future? What of the character of the music which is influenced by and which influences this spirit? We know that music is influenced by the circum-

stances of its composer, because those circumstances affect the mental and spiritual condition of such composer. And one of the striking features of the life of our British musicians is the display of this spirit of Empire on the part of young and old. It is not the mere taking part in active politics; few of them do this. It is not the composition or performance of music in praise of the Empire or of its rulers; not many of them do this. It is instead a deep feeling that they are part and parcel of the greatest, the purest and the noblest as well as the largest Empire of all time. Many musicians at different times have been proud to be citizens of no mean city! British musicians to-day are proud to be something incomparably greater, though their own individual shares in the communal life may be infinitely smaller. Colonials, like Sir Frederic Cowen and Mr. Percy Grainger, become Englishmen, and Englishmen like Dr. Albert Ham and Mr. Marshall Hall become Colonials; but they are all, before everything else, Britons.

Exactly what effect this is having or will have it is impossible to say. One external effect, and it is one which the war will help considerably, will be, and certainly ought to be, an increased interest in the musical activities of the different parts of the Empire by all who are both Britons and musicians. The encouragement of such activities, and especially the encouragement of creative talent, in the widespread domains, may demand occasional sacrifices of our own aesthetic pleasure. But if it is to lead to a real awakening of a musical sense which shall be one of the binding forces of the Empire, it will be worth while. In aesthetic matters we are all very prone to selfishness; this sacrifice, therefore, will be a very refined and consequently a very difficult form of Imperial patriotism. If we are robbed of aesthetic pleasure by such untoward circumstances as war or personal affliction we yield it heroically. To do so for the less heroic and altogether voluntary reason of helping to create a

great Imperial asset of no tangibility and little market value, and one, moreover, which we ourselves will probably not live to see, is more difficult. It is a sacrifice, however, which will have to be made if we as an Empire are to take the place in artistic matters which we take in matters of commerce, of general education, of civilization itself. The writer quoted earlier has a footnote to one chapter in his book on "Music and Nationalism" which is very suggestive in this respect. "By the mere exhaustion of possibilities", he says, "the time cannot be far off when the Empire will reach a point where there can be no further expansion. Given such a case, where the nation has at once great wealth and the opportunity of peaceful reflection, the musical results should be on a scale of strangeness and immensity hitherto unknown. One must, however, confess that, though it may be possible for the nation to come to such a period of mental contentment as far as its white Empire is concerned, such a state of mind seems fundamentally impossible so long as the anxieties involved in its domination over alien races remain."

True; but the British Empire is rapidly ceasing to be a group of alien peoples under the domination of a central power. The alien races are becoming in every sense brothers in a great family of nations, and we are finding in some of them musicians who are preparing the way for a complete brotherhood in music as in citizenship. Some of them are, doubtless, in their own way well-nigh our equals in musical matters; but their way is not yet ours, nor is our way theirs. Whether the study we may make of Eastern music, or of that of Africa or the natives of America, will help this forward may be a matter of discussion. There are not wanting those who agree with the present writer in thinking it will do so. The Imperial spirit has certainly given rise to a degree of study of such subjects among enthusiastic and happily situated amateurs. It remains for the profession to take

up the study in a sympathetic as well as a scientific attitude, and discover whether the gulf between the different styles of music cannot be bridged.

Orientalism of a kind is not new in music, though it has up till recently been of an *ad captandum*, if not of a spurious, character. The fuller appreciation of the character of both the people and their music which has been arrived at in more recent years, however, has brought us nearer than ever before in our sympathies and our modes of artistic expression. For technical reasons the study of oriental music is now encouraged by the more advanced and enterprising professors, and there is no reason why the particular Oriental music studied should not be that of our own Empire. The races which in the foregoing quotation are designated "alien" are doing their part in the way they are taking up European and Western music. There will be little to wonder at should there, ere long, appear another Coleridge Taylor who will again prove that musical genius, even as we understand it in our narrow application, is not confined to white men.

But even with regard to our "white Empire" we know all too little of what is going on, and take it too much for granted that England, and even London, is the only centre really worthy of serious consideration. Only recently a letter was published in that vivacious little French-Canadian musical journal, *Le Canada Musical*, pointing this out and mentioning the names of quite a large number of Canadian composers. Possibly these composers are one and all mediocrities; or they may all be men of high talent and strong individuality. Whichever they are, however, they are unknown not only in remote parts of the Empire, but in most quarters in Canada. Without going into the question of the merits of individual cases it may be said that until British musicians the world over show more regard for their fellows within the Empire there will not be the musical advance which there ought to be.

In matters of musical education things are somewhat better than the actual condition of music generally. In some parts of Greater Britain they are approaching maturity very rapidly, the methods of teaching being of the best and most up-to-date, as the most modern ideas are being thoroughly tested, and, if found to be good, being freely adopted. Their teachers are not only enthusiasts, but are equally able and well-equipped, some being natives of the provinces in which they are engaged, others being Europeans or Americans of high standing. For all ordinary purposes the musical education obtainable in such places as those named is second only to that obtainable in London, Paris, Naples, Petrograd and the great German conservatoires.

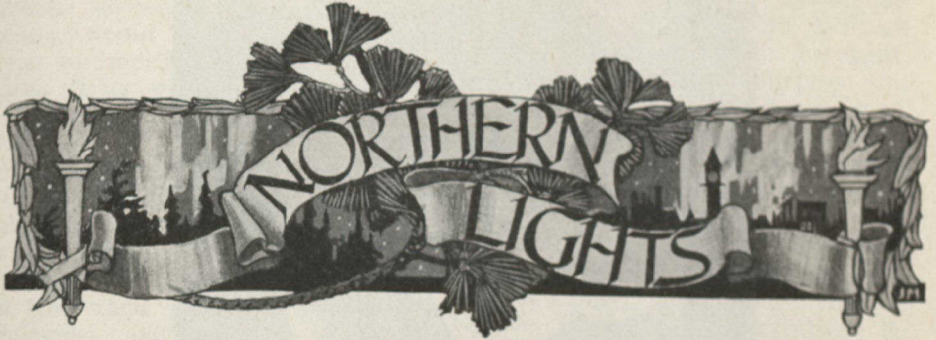
It is not in educational matters alone, however, that the Colonies have progressed and developed with rapidity, and at the same time with solidity. Both choral and orchestral music in some of the great colonial centres are in a better condition than in similar centres in the Mother Country.

It would be untrue as well as unfair to Britons both at home and beyond the seas, however, to suggest that the conditions obtaining generally with regard to the art of music are as good in the Colonies as in England. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and other parts of the Empire, are still, so far as the larger portions of them are concerned, colonies in the narrower sense of the word. Their resources are employed chiefly in matters which neither demand nor encourage the practice of the Fine Arts. Even those centres which have developed the artistic sides of their life to a high degree have done so only in recent years. Though the leaders in such centres have the advantages of youth (not necessarily as individuals, of course, but as communities) and generally of clear thinking combined with strong sensitiveness, they have not the advantage of any long tradition in these matters. They have to

depend, too, to a certain extent upon professors and teachers, and even upon leaders, from other countries; from England, France, Italy, Russia and Germany. Toronto is an excellent example of this, with its choral singing developed to compare favourably with that of Sheffield, Birmingham, or Vienna, and its several excellent teaching institutions. One of its leading conductors is a native of Ontario, another is an Englishman who settled in the city twenty years ago, while a third has only just arrived by invitation from England. Of teachers some of the most successful are a family born in Russia who some time ago started a proprietary concern which has developed into a considerable conservatoire.

Too much emphasis must not be laid on the fact of the dependence of Colonial centres upon outside leading, however. In every active centre of artistic life there is a large degree of this, and if in England there are natives such as Stanford, Parry, Bantock and Bridge as leaders, there are also foreigners and men of foreign extraction like Brodsky, Richter, Matthay and Safonoff. What is of importance is that these places have a sufficiently strong musical life to attract those whom nature and circumstances have endowed with qualities of leadership. Such men will not readily settle in places arid of talent or taste in those subjects in which they themselves excel, so that their presence is a sure indication of at least good ground to work upon.

Questions of the future development in any direction of the art of music must always be difficult to answer, and most of all is it difficult, nay impossible, to answer such a question as that of the development of an Imperial music in the way many of us would wish. With the work that is being done, however, and that which happier times will enable to be done, even greater marvels than the unification, as well as the extension, from within, of our Imperial music will be achieved.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



RS. ISABELLE EC-CLESTONE MACKAY contributes this "write-up" of herself and her work:

As this is to be an article about us, we will begin by saying that this photograph is taken under our own (rented) vine and cherry-tree. It is a beautiful tree, and last spring it grew six beautiful cherries. It grew them on the tip of the top-most branch, so that all that we had to do in order to look at them was to go upstairs to the attic. Often we sat there looking at them, not doing a thing! But this was not until we had exhausted the possibilities of the extension wall-mop and patent chimney-cleaner. Looking at them proved very instructive. We felt that never again would we wonder where the robin got his red breast. We knew!

We are writing this article because if we do not someone else may. And you know what someone else is! Someone else might say: "In this delightful picture we see our subject stealing a much-needed rest in her charming garden". This is pleasant, but is it true? No. The only thing stolen in this picture is the hat, and that belongs to the family. (It was really quite the latest thing when the photo-

graph was taken). As to a rest, anyone who has ever had a snapshot taken by a member of the family, with the remaining members looking on, will know how restful that is. True, within the radius of the camera all is peace. Such disturbing elements as there may be (three kiddies, of assorted ages, two dogs, four cats, the one-who-can-tell-you-how - to - take-a-photograph, and the bread-man shouting "Tickets, please!") have been kept out. But it is the task of keeping them out that has imparted that strained look to the eye.

Someone else might also say: "It will be seen from the book, carelessly clasped in the right hand, that our subject has been engaged in her favourite pastime of poetry study". That sounds splendid. Perhaps we had better let it go at that. You may believe it if you like. To make it still more impressive, we might add that the book is possibly a volume of Maeterlinck. He wrote poetry, didn't he?

Tearing itself away from the photograph, the article probably would proceed: "Our subject's literary career began at the age of — and has continued, more or less, for years". [The trouble here is that someone else would insert figures in those black



MRS. ISABELLE ECCLESTONE MACKAY

spaces—and almost anyone can do arithmetic nowadays.] “She has written two novels. The first one was known by the name of ‘The House of Windows’.” [Now, this is true. That *was* the name of it. But whenever any friend wishes to be extra polite she will say, “Dear Lady, I have just read your delightful book—er—something about a million windows, wasn’t it, or doorsteps, or something? Dear me! My poor memory!”]. “Her second book was “Up the Hill and Over”. [This is also true, but we are quite as accustomed to it under the names our friends give it, such as “Over the Hill and Under”, “The Other Side of the Hill” and “Over the Fence is Out”]. This book came out about the same time as “Changing Winds” and several other good books. [This is true].

Our subject also writes verse. There was a book of it once which is now so rare as to be almost unobtainable.” [Quite, we have all the edition safely locked up in the attic]. “Some day there is going to be another book of verse (when the publishers get rich), and in the meantime we are given to understand, very privately, that a book of children’s verse is in preparation for Christmas. Children’s verse sells well. Think of Stevenson and Riley and Field! Yes, do think of them, think *hard*. There is much virtue in the psychology of suggestion. Now that’s about all. We have got through very nicely without revealing either our age or our weight or our favourite pastime or our fondness for moving-pictures and “Hearts and Faces”.

THE VISION OF THE BLIND

AN endeavour to compress into an article of this length, the story of Sir Frederick Fraser and his inestimable service to the Dominion of Canada, would be so futile as to savour of impertinence. The barest outline of his work in the past and the merest mention of his hopes for the future is all that can be attempted.

Sir Frederick's name at once suggests the Halifax School for the Blind, and when the history of Canada's progress for the last fifty years is written, the record of this institution will stand second to none as a sociological and patriotic achievement.

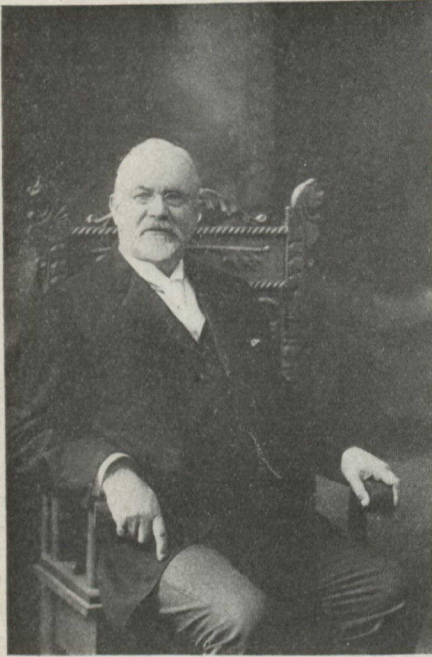
Men have been considered great for founding seats of learning; for endowing them; for presiding over them and moulding the minds of the young. Sir Frederick Fraser has virtually done all three! If he did not actually donate the money with which the school was started, it was due to him that the struggling institution did not collapse. If he did not actually present funds with which to carry it on, he presented to it his indomitable will and energy, without which money would have failed; and as for presiding—save for a few months at the very beginning, the School for the Blind has known no guiding hand other than his.

Charles Frederick Fraser was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, on January 4th, 1850, one of fifteen children. His father, Dr. Benjamin Fraser, was "the beloved doctor" of the country-side; his mother, a woman of great executive ability and a strict disciplinarian. At the age of four the little Frederick accompanied the older children to school and soon learned to read from a small Testament he had purchased for four-pence, out of his own pocket-money. Three years later an accident robbed him of the sight of one eye, and although everything possible was done to save his sight, by the time he was sixteen the boy was totally blind.

The next six years of his life were spent at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and coincident with his graduation, he found a movement on foot in his native Province to start a similar school in Halifax. Mr. William Murdoch, a retired Halifax merchant, had left £5,000 for this purpose, and in 1871 this sum having been generously supplemented, the school was erected and opened. It was designed to accommodate thirty pupils, but only four were enrolled.

The young graduate of twenty-two, recently returned from Boston, did not immediately accept the invitation to take charge of the institution; he felt strongly drawn to the business world, but soon his sympathies for the blind became even stronger, especially when he realized that his commercial ability would be by no means allowed to rust from disuse, that the keenest business instinct would be required to finance and maintain the institution. He therefore began to think out schemes by which the public of Nova Scotia might understand the needs not only of the school itself, but of those who might become its beneficiaries.

All this is set forth in a remarkable letter addressed to the trustees, in which Dr. Fraser offered himself as a superintendent without salary until the financial position of the school should be improved. He advocated applying to the legislative bodies of the Maritime Provinces for a per capita sum in order that all blind persons within the Province might be assured of instruction in the event of their being unable to meet the price of tuition. He proved that such a Provincial grant was an economic measure, as well as being grandly humane; economic, because most blind people begged for a living or dwelt in poor-houses, so that if \$200 per capita per annum for seven years were spent in making them self-supporting, the Treasury would be advantaged, whereas the opposite would apply under the old system of spending eighty



SIR FREDERICK FRASER

dollars per capita per annum for life in the up-keep of poor-houses and similar institutions.

In 1873 Dr. Fraser took complete charge of the school, fighting for it with every breath he drew. He fought against the restrictions placed upon the courses of instruction; he fought against the public idea that it was an asylum for the afflicted when it should have been regarded as a school for a particular kind of student; he fought against senseless rules which impose a suggestion of helplessness and dependency upon the pupils, and he waged a hard battle against a lack of funds. In order to augment the latter, through public interest and sympathy, Dr. Fraser took on the mantle of a theatrical manager and travelled

from place to place with his "troupe" of children, who demonstrated what instruction could do for the blind. In 1881 Dr. Fraser inaugurated a different kind of campaign—he bought a horse and wagon, covered 1,100 miles and delivered forty-five lectures in as many consecutive nights, with the result that he gathered sufficient support to go, finally, to the Legislature armed with resolutions. These became an Act giving free education to the blind!

It would be interesting to quote just here his quaint remarks, untinged with bitterness, in which he proves that it is less difficult to educate a blind child than a seeing legislator; to describe the quiet, commanding, forceful, convincing personality of Sir Frederick, but he, himself, would prefer a passing over these things, and so we come to a third great campaign. This is his earnest desire to establish an endowment fund for the blind—for those who have to be taught in their homes, for the publication and circulation of books which the blind can read, for preventing blindness, and assisting those who have made a start.

Mrs. Charles Archibald, a personal friend of Sir Frederick, has truly said: "In the subtle process by which afflictions bravely accepted are transmuted into blessings, that very blindness which threatened at one time to limit his opportunities, has been converted into a source of benefit to hundreds of his fellow men and women. Such a man as this belongs not to one Province, nor to one city, but to the whole nation at large, and should be accorded an honoured place in the roll-call of those illustrious men who have been aptly termed, 'the builders of Canada!'"

MADGE MACBETH.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE CHURCH AND THE MAN

BY DONALD HANKEY. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



SOPHISTICATED lady said the other day when the editorials which a certain newspaper offers from time to time on religion came up for a moment's comment, "Yes, aren't they so—sweet and provincial? One feels they have the flavour of the Middle Ages". The comment was not meant to be unkindly. Clever visitors to our country smile at the seriousness with which many Canadians seem to take the church. "And you seem actually to make prohibition a religious, instead of an economic question. It's funny," said one. Another said, "I notice that mechanics and labourers and business men still go to church in Canada."

The fact remains. Whatever may have happened to the church in Europe during the last fifty years, the church is still a factor in Canadian life, accepting the devotions of large numbers of men and women. To quite a fifth of our Protestant population the church is a sort of fetish, infallible and sacrosanct. To at least a half of us it is an accepted and more or less respected institution. Not more than one-third of us would call it obsolete.

It is still the fashion for wealthy middle-class families in our cities to go at least once a Sunday to an accustomed pew for public worship. And our artisan class is not as yet by

any means wholly alienated from the church's precincts.

But through our long summers the automobile is getting in its work. The scarcity of fuel and inclement weather of this winter will teach many to believe it is easy to omit a Sunday observance which has always been a bit of a bore. And also we are developing in Canada something of that alert hard spirit which, instead of neglecting the church's services as duties more or less guiltily evaded, makes a religion out of antagonism to the church and all her offices. The church must certainly learn to number herself to-day among those institutions and phases of our national life, like our educational system, our literature, our industrial methods and organization, which stand subservient to the hour of change. She is like to be recast or repudiated. Her insipid prayer-meetings and droned services and innocent sermons are about to be overtaken by their Nemesis; the earnestness of large numbers of her clergy and the devotion of large sections of her membership stands to face severe question as to the validity and sufficiency of its objective.

For, to the observant eye, it must be an admitted truth that "the church", as far as Protestantism goes at least, despite the outward flourishes of Union movements and missionary enterprise, is not holding a dominating place in Canadian life. Increasingly it is true that the professional classes of our society in town and city have less and less vital connection with the church. In our cities,

among the people who are in "big business", or are literary or artistic or professional, the evening dinner on Sunday is being substituted for the evening service of public worship. The "church" is being left more and more to the care of those classes in our society who are becoming less and less satisfied with her pretensions. At present she does not hold within her doors either the richest or the poorest; and the middle-class folk are rather obviously going out.

This constitutes the "problem of the church" for all the interested in the situation. Literature is accumulating. There are those who argue for more theology, those who shout for less, those who want a "social" Gospel, those who plead for a "spiritual", those who contend frankly that the church as a vehicle of religion is obsolete, those who believe with conviction that she can never die.

Of this last, apparently, is the author of this interesting book, Lieutenant Donald Hankey, who is best known to us for his "A Student in Arms", and who gave up a bright life in France and here enters the group of those who argue about the "problem of the church". He reveals himself as a rather ardent churchman. Every now and then there is revealed on his pages that serene and final attitude which, because it is so ultimate and unquestioning, frequently makes the "C. of E." faith the admiration and the despair of those outside its communion. There is something very beautiful and at the same time slightly pathetic about Hankey's enthusiastic description of certain men's and boys' organizations of a (to the church) radical kind which finally (to the church) managed to justify themselves. There is in his citation of the incident and the manner of it, all the lovely naïveté of the confessed believer, mingled with the struggling ardours of the emerging iconoclast. This, one imagines, is just the state in which many Canadians find themselves today on the question of "the church

problem". Many are desperately trying to do things that they think will justify the church, thus confessing the desperateness of their misgivings. Hankey catalogues the shortcomings of the church with vigour and insight. But he still clings to the church as a religious vehicle, indeed as *the* religious vehicle of the Christian religion. The failure of the church, one cannot interpret him otherwise in this book, though his "A Student in Arms" might be taken to suggest a different conclusion, would mean the failure of Christianity. There are many to question this conclusion. There are many to urge that the church, since the time of Constantine, has not manifested the vital genius of Christianity, that all her so-called progress has been a missing of the way, that she has not given the Kingdom of God to men as Christ would have given it. On the other hand, of course, there are those who will contend that the church and her sacraments is religion, that without her and these, her offices, men and women lapse into "materialism" and death, that the measure of zeal for the church is the measure of zeal for Christ.

Hankey makes a contention that has become somewhat hackneyed in our ears of late. He contends for a "shortened Bible", less of controversy and organization, "fewer long kords, less philosophy, less mystery, more simple statement of vital and practical truth". He says on a certain page: "The Gospel in its practical bearings is simple enough."

For many minds statements and contentions like these will not settle "the problem of the church", but will rather serve only to indicate its acute aspects. Which may be regarded as progress of an acceptable kind.

It may be possible that "the church problem" of to-day is simply symptomatic of more or less of a crisis in our religious life. If so, any discussion of "the church problem" should be but as the by-product of the larger process of analysis and discovery

which must go forward, which will go forward whether we will or not, in the religious life of our generation. This being the case, it will matter little whether a man be churchman or dissenter; and the theology of a church denomination will be beside the point, as the literature of a religion will be beside the point if either is urged as solely sufficient or all exclusive. Churchmen and dissenters, denominations and sacred literatures, are all of them essentially by-products, phenomena produced and tossed up into visibility as the great quest goes on upon the earth. If we think in this way we shall be able to undertake without panic that eternal inevitable reconstruction of institutions and traditions which seems the natural method of man's progress.

Donald Hankey's little book is the book of a churchman, but a churchman with such a sincere approach and such a winning serious clarity that lovers of contributions to the problem will prize it. It is sold in Canada for sixty cents.

*

THE TREE OF HEAVEN

BY MAY SINCLAIR. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

ARE other people's children really as delightful as the children of Francis and Anthony Harrison? Our own children are, of course, but it surprises us and does us good to realize that, outside our own family, there may exist Michael and Nicky and Dorothea and John. Also the attitude of Francis Harrison to her flock of four makes us wonder if women have not forgotten a little how perfectly adorable children are? Haven't we been hearing a lot about responsibility lately and not so much about joy? Miss Sinclair's book almost inclines us to shift the emphasis.

This is in the first part of the story—the part where Francis and Anthony sit out under their tree of heaven (which Anthony always de-

clared was only an ash) and watch their three sons and one daughter growing up to fill their happy world. Later on, they find that sons and daughters have worlds of their own, worlds into which fathers and mothers cannot follow them. We see Michael and Nickie and Dorothea and John each growing into a separate world, a world created by the separate soul of each, and bound together by little save love and tolerance. Only after much turmoil do they evolve these worlds. At first it seems that the great swirl of pushing, sweating, restlessly striving humanity will drag them all under. Dorothea almost disappears in the vortex of the suffrage. Michael almost loses his soul through a frantic effort to save it. Nickie, who "doesn't care, but just goes on", is the safest of any of them, yet even he is in danger through the generous chivalries of his own nature.

Then comes the war. Miss Sinclair's study of the varying effects of the outbreak of war upon these varying natures is certainly a wonderfully fine thing. It will rank with "Mr. Brittling", if not even higher than he. It is honest, sincere and unstrained. We are not just told things—we are made to understand them. We know why Nickie leapt to the war, why Michael shrank from it, and why John took it all in his stride. We know why Dorothea, who sacrificed her lover upon the altar of woman's freedom, now sacrifices her love upon the altar of freedom for all mankind. We see how Francis and Anthony, who had not thought that they loved England at all, now find that they love her better than anything. We see them draw together in their emptying world.

Miss Sinclair is a lover of plain speech, so that anyone who believes that plain speech about certain facts of life should not be offered to young people will probably not pass this book along to their families. But we are growing out of that kind of prudery. Our need now is to discriminate

between speech which is free and clean and speech which is free and nasty. Miss Sinclair's freedom is of the clean kind.

Altogether "The Tree of Heaven" is a seriously fine book, a book with a soul, a book not unworthy of its importance as an exponent of the tremendous experience through which the war-scared world is passing.

*

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE writer of this entertaining chapter in troubled Russia's recent history reached that country shortly after the first revolution, when the Czar was compelled to abdicate, and remained for several months. Her account has been gleaned mainly from witnesses near the centre of things, and supplemented by her own experiences, it throws much light on happenings in topsy-turvy land. That Mrs. Dorr has lost some of her illusions is evident by her statement that she went to Russia "a Socialist by conviction, an ardent sympathizer with revolution", and that she returned "with the very clear conviction that the world will have to wait awhile before it can establish any co-operative milleniums, or before it can safely hand over the work of government to the man in the street".

*

THE SPELL OF CHINA

BY ARCHIE BELL. Boston: The Page Company.

FOR a decidedly fresh, chatty and informative travel book we commend this narrative of a tour in China. The author has a candid personal style of his own, and, seeing much, he gives his own impressions in sprightly style. Answering in his preface a question felt by many, How

much does a trip to China cost, he says, "\$1,500 to \$2,000 for five months". In other words, the tourist spends there about what he would spend in the United States.

There are many curious customs and scenes in China, and these are described in language not clouded by historical detail nor unfamiliar allusions. We have, for example, the chapter on "The Widows of Ah Cum", a delightful glimpse of Chinese domestic life. There are chapters on Shanghai, "The Paris of the Far East", on "Canton, the Incredible", on Tientsin—"An Oriental Berlin", and other equally fascinating topics.

*

SIX WOMEN AND THE INVASION

BY GABRIELLE and MARGUERITE YERTA. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is an account of life in the provinces of France that are occupied by the Germans, especially around Laon. It deals with the German occupation and the treatment that the civilian population there has received from the invading horde. Atrocities, brutalities and insults are related, but conditions do not appear to have been so bad as they were farther south, where the worst barbarities were suffered. There is an interesting introduction by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

*

TOMMY AND THE MAID OF ATHENS

BY JOSEPH HOCKING. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS prolific author of war-time fiction and characterization has a genius for depicting Tommy Atkins as he is when off duty, and one would suppose that that is as he really is or at least should be. His "Tommy" has had a tremendous sale, and this sequel, which is full of humour and incident, should be equally successful.

POEMS

BY CARROLL AIKINS. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

THE poetry of Carroll Aikins is not unknown to readers of this magazine, wherein some of it has appeared from time to time during the last few years. For that reason we shall not do more than announce the publication of the volume and quote from its contents:

GRAY SISTERS

She stood upon her life's tumultuous brink,
And all the happy seasons ran to meet
Her girlhood, and to gather at her feet
The flowers of youth, the blossoms white
and pink.

All deeds were hers, all thoughts, to do and
think,
All the unfashioned, all the endless sweet
Of love and life—these wove about her
feet
Their chain of years untarnished, link on
link.

And as she stood, still hesitant, a child
Unventured, unrevealed, the stainless vow
Of youth upon her young lips undefiled,
From the great outer emptiness there sped
Three passionless gray sisters of the dead
That kissed her on the eyes and lips and
brow.

*

MARCHING MEN

BY HELENA COLEMAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

CREDIT is due to the publishers for bringing out this volume of war-time verse by an author who though most favourably known as a poet in Canada is known abroad only to the discerning few. Among poets in Canada Miss Coleman has a place similar to the place of Alice Meynell in England. Her verse always is refined, lofty and of a fine, melodious quality. We quote "Oh, Not When April Wakes the Daffodils":

Oh, not when April wakes the daffodils,
And bob-o-links o'er misty meadows ring
Their fluted bells, and orchards fleeced with
spring,
Go climbing up to crown the radiant hills;
Not when the budding balm-o'-gilead spills
Its spices on the air, and lilacs bring
Old dreams to mind, and every living-thing
The brimming cup with fresh enchantment
fills.

Oh, bring not then the dread report of
death—
Of eyes to loveliness, forever sealed,
Of youth that perished as a passing breath,
Of hearts laid waste and agonies untold,
Where here in every sweet Canadian field
Are heaped such treasuries of green and
gold!

*

TO THE CANADIAN MOTHERS

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. Ottawa: Printed privately for the benefit of the Prisoners of War Fund.

THE poem which gives title to this volume is one of a collection of four which the author has devoted to a worthy purpose. All Mr. Scott's poetry possesses melody, rhythm, a beautiful conception, and much of it reveals a fine philosophical outlook: Why mourn the dead, that are the world's possession?

These, our immortals—shall we give them
up
To the complaint of private loss and dole?

We quote two of the three stanzas of "To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for His Country in France":

Tossed like a falcon from the hunter's
wrist,
A sweeping plunge, a sudden shattering
noise,
And thou hast dared, with a long spiral
twist,
The elastic stairway to the rising sun.
Peril below thee, and above, peril
Within thy car; but peril cannot daunt
Thy peerless heart: gathering wing and
poise,
Thy plane transfigured, and thy motor-
chant
Subdued to a whisper—then a silence—
And thou art but a disembodied venture
In the void.

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken
wings

Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,
A wreath of smoke—a breathless exhalation.

But ere that came a vision sealed thine
eyes,
Lulling thy senses with oblivion;
And from its sliding station in the skies
Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
To the sublime and purest radiance whence
it sprang.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

THE HAPPY ENDING

There is no more characteristic expression of American tastes than the bits of fiction which are found in many American newspapers. The first pages are full of unpleasant accidents, divorces, scandals, bank failures, crimes, abnormalities of every kind. They are facts, rather unpleasant facts, most of them. The editorial pages are full of scoldings and complaints and calls to duty. But somewhere tucked away in the back pages is fiction. It is always the same kind. Not a note of pessimism creeps in. There are trials, but there is poetic justice, quite different from the first-page kind. Virtue and industry are always triumphant after hardship and misunderstanding. The story takes the curse off the facts. Even a newspaper has to have a happy ending.—*Chicago Tribune.*

*

There had been a special preacher at the village kirk, and he had delivered a powerful sermon on behalf of a charity. As the congregation dispersed two old farmers walked off home, side by side, says *Answers*, "Weel, weel," said one slowly, "it was a graun' discourse—a graun' discourse!" "Ay, was it!" replied the other sadly. "He's a fine preacher! Mon, he's got a' the silver Ah hed in ma pocket! It's terrible expensive tae gang tae hear a preacher like thon." "Deed, an' a', it is!" agreed the first old farmer. "Git Ah've herd him afore. So or e'er I set oot this morn for the kirk, Ah took a' the money oot o' ma Sunday breeks!"

GREATLY INCENSED

A gentleman, rushing from his dining-room into the hall and sniffing disgustedly, demanded of Jeames, the footman, whence arose the outrageous odour that was pervading the whole house. To which Jeames replied:

"You see, sir, to-day's a saint's day, and the butler, 'e's 'igh church, and is burning hincense, and the cook, she's low church, and is burning brown paper to hobviate the hincense."

*

WHAT WAS SHE IN FOR?

A certain society lady who, delighted with a purchase of flowers which she had made, promised the florist that she would come the following Wednesday and buy five dollars' worth of flowers because, she explained, her daughter was coming out on that day.

"Oh, bless 'er," said the old lady in attendance. "She shall 'ave the very best bookay that money can buy. Might I ask what she was in for?"

*

AN IRISH RABBIT

Pat and Dan went out shooting one day with one gun between them. Pat had the gun, but it was not loaded, and they started a rabbit rather suddenly.

Pat put the gun to his shoulder, when Dan cried out:

"Hould on, Pat. The gun is not loaded."

"Och," said Pat, "hold your tongue, man. Shure the rabbit don't know that."



Children love it



Motor Lunches



Picnics



Afternoon Tea



Workmen's Lunches



Yachting Trips

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Where refreshments are needed, there you will find Ingersoll Cream Cheese first favorite.

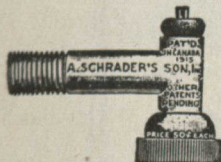


It is nutritious, tasty, convenient and economical.

At all Grocers, in 10 and 15c. packages.

Manufactured by
INGERSOLL PACKING CO. LTD.
INGERSOLL, ONT.

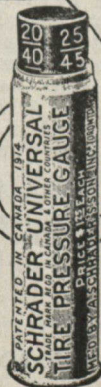
Schrader Universal.



**Schrader
Universal
Pump
Connection**

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

Price 50c



**Tire Pressure
Gauge**

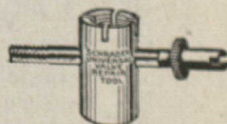
Measures the air in your tires. Tires maintained under the correct inflation last twice as long as tires run on haphazard pressure. A "Schrader Universal" Gauge means Tire Insurance.

Price \$1.50

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.

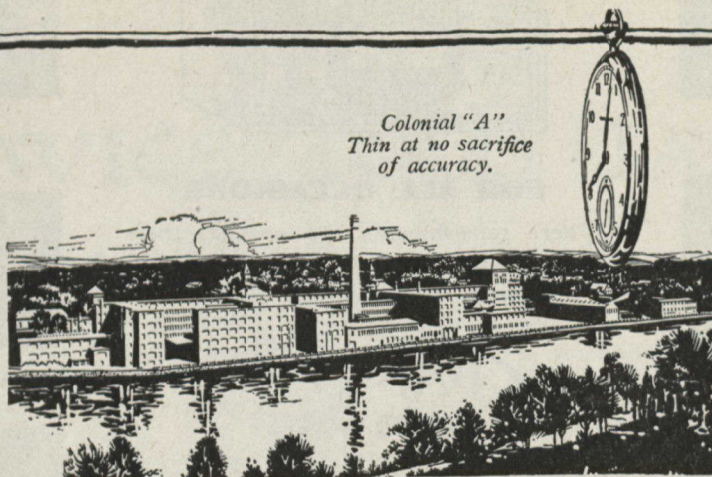
334 King Street East, Toronto



**Schrader
Universal
Valve
Repair Tool**

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

Price 35c



Colonial "A"
Thin at no sacrifice
of accuracy.

THE WALTHAM WORKS,
WALTHAM, MASS.

The Waltham Watch

BEFORE the establishment of the Waltham Watch Company in 1854, there was not a single factory in the world where a watch movement was made in its entirety.

The plates were fashioned in one place, the wheels elsewhere, and so forth. All the parts thus made by disconnected and non-standardized methods were finally assembled and cased somewhere else.

But with the advent of the Waltham Watch Company a

revolution in watch making took place.

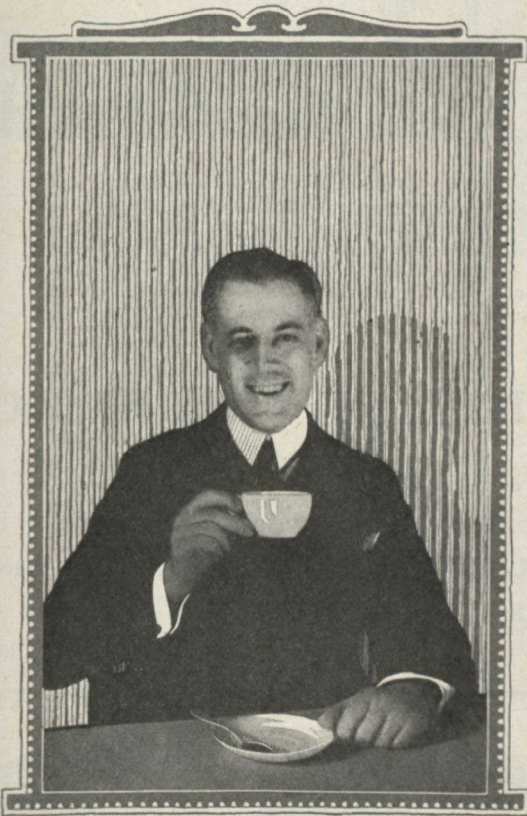
One of the first results of this Company's establishment was to produce better watches at a lower cost than were ever possible before. Watches ceased to be a luxury of the rich and became a convenience that all might possess.

Throughout the past sixty years, every gold medal awarded for watch merit has been awarded to Waltham.

So that there is a meaning full of significance in the name "Waltham" for any person who desires the most dependable timepiece that money can buy.

"Your Jeweler Will Show You."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
Montreal



*The
Enjoyment
Of a
Hot Cup
Is Doubled*

When you know that
present satisfaction
will not be followed
by regret.

Herein lies one great
charm of

Instant Postum

This splendid beverage is made from selected cereals and is appetizing and refreshing. No caffeine, no harmful ingredient whatever. It requires little sugar and there is no waste. Made in the cup, at table, instantly, without boiling.

In these days, when convenience and economy are particularly welcome,

“There’s a Reason” for POSTUM

Sold by Grocers everywhere!

The KELSEY All Over Canada

—is used in the finest city and country homes; the homes of prominent and wealthy folk; the homes of well known people; the homes of architects; the homes of heating and ventilating engineers and experts; the homes of university professors and writers on scientific heating; the homes of physicians and health officers; the homes of those who can afford the BEST and those best calculated to KNOW about heating apparatus. With those who have money, brains and scientific knowledge the evidence is overwhelming in favor of the

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

Look into the Kelsey before you buy a Heater. Let us show you just why Kelsey Fresh Air Heating is preferred to any other system by people who *investigate*.

WRITE FOR KELSEY LITERATURE

CANADA FOUNDRIES AND FORGINGS, Ltd.

JAMES SMART MFG. CO. BRANCH

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

WINNIPEG, MAN

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

THE ADVERTISEMENT WHICH WON THE \$1,000 PRIZE

Text of the Prize Winning Advertisement

"THE most marvelous machine can never be a person, but Thomas A. Edison, the inventive wizard, has at last mastered a human voice reproducing instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists.

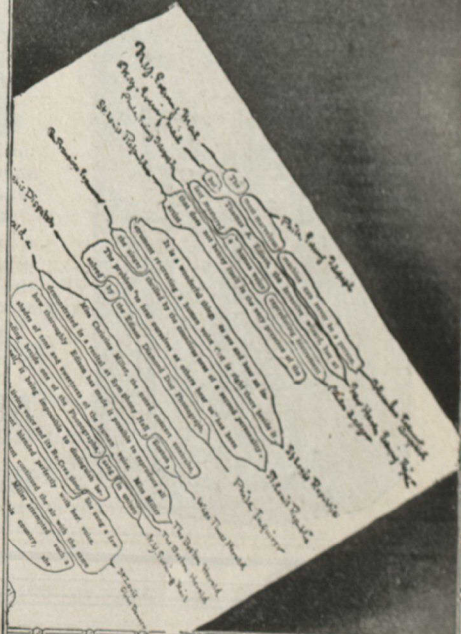
"It is a wonderful thing to see and hear an instrument Re-Creating a human voice that is right there beside it, the singer thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality. The problem 'to hear ourselves as others hear us' has been solved by the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

"Miss Christine Miller, the noted concert contralto, demonstrated in a recital at Symphony Hall, Boston, how thoroughly Edison has made it possible to reproduce all shades of tone and sweetness of the human voice. Miss Miller, standing beside one of the phonographs, sang in unison with herself, it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Re-Creation. She sang a few bars and the instrument blended perfectly with her voice. She ceased and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality. Had Miss Miller attempted such a concert in Salem, in the early days of this country, she would have been hanged for a witch.

"The large audience of music-lovers sat enthralled under the spell of the wizardry which reproduced a human voice, the most delicate violin tones and the blare of a brass band with such fidelity that no one, hearing also the same music at first hand, could tell which was the real. The instrument was a stock phonograph, intended solely for the home.

"Perhaps the artistic merit of Mr. Edison's invention can in no way so well be attested as by the fact that 600 members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston were present."

Earle Insley, Nantuet, N. Y.



IT is safe to say that no such advertisement as the above has ever appeared before. The man who received \$1000 for preparing this advertisement did not write a single word of it. The words were written by representatives of various newspapers, who after hearing a direct comparison between living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work, pronounced the Re-Creation in every case an exact counterpart of the original music. The music critics of approximately 1500 newspapers have described these remarkable comparisons and are unanimous in their favorable verdict. The prize-winning advertisement illustrated on this page is composed of extracts taken from newspaper accounts of these daring comparisons.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul!"

is positively the only sound reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the comparison described.

You owe it to yourself to hear the New Edison and to learn more about it. Our dealers will be glad to give you a complimentary concert. We shall be glad to send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, New Jersey.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS IN THE EDISON WEEK PATCHWORK ADVERTISEMENT CONTEST

- First Prize—\$1000**
Earle Insley, Nantuet, N. Y.
 - Second Prize—\$500**
Edward Crede, 337 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
 - Third Prize—\$250**
Jane P. Kelly, 318 S. Water St., Crawfordsville, Ind.
 - Fourth Prize—\$100**
Miss Leta Worrall, 1034 W. 17th St., Des Moines, Ia.
 - Fifth Prize—\$50**
Gordon Diver, 88a Girouard Ave., N. D. G., Montreal
 - Ten Prizes of \$10 Each**
- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Mrs. Florence Bassett | 430 N. Beaudry Ave., Los Angeles |
| Jesse G. Bourne | 513 Washington St., Olympia, Wash. |
| Miss Katharine Gost | 1203 Second Ave., Rock Island, Ill. |
| Harold H. Hertel | 56 Loomis St., Naperville, Ill. |
| Mrs. Ray Keegan | 407 Gore Blvd., Lawton, Okla. |
| Alphonse Kirchsner | 234 E. 3d St., Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Miss Vida Laughrey | 444 N. Market St., Okaloosa, Ia. |
| Mrs. A. E. Peterman | Theodore, Ala. |
| Miss Katharine Sartelle | 419 Sterling Pl., Madison, Wis. |
| Josephine A. Sheehan | 33 Gage St., Fitchburg, Mass. |



Edison Re-Creations should not be played and cannot be played properly on any other instrument. If they could be, the manufacturers who seek to profit by Mr. Edison's research work would be able to make tone test comparisons, such as we have made with the New Edison before two million music lovers.

Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



For Baby when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child had been reared on

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

For the Invalid and the Aged, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited

Sole Agents for Canada

191 St. Paul St. W.,
Montreal

30 Church St.
Toronto

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

8 Boys Are Fed on Quaker Oats

At the Cost of Feeding
One on Meat



Suppose we figure that 500 calories—the unit of nutrition—forms a proper breakfast for a boy.

In Quaker Oats those 500 calories cost less than three cents. And they come in the ideal boys' food—in the food that holds supreme place as a food for growth.

See what that same nutrition costs elsewhere.

In Quaker Oats 3 cts.	Potatoes	8 cts.
Meats and Eggs avg. 24 cts.	Mixed Diet	11 cts.

Cost comparisons are based on prices current at the time of writing

That is, a meat or egg meal averages 8 times the cost of Quaker Oats.

Even bread and milk costs about three times as much.

Yet the oat is our greatest grain food—twice as nutritious as round steak. No other grain can match it in flavor, in nutrition or in balance.

Use more Quaker Oats. Make it your basic food—the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods to save wheat and add a welcome flavor. That is the best way to lower the cost of living.

Quaker Oats

With a Flavor That Won the World

The love of flavor is the reason for getting Quaker Oats. These are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The result is a

wealth of flavor which has made this brand the favorite in a hundred nations. Yet it costs no extra price.

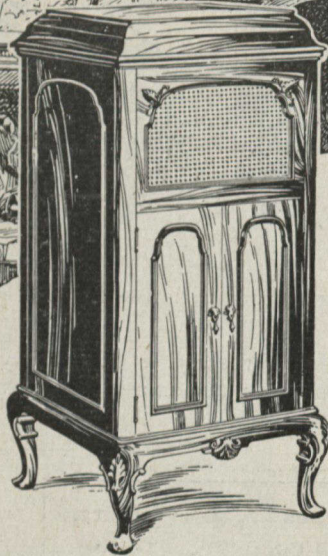
35c and 15c Per Package, Except in Far West

Peterborough,
Canada

The Quaker Oats Company

Saskatoon
Canada

1904



The style here illustrated is Queen Anne—a veritable objet d'art.

*Supreme
in Music—
Supreme in Design*

IT is fitting that the Pathephone, which has attained such signal superiority in musical and mechanical directions, should also lead the way in the beauty of its appearance.

Exquisite examples of furniture periods most famous in history have been selected as the models for the Pathé Period Cabinets. The result is a collection of instruments unique and beautiful that will harmonize perfectly with the most exclusively furnished home.

THE Pathephone plays with a genuine polished Sapphire Ball which never requires changing, instead of a scratchy, scraping needle which has to be changed after every record. The Sapphire Ball is part of the Pathephone equipment. It never wears out and Pathe Records are guaranteed to play over 1000 times without wearing.

The Pathephone music is wonderfully clear and natural.

Do You Know—

The Pathephone plays all makes of records as well as Pathe records.

Pathe repertoire includes the cream of the world's best music.

The Pathephone is a combination of French inventive genius and Canadian manufacturing brains.

The Pathephone costs no more than ordinary phonographs.

WRITE FOR THE PATHE ART CATALOGUE



Pathephone



THE PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

4-6-8 Clifford Street - TORONTO, Ontario.

1004 New Birks Building, Montreal

FAIRY SOAP



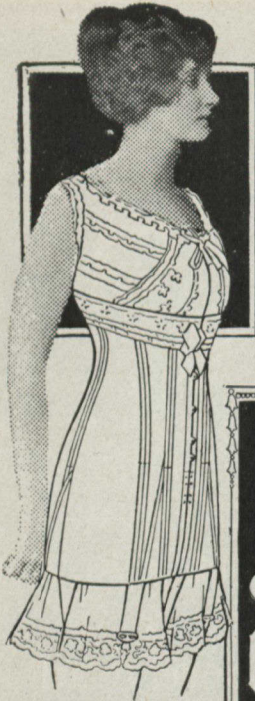
Mild and agreeable in its cleansing qualities, Fairy Soap is most refreshing to use in toilet and bath.

The pure, floating, oval cake is found in the homes of particular people everywhere.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED MONTREAL

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"





No 624

GRACE

Grace is added even to a charming slight figure by the D & A Corset No. 624. Like all D & A's it is made in Canada and fitted on living Canadian models. It has the "chie" of the best French corsets but sells at half the price. There is a D & A to suit every figure.

DOMINION CORSET CO.

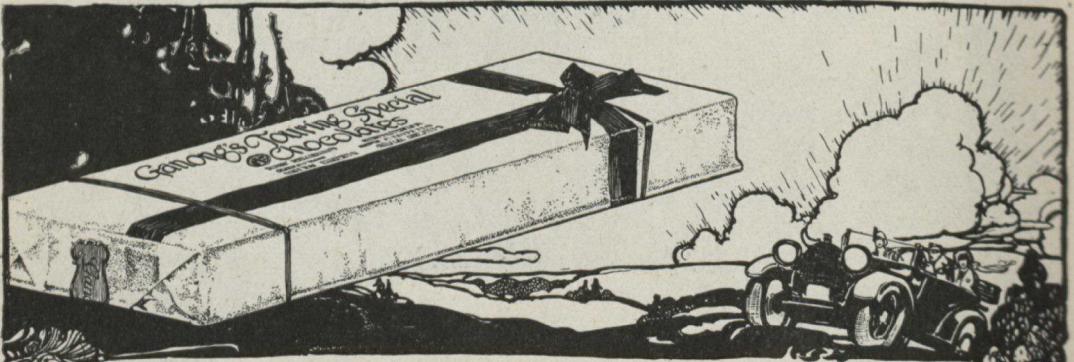
Makers also of the La Diva Corsets and the D & A "Good Shape" Brassières 7.17
Ask your corsetière.

NON RUSTABLE

D & A

CORSETS

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC—MONTREAL—TORONTO



THE NEW BIG FLAT BOX
Ganong's Touring Special

An Assortment of Chocolate Covered—Brazil Nuts, Burnt Almonds, Nougatines, Milk Chocolates, Almontinos and Maple Walnuts

Ganong's  **Chocolates**

It's the best yet!



Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.



Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Walkerville, Ont.

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Organdie
Note Paper
Envelopes
Papeteries
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Barber-Ellis
Limited

Toronto - - Canada

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French Organdie

is used by hundreds of women to-day because it carries with it that much desired touch of refinement.

Your next letter paper should be French Organdie.

Ask your Stationer for it.

25-1-18



CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP

will do more than satisfy children's craving for "something sweet" — it will supply them with a wholesome food.



Dealers everywhere have

"Crown Syrup" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins and "Perfect Seal" Quart Jars.

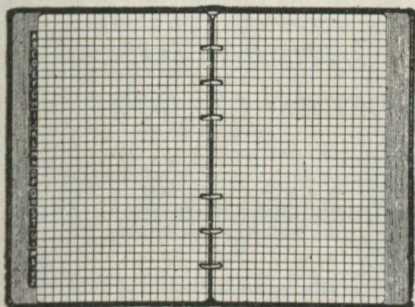
Write for free Cook Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED,
MONTREAL. 29

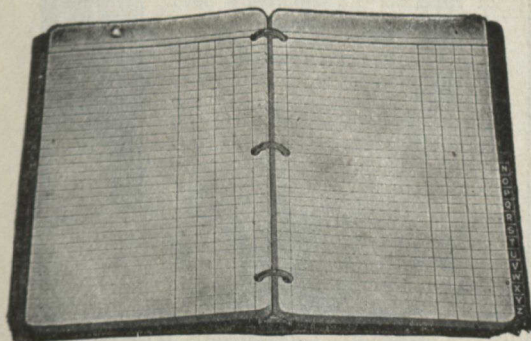
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BREAKFAST
PURITY
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SOLD IN
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—how Mrs. Knox has made delicious dishes from “left-overs” that used to be thrown away.

DON'T throw away those odds and ends, those little dabs of left-overs—save them! You can use them to make many truly appetizing dishes by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Mrs. Knox has devoted a great deal of time to working out dozens of attractive recipes for made-over dishes with the chief idea of helping you to save the left-overs that would ordinarily be thrown away.

The results of her work are contained in her new book, “Food Economy”—a book that contains 138 recipes and many suggestions for worth-while household economies that will help patriotic housewives to practice real war-time economy.

Do not fail

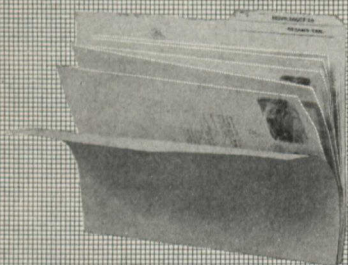
to send for this book. It is free. A post card request will bring it to you if you mention your dealer's name and address.



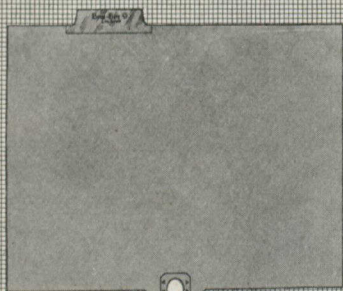
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 Dept. B, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.

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GELATINE

OFFICE SPECIALTY FILING SYSTEMS



THE FOLDER.



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THE CABINET.

ORGANIZATION *depends on you*

Any clerk can *run* your filing system; that's simply routine.

But it's up to you to *organize* it—see that it's *fundamentally* right.

Out in the factory you *organize*—to avoid delays, to reduce waste time to a minimum.

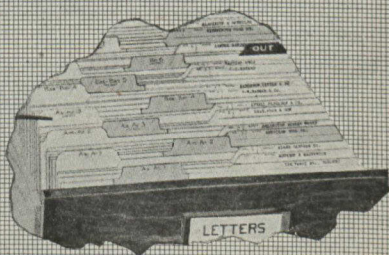
The only difference between office and factory routine is one of function—for *efficiency* both depend on organization.

The *known value* of factory organization is brought to you, with all its advantages, in the Direct Name System—a simple, speedy and errorproof way of filing and finding business papers. Send *to-day* for descriptive folder.

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DIRECT NAME FILING
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**As good as the
Finest Imported
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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.

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SPECIAL PALE DRY
**GINGER
ALE**

is only one of the many delicious beverages, put up under the

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Belfast Style Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour, Cream Soda, Lemonade, Orangeade, Special Soda.

Order a case from your dealer. 517

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs

"Used while you sleep"

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresoline relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresoline is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed. Cresoline's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggist. Send for descriptive booklet

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, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortland St., N. Y. or Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada



The Real Efficient Lamp

for Factories Twenty-four hours of sunlight—or its closest equivalent—are possible to the manufacturer who equips his plant with

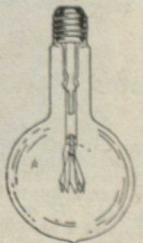


They represent the latest development of the tungsten bulb—a tungsten filament burning in nitrogen gas. Less current—longer utility—greater candle-power per watt than any other type of lamp.

Decide to-day that Laco Nitro Lamps shall cut your cost and increase your plant's efficiency!

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**For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—
We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You
That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding
Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and that It Is**

Sent On Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out the free coupon below and mail to-day. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience—If ruptured, write him to-day, at Marshall, Mich.

Child Cured in 3 Months

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 19, 1914
11 Richardson St.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks—Just a line to let you know your Appliance has completely cured our little boy and we are very well pleased with it. We had it on him for about three months, and since he has had it off the rupture has not showed at all.

Yours truly,
MRS. G. SUDDABY.

Ruptured 22 Years; Now Cured

East Sherbrooke, Que.,
Jan. 27, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks:
Dear Sir,—I am very glad to hear from you, and happy to be able to tell you that my rupture was cured some time ago by your Appliance. I now need no truss after twenty-two years of torture.

Yours truly,
G. E. LEMAY.

Cured Me Completely

Perth Centre, N.B., April 26, 1914.
Mr. C. E. Brooks:

Dear Sir.—I received your letter regarding the Appliance you sent me. It was a complete success and now I don't know that I ever had a rupture. It has cured me completely and I thank you very much for it.

Very truly yours,
REV. H. A. SISSON.

Wouldn't Take \$100 for Appliance

Cranworth, Ont.

Dear Mr. Brooks—I am pleased to write you and let you know what your Appliance has done for me, I think I am all right now, as I have not seen the first sign of it since last fall. I can now run, jump and lift all I like and I would not take \$100 for it if I could not get another. I do not wear it except when at hard work. Your Appliance is just as good as ever. You can use this letter as you like for the benefit of others.

Yours sincerely,
GEO. KENNEDY.

Rupture Thoroughly Healed

Ingersoll, Ont., Feb. 6, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks:
Perhaps you will be interested in hearing what your Appliance has done for me. I know without doubt that my rupture has thoroughly healed after a term of sixteen years' suffering, and I attribute my restored and healed condition to the wearing of your Appliance, which held the bowel firmly and painlessly during the healing process. I have not worn it for months—neither do I feel in need of it.

Yours truly,
F. C. NOXON.

TEN REASONS WHY

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
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5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitation in sending free coupon to-day.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks,
180 State St. Marshall, Mich.
Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

Province

MURAD

**THE
CIGARETTE**

15¢

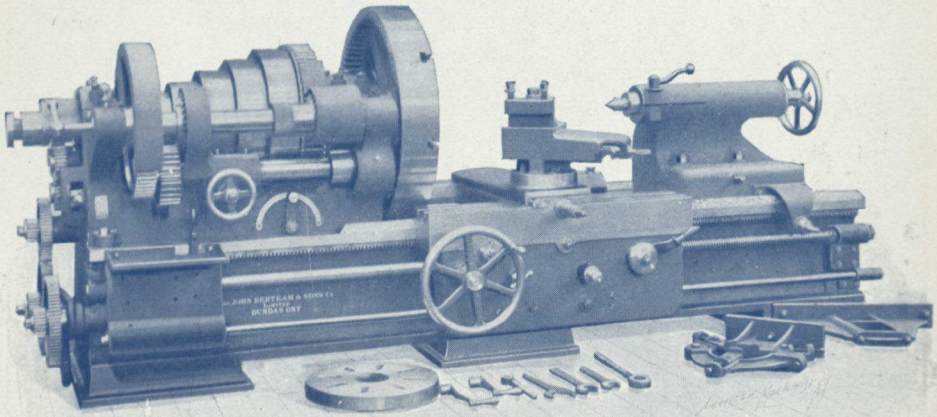


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Why?*

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MACHINE TOOL EQUIPMENT FOR
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The John Bertram & Sons Co., Limited

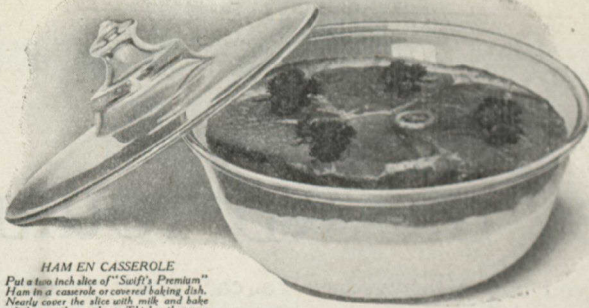
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MONTREAL

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HAM EN CASSEROLE
Put a two inch slice of "Swift's Premium" Ham in a casserole or covered baking dish. Nearly cover the slice with milk and bake a little more than an hour. Thicken the gravy and serve. An unusually delicious dish.



Taste it once and you will serve it often

You would know what gives "Swift's Premium" Ham its flavour if you could see how carefully each ham is selected and prepared, how each one is smoked just the right length of time over fragrant hickory fires until all its spicy sweetness, its delicious flavour is brought out.

Have "Swift's Premium" Ham cooked in this way for dinner to-night. Or serve it your favorite way. At once your family will notice how unusually delicious it is.

"Swift's Premium" Ham
 Swift Canadian Co.

Limited
 Winnipeg

Toronto

Edmonton



ONE thing you'll enjoy in Moir's Chocolates—aside from their strict purity—is the hundred or more different centres that tempt taste in a constant succession of pleasant surprises.

Toothsome nuts, dainty jellies, luscious fruits,—
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MOIR'S Chocolates

Made by MOIR'S, LIMITED, HALIFAX, CANADA



New Series BABY GRAND TOURING

When you buy a heavy car, you roll your dollars away.

When you buy a cheaply constructed car, you roll your dollars away. When you buy an under-powered car, you roll your dollars away.

Buy wisely—and save your dollars.

Buy a Chevrolet. Your investment lasts. "Baby Grand" Touring Car has been called the ideal motor-car investment.

You secure the fullest value for your money. You purchase

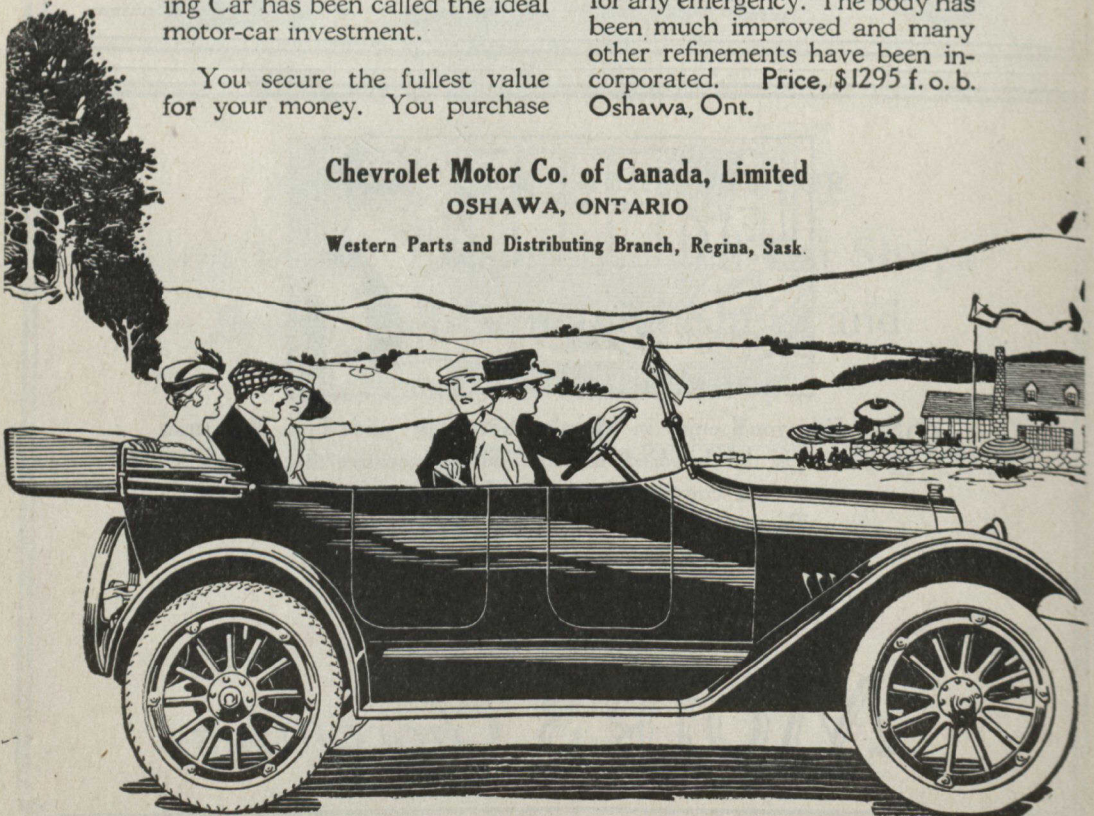
a car which possesses power, mechanical dependability, good looks, and all essential appointments—a thoroughly trustworthy automobile. And it seats five passengers.

There are thousands of the earlier model in use. They have given uniform satisfaction. The new model, if anything, is more popular than the previous types.

The motor furnishes you power for any emergency. The body has been much improved and many other refinements have been incorporated. Price, \$1295 f. o. b. Oshawa, Ont.

Chevrolet Motor Co. of Canada, Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Western Parts and Distributing Branch, Regina, Sask.





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Record Output

¶ There is right now a tremendous demand for Dunlop Tires—"Traction," "Special," "Plain"—and this makes our record output merely the incentive to greater efforts.

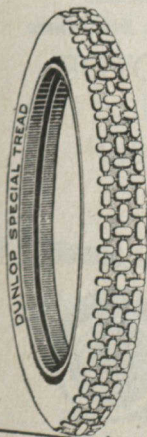
¶ Here, then, we have in a nutshell the attitude of Canadian auto owners. Despite their being besieged on every side with higher charges for merchandise in general, these motorists see plainly that, High Cost of Living or Low Cost of Living, they *cannot afford* to forsake Dunlop Quality at a just price merely to try and better Dunlop prices with the *attendant risk* of uncertain quality.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited

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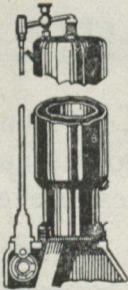


"SPECIAL"

DUNLOP

"TRACTION"

PRACTICAL ECONOMY OF **McLAUGHLIN** VALVE-IN-HEAD



Design of Cylinder of **McLAUGHLIN** VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR

There are three types of motors used in motor cars:

1st. Motors having valves in the head or directly over the piston ends as in the McLaughlin motor.

2nd. Motors with valves in a side chamber called an "L" head motor.

3rd. Motors with one valve in each of two side chambers called a "T" head motor.

The advantage of the valve-in-head motor is daily more fully recognized. It has no valve pockets. It has less water-jacketed space than any other type of motor. It clears itself quickly and completely of dead gases after each power stroke. It is the most efficient and powerful of gasoline motors.

The number of miles per gallon is an important item always—and especially when the cost is high.

Owners of McLaughlin cars get the greatest gasoline mileage due to the valve-in-head principle of motor construction.

Many owners of our E-4-35 get as high as 25 miles per gallon, and owners of E-6-45 model frequently get 22.

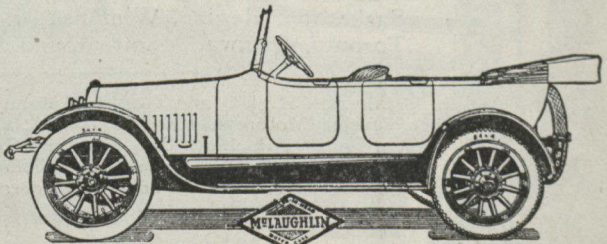
This reduces the motoring cost to Canadians who buy Canada's Standard Car.

Send for Catalogue of New 1918 Series "E"

Branches in Leading Cities

Dealers Everywhere

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR
CAR CO., Limited
 OSHAWA, ONTARIO



MODEL E-SIX-45 SPECIAL VALVE-IN-HEAD TOURING CAR

"Branches in Leading Cities, Dealers Everywhere."

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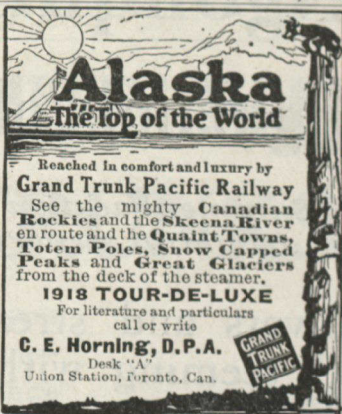
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Reached in comfort and luxury by Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

See the mighty Canadian Rockies and the Skeena River en route and the **Quant Towns, Totem Poles, Snow Capped Peaks and Great Glaciers** from the deck of the steamer.

1918 TOUR-DE-LUXE

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C. E. Horning, D.P.A.
Desk "A"
Union Station, Toronto, Can.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.

FOR RHEUMATISM THE PARK
Mount Clemens, Michigan

VERMONT

COLD SPRING CAMPS

12 cabins, modern improvements, on wooded shore of Forest Lake, 5 lakes, Trout & Salmon, Garage, C.N. Quimby Forest & Averill Lks, Averill, Vt. Write for booklet & rates

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And please enclose postage for our reply.

Westclox

Westclox is Big Ben's family name. Westclox is a name an alarm clock is proud to bear. Westclox is a mark of quality.

All Westclox must earn the right to wear it. Like Big Ben, they must be as good all through as they look outside.

The Western Clock Co. makes each

one in the patented Westclox way—a better method of clock making. Needle-line pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. Westclox run on time and ring on time.

That's why Westclox make good in the home; that's why these clocks have so many friends.

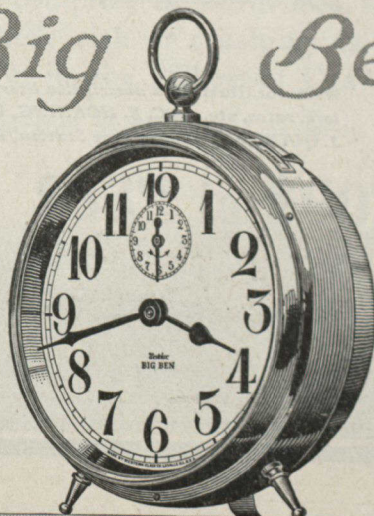
Your dealer has them. Big Ben is \$4.00. Or, sent prepaid, the same price, if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox

Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Meow—Bingo

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

Big Ben



A Westclox Alarm



Algonquin Park Highlands of Ontario

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1500 lakes, rivers and streams—crystal clear and teeming with game fish.

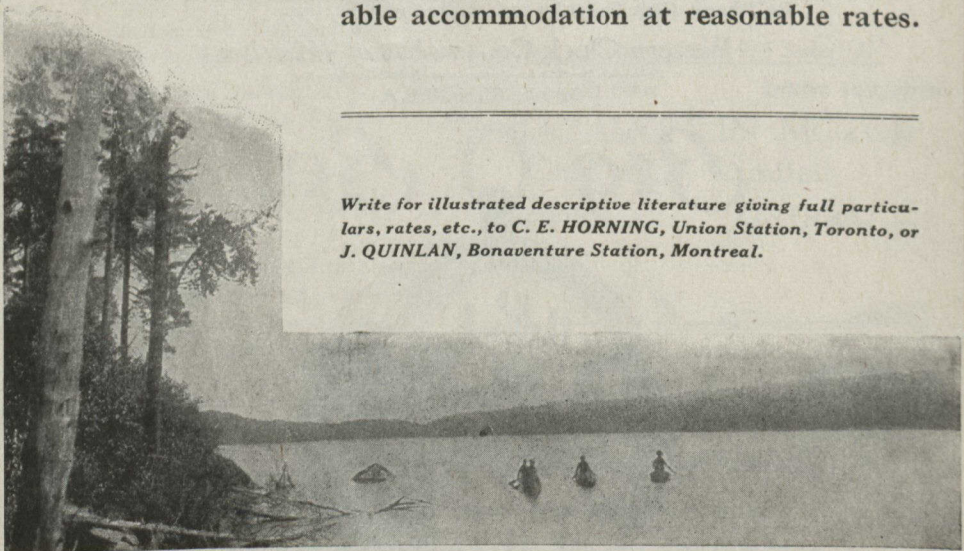
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2000 feet above sea level.

A resort for the refined.

The "HIGHLAND INN" affords fine hotel service; Camps "NOMINIGAN" and "MINNESING" offer novel and comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates.

Write for illustrated descriptive literature giving full particulars, rates, etc., to C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto, or J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.



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Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the ‘Rite-Hite’ Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the “hangers” or in the “Chest of Drawers” in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)



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CANADIAN PACIFIC to Detroit—
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IMMEDIATELY after the closing of the last big Liberty Loan drive; hundreds of bankers, brokers and business men packed their grips and took to the near-by resorts, golf courses, etc., for a vacation extending from one week to a month.

This is an object lesson. It does not pay a man to keep his nose to the grindstone all the time.

It will not pay the United States and Canada to have their business men sap their vitality by overwork without a chance to recuperate.

Spend Your Summer In the **GREAT PACIFIC NORTHWEST, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA**

The trip itself will broaden your conception and give you increased knowledge of the extent and resources of your own country.

SEE THE MARVELOUS GROWTH of its Big Industries, and Learn Something of its WONDERFUL NATURAL RESOURCES

Take your family with you so that in their company you may renew your health and vigor for the strenuous days that are to come.

It will not help to win the war for you and others like you to forego your vacation. You cannot work at high pressure all the time. You need fresh scenes, new inspirations. Therefore,

ENJOY A FEW WEEKS IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST OUT OF DOORS

For you will find that in getting into the great big places of the Pacific Northwest, on its mountain tops, in its great valleys beneath, along its two thousand miles of coast line, sailing its three thousand miles of inland seas, playing on its half a hundred evergreen golf links, fishing its splendid rivers and turbulent trout streams, in the most perfect, sunny, cool climate in the world, you and your family will gain a new grip on life and be ready for all the extra responsibilities and better equipped to help in the work that is necessary to win the war.

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The Cecilian Concertphone

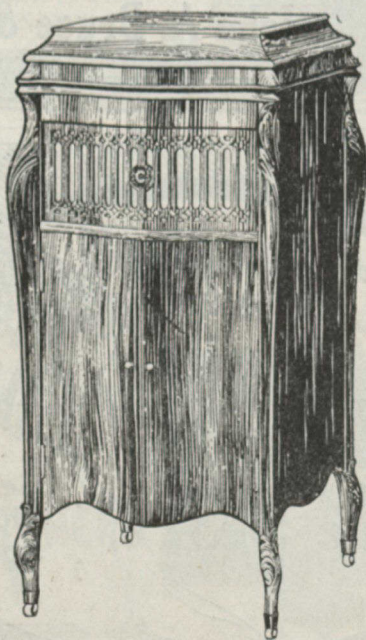
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There is always one emphatic trait in national character, one outstanding man in a multitude, one distinctive feature in a landscape, one instrument which stands out so prominently from its fellows, that it overtops them individually.

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Soft, sweet, alluring quality of tone, changing instantly to the bolder fortissimo with no confusion of tone waves, no blasting, clear vibrant and free—absolute fidelity of re-creation—no loss of harmonics, these are distinctively **Cecilian Concertphone** characteristics.



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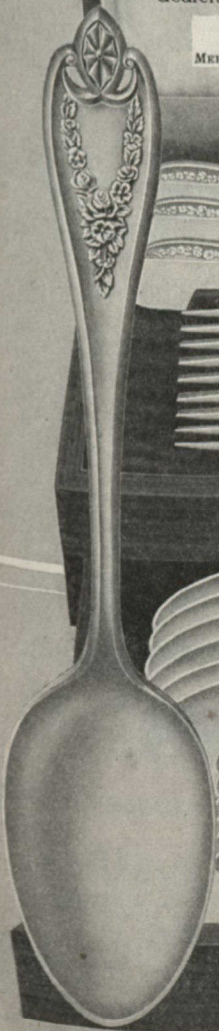


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If she buys:

Butter at 50c. per lb.,	1,000	calories	will	cost	13	cents
Bacon at 55c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	19	"
Milk at 13c. per qt.,	"	"	"	"	18.5	"
Roast Beef at 26c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	23.4	"
Lamb Chops at 38c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	32.7	"
Chicken at 32c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	41.3	"
Eggs at 45c. per doz.,	"	"	"	"	44.7	"
Beefsteak at 34c. per lb.,	"	"	"	"	45.6	"
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes (ready to serve)	"	"	"	"	11.7	"

So Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is the most economical food to buy. You get more food value for your money than in any of the above foods.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is a three-times-a-day food—just as bread or potatoes are.

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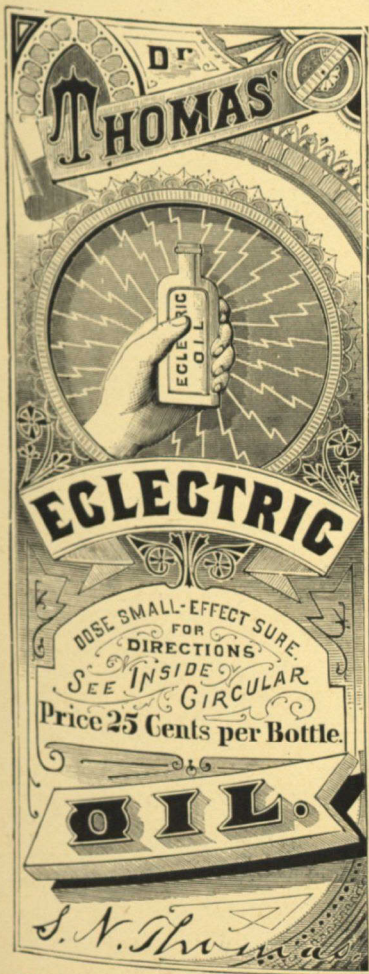
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Buy a bottle to-day and have it ready.

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THE THINKER

A man in a brown suit is sitting on a ledge, leaning forward with his chin resting on his hand. He is looking down at a city below. The city is filled with buildings of various heights and colors, including a prominent white dome. The man's expression is one of deep thought.

Men who command
great enterprises
first master them-
selves, for food
and drink largely
define character.
Grape-Nuts
is a master food
for thinkers

"There's a Reason"

Adapted from Rodin's
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