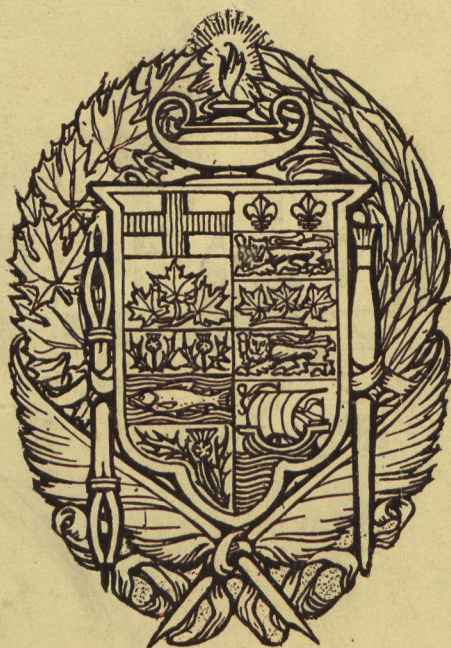


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THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

February, 1914

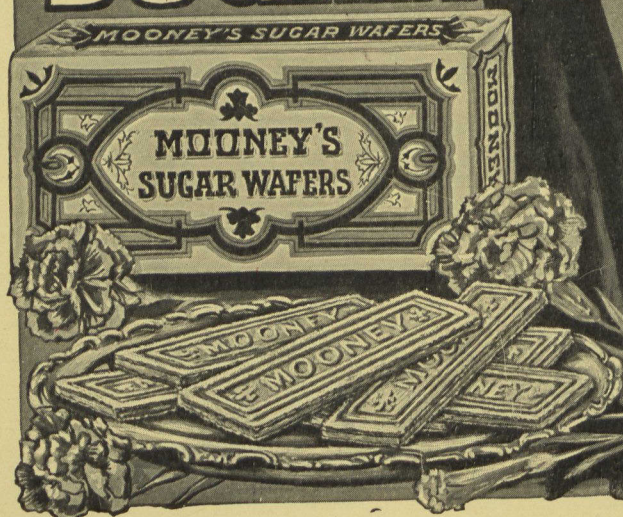


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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLII

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By W. McD. Tait. There is building at the present time at Cardston, Alberta, a huge Mormon Temple, which will be both the head and heart of Mormonism in Canada. Mr. Tait has had exceptional opportunities for studying its form and arrangement in keeping with the peculiar demands and rites of a somewhat mysterious sect.

A CONTRAST IN ACADIANS

By W. C. Gaynor. The Rev. Mr. Gaynor, who is a teacher in St. Joseph's Seminary, at St. Benedict, Louisiana, in this article identifies the Acadians of Louisiana as blood relations of the Acadians of Ancient Acadia—Nova Scotia. As he is personally acquainted with several branches of these people, his comparisons and contrasts are decidedly interesting and valuable.

THE WELSHMAN AT HOME

By Frank Yeigh. A pleasant ramble through one of the most charming parts of the British Isles, telling how the Welshman lives at home, what he does in his every day life, with beautiful photographs taken by the author.

ON THE LITTLE SLAVE RIVER

By Mrs. Arthur Murphy, in which an arrow is successfully spent to dispel the fallacy that no questions are asked in the bush. Mrs. Murphy shows that questions can be rained down upon one and that a woman in the North Country is overwhelmed with gallantry. This is the fifth of Mrs. Murphy's racy sketches.

NORMAN ANGELL: PACIFICIST

By Main Johnson. A remiuiscent personal sketch of the author of "The Great Illusion." This article is the result of a number of conversations and meetings with this great peace advocate.

THE TRAPNELL COLLECTION

By Phil. Ives. This is a story of a man and his hobby, the hobby of collecting Bristol pottery and porcelain. It took Mr. Trapnell about forty years to make his collection of this extremely rare ceramic, the history of which Mr. Ives reviews. The article is well illustrated.

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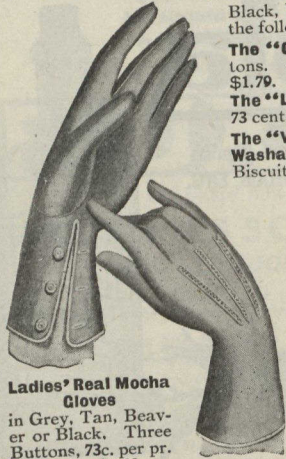
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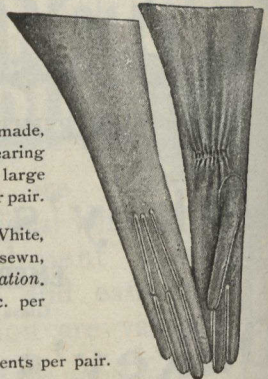
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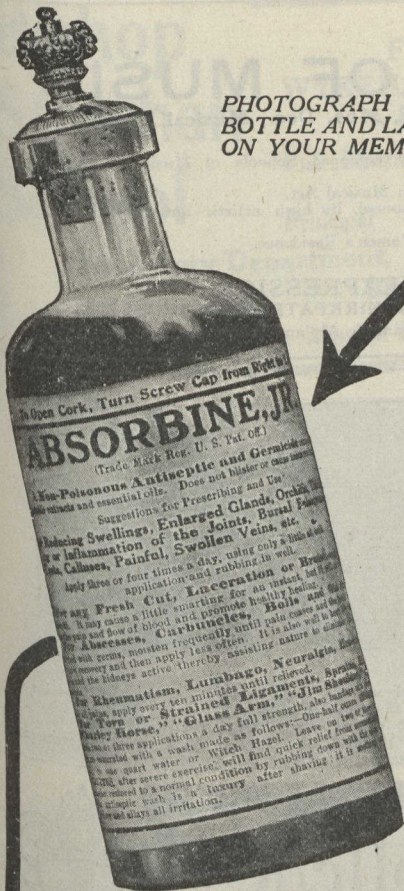
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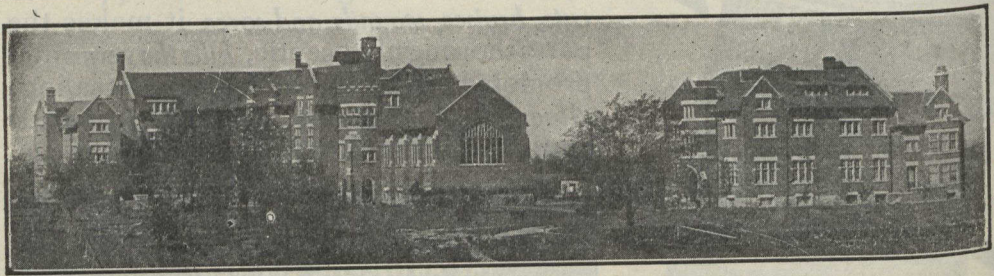
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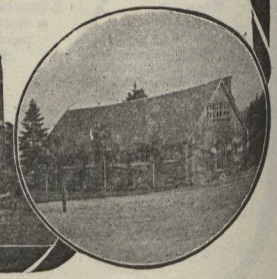
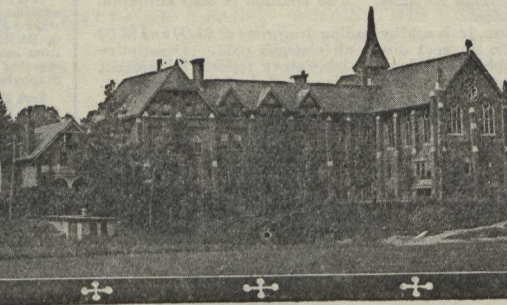
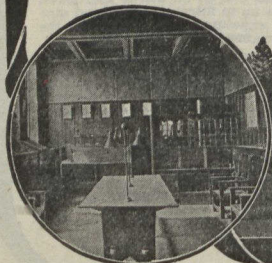
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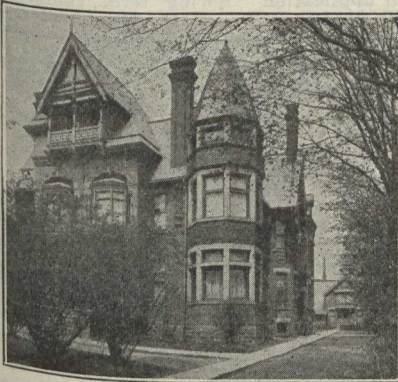
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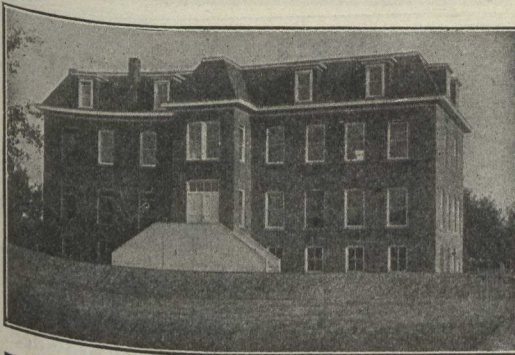


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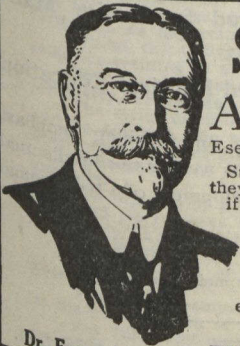
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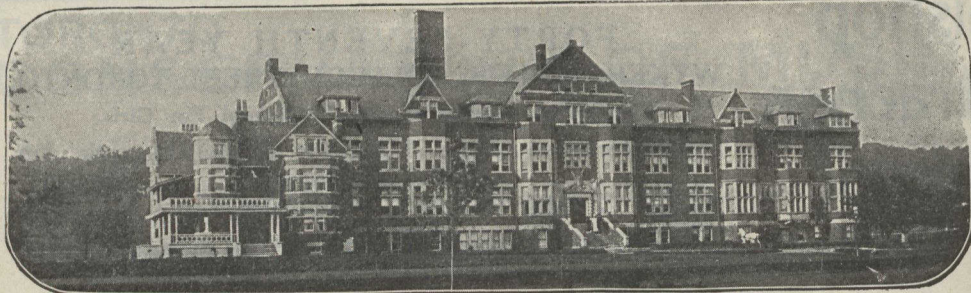
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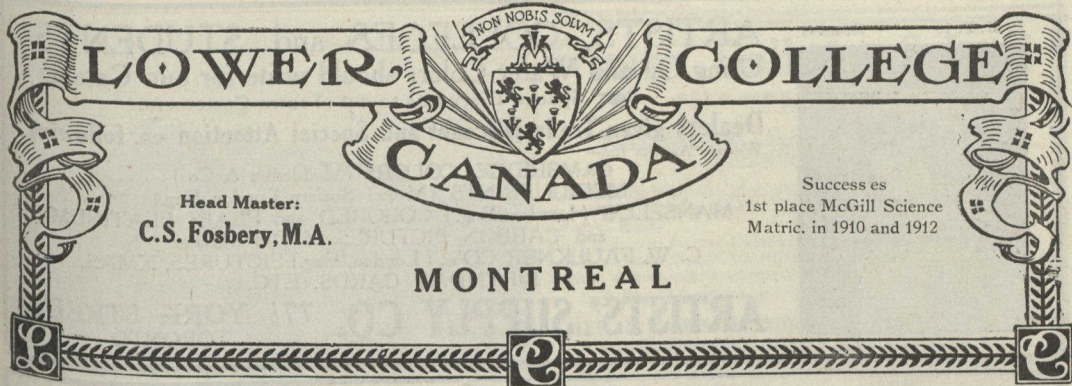
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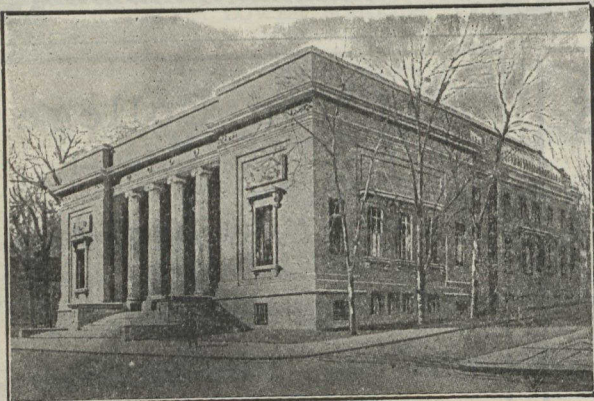
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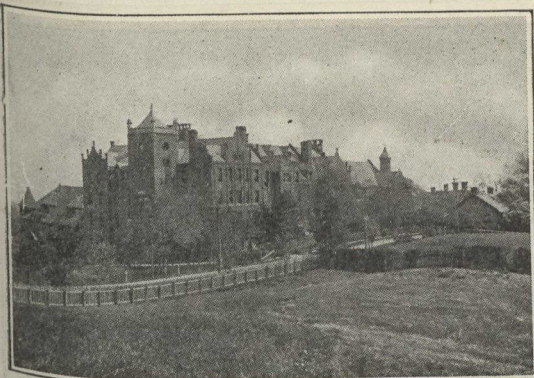
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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of the Navy Service, Ottawa.

Department of the Naval Service,
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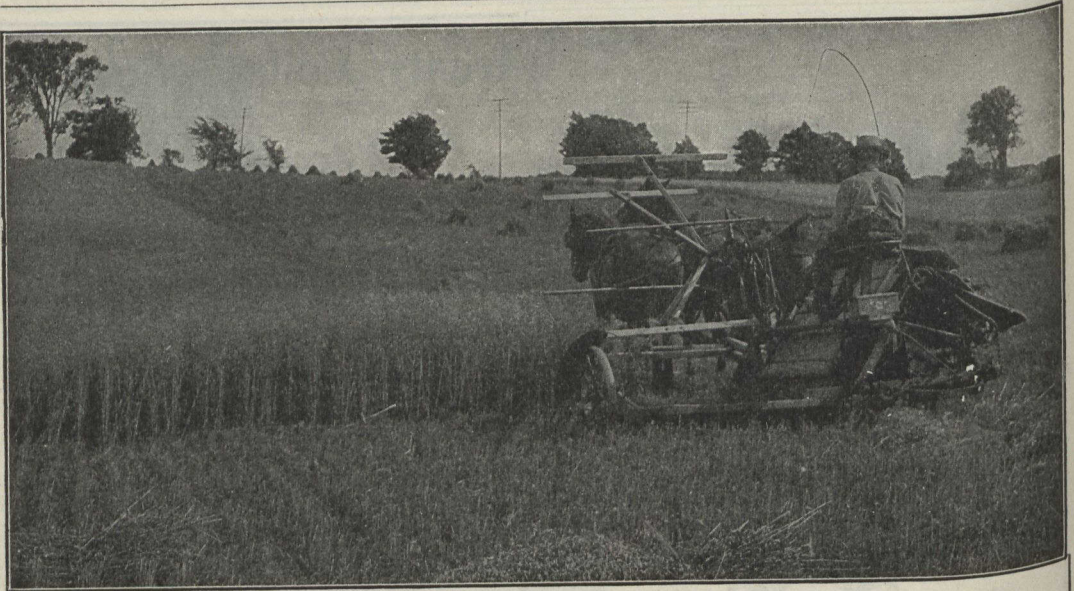
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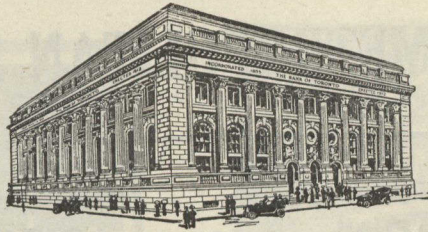
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Deposits - -	\$26,879,805	\$43,306,595
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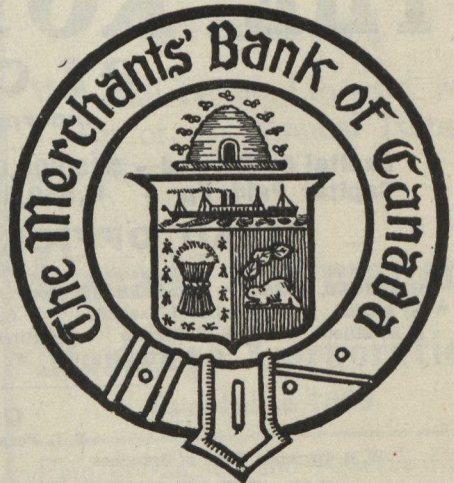
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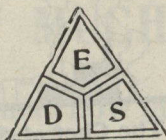
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE GLASS VASE

From the Painting by John Russell.



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLII

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 4

LOUISBOURG TO-MORROW

BY BECKLES WILLSON

AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC", "THE ROMANCE OF CANADA" ETC.

[Editor's Note: In the following article Mr. Beckles Willson for the first time presents a concrete scheme for the restoration, or rather the continued preservation, of one of our great national shrines, whose present condition constitutes a national reproach. It need hardly be added that the plan has the approval of many of the leading public men in Canada. The accompanying photographs taken by the author show the present condition of the chief features of Old Louisbourg.]

"OH, no, sir, I think you must be mistaken—General Wolfe dined in this house on the 27th. He sent in provisions to the Governor and took Mme. Drucour in to dinner. He, and not General Amherst, was the first to enter the town—by the Dauphin Gate after the surrender. He came in with Captain Bell. The first of the garrison to salute him was a French sergeant named Aubert, who had been sent by the Commandant to stand by the gates for that purpose."

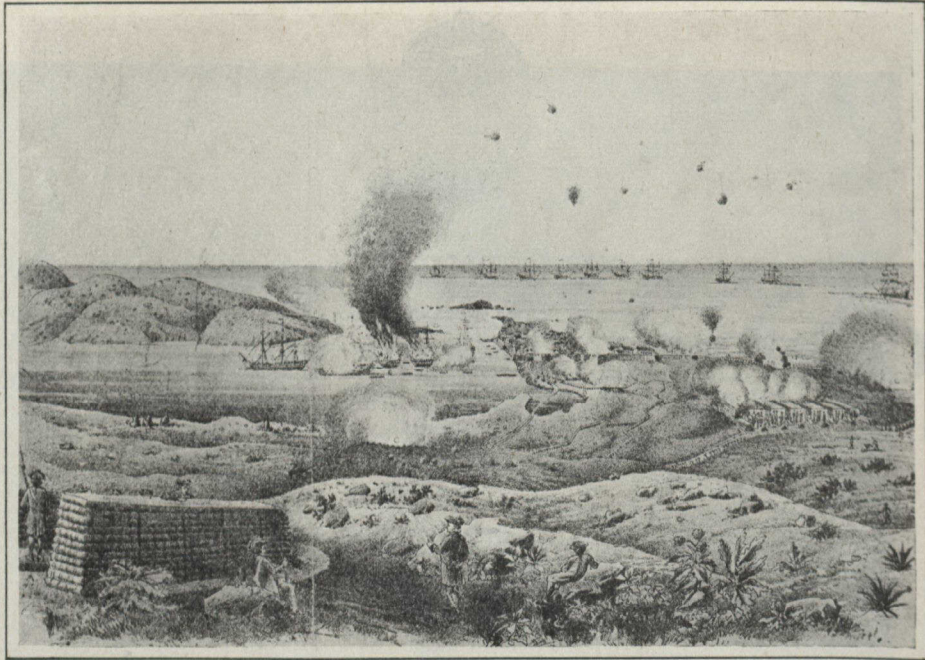
My interlocutor and guide was a young woman of perhaps two-and-twenty, and we stood on the highest acclivity of what had been the chief street of the vanished city of Louisbourg, the wide pale stretches of foam-flecked beach behind us.

"You see, I was born here and I lived here nearly all my life, and so

did my father and his father. I have always tried to know everything about the story of old Louisbourg—bit by bit—just as it happened. My grandfather, who was born in 1809, and lived until the year after I was born, knew Aubert himself and many of the soldiers who destroyed the walls and bastions. When I was a very little girl it was quite real to me. I always think of myself as living in a city." She laughed. "A Boston gentleman gave me Mr. Parkman's book when I was twelve: but already I knew things that were not in that book at all. There are some families of fishermen about here who are descended from the French and English soldiers who were in the last siege. Sometimes—" She paused.

"Yes?" I prompted curiously.

"Sometimes I have had the most wonderful dreams. I dream about



THE SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG, 1758

From the Drawing (now at Woolwich Arsenal) made on the spot by Lieutenant T. Davies

things that are not written in the books. I seem to see all the houses and people just as they were then—as if I had seen them with my own eyes. Can you understand? A gentleman from Sydney wanted to know how I knew all about the uniforms of the regiments—what General Amherst or Admiral Boscawen wore when they came to Madame Drucour's dinner-party. Well, I told him I had dreamt it, and he laughed and said I had somehow dreamt right. I told him about Wolfe. Now, the only full-length picture I had ever seen of Wolfe shows him landing at Louisbourg. In the picture he is drawn about middle-size. I told him that was all wrong—that Wolfe was very tall. 'How do you know that?' he said. 'Because whenever I have seen Wolfe jumping out of the boat at Kennington Cove, he was enormously tall and thin—taller and thinner in his body—not his face—than anyone I had ever seen.' 'That's so,' he

said. 'Wolfe—according to the undertaker who laid out his body—was exactly six feet, three inches—taller than Washington and nearly as tall as Lincoln.'

It was in the company of just such an unparalleled cicerone as this that I made a mid-summer perambulation of the site and amongst the vestiges of the costliest and one of the two most notable strongholds of the New World. How is it possible, one perpetually asks oneself, that the ground of Louisbourg, with all its Homeric record of strife and valour, should be overtaken by such utter neglect? Few visitors ever repair hither, and yet it cannot be only its remoteness that prevents it from being a great historic shrine for thousands of Canadians. A populous settlement, three miles nearer civilization, has sprung up on this bleak coast, usurping the name of the old town and fortress. Appalled by the badness of the shore-road, I am told many intending tour-



A HERO OF LOUISBOURG—GENERAL WOLFE

From the Portrait painted just after the siege of Louisbourg and now in the Art Gallery of Laval University, Quebec. It is attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds

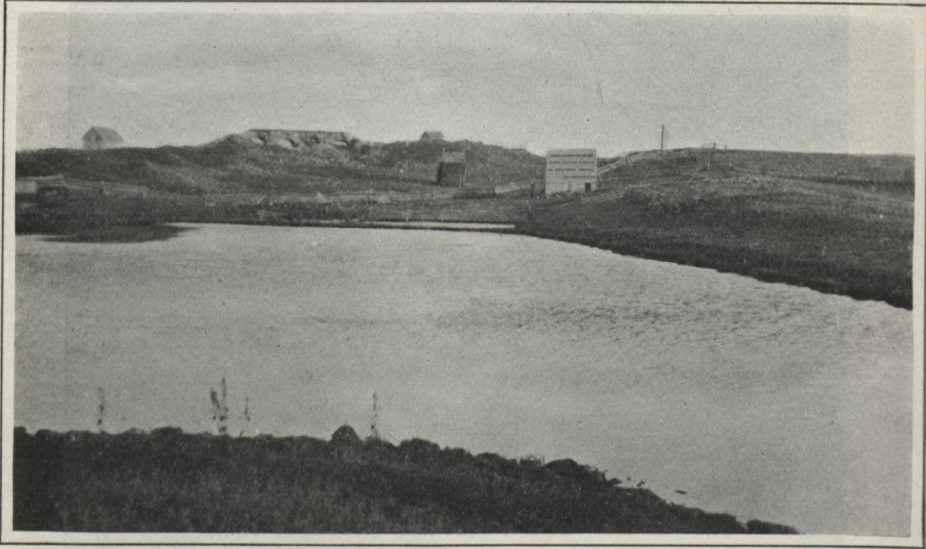
ists content themselves with a glimpse of Louisbourg harbour and return by rail to Sydney.

But if a holiday-maker seek emotion by contemplating object-lessons in history—how amply will he here be repaid! Than these few acres, where once stood proudly a town and fortress, inclosing thousands of souls, there is no more romantic or inspiring monument in all our land.

“Here,” wrote Francis Parkman, seated, pencil in hand, on the broken

keystone of the Citadel, “here stood Louisbourg: and not all the efforts of its conquerors, nor all the havoc of succeeding time, have availed to efface it. Men in hundreds toiled for months, toiled with lever, spade, and gunpowder, in the work of destruction and for more than a century it has served as a stone quarry; but the remains of its vast defences still tell their tale of human valour and human woe.”

In the last quarter of a century,



THE KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG, FROM THE MOAT

barring the natural action of Time and the elements and the activities of local cellar-builders, the demolition has ceased. There have even been rude and misguided attempts to arrest decay. On the other hand, the contrast between old Louisbourg's pristine glory and its present degradation has received emphasis. For the newer fishermen's cottages—some two storeys high—with their gaudily-painted weatherboards, mock at the prostrate fragments of carved granites facades and old tiled roofs. On the site of the Queen's Bastion is today a cattle-shed. Yonder, beside the browsing cattle are the bricks—now coated with a rich *patina* of which the Governor's mansion was built. That dark hole in the ground was his Excellency's wine cellar, from which hundreds of fat black bottles have been withdrawn—one of which in an excellent state of preservation confronts me as I write.

But, come—having entered by the Dauphin Gate, let us stroll up this lane—once the Rue du Roi. Let us traverse these paths (fenced in latterly by barbed wire), let us climb these crumbling walls and enter these

cavernous case-mates and figure in our mind's eye precisely what Louisbourg was in its prime.

It was just two centuries ago that the French landed here. After the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the Ministers of King Louis seem to have made up their minds that if they were to retain their hold on New France they must effectually guard the eastern approaches to the St. Lawrence. The best way to do this, they thought, was to plant themselves upon Isle Royale (Cape Breton) and build there an impregnable fort. To our way of thinking their engineers would have been better advised if they had chosen St. Paul's Bay, Cabot Strait, at the far north of the island, for this fort; but they had their own reasons for wishing to be on the Atlantic seaboard, and the extensive and sheltered harbour they found farther south attracted them. Out of four suggested sites in 1719 they chose this prolonged neck of land on the harbour's southern shore. No one then suspected the ultimate cost: which was so great as to necessitate a curtailment of the original plans. I have myself



STOREHOUSES, KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG

seen these plans in the French Colonial Archives: and can testify to their elaborateness of intention and also to the technical beauty with which they were prepared. The chief engineer, Martin, and his associate engineers and architects, seem to have had their imaginations fired by the idea of a noble fortress arising in the bleak solitudes of those northern coasts. A hundred acres were to be inclosed within this—the most strongly fortified town in the Western Hemisphere. And so in 1718 ships bearing hundreds of workmen set forth and the building began.

The engineers took advantage of three hillocks for their work, the middle, the highest one, being destined for the citadel of King's Bastion, to contain the Governor's house, the church of Our Lady of the Angels, and the barracks. The line of works extended from the harbour on one side to the sea on the other. The town's principal gate, the Dauphin, was close to the harbour, and was defended by a spur and demi-bastion, the guns on the former sweeping the harbour. On the sea side was the strong Queen's Bastion, subsequently

made even stronger by a demi-lune in 1749, after the first siege. Closer to the low-lying shore was a demi-bastion, La Princesse, from which a wall extended eastward to a couple of other demi-bastions. From the battery north of the Dauphin Gate ran a great wall, which inclosed the harbour side of Louisbourg. The whole of the outer works were constructed on the system of the celebrated Vauban. First came the smooth turf of the glacis, which rose from the surrounding moor to the parapet's edge. Four feet above was a narrow banquette, upon which infantry could stand in shelter and sweep with their musketry the slopes of a glacis beyond. A twenty-foot-wide covered way appeared below the banquette, in which the troops could muster and manœuvre: and farther inward the ditch eighty feet wide. The walls, thirty-five feet high, were crowned by a rampart, enclosing a banquette and open space for the cannon, which were fired through parapet embrasures. As to the ordnance, there were within the walls at least 125 heavy guns, of which sixty-nine were twenty-four-pounders, and twenty-



BOMB-PROOF CELLS, LOUISBOURG, LOOKING TOWARDS THE QUEENS BASTION

nine firing forty-two-pound balls. The length of the western wall was about 1,000 yards, and from their interior to the eastern bastions about a quarter of a mile, which was the length of the chief streets of the town.

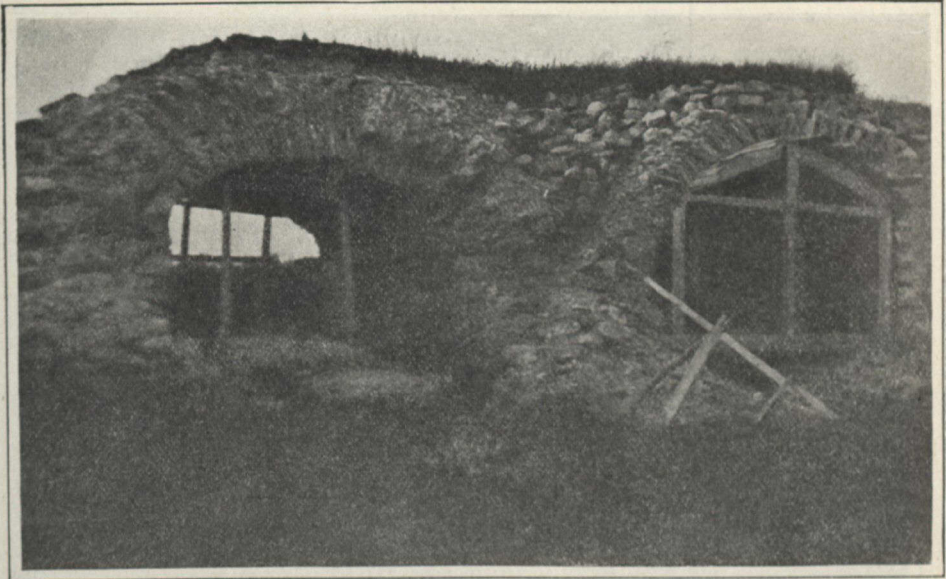
Outside her own area Louisbourg was well defended: for immediately opposite on the extremity of Point Rochefort was a battery of seventeen guns, while on the island at the entrance to the harbour was a battery of thirty-nine guns. Another, the Royal Battery, faced the entrance to the harbour on the far western shore, where the coaling port of New Louisbourg now stands.

Within these lines a town speedily uprose. The workmen brought their wives or sent for their sweethearts. Fishermen flocked hither. The houses were for the most part of wood and the streets narrow, twenty-four feet wide: but they were very picturesque. In 1740 there were already 2,000 souls, a number which came to be swollen by the garrisons at a critical period to from five to ten thousand. It became the chief station for France's North Atlantic fishing-fleet

at a time when the fisheries were worth to France nearly a million pounds sterling. It then filled the place subsequently occupied by St. Pierre. The harbour yonder—now only visited by coaling-craft—was for forty years crowded with vessels. There were men-of-war, too, of a type far superior to any England could then boast. French East Indiamen, which had filled with precious cargoes, put in at Louisbourg on the last stage of their long journey round Cape Horn. There were merchant vessels bound to and from Quebec, and many coasting ships from New England and the West Indies.

"Sailors and fishermen of all countries come hither," wrote an English captain in 1740, "English, Spaniards, Portuguese, Basque Dutch, and Bostonnais. There is one good inn, the Lion d'Or, and three others—all generally crowded. The Governor is very hospitable to the officers and sets a bountiful table, with the best wines."

Soldiers in white uniforms incessantly paraded the streets; there were naval officers in blue and subalterns in scarlet and gold-lace. Many monks



BOMB-PROOF CELLS, KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG, SHOWING WOODEN SUPPORTS

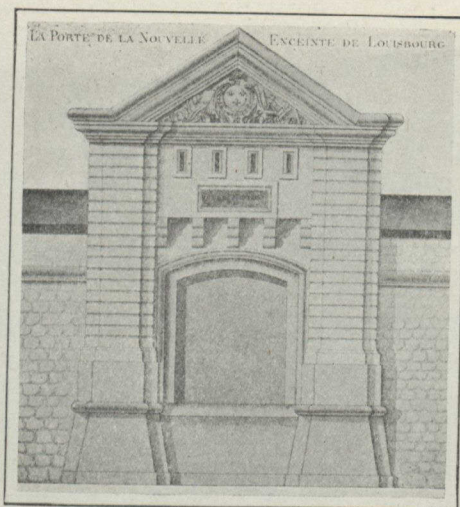
and missionaries came hither from time to time, and there were always a goodly number of Yankee traders and adventurers. There must have been some convivial gatherings at the officers' mess in the King's Bastion at the Governor's house and the Lion d'Or.

"The Golden Lion Inn was in the Rue Richelieu, at the corner of the Rue du Roi," said my fair guide. "It is there—just where that snake-fence begins. The swinging sign was carried away to Placentia, and nearly a hundred years afterwards my grandfather saw it in the corner of a loft. He said it was beautifully painted. But, of course, the French carried away very few souvenirs of the town. Some few things went to Arichat and St. Peters, but the windows, doors, and mantel-pieces were taken to Halifax and Boston. There are some Louisbourg relics in Salem."

In 1742 a French officer reported to his Government that Louisbourg was impregnable—it was so strong that it might be held by an army of women, against any assault. Certain English prisoners who had languish-

ed within the fortress thought otherwise and reported their opinions to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, soon after the outbreak of war between France and England.

One night in April, 1745, just after a public ball in Louisbourg, a captain, attired in his night-clothes, came rushing into the chamber of the Governor, M. Duchambon, to report that a strange fleet had been sighted entering Gabarus Bay, five miles distant. Soon the cannon were booming loudly from the walls and a peal of bells rang through the town. The enemy, a Colonial force, led by William Pepperell, made a feint of landing his troops at a certain point so as to deceive the enemy. A skirmish took place, in which the French were beaten back and some of them taken-prisoners. Before nightfall 2,000 of the New Englanders had planted foot on the shore, and the next day the siege of Louisbourg was begun. A hard and dangerous task, owing to the high-rolling surf, was the landing of the artillery and stores. The men had to wade into the sea to bring the guns, ammunition, and provisions on



PORTE DE MAUREPAS, LOUISBOURG

From the Engineer's Plan

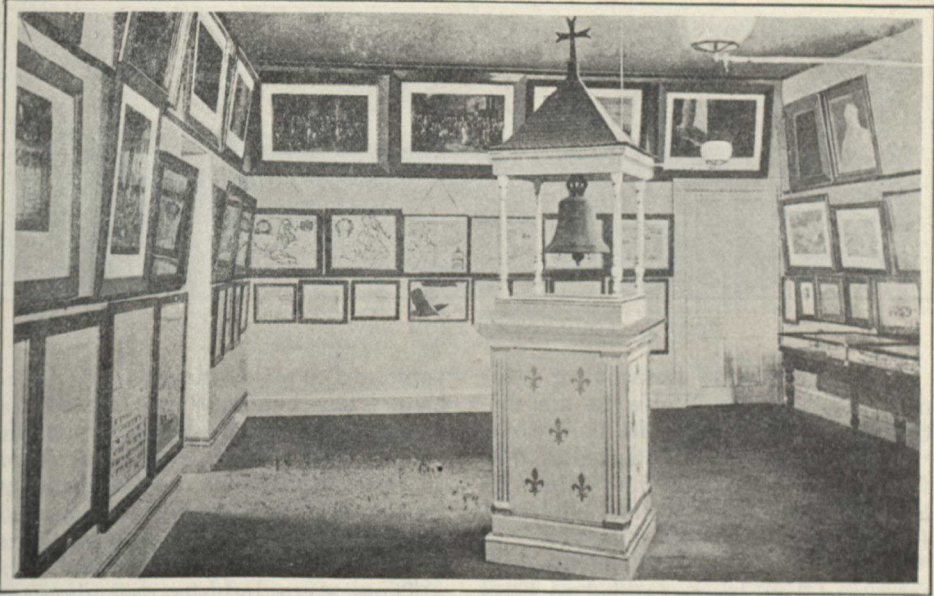
shore. This operation alone took an entire fortnight. Batteries were thrown up, in spite of desperate sallies made from the town by French and Indians. An outside battery was captured, mounted with twenty-eight heavy guns, which now belched forth shot and shell amongst the besieged. Louisbourg surrendered after a siege lasting forty-nine days.

After the siege a mortal scourge raged throughout the garrison, and when spring came it was found that out of 3,000 men 1,200 had died. Their bodies were buried in the cemetery on Point Rochefort, mingling with the dust of the valiant French dead, before and afterwards.

The fall of Louisbourg, the key to French power in North America, seemed almost incredible to the French. It was resolved at Versailles that an expedition should be sent out to Cape Breton to recapture it at all hazards. One of the finest fleets that ever left the shores of France sailed from Rochelle the following year, commanded by the Duc d'Anville, consisting of thirty-nine ships of war, with orders to recapture Louisbourg and Nova Scotia, to ravage Boston and the New England coasts. But a

fierce tempest dispersed the whole squadron. When, at Chebucto, d'Anville arrived with the remnants of his fleet, his mortification was so great as to induce an apoplectic stroke, from which he died, and on an island in what is to-day known as Halifax Harbour, his body was buried. On the afternoon of the very day on which the French commander died, his vice-admiral, Destournelles, arrived with three more ships. More than 2,000 men of the fleet were stricken with fever, and eventually perished. Destournelles, seeing no hope for success, proposed that the expedition should be abandoned and that the fleet should return to France, a proposal which most of his officers resisted. They desired to attack Annapolis, which was weak and had a small garrison. Once it was captured, Acadia could be regained for France. Admiral Destournelles, thinking his action reflected on his character and honour, retired, and next morning they found he had stabbed himself through the breast.

But the French fleet never got to Annapolis. Another great storm arose, scattering the ships, and after 2,500 brave Frenchmen had been lost in



THE BELL FROM THE CHAPEL AT LOUISBOURG

Now in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal

this ill-fated expedition nothing remained at last but to return.

With the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle Louisbourg was restored to France. One of the first acts of the new Governor was to despatch the Grand St. Esprit to Halifax for the body of the ill-fated admiral, the Duc d'Anville, Peer of France. With pomp and ceremony the remains of the Duke were interred before the altar of Notre Dame des Anges.

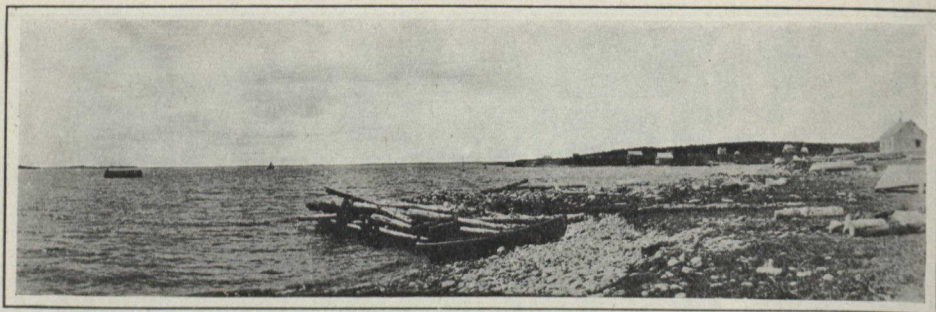
Local tradition has it that when the church was destroyed the admiral's body was taken out of its coffin and placed in the earth in the same spot, and there it is to-day. Years ago some boys found the skeleton, while looking for bullets and covered it up again. The same story is told of the remains of the Earl of Dundouald, who was slain in the second siege: his grave being marked to-day by two uncouth stones.

In June, 1758, came the second siege and Louisbourg's doom..

A messenger ran to Governor Dru-

cour to report that the young English general — Wolfe — had landed with a detachment a few miles south of the town at Kennington Cove, and, though met by a galling fire, was pushing inland. On the receipt of the news the greatest excitement prevailed. One of the priests ordered the church bell to be tolled to summon all the women and children to prayer. The second siege of Louisbourg had begun, and after six weeks' bombardment Druccour reluctantly surrendered.

To-day we can trace the exact sites of both Pepperell's and Amherst's camp by Freshwater Brook, on the far eastern ridge overlooking Coramandière (or Kennington) Cove: the outlines of Captain St. Julien's earthworks are still visible from whence he poured such a fierce fire upon the initial invaders: there is the very spot (Wolfe's Rock) where the young brigadier landed: there are even sticking upright in the sand, after a century and a half, the spruce spars which formed the outer shore palisade.



VIEW OF LOUISBOURG, FROM NEW LOUISBOURG

"I went into Louisbourg this morning," writes Wolfe to his mother in a letter which lies before me, "to pay my devoirs to the ladies; but found them all so pale and thin with long confinement in a case-mate that I made my visit very short."

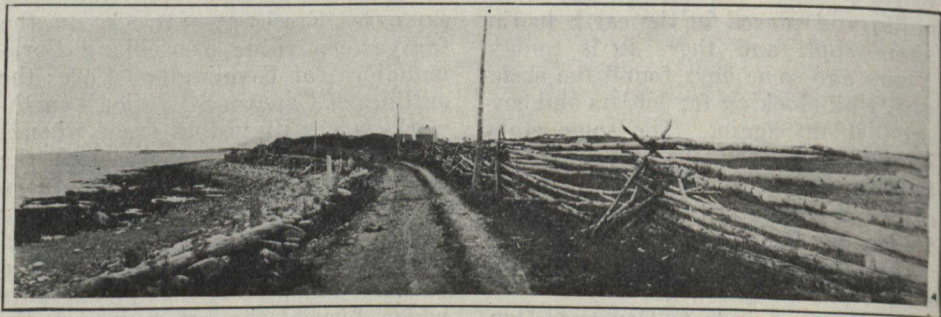
The French prisoners, naval, military, and civil, were carried to England that summer. During the siege a thousand men had been slain. Some attempt was made to repair the damage to the town wrought by the siege. Broken doors and windows were patched up, and the streets cleared of débris: for Louisbourg was to be for many seasons yet the garrison town of British troops. In the May following Wolfe returned with the army destined to capture Quebec. At Louisbourg the men were paraded and found to number 8,635 men, a small enough host for so great a task. Here the young general formed a special corps of picked men, to which he gave the title of the Louisbourg Grenadiers. They came to be in the

vanguard on the Heights of Abraham. The bandmaster composed a march for them, and the air of the "Louisbourg Grenadiers," first heard on these wind-swept desolate hillocks where now we stand, was played when Wellington led his battalions against Napoleon at Waterloo.

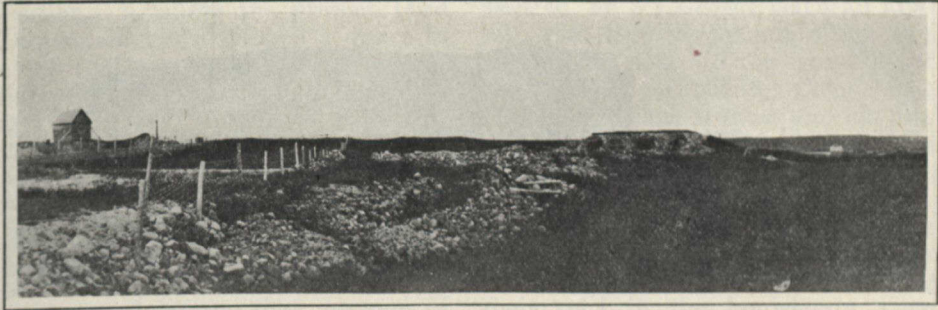
Those were light-hearted days at Louisbourg when at mess (as Captain Knox tells us) the toast was:

"British colours on every fort, port, and garrison in North America!"

It was only a brief respite for Louisbourg as a fortress. The fiat of doom went forth after the fall of Quebec. Louisbourg must no longer be a possible source of danger. No more would those guns gleam from the parapet: they were carried away to Halifax, to Boston, to New York. The great cross on the Church of Our Lady was taken down and now reposes in the library of Harvard University. The bell which summoned the faithful in peace and sounded



THE SHORE (RICHELIEU) ROAD, ON THE OUTSKIRTS



THE KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG

Looking towards the Harbour and showing the sites of the Town Hall, Parish Church, and Barracks

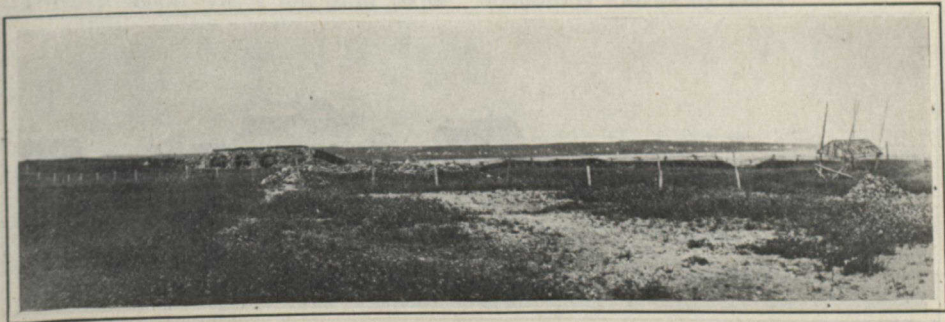
alarms in war is now in the Chateau de Ramezay at Montreal. The ornamental stones of the great gates and the Governor's and Intendant's houses were carried off to adorn colonial mansions and estates. One beautiful carved chimney-piece is now in Halifax—another is in Charleston, South Carolina. After two regiments of soldiers had laboured a whole year at demolition the heaps of masonry became a quarry for the people for leagues around, and I have seen many a remote and lonely wall, whose dull gray stones in other days had resounded to the songs and jests and laughter of King Louis's soldiers or of the burghers and sea-faring folk of the Dunkirk of the North.

Delenda est Carthago: and now we behold instead a corrugated waste, a few fishermen's cottages, a few cattle and sheep and the legion of unauthenticated ghosts which an ima-

ginative maiden sees when, milk-pail on arm, she pursues her solitary path amongst the ruins.

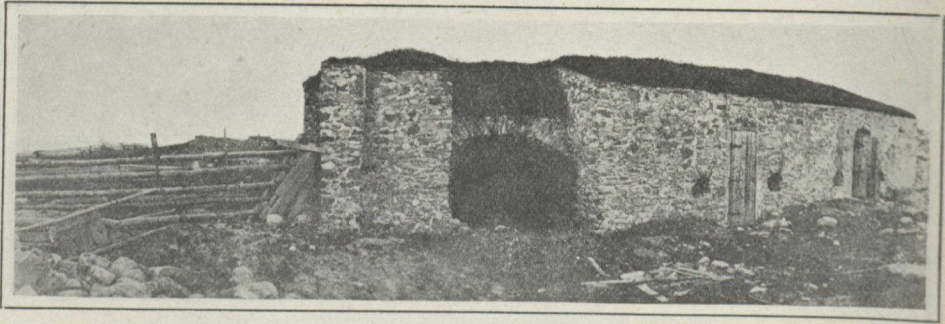
So much, then, for the Louisbourg of Yesterday and To-day: what of the Louisbourg of To-morrow? Are these glorious vestiges to be preserved as an object-lesson in history, as relics of human valour, as a memorial of the gallant dead amongst victors and vanquished? If so, how is it to be done?

The area of desirable protective operations within the ramparts covers roughly about sixteen acres, including the King's Bastion, the Citadel, the King's Bastion with the upstanding ruins of seven bomb-proof casemates, three to the north and four to the south; the site of the parish church, the barracks, and the Governor's residence. To-day the lines of the ramparts are clearly traceable; the glacis and the ditch are much as



THE PARADE GROUND AT LOUISBOURG

The Ridge of Stones near the middle marks the site of the Parish Church



CASE-MATE OF THE KING'S BASTION, LOOKING SOUTHWARD

they were, and even the stone-lined covert way only requires careful denudation. The huge masses of stone on either side of the parade-ground are the foundations of the buildings of the Citadel. The works best preserved are the case-mates just mentioned; four of the seven are roofed; but the cement applied a few years ago was badly mixed; it became white and friable, and it is already perishing. The whole of these highly interesting chambers could be restored at a small cost. The stone materials of the Church of Notre Dame des Anges might easily be used for the erection of a small chapel over the remains of the Duc d'Anville, Peer and Admiral of France, whose body was interred within the church. Tablets should record the sites of all the principal streets and buildings: and the road opened in 1906 by the local authorities should be closed in favour of the parallel Rue de Richelieu. On the site

of the house of the Governor Drucour and his not less gallant wife, there are abundant materials for a stone building wherein to deposit the many relics of the ruins, many of which are now in public and private hands and would, I have ascertained, willingly be restored for such a purpose. There are many prints and documents, maps, and plans also available. Some twelve authenticated Louisbourg cannon now scattered in various parts of Canada might further embellish the precincts and the ground of the ramparts and parade should be levelled and the turf kept in condition.

To the southeast the street leading to the cemetery at Point Rochefort should be re-opened and that deserted and sacred spot, with its thousands of graves, placed in a more seemly condition. The graves, too, of Lord Dundonald and his Highland companions, near the Black Rock, might also properly receive at-



THE RUE DU ROI, LOUISBOURG

At its junction with the New Road recently enclosed. On the left is the Governor's Garden.

tion. I believe the present Lord Dundonald has expressed a desire to erect a memorial there. The various fishermen's cottages should be transferred outside these precincts; not more than four or five altogether, two uninhabited, would require removal farther south.

For the execution of these works, which would redound to the honour of our country, I have made a careful estimate. I believe that the sum of \$20,000 would suffice, to which sum should be added a small annual grant for maintenance by a duly appointed custodian who would keep the turf and monuments in repair. Such a sum might easily be raised by subscriptions amongst the wealthy few; but then its significance as the action of the whole people through the Government would vanish.

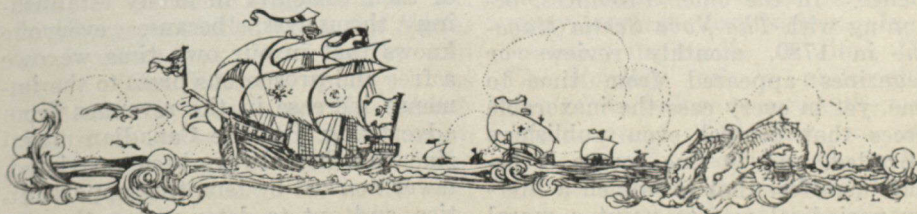
There is one body, not, indeed, of the Government, yet under the auspices of the Government of Canada, which might, with great propriety and advantage, assume charge of this work of the preservation of historic Louisbourg. This body is the National Battlefields Commission. The labours of its members at Quebec, under the presidency of Sir George Garneau, in rescuing and embellishing those historic sites, have given them just the experience, the tact, and the taste which will be required at Louisbourg. While the Commission would not, in the ordinary course, demand of Parliament an extension of their statutory scope, yet I am glad to be

assured, by Sir George Garneau himself, that they would not refuse this additional trust. Of the sympathy of the Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes and his predecessor, Sir Frederick Borden, the country may rest assured.

It is little flattering to our pride as a nation that our neighbours, the Americans, should long since have erected a monument commemorating their part in the Louisbourg siege and their hero, Pepperell, while we have done—nothing. Nearly a generation has passed since this monument was entrusted to our care; we have not cherished it; it shows but too plainly the signs of neglect. The ground at its base is little better than a rubbish heap: the iron railing is sadly rusted and in a few years the whole must share the surrounding decay.

Meanwhile \$5,000 of Dominion money has been appropriated and is being spent in repairing the ruins of the little frontier fort of Cumberland on the borders of New Brunswick. It is a good work and well worth doing; but surely Louisbourg should have come first.

I ask every Canadian who cares for his country's self-respect, is it creditable to us that at the very portals of our great and opulent country there should continue so long to stand this shabby and neglected theatre of two of the most thrilling dramas in our history which every Canadian schoolboy knows by heart.



AFTER TWENTY-ONE YEARS

AN APPRECIATION OF WHAT IT HAS MEANT FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE
TO ATTAIN ITS MAJORITY

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

DEPUTY MINISTER OF EDUCATION FOR ONTARIO

WHEN a Canadian periodical reaches the close of its twenty-first year and enters its forty-second volume, we may truthfully say that it has reached a great age. *The Canadian Magazine* having happily attained this distinction with its present number, an old contributor may be pardoned for indulging in a few words of congratulation, and some observations upon the vicissitudes of magazine publishing in this country from 1789 onwards.

The predecessors of *The Canadian Magazine* all perished in their prime. None enjoyed a span of life that embraced maturity. They were numerous, they came into the world with smiling expectancy, and they departed usually ere youth's radiance had left the hills. The record, from the earliest period, is a melancholy one. Behind many of the ventures were literary talent, energy, and confidence. In the older Provinces, beginning with *The Nova Scotia Magazine* in 1789, monthly reviews or magazines appeared from time to time, yet in every case the inexorable forces that control even publishers prevailed, and in due course it became manifest that to launch a literary periodical was to point a moral and adorn a tale.

For the benefit of the curious in such matters, it may be noted that

this Province (Ontario) had no magazine previous to 1833. From 1833 to 1893, there appeared eighteen of them. These do not include publications devoted to religion, education, science, or sport, but are literary periodicals such as are usually designated by the generic term magazine. Each of these had merits of its own, and the superficial observer cannot help wondering why some of them at least did not survive. The average life of a magazine seems to have been from one to three years, although, as we shall presently see, *The Canadian Monthly*, perhaps the most notable of all the Ontario ventures during the above-mentioned period, lasted for ten years. But it may be said generally that brief life was here their portion. The older magazines looked for the sinews of war to subscriptions rather than to advertisements, and this explains much of their difficulty in firmly establishing themselves, because everyone knows that in our own time we owe a free and prosperous press to the immense increase in the revenues from advertising. But the Canadian magazine field has always been restricted, never marked by tempting opportunities, and apt to deter rather than to attract ambition. After a pretty exhaustive investigation into the history of all these enterprises, I am

convinced that patient courage under the thousand natural shocks every publication is heir to, a patriotic spirit that has never quailed, and excellent management are the causes which have enabled *The Canadian Magazine* to emerge successfully in spite of the repeated previous failures during a long century of discouragement.

The community of feeling or sentiment which we call nationality scarcely existed at all before the adoption of Confederation in 1867. Each Province was engrossed by its own affairs, and the so-called Union of the Canadas meant as little in literature as it did in politics. Two magazines, one issued in Toronto, the other in Montreal, during this period are typical of the adverse conditions which beset Canadian periodicals. The earlier of these was *The Literary Garland*, published in Montreal by John Lovell, and edited by Thomas Gibson, a retired teacher of some parts and learning. The magazine was quite abreast of its contemporaries at home and abroad, and its contributors included names of well-known writers like Mrs. Moodie, Charles Sangster, Fennings Taylor, and Mrs. Traill. It ceased to exist in 1851, and the following year *The Anglo-American Magazine* was begun in Toronto. Upper Canada, with its thriving population of English-speaking people, ought to have presented a good opening for a magazine. In the pages of *The Anglo-American* appeared serially Auchinleck's History of the War of 1812, and the editorial symposium of Mr. McGeorge, modelled upon the *Noctes Ambrosianae* in *Blackwood's*, and styled "The Editor's Shanty," was a characteristic feature. This periodical is remembered chiefly by reason of Mr. McGeorge, of Streetsville, who was a man of some note in his day. I possess the volumes of this magazine (as, indeed, those of several others) and on turning the pages one finds it hard to determine why popu-

lar favour turned so resolutely away from this form of instruction and entertainment. The fact remains that with a unanimity not symbolic of the press they all came to an untimely end.

With Confederation occurred a quickening of the national sense. The possession of a great region to govern, and the stimulus of a liberal constitution produced at once greater buoyancy and a wider outlook than Canadians had ever known before. The need of a national periodical, both as a forum for discussion and a vehicle for literary expression, made itself felt. In January, 1872, the first number of *The Canadian Monthly and National Review* appeared. In a brief introduction the editor, G. Mercer Adam, declared: "Where several attempts have failed, the success of a new attempt must always be doubtful. But it is hoped that the efforts to give an organ, in the form of a periodical, to the intellectual life of Canada, is now made under better auspices than before." Goldwin Smith was the literary godfather of the new venture. The papers signed "A Bystander" provided him with the pseudonym which he employed on many occasions to the end of his career. The contributors were representative of the best literary talent available in Canada. If *The Monthly* proved more of a review than a magazine it was not lacking in the lighter kind of reading in prose and verse. Its old numbers must be consulted by all who wish to know the Canada of the seventies. Political questions were freely discussed, and the future of the Dominion was the subject of many earnest disquisitions. In announcing its demise, in June, 1882, *The Monthly* took a philosophical view of the failure to secure the necessary support. "A day, we hope, will come," declared the editor. "when the political game will not absorb every thought of the nation and when literature will hold up its head in honour. Till then the higher thought of the country must find such

channels of utterance as public caprice or indifference graciously open to it, and monthly reviews must uncomplainingly suffer eclipse." Meantime, a similar fate had, in 1878, overtaken *The New Dominion Monthly*, begun by Mr. John Dougall in Montreal to usher in the Confederation. Never so vigorous as its Toronto contemporary, it had nevertheless given an opportunity to Canadians to express their preference for a magazine or for none at all. The verdict, as in all the previous cases, was an emphatic no.

Ten years passed away, and the field remained unoccupied. There was, it must be confessed, slight encouragement in past experience to attempt another magazine. Marked advances had been made in literature and art, and there were evidences on every hand of material prosperity. The day of magazines had indeed dawned, but Canadians were placidly content to import them from abroad, and if, as sometimes occurred, they found in the periodicals of the United States articles which were distasteful, they hugged the offender and forgave the offence. One of these famous periodicals fought the whole Civil War over again during many months and smoking battlefields became the staple diet of reading Canadians. Our situation, therefore, was not exhilarating. There existed conditions, into the detail of which it would be tedious to enter, that bore hardly upon the production here of superior publications. Tariffs, copyright laws, and Governments have all been the foes of good printing with us. The atmosphere of indifference, too, survived in a manner highly characteristic of this country in its dislike for appeals to patriotism, its admirable contempt for spreadeagleism, its refusal to believe that because something was Canadian it must of necessity be good. If not carried too far, this is an atti-

tude of mind to be encouraged. In 1893 the time had come to check its over-development. Several far-seeing and public-spirited persons formed a company to publish a monthly periodical, and thus, from the outset, a permanent basis was laid down. The editor, J. Gordon Mowat, was a journalist of experience, and his kindly qualities secured for him a host of sympathizing friends. He was familiarly known as "Moses Oates," a sobriquet adopted during a brief and troubled career as a weather prophet. It may be that his skill in meteorology enabled him to discern the appropriate moment for launching the barque into that stormy sea which had already swallowed up so many victims. Contributors with a claim to be read were not lacking. The first article in the initial number was from the pen of the brilliant Dalton McCarthy, then at the zenith of his influence as a political leader. The writers who rallied around the magazine in early days included Professor William Clark, of Trinity College; William Ogilvie, the explorer of the Yukon; the Reverend Doctor Blackstock, the scholarly Methodist divine; Mr. Justice Longley, Professor Willmott, Principal Grant, Duncan Campbell Scott, S. J. Wood, and Hector Charlesworth.

The danger stage once passed, it became evident that the magazine had made a distinct place for itself. The modesty of those who have since devoted themselves to its welfare prevents me from doing them full justice. They have accomplished a task which for over a hundred years proved impossible of fulfilment. *The Canadian Magazine* is now read from ocean to ocean and forms one of the links which bind our distant Provinces together. It will flourish as one of many proofs that the New Canada has cast into the abyss of unprofitable things those doubts and fears which so long held her in thrall.



THE PALM-LEAF FAN

From the Painting by Franklin Brownell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



A "SALADIN" FIGUREHEAD

Drawing by Gyrrh Russell, from the original in the possession of Stairs, Son, & Morrow, Halifax

THE "SALADIN" PIRATES

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

TO the left of the hospital drive at Halifax there is a low, round knoll encircled by a straggling fringe of young trees. I can never pass it without thinking of the story which ended there on the thirtieth of July, 1844. It is a black story of sordid crime, of blood and treasure, of punishment overtaking sin. Only he who told of the homicide on board of the *Flying Scud*, and the killings on Treasure Island could do it justice, but Tusitala sleeps on the top of Vaea Mountain, and the chance auditor must do what he can lest the tale be lost.

In October, 1842, Captain George Fielding sailed from Liverpool in the barque *Vitula*, a fine vessel of 460 tons, for Buenos Ayres. He was a son of a soldier of the 30th Regiment and had lived in Gaspé. In person he was stout, well built, with strongly marked features, by no means unpleasing. His expression denoted

great decision of character, a trait essential in the master of a ship. Although not an educated man, he had picked up enough French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch to make himself understood among sea-faring folk in those languages. With him he took his son, George, a smart boy about fourteen years of age; and though twice married, and his second wife alive, he tried to persuade a girl in a Liverpool hotel to go off with him. Before sailing, some agent of the Naval and Military Bible Society gave him a copy of the Holy Scriptures, suitably inscribed on the title page. It was little read, being reserved for another purpose.

Finding freights low at Buenos Ayres, Fielding sailed for Valparaiso. There the situation was no better, and he determined on a step which cost him his vessel. He sailed up the coast to the island of Chincha to smuggle a shipload of guano, the pro-

perty of the Peruvian Government. The authorities got wind of this bold evasion of the law and sent a force of fifty soldiers to seize the *Vitula*. Fielding, undismayed, prepared to resist them; he had firearms laid out on the deck and was in the act of cutting the cable with a carving-knife, when the boat-load of Peruvians came alongside. His crew of fourteen, which he bullied and starved, ran below, but Fielding and his mate fought. Fielding was shot in the shoulder, but he was overpowered and brought with the *Vitula* to the port of Pisco, fourteen miles away. All the city came out to see him. He was so weak from the loss of blood, which saturated his clothing, and even his shoes, that he could not walk or stand. He was set on a mule and, with two men supporting him, was sent to the convent hospital to have his wound dressed. From Pisco, he was taken to Callao, and the *Vitula* was anchored under the guns of the fort. At first he was allowed the liberty of the port, although the crew were thrown into prison. Fielding, the resourceful, hatched a scheme for cutting out his vessel at midnight, and sounded various persons in the port on their willingness to help him. They informed on him, and he was put in prison. With the help of his clever son, young George, he managed to escape in a *poncho*, passed the sentinel, and, after hiding in the shavings and carpenter's litter of a dockyard for two days and two nights, found refuge on board a British steamer and so reached Valparaiso once more.

But he was a ruined man. He had lost his vessel. The Peruvian courts had condemned and sold her for \$15,000. How was he to face the owners, Myers & Company, Liverpool, whose vessel he had flung away? Who would ever employ him again? All he had managed to save from the wreck were some clothes, charts, and instruments, and also the ship's Bible. His son was not in custody and came

to Valparaiso with him. All this happened in the month of July, 1843.

For some time Fielding remained in Valparaiso, trying to obtain a passage home. The *Jeremiah Garnett* and the *Belfast* would not take him, but in an evil hour for himself, Captain "Sandy" Mackenzie, of the barque *Saladin*, of Newcastle, agreed to give him and young George a free passage to London. The *Saladin* was a beautiful barque of about 550 tons register, with a bronze figurehead of a turbaned Turk in accordance with her name; her cabin was magnificent, with staterooms suitable for lady passengers, being fitted with mahogany and other valuable woods. She was loaded with guano and about twenty tons of copper. In her run, she carried thirteen bars of silver, each weighing 150 pounds, a chestful of dollars, and a number of money letters. The master was an old-fashioned, driving, swearing, drinking, capable son of Neptune. He had followed the sea for twenty years, had acquired a competence, and was now able to retire and live ashore. He had decided that this was to be his last voyage. His plan was to settle down at Newcastle with his family. On the 8th of February, 1844, the *Saladin* sailed from Valparaiso on what was to prove her last voyage. Including the two passengers, there were fourteen souls on board.

Apparently Mackenzie and Fielding were too much alike to get on well together. Two of a trade cannot agree, says the proverb. Before long there were frequent quarrels between the two captains, with no assigned reason. On shipboard character manifests itself with surprising distinctness and rapidity. In a very short time fellow passengers learn to like or dislike one another. The fact is notorious. These men soon came to hate each other, and quarrelled continually, even in the hearing of the crew. Fielding sometimes refused to come to the table for his meals, and

Mackenzie would tell his mate, Bryerly, that it served him right for giving him a passage. Fielding was a desperate man, ruined, with no future, and, apparently from mingled motives of hatred and greed, formed a plot to get possession of the *Saladin*.

He first approached the sail-maker, George Jones, who came from county Clare. He was a man of middle size, with dark hair, full blue eyes, and heavy lowering brows. He was a cripple, having lost his leg by the fall of a spar, and, like long John Silver, he wore a stump. Until the Horn was rounded, Jones acted as steward, and was a witness of the endless quarrels between the captains in the splendid cabin. After rounding the Horn, a young Scotsman, named Galloway, took his place, a fresh-coloured boy of nineteen, with gray eyes and a prominent forehead. He was the son of a book-seller and he could read and write well; he even understood something of navigation. Jones went back to his sedentary sail-making, and, after his quarrels Fielding would come and go all over them again with him. He would talk to the ignorant foremast hand about the amount of money on board, what a fine prize the *Saladin* would make, and asked if he would fight, if attacked by pirates, for such water thieves were among the perils of ocean navigation as late as the forties. So he won Jones over, and then used him as a tool to gain the remainder of the mate's watch.

The other conspirators were William Trevaskiss, who shipped under the name of Johnson. He was a short, broad-shouldered, thick-set man, with dark blue eyes, and a bold, determined, forbidding expression in them. According to his own account, he was discharged from the U.S.S. *Constellation*, in Valparaiso, but he was more probably a deserter. To his shipmates he was "Bill," or "the red-haired man." The fourth conspirator was John Hazelton, five feet, six or seven

inches in height, who claimed the North of Ireland as the place of his nativity, but spoke with a Yankee twang. He was a black-haired man with neatly-trimmed whiskers and large full bright eyes. According to one observer, he was "the beau-ideal of a pirate," which implies a standard of comparison. The fifth to join the murder pact was Charles Gustavus Anderson, a Swede from Udavalla, where his father was a master shipbuilder. He was about Hazelton's height, dark-haired, brown-eyed, and he spoke broken English. He was a mere lad, only nineteen, but he entered into the plot eagerly. When Jones broached it to him and said that "Sandy" was to be killed, the Swede cried, "By G—d, I'll take a knife and cut his throat. He shall no more strike me away from the helm." All Fielding's tools were young. The oldest was only twenty-three.

Murder was brewing on the fated *Saladin*, but none except the conspirators had the least inkling of what was coming. The secret was well kept. Once peg-leg Jones attempted to give the captain a hint, but "Sandy" repulsed him with, "You d—d Irishman, I want to hear nothing."

After getting all of one watch on his side, Fielding played on their fears. Each man must now help himself through, or his own life would pay the forfeit. The leader's plan was well considered, to the last detail. It was to kill the captain and mate first, then, the members of the other watch, as well as the cook and the steward; then, after gaining possession of the ship, they would sail her to some lonely harbour in Gaspé or Newfoundland, go back to the United States, return in a small vessel and carry off the dollars to spend in some foreign land. What was at the back of Fielding's brain can never be known, but from what he tried to do, it is doubtful if he intended that any of these ignorant tarpaulins

should ultimately share in his gains.

The *Saladin* was two degrees north of the Line, in the region of calms and light baffling winds, by Friday, April 13th, and the plot was ripe. All but the sail-maker were on deck; as he was not there, the attempt was postponed. Jones tried to excuse himself for hanging back, but Fielding told him:

"There is no use making a fool of yourself. If you go back, your life is no more."

On Saturday, Fielding and Mackenzie had a violent quarrel about the gig, which was heard by all the men on deck. Then Fielding told his accomplices,

"It must be done this night."

That night, or rather, early Sunday morning, it was done. The mate, Bryerly, had the middle watch from midnight till four o'clock, and with him came on deck the four men engaged to kill him. He gave Hazelton the wheel, saying:

"Jack, steer the ship as well as you can. I do not feel very well."

In the light airs anyone could steer. He went forward in his oil-skin coat and lay down on the hencoop. He had made his last entry in the log the day before at noon. Once he rose from the hencoop and asked Captain Fielding to go below. Fielding said he would, but first he went forward and spoke to the watch. Bryerly lay down on the coop again for his last sick slumber. The day before, the carpenter had been working on deck, and his tools, claw-hammer, broad-axe, maul, adze, and the rest lay in the stern of the long-boat. The four, Fielding, Trevaskiss, Jones, and Anderson, crept aft silently and armed themselves from the carpenter's tools, and gathered around the unconscious mate. Trevaskiss brought down his axe; the unfortunate man had only time for a single cry, and Fielding, Trevaskiss, and Anderson bundled the body overside. Then Fielding came to Hazelton at the wheel and said:

"There is one gone," he whispered.

Then followed an anxious, quavering time in the dark. The murderers were undecided what to do next. There were four of them, armed with lethal weapons, but they feared to attack Mackenzie single in his berth. They peered through the skylight into the after-cabin to see if he was asleep. At last, the Swede and black-whiskered Hazelton stole down the companionway. There was a long silence. Jones, the shaking coward at the wheel, let the ship run up into the wind repeatedly in his agitation, and Fielding would take it out of his hands and put her back on her course. Then the two crept up the companionway again. They had done nothing. "Sandy's" brown dog watched beside his master. He growled or stirred at their approach, and they were afraid he would bite them. In the silence of the tropical night the captain's bell rang twice, but no one attended to it. The *Saladin* made her quiet way through the broad waters.

They then decided to kill the carpenter, who lived in the steerage. Fielding stationed Trevaskiss, Hazelton, and the Swede around the hatch and called their victim up into the ambush. Before he reached the deck, Anderson struck him heavily with his own hammer. He fell forward stunned, or at least not killed outright. The three dragged him up and flung him over the side, but the water revived him and he made some outcry as he went astern. This gave Fielding the opportunity he wanted. Ambushing his murderers around the companionway, he raised the cry of "Man overboard." At the same time, Jones rattled the skylight and joined in the cry. It brought the captain flying up the companion-way in his shirt, shouting to the steersman:

"Put the helm hard down!"

As his head came above the companion-way, Anderson, who was standing on the scuttle, struck him, but the blow injured him little. Mackenzie sprang at his assailant. An-

derson ran to the break of the poop, then turned and grappled with his captain. Fielding shouted to Jones:

"D—n you, why don't you run after him. If you don't lay hold of him, I'll give you a clout that will kill you."

Jones left the wheel and flung his arms around Mackenzie's neck. The luckless man had time to realize his plight and recognize his murderer. He cried, "Oh, Captain Fielding—" when his charity passenger struck him twice with his broad-axe, saying:

"Oh, d—n you, I'll give it to you."

Mackenzie fell to the deck. Fielding hauled the body forward of the companion-way and struck it again, and then flung it overboard. His son, young George, stood by shouting to "give it to him."

Three men killed! It was nerve-racking work, and more was to be done. Fielding, Hazelton, Anderson, and Trevas-kiss went into the cabin to get a drink. Then the wooden-legged man was relieved at the wheel and he, too, went below for a supply of Dutch courage. When Fielding came on deck again, he said to his son:

"I am captain."

Young George had regrets. He replied:

"It was a pity I had not a blow at Sandy."

For some time the murderers stood on the quarter-deck consulting what to do next. There were still four lives to take. In order to arouse no suspicions, Fielding was to conceal himself in the companion-way. Young George was behind him at the foot of the ladder, armed with a carving-knife, under his father's orders to "stick" the first man who should come down. Jones was to lie down in the long-boat, Anderson was to lean against the main-mast pretending to be asleep, while Hazelton and Trevas-kiss should go to call the morning watch. The plan succeeded to admiration.

There was a pretence of hauling down the flying-jib and the captain's watch was called. It was Jem Allen's trick at the wheel. When the sleepy man came aft to relieve Hazelton, he paused for a moment and stood facing the stern, for a reason all sailors will understand. Nothing was further from his thoughts than death, when Anderson stole up behind and struck him in the back of the head with an axe. The force of the blow sent the man overboard, Fielding watching all the while from the shadow of the companion-way. Then he said to Hazelton, relieving him at the wheel:

"Jack, you have done nothing yet. Take that axe!"

The order, as Hazelton stated afterwards, was "strict," and, as he was afraid of being killed, he obeyed. Thomas Moffat came sleepily and unsuspectingly on deck and sat down on a spar near the galley, with his two good ship-mates, Hazelton and Trevas-kiss, on each side of him. As Moffat turned his head toward the bow, Trevas-kiss nodded to Hazelton to strike. He struck with the axe; Trevas-kiss struck; and Moffat fell to the deck bleeding like a stuck pig. A third seaman, Samuel Collins, had gone into the head as look-out. After felling Moffat, Hazelton sang out to Anderson to "finish" Collins. One blow in the skull "finished" him, and he sank through the rigging to the sea.

Six men murdered within an hour or so! In all the seven seas that peaceful Sunday morning was there a stranger ship afloat than the elegant *Saladin*, rocking in the doldrums! Again and again her deck had been the scene of murder most foul, and, through it all, two men had slept the heavy sleep of tired sailors. These were the cabin-boy, Galloway, and William Carr, the cook, a stocky, peck-marked, fresh-coloured Englishman from North Shields, who could read and write and carried a well-worn pocket Bible.

They also were marked for death, and Fielding, the resolute, was all for having them go the way of the others; but his butchers were sick of their bloody work and would not consent to their shipmates' death. Perhaps it was the daylight, which showed them what they had done.

About six o'clock, Carr awoke and turned out to his duty as usual. Like Bryerly, he had been sick for a couple of days. As he came aft to the galley, he saw on the starboard side by the foremast backstay a great quantity of blood, where poor Moffat had been felled like an ox. On the poop stood Fielding and his four accomplices. The helmsman had cailed them up from the cabin, when he saw Carr on deck. The cook was slow to realize what had happened, and came farther aft to inquire the reason for the blood, when Fielding bade him halt.

"What is the matter?" Carr asked, in confusion.

"Come up. We will not harm you." Carr came up the ladder crying like a child with fear, and asked again:

"What is the matter?"

"I am commander of this vessel now."

"What does this mean?"

"The master and crew have gone away and left us," replied Fielding.

Carr glanced around the empty sea and then at the *Saladin's* deck. All the boats were in their places.

"It is impossible," he gasped. "It can't be the case—all the boats are about the ship."

Fielding then spoke out.

"We have finished Sandy. We shall have no more cursing and swearing now. We have finished the carpenter, mate, and Jemmy, Moffat, and Sam."

Carr looked down at the feet of the murderers and saw their bloody tools, recognizing a small hatchet of his own, and the carpenter's adze, maul, and hammer, and he thought he was within an inch of his death. Amid his

tears and sobs, he managed to stammer:

"It is a serious circumstance."

Said Fielding: "Will you join us?"

"If I do not," said poor Carr, "I suppose I must go the same road as the rest."

The sailors sang out that he should not go overboard. Hazelton made the trembling man sit down on the skylight and tried to quiet him. No more lives were to be taken, and, disappointed, Fielding told him to go down into the cabin for some grog. Young George gave him something out of a bottle, which he needed badly to steady his nerves, and then he went forward to light the galley fire and prepare breakfast. Nearly all that day he was crying for fear. Well he might. As soon as his back was turned, Fielding told his tools that when they got near land, he would kill these two, and the "Dutchman." Galloway, the cabin-boy, had followed Carr on deck laughing, and, when he learned of the murders, wished that he could have had a "cut at Sandy." He agreed to share the lot of the pirates.

The ship was put about, and Fielding shaped the course northwest and by north, away from London, and towards Newfoundland. The remnant of the crew were divided into watches, Carr, Galloway, and Hazelton forming one. After breakfast, Fielding spent the morning rummaging the papers, letter-bags, and desks in the after-cabin. A number of money letters were burnt by his orders, after the money enclosed had been taken from them. He locked the spirits from the men, but it was observed that he drank heavily himself. Even his iron nerves needed artificial strength. There were some arms on board, and these the crew threw overboard, except a cutlass and Captain Mackenzie's fowling-piece, which Fielding said they might need to shoot sea-birds. Their butchering tools, two hatchets, the carpenter's

broad-axe, adze, and large hammer also went over the side, "lest," said Captain Fielding, "we should get jealous of one another."

Being the Christian Sabbath, the day was not allowed to pass without some form of religious observance. Fielding called the crew into the fine, mahogany-fitted cabin, where they had spliced the main-brace that morning and boasted, as the liquor took hold, which was the best murderer. He explained that it was best for everyone to swear "to be brotherly together"; and he brought out his Bible, which had shared his adventures from Liverpool round the Horn and back again thus far, and which he had preserved when he lost the *Vitula*. In turn each blood-guilty man kissed the book and swore to be "loyal and brotherly" to one another. So did Fielding, who was even then plotting the murder of the men he was swearing to fidelity. His son was not required to take the oath, being too young. One thinks of the homicides on the deck of the *Flying Scud*, repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison.

The murder plot had been a complete success. The ship, with all its wealth, was in the hands of Fielding and his assassins; but a black atmosphere of suspicion descended at once upon that fatal and perfidious barque. That same night, Trevaskiss told Carr and Galloway that Fielding meant to do for them, and that if they went, he would lose his life as well. So these three formed some sort of pact, an offensive-defensive alliance. When Trevaskiss went below at eight o'clock, the end of his watch, he found that by the captain's orders, Carr and Galloway were to berth forward in the fore-castle, while all the rest were to live in the cabin. He asked his mates why the cook and the cabin-boy were not allowed the same privilege? He was referred to the new captain, and Fielding answered:

"We can't trust them," he said.

"If you are afraid, I am not," said Trevaskiss, "and if they sleep in the fore-castle, so will I."

He carried his point. All shared the same quarters. Fielding's scheme to divide the men and finish them in detail was thwarted. He had foolishly told Trevaskiss that he would poison Carr and Galloway when they got near land. He also approached Galloway and Anderson separately to help to get rid of the others.

On Monday there was a division of Mackenzie's clothes and effects. Carr and Fielding had a difference over a pair of new trousers, which the captain wanted for his son. In the afternoon, they set the foretopmast stunsail. At six, all hands had tea in the cabin, after which Carr set some bread in the galley, returned to the cabin and lay down in one of the beds until he should be called to take his trick at the wheel, at eight. While there, Fielding came down, and took the cabin light into the pantry and muffled it with the table-cloth. Then he went into the after-cabin. What he was doing there Carr could not make out, but, from the sounds, supposed he was loading the fowling-piece. He was capable of any treachery. The Bible oath, Fielding's cure for "jealousy," did not prove completely efficacious.

When Carr went on deck, the rest of the hands came down into the cabin. Then ensued a turbulent, confused, wrangling scene that lasted for hours. Under the cabin-table, Trevaskiss had previously discovered two horse-pistols. Everybody thought that all the arms had been thrown overboard, except the fowling-piece. Now Hazelton drew the pistols out of their hiding-place and said:

"These mean something. Who put them there?"

Everyone denied all knowledge of them.

There was a further search for weapons. In the locker a large

copper canister full of powder was discovered, and in the spirit-locker, of which Fielding had the key, the carving-knife which had been missing since Sunday. In the locker were also two bottles of brandy, which, from the taste, the sailors thought were poisoned. All these were taken on deck with the fowling-piece and thrown over the side. Fielding denied all knowledge of the knife and tried to turn the men from their purpose by the offer of grog; but they now realized that it was their life or his, and they were not to be denied. Fielding threatened and stormed. He told them what was the truth, that they were all afraid of him, and, at last, he tried to regain the deck. He said he would throw himself overboard, and turned to the door. Then they fell on him and bound him hand and foot, he screaming, shouting, daring them to kill him. At last they gagged him, and in that condition he passed the night in the cabin under constant guard, while the hands consulted how to dispose of him. Hazelton was for confining him in the fore-castle and putting him ashore the first land they made. Carr said he could never sleep while Fielding lived. But the four others declared they would not lend a hand to another man's death as long as they were in the ship. It was a long wrangle in the cabin of that fated vessel, while Fielding, gagged and tied hand and foot, sat helpless and heard it all. In those long hours he must have savoured all the bitterness of death.

That night no one slept in the *Saladin*. Fear reigned. The sailors dreaded that their tyrant might get free. They kept the boy from his father lest he should help him. So the watches passed, till the dawn of Tuesday, the seventeenth of April. The morning brought counsel. About seven, Fielding's feet were unbound and he was brought on deck. By this time the liquor must have died out of him; he must have understood that his last hour had come. Even

now, he was not at the end of his resources. He begged Galloway, who was at the wheel, to cast him loose and he would save his life a second time. Then the four most deeply dyed in blood, Jones, Hazelton, Anderson, and Trevaskiss, decided that Carr and Galloway, the two who had as yet "done nothing," must share their guilt by killing Fielding. Galloway refused, but the others compelled him to touch their baffled leader. Carr and Jones carried him aft and heaved him into the sea.

It takes about four minutes to drown.

Then Carr and Galloway seized young George and put him overside, at the larboard gangway. He screamed and tore their clothes and clung to them. They shook him off.

The others sat about the deck and watched both scenes.

After this they got at the liquor and every day some of the crew were drunk. They made Galloway navigator, as he had the most education, and he kept the reckoning in a memorandum book. But, as the old ballad of the *Saladin* runs:

"We mostly kept before the wind,
For we could do no more."

They lived at rack and manger in the cabin. They threw some of the copper overboard to lighten the ship, and some they used to sink the gig. They nailed a board over the name on the stern, and they painted the bronze Turk at bow white, clumsy expedients to conceal the identity of the vessel. They planned to scuttle her and escape with the dollars in the one remaining boat, but they waited just a little too long.

On the morning of the 22nd of May, the *Saladin*, with all sail set, even to her royals, drove hard on the island at the mouth of Country Harbour, Nova Scotia, at a place ever since called *Saladin Point*.

On hearing that a large vessel was ashore, Captain Cunningham, of the schooner *Billow*, manned his

boat and went to her assistance. He found everything in the greatest confusion on board, the disorder in the cabin being especially offensive to his sailorly eye. He stood by for thirty-six hours putting things to rights. The sailors, honest fellows, had a plausible story about their captain dying at sea and the mate and several hands being washed off the yard. Since then, they had lived rather freely. But their stories did not agree very well. There were instruments belonging to a Captain Fielding, who, they said, had died at Valparaiso. The last entry in the log was for the fourteenth of April. Suspicion grew and in the end the six honest sailormen were arrested and brought to Halifax in H.M.S. *Fair Rosamond*. The poor, mishandled *Saladin* became a total wreck, but the value of the silver, copper and dollars salvaged from her and deposited in the Bank of Nova Scotia was £18,000. Perhaps it was as well that the *Saladin* went to pieces, for none would ever want to sail in that death-trap again.

There was a legal difficulty to overcome. Crime had plainly been committed, but it had been committed on the high seas outside the jurisdiction of any Nova Scotian court. So a special court was constituted, in which the Admiral of the station sat as judge in all the splendour of full naval uniform beside the chief justice, and three *puisne* judges. Legal formalities were hardly needed, for while in their cells in the old penitentiary on the Arm, Carr and Galloway sent for a lawyer and made a clean breast of their share in the murders. They likewise confessed the crimes of their shipmates, which they did not witness, as they were below and asleep at the time. Carr's statement is clear, coherent, and brief, showing decided intelligence. No doubt all hands had discussed the sequence of events and the various details many times. The confessions of Jones, Trevaskiss, Hazelton, and

Anderson followed, almost as a matter of course. To find them guilty and sentence them to death was the only course open to the court. The plea was changed from piracy, which involved hanging in chains, as Jordan had been hanged, to plain murder, and they were sentenced all four to be hanged by the neck until they were dead. Carr and Galloway were also tried for the murder of the two Fieldings; but the plea was made that they were forced to do the deed by their shipmates, and so they were acquitted.

The execution was a public spectacle long remembered in Halifax. The South Common was bare of buildings then except for the little chapel "Built-in-a-day" standing in the Catholic cemetery. On the small eminence opposite, the scaffold was erected. At each end of the platform was an upright post, and a stout beam, from which dangled four nooses, joined them. The four "drops" were held in place by simple wooden "buttons," controlled by a single cord. One pull of the cord opened the four trap-doors simultaneously.

Early on the 30th of July, a company of the 52nd Foot formed a circle round the scaffold and kept the spectators at a proper distance. All the city turned out to see the sight. About ten o'clock a procession came along Tower Road; first the sheriff in a gig, then the four murderers in two closed carriages. Three Catholic priests attended the two Irishmen, and an Anglican clergyman, Trevas-kiss and the Swede. On each side marched a strong body of the First Royals, with fixed bayonets. The four mounted the platform and took their places on the four trap-doors. They took farewell of one another and shook hands. Jones kissed his fellows on the cheek and said a few words to the crowd to the effect that he was an Irishman from Clare, that he was sorry for what he had done, and that he hoped for pardon from

God. Imprisonment had taken the sailors' tan from their cheeks, they looked "debilitated," but "placid." Anderson alone seemed unconcerned and looked over the heads of the crowd to the blue, sparkling sea. Hazelton and Jones handed their written confessions to their spiritual advisers. Then they were pinioned and the black caps drawn over their faces. The priests knelt in prayer, the control cord was pulled, and the four men dropped to their death. Trevaskiss and the Swede struggled for a moment—but not violently. Soon all was over. In three-quarters of an hour the bodies were cut down. Hazelton and Jones were buried in the Catholic cemetery; but Trevaskiss and Anderson were inearthed in the paupers' burying-ground. Anderson was dug up and anatomized by a certain young doctor, and his skull may be seen to this day in the provincial Museum.

This is the tragedy of the *Saladin*. Of the fourteen persons who sailed

in her from Valparaiso on the eighth of February, 1844, only two remained alive on the thirtieth of July. In all the annals of the sea, there is scarce a record of more revolting crime.

Of these two survivors, Galloway disappeared, but Carr settled down in Digby county and died there not very long ago. He had noted peculiarities. For one thing he rarely walked, but always went at a "shepherd's trot." He was a very respectable man, a pillar of a local church, but once a year on the anniversary of his crime he drowned remembrance in liquor.

Ballads were made on the affair which still cling to the memory of Nova Scotians. The blood-stained hatch was long preserved in the museum, but has recently disappeared. The *Saladin's* cabin windows were built into a carpenter's shop in Country Harbour, and some people believe that pirate treasure may yet be found where the fatal vessel went ashore.



THE PRICE OF BEEF

BY NORMAN LAMBERT

IN discussing prices these days it has become customary to emphasize the extent to which they have risen during the past ten years without taking into account sufficiently what has happened in that period. One does not need to have huge charts bearing designs that look like a new cubist effect, or complicated tables of figures, shown to one to bring the conviction that the price of beef is higher to-day than it was at the beginning of the century. In these times when real steak is but a receding memory, when those of us who were reared in the country remember the "fair days" with their attractive weekly jobs of driving cattle, sheep, and swine to the railway sidings for the munificent sum of twenty-five cents a day, no argument is needed to prove that the prices, and the supplies, of meat are on a very much different basis from that of only a few years ago. Every Ontario-bred man and woman has only to exert his or her memory for a moment to appreciate this fact.

But how many of us, in thinking of the old days and the present, with their respective price levels, do more than squirm under the pressure, and, if we are politically obsessed, wildly shout for a change of Government? The tendency of nine-tenths of humanity, when confronted with a problem involving physical discomfort or monetary loss, is to blame somebody, and in most cases the blame falls on the fellow who happens to be closest at hand. Thus the consumer

blames the storekeepers or the wholesale purveyor of foodstuffs; the storekeeper and the wholesaler in turn place the onus of responsibility on the farmer or the producer; and the man in the country criticizes in very strong language, sometimes, the so-called "trusts"—the transportation companies, the financing powers, and everybody who stands between him and the ultimate user of his produce. One of the big reasons that we are not doing very much in this generation to solve such economic problems as the cost of living is that the causes are numerous and widespread, and the popular view of those causes is too often narrow and partisan.

What does "the high price of beef" mean? Are prices as high as we think they are? They are surely advanced beyond the figures of ten, or even five, years ago; but so are our incomes (although not in the same proportion as the prices of commodities), but the opportunities for making money have been remarkably increased in number, in Canada at least, during the past decade. It is only inevitable that prices, especially of foodstuffs, would advance with a rapidly-increasing purchasing power in the country which undertakes to produce everything that its people would eat. The changing social standards of the Canadian people, as well as in other countries where meat is consumed, are certainly to be considered in any discussion pertaining to the cost of living. It is often said broadly that the efflux of people to

the cities and towns from the rural districts, creating a serious shortage of labour, has been at the bottom of the rapidly advancing commodity markets. Undoubtedly the scarcity of labour is a big factor in the agricultural situation in Canada to-day, but there is a good deal to be said about the household economy of those people who have come in such large numbers to live in our cities. And much could also be said in criticism of the uneconomic methods by which the great, growing body of city consumers is supplied with food. Then, there is the question of the world's gold supply, which is said to have increased more rapidly in the last ten years than it did in the previous fifty years, and which, therefore, has made the purchasing power of a dollar considerably less than it used to be. The internationalization of credit and the almost too great expansion of our own local credit systems, thus encouraging expenditures on larger scales than were ever dreamed of in the time of our forefathers, must also be considered in the mere question of beef and its cost.

All these aspects of the question should be examined in a comprehensive treatise on the price of beef; but in the limits of space and time which this article is "heir to," it is possible to outline only the various points involved in one's subject and to deal mainly with the two great eternal phases of the question—the supply and the demand. For after all it is because the demand for meat cannot be adequately supplied that the price of beef has advanced so steadily and consistently in recent years and, particularly in the case of Canada, in recent months. This lack of balance between the supply and demand, moreover, in Ontario or in Canada, is not entirely the result of domestic conditions. There are two sides to the question of high prices as it affects the law of supply and demand. First of all, trade to-day is such an international, a universal, system,

especially in articles of food, that the state of the beef industry all over the world must be considered. With an understanding of the world condition of the beef supply, it is then a more or less easy matter to apply local conditions to the case, and arrive, in an approximate way, at an intelligent appreciation of the prevailing high prices.

The shortage in the supply of beef at the present time is universal. And because beef is scarce and expensive, other meats are substituted, and they, too, have become less plentiful and more costly. Beef is the basic meat food. It contains strengthening properties that are absent from veal, mutton, lamb, or pork; and accordingly the raising of cattle has ever been the basis of the live stock industry. While the demand of the world for meat is not being satisfied and the average prices for the live and dressed animals in every country under the sun are higher than ever before, certain countries are experiencing a much higher level of prices than other countries. In no place in the world are the prices of cattle and dressed beef higher than they are in Canada at the present moment. At the time of writing the best butcher cattle are selling on the Toronto live stock markets at nine cents a pound. The very best animal when dressed only yields about fifty-five per cent. of its live weight; so that one may easily figure out the extreme price of a hindquarter, and, then, only imagine the store price for such choice cuts as tenderloin and porterhouse steaks. In New York, Chicago, or any of the other large American cities where one might expect to find a more acute situation in connection with the meat supply, the price to the consumer is not as high, just now, as it is in Montreal or Toronto. And this fact is entirely due to a condition which is peculiar to Canada at the present time. A world condition is being aggravated, in the case of the Dominion, by a one-sided relationship

which exists with the United States, and also by an indisposition or an inability on the part of our Western farmers to help increase the volume of meat production.

For its food, both in cereals and meats, those old, thickly-populated countries of Europe and of Britain are necessarily depending more and more upon the newer and more fertile regions of North and South America, of Australia and New Zealand. These younger countries receive money for their development from the saving peoples of the world, and in return they give food and produce from their land. The records of the live-stock markets of England, into which for half a century or more the animals from every producing and exporting country in the world have been entering free, afford the best possible view of the world's business in live stock and meats. And they show in a general way why the price of beef is high in Canada.

To appreciate the relationship of Britain to the meat business, is to see the situation from the side of the one who demands and consumes. For, the United Kingdom probably consumes more meat per capita than any other nation, and no other country depends to the same extent for her supplies upon other peoples and other lands. In 1887, when the United Kingdom contained some thirty-six and a half million people, its holdings of cattle amounted to 10,639,960 head. At the end of 1912, when the population of Great Britain was estimated at forty-six millions, the number of cattle within the British Isles was 11,914,635, and out of that number only some seven and a half millions were beef cattle. It is quite clear, then, that the United Kingdom has been drawing her meat supply from beyond her own shores. This strikes one still more forcibly when it is seen that the price of beef "on the hoof" at Islington has hardly advanced since 1887. In that year prices ranged from 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ d. a pound, and

in 1912 the range was from 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ d. to 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ d. a pound. In mentioning these live-stock prices, however, one must remember that the importation into Britain of cattle has greatly decreased in volume in favour of the increasing quantities of chilled and frozen beef that have been entering. The point is, nevertheless, that the United Kingdom has allowed her production of meats to remain almost at a standstill, and the question naturally arises, have the new countries been meeting the resultant growing demands from such consuming centres as free trade England, as well as, at the same time, providing adequately for their own needs?

A few statistical excerpts from an English review of the meat trade will show that at the last year-end every country from which Britain has been accustomed to get her supplies of cattle provided a smaller number of beef animals than in any previous year. The United States, which in 1907 sent 344,461 head of cattle to Britain, last year sent only 39,987 head; and Canada exported to Britain only 6,800 head of cattle, as compared with 125,753 head in 1907. Altogether in 1912 Britain received only 48,912 head of cattle, as against over 472,000 in 1907. This big decrease in importations of live cattle into Britain is due in large measure, of course, to an embargo against certain countries in both North and South America where foot and mouth diseases have affected the herds. And this falling-off in the imports of live animals has not made much difference to the trade in meats, chiefly because of the enormous development in the frozen and chilled meat business with South America, with Australia, and New Zealand.

To answer, now, the question asked at the close of a previous paragraph, the new countries of the world, with the exception of Argentina, and Australia, and New Zealand, have done little to assist in supplying the old world countries with beef. The United States and Canada have hardly

been increasing their own production of live-stock and meats in proportion to their rapid increases in population. In 1900 North America was supplying the United Kingdom with chilled beef to the extent of nearly two million quarters—1,909,000 to be exact—and last year that amount had fallen to a mere 10,400 quarters. In the year just ended it is doubtful whether the low record of 1912 was maintained.

The export beef trade of the world is being done practically by the Argentine Republic. That country has taken the business which was lost by North America, and dealers in Canada and the United States are predicting now that it will not be long before Argentina will be selling its beef in their markets if supplies continue to diminish in proportion to the demand, as has occurred during the past decade. Such a trend of trade from South America to North America would be no more unnatural than the present large importations of frozen lamb and mutton from New Zealand and Australia into the Western States, British Columbia, and the Prairie Provinces of Canada.

The Argentine Republic, at this time, is the hope of the world in the matter of beef supplies. That country has increased its exports of chilled beef into the United Kingdom from less than 25,000 quarters in 1900 to more than 2,220,000 in 1912. In frozen beef, the increase during the same period of ten years was from 440,000 quarters to 1,580,000 quarters. This increase has been accomplished, as was pointed out above, by a corresponding decrease in the exports of meat from the countries of North America. While Australia and New Zealand are important chiefly as producers and shippers of mutton and lamb, both overseas dominions have also kept up a good export trade with the motherland in beef.

The position of Argentina in the meat market of the world, and the critical position of that market, may

be still further appreciated when it is considered that out of the entire importation of chilled beef into Britain, 193,979 tons, or 99.5 per cent., were sent from the South American Republic. And still further, out of 678,658 tons of all kinds of frozen and chilled meats put out from the freezing works of Australia, New Zealand, and South America in 1912, Great Britain used 642,091 tons, and only some 36,500 tons were consumed by other countries. During the past twelve months this condition of the world's supply has not been changed to any extensive degree. And changes that have taken place have been such as to indicate that the universal demand for fresh meat has been, to an even greater extent than previously, overtaking the universal production.

And now one comes, after setting forth the state of affairs in the principal producing countries, to Canada, and more especially to Ontario, which in the last four months has been experiencing an unprecedented advance in the prices of every kind of meat. The law of supply and demand applies particularly to the present condition of the live-stock and dressed meat markets in Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces.

In the first place, Canada has not been keeping up its end, as a young producer of foodstuffs with a worldwide reputation for agricultural resources, in the matter of meat production. In the annual report of an English commission firm, at the end of 1912, the following reference was made to Canada:

“The Dominion remains a disappointing factor in the matter of meat exports. The rapid growth of the population, with its accompanying extension of the local dairying trade, and a general disinclination on the part of settlers to engage in mixed farming, combine to destroy any hope of supplies from that source showing much increase in the near future. The import trade into the Western Provinces from Australia, via Vancouver, increased during 1912, when Australia shipped 30,600 carcasses of mutton to that market.”

The total holdings of cattle in the Dominion at the end of 1912 were about 6,983,700 head, which amount was less by nearly 200,000 head than at the end of the previous year. The Argentine Republic, with a population no larger than that of Canada, had at the end of 1912 cattle to the number of 28,766,168 head, and sheep to the extent of 80,400,000 head.

In Western Canada the latest figures show that every kind of live-stock with the exception of beef cattle increased in numbers during the year ending July, 1913. The decrease in the class, known as "other cattle," in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta was more than 760,000 head. This condition in the West, besides impressing one as a reason for the high price of beef in Canada, also demands an answer to the question, "Is the raising of beef cattle a profitable venture in Western Canada?" There is a reason for the great curtailment in the stock of beef cattle in the Prairie Provinces. Either the prairie farmer has found grain-growing so unprofitable during recent years that he was obliged to sell his steers and heifers to get money, or he has found the beef industry an impossibility in the West under present conditions. At any rate, the trend of the live-stock and meat trade in Canada has not been from the West to the East, as it should have been. Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces have in recent years been sending meat, as well as dairy and poultry, products to Western Canada, and that is one big reason why this country, according to the English report, "remains a disappointing factor in the matter of meat exports."

Ontario is, and has always been, the chief producer and purveyor of food products in the Dominion. And under the heavy demands from a large immediate urban population, and from the industrial, non-food producing inhabitants of the new mining country in the North, and a vast multitude of grain-growers far-

ther west, Ontario has hardly been able to keep pace, in the volume of her production, with the requirements of her customers. In 1906, according to the Provincial records, there were on hand in Ontario some 3,000,000 head of cattle, and in 1913 it was estimated that the number had decreased to 2,600,000, which number represents the extent of Ontario's capital stock of cattle for the past three years. But while the actual amount of our holdings has decreased, the number of cattle, sold or slaughtered each year, has been steadily increasing. Hence, in 1906, the number of cattle, sold or slaughtered, was some 700,000, and it has increased, until last year the sales or killings reached a total of 900,000.

This is without considering the abnormal feature, which shall be now referred to, namely, the revision of the United States tariff. When thinking of the unprecedented prices on the live-stock markets of Toronto during the past few months, it must be remembered that the free entrance of Ontario cattle to the United States has not been entirely responsible for them. The general falling-off in the volume of production in Ontario during a series of years, due to various causes, has left this Province, as well as the others in Eastern Canada, altogether unprepared for the sudden extra demand which has been made upon our supplies of beef from the United States. Add to the facts of the preceding paragraph this unlooked-for occurrence that since September last more than 150,000 cattle entered the United States from Eastern Canada, and you get the reason for the *extra* high price of beef, but not for the *high* price. The high price has been here for some time, as the result of the universally narrow margin between supply and demand.

Little relief will come to the consumer of beef in Ontario or throughout Canada, until supplies of cattle again reach the point where the current domestic demands can be met

comfortably; and when, by reason of an adjusted tariff relationship with the United States, an export trade of some permanency would also be possible. The pinch of high prices for meat is just beginning to be painful in Ontario and the other Provinces; and before the spring months come, with their abundance of eggs and green garden stuffs and warm weather, the pressure upon the large body of consumers undoubtedly will

be distressing. Production of beef cattle cannot be increased in a day or a week or a month. It will take much longer than even a year to effect an economic reform which will tend to overcome the serious shortage of meat food. But in time, however, the exceedingly strong demand for meat, the world over, must inevitably result in the ultimate replenishment of "nature's breakfast table," and the recession of prices to lower levels.

FEBRUARY

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

WHERE the long grass waves above
 Houses of forgotten love,
 Where the west wind does not lift
 Webs of summer as they drift,
 By the wayside silence sings
 To the tune of leaves and wings.

Here where only light is laid,
 Silver, down the silver glade;
 Here where treads no shepherd wind
 With his fleece of clouds behind—
 Underneath the dreaming deeps,
 In the silence, Silence sleeps.





From a Photograph

FEBRUARY

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A FOUR-CYLINDER WHITE ELEPHANT

BY GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING

WHEN Sadie and I were married a few years ago—which is a long time in this marry-in-haste-and-repent-right-away land—we didn't belong to the automobile class, nor the "When I was in Europe" class, nor even in the "Don't you find a maid troublesome" class. Bless you, no. I was a humble piano salesman with \$150 a month and prospects which positively couldn't be cashed for groceries, theatre tickets, or taxicab fares.

If you want to know what comes next below zero, take a \$150 pay check and try to split it into house rent, grocery bills, furniture installments, new clothes, gas bills, and commutation in a tolerably nifty suburb of Chicago. The answer comes out nothing, minus about \$5.65 every month.

The first year we were married I was nothing but a flag-station for my money. If I could stop it on its way through the family long enough to make sure that the cashier's hands hadn't taken \$2.50 out for flowers for the president's mother's funeral I was lucky. Three years before, when I had emerged from one of those colleges where you get your education while you wait (on a restaurant table), a hundred a month looked so big to me that I wondered if I would get time after the day's work was over to pack away my savings in bar-

rels in the cellar. But then that's what marriage does to you.

There I was, drawing 150 full-sized dollars a month and wondering every day as I walked to the station whether it would capsize our finances if I were to buy a five-cent cigar. I felt like a successful but unvarnished father who has to sit in the kitchen while daughter entertains the neighbours.

I had a good salary all right, but I wasn't wealthy enough to use any of it.

But I don't mean to say that I objected in the least. We were so outrageously happy, Sadie and I, that we used our money troubles for amusements in place of going to the vaudeville. I had just acquired a majority interest in the entire stock, fixtures, and good-will of paradise by marrying Sadie, and she, dear girl, had been overtaken with the delusion that frying alleged sirloin steak for me in the evening was a greater joy than loitering in the country seats of the mighty.

We were young, well educated, stuffed with ideals and ambitions, well beloved by various friends, and comfortably settled in a neighbourhood which was too expensive for us.

There is nothing in the world more satisfactory than living where you have no business to, financially speaking. Many a look of awe Sadie and

I have caught from some gasping guest as we towed him down the winding boulevard of Meadowmere and turned in just next to the \$40,000 cottage of the Withershanks, whose daughter's picture is stolen by society editors at least once a year.

This brings me pretty near to the beginning of my story. Perhaps you hadn't guessed it, but I am going to tell a story and not an autobiography. In all our bliss we had just two troubles. One was those same Withershanks, who hadn't called and who didn't even nod; the other was our automobile.

I believe I remarked that we weren't in the automobile class. That was the trouble. We weren't; but we had one just the same. It was a present.

Did you ever get an automobile for a present at a time when you couldn't afford a new straw hat? No? Of course not; it happens only once in a very great while. The last time such a fool thing occurred was when an old Indian rajah presented one of his impecunious subjects with a hungry white elephant. If that rajah had been around our place last year he would have dropped dead with rage to think that he had fooled around with white elephants for ruination purposes when he might have used a three-year-old automobile with constitutional weakness in the engine bed.

It was Sadie's father who gave us the auto. Sadie's father is a comfortable old omnibus type of business man in a class B city, who makes money enough to be poor but proud in New York and rich but modest in Des Moines. He loved Sadie, and when I took her away after a campaign beside which the siege of Port Arthur was only a snowball fight, he allowed some of the affection to drip onto me. He blessed us properly at the wedding, did the handsome thing in bedroom suites, and came to visit us in three months.

I liked the old chap and imperiled

my job by towing him over the city in business hours from the Stock Yards to Lincoln Park. It must have touched his heart for, after leaving a little remembrance that paid his board and thirteen installments on the piano, he suggested on the way to the station that we might have his automobile if we would pay the freight from Des Moines to Chicago.

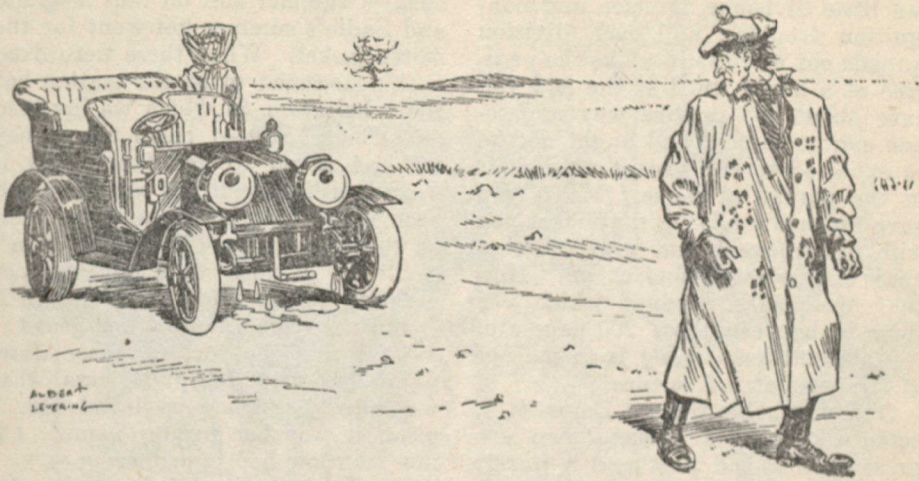
"I'm a little too old to enjoy it all by myself," he explained, "and, anyway, I don't like to run around like you young folks. Do you think you would care for it?"

A view of Sadie and me law-breaking down Michigan Avenue among the Armours, the Palmers, and the rest of the limelight brigade made me blink my eyes for a second. All this for us, F. O. B., which means free-on-board-cars! Us in the gasoline gang in three months instead of ten years! Whoop!

I landed on the sidewalk all right coming down and wrung my father-in-law's hand all the way to the station. Don't smile. You never had an automobile tossed over to you, I'll bet. And when you were young and foolish like I was, you would have accepted a gift car without looking at it in the transmission, just as I did.

Well, pa-in-law went back to the bosom of the United States, and Sadie and I wore the calendar out counting days. I have been against the railroads ever since that time. It takes longer to ship an automobile from Des Moines to Chicago than it would to take down St. Peter's Cathedral, pack it in suit cases, and bring it over here by a messenger boy.

We used to pass the time away by taking walks every night where the automobiles were thickest and imagining how the world looked behind goggles. Then we would walk home, almost bursting at the seams with longing, and all the time we were the owners of an automobile standing on some side track while a red-necked brakeman was getting ready to send it in the wrong direction.



"Ever stand in a hot road and cuss an auto?"

We kept this up for a month, and then I got a postal card one day telling me to call at the Rock Island freight station within nine hours and get one automobile with \$57.86 freight charges on it or the company would be compelled to charge me storage, demurrage, and income tax. Beats all how much of a hurry a railroad can be in after it has made you wait a month.

The next morning I went down and paid our rent money to the railroad company. The car was standing in the freight house with a sort of dejected air. It was one of those old 1904 models with a low-browed hood and a tonneau that soared aloft about five feet and had to be entered from the back through a door that wasn't made for fat men.

You know how quickly automobiles get out of date; how you go out on a five days' trip with a brand-new car fitted with the very latest thing in governors, and come back home to find that formerly they used to make cars with governors, but that no one was pretending to do any real automobiling nowadays without pneumatic control. You know how funny last year's body looks and what a joke it is to have sight-feeds instead of automatically regulated oilers.

Well, there was our car, three years old. It looked like an old maid at a college dance. It was fat where it ought to be slim, humpy where it ought to be flat, and straight where it should be curved. You could tell it was an automobile by the tires and the smell, but otherwise you might have mistaken it for a feather renovator. Bend a horse's knees the wrong way, put his mane under his neck instead of on top, and straighten out his back bone, and when you have done all this he will not look as strange or impossible as a three-year-old automobile.

That was the beginning of as weird a summer as was ever unloaded upon two young lovers of automobiling in the abstract. For the next three months we lived with the automobile and for it. And it lived on us.

Morning, noon, and night we existed under the shadow of an automobile which wouldn't go, but which might go by Sunday if we would just spend a little more money for something that was absolutely necessary to its good health.

An automobile consists of 1,111 parts and there is a disease for every one of them. Did you ever see a chart of the troubles that can afflict an auto engine alone? It starts with

two little divisions, ignition and non-ignition troubles, and each division spreads out and ramifies like the pedigree of a horse, until at the end you have about 200 reasons why a gasoline engine cannot, and ought not, to be expected to run except when it is in the garage at home. When you have finished studying that chart you will feel pleased and grateful that your engine ever runs at all. How they can make engines which can steer in between those 200 causes of trouble and keep going is to me one of the wonders of science.

Our automobile was an Empress. It acted like one—a broken-down empress with a bad past and a purely honorary job. The gloomy mechanic that looked her over when she came and who took great pleasure in being discouraged, told me she was made of tin and paint in equal parts and that she would never run on the high speed except downhill. He didn't exaggerate.

She had every automobile trouble known to man and a good many mysteries besides. Her water jacket leaked. Her fan belt slipped off. Her magneto was a wreck and her gear box sounded like nine gold watches being ground in a cornsheller. Her frame sagged, her carburetor was a dirt connoisseur, and her lubricators oiled the road but refused to pay any attention to her cylinders. She back-fired until it wasn't safe to crank her. She spat oil; she rumbled in her transmission and choked in her feed-pipe. Her circulation was bad; her batteries would deliver a spark in any part of the machine except the spark plug. She was more likely to explode in her muffler than in her engine, and if the former had been attached to the crank shaft we would have got better results.

If we had only found out all these woes at once it wouldn't have been so bad. But no, they came along with fiendish untimeliness. We discovered the leaky water jacket just after we had rebuilt the magneto. I

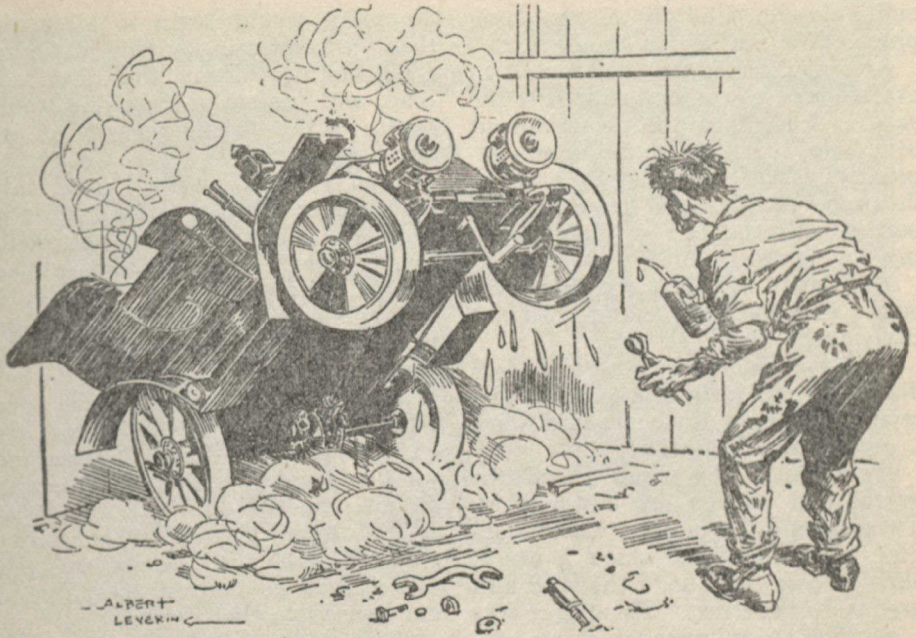
spent a summer suit on that magneto and Sadie's summer hat went for the water jacket. When these were fixed nothing seemed to be the matter but the lubricators, in which we invested an Oriental rug—I mean the money we had saved to get one. And it wasn't until after these sacrifices had been made that both rear tires blew up together with a \$95 bang. I didn't hesitate. I just took our summer vacation and bought the tires with it—and then she stripped her gears.

That was the sort of chase Josephine led us. Josephine was what we called her when we loved her. I mean it was her proper name. I'll not mention her improper ones.

By July, Sadie didn't dare order a beefsteak until she had asked me whether Josephine needed any more hard oil or spark plugs. Josephine stood in her stall and devoured our Sunday dinners and ice cream sodas and Thomas concert tickets. She ate up our hired girl and most of our laundry. She gobbled down our next winter's coal and inhaled half our gas—we used to go to bed early to cut down the light bill.

Josephine had the most omnivorous appetite you ever saw, except for gasoline. How she did save gasoline! More than once she made me hire \$5 worth of farmer's team in order to save a measly little fifteen cents' worth of gasoline.

I came to hate that automobile as if she were human. She had all the perversities of a mule, a chorus girl, and a spring day rolled into one. Time after time she swept grandly past the repair shop on the high speed only to break down a few miles farther along and stand in the hot, glary road for hours while I tried out every one of the 1,111 possible causes of trouble. When I gave up and started away to hunt a hold-up man—I mean a farmer—I used to look at her standing there with her lamps looking like two big stary eyes and her pendulous crank hanging like a long, loose underlip and say all I thought.



"She came as near being a man-eater as an automobile could"

Ever stand in a hot road and cuss an auto? You never know how eloquent you are until you have. I have cussed the administration and bad streets, and poor street-car service, and my neighbour's hens, and the toothache, and there are barren fields compared with an automobile which has broken down ten miles from home for the third time in a month.

An automobile can make you madder than a baby. And the worst of it is that while you know the baby will grow up into something you can brag about, the auto isn't half so bad as it is going to be next year. An automobile is a good deal like a baby, anyway. The first cost is only a minor incident.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Josephine hadn't been so vindictive. She not only refused to run, but she bit and kicked and scratched. You could not go near her without getting assaulted. It was worse than looping the loop to crank her. You had to set the sparks within the fraction of an inch and let go in a certain place

if you wanted to use your wrist again that month.

Her gears caught and slipped until you never could tell whether she was going to go backward or forward, or climb a tree. You could get a shock at any time by touching her anywhere. Her cogs fairly leaped at your fingers. She started with a back-breaking jerk and you could fry eggs most anywhere on her after she had run ten miles. She came as near being a man-eater as an automobile could. I was afraid of her, though I never let on and threatened daily in the most bloodcurdling tones to kick her flywheel clear through the engine bed.

I still take a good deal of pride in the fact that, notwithstanding all these complications, we ran Josephine that summer. There is a good deal of fighting blood in both of our families, dating back to the sassiness of '76, and we did not propose to be beaten by an under-engined, dish-wheeled, wappy-axled, snaggle-gearred cross between a threshing machine

and a hearse; and so we ran Josephine. We ran her on Sundays.

At 6 a.m. I rose, swathed myself in overalls and gloves, and retired to the shed. From then till noon hideous sounds of conflict would arise—explosions, shrieks, grindings, crashes, dull roars, rattles, and demoniac gibberings, all produced by Josephine at my suggestion.

At noon I would emerge from the smoke of battle long enough to eat a hasty lunch.

By two o'clock I generally had Josephine subdued to a point where several of her cylinders would work a good deal of the time.

By three I had scrubbed off the grease and put on my best clothes. There would be another short conflict, as a result of which I would chivvy Josephine out of the shed and around to the street. Then there was a glorious ten minutes which we considered worth the struggle.

Spick and span in her summer duds and looking so lovely that she kept me gasping with admiration, Sadie would sweep out from the house, pongee-coated, automobile-veiled, and altogether bewitching. I would hand her into the junk pile, inspect it carelessly, set the timer with bloodthirsty caution, and give one terrific jerk at the crank. I will say for Josephine that she never failed us at these critical moments. With a maudlin sputter, her engine would start racing. I would throw in the clutch with a reversible prayer and off we would glide, past the Withershanks, past the Blitheringtons, around by the Caxtons, and the Smythes, and on into the beautiful country leading to Aurora, Winnetka, Elgin, Wheaton, or elsewhere.

Not that we ever got anywhere but elsewhere. Oh, no. That ten minutes was our pride and joy. After that we died content. We generally lasted ten miles. Sometimes we got fifteen. We never got home. We never expected to.

Somewhere out in the country

Josephine would begin to hicough; then we knew our joy ride was over. I would turn down the next side road, and presently Josephine would expire with various noises of an alarming nature.

Then I would descend and take from under the seat a clean pair of overalls. Methodically Sadie would remove her pongee coat and automobile veil and would take from under the same seat a pair of stout walking shoes for which she would exchange her dainty slippers.

While Sadie was hunting the nearest farmhouse, I would use my arts on Josephine. When I succeeded, we would get five miles farther into trouble; when I didn't, I would pay over \$5 to a whiskered pirate with a team of raw-boned horses on condition that he deliver Josephine at our house late that night.

Then Sadie and I, hand in hand, would start for the nearest station. How we enjoyed those walks through the lush and beautiful country, serene in the knowledge that we could not puncture a tire, clog a feed pipe, or bend a crank shaft. Those were our vacations from Josephine, and we revelled in them to the full.

The summer wore on. So did Josephine. So did we. All four of us were about worn out. During the last two or three weeks we had acknowledged to ourselves, though not to Josephine, that the battle was about over. The war chest was scraped clean. Not another spark plug was our credit good for at the garage. Our grocery bills were two months behind. I had blown an awful hole in the rent money for new radiator tubes, and on top of all this Josephine had announced in no uncertain terms that if she got another speck of carbon in her cylinders she would strike permanently. Sadie's walking shoes had holes in them, and the entire financial resources of the family didn't pan out enough money to haul Josephine home another time.



"Mrs. Withershanks, your diamonds are as good as in our hands"

We were discouraged. For once the world looked black. The Withershanks, twenty feet away from our library window, still ignored our existence. They had a beautiful six-cylinder Streakolite with \$2,000 worth of accessories hung around it, and they went out every night. We were tired of sitting on our porch in the evening and pretending that we were past the stage of going autoing every night just for the fun of it. We were tired of living on Irish stew and feeding the porterhouse-steak money to Josephine. We were lonely, too.

We acknowledged all this one Saturday night when I came home and found Sadie crying over a heap of bills and a pongee coat with a big tear across the back. I was all for going out and blowing Josephine up with dynamite then and there, but I didn't. Dynamite costs money.

I had crossed the Pacific that night in company with a friendly millionaire who had prevailed upon me to

accept a six-cylinder Streakolite as a gift and was just trading my old watch for a thousand-acre estate around the South Pole with a rose garden in the rear and congenial neighbours all around, when somebody hammered on our door and brought me back to this country and Meadowmere with a jerk. It's no laughing matter, I'll tell you, to be snatched 15,000 miles in a jiffy.

I got up pretty mad and went down to the side door, where the assault continued. There was Mr. Withershanks in pyjamas and overcoat. There was Mrs. Withershanks in—well, plenty but rather miscellaneous garments. There was the Withershanks's butler and two policemen—a pretty fair-sized mob and all tremendously excited.

Mrs. Withershanks opened the conversation in one of those beautiful, mahogany-finished voices which make you think the owner's family has been somebody since the year one.

"Good evening," she said; "perhaps you don't know us. We are the Withershanks who live next door."

I couldn't help being a little sarcastic. "So glad to meet you," I said; "won't you step in?"

"Oh, no, thank you," said Mrs. Withershanks with a beautiful art-nouveau laugh: "we couldn't think of imposing on you. All we wish to borrow is your automobile."

"You see," broke in Mr. Withershanks, who had been standing first on one foot, then on the other with great nervousness, "we've been robbed of all our jewelry. It happened only a few minutes ago."

"And it's a cinch the yeggs went down the wood road," said the father of the two policemen, "'cause we've telephoned everywhere else."

"And Robert has our automobile in the city," put in Mrs. Withershanks.

"And we'll be eternally grateful to you if you will come along and help us run down the scoundrels," said Mrs. Withershanks.

"Say no more," said I, "but get your ammunition ready. Josephine will be ready in ten minutes." Phew! but that was a rash prophecy.

I ran upstairs and put on a few things by way of garments. Sadie was dancing around me excitedly and wanted to come down, but I told her sternly to stay where she was, and kissed her with Spartan firmness. The mob had put on more clothes when I came down.

"Allow me to introduce myself," I said, with much dignity. "I am Robert Waldron Wyatt."

"Delighted, we are sure," said the Withershanks heartily.

"Mrs. Wyatt," said I, with terrific grandeur, but much friendliness, "regrets that she cannot appear just at present."

"So sorry," murmured Mrs. Withershanks, with feeling. "I've always wanted to call on Mrs. Wyatt."

"Wyatt," said I.

We turned the corner of the house. There stood the shed wide open. It was empty. Josephine was gone.

"They've stole the car, too," shouted the slimmer of the two policemen. "Lost," moaned Mrs. Withershanks limply.

"Pardon me," said I triumphantly. "Saved instead. Mrs. Withershanks, your diamonds are as good as in our hands."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Withershanks.

"Simply this," said I. "I know Josephine. If they have tried to drive that car, the only question is, how far away it happened. I believe myself you will find your burglars within two miles. Forward."

The two policemen, the butler, Mr. Withershanks, and I plunged out into the street. No need to ask which way. There was a trickle of oil to the right showing clearly under the electric light. Josephine always marked her own trail.

We piled into the patrol wagon and started down the wood road. Daylight was just arriving. A mile out of town we noticed a puddle of oil on the road. That cheered us. Farther on I picked up a wrench, which I recognized at once. A mile farther on we found a regular heap of abandoned tools, my pliers, a spanner, some wire, my old gloves, and an oil can. The dusty road was padded with foot tracks.

Talk about trails! Sign posts would have been poor beside this one. I knew exactly what Josephine had been doing. Much as I detest burglarious gentlemen in general, I couldn't help pitying these villains. They were so helpless.

Five miles out we caught sight of a car away ahead at the top of a hill. It was standing still. That meant it was Josephine. Leaving the wagon, the two bulwarks of the law, supported by the rest of the Roman mob, slunk cautiously ahead by the roadside. It was an easy job. A few



“ The Robber surrendered with a sigh of relief ”

hundred yards away we ducked into the woods, came out just above the car, and gazed down on the scene of ruin. There was Josephine, standing like the eternal rocks. The end wasn't very exciting. The two officers swarmed down the bank, bristling with six-shooters, and the robber surrendered with a sigh of relief. Having done so, he began to curse Josephine. As he did so I listened with envy. His command of language was marvelous. In my finest flights I had been a tyro beside this.

“All I've got to say is, I'm glad you came,” he concluded. “That devil of a hell-fired man-killer has busted my pal's head and my wrist and has taken two hours to do five miles. It would have killed me if you hadn't come. I just want to see the assassin that owns it. I want one minute with him before I go up.” I didn't disclose my identity.

We are good friends with the Witherbanks nowadays. They profess to be delighted with our fresh

humour, and we find them almost human in their enthusiasm at times. We go riding often in their big Streakolite, which I run very much better than Witherbanks or his son. I could run a battle ship with confidence after running Josephine.

As for Josephine, her fame as the vanquisher of burglars spread to such an extent that about a week after the event a man came along and offered me \$200 for her. I closed the bargain before he could back out and asked him if he could run her home.

“Oh, yes,” said he, “I am a practical repair man. I'll come and get the car to-morrow.”

He came, but he did not take the car. However, the day after, he came again with a team of mules, and together Sadie and I watched our automobile disappear up the street. I have often thought of that man with a guilty feeling. I wonder what Josephine has been doing to him?

FROM MIRROR LANDING TO SOTO

THE FOURTH OF SIX SKETCHES

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

AS one watches the efforts of the wagoners to store away the valises and rolls of blankets without ejecting the passengers, one remembers that Caesar's word for baggage was "impedimenta." But Prosper, our wagoner, is the best packer on the trail, also he can sing, "I've Got Rings on My Fingers."

"It is strange there are so many dingy half-breeds in the world," says the person by my side, who objects to her blankets being tied on behind. "To my thinking there is no colour to compare with white. 'Ishmaels' I call these breeds."

Prosper's bearing under her choleric criticism is so superably apathetic that I like him swiftly and completely. Anyone can see that he is a man of substantial qualities and not to be excited by fidgety women.

It is sixteen rough miles from Mirror Landing to Soto Landing, along a black trail that lifts and dips through the tall ranks of the poplars and pines. The scenery offers no great varieties except those of light and shade, vista and perspective.

Whenever we pass through a thick-knit stand of pines, the people in the wagons are instinctively reticent and subdued, but, upon emerging into open space where there are only birches to throw a shimmering wayward shadow, 'tis observable that every one laughs or sings. It was *La Marseillaise*, the eight Oblates, or brothers, sang, and once they broke into a French ballad the burden of

which was, if I remember rightly :

"Mary, I love you,
Will you marry me?"

The team on our wagon is badly mated. The off beast trots like a sheep and has a way of hanging her head as if some one had told her a story too shocking to contemplate: while Lisette, the nigh mare, although strong as a steel cable picks objections to every foot of the way either with a kick or an idiotic side-long prance. Now and then, Prosper, who knows the whole truth about Lisette, and who looks more religious than he really is, advises her as to her forbears and predicts as to her posterity, but, like Job's wild ass, this whimsical-minded trailer "scorneth the multitude of the city and regardeth not the crying of the driver."

"She's a female voter, she is," says an Englishman, who has been back home on a visit, "and it's a tidy bit of walloping she needs."

The London suffragettes would have been pleased with our opinion of their countryman and that we were able to express it in the exact words. After a full and unreserved apology from the frightened traveller we, in turn, retracted the indecorous charge that he was "a ridiculous pinhead," and "a man of low understanding," whereupon peace once more reigned in our wagon. It is astonishing what pernicious consequences may follow from the kicking of a wayward-minded mare on the trail. Most of the

frontier tragedies are attributable to this very thing.

Anderson's stopping-place, which we are passing, used to be the only house between Grouard and Athabasca Landing and accordingly is a notable landmark. Anderson is still unmarried. It is forced upon the notice of a traveller in these North-western Provinces that every bachelor has little spruce trees around his house. The bachelor thinks we don't suspect his reason, but we know it is because he hopes, some day, they may come in handy for Christmas trees.

We stay for a little while at the house of Ernst and Minna, who came from Europe more than six years ago. It is a sheer joy to know Minna, who is a little round-bodied woman, firm-fleshed and wholesome as an autumn apple. She has been at Athabasca Landing once. She hears there are trains there now. It may be that Madam saw them.

Minna had planned a trip to the Landing this summer, but it happened she did not go after all. Ah, well! there is the money saved and she is sure to see the Landing again. Minna was going to the hospital of the good sisters to lie-in with her fifth baby, and Ernst was to stay here with the children. You may believe it, too, that Ernst is no butter-fingers with children, and a most cunning baker of bread. Minna says that down this way every man can bake bread—and does bake bread.

The little house by the trail would, of course, miss its mother for a while, but the garden seeds were in; the children's clothes were mended to the last stitch, and a parcel of baby's fixings was on its way to her from Edmonton. Now, it happened there was too much important freight from the boat to carry this parcel, and so it was left behind till the next trip. It was nearly too late, and Minna was greatly perplexed, for surely she was going to see the Landing, and how could she go without the baby's clothing?

But, at last, the parcel came and the wagoner who delivered it was to call the next day on his return trip and take Minna with him over the portage to the boat. He came, and with him were several passengers. It was unfortunate there was no woman among them, for Minna had no neighbours; Ernst had gone down the trail, and the hour had come.

"Mother, she iss sick," explained her little son, and no one iss in to come. I am by the door to stand till father he comes back." It was nearly an hour before the distressful travellers were able to find Ernst, but no man ventured past the young sentinel at the door.

The little daughter was half an hour old when Ernst was deposited on his door-step, but Minna had cared for the child herself. It was too bad the mother had fallen from the loft and hurt herself, for, now, she cannot go to the hospital, and she wanted to see the Landing. Ah, well! there is the money saved and that is something. It takes much money for five children.

"How old is the baby-girl?" I ask as I take my turn in kissing the mite's forehead, and in wishing that she may be a good little scout like Minna.

"She was one week last Tuesday. No! two weeks last Tuesday. Ah, madam, I cannot surely say. Ernst, I will ask him how old is the baby."

Once, on the journey, we passed a speckled owl in a pine tree, but she did not answer to our "Oo-hoo!" neither did she so much as open an eye. She looks rich unto millions, and thoroughly proof against all appeals. She is what Cowper called the University of Oxford, "a rich old vixen." I intend affecting this prose myself when I find the gold at the foot of the rainbow, in order that I may be extremely insolent to the bankers and to other offensive collectors.

Prosper says he often shoots owls who lodge in the fir-trees, and that he gets two dollars bounty from the Government from each one. He does

not know it is accounted a sin to him who kills a bird that has sheltered in a fir-tree or an animal that has crouched thereunder, for this is the tree of the Christ-child, and a House of Refuge in the forest to the denizens thereof. To those men or women who love the fir, its bitter taste on their tongues may be more holy than bread or wine, and may convey to them an inly grace.

Also, it is wrong to cast away the Christmas tree or the ropes of greenery which have been used for the celebration of Christmas-tide. These should be burned upon the hearth as a sweet savour, and the fire-master should say, "Peace be to this household and to all the household of Canada."

The resin of conifers is a more agreeable and a more seemly offering to "Our Lady of the Snows" than aloes, or myrrh, or spices, so that it behooves us, her children, to look anew to our censuring pots.

Since leaving Athabasca Landing, we have passed through enough uncultivated land to solve all the problems of Great Britain which arise out of unemployed workmen, and out of slum conditions with their attendant evils.

As its stupendous acreage, enormous fertility, and its lifeless voids are daily thrust upon me, I am filled with amazement. Surely no land was ever so little appreciated by its owners. If there were an ocean between it and our more populous Provinces to the south, one might the better understand the reasons. This waste heritage can only be accounted for on the grounds of a lack of interest, and because people are indolent and like to live softly. Only two members of the Alberta Legislature have ever visited this country, and these two belong here. It does not need a new Moses to stand and say, "This is a goodly land"; it needs a new and more drastic Joshua to take them by the ear and lead them in. The time is coming when the crops from this

land will, each year, outstrip in value all the gold money in the world, and it will not be so long either. I intend to buy as much of it myself as I can afford, and if I can persuade the Christians of my town to lend me the money, instead of building churches, I shall buy more than I can afford. I have read much about this country, but I find it better to come here and tread out the grapes for myself.

While I have been taking stock mentally of these things, we have arrived at Soto Landing, on the Little Slave River, and already the Indian women have come out of their tents to watch our movements. These people are called squatters hereabout, but I prefer to call them "nesters." They sow not, neither do they gather into barns. They don't care to do either.

They view us women with a quiet appraising look, but not understanding "their dark, ambiguous, fantastical, prophetic gibberish," I cannot learn their conclusions. The Factor's widow, who is still with us, heard one of the Indian men describe her hat as "a pot," whereupon she remarked to him in excellent Cree that her pot lacked a handle. If I were to set down how the other Indians enjoyed this stabbing surprise and how they were contorted with laughter by reason of their fellow's confusion, you would hardly believe me, so I shall not set it down.

One woman wears a dress that has in it the many shocking colours of a Berlin wool mat. She is pleased when we stroke it with our hands, and I can see she is as proud of it as I am of my dimity bed-gown with the pink rosebuds on it.

Dinner is ready on the boat and our appetites are too sharp-set to permit of delay. We eat and eat just as if eating were our chief and everlasting happiness, and as if life itself lay in a flesh pot.

This is a larger and better equipped boat than those on the Atha-

basca because it is meant for the lake traffic. We do not leave Soto Landing till three hours past the scheduled time, for Mr. J. K. Cornwall, the member of Parliament for the Peace River constituency, affectionately known hereabout as "Jim," has chosen to make the portage afoot.

This country, from Athabasca Landing to the Peace River, is commonly described as "Jim's Country," and if you travel it over you will understand the reason.

Who supports the stopping-places on the river? Jim's freighters.

Who cuts the wood on the bank? Jim's Indians.

Who hauls the passengers, the freight, and the mail-bags over the portage? Jim's wagoners.

Who owns the ships on the Athabasca and the Slave? Why, Jim himself.

How Jim can look his pay-sheet in the eye every fortnight and keep on laughing is, to my thinking, the miracle of the North. But then it must be borne in mind that I have never seen Jim's ledger-book, and, as yet, no one else has except his accountants and bankers.

The dream of Jim's life has been to lay bare the wealth of the North, for the good of the North, and every day he is making his dream come true.

But I was telling you about Soto Landing. The freight shed here is in charge of a bachelor, whose wardrobe is drying audaciously on the trees. He says he ties his clothes together with a rope and lets the current of the river wash them, but I think this statement is what Montaigne would describe as "a shameless and solemn lie."

He asks me how long I have been out from Ireland, and I tell him three years.

"What was the charge?" he pursues.

"Stealing the crown-jewels," I reply.

"Oh," says he, "it's the same time

since I left the sod. It was for killing a landlord."

Now, as this man came from New Brunswick, and as I came from Ontario, it may readily be seen that we have both become Albertans.

"Are you not ashamed to deceive a woman like me, and an ignoramus who is travelling north to gain instruction?" I ask of him.

"Woman! You're no woman—I mean you're no ignoramus—and, although you question us, I perceive you know more about the North than all of us. But seeing you wish to be further instructed, come with me to the freight-shed that I may show you how the wholesale houses pack their goods. Believe me, lady, I cut to the root of the matter when I say the only downright packers in this North Country are the Hudson's Bay Company. You can plainly see this for yourself, and I hope you will inform the Board of Trade about it when you go home. Here you will observe a set of scales, but the weights were insecurely attached and have been lost.

This heap of refuse is the remains of a shipment of crockery that was crated too lightly. Errant providence, I call it. Lady, the pitcher is no longer broken at the fountain: it is our habit here to break it on the portage. It is no exaggeration when I say I am worked like a transcontinental railway system, hammering up boxes or shovelling out damaged merchandise.

Cast your eye up at these chairs in the rafters, six dozen of them by actual count, sent north by a furniture house last year, but delivery was refused by the purchaser."

"They look like good chairs," say I, "What is the matter with them?"

"Matter enough," he continues, "shipped as 'knocked-down' furniture, four legs to each chair, all of them hind legs. This was a matter of considerable vexation to the purchaser, who paid cash for the goods and for their transportation."

"But the furniture house will send the front legs," I argue.

"Might as well try to get blood out of sawdust," says he.

Now, personally, I think this simile is an inconclusive one, for I have known timbermen to sweat great drops of blood into sawdust and there is no reason why those drops could not be extracted.

This freight master is a compelling man, and he says the shippers are expert sinners and a parcel of ignorant and makeshift people. It may be he is right: it is not for me to gain-say him, or to further discompose his temper, when all the evidence is so plainly visible to us.

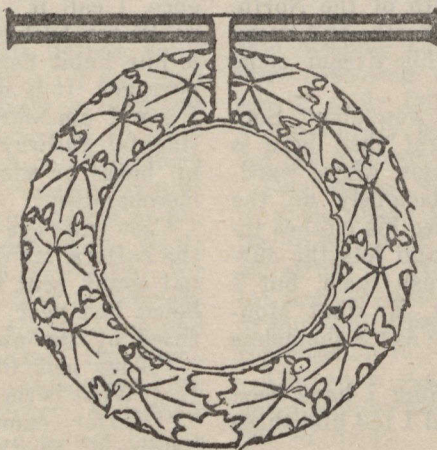
After this discussion, I play with the other children who tumble about on the hillside. They all talk Cree, and some of them who have been to school talk French and English.

One little girl, with the fine insouciance of eight years, says there is no use praying *Le Bon Dieu* for He doesn't understand Cree very well. She has repeated her prayer over and over, but she has never had a soft-faced doll yet.

Solemn little mother! Her prayer, at any rate, is reasonably specific, and I can see how one of these days it is going to be answered.

It is good to rest in the shade of the trees while these chocolate-coloured babies jabber about me in soft Cree, and finger my hair and clothes. Truly, I am very fortunate and have much fulness of pleasure. I might be that same good girl whom an English playwright describes as having never compromised herself, and yet the wickedest child who ever was slapped could hardly have had a better time.

The fifth sketch of this series will describe a trip on Lesser Slave River and introduce a legend or two of the North.



COACHING ON THE CARIBOO TRAIL

BY PAULINE JOHNSON

WE left the train at Ashcroft, British Columbia, and even from the station platform we could see, winding through the sand hills and sage brush, the renowned Cariboo Trail, which outreached four hundred miles to the gold-fields of Barkerville. Up this trail we were to "coach" for twenty glorious days, behind a four-in-hand driven by "Cariboo Billy," the best whip in all British Columbia. He was ready and waiting for us, a tall, sun-tanned Westerner, with cowboy hat, fringed gauntlets, and knotted scarlet handkerchief at his throat; and the outfit he had consisted of four splendid roadsters hitched to a light, double-seated canopied surrey.

The thermometer registered 104 degrees in the shade, and the arid hills of the dry belt pulsed under a blistering sun. We two climbed languidly into the back seat. "Cariboo Billy" and the luggage occupied the front. There was a swinging hiss of a long blacksnake whip, and we were away, with two thousand feet of trail to climb before we reached the timber line and the delight of breathing mountain air.

Every twenty miles up the entire trail are road-houses of rare excellence, and at each one the British Columbia Express Company, known in local parlance as the "B. X.," provided us with a relay of animals. Here, too, we got meals at any and all

hours, for as we arrived the first thing seen was the sallow face of the Chinese chef peering from the back door. He always took it for granted we were starving, and would immediately prepare substantial that would satisfy the most exacting appetite.

Where we rested at night, the beds were like mother's arm to us, the linen cool and fresh, and, oh! the mornings, when the day broke in that vast far railroadless country, where the horse is king and you have shaken yourself loose from exacting conventions and forgotten how to spell the word "care"—those glorious mornings when before sun-up "Cariboo Billy" would wake us with, "Hello, pals! Hit the trail in one hour, got to do seventy miles to-day!"

Then the scramble up to a breakfast of picked food from the ranches!—broilers, cream, fresh eggs, or perhaps a venison steak. To see four splendid roadsters at the door, impatient to get away, and "Cariboo Billy" waiting, idly twirling his cowboy hat in one hand, while he rolled a cigarette with the other; to tuck ourselves away in the surrey for a long day's swing into the Northland;—to hear the hearty "Good-bye and good-luck" from host and hostess; then to hit the trail at a spanking gait, to feel the plunge of the leaders, the tug of the wheelers, and to dash out into the early morning, with "no one to boss, no one to obey"; to

feel that we "owned" "Cariboo Billy" and the outfit, and to feel that in all the world not a human being could command our whims or say us nay. That was a holiday kings might envy but never hope to have.

An endless delight was to learn the names of our animals. "Cariboo Billy" knew every shining flank on the trail, and after the first day out he never waited for questions, but at each relay he would remark quietly:

"Leaders, 'Buck' and 'Brandy'; wheelers, 'Luke' and 'John.'" Then our horses became personalities and our holiday comrades for many miles.

One evening, gorgeous with colour, we swung down the heights into Quesnel, on the Fraser River, where the Government telegraph line leaves all haunts of civilization and takes its way through the wilderness to Dawson City.

We had done eighty miles that day, but we felt no fatigue; indeed, I cannot recall feeling wearied or "carriage-stiff" during that entire drive of eight hundred and sixty miles in the wonderful mountain air. I slept like a baby, laughed like a child, and ate like a lumber-jack. Two days later we galloped into historic Barkerville, the nucleus of the Cariboo gold-fields. A little out-of-the-world town it is, four hundred miles from the railroad, with its whole-souled people four hundred times more hospitable to wandering rest-seeking strangers

because of it. We stayed three days and said good-bye with faltering voices and misty eyes; for it is unlikely that we shall ever see Barkerville again. A holiday like that comes to a person but once in a life-time.

On the return trip we made a detour of sixty miles westward to Lillooet, on the Upper Fraser River. For miles the trail hangs like a chiffon scarf above the river, which boils through its rock cañon, a thousand feet below. For miles the carriage wheels flew along one foot from the edge of this precipice. We climbed Pavilion Mountain, where the trail wound in six distinct loops above us, we galloped every foot of the way down the opposite side, where the trail dropped in six circles below us. "Cariboo Billy" was a dare-devil driver—we almost ceased breathing in some of his wild dashes from summit to cañon, and, oh! the fascination of his plunge down the mountain, the almost terrifying enjoyment of threatening danger: but he never made a slip. He knew the trails; he knew his horses; and, more than all else, he was sure of himself.

And now, looking backward to that princely holiday, I know that "Cariboo Billy" did much to make that vacation the most royal I have ever experienced. That was seven years* ago, but I can feel the thrill of the four-in-hand galloping down to the cañons; the exhilaration of it all is with me to-day, like the haunting scent of sage on the Dry Belt Hills.

*Here, the placid English August and the sea-encircled miles,
There, God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the lonely aisles,
Where the waterfalls and forest voice forever their duet,
And call across the canon on the trail to Lillooet.

—Pauline Johnson, in *The Canadian Magazine* for June, 1907.



SHAGONAS, A HALF-BREED INDIAN BOY, VISITING HIS SNARES

From a Photograph by W. W. Fox

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



SUGGESTIVE OF AN EARLIER GLORY

THE TRAGEDY OF THE RED MAN

BY NANCY RANKIN

A WELL-KNOWN Canadian lecturer, whose work has made him for many years a student of the modern Indian, tells an amusing incident.

Some years ago, while lecturing in Chicago, he introduced an Indian play and dance given by some Ojibways who accompanied him on the trip. Everyone knows of the temptation which firewater has for an Indian. None knew it better than the lecturer himself, and, this being the case, he told the Indians that no one must touch it during the week.

"If," he said, "none of you touches a drop of whiskey this week, for if you do you will be of no use to me, on Saturday night I will give a dinner at which you may drink all the wine you wish."

The Indians one and all agreed to this, and the conduct of each was perfect for the six days.

On the seventh a clergyman sought an interview with the lecturer.

"Is it true," he began, "that you intend giving these Indians liquor to-night?"

"The truth is," replied the gray-haired lecturer, "we are having some wine at our dinner."

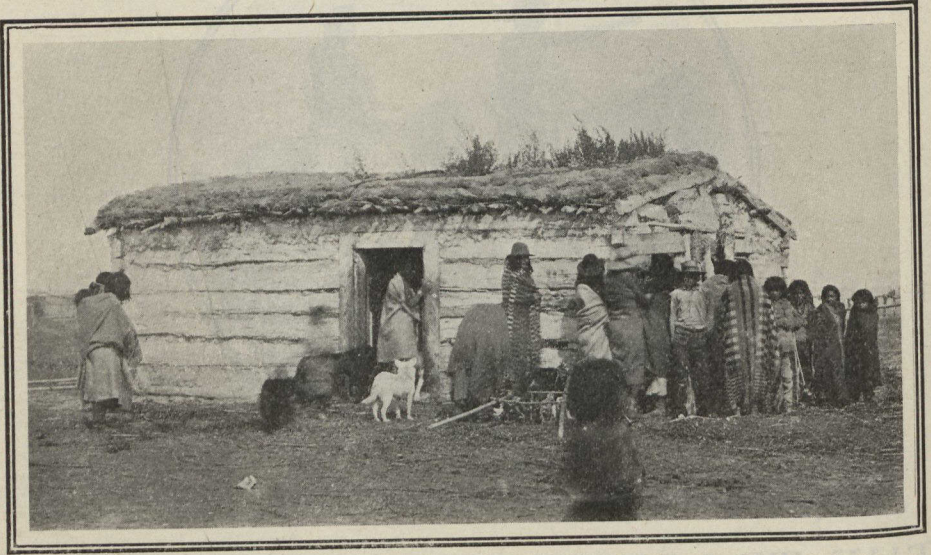
"But do you not think it very wrong?" said the clergyman; "with all your knowledge of the Indian, I should think that you would realize just what a serious thing you are doing. These poor, ignorant creatures must be considered as children, and as such it is the duty of every one of our race, as superior beings, to help and uplift them instead of pursuing the course you seem to be following. It can do them no good, and it may do them some real harm."

"Well," answered the other, "why not come around yourself to-night and tell them about it. Come

and bring your choir with you. Perhaps your presence will save the situation."

The minister consented. Evening

So much for the noble white man. The Indian, to anyone who has not made a special study of his race, is yet an unknown quantity, and



NO EVIDENCE OF ROMANCE HERE

arrived, and with it the worthy gentleman and his choir. The clergyman admonished the Indians at great length to leave strong drink alone. He told them it was a very wicked thing; it destroyed the body; it ate out the heart; it diseased the mind, and made friends bitter foes.

In all these things they agreed with him. It was a wicked and useless thing to get drunk. They would drink their wine, but it would not make them drunk. That was indeed folly.

The clergyman left early to keep an appointment, but the choir remained. The lecturer told amusing stories. The food was good; the lights were bright, the company congenial. The little incident at the beginning seemed forgotten. The party broke up shortly before twelve. Each Indian to the last man arose and went solemnly homeward. The choir—some of them were able to walk home; some gave their house numbers to discreet cabbies, and two slept peacefully.

strange are the prevailing ideas concerning him.

If you received your first education in things historical in one of the numerous public schools of Ontario, you will probably remember a paragraph entitled, "North American Indians," which ran somewhat as follows:

"The North American Indian is tall and copper-coloured; has straight black hair, black eyes, and high cheek-bones; is keen of hearing, swift of foot, cruel to his enemies, but generally true to his friends. The Indian woman does all the work, while her husband spends all his time hunting and fishing, when he is not fighting."

There may have been more about the North American Indians—his manners, his customs—if so, I have forgotten it, and I suspect you have done the same.

Add to the above Longfellow's "Hiawatha," a few coloured calendars of beautiful Indian maidens in buckskins and beads, a rage for burnt work on leather with designs running



AN INDIAN TEMPORARY ENCAMPMENT, WESTERN CANADA

to Indian warriors, and you have my earliest conception of the red man. Your own was probably the same.

Even the statement that the Indian women did all the work while the men spent their time hunting and fishing did not spoil the romance. Truly the husband and father spent his time hunting and fishing when he was not engaged in the manly art of fighting, but we must remember that it was not a "day-off" with a tempting lunch and a few bottles of beer to break the *ennui*. It was a serious business, which was sometimes undertaken with great difficulties, and meant food and raiment for wife and little ones. What man does more? No doubt his faithful squaw made roasts out of the flesh and clothing from the hides, but there were no floors to sweep, no rugs to beat, and, if all reports be true, no dishes to wash. Many white women fare worse. As to war, it brought honour and glory to the family.

There remained, then, only the handsome hunter and warrior roaming the forests and prairie at will—brave and fearless—tall and copper-coloured, with straight black hair, black eyes, high cheek-bones, cruel to his enemies, but generally true to his friends.

Then came the disillusionment. I arrived in Calgary, and, hunched up in the dirtiest democrat I ever saw, driving the most unromantic old cayuse that ever disgraced the equine family, I saw my first Indian. He was a full-blooded Sarcee from the reserve nearby.

A Sarcee! One of the bravest of Indian tribes! For a century the Blackfoot Confederacy, consisting of the Blackfoot tribes, with their allies, the Gros Ventres and the Sarcees, held, by force of arms, against all other tribes, an extensive territory reaching from the Missouri River north to the Red Deer, and from the Rockies to beyond the Cypress Hills.



THE RED MAN AS FREQUENTLY HE IS SEEN TO-DAY

The day mentioned, on which I first encountered a red man, was in early winter, and the weather was probably at freezing point. There he sat, his ears covered with a thick veil, a huge coat and blanket to keep his unhealthy body warm, and many pairs of mittens to protect his tender hands.

The cause of his degeneration is not hard to trace. The Indian finds it difficult to survive civilization. In his old wild life, he was one of the most active of human beings. He was forced to work hard from day to day for his food (public school history to the contrary, notwithstanding), or, if food was abundant, his ambition led him continually on the warpath. Thus he was lean, sinewy, and tough, and always in the best of training. Those who reached maturity were the strong ones of the race. Truly it was a survival of the fittest. When the Indian was obliged to give up his wanderings, a change took place in his physical condition. He

brooded over the past. Ambition was dead. The reservation was only a few thousand acres. What was that to the ruler of half a continent? Civilization was about to set in, and with it, or rather preceding it, came the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and the railway. New conditions arose. The Indian began to live in houses, and he and his children no longer subsisted on the meat of the deer and buffalo. They must raise wheat, lettuce, radishes, and onions. These changes began to act on his health, and he could no longer resist disease. Contact with the white man brought the dread disease tuberculosis. The death rate from this frightful malady is appalling, and in past years bade fair to destroy the red men completely within the next century. Recently, however, contrary to the general opinion, there has been a slight increase in the Indian population of Canada.

We are told that the Indian in his primitive state was clean as to body

—that he bathed frequently. Since he has been forced to wear white men's clothes, and live in white men's houses, no one would have the courage to suggest how often he bathes. In the schools on the reservations, however, the gentle art of cleanliness is being taught, and perhaps in the course of a generation or two our Indian brave will sterilize his clothing and faint at sight of a germ.

On the reserve mentioned, which consists of 69,120 acres of the finest land in Alberta, there are about 200 Indians. Of these twenty-six are of school age. These children are being given a practical education—the boys caring for the horses, cattle, garden, and wood supply of the institution, while the girls are taught household duties, sewing, and beadwork. It is discouraging work at the best, as only a few are industrious, and the schoolmaster, minister, and matron must indeed have the three greatest of virtues—faith, hope, and charity.

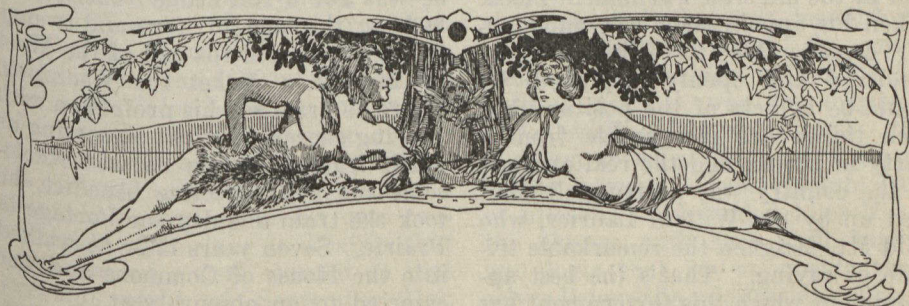
A few generations, and they may have forgotten, but there still live some old braves who led their faithful followers against the white men, and their tales must rouse many strange emotions in the breasts of the young men who have only known life on the reserve. Many wild tales they tell of mad gallops over the broad

prairie by sunrise and sunset as free as the air, with nothing as far as eye could see but the beloved prairie melting into the horizon and turning purple in the distance—tales of maidens won, of battles fought, of the wild chasing of enemies from their peaceful hunting-grounds, of the triumphant marches homeward; and, lastly, they tell of the white men.

How wretched he looks as he sits hunched in his dirty, creaking democrat, whacking the reins over the back of his lifeless broncho, and smoking unceasingly! What he sees, what he thinks, no man knows. What memories are his, what miseries, what humiliations!

Do you remember these words from "Hiawatha"?—

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers,
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Saw the remnant of our people,
Sweeping westward wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rock of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn."



ARTHUR MEIGHEN : THE NEW HOPE

BY M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

INTO the spotlight of national politics there stepped a few months ago a young man of thirty-nine, lean, frail, serious, intense, with a remarkable capacity for eating up musty legal statutes, and an equally remarkable incapacity for eating the deductions which he makes from them. The Honourable Arthur Meighen, the new Solicitor-General for the Dominion, is more than a mere holder of that office. He is one of the leading men on the political stage at Ottawa, one of the few enigmas of Canadian politics, and by many already regarded as the new hope of the Conservative party.

It is no disparagement of his predecessors to say that Mr. Meighen is the best equipped man, judged from the standpoint of sheer legal knowledge, that has ever occupied the unpretentious office of the Solicitor-General in the old west Parliament block. When his appointment was announced, considerable ill-feeling was engendered and openly displayed by would-be holders of the position, but such things are inseparable from a party in power, and the real attitude of the country was pretty well summed up by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who paid Mr. Meighen the remarkable tribute of saying, "That's the best appointment which this Government has made."

Mr. Meighen did not solicit the office. Others did. Macaulay once said

that Shakespeare had neither equal nor second. That was essentially Mr. Meighen's relation to the other aspirants for the office, viewed in the light of ability, and the mantle simply gravitated to him.

Arthur Meighen's career has been short and swift. Contrary to a somewhat general impression, he is not a thorough Westerner, but a son of the Province of Ontario. He first looked out upon the world through the modest window-pane of an equally modest home in the town of St. Mary's and spent his boyhood there. He was just an ordinary youngster, and missed school, fought and raided orchards with the best and worst of them, bucking up sufficiently in his studies to graduate from St. Mary's Collegiate Institute and the University of Toronto. His home town did not open before him a particularly rosy path—he was not a full-fledged barrister—and at the age of four-and-twenty Arthur answered the call of the West by buying a ticket for Winnipeg. There he practised his profession with varying success, and not attracting as much legal attention as was wholesome for a prospective benedict, he took the train one day for Portage la Prairie. Seven years later he walked into the House of Commons and was escorted to an obscure seat.

During his first year in the House young Mr. Meighen did not make the mistake of saying something when he

had nothing in particular to say. Before getting on his feet to address the House he knew what he was going to say, when he was upon his feet he knew what he was saying, and when he sat down he knew what he had said. Wisdom of this kind is not, however, one of the cardinal virtues of the House of Commons, and the representative of Portage la Prairie, except, perhaps, in the eyes of some of the leaders, did not attract particular attention.

The following session saw a number of dredging scandals before the Public Accounts Committee, and it was as a member of that body that Meighen got his name on the front pages of the newspapers. His fellow members suddenly saw the quiet scholarly-looking young man transmuted into the fearless, daring, active lawyer, whose merciless logic was the Nemesis of too reticent witnesses and of too talkative opponents. His work as a critic of what he deemed to be extravagant public expenditure was of such a character that it had to escape all observation to avoid unstinted admiration. His best gifts revealed, Meighen was established as a front-bencher on the Conservative side of the House. The session of 1910 saw him in the rôle of champion of the West, and he moved a resolution calling for the abolition of the duty on all agricultural implements. When Mr. Fielding announced the terms of the reciprocity pact, it is said that Meighen was among a number of Western Conservatives who were prone to support it. However that may be, the fact remains that a few weeks later he came out as one of its most uncompromising opponents, both on economic and sentimental grounds. So ably did he conduct the fight against it in his own constituency of Portage la Prairie that when the votes were counted on that eventful night of September 21st, 1911, Mr. Meighen found himself with a much larger majority than before. Youth and geography were against

him when Mr. Borden was first casting about for Cabinet timber, and men infinitely inferior in intellect, statesmanship, and parliamentary ability were taken into the Government over his head.

Meighen's first great test for fitness came with the naval controversy last winter. The measure was fiercely attacked with all the ability, sagacity, and strength which the well-trained debating team of the Liberal opposition could summon to its command. Mr. Foster, the greatest orator of them all, had spoken and gone, and, with the exception of himself, the capacity of Mr. Borden's Cabinet does not rest in oratory, or even in solid debating skill. And so it was that the big guns of the Opposition day after day, and night after night, poured shot and shell upon Mr. Borden's three *Dreadnoughts*, while the Cabinet batteries remained silent. One day a press correspondent happened into Mr. Meighen's room to find him buried behind a mountain of law books. That night the story got out that the Government was framing a closure bill. A week later the measure was introduced in the House by the Prime Minister and savagely attacked by the Opposition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier led his forces with a brilliant assault both upon its principle and details, and laid the whole thing—iniquity, he called it—at the door of Mr. Meighen. Pugsley, Macdonald, Maclean, Carvell—great, keen lawyers all—strove desperately to shoot away all that was demolishable of the structure which the young member for Portage la Prairie had built. And it was in answering and repelling those attacks that Meighen revealed his remarkable debating powers. Cool, resolute, sure of himself, he defended himself and the closure with such skill, vigour, and logic that his opponents themselves listened in admiration. The intricacies of the measure brought him to his feet many times to explain away misconceptions, some of which

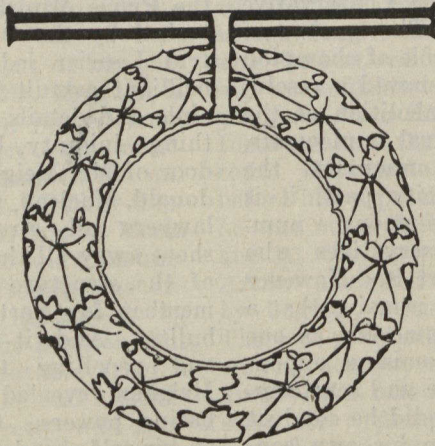
were more apparent than real, and the House began to get the impression about him that he could always be relied upon. Even when his opponents had the better case, his friends felt certain that he would have an adequate and convincing reply.

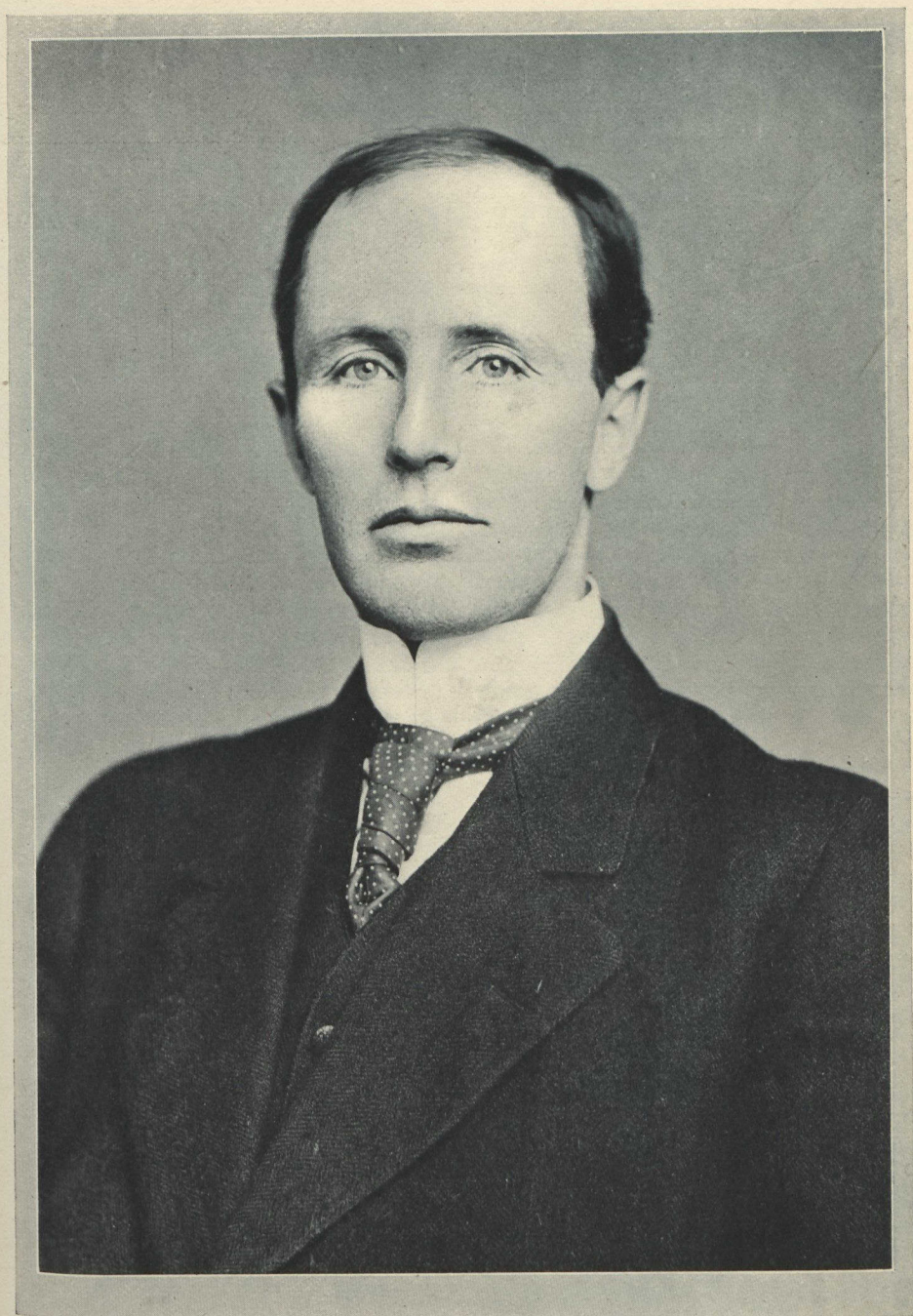
Meighen is a Liberal-Conservative in the widest sense. He is really a radical, but a sane radical. He is a progressive, but he is not a demagogue or a fanatic. On the other hand, he is a good politician. Learning his game of politics in the hard Western school, he is no idealist, knows something about practical organization politics, and is perhaps too good a party man for anyone to go into raptures as yet over his having the courage of his convictions.

Delicate in constitution, frail in figure, intense, serious, and even for a young man austere, he spends but little time on social pleasures, and his official duties are seldom brightened by humour. At work as in debate he is at times almost painfully earnest. But he has the straightforward look of a man neither nervous, shifty, nor

timid; a fine, companionable, earnest man, who has plenty of faults and knows that he has; a man with no frills about him, big-hearted, and big-brained, straight, reliable, and able; a student of politics and events that have built that mighty structure—the British Empire.

What Mr. Meighen's political future will be, it is difficult to say. As remarked before, he is one of the enigmas of Canadian politics—the big man behind Borden, after whose name no one as yet feels disposed to write a question mark. Certain it is that he is the ablest of a number of very clever young men in the Conservative party. In contemplating what his future will be, we must not forget the great and often decisive factor in the fortunes of political men—the great god Chance. There have been cases in British political history, and in Canadian political history, too, where big men laid their plans carefully and pursued them for years, and when the great prize was nearly within their grasp, up came the Arbiter and threw the whole fabric into the dust.





THE WHITE HOPE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

The Honourable Arthur Meighen, the new Solicitor-General for the Dominion

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

'EMMINGWAY OF THE "QUEEN'S OWN"

BY HUGH JOHNSON

WE called him "'Emmingway of the Queen's Own," but that wasn't his real name. His real name was Collins. And looking back at it all now, I recall the thing in a sort of series of remarks. I think the one remark I remember best was the one Folsom made at the club one night. Folsom just stuck out his big square jaw and glowered down a proposition I had made in regard to 'Emmingway.

"Aw, no, try his ludship clear out," growled Folsom. "There's nothing in him. We don't want *that* kind of lumber in this regiment. It isn't fair to the men to put 'em up against it with *that* to depend on."

I say I remember that little remark of Folsom's whenever I think of L Troop out there at Poulatong, with only Collins to depend on.

You see, the Sixteenth has had its experiences—had 'em from Texas to Minlanao—but nothing ever equalled the coming of Collins, newly commissioned and from civil life. I mind the day well.

An automobile swerved up to the main gate of the post, stopped panting, and delivered itself of this martial monstrosity. It wore *creased* riding trousers of ultra English make, its boots squeaked, and it surveyed the little world of our fort (oh, shade of long-haired Custer!) through a monocle. When he teetered past Number One, the sentry sniggered.

The men thought he was an advertisement for a travelling oculist, and they came down in troops to see him. I thought he was a joke the young civilians in town had put up on the regiment, but they hadn't done it—*that* was the work of some senator with a pull. He had been walking around the post for fifteen minutes, when some one began to suspect the truth and advised him to go and report to the Colonel.

He fairly wafted into the office.

Now our particular Colonel is an old dragoon, and his indigestion was worse that morning. In his day, newly-appointed lieutenants were not in the habit of addressing their K. O.'s as "Old Fellow," or of telling whose son they were in the first sentence. Collins came out gasping, but all he would say was:

"My word—*my* word— *my* word —"

You might have thought that this would dampen Collins. It did not. He went to the club, rapped on the table with a riding-stick, and called:

"Steward, bring me a brawndy smawsh, ye know."

There was no question about it; Collins was the worst thing that ever happened to the Sixteenth Cavalry. He developed a new disqualification for his commission every hour. In the first place, he had never seen a real soldier in all his life; but he had read all about them in books and

he was satisfied. He couldn't ride, he couldn't drill, he couldn't talk, and he couldn't be silent. He spoke with an English accent—stage English—and he had no more idea of his duties as an officer than a boarding-school freshman. He had read a Kipling story, seen a picture of a Horse Guardsman, sat through the "*Second in Command*," and decided on his calling. We could have accepted him with all that—at his face value—on the general idea that the System is a good one and that he would have to learn, but he had no face value.

The trouble was this; he'd gone to school to milk-faced tutors all his life, and they may have taught him Know, but they certainly didn't teach him Know How. He'd been graduated from the University of Pat-on-the-Back and not from the Fresh Water College of Swift Kicks. Also he had so many monocles in his eyes—I'm speaking figuratively—that he couldn't see anybody except Collins. His stupidity that way almost brought tears to my eyes sometimes. If you've ever met a man who was supremely happy in the idea that his middle name was IT, you know just what I mean.

Well, the captains tried grave advice and it wouldn't do; he didn't know what they were talking about. So he was turned over to the lieutenants. They first tried ridicule; took him snipe hunting (you know, candle—sack—and you hold the bag all night in the cold while they run the snipes in), but he came in at dawn and offered to try again.

"Rum go," he called it, "you chaps getting lost that way."

He "pulled a badger" and did not see the joke. He bought a man-killing outlaw that we sent to him as a ladies' pacer. It is only fair to note that he mounted smiling after six successive falls and bought his forfeited champagne like a little man. However, there was no change in Collins. And then the youngsters had a meeting.

It sure was a case for concerted action. You see, the Sixteenth is chuck full of traditions about its snap and precision and all that, and the men didn't want to face the other cavalry regiments with "'Emmingway" to ball up the manoeuvres; so they decided on the Last Resort. This sweet and amiable method is the outgrowth of a good many years of experience, and it is effective but terrible. It is a system of unfeeling politeness.

That night every officer in the regiment made a five minutes' duty call, and after that 'Emmingway was formally and coolly excluded from everything. Sometimes I think we went too far, but it was a week before he even discovered it. If he cut in at cards, every man in the game, successively and with the most plausible and punctilious of excuses, dropped out and left him shuffling the deck for solitaire; and I have seen two men at polo deliberately give up the game to ride him out of sight of the ball. They called him *Mister Collins* to his face and socially he simply did not exist. Crusoe was not more alone. When it did hit him, he remembered some horrible story of a man being driven to insanity by the West Point coventry, and also he felt that he had done no wrong. It was pitiful.

He shut himself in his room and, except for duty, we did not see him for days on end. I used to hear him tramping the floor and sometimes talking to himself at all hours of the day and night; and that, and the shocked, averted eyes of him as he passed me in the hall got on my nerves. So I went to see 'Emmingway. I think he thought I was a sort of spy, but I went away more repentant than ever. It was the first time that I had ever troubled to take stock of the boy at close range—a good, clear-cut face it was, with frank boyish eyes, a good nose, and a clean, unspoiled mouth. He wouldn't talk, but he set me to thinking and I call-

ed, or rather dropped, into his room four or five times before he was finally convinced of my sincerity.

"Why did I get that commission?" he groaned. "I'm totally unfit. There isn't a private soldier in the regiment who wouldn't be a better officer than I. Why, I—I—I couldn't take a corporal's squad around a corner."

Now it is evident that this should have been the beginning of the end of Collins's troubles, but it is history that it wasn't. He had been thought of too long as "Emmingway of the Queen's Own" for anyone to take the trouble to think of him otherwise. I spoke of a change to a crowd in the club, but Folsom demurred, as I have said before. That was the remark I recalled and set down at the beginning. Folsom was Collins's troop commander, and he was coarse metal. Just a big brutal soldier, Folsom was, who had squeezed by some examining board because of the depth of his magnificent chest. He had taken keen pleasure in the baiting of Collins, and he could not have understood its purpose in a thousand years. When everyone else had been frigidly polite, he had been simply vulgarly brutal, and he didn't want his amusement taken away. That was the reason he wouldn't accept my suggestion. Not that he was thinking about L Troop ever depending on Collins.

II.

Well, on our next tour of foreign service, L Troop "drew" Poulatong for station and Folsom swore. Poulatong had a reputation. Even at this early date one of the commanding officers had died, one had been court-martialed, and there is one in Saint Elizabeth's at this very hour. It was a job for a big, strong, honest, two-fisted man—Poulatong—and I think Folsom was chosen because he was big and strong and two-fisted.

The work consisted in taking L Troop out in the jungle and establishing a government where there

was no government. The limitation to Folsom's power was that he mustn't let anything come out that would shock the sensibilities of a squeamish people back home who have Puritanical ideas about such things. Otherwise, Folsom was to be king and parliament, judge and jury, policeman and executioner to a breed of about three thousand skin-civilized Filipinos who didn't understand the necessity for these functionaries, and didn't want to.

Folsom yearned for no such power, which is not strange when you know Poulatong. I can't describe it adequately, but there is some classic literature upon a similar subject among the Italian poets. Notably a hot description by one Dante.

You strike westward from the coast of the most miserable island in the archipelago on a narrow trail, rutted and ridged by the patient feet of *carabao*, through a forest such as you've never seen. It's all great sprawling roots, like big snakes; and the ground is soggy and stinking. It gets on your nerves, the whole thing does—everything rank and dark green and just oozing with poison; and the light is dim underneath regular mats of trees and big fronds, with more snaky vines running around in knots and tangles.

It seems unnatural in under there; like as if everything was in a sort of trance; and you stumble and sweat and get dizzy in the head among the creeping, crawling snags of the swamp. After four days you wonder, "If the trail leads anywhere, why does it do it?" . . . And then, lo and behold, it dips before you; you come out of the warm, thick, heavy, sluggish air to where the trail follows the bed of a noisy, nasty little stream for a mile—and you've arrived at Poulatong.

On three sides of it spreads that old green sea of a jungle, all poison and gloom and stillness, just seeping-stillness, like something that was threatening you all day through the

heavy black. Heavens, how that jungle just lies there and threatens a man—a white man, I mean. Way to the back, though, the mountains rise. It would do you good to see them, so purple and high and cool and clean, only they look so bleak and hopeless.

Right in Poulatong, a muddy, measly little stream musses along through the main street. The naked little brown kids paddle all day long in it, tumbling around among litters of dirty, peak-backed pigs, all playing together, the big-eyed, great-horned *carabao* looking on, with their muzzles stuck down in the slime.

The houses are on that street. You wouldn't really call them houses, though. Just huts of grass and sticks, they are, all stained with smoke, and set high up on piles out o' reach of the oozy ground. The folks that live in 'em are just the sort you'd expect: blank-faced, shuffling little hunks o' misery. They jerk their hands and feet, and jabber just like the monkeys in the trees back among the hills.

You must get a good picture of that street in Poulatong. It will help you to understand what happened there.

There was only one real house in town, what you'd call a house, and Folsom commandeered that. Then he stood on the only verandah, gazed just once at the hopeless hills, once at the jungle—the *bosque*, as they call it—then down at that nasty street all cooking in the sun like a hot stew. And then he sat down and groaned out loud.

There are certain things in this story I don't intend to pass my judgment upon; and one of them's drink. I just feel pity *plus* when I think of that jungle and that town. Well, just exactly what happened is only known vaguely by hint and rumour and a glance of the eye. For Collins never told and, naturally, Folsom couldn't. I simply mention in passing that Folsom had several weeks of struggle with his own particular little devils.

Up to that time he'd been about as sweet to Collins as a Mississippi steamboat captain is to a stevedore. But, well, he called the boy to his quarters, and Collins went and found him, his commanding officer, about as drunk as a man can be and not fall out of a bamboo recliner with particularly high side arms. Across the room, sprawled on the *papate*-covered floor, lay the surgeon leering like a bilious owl.

"'Emmin'way," said Folsom thickly, "whosh comman'in' in Poulatong?"

"You are," ventured Collins, who was very tired and forgot the "Sir." He never did again. About ten minutes of thick abuse, which means something when you're talking of Folsom, Folsom continued:

"An' who takesh up whi' man's burden in this Pearl o' Orient?"

"Why, you do, sir," answered Collins, wondering.

"'S perfec'ly absurd," roared Folsom, "'s perfec'ly lud'crus. I sign the papers. See 't you get in here early in mornin' when they'll find me — eh, Doc? — nearly sober. In meantime, me an' my med'cal colleague's goin' into 'zecutive seshun to prove alcohol's a food. Forty eminent leeches breathlessly 'wait outcome, an' I'm sure that you, 'Emmin'way, would never interfere with laud'ble enterprise. My med'cal colleague, bein', 'z you may observe, already deep in 'sper'ment, I speak for him. An' now"—Folsom's face looked cruel and his manner and talk suddenly changed — "you scent-sprinkled Piccadilly swab from Squash Corners, Arkansas" (Collins had been out with a squad after lad-ron and he wore a torn blue shirt open at neck and sleeve. His face was dusky with a week's beard and he had unstrapped his heavy revolver from his hip for fear of ridicule), "you pink little parlour pup get to work."

And that is how poor Collins, to whom the world of men had been

closed country all his life, was made king and parliament, judge and jury, and all the rest of it at Poulatong.

Of that part of his experience there is precious little record. The Government of Poulatong may have been and probably was a deplorable failure, but Collins did have a good chin, and he had for guide, philosopher, and friend, as the saying is, a very wise old sergeant who had believed in him from the very first and—L Troop came out of it alive. Which is something, when you know Poulatong.

I am inclined to think that he promised to and afterwards did actually hang to the cross-beams of that market-place two natives who *would* persist in staking people out alive on ant hills. But my imagination balks at the idea of Collins sitting like Solomon in judgment of the warring women; the sergeant, however, swears to something of that sort.

It all may have been unfortunate for Poulatong, but it was good for Collins, and best of all was the fact that he had the troop and had to provide for it. He learned more of his real business as a soldier in three months at Poulatong than *he* would have learned in three hundred at home. He reported every day to Folsom and got his rations of abuse, and whenever the big man thought of it, he sent orderlies with insulting messages to worry the boy, and this kept him from another little error—meaning swell-headedness—that might have overtaken him. But I am afraid that, to the regiment, he would still have been "Emmingway of the Queen's Own" if Poulatong had been spared that summer.

The chances are that you do not know Asiatic cholera except by reputation. It is Nature's effective method of purging a crowded country; and its work, if swift, is thorough.

On his morning inspection, Collins ran into a sort of ceremonial procession; it was some natives and they

bore aloft a little figure that nodded and bobbed with every motion of its bearer's shoulders. It was the body of a very small child. This detail is not pleasant, but neither was Collins's predicament. He made a hurried investigation of the stricken house, and what he found did not please him. Ten minutes afterwards he stood before Folsom.

Whatever Poulatong was doing for "Emmingway," you wouldn't have needed a former photograph of Folsom to observe its effect on the older man. A sneer sort o' worked its way across his battered features, and he fidgeted nervously with his hands.

"Cholera," he scoffed, "cholera, shay—'Emmin'way,' you're a sensationist—tryin' to have fun with your old T. C., are you?"

There was little of "Emmingway" about Collins to-day.

"Where's the surgeon, sir?" he asked curtly.

"Surgeon? surgeon? Oh, surgeon's communicin' with his gods. You'll find him in there annoyin' the plaid and polka-dotted monkeys on the footboard of his bed." But Folsom was talking to the empty air.

"Cholera," stammered the doctor with absurd gravity, "cholera is a bug. You'll know it 'cause it has three wings, a branching horn, and barks like a sea lion. There's one crawling up the curtain now—squash him like a good fellow, won't you?"

The troop had heard the news. Soldiers get the habit of being taken care of. That is desirable. It argues discipline, but it is bad at times—when their confidence in their officer is a little weak, for instance—and that is what Folsom had meant back at Fort Sam Houston when he spoke of Collins. There was a funny sort of silence in the squad rooms, each discipline, but it is bad at times—ing his own thoughts. Just before retreat, here was a commotion. Big Hartigan, the guidon sergeant, had broken completely down and was sobbing out a flood of profanity.

"Ten thousan' blink-blank-blotched miles from hop-skip-jump home, dyin' like a this-and-that dog an' nobody to take care of me but that spindle-shanked otter-popper of a born-in-a-hurry—"

"Ten-shun!" It was the old sergeant in the doorway and behind him at the head of the room stood one who, in a voice and manner and presence, the troopers hardly recognized. It was Lieutenant Collins in the execution of his office, and his finger was levelled straight at Hartigan.

"Take that man to the guard-house," he snapped, and when that was done, he published his orders concerning cholera. He did it right, too; ship-shape, all snap and bristle.

It had been a strange little speech all interlarded with soldier slang—where soldier slang was best—bolstered with crisp, curt sentences that one who had known the "'Emmingway" of old, with his Lawrence D'Orsay accent, his riding-stick and monocle, would never have believed.

You remember that street of Poulatong I told you about. Well—it was a cholera trap, and in three days the disease was working its havoc.

All night long the burial parties went through that awful street. In detail, the soldiers were digging out the sick and dying, forcing the doors that were barred against them, burning and disinfecting, bobbing around in the black mess with their torches and lanterns.

Four-fifths of the time they had to fight the little jabbering men, o' course; for *they* had their side of it, you see. They knew this cholera, like their fathers and grandfathers and so on for ages back in that miserable swamp country had known it. They called it a scourge sent from heaven. Well, they were wicked enough to have had Heaven do almost anything to them, and that's a fact. Then they took to blaming it onto us soldiers being there, and they spit and scrapped all the nastier when we came around. And all the time they

were wailing and beating drums and chanting their chants; a whole smear of processions and images and torches burning and fires blazing. But never a bit of scrubbing out or cleaning the caked dirt off the walls and floors. When the dead began falling all around thick, what little civilization the beasts had was dropped and they went back to some kind of Malay stuff that had been born in them. Now, you may think of awful sights, but you'll never be able to imagine anything like that street at night when we were dragging the shacks for the filth we could find.

None of the boys, queer enough, seemed to be the least bit afraid. And now I know why, though I never stopped to think why then. You'll have guessed, likely. It was Collins. Collins established the hospital, such as it was; Collins boiled the water in the big sugar vats; Collins condemned the wells and set a guard over 'em; Collins drained the streets and burned the dirtiest houses; Collins ran down the little devils that were hiding their dead and dragged 'em out and put 'em in prison while he buried—what they were hiding. He slept only where he dropped dog-tired, and he watched his troop—well, I was going to say like a mother. He did his twenty hours a day at a stretch and what he put into the men—for a week at least, solid—was something I have never seen before or since come out of one man into another. He'd bully us, he'd come down sharp with a command, he'd wheedle, he'd stick his arm under the shoulder of a tired trooper, he'd get down with his own two bare hands and handle things that I know would once have made him sick just to hear you talk about. It wasn't only plain grit, if you'll understand me; there was something deeper to it. I don't know just how to call it.

Well, five days went by. He happened to be standing in the plaza when he saw an orderly go by leading Folsom's big mare fully equipped

for the field. He kind o' smiled a little bitter smile. Somehow it looked all right on his face now, that smile did. A year before—when the boys were calling him "'Emmingway"—it wouldn't have. Sure enough, pretty soon a note came to him from Folsom. He tore it up without reading it. It was only when Folsom himself, booted and spurred and sober, but kind of ghastly pale and shaking like a bush, stood before him that he stopped working and looked up.

"Collins, it is cholera—the medico's got it—God!—it's horrible. He—"

"What?" Collins was halfway to the door.

"Oh, it's all right—the sergeant took him away this morning. Collins, I came to ask you if you've done anything about—about—getting help."

The big man stood with his eyes on the floor, and as he spoke colour came over his pale cheeks. Collins smiled again.

"Warder and Phillips to the coast Tuesday," he answered short and sharp.

"Warder and Phillips? They'll never get there. You've sent the most worthless men in the troop. I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me that you should have sent the best—the very best—perhaps have gone yourself."

Folsom could hardly speak, he was fighting with his shame; and Collins felt himself of a sudden unreasonably angry.

"You—" Collins said sharply, but stopped. "I— Why don't *you* go?" he ended weakly. "And now I'll have to go over and see about the medico." Folsom, in a dazed manner, looked after him, then called his horse and rode off through the jungle toward the coast.

It was almost a dead certainty that the troop should be visited with the plague, but when it happened Collins put his head on his table and wept. He had had all along a silly sort of

a hope that had made his work and care three times what it needed to be, for he had heard Big Hartigan belittle him in the squad-room and he had made some private vows. At that table the sergeant found him two hours later.

"Lieutenant," he said, with his eye full of pity at the boy's face, "I hate to disturb you but—it's Hartigan. He's going out, I think. He's been calling your name all afternoon and I thought—I thought maybe you might want to—after what he said and all."

Now, if you'll believe me, all that Collins had done up to that time had meant nothing. Nothing to him, I mean. It was what came after that made the man, took him right by the very heart and made the man. It was the sitting by the boys' beds that did it.

Every last one of his troopers was calling for him in between their moans at the pain. Even when they were out of their heads and twisting in their blankets, they kept calling for nobody but Collins. And they didn't call him "'Emmingway."

It was through those long nights, just sitting and holding some poor devil's hand and trying to cool his forehead and hearing — you know what secrets men tell when they're like that. And he sat and patted their hands and spoke soft to 'em, sometimes with a tear in the corner of his eye. For, by God! they were *his* men by that time, bone, skin, and soul, every mother's son of 'em. And he that hadn't known, as you might say, the first thing about men and the lives men lead and the philosophy of men, was steady by their side, talking to them like an old father, speaking the comfort of the church, or giving them a bit of life's wisdom—them that were leaving it all forever.

I am no man to be talking of deep things or even trying to understand them; I wouldn't be a soldier if I was. But I know that there, in that miserable hospital, was where Collins found

himself. I wasn't taken. I was a good deal of help to the man; and I watched him.

Now, mark. The day after Folsom left, a native came back to Poulatong, gibbering himself, and leading a bedraggled-looking horse. On the back of that horse lay a thing with its fingers all twisted tight into the beast's mane, and the thing blubbered and babbled in its delirium, and what it blubbered was over and over again the name of Collins.

We pulled him down and took him in to a bed. It was Folsom. I don't suppose I ought to believe it, but I think he was really running away from the sickness. And it had sneaked through the jungle and strangled him in his saddle. Then right away, his mind had turned to Collins for help, do you see? All that night the boy sat beside the man that had abused him, letting Folsom's hand hold him until his side and arm were numb—for the poor sick devil had a grip that was clenched tight and wouldn't loosen. And Collins kept begging him, begging him—what do you think? As his senior officer, for the sake of the troop to keep himself alive!

Far down the ward Big Hartigan heard him and blurted out—making as if in was the delirium again—“For the sake of the throop! Me aunt's grandmother Hartigan's porcelain eye—the throop'll worry along in *that* bereavement.”

It was there, at the bedside of his commander, that the relief party found Collins next day, overcome at last by the thing he had fought.

“You've got to save him, sir,” insisted the sergeant, not minding it was a superior he was talking to. “If it wasn't for him, sir, we'd all be gone.”

The doctor with the party was a

bustling, cheery, gray-haired little man, and his eyes twinkled, but they looked like there was something back of that twinkle.

“Him?” he said cheerfully. “Oh, his kind have to be shot on judgment day. But just the same,” he told the steward when the sergeant was out of hearing, “I must work like I never worked before to give him his *chance*, and if he doesn't get it, I've missed my calling at its one best bet. We can't lose *this* man; it would be throwing the Service down — *hard*. Don't leave him for a moment.”

Now, of course, we knew almost nothing of all this when that pair—Collins and Folsom—met for the first time in the Army and Navy Club, each just from his bed in the Division Hospital. Collins had been glancing over some home papers, and he rose with a sort of a little air of disgust, I'd call it, when Folsom walked straight over to him. They were a queer-looking couple, standing there in the twilight of the reading-room, gaunt and pasty, you know, and uncertain on their feet, and somehow they seemed to attract all attention.

“I hope,” was the way Folsom began, in a voice that was meant to be a whisper, but it cracked and sounded loud in the silence, “I hope, Collins, that you are ready to let bygones be bygones,” and he held out his hand.

I can see Collins now, looking at that outstretched palm as though it was a spider. For he shuddered a bit and turned his face away.

“Oh, very well, Folsom,” he answered, sort o' tired. “I've forgotten it, anyway.”

And then we all knew what I had known all along—that somewhere out there in the jungle “Emmingway of the Queen's Own” had been forever burned out in the fire.

UNIVERSITY DEVELOPMENT IN WESTERN CANADA

BY W. A. CRAICK

IT is significant that education is receiving such careful attention throughout the Canadian West. Advancing hand in hand with material development, outdistancing even the forces of religion, it is wielding an influence on the life of the people that will have its effect in years to come. Apart from the splendid legislative piles at the Provincial capitals, the finest public buildings in the West are those devoted to educational purposes. Schools, colleges, and budding universities reflect the marked consideration which the Westerner is bestowing on this important phase of national advancement.

The real estate office is not the true criterion of Western growth, nor is the subdivision its most suggestive feature. These are for the most part temporary excrescences. But as they bulk largely in the public eye and form the basis of most conceptions of the West, they have gradually come to assume a greater importance than they are entitled to possess. The country beyond the Great Lakes is not merely a land peopled with an utterly materialistic race of beings intent only on wresting wealth from the soil. It is the home of a people, who, despite certain appearances, have a keen appreciation of the advantages of knowledge and a sincere desire to build up communities whose happiness will not be dependent entirely on material benefits.

Thus one finds on the bare wind-swept bank of the South Saskatchewan River at Saskatoon, and above the deep gorge of the North Saskatchewan River at Edmonton, young men and maidens intent on the study of the works of those ancient philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome, whose writings have inspired the minds of students down through the centuries. Here they read French and German texts, study higher mathematics, delve into the laws of science, learn the principles of political economy and trace the history of the nations of the world, with all the eagerness evinced by the most earnest undergraduates of much older institutions of learning. The picture of students engaged in these pursuits may seem at variance with the generally accepted idea of the West, as something superimposed and out of harmony with the principles governing life at present, but in reality this is a visualization of the real spirit of the West, a spirit which aims to build for the future on the sure foundation of knowledge and intellect.

To the schools, the colleges, and above all, the universities, one must therefore look for a true conception of the principles that underlie Western development. There are now four universities beyond the Great Lakes, each being a Provincial institution, organized and supported by the Government of its particular

Province. That of British Columbia is still in its infancy. Those of Alberta and Saskatchewan have reached a point where their progress may be viewed with pride and gratification by the people of these two Provinces. The University of Manitoba, occupying a somewhat anomalous position, is apparently on the threshold of an important development, which will place it in line with the generous plans on which the other institutions are being built.

Higher education in Manitoba is complicated by the circumstance that in the early stages of the Province's growth it was the churches and not the State which dealt with the problem. When the university was established by an Act of the Legislature in 1877, there were already three denominational colleges in existence. The first of these was St. Boniface, which had grown from a mission school early in the century to be the chief Roman Catholic college in the West. The second was St. John's College, an Anglican institution, and the third, Manitoba College, established in connection with the Presbyterian Church. These three colleges became affiliated with the university on its establishment, and their graduates in arts received their degrees from the State institution. Meanwhile the university itself remained simply a degree-conferring corporation and did not furnish instruction.

A fourth arts college was established later on by the Methodists, and was duly affiliated with the university. This is Wesley College, which is to-day one of the strongest of the four denominational colleges in the university. At various times the Manitoba Medical College, the Manitoba College of Pharmacy, and the Manitoba Agricultural College were taken into the university, though the last-named institution dropped out in 1912.

Until 1900 the university remained simply a name, except for the pow-

ers it exercised in conferring degrees. Then came a movement for the establishment of a faculty of science. None of the denominational colleges were able to undertake the expense connected with the equipment of laboratories, and they were quite willing to let the Province step in and provide the necessary building and apparatus. An amendment to the University Act was passed in 1900 according to the university "power to give instruction and teaching in the several faculties and different branches of knowledge as from time to time shall be directed by the Council of the University." This was followed by the erection of the university building on Broadway, in Winnipeg, near the site of the Parliament Buildings, and the establishment of a faculty of science.

This was the situation therefore up to 1909: the university taught science and conferred degrees in arts and science, while the denominational colleges gave instruction in arts and theology and conferred degrees in divinity. In 1909, owing in part to the progress being made in Alberta and Saskatchewan with the establishment of their universities, in part to the financial weakness and inability of some of the denominational colleges to maintain their courses, and in part to the desire of the University authorities to extend the scope of its work, a beginning was made with the establishment of an arts faculty in the University itself. Departments of political economy, English, history, and mathematics were formed, and professors in each of these subjects appointed.

But the plan has been only partially developed. Instead of having to-day a complete four-year course in arts in the University itself, paralleling the courses in the denominational colleges, one finds that the University professors have become little more than adjuncts to the faculties of the colleges. Generally speaking they have charge of the third and fourth year students of the affiliated

institutions, who have to go to the University for instruction in English, mathematics, history, and political economy. The first and second years are covered by the staffs of the colleges, and the separate institutions also look after the higher years in classics and moderns. It is thus apparent that the situation is a complicated one and that some careful generalship will have to be exercised in working out the future of the University to a satisfactory conclusion.

The recent appointment of Dr. J. A. Maclean, late head of the University of Idaho, and an honour graduate of the University of Toronto, to be first President of the University, may be regarded as the next significant step in the evolution of the University. Dr. Maclean is a hard-headed, cautious, and exceedingly politic administrator. He has been in office since the beginning of 1913, and up to the present time has made no definite pronouncement of policy, but that he will advocate a spirit of compromise in dealing with the denominational colleges is evident. He is apparently in sympathy with the collegiate idea and will not likely press for any greater concessions from them than is necessary. While supporters of the University would like to see the colleges shorn of their arts faculties and reduced to theological colleges pure and simple, it is the belief of many that better work will be accomplished by having the students distributed in smaller classes among the different institutions.

The proposal of the Provincial Government to erect new university buildings on an extensive site bordering the Red River and to make arrangements for the inclusion of the denominational colleges in the general plan, will give a much-needed concentration to the work of the component parts of the University. At present the four colleges and the University buildings are scattered over the City of Winnipeg. The Univer-

sity property and the sites of both Wesley and Manitoba Colleges, by reason of their location in the central section of the city, have become immensely valuable, so that funds for the erection of splendid new buildings will be readily available. The properties owned by St. John's and St. Boniface, while farther from the heart of the city, are not quite as valuable, but their sale, if decided upon, should bring in a substantial return.

The preliminary plans for the Engineering Building, which will be the first structure to be erected on the new property, were approved last fall, and the completed plans are now ready. Tenders for the work are being received. Concurrently the preliminary plans for the grounds are ready and in the hands of a committee of the University Council.

The latest and most significant development at Manitoba has been the union of Wesley College and Manitoba College, which was partially consummated last fall. It is a co-operative arrangement by means of which the two institutions will be brought closely together. By means of a joint Board of Governors, a joint principal and common registration, this object is being accomplished, and while the colleges preserve for the present their separate corporate existence, their work is so correlated as to be practically a unit.

The Provincial universities of Saskatchewan and Alberta have been launched under much more favourable auspices. Here there has been no question of the prior existence of denominational colleges. Profiting by the experience of other States and Provinces, and allowing generously for the rapidly increasing needs of the future, these two Provinces have laid the foundations for great central institutions of learning at Saskatoon and Edmonton, respectively. Started at approximately the same time, the two universities have advanced with almost equal rapidity, and their posi-

tion to-day is only differentiated by the adoption of slightly dissimilar policies in construction.

At Saskatoon one finds completed two of the handsomest college buildings in the Dominion, the first of a series of buildings which will ultimately be erected on the extensive site provided for the university. At present the grounds are bare and uninviting, being devoid of trees or shrubs, but with the river sweeping past in the foreground, the City of Saskatoon beyond, and the billowy prairie extending in all directions, there are possibilities for effective treatment that will render the university surroundings most attractive in process of time.

The two college buildings, one devoted for the time being to class work in both arts and agriculture, and the other a residence for students, have been built of limestone field boulders quarried within a few miles of Saskatoon. The architectural style is collegiate gothic, dignified in its simplicity and harmonizing with the purpose for which the buildings are intended. The red and yellow tints in the gray of the stone lend an added attractiveness to its appearance, while the gray trimmings set off the proportions of the buildings admirably. Within, the same solid construction is observable in every detail. It is evident that Saskatchewan has put up no temporary, make-shift structures to accommodate its University, but that there are the beginnings of a big and harmonious scheme of university construction.

The students' hall, or residence, is admirably adapted for the use to which it has been put. Its most interesting feature is the large and lofty dining-hall, where two hundred students can be accommodated at once. Were it not for its newness, one might well imagine oneself looking into one of the college halls at Oxford. The hall stands between two wings of the building, of which the smaller is devoted to the use of

women students. The larger wing, extending back towards the College of Agriculture, houses male students, who are furnished with good-sized rooms, each containing two beds. For both men and women students, sitting-rooms with open fire-places, and reading-rooms are provided, so that within the walls of the building everything necessary for the comfort and pleasure of undergraduates is supplied.

As part of the plant required in the teaching of agriculture, a number of less pretentious buildings have been erected, including an engineering hall, a stock pavilion, barns and power house. Near by is the handsome little Anglican divinity school, Emmanuel College, built of the same kind of stone, and in the same general style, as the main university buildings. A site close to the river has been granted to the Presbyterians for the erection of their theological college, and it is expected that other denominations in time will do likewise. The City of Saskatoon has been given a site on the campus for a civic hospital, which will prove a useful adjunct of the proposed medical faculty.

Owing to the piecemeal way in which the University is being put together it will be some years before the general plan on which construction is being followed out will be revealed. But it is not haphazard work. Everything has been planned and measured to fit, and, when the time comes that the architect's dream is fulfilled, there will appear on the banks of the South Saskatchewan, a group of handsome inter-related buildings that will be beautiful, impressive, and inspiring in their entirety.

At Edmonton the sister University of Alberta has been planned on similarly broad and far-seeing lines, but whereas Saskatchewan has begun with the erection of two costly buildings, Alberta has been contented to start with a couple of much less pre-

tentious structures. On the other hand, the site of the University of Alberta is more imposing, in that the North Saskatchewan River, on the south bank of which it is located, flows through a wide deep gorge, affording a splendid outlook for the university buildings.

Two plain brick buildings have been erected, as the first units in the general scheme of construction. These will ultimately be two of a group of six residence buildings, but at present one of them and a small part of the other are used for academic purposes. A third building of identical style is now under construction, together with a large dining-hall to the rear of the central building, which will eventually serve as a common dining-room for the six projected residences. A beginning is also being made with a portion of the grand central building, which will be built in much more elaborate style, facing the east and looking down the river valley. The whole university plant has been planned well in advance, and, as with the University of Saskatchewan, so with the University of Alberta, it will be many years before the scheme is fully worked out. Provision has been made to one side of the university proper, for space for affiliated denominational colleges, and already Alberta College, a Methodist institution, has been erected, to be followed shortly by Robertson College, belonging to the Presbyterians, which is now housed in temporary quarters in Edmonton.

The notable difference between the Universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan is that the former has as yet no faculty of agriculture. Alberta is following a different policy from the sister Province in the matter of agricultural education. Her plan, which is now being worked out, is to establish on a number of experimental farms, a series of schools of agriculture, serving different parts of the Province. These schools will provide a more elementary kind of instruc-

tion than would a Provincial College of Agriculture, but they will bring that instruction closer to the boys of the Province. Ultimately a central college will have to be established, but meanwhile it is expected that the schools will serve the needs of the people better. So the university is at present engaged in giving instruction solely in arts, science, and law.

The University of British Columbia has scarcely had sufficient growth to make its inclusion in the list of Western universities possible. A splendid site for its building has been provided at Point Grey, near Vancouver, whence it will look out over the blue waters of the Gulf of Georgia, and be encircled by those magnificent mountain ranges which are the glory of the Pacific Province. But as yet there are no classes, no professors, and no courses of instruction. Only recently a president was appointed in the person of Dr. Westbrook. The selection of some of the professors will follow, and it is expected that a beginning will be made with the construction of buildings this year. Meanwhile the Government intends to plant on the shores of the Pacific, a university which for beauty of location, splendour of buildings, and excellence of equipment will be in the van of all Canadian universities.

Returning to the three prairie universities, which have advanced sufficiently to make some comment on their character and work feasible, one notes with satisfaction that the faculties of all three are manned almost entirely by Canadians. Dr. Maclean, President of Manitoba, is a native of Ontario, as already noted, an honour graduate and gold medalist of Toronto. Dr. Murray, President of Saskatchewan, was born in Nova Scotia, and graduated from Dalhousie. Dr. Tory, President of Alberta, is also a Nova Scotian, and a graduate of McGill. With but few exceptions, every professor in these Western colleges, hails from Eastern

Canada and is a graduate of one or other of the Eastern universities, Toronto being markedly in the lead. There are a few instances where the services of English, Scottish, Irish, and American scholars have been obtained, and perhaps three or four cases are to be noted in which Rhodes scholars are employed.

While it is something to belong to the faculty of a long-established university around which tradition has woven many fancies, it must be a source of pride and gratification to be, as it were, a charter member of a new institution with the future all before it, as in the case of one or other of the Western universities. The little group of professors who were appointed at the inception of the Universities of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and those who will witness the beginning of the University of British Columbia, must assuredly feel that they are planting seed from which a rich harvest will be reaped in years to come. The future of the Western universities is bound to be a glorious one. They have everything in their favour. And so one finds an enthusiasm and a marked spirit of co-operation inspiring their faculties and urging them forward to greater effort. There is little of the recluse, little of the pedant, about the young professor of the West.

The type of instruction given is quite similar to that in the older universities. Considerable stress seems to be laid on the classics, the professors of Latin and Greek being scholars of repute with much enthusiasm for their subjects. The courses in English, French, and German are quite as comprehensive as those in the East. Science is attracting a good deal of attention, and all three universities have been equipping their laboratories well for this purpose. The departments of history, philosophy, and political science are well organized in Manitoba, and are receiving needed attention in the other Provinces, where new appoint-

ments have been made in order to divide up the work more satisfactorily. Indeed, so rapidly are classes expanding that additions to the staff and subdivision of courses have become imperative, particularly at Saskatoon and Edmonton.

The student body gives evidence of being earnest and serious-minded. In Winnipeg there are naturally greater opportunities for sport and social intercourse, and one finds inter-collegiate games and various college functions, such as dances, receptions, and dinners, interspersed throughout the year, but as a rule there is little of frivolity in the life of the Western student. He is not at college because it is the fashion to be there or because it affords social advantage, but simply for the reason that it provides a means of equipping him for his life-work. The stories to be told by many of the undergraduates of Western universities would reveal experiences beside which those of hard-working Eastern students would pale into insignificance. Yet there is by no means an absence of those seemingly necessary adjuncts of college life, such as class and literary societies, debating clubs, athletic associations, glee clubs, and the Young Men's Christian Association, which take up so much of the student's attention.

College spirit is growing by degrees. Naturally, with the attendance comparatively small and with most of the students immersed in the serious business of acquiring learning, there is not much opportunity for working up enthusiasm in inter-university contests or making other outward manifestations of loyalty to one's alma mater. In Manitoba it is as yet the college and not the university which inspires the undergraduate, but with the expansion of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the establishment of athletic contests there will undoubtedly be developed a keen rivalry among the three Universities. Already inter-university

football and hockey games have been contested between the students at Saskatoon and Edmonton and inter-university debates have been held, so that a beginning has been made in what will stir up a strong college spirit in the West.

The residence idea, which has been generally adopted, is going to foster this spirit still further. Accommodation for students is provided in all the Winnipeg colleges, and at Saskatoon and Edmonton it has already been noted that residential features have been early decided upon. The wearing of gowns, while not obligatory, except at Alberta, is frequently practised, imparting a more proper academic atmosphere to the college halls. Then again the common dining-hall plays an important part in holding the student body together, bringing the men into close touch with one another and establishing a bond of good fellowship.

As an indication of the composition of the student body, some interesting statistics regarding the students in attendance at the University of Saskatchewan are supplied by President Murray in his annual report, which may be taken to hold for all the Western colleges. The registered attendance during 1912-13 at Saskatoon was in the neighbourhood of 245, of whom sixty-five were students in agriculture and thirty-two were co-eds. The nationality of these students forms an entertaining subject of investigation. Of the 245 only thirty-five, or one in six, are natives of the Province. The English-born are in the lead with sixty, Ontario follows with fifty-three, Saskatchewan thirty-five, the United States twenty, Manitoba eighteen, Scotland thirteen, Ireland twelve, and the Maritime Provinces ten. Nothing could better illustrate how the West is absorbing the peoples of other countries and provinces and the important part the university is playing in the work of assimilating them.

Other figures show with what rapidity attendance at the university is growing. In 1909-10, when the first classes were held in temporary premises in Saskatoon, there were seventy students enrolled. The following winter 108 young men and women attended lectures. The next winter the number increased to 160, while last term there were 350 on the roll. A large part of the increase between 1911 and 1912 must be attributed to the opening of the College of Agriculture, but concurrently there was a steady expansion in the number of arts students.

The object which these students have before them is as a rule qualification for a professional life. Many of them are going into church work. Indeed, a large number of the students in Western universities are young men who have gone out into the mission fields and, feeling the need for more learning, have entered college to secure that higher education which will better fit them for their life work. The next largest class are those who are qualifying for a course in law, and then there are quite a number who purpose studying medicine. The co-eds are nearly all preparing themselves for positions as teachers in secondary schools and colleges.

In connection with the university development in Western Canada, it is significant that quite a number of colleges have been established which, while they do not parallel university work, carry their students pretty well on in academic courses. Such institutions as Mount Royal College in Calgary, Regina College in Regina, and Brandon College in Brandon, conducted under denominational auspices, provide accommodation for quite a number of students, and give both elementary and advanced instruction. These are supplemented by a number of preparatory boarding-schools, which are springing up here and there throughout the West, some of them of large size and all cherish-

ing ambitious plans for future development. They reflect the growing opulence of the country and the rise of a class of wealthy citizens who are prepared to pay substantially to have their children taught in these more select institutions.

A word as to the University of Calgary, which wealthy citizens of this Western centre are attempting to found in the face of the determined opposition of the Provincial Government. Despite the fact that no university charter has been obtainable, the promoters of this university have already made a beginning with academic work. A faculty consisting of a Dean and professors of classics, moderns, and science and mathematics was formed in 1912, and classes were started that fall in temporary premises secured in the Calgary Public Library. A good attendance of students was obtained, though in-

struction in only two years was attempted. Meanwhile extensive plans for a splendid group of buildings have been prepared, to be erected on the outskirts of the city, and it is hoped that a beginning will be made with the first buildings this year.

Owing to the rapid changes which are occurring in Western Canada and the speed with which undertakings of all sorts are conceived and carried out, it is a little difficult to give an accurate idea of the educational system at any given moment, but it will be found that the foregoing is a fairly comprehensive description of the situation at present, in so far as it applies to the universities. That they are prospering and expanding with astonishing rapidity and that they are being built upon broad and liberal lines, are the important deductions to be drawn from this article.

THE WINDS

By WARWICK CHIPMAN

O HAST thou beheld them,
Marchers on mountains?
Hast thou beheld

The rushing gray grasses, the gold-scudding courses?
They toss like the manes of glorious horses!
O, the winds are wild horses, unbitted, unquelled!
Strong be their hoofs in the wheat and the corn!
O, splendidly neigh they
In forests at morn!

Hast thou beheld them,
Brown in the caverns
And bright on the sea?

With white-frothing breakers and masterful shocks
They harry the shaggy great sides of the rocks.
O Lord, how mightily work they for thee!
Thy weariless children, thy passionate shouters!
But as to ourselves,
We are nothing but doubters!



THE CUP THAT CHEERS

From the Drawing by F. S. Coburn

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

THE SECOND OF SEVERAL SKETCHES

IN a pretty old house beyond St. Stephen's Church, only demolished a short time ago, lived the well-known Mr. George Anthony Barber, a splendid cricketer, who played in a tall gray hat. He walked into *Sleepy Hollow* one day and asked for luncheon. I was alone with the cook, and we had a great time getting a substantial meal for the old gentleman, of whom, with his scarlet face and peremptory manner, I was much in fear; but we gave him all he wanted, and he praised my house-keeping qualities immensely to my mother! I was just able to scramble upon a dining-room chair and listen to his loud voice in respectful silence.

Football was played in the vacant place in the Park opposite to our gates, and on the occasion of a great game my father went out and gave the first kick.

At the end of that season my mother presented to the champion team a wonderful football covered with black velvet, embroidered by Mrs. Potter, who was a famous worker, and afterwards had a pretty fancy store, now still managed by her nephew, Mr. John Brown. The cover was divided into four compartments, in each was a group of rose, thistle, and shamrock, and round the ball was a fringe of perforated cards, on each of which was the name of the player worked in gold beads. The presentation took place in the drawing-room at *Sleepy Hollow*, with the usual speeches of congratulation.

Cricket was the great game, and the matches used to be attended by all the fashionables in brightest and most elegant gowns. A military band always played on a gala day; as in those days the town was full of *la militaire*, and, of course, the officers were keen on their national game.

The Toronto Cricket Club presented my mother with a silver bracelet made of a heavy chain fastened by a miniature silver bat, with inscription, the balls and wickets hanging from it, also with a large picture of my father in his cricketing dress.

Archery was also popular, and it was a charming scene when the ladies in correct green, with all the paraphernalia of shield, graceful large bow, and case of arrows placed between the bright targets set up in the ravine.

I can remember seeing Mrs. George Allan, all in dark green, with green hat and feathers, looking most graceful and handsome in her fair beauty; she is the only one I can recall, so she must have been impressive, even to a child.

Skating and tobogganing were, of course, most ordinary amusements in winter. Many gentlemen preferred long spins on the bay to the dances and figures in the rinks, which were filled with votaries of the exercise. The Lancers were beautifully danced through, every figure perfect, much prettier to my own fancy than the very monotonous waltzing of the present time.

I shall never forget seeing one of

the belles wearing a huge crinoline covered with bright scarlet; over this was looped a skirt of black velvet, with a short black velvet coat, and tiny round hat of red and black; red stockings and knickerbockers were also worn, and as the tall figure swayed round the rink, of course, the crinoline swayed, too, with results amazing to watch. Coming in from school, I made up my mind that when I grew up I should have a costume just like it! Happy the day that that fashion vanished.

Snowshoeing was great sport, and there is somewhere a very clever series of coloured sketches by the late Mr. T. C. Patteson—dear "T. C. P.," as he was called by his innumerable friends; not one has taken his place with those who knew and loved his clever, charming personality—showing the gathering and tramps of a snowshoeing party, in the pretty blanket coats and fur toques.

Mr. Patteson himself was proficient at jumping in snowshoes, and I imagine the routes lay out to various fences on the limits, quite common then, and great was the fun of trapping an English officer unawares in an effort to jump.

The Park used to be full of sleighs then, and the sleighing parties were most enjoyably and pretty. The officers had four-in-hands, tandems, pairs, and fascinating Russian and French-Canadian sleighs, and with the chime of the bells, the beautiful harness, and fur robes, and bright coats and hats of the ladies, it was certainly a purely typical Canadian scene.

The meet was usually in the Park, and after a drive of a couple of hours, the sleighs drew up there again in the form of a circle, and from certain ones were produced great jars of steaming claret cup, and cakes of all kinds, with meringue tart as a favourite dainty. The officers vied with one another in having the smartest turnouts, and it was a great sight to see Colonel Jenyns, 13th Hussars, a

splendid type of cavalry officer, on the box of his four-in-hand, driving with the ease and finish of one born to the pastime. Occasionally the drives ended up at the officers' quarters, in the old Dunn house, in the West End, where refreshments were served.

Tobogganing was enjoyed wherever there was a hill, and even in *Sleepy Hollow* parties congregated to fly down the slope and across the ravine, and creek, to toil up again to go over the same ground.

Croquet, of course, was the great game for many years, and nothing could well be prettier than a croquet party at *The Grange* in the days when there were plenty of men in Toronto who could enjoy so simple a pastime.

The lawns at *The Grange* in those days were perfectly kept, and almost like English turf, with the splendid trees and their great wide-spreading branches and seats underneath for those looking on at the games.

There has seldom been a game which was so eminently becoming as croquet for a lady; the gowns and hats of whatsoever fashion could always look charming, and what could show off a graceful figure or pretty hand and foot like croquet?

On the days of croquet parties at *The Grange* a regimental band played, which, of course, added much to the pleasure of the gathering. I have often passed the open gates of *The Grange* on my way from school, and wished that I was a grown-up young lady to go to such delightful assemblages. The strawberry beds in the big gardens were huge, and the fruit such as one never tastes now, so rich and ripe were they, and the guests were always urged to inspect and pick and eat as much as they wished, and doubtless many took advantage of the invitation.

I have heard that more "matches" have been made at croquet and strawberry parties than at any others, and I can well believe it. The girls and young people take themselves so seri-

ously nowadays in their games and occupations that except at the unchaperoned dances they do not see so much of each other as they did formerly.

One feature, and a very delightful one, of some garden and croquet parties, was the addition of an invitation to "high tea," and after the games were over and "priming" on the part of both gentlemen and ladies, all gathered round the tables, large and small, to a cold collation, salmon, salads, fruit, trifles, cups of all kinds; I don't remember the tea, but coffee was often served. An informal dance wound up the party, with one or more ladies, or some of the men, who would play waltzes and lancers galore.

When I was a small child I can well remember the amateur theatricals and charades which took place impromptu.

At *Sleepy Hollow* a clever American lady—Miss Pearson, I think—used to stay with my mother, and she was excellent at organizing and carrying out this form of amusement. And I can remember our horror, when, having watched with absorbing interest the manufacture of an enormous hat of cardboard, with wide brim and deep crown, covered with bright red, it was bestowed carefully on the floor of a deep linen closet, to be in readiness for some scene in the play; but a favourite cat had marked it for her own, and on the morning of the last rehearsal it was found occupied by a thriving young family of tiny kittens, the proud mother mewing loudly for approval! To our great disappointment the hat was not worn!

I think people laughed more readily then, for I can remember the guests roaring with laughter at the simplest charade in the drawing-room, and watching with the greatest interest a presentation of "Red Riding Hood." A gentleman got up in great fur robes gave such a vivid presentation of the interview with the grandmother that we children

were in exquisite agonies of terror.

One of the most charming houses in Toronto ever seen was that of my grandfather, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and *Beverley House* will always be one of the delightful memories of childhood, never to be effaced.

A fine old house it was, originally a brick cottage on Queen and Richmond Streets. It was enlarged to double size, another storey added, and covered with the large stone rough-cast, all pure white, making it warm in winter and cool in summer. A wide verandah ran round three sides, with a large double porch in front, the upper part enclosed with green shutters, and opening from the upper hall with a French window.

Inside the porch were two long settles or benches of hard green-painted wood, and rush seats; and these benches are still in use to-day in my and my sister's houses, the wood as good as it ever was. The seats had, of course, to be replaced.

On the west of the gravel drive in front of the house, with its green centre lawn and sun-dial, was a gentle slope of turf to a small hollow, through which ran a tiny, clear stream of water. The yard was huge, with stables, coach-house, etc., and on the east side was a large vegetable and fruit garden, with a riot of rose-bushes and magnificent raspberries, red and white, not often met with now.

Every Sunday after church—at St. George's—my father would take us children to *Beverley House*, going in by the back gate on Queen Street, and we, after eating as much as we wanted, would fill clean handkerchiefs, lined with leaves, with the beautiful fruit to bring home.

I can remember every detail of my grandfather's library. A rather small room on the right of the hall door, with its great hand bell and iron knocker, two sides with book-cases from floor to ceiling with small cupboards underneath, two odd-shaped

chairs, three-cornered, a big cushioned sofa, all covered with bright red damask, red curtains which were always drawn over the tall, deep-set windows, with their black walnut shutters, barred inside at night.

A large desk-table stood in the middle of the floor, and a handsome carved desk near a window to stand at. A big armchair had a back and seat of shiny black horse-hair, and I can remember being put in the chair, which was so glossy that I gradually slipped to the front of the seat, and thence helplessly to the floor!

My grandfather, as I remember him, had a pale, clear skin, white hair standing up from a beautiful brow, and the most charming smile and manner; his courtesy to everyone, young and old, was known all over, and his graceful greeting as he rose from his table I have always remembered.

He was an admirable host, and at the large dinner parties, then an ordinary part of the life of our judges, I have heard it said he could talk to a whole tableful of guests, without apparently paying more attention to one than another, by his wonderful facility in engaging each in conversation.

To us grandchildren he was invariably kind, and the inevitable sixpence was always forthcoming when he saw us.

The dining-room at *Beverley House* was a large room with a big screen hiding the door through which the many trays and dishes were brought up from the great basement kitchen, the stairs to it going down just outside the door.

I often wonder what the so-called servants of the present day would think of the work done and taken as a matter of course by the domestics of that time, with the long dinners and heavy silver?

One feature I can remember all my young life were the large Sunday luncheons at *Beverley House*, where as many of the family as chose to go

were welcome, and strangers of any note who brought letters of introduction were always invited. It was the greatest treat I knew to be allowed to go to luncheon—the long table with its beautiful silver and china, my grandmother at the head, small, pretty figure, sweet brown eyes, and daintiest of close gray curls on either side of her face under a cap made of finest lace and delicate-hued ribbons, with lappets of lace falling on each shoulder, long gold chain and tiny fob of gold chains and seals. Small of stature though she was, my grandmother possessed the greatest dignity of manner and speech, and I have heard it said that “there did not live the person who could take a liberty with Lady Robinson.”

My grandmother was married in 1817, and I have a pretty gown worn by her at that date, of cherry-coloured gauze, the short skirt being interwoven with gold satin stripes, tiny bodice, and short, much-puffed sleeves, with trimming of gold satin; the skirt very narrow and a narrow puffing at the edge. I wore the gown at the Victoria ball given by their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in my Early Victorian set.

The staircase in *Beverley House* was one of the prettiest I ever saw, running up against the wall with such a curve that the top was lost to view from the hall. There was a tall window half-way up. The steps were wide and shallow, painted cream colour, with black walnut balustrade rails, and large newel-posts. At the top was a large open box of the same wood fastened to the rail, in which to set a lamp to light anyone coming or going.

My grandfather, slight in figure, always in black, with pointed white collar and stock, would run upstairs always, to within a short time of his death, taking three steps at a time.

There were some handsome pictures and engravings in the dining-room, one of the Duke of Wellington with all his officers of the Crimea

taken as sitting at a long table in *Apsley House*, on which was the famous plateau or centre-piece of gold, presented to him by the Allies after Waterloo.

And here I must tell the story repeated to me by my father and aunt, who were present. During a long visit of my grandparents and children to England, my grandfather saw a great deal of the great Duke, being a frequent visitor to *Apsley House* and in the country. The Duke invited them all to come one day and see the great centrepiece, and it was all arranged on the long table. My aunt said the Duke remarked it was very magnificent, and had cost *him* quite a lot of money. "For," said he, "when it arrived there was not a table it would go on, so I had to have a table made, then a room had to be built for the table; then you could not have a room without a wing; then another wing had to be built to arrange *Apsley House* to suit, so it was really an enormous expense."

They were standing on the staircase at the time looking at some pictures. One was there of a meeting between the Duke and the Emperor Napoleon. My grandfather said:

"Did you ever meet Napoleon, Duke?"

"No," said the Duke, at once; "no, I never met him, never saw him! But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I had a good deal to do with him!"

The Duke had a strong, rather loud harsh voice, and no doubt he said it with a meaning.

The old dining-room at *Beverley House* must have seen many notabilities at its hospitable table. My mother met Charles Dickens there. She remembered him as a rather loud-mannered man, with startling colours in his clothing, and much jewellery,

gold chains, pieces and the like trinkery.

Colonel Talbot, of note, was an old friend of my grandfather's, and every year he came to *Beverley House* for a week's visit, on horseback, his retainers and saddlebags with him. Great parties were gathered to meet him, and no doubt stories without end were told, probably mingled with the language for which Colonel Talbot was famous!

My aunt told me she and my grandmother went up near where St. Thomas is now, to arrange his house for him, as he had told my grandmother to choose all sorts of furniture for him; and their experience of his extraordinary way of treating his neighbours was very funny. He had a great storeroom full of all sorts of provisions, and, as his biographer has written, from a small opening in the wall with a movable door, he would bargain for his stores. My aunt said it was the oddest thing to hear the choleric old gentleman blazing away at his customers outside while they were within the comfortable sitting-room, with a bright fire close by.

My grandfather had a brother, my great-uncle, Peter Robinson, after whom Peterborough is named, and I think one of the quaintest pictures can be conjured up of old Toronto, when my grandmother and her little daughters would accompany him for a walk when on a visit to *Beverley House*, she, of course, walking with Uncle Peter, who always wore white trousers, and we were forbidden to walk or step within a certain distance for fear of splashing the mud on them!

I have seen a silhouette of him in these white trousers, long-tailed coat, high stock, and, I suppose, beaver hat.

THE THING IN THE HALL

BY E. F. BENSON

THE following pages are the account given me by Dr. Assheton of the Thing in the hall. I took notes, as copious as my hand allowed me, from his dictation, and subsequently read to him this narrative in its digested and connected form. This was on the day before his death, which, indeed, probably occurred within an hour after I had left him. I had to give evidence concerning this before the coroner's jury. Only a week before Dr. Assheton had to give similar evidence, but as a medical expert, with regard to the death of his friend, Louis Fielder, which occurred in a manner identical with his own. As a specialist, he said he believed that his friend had committed suicide while of unsound mind, and the verdict was brought in accordingly. But in the inquest held over Dr. Assheton's body, though the verdict eventually returned was the same, there was more room for doubt.

For I had to state that only shortly before his death, I read what follows to him; that he corrected me with extreme precision on a few points of detail, that he seemed perfectly himself, and that at the end he used these words:

"I am quite certain as a brain specialist that I am completely sane, and that these things happened not merely in my imagination, but in the external world. If I had to give evidence again about poor Louis, I should be compelled to take a differ-

ent line. Please put that down at the end of your account, or at the beginning, if it arranges itself better so."

There will be a few words I must add at the end of this story, and a few words of explanation to precede it. Briefly, they are these:

Francis Assheton and Louis Fielder were up at Cambridge together, and there formed the friendship that lasted nearly till their death. In general attributes no two men could have been less alike, for while Dr. Assheton had become at the age of thirty-five the first and final authority on his subject, which was the functions and diseases of the brain, Louis Fielder, at the same age, was still on the threshold of achievement. Assheton, apparently without any brilliancy at all, had by plodding and incessant work arrived at the top of his profession, while Fielder, brilliant at school, brilliant at college, and brilliant ever afterwards, had never done anything. He was too eager, so it seemed to his friends, to set about the dreary work of accomplishment; he was for ever learning, and prying, and striking out luminous ideas. But at bottom the two men had this compelling interest in common, namely, an insatiable curiosity after the unknown, perhaps the most potent bond yet devised between the solitary units that make up the race of man. The rest of the story, I think, explains itself—or does not quite do so.

This is what I read to Dr. Assheton, being the connected narrative of what he had himself told me:

"After I returned from Paris, where I had studied under Charcot, I set up practice at home. The general doctrine of hypnotism, suggestion, and cure by such means had been accepted even in London at this time, and, owing to a few papers I had written on the subject, together with my foreign diplomas, I found that I was a busy man almost as soon as I had arrived in town. Louis Fielder had his ideas about how I should make my *début*—for he had ideas on every subject, and all of them original—and entreated me to come and live, not in the stronghold of doctors, 'Chloroform Square,' as he called it, but down in Chelsea, where there was a house vacant next his own.

"'Who cares where a doctor lives?' he said, 'so long as he cures people? Besides, you don't believe in old methods; why believe in old localities? Oh, there is an atmosphere of painless death in Chloroform Square! Come and make people live instead. And on most evenings I shall have much to tell you. I can't "drop in" across half London.'

"Now if you have been abroad for five years, it is a great deal to know that you have any intimate friend left in the metropolis, and, as Louis said, to have that intimate friend next door is an excellent reason for going next door. Above all, I remembered from Cambridge days, what Louis's 'dropping in' meant. Towards bedtime when work was over, there would come a rapid step on the landing, and for an hour or two hours he would gush with ideas. He simply diffused life, which is ideas, wherever he went. He fed one's brain, which is the one thing that matters.

"I said something of the kind to Louis one night, when, at the end of a busy day, I had dined with him. We were sitting over coffee in the hall, or so it is called, where he takes

his meals. Outside, his house is just like mine, but on entering, instead of finding a narrow passage with a door on one side, leading into the dining-room, which again communicates with a small back room called 'the study,' he has had the sense to eliminate all unnecessary walls, and consequently the whole ground floor of his house is one room, with stairs leading up to the first floor.

"Study, dining-room, and passage have been knocked into one; you enter a big room from the front door. The only drawback is that the postman makes loud noises close to you, as you dine, and just as I made these commonplace observations to him about the effect of the brain on the body and the senses, there came a loud rap, somewhat close to me, that was startling.

"'You ought to muffle your knocker,' I said, 'anyhow, during the time of meals.'

"Louis leaned back and laughed.

"'There isn't a knocker,' he said. 'You were startled a week ago, and said the same thing. So I took the knocker off. The letters slide in now. But you heard a knock, did you?'

"'Didn't you?' said I.

"'Why, certainly. But it wasn't the postman. It was the Thing. I don't know what it is. That makes it so interesting.'

"Now if there is one thing that the hypnotist, the believer in unexplained influences, detests and despises, it is the whole root-notion of spiritualism. Drugs are not more opposed to his belief than the exploded, discredited idea of the influence of spirits on our lives. And both are discredited for the same reason; it is easy to understand how brain can act on brain, just as it is easy to understand how body can act on body; but that spirits should rap at furniture and divert the course of events is as absurd as administering phosphorus to strengthen the brain. That was what I thought then.

"However, I knew it was the post-

man, and instantly rose and went to the door. There were no letters in the box, and I opened the door. The postman was just ascending the steps. He gave the letters into my hand.

"Louis was sipping his coffee when I came back to the table.

"Have you ever tried table-turning?" he asked. "It's rather odd."

"No, and I have not tried violet-leaves as a cure for cancer," I said.

"Oh, try everything," he said. "I know that that is your plan, just as it is mine. All these years that you have been away, you have tried all sorts of things, first with no faith, then with faith—Oh, well, to remove mountains."

"He rang the bell as he spoke, and his servant came up and cleared the table. While this was being done we strolled about the room, looking at prints, with applause for a Bartolozzi that Louis had bought in the New Cut, and dead silence over a 'Perdita' which he had acquired at considerable cost. Then he sat down again at the table on which we had dined. It was round and mahogany-heavy, with a central foot divided into claws.

"Try its weight," he said; "see if you can push it about."

"So I held the edge of it in my hands, and found that I could move it. But that was all; it required the exercise of a good deal of strength to stir it.

"Now put your hands on the top of it," he said, "and see what you can do."

"We pushed. At least I pushed, and I observed his finger-nails. From pink they grew to white, because of pressure. So I must assume that he pushed, too. Once, as we tried this, the table creaked. But it did not move.

"Then there came a quick, peremptory rap, not, I thought, on the front door, but somewhere in the room.

"It's the Thing," said he.

"Now, I suppose it was. But then

it seemed only like a challenge to demonstrate its absurdity.

"For five years, on and off, I've been studying rank spiritualism," he said. "I haven't told you before, because I wanted to lay before you certain phenomena, which I can't explain, but which now seem to me to be at my command. You shall see and hear, and then decide if you will help me."

"And in order to let me see better, you are proposing to put out the lights," I said.

"Yes; you will see why."

"I am here as a sceptic," said I.

"Sleep away," said he.

"Next moment the room was in darkness except for a very faint glow of firelight. The window curtains were thick and no street illumination penetrated them, and the familiar, cheerful sounds of pedestrian and wheeled traffic came in muffled. I was at the side of the table towards the door; Louis was opposite me, for I could see his figure dimly silhouetted against the glow from the smouldering fire.

"Put your hands on the table," he said, "quite lightly, and—how shall I say it—expect."

"Still protesting in spirit, I expected. I could hear his breathing rather quickened, and it seemed to me as odd that anybody could find excitement in standing in the dark over a large mahogany table, expecting. Then, through my finger-tips, laid lightly on the table, there began to come a faint vibration, like nothing so much as the vibration through the handle of a kettle when water is beginning to boil inside it. This got gradually more pronounced and violent till it was like the throbbing of a motor-car. It seemed to give off a low humming note. Then quite suddenly the table seemed to slip from under my fingers and began very slowly to revolve.

"Keep your hands on it and move with it," said Louis, and as he spoke I saw his silhouette pass away from

in front of the fire, moving as the table moved.

"Then Louis spoke, and his voice was trembling with excitement.

"'Are you there?' he said.

"There was no reply, of course, and he asked it again. This time there came a rap like that which I had thought during dinner to be the postman. But whether it was that the room was dark, or that despite myself I felt rather excited, too, it seemed to me now to be far louder than before. Also it appeared to come neither from here nor there, but to be diffused through the room.

"Then the curious revolving of the table ceased, but the intense, violent throbbing continued. My eyes were fixed on it, though, owing to the darkness I could see nothing, when quite suddenly a little speck of light moved across it, so that for an instant I saw my own hands. Then came another and another, like the spark of matches struck in the dark, or like fireflies crossing the dusk in southern gardens. Then came another knock of shattering loudness, and the throbbing of the table ceased, and the lights vanished.

"Such were the phenomena at the first séance at which I was present, but Fielder, it must be remembered, had been studying, 'expecting' he called it, for some years. The knockings would come when his mind, as far as he knew, was entirely occupied in other matters, and sometimes he had even been awakened from sleep by them. The lights were also independent of his volition.

"Now my theory at the time was that all these things were purely subjective in him, and that what he expressed by saying that they were out of his control, meant just that they had become fixed and rooted in the sub-conscious self, of which we know so little, but which, more and more, we see to play so enormous a part in the life of a man. In fact, it is not too much to say that the vast majority of our deeds spring, apparent-

ly without volition, from this sub-conscious self. All hearing is the unconscious exercise of the aural nerve, all seeing of the optic, all walking, all ordinary movement seem to be done without the exercise of will on our part. Nay, more, should we take to some new form of progression, skating, for instance, the beginner will learn with falls and difficulty the outside edge, but within a few hours of his having learned his balance on it, he will give no more thought to what he learned so short a time ago as an acrobatic feat than he gives to the placing of one foot before the other.

"I knew that I was myself extremely sensitive to suggestion, and my part in it this evening I believed to be purely that of the receiver of suggestions so vivid that I visualised and heard these phenomena which existed only in the brain of my friend.

"We talked over what had occurred upstairs. His view was that the Thing was trying to communicate with us. According to him it was the Thing that moved the table and tapped, and made us see streaks of light.

"'Yes, but the "Thing";' I interrupted, 'what do you mean? Is it a great-uncle—oh, I have seen so many relatives appear at séances, and heard so many of their dreadful platitudes—or what is it? A spirit? Whose spirit?'

"Louis was sitting opposite to me, and on the little table before us there was an electric light. Looking at him I saw the pupil of his eye suddenly dilate. To the medical man that meant only one thing, terror. But it quickly resumed its normal proportion again.

"Then he got up, and stood in front of the fire.

"'No, I don't think it is a great uncle anybody,' he said. 'I don't know, as I told you, what the Thing is. But if you ask me what my conjecture is, it is that the Thing is an Elemental.'

"'And pray explain further.'

"Then once again his eye dilated.

"'It will take two minutes,' he said. 'But listen. There are good things in this world, are there not, and bad things. Cancer, I take it, is bad, and—and daffodils are good; honesty is good; lying is bad. Impulses of some sort direct both sides, and some power suggests the impulses. Well, I went into this spiritualistic business impartially. I learned to 'expect,' to throw open the door into the soul, and I said, 'Anyone may come in.' And I think Something has applied for admission, the Thing that tapped and turned the table and struck matches, as you said, across it. Now the direction of evil is in the hands of a power which entrusts its mission to what is called Elementals. Oh, they have been seen; I doubt not that they will be seen again. I did not, and do not, ask good spirits to come in, I don't want 'The Church's one foundation' played on a musical box. Nor do I want an Elemental. I only throw open the door. I believe the Thing has come into my house, and is establishing communication with me. Oh, I want to go the whole hog. What is it? In the name of Satan, if necessary, what is it? I just want to know.'

"What followed I thought then might easily be an invention of the imagination, but what I believe to have happened was this. A piano with music on it was standing at the far end of the room by the door, and a sudden draught entered the room, so strong that the leaves turned. Next the draught troubled a vase of daffodils and the yellow heads nodded. Then it reached the candles that stood close to us, and they fluttered, burning blue and low. Then it reached me, and the draught was hot, and stirred my hair. Then it eddied, so to speak, and went across to Louis, and his hair also moved, as I could see. Then it went downstairs towards the fire, and flames suddenly started up in its path, blown upwards. The rug by the fireplace flapped also.

"'Funny, wasn't it?' he asked.

"'And has the Elemental gone up the chimney?' said I.

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'the Thing only passed us.'

"Then suddenly he pointed at the wall just behind my chair, and his voice cracked as he spoke.

"'Look, what's that?' he said. 'There on the wall.'

"Considerably startled, I turned in the direction of his shaking finger. The wall was pale gray in tone, and sharp-cut against it was a shadow that, as I looked, moved. It was like the shadow of some enormous slug, legless and fat, some two feet high by about four feet long. Only at one end of the Thing was a head shaped like the head of a seal, with open mouth and panting tongue.

"Then even as I looked it faded, and from somewhere close at hand there sounded another of those shattering knocks.

"For a moment after there was silence between us, and horror was thick as snow in the air. But somehow neither Louis nor I was frightened for more than one moment. The whole thing was so absorbingly interesting.

"'That's what I mean by its being outside my control,' he said. 'I said I was ready for any—any visitor to come in, and by God we've got a beauty!'

"Now I was still, even in spite of the appearance of this shadow, quite convinced that I was only taking observations of a most curious case of disordered brain accompanied by the most vivid and remarkable thought transference. I believed that I had not seen a slug-like shadow at all, but that Louis had visualised this dreadful creature so intensely that I saw what he saw. I found also that his spiritualistic trash-books, one must say instead of text-books, mentioned this as a common form for Elementals to take. He, on the other hand, was more firmly convinced than ever that we were dealing, not with a sub-

jective but an objective phenomenon.

"For the next six months or so we sat constantly, but made no further progress, nor did the Thing or its shadow appear again, and I began to feel that we were really wasting time. Then it occurred to me to get in a so-called medium, induce hypnotic sleep, and see if we could learn anything further. This we did, sitting as before round the dining-room table. The room was not quite dark, and I could see sufficiently clearly what happened.

"The medium, a young man, sat between Louis and myself, and without the slightest difficulty I put him into a light hypnotic sleep. Instantly there came a series of the most terrific raps, and across the table there slid something more palpable than a shadow, with a faint luminance about it as if the surface of it was stirring. At the moment the medium's face became contorted to a mask of hellish terror; mouth and eyes were both open, and the eyes were focused on something close to him. The Thing, waving its head, came closer and closer to him, and reached out towards his throat. Then with a yell of panic, and warding off this horror with his hands, the medium sprang up, but It had already caught hold, and for the moment he could not get free. Then simultaneously Louis and I went to his aid, and my hands touched something cold and slimy. But pull as we would we could not get it away. There was no firm handhold to be taken; it was as if one tried to grasp slimy fur, and the touch of it was horrible, unclean, like a leper. Then in a sort of despair, though I still could not believe that the horror was real, for it must be a vision of diseased imagination, I remembered that the switch of the four electric lights was close to my hand. I turned them all on. There on the floor lay the medium. Louis was kneeling by him with a face like wet paper, but there was nothing else there. Only the collar of the medium

was crumpled and torn, and on his throat were two scratches that bled.

"The medium was still in hypnotic sleep, and I woke him. He felt at his collar, put his hand to his throat and found it bleeding, but, as I expected, knew nothing whatever of what had passed. We told him that there had been an unusual manifestation, and he had, while in sleep, wrestled with something. We had got the result we wished for and were much obliged to him.

"I never saw him again. A week after that he died of blood-poisoning.

"From that evening dates the second stage of this adventure. The Thing had materialised—I use again spiritualistic language which I still did not use at the time. The huge slug, the Elemental, manifested itself no longer by knocks and waltzing tables, nor yet by shadows. It was there in a form that could be seen and felt. But it still—this was my strong point—was only a thing of twilight; the sudden kindling of the electric light had shown us that there was nothing there. In his struggle perhaps the medium had clutched his own throat, perhaps I had grasped Louis's sleeve, he mine. But though I said these things to myself, I am not sure that I believed them in the same way that I believe the sun will rise to-morrow.

"Now as a student of brain-functions and a student in hypnotic affairs, I ought perhaps to have steadily and unremittingly pursued this extraordinary series of phenomena. But I had my practice to attend to, and I found that with the best will in the world, I could think of nothing else except the occurrence in the hall next door. So I refused to take part in any further séance with Louis. I had another reason, also. For the last four or five months he was becoming depraved. I have been no prude or Puritan in my own life, and I hope I have not turned a Pharisaical shoulder on sinners. But in all branches of life and morals, Louis

had become infamous. He was turned out of a club for cheating at cards, and narrated the event to me with gusto. He had become cruel; he tortured his cat to death; he had become bestial. I used to shudder as I passed his house, expecting I knew not what fiendish thing to be looking at me from the window.

"Then came a night only a week ago, when I was awakened by an awful cry, swelling and falling and rising again. It came from next door. I ran downstairs in my pyjamas, and out into the street. The policeman on the beat had heard it, too, and it came from the hall of Louis's house, the window of which was open. Together we burst the door in. You know what we found. The screaming

had ceased but a moment before, but he was dead already. Both jugulars were severed, torn open.

"It was dawn, early and dusky, when I got back to my house next door. Even as I went in something seemed to push me, something soft and slimy. It could not be Louis's imagination this time. Since then I have seen glimpses of it every evening. I am awakened at night by tap-pings, and in the shadows in the corner of my room there sits something more substantial than a shadow."

Within an hour of my leaving Dr. Assheton, the quiet street was once more aroused by cries of terror and agony. He was already dead, and in no other manner than his friend, when they got into the house.

LOVE'S PRAYER

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

BELOVED, this the heart I offer thee
 Is purified from old idolatry,
 From outworn hopes and from the lingering stain
 Of passion's dregs by penitential pain.

Take thou it, then, and fill it up for me
 With thy unstinted love, and it shall be
 An earthy chalice that is made divine
 By its red draught of sacramental wine.



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THERE is never smoke without a fire, and the attempts of the Liberal newspapers to deny the existence of any dissension in the Cabinet over the question of armaments may be regarded as a good example of the economy of truth. It is impossible to conceive of any body of men such as those who compose the Cabinet being at one on all questions that arise. The British Unionists are certainly not a united family, and it is equally true that differences of opinion also exist among the Liberals. Compromise is one of the essential features of the system of party government, and it may be laid down as a general rule that the causes that combine to hold a party together are greater than those that tend in an opposite direction. This is true at the present time of both the great historic parties in Great Britain. Tariff reform has been overshadowed by the Parliament Act and the Home Rule Bill, and there is no longer the danger that formerly threatened a Unionist disruption on the tariff question. The same thing applies to the Liberal party. While there is a serious cleavage in the ranks, over the increasing expenditure on armaments, it is scarcely reasonable to conclude that Mr. Lloyd George and those who think with him are disposed to jeopardize the important domestic legislative programme before Parliament and the country by subordinating every issue to that of naval expenditure. In this as in other important matters of a highly contro-

versial character Mr. Asquith may be relied upon to maintain a proper perspective regarding public questions.

The quarrel between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill is of long standing; it dates back to the time when the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a violent attack upon the First Lord's kinsman, the Duke of Marlborough. The time probably will come, as I have indicated more than once in these pages, when Mr. Churchill will find no rest for the sole of his foot in the ranks of aggressive Liberalism, but the time is not yet. So long as Churchill's naval policy has the support of Mr. Asquith and others in the Cabinet, it would be reckless folly on the part of Mr. Lloyd George to force a fight on the naval estimates. Mr. Lloyd George is an adroit politician as well as a great statesman, and he can have no desire to imperil the Government, and with it the hope of carrying the legislation it has in hand and for which he himself is largely responsible.

Mr. Asquith has been remarkably successful as a parliamentarian, and has falsified all the gloomy predictions made concerning him when he succeeded Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister. Throughout a period of great difficulty he has been able to unite all sections of his party and to carry with him the democratic forces outside the Liberal ranks. This achievement has added immensely to his popularity, and to the confidence of his followers that he will be able to

compose any differences that may arise, as he has in the past. Mr. Asquith has always been regarded with respect, because of his towering intellectual powers, but his masterly conduct of affairs during the constitutional crisis in 1910 and 1911 secured for him the confidence and devotion of his followers. He is now known to be not only an able man, but a great statesman who will rank in history with Gladstone and Peel.

Mr. Winston Churchill is obviously chafing at the bit. One hundred Liberal members have stated in plain terms to Mr. Asquith their alarm and disgust at the announcement by the First Lord that another big increase in the naval estimates is contemplated. The opposition to this proposed increase in expenditure is based upon the depression in trade and the consequent fall in revenue. The dearth of money and capital throughout the world, the shrinkage of gilt-edged securities and the weakness of Consols are held to be sufficient reasons for maintaining a rigid economy in the national spending departments. Last year the German building programme fell from four to three Dreadnoughts, and this year a further reduction has been made from three to two battleships. His opponents point to the fact that Mr. Churchill in 1904 seized upon the question of national expenditure as an excuse for deserting the Unionist party. "His quarrel with the Government," he then declared, "was solely and entirely on the question of finance," and he contended: "That when expenditure increases waste increases." It would be unfair to rest the Liberal case against Mr. Churchill solely on these early speeches. There are few statesmen whose speeches could not be used against them with effect. What has been described as "the naval megalomania" of the British Admiralty is criticized on the ground that Mr. Churchill is committing the country to a new formula regarding the relative

strength of the British fleet. The Two-Power standard was in force when Britain was arrayed against France and Russia, and a ratio of sixteen Dreadnoughts to ten was the standard set by Mr. Churchill when the Anglo-German war scare was agitating the British people.

This standard Mr. Churchill seeks to modify and to build, not against Germany alone, but against the Triple Alliance. The emergency has moved from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It is urged by the Liberal revolters that Mr. Churchill takes no account of two important factors: the conflicting interests of Italy and Austria in the Mediterranean and the existence of the Triple Entente. He leaves out of account the possibility of war between Italy and Austria and ignores the existence of the Russian and French fleets when estimating the risks in the Mediterranean.

The Spanish navy is also an important consideration when fixing the standard of safety in the matter of British naval defence. The feeling among Liberals is undoubtedly strong, but the possibility of the Unionists making party capital out of the affair is remote.

Mr. Churchill is one of the most brilliant men in public life in Great Britain, but he has failed to establish himself in the confidence of the Liberals. His mind is not of the creative type. He is wonderfully acquisitive, absorbs and makes his own of other men's ideas, and gives them out with a wealth of forceful and picturesque language that is mistaken sometimes for originality of thought. He deals only in grand issues and lifts to a high plane every question he touches. He has few equals in the presentation of a case, and his election speeches rank, in purity of style and loftiness of thought, with those delivered by Gladstone during his Midlothian campaigns. He is a tireless worker, and carries himself seriously, but is not regarded as a man who is afflicted with principles, or

who has found his feet in politics. He has ceased to spout Radicalism and finds the society of Tory friends more congenial than that of his Liberal colleagues. It is significant that opposition to his return for Dundee at the next elections is gathering strength, and that the verdict of this Radical stronghold may have a decisive influence upon Mr. Churchill's career.

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A correspondent in a British weekly tells a good story about his visit to Goldwin Smith at *The Grange*.

"I was accompanied on this occasion," he says, "by a friend who, although a prominent and influential business man in Toronto, had never met 'the Professor.' Smith was at his best, laying down the law and delivering final judgment on all persons and subjects that came up for discussion with that unhesitating fluency and with that icy precision which were characteristic of him. Coming down the Avenue afterwards, my friend (whose knowledge was more of business than of books) was unusually silent for a spell, but at last gave me his impression as follows: 'Well, that's the easiest way of earning a living that I know.'

"The real tragedy," he adds, "of Goldwin Smith's life was his crossing the Atlantic. He left England a red-hot democrat and reformer, and his experiences on the other side soured him and developed a kind of reactionary frenzy. But those who knew him will prefer to remember his splendid abilities and his unfailing courtesy, helpfulness, and genuine kindness of heart to all who sought advice and guidance."

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The land campaign in Great Britain is to be carried on with renewed vigour. Political campaigns to-day differ greatly from those of a generation ago. The latest adjunct is the cinematograph, and moving pictures and the gramophone are now pressed into

the service as political auxiliaries. Greater care is also taken to ensure a good supply of effective speakers. For the Liberal land campaign a large staff of speakers have been specially trained and instructed and let loose upon the constituencies. A central literature committee supplies ammunition for the front, and altogether the modern political machine is a highly organized and powerful agency for the education of the electors.

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The cost of living in Canada is being investigated by a Commission, and results no doubt will follow in due course. In the family budget meat ranks next to bread in importance. The working classes are no longer confined to a vegetarian diet. Meat is one of the necessities of the working man. The steady rise in the price of meat is an alarming fact and various causes have been assigned. The United States has now ceased to be a beef exporting country. The growth of population has overtaken production, and the Argentine and Australia are now sending in beef to the United States. A huge 13,000 ton freighter with modern refrigerating equipment was placed on the Sydney-Vancouver service last year, and other boats of a similar type will be added soon. American meat interests are spending a large sum in the erection of refrigerating plant on the Brisbane River in Australia, the immense possibilities of that country as a meat exporter now being fully recognized. American beef interests also control a large part of the Argentine supply. Canada has ceased to export beef to the United Kingdom, the American market taking any available surplus. Australia, the Argentine and South Africa will, for some time to come, be the chief sources of supply for the world. Great Britain is practically dependent on Argentina for her foreign supply of beef, and about ninety-five per cent. of the world's supply of frozen meat is shipped to the

United Kingdom. The problem will become more acute when the workers of France, Belgium and Austria-Hungary succeed in obtaining the free entry of foreign beef, for the 150 million consumers will be added to those who are already competing for the world's supply of beef. The question is one that must be faced in Canada, where the slaughter of female calves goes on unchecked.

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The home rule settlement is not yet in sight. For all parties it is a policy of drift. Meantime there are 100,000 rifles in the hands of the Ulster Volunteers, and the Nationalists are armed with revolvers. The situation is not without peril, and it can serve no good purpose to prolong indefinitely the day of general agreement. The Liberal Government has made one important change in the Irish Bill. It has removed the Post Office from the control of the Irish Government, a change that seems to point to a settlement of the whole problem on federal lines.

One of the Unionist objections to the Bill was that the control of the Post Office was not in accordance with the federal idea, and that it would militate against the success of a Home-Rule-all-round scheme to grant Ireland control over affairs which in Canada are in the hands of the Federal Government.

There is a wide impression that Ireland, under the Bill, also gets control of the Customs. This is not so. The collection of customs revenue at Irish ports remains as at present in the

hands of the British authorities. All that an Irish Parliament has power to do is to add to her revenue by increasing the duty within the limits prescribed, but the revenue is under Imperial control and allocated to the Irish Exchequer in accordance with the financial provisions of the home rule bill. A federal solution is the ultimate goal for which the Liberal party is working.

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Sufficient attention has not been directed to the joint resolution of Congress at Washington in November last touching the proposed transfer by sale or exchange, of southeastern Alaska to Canada. Speaking in the House, Hon. Frank O. Smith, of Maryland, explained the reasons that induced Congress to urge the transfer. The panhandle strip is 536 miles long, eight to thirty-five miles wide, shutting off Yukon territory, the northern half of British Columbia and the entire Mackenzie Basin from free access to the Pacific. It runs southeastward as far as the parallel of 54° 4'0". The Canadian territory thus shut off from the sea measures some 600,000 square miles, three times as much as Germany. It has the same climate as Europe, in the same latitude. An equal area in Europe in the same latitude contains twenty-five million inhabitants. It is rich in natural resources. The transfer of this panhandle strip to Canada would be an earnest of the good relations between the two nations which the approaching centenary celebrations will help to cement.





LADY ANN FITZPATRICK AS "SYLVIA"

From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



GOLDWIN SMITH: HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN. Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

TO many readers this book by Dr. Goldwin Smith's private secretary will be found more interesting than the Professor's own "Reminiscences." For there is in this, much more new and unexpected material, and one catches glimpses of the "Sage of the Grange" just as if at moments when he is not aware of one's presence. For that very reason some readers might accuse Mr. Haultain of being indiscreet, but Goldwin Smith himself used to say that there were some things that might be better told after he had passed away. While Mr. Haultain's remarks as regards scraps of conversations are intimate and oftentimes very personal, they, however, have been discreetly held until they could be published with good result and without any damage. For with this book we seem to bring together into complete form, a lot of hitherto conglomerate impressions.

The book is in two parts: the first, an introduction; the second, "Conversations and Comments," "U. S. Notes," "Index," "Index to U. S. Notes." The "Conversations and Comments" is the most important and indeed the most interesting part of the volume, because it is a result of careful notes, made whenever the occasion prompted them, of spontaneous utterances by Goldwin Smith in the course of his daily life as a journalist and observer of passing events. For instance, a correspondent had raised the question of the cause for the antagonism between the Professor and Disraeli. "He talked on that subject pretty freely and openly—giving me the impression that he would like to leave with me the facts of the case as he interpreted them. 'I only met Disraeli once,' he said. 'Dizzy attacked me more than once in the House . . . my letters had brought me very prominently forward, and when my policy was so signally endorsed by the cession of the Ionian Isles to Greece, it was almost like a direct blow to Disraeli, who had strenuously taken the other

side. I got the better of him, and he never forgot that sort of thing. We took opposite sides on the land question too, and again on the objects and results of the Oxford Commission—there too I got the better of him. Dizzy never forgot such things, and even some time afterwards, in that novel of his, which was it? “Lothair?” I asked. “Yes, “Lothair,” he called me a social sycophant. I hope I am not a “social sycophant.” There was not a particle of foundation for that. The Duke of Newcastle and I were great friends, intimate friends, when I was in London. He took me up when I was in London. Perhaps he thought I was intending to enter public life. But I didn’t. I liked being with him, and it was pleasant to meet leaders in politics and society and statesmen. But our friendship was open and intimate. I was often useful to him, in a way, my historical information and that sort of thing. The only difference we ever had was my refusal to accept his many invitations to go to Clumber with him—London was pleasant, and I enjoyed my club life. That is the whole history of the affair.’ He spoke, poor old gentleman, as if the topic were painful to him, and walked about the room, faced me and looked me full in the eyes, sometimes with the movements both of features and of hands”

While we have always been convinced that Mr. Haultain keenly admired and even loved his venerable “chief,” we read, with some feeling that they must have been written at a time when the duties of his position had seemed irksome or the results of the Professor’s grumblings of but little consequence, these critical words: “Of political influence the Professor has little. He is no orator. Indeed, his speech has no more motive power than a pretty purling rill. The man lacks something. He lacks that personal effluence without which speech is but a tinkling cymbal. His intellect has been developed at the

expense of his heart. Even when he is bemoaning the lot of slaughtered Chinese, defeated Boers, or unenfranchised Hindus, you feel that it is the brain, not the heart, that is at work. The horrors and sufferings of war he paints admirably; but you feel that the colours have been mixed with the coldest and most calculating skill. His writings are as ineffectual as his oratory. They glitter; they do not warm. They are not suffused with wholesome optimism, hopeful conviction. Conviction is apparent enough; but it is the conviction of the intellect, not of the emotions. A page of Carlyle sends you away thrilled; a page of Goldwin Smith sends you away chilled Yet his ideas are arid and windy as the desert. Disraeli well called him the ‘wild man of the cloister,’ and I think he added, ‘going about the world maligning men and things.’ And so on. The volume will increase greatly the general knowledge of the “Sage of the Grange.”

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IN THE HEART OF OLD CANADA

BY WILLIAM WOOD. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS volume brings together happily in one collection a number of essays in description and studies in history, by Colonel Wood of Quebec, as well as two new chapters—“The Fortress City”, a chronological statement of the seventeen fortresses built at Quebec, beginning with the first built in 1535, and ending with the latest, built in 1911; and “The First Five-Nations War”, a brief impression of the departure from Quebec of the First Canadian Contingent to South Africa, with an appreciation of Jack Ogilvy, one brave lad who fell under Boer bullets. The other chapters are: “The Landmarks of Canada,” a plea for the preservation of those relics of history that keep a nation from “seeking the whole mere

world of riches", "A Quebec Chronology", "The Quebec Battlefields", "Wolfe and Gray's Elegy", in which Colonel Wood disputes the claim that on the eve of the capture of Quebec Wolfe recited this famous poem; "The Second Dominican Invasion", "Tercentennial Quebec", "An Ursuline Epic", "The Habitant", "French-Canadian Folk-Song", and "A French-Canadian Poet"—Nérée Beauchemin.

"An Ursuline Epic" is the most noteworthy contribution to the volume, and it is indeed a fine piece of historical work, a result of the recent beatification of Marie de l'Incarnation. It tells why this first superior of the Ursulines was at Rome elevated to the sainthood, and what she actually did for Canada. Colonel Wood possesses a keen sense of the significance of events in history, and everything he considers seems to grow in importance under his pen. The volume should be in every library in Canada.

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HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY ANDREW LANG. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

THE death of Mr. Lang, some months ago, added fresh interest to the publication of this scholarly and almost personal appreciation of English literature from Beowulf to Swinburne. Andrew Lang had attained eminence for his scholarly and his encyclopædic knowledge of certain studies in which he was particularly interested. English literature was one of these studies, and one would almost come to the conclusion that he had read everything on record in the English language. At any rate, he had an astounding acquaintanceship with English letters, particularly from the Elizabethan period onward to the present time. While he deals with the period prior to the time of Chaucer, there his consideration really be-

gins. Like most students of English literature, he accepts Chaucer as its so-called father, and it is interesting in this connection to note that the eminent French critic, Emil Lègouis claims that Chaucer was greatly influenced by the French, indeed, that it was in his French style and manner that he pictured contemporary society in England. But it is when Mr. Lang comes down to recent times that we find him most interesting. He pronounces a eulogium on Tennyson, but looks askance at Browning. He can abide Thackeray, but Meredith, to use a popular phrase, gets on his nerves. Withal the book is a brilliant piece of work by a brilliant mind, an intensely interesting and entertaining book for all who wish to know more about English literature.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT. An Autobiography. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

SOME of the chapters of this more than interesting autobiography have appeared from time to time as individual contributions to current literature, particularly to the New York *Outlook*, to which publication Mr. Roosevelt is a contributing editor. One reads the volume as if the personality of Mr. Roosevelt himself were back of every word. The work is enthusiastically personal, and indeed in places it is delightfully egotistical. The author seems to have a frank appreciation of his importance as an individual and he deals with the various episodes of his life with the commendable seriousness of one who knows that he is handling big things. Of course to rise, as most United States Presidents do rise, from a position of obscurity in youth to one of great public prominence, is no small achievement, and as Mr. Roosevelt has led a particularly active life in a public way, what he has to write in his autobiography is in

itself significant. Some idea of the contents of the volume may be formed from the following chapter headings: "Boyhood and Youth", "Vigor and Life", "Practical Politics", "In Cowboy Land", "The New York Police", "Outdoors and Indoors", "The Presidency", "Making the Old Party Progressive", "The Big Stick and the Square Deal", "The Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal", "The Peace of Righteousness."

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POEMS

BY R. C. PHILLIMORE. With an Introduction by John Masefield. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

DEBASING as this comparison may seem, it is nevertheless true that the test of a poem is in the reading just as the familiar test of a pudding is in the eating. Write as much as one likes about a poem, the reader actually knows but little about it until he has read it. This is especially true of poems that display the quality of personality or an individual point of view or treatment. And these poems of Mr. Phillimore's are above all things personal and individual. In "The Boy's Lament" the first two stanzas read:

I would no birds were singing,
I would no plants could grow,
I would that everything did wear
A solemn dress of woe.

For, ah is me, my love is dead,
My love is dead,
And it makes me sorry so.

In "The City Dustheaps" there is something more than whimsical rhyming:

It is bitter, bitter cold to-day,
And the ice is out to sea;
Therefore the gulls are in to-day,
And over the river grim and gray,
And under the granite walls they play—
Play like children and scream and fight,
Not altogether from pure delight,
But watching, perchance, if down the
tide
Some part of a fish that once was fried,

Or a tasty bit from a pig's inside,
Or, failing that, some meat or bread
May escape from the plates of the quite
well-bred,
To where, by God's grace, the poor are
fed.

And could anything more individual be encountered than this stanza from "To the Cushendun Corn-crake"?

Pardon me, bird, if I did you a wrong,
If I cursed you over loud and long!
Pardon, if your lovely song
Seemed to me a little long;
In fact, if I longed to do you a wrong,
Even perchance your neck to break
For making such a hateful serake,
Saying: "Crake, crake, crake,
Is my love awake?"
Till your sweet love answered you out of
the brake:
"Crake, crake, crake,
My heart is awake,
And watches ever, for my true love's
sake!"

*

VAN CLEVE

BY MARY S. WATTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a tremendously real and vivid story of the life of Van Cleve Fenwick and that of his family and associates written by the author of "Nathan Burke" and "The Legacy." One might expect in it something more than the commonplace novel, and indeed there is no disappointment. Van Cleve is a business man; he has ideals above those of the ordinary man of business, but he has to struggle against great odds. In helping himself, he does not forget his friends, and slowly but surely he makes his way and a name for himself in a modern world. The book is stimulating and uplifting.

*

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON

BY JACK LONDON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE purpose of this book seems to be to depict the struggles of the working classes in great cities and

to follow the course of two in particular who strive to get away from their enervating conditions into a more hopeful environment. It is also a study of the struggle that young working girls frequently wage in order to maintain their honour and yet live in apparent respectability and enjoy some of the pleasures of life. "The Valley of the Moon" is the name of a ranch where the young couple from the city at length take refuge, with a brighter outlook for the future. The book contains a good deal of London's crude force and primitive chivalry, but those who are acquainted with his former successes will perhaps be disappointed in this his latest novel.

*

POETRY AND DRAMA

The Poetry Bookshop: 35 Devonshire St., Theobald's Road, London, W. C.

THE December number of this most excellent quarterly is recommended to every person interested in the very best of present-day poetry and the drama. In the department called "Varia" there are some illuminating comments, particularly the chapter on "The Origin of Futurism." The importance of the publication on its purely poetical side is determined by the appearance in this number of poems by Robert Bridges, the poet-laureate; Thomas Hardy, Walter De La Mare, Francis Macnamara, Rupert Brooke, W. A. E. Davies, Harold Munro, to mention only some of those whose names appear. There is a one-act drama entitled "The Golden Doom" by Lord Dunsany, with "Study" and "Appreciation" by Basil Dean and J. E. Squire—Squire's being an appreciation of

Francis Thompson. In "Chronicles," there are contributions by Dickson Scott, Gilbert Cannan, S. S. Flynn and John Alford, the last being a paper on "American Poetry." The reviews toward the end are in themselves enough to keep one in touch with the passing pageant of poetry. There is also an annotated list of recent books. This publication, which is even a delightful volume to take into one's hands, is edited by Mr. Harold Munro, himself a poet of distinction.

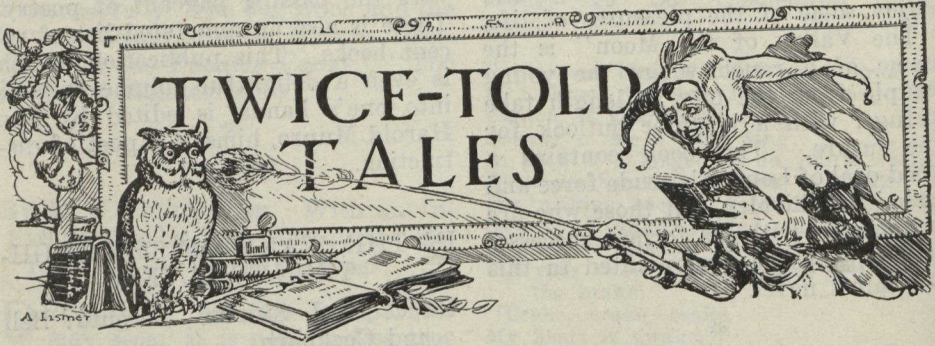
*

IN THE WAKE OF THE EIGHTEEN-TWELVERS

By C. H. J. SNIDER. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

A SAILOR by instinct and training and steeped in the lore of the naval engagements between British and American vessels on inland lakes during the War of 1812, Mr. Snider undertook with enthusiasm the work of writing this book. The result is much more than a mere historical account, for upon the facts of history the author has conceived a narrative that rises almost to the dignity of romance. Were it not based upon fact, one would say that it is romance. Some of the incidents, happily for the reader, are imaginary, as well as some of the characters introduced; but this has been done in order to realize more clearly the stirring events of that time. Being a sailor, Mr. Snider's paragraphs bristle with nautical expressions, so that the whole narrative reads as if it were written by one who actually had passed through the war. There are numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings. The line drawings by the author are exceedingly graphic.





TAKING ORDERS

Miss Hogabust (of Chicago)—
“And what profession is your son
in, Lord Hightop?”

Lord Hightop—“Oh, when Algy
leaves college I expect he will take
orders.”

Miss Hogabust (surprised)—“You
don't say! Well, poppa has got some
real nice gentlemen travelling for
him.”—*London Opinion.*

*

ONE AND A HALF EACH

“Another young couple have start-
ed intensive housekeeping.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Three rooms and a bath.”—
Birmingham Age-Herald.

*

JUSTIFIABLE IMITATION

A young man, who had not been
married long, remarked at the dinner
table the other day, “My dear, I wish
you could make bread such as my
mother used to make.”

The bride smiled and answered in a
voice that did not tremble:

“Well, dear, I wish you could
make the dough that father used to
make.”

AN EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES

When J. W. Mitchell was the Rus-
sian correspondent of the Associated
Press, the head of the German branch
of the house of Rothschild visited St.
Petersburg, and it became Mitchell's
business to find out what had brought
the great financier to that city. Mit-
chell, who is famous for his brilliant
brain and his dull-looking clothes,
found and interviewed Rothschild.

At the close of the talk the money
king, thinking that Mitchell was a
poor fellow on the verge of starva-
tion, fished out of his vest pocket a
sovereign, and, with a patronising
air, handed it to him.

Whereupon the newspaper writer,
producing a five-dollar piece, extend-
ed it to Rothschild and said, in a
bored manner:

“Have one of mine.”

*

KEEPING UP WITH THEM

He and she arrived in the fifth inn-
ing.

He (to fan)—“What's the score?”

Fan—“Nothing to nothing.”

She—“Goody! We haven't missed
a thing!”



VISITOR: "But surely you believe that women should vote?"

MOTHER: "Oh, I s'pose it's all right if ye haven't nothing better to do."—*Harper's*

GROWS DARK QUICKLY

A Scotsman landed in Canada not long ago. The very first morning he walked abroad he met a coal-black negro. It happened that the negro had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and had spent the greater part of his life there. Naturally, he had a burr on his tongue. "Mey, mannie," said the pink Scotsman, "can ye no tell me whaur I'll find the kirk?"

The darky took him by the arm and led him to the corner. "Go richt up to yon wee hoose an' turn to yer right, and up the hill," said he.

"Happens yer frae Scotland yer sel?" said the new arrival, amazed.

"R-richt ye ar-re," said the darky, "Aberdeen's ma hame."

"And hoo long have ye been here?"

"About twa years," said the darky.

"Lord save us and keep us!" said the new arrival. "Whaur can I get the boat for Edinbro?"

A FALLEN ANGEL

Old Lady—"Well, here's a shilling for you, my poor man.

Tramp—"A shillin', Lor' bless yer, lydy, if there ever was a fallen angel, you're it."—*London Opinion*.

*

A woman entered Cossitt Library in Memphis the other day and solicited the assistance of a loan-desk clerk. "I am searching for a book called 'The Dentist's Infirmary,'" she said. "The president of our library club told me to get it." "'The Dentist's Infirmary?'" repeated the clerk with a rising inflection, vainly trying to associate such a book with such a study class. "Yes," replied the woman; "it's all about devils and angels and such like." The light of understanding dawned on the puzzled face of the clerk. "Oh, you mean Dante's 'Inferno!'"

HIS LAST CHANCE

An old Scottish gravedigger was remonstrated with one day for making a serious overcharge for digging a grave.

"Weel, ye see, sir," said the old man, in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, "him an' me had a bit of a tiff two or three years syne ower a watch I selt him, and I've never been able tae get the money oot o' him yet. 'Noo,' I says tae ma'sel, 'this is ma last chance, an' I'll better tak' it.'"

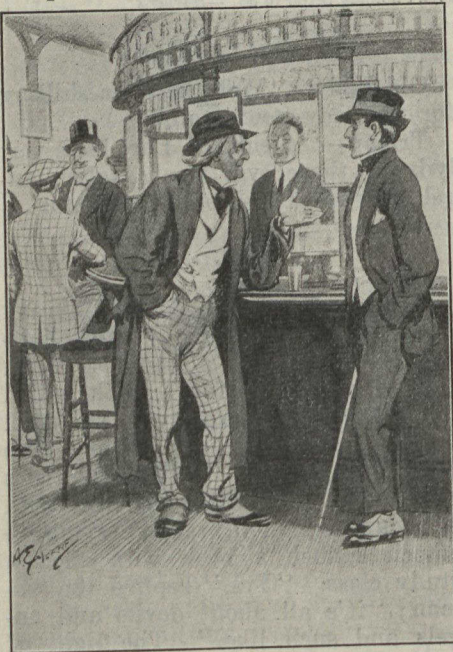
*

THRIFT WITH A VENGEANCE

"Eh," said Sandy to the minister, "yon was a powerful discourse on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbath!"

"A'm glad ye were able to profit," said the minister.

"Profit! Why, mon, I would have pit ma saxpence into the plate wi'out a thought if it had not been for your providential words. They saved me fourpence there and then."



"I say what about that quid I lent you last year?"
 "Laddie, I am an actor-r and a man of honour-r. It shall be paid."
 "Yes; but when?"
 "Laddie, I said I was an actor-r, not a prophet."—*Tattler*

THE CANNY SCOT

Sir Thomas Lipton, having made his fortune out of tea, tells some good stories about the beverage. One of them, illustrating the "canniness" of the Scot, is as follows:

An old farmer of Dumfriesshire was the guest of a fine lady in that country. When the afternoon tea was served the hostess observed that the old man gulped down his before she could serve the other guests. Again and again the farmer passed his cup to be refilled. At the ninth cup the lady, becoming uneasy as to the supply on hand, ventured to ask:

"How many cups of tea do you take, John?"

"How many do ye gie?" asked John warily.

*

A TART CRITIC

The Abbé d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent after thirty years' silence as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed! To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism, "I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbé to write such a tragedy."

*

AN ESSAY ON MAN

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the woman sprung farther than the man."—*London Opinion*.

WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT EFFICIENT

BY WALTER WALGROVE

IF ONE were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Canadian Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian man, because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary

lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; makes the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock it not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging

process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions dull, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so that it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make up bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is com-

petent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today is Only 50% Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 211, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Canadian Magazine.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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Educators Everywhere

are speaking out against the use of coffee and tea with growing children.

In the young, susceptibility to harmful drugs—such as “caffeine,” in coffee and tea, is more marked than in persons of mature years.

And just as the adult coffee or tea drinker suffers from nerve irritability, heart disorder, digestive disturbances and other ills, so the child with its far more sensitive make-up often suffers a hurt which may show in deficiency of learning ability or physical frailty—more noticeable to the teacher than to parents.



The thing for parents to do is to keep coffee and tea out of the reach of our little citizens. The most unkind thing a mother can do is to place a cup of coffee before her child.—Dr. E. A. Peterson, Medical Director Public Schools, Cleveland, O.

The symptoms produced by coffee-drinking can be observed in the arrested physical and mental development of children.—Dr. Otto Juettner, Sec. Cincinnati Polyclinic, Cincinnati, O.

In the light of such testimony the parent who gives a child coffee or tea is taking grave chances of ruining the child's health.

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1911	H. O. Blaisdell	112
1912	Florence E. Wilson	117
1913	Margaret B. Owen	125

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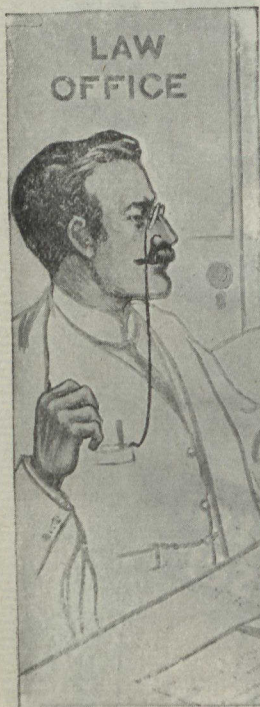
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Not ordinary oats. They want richness and flavor. They are teaching their children the love of oatmeal.

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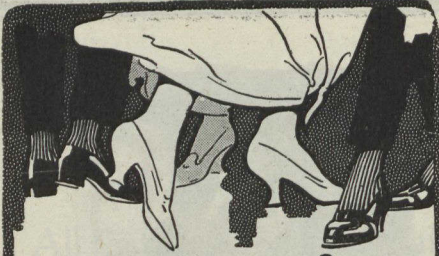
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Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) eaten with hot milk or cream, will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. Deliciously nourishing and wholesome when eaten in combination with canned peaches or other canned or preserved fruits, baked apples, stewed prunes or sliced bananas. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon, with butter or cheese.

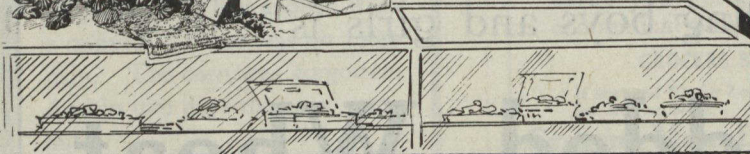
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*Made from the finest of pure chocolate
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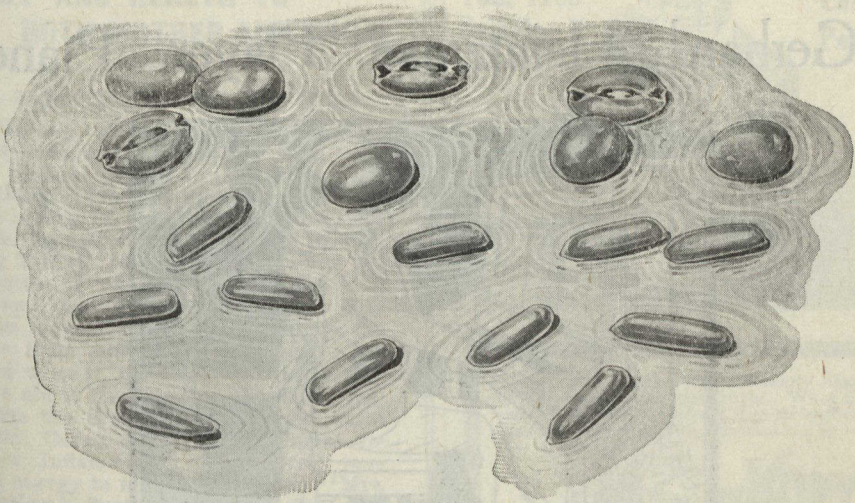
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Serve in soup like wafers.

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GERHARD-HEINTZMAN, Limited - 41-43 Queen St. West,

TORONTO (Opposite City Hall)

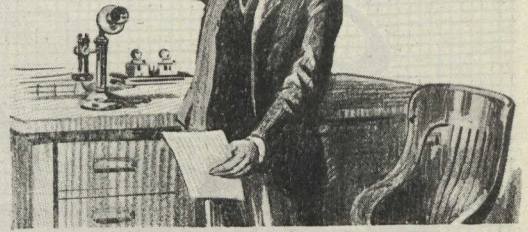
Salesrooms in Hamilton next to Post Office.

REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Write for
Your Free
Sample
Sheet



Are Your
Carbon Copies
Permanent?

There is no small item which so nearly affects the safety of your business as carbon paper. When the cost is so small, it is surely absurd not to profit by the permanently clear and reliable records furnished you by

TRADE
MULTIKOPY
MARK

CARBON PAPER

In blue or black its copies are readable for all time. They never fade, smudge nor rub. They're so sharp and clean they're often hard to tell from the original. 100 of these beautiful, legible copies can be made from one sheet of MultiKopy. 20 copies can be made at one writing.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 363 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh

Ask for Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., 7-9 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

You figure out carefully the value of an investment on the return it will bring. Why not apply the same principal to the quality of cloth in the Clothes you wear.

VICKERMAN SERGES

Will look as well at the end of two years as most other serges will at the end of twelve months.

They Wear Well, Look Well and Never Fade

Get the name "VICKERMAN'S" on your mind!

878
BUSH

NISBET & AULD, LIMITED - - TORONTO

Sole Wholesale Distributors in Canada

Penmans

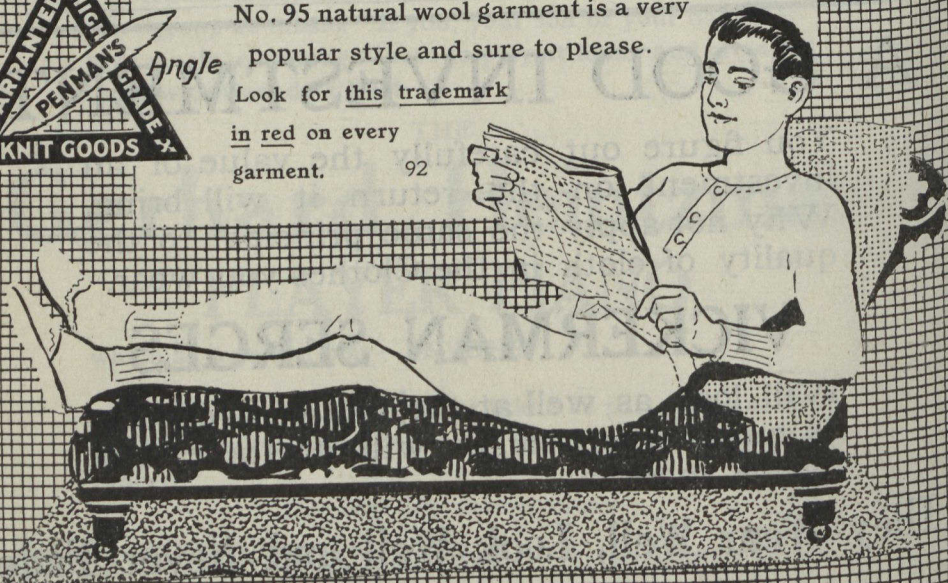
Underwear

Knit-to-form—knit from the best materials—knit to fit the varying types of men, women and children, with scientific accuracy.

There is no chance work about Penmans Underwear. It must be as near perfection as A. 1. material and human ingenuity can make it, before our trademark goes on.

No. 95 natural wool garment is a very popular style and sure to please.

Look for this trademark in red on every garment.



92



Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

- (1) As for her who desires beauty.
- (2) She is wont to anoint her limbs with /oil of palm and /oil of olives.
- (3) There cause to flourish these /ointments the skin.
- (4) As for oil of palm /and oil of olives, /there is not their like for revivifying, /making /sound and purifying the skin.

This is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3,000 years ago.

The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present-day knowledge of the subject.

A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The Egyptian maid of 3,000 years ago was famous for a perfect complexion—probably due to the use of olive oil in combination with oil of palm. We know that no other products of Nature have been discovered since to equal palm and olive oils in bene-

fit to the skin. Our scientific combination, has developed their utmost effectiveness in Palmolive.

The daily use of these oils in Palmolive surpasses any other method for keeping the skin soft, smooth and beautiful.

A cake costs but 15 cents.

Palmolive

For a smooth, clear complexion, for perfect purity, for delicate Oriental perfume, for cool, sweet refreshment, for immediate lather in hard or soft water, for the best cleanser, plus dainty charm—for more than mere soap—there is only one choice—*Palmolive*.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO—the Olive Oil Shampoo—makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price 50 cents.

PALMOLIVE CREAM cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

N. B.—If you cannot get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc. Milwaukee, Wis.
Canadian Factory: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc.,
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont. (318)



GREATEST SUBSCRIPTION PREMIUM EVER OFFERED BY A MAGAZINE——Nothing To Equal It Was Ever Attempted

ACT AT ONCE—Secure Your LOT in this RICH, WONDERFUL Country—NOW. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Canada's acknowledged leading monthly is making this exceptional offer to you.

Subscribe to the Canadian Magazine for two years at the regular price and receive a lot 33 x 120 feet in East New Hazelton FREE (with the exception of a small fee to cover cost of survey, delivery of deed, etc.)

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WILL POSITIVELY RECEIVE A LOT.



G. T. P. R. STATION, NEW HAZELTON, B. C.

RESERVATION NOW OPEN.

East New Hazelton adjoins the well established town of New Hazelton, in a district immensely wealthy in coal and a variety of minerals, and fringed by some of the most productive farm country in the world. Lots in this very neighborhood are now selling from \$150.00 to \$1,500.00 and prices are increasing rapidly.

GRASP THIS UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY NOW.

There are no strings to this offer, the reputation of the Canadian Magazine is your ample guarantee that every statement made here is genuinely true.

THIS GENEROUS OFFER WILL STAND A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION.

The Canadian Magazine is in the publishing business and not in the real estate business, but is offering these lots as a special inducement to get your subscription.

THIS IS A SIMPLE AND DEFINITE PROPOSITION.

Manager Premium Dept.,
302 Webster Bldg.,
53 Yonge St.,
Toronto,

Kindly send me complete information in regard to lots in East New Hazelton, you are offering with your magazine as a special premium inducement.

Name

Address

Investigate this Offer NOW

Write Manager, Premium
Department, The Canadian
Magazine, 302 Webster Bldg.,
53 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

WINTER WINDS CHAP THE SKIN

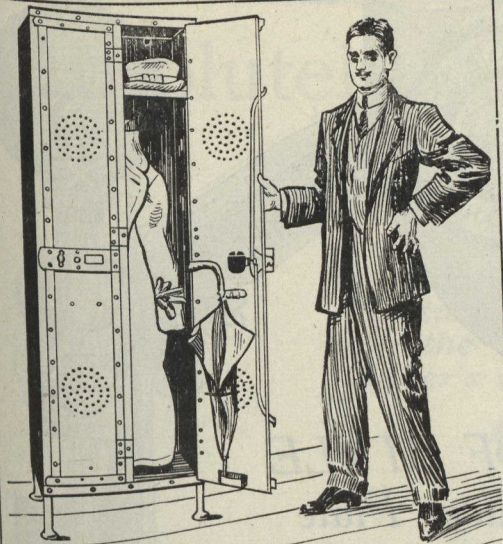


CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment really work wonders in relieving chapping, redness, roughness and irritation caused by cold, sharp winds, and in promoting and maintaining the purity and beauty of the complexion, hands and hair under all conditions.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



For Health as Well

The benefits of installing metal lockers in factories, stores, clubs, gymnasiums, hotels, schools and other institutions are now universally recognized.

Steel Lockers provide security against petty theft, minimize risk from fire, promote order, tidiness and system. Encourage Cleanliness and hygienic conditions. They economize space and save time, money and contents.

We are the largest manufacturers of Steel Lockers in Canada and operate an Entirely Separate Department for the making of Lockers and Steel Shelving.

The D-L. Standard Lockers

are the lockers of quality—the product of careful study, experience, the best equipment and good workmen who are specialists in this branch of metal working.



The Dennis Wire & Iron Fence
Works Co., Limited
London, Ontario



PURITY OF STYLE

Standard Silver Plate

embodies the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

*Quality—The best that can be produced,
Original Designs—Worked-out by prominent artists.*

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs; for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

THE SUCCESS

of

STANDARD SILVER PLATE

on the reputation earned by our goods everywhere, through the original designs, honest workmanship and value given, unequalled by any other make.

Wisdom says: "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for "Standard Silver plate."

SOLD BY RELIABLE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited

Madison Ave., Toronto



Absolutely Correct Lines



can only be obtained by proper corseting. The latest "La Diva" French Models made in Silk Knit Peau de Suede, Tricots, Tricots Elastiques, Tangos, Slip-on Elastic Corsets, Linen Mesh, Etc., are the last word of the corset maker's art.

La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

Sold at reasonable prices by leading dealers throughout Canada, Australia, Etc. If your dealer cannot supply you a request to us stating his name will bring the name of the nearest merchant who can supply you.

The Dominion Corset Co.

Quebec

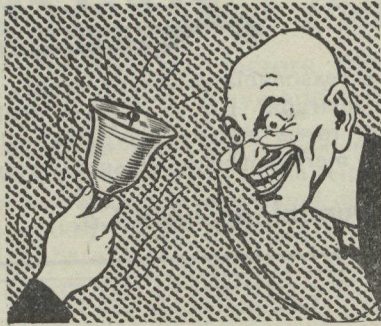
IRRESISTIBLE

GANONG'S
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

EAT

What You Will—When You Will—Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Digest the Meal Easily and Surely.

Food in itself is harmless. The reason stomach troubles arise is due to faulty digestion brought about by overworking the body or brain, sickness, overeating, late hours, etc.



"Eat? Why, That's My Middle Name Now, But I Always Take a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After Meals to Play Safe."

The only way to correct faulty stomach troubles and digestive mistakes is to do what nature wants. All that nature needs is a little assistance to do this work. This is why doctors tell you to diet. By not eating nature is compelled to aid herself. You do not then overwork her when she is already exhausted.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go into your stomach just like food. They help digest this food. Then they enrich the blood, and thus when the next meal is eaten the system is better prepared to do its work without assistance or at least less harmfully.

By following this natural habit you will in a short time correct stomach trouble, do away with indigestion and remove all danger of fatal digestion troubles.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the best tablets made. They are composed of the very best natural ingredients, one grain of one element will digest 3,000 grains of meats, fish, vegetables, grains, soup, etc.

Always take a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after meals or just before bed time. By doing this you will be acting wisely and playing safe. Go to your druggist anywhere and buy a box now. Price 50 cents.

LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL

Indoors or Out, There's
Lasting Satisfaction in

**BERRY
BROTHERS'
VARNISHES**

Lasting satisfaction, permanent beauty, durability that defies wear and weather—these qualities are assured by Berry Brothers' Varnishes whether they be used to finish floors, interior woodwork, a front door or a yacht.

For 56 years the House of Berry Brothers has been making varnishes that satisfy. No matter what your finishing needs, you should know more about Berry Brothers' Varnishes—especially these three celebrated products.

Luxeberry White Enamel—Unequaled for white interior finishing—stairs, hallways, bathrooms, as well as white furniture. Gives a rich, lustrous surface of exceptional beauty. A White enamel that stays white.

Liquid Granite—A floor varnish whose name suggests its wonderful durability. Gives a beautiful finish, unaffected by wear or water. The best known and most widely used of all varnishes.

Luxeberry Spar (It's waterproof)—So called because originally used for marine work—for masts, spars, decks and hulls of boats. Now widely employed for all kinds of outdoor finishing, exposed to the weather. Will not turn white, and it never checks nor cracks.

Ask your dealer about these products
or write direct to us.

BERRY BROTHERS

(INCORPORATED)

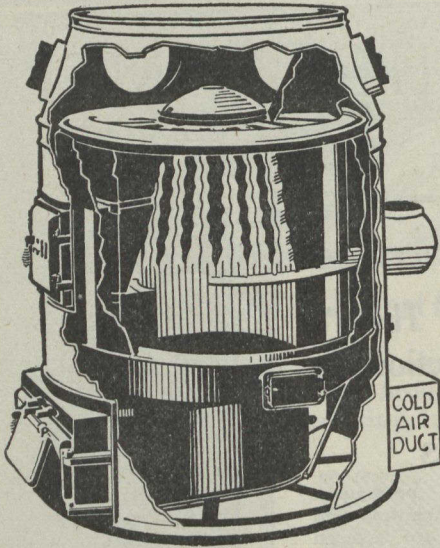
World's Largest Varnish Makers.

Walkerville, Ont.

Branches in Principal Cities of the World

LIQUID
GRANITE





The Extra Weight in a KELSEY Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system.

But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

The James Smart Mfg.
Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.

Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office

50 Adelaide St. W.

Edison Diamond Disc

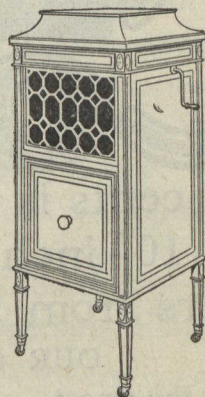
The Phonograph with the new voice

This wonderful Edison achievement is more than an amusement phonograph. It is a beautiful musical instrument—beautiful in tone and beautiful in design. It represents years of study and experiment in sound reproducing and musical acoustics.

The Special Reproducer, with its diamond point, has given the instrument a new voice—tones of marvellous depth and mellow sweetness.

The records are of a material heretofore unknown to record making. Years of playing will not effect their perfect playing qualities.

All Edison Discs are of the cabinet (hornless) type, made of rare woods along graceful lines. Hear this new Edison. Compare it with any others you have heard. It is a decided advancement in musical reproduction.



**Edison Disc
Phonograph**

Mahogany cabinet, gold-plated metal parts. Fitted with automatic record feed, powerful spring motor with worm gear, diamond-point reproducer and automatic stop

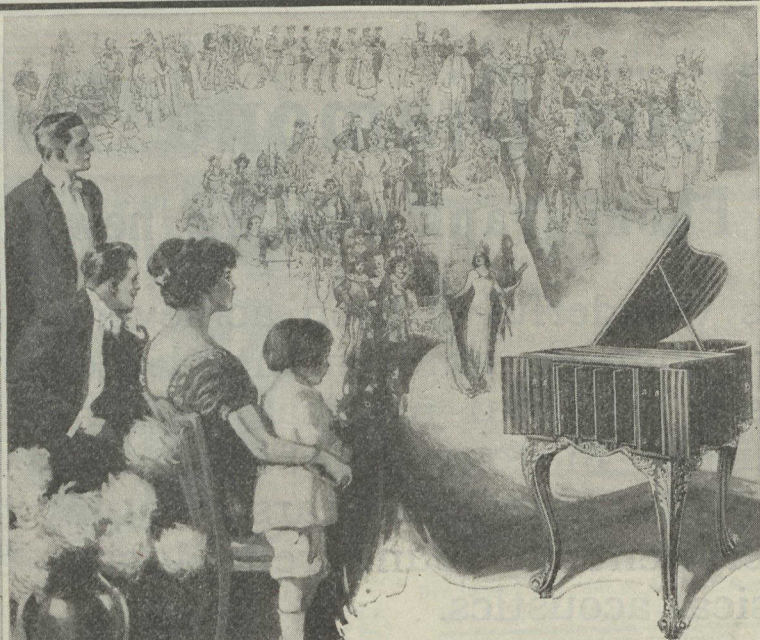
Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue

Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

All
the
Music

of all
the
World



The Columbia "Grand" Grafonola
Price \$650.

Columbia

85 cents is the price of a thousand different
10-inch double-disc Columbia Records.
Others from \$1.00 to \$7.50.

OUR GUARANTEE—

- Quality the finest.
- Reproduction the best.
- Will outwear any other record on the market.

To demonstrate this a sample advertising record will be mailed you for 30c.
Ask for catalog of records, also of Columbia Grafonolas from \$32.50 to \$650.00.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—All Columbia Records can be
used on your disc talking Machine. (If any standard make).



COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

365-367 SORAUREN AVENUE, TORONTO.

Manufacturers of the Dictaphone,
Dealers wanted—Write for special proposition.

Records



A filing cabinet for every purpose—
A filing system for every service

That is the service which the Office Specialty Company places at the disposal of business men who would overcome the annoyances arising from lost or mislaid records a condition which arises through the absence of systematic methods of filing and recording.

Whatever the nature or size of your business, you can obtain an Office Specialty Filing Equipment to meet your exact needs.

May we assist you in determining the equipment you require, by sending our Office Equipment Catalog No. 1916? Or write nearest branch for a representative to call. No obligation whatever, in making these requests.



MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. Co.
LIMITED
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD
CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: 97 Wellington Street West, TORONTO

Filing Equipment Stores: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary,
Edmonton, Vancouver.

Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.



Ask Your Grocer For Seal Brand Coffee

—use it for breakfast tomorrow
—and note the satisfied smile as
your husband enjoys his
morning cup.



145

Chase & Sanborn, Montreal.



Certain-teed
ROOFING

GUARANTEED

The General says:-

The blue sky isn't a good roof for farm machinery. Roof your barn and machine shed with

Certain-teed ROOFING

**Guaranteed for 15 years
and will last longer**

There is no test by which you can know how long a roof will last. Your safeguard is the manufacturer's responsibility.

Your dealer can furnish **Certain-teed** Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's largest roofing manufacturers. East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

RED
Earl & Wilson
MAN

PENWOOD
GOOD LOOKS—GOOD FIT—
GOOD WEAR.

EARL & WILSON
SHIRTS \$1.50 AND MORE



A Cube to a Cup

They beat all the old ideas for food-quickness

What is more warmth-giving and invigorating on a cold day than a steaming delicious cup of Oxo! What can be quicker than dropping an Oxo Cube in a cupful of hot water! With a biscuit it makes a light satisfying meal—ready in a minute—and just that rich strengthening beef-nourishment the body needs.

And the delightfulness of it! ready at any moment without trouble. Before a morning's shopping—after the theatre—on a journey—at bedtime—no matter when, the handy little Cubes in their dainty tin are at your service.

A daily cup of Oxo is an excellent safeguard against the "grip"

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.



FREDERICK'S PATENT SANITARY ERASERS

Handy, Economical, Always Covered.

The holder of the **SANITARY ERASER** receives, at its open end, a strip of rubber $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness, of a width and length nearly that of the holder.

By slight pressure at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Two rubbers are made; one for typewriter and ink, one for pencil. *Note.*—the loop for attaching to typewriter or desk.

Attractive, Easy to Operate and "They Always Work."

Your Stationer. Price 10¢. Refills, either pencil or ink, 5¢ each. When ordering by mail, state whether ink or pencil and enclose 2¢ extra for postage.

Liberal Discount to the Trade.

O.K. TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
 The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. U.S.A.
 Stationers' Specialties.

YOGHURT

destroys the poison producing microbes in the colon, prevents premature old age, calcination of arteries, means freedom from diseases of the digestive apparatus, poor circulation and nerves. Free information. **THE YOGHURT CO., R. 2, Cloverdale (17) B.C., Can.**

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.

Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

Clark's Pork and Beans

The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetising form is however a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK and BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces made from the purest ingredients in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

**They Are Cooked Ready. Simply Warm Up The
Can Before Opening.**

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal



United Garments

ZERO WEATHER AND JAEGER UNDERWEAR GO WELL TOGETHER

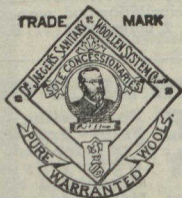
The way to enjoy zero weather is to wear pure wool underwear.

JAEGER UNDERWEAR is made of pure wool.

It conserves the heat of the body and is woven so as to allow proper circulation of air.

With proper outer clothing there is no other underwear that is safer and more comfortable than Jaeger's.

All weights and sizes for men, women and children.



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32 King St. West,
784 Yonge St., cor. Bloor

Montreal
316 St. Catherine St. West

Winnipeg
352 Portage Ave.
(Carlton Block)

and at Jaeger Agencies throughout the Dominion

The Gift Pen of Quality.

People of discriminating tastes are more and more delighting their friends with gifts of "Swan" Fountpens. Practical presents are the rule and in selecting your gifts this year you cannot find a more practical present, one more universally appreciated, than the "Swan."

This Pen
\$4.50. Without R.G. Band \$3.50.



"LITTLE WINDOWS"
See your pen filling and know when to refill.

THE SWAN

Fountpens meet every requirement of the most fastidious so completely that thorough satisfaction is assured. Writes with a velvety touch and an easy, even, steady flow; will not leak or blot your fingers.

In making up your Christmas list remember almost everybody needs a fountain pen and everybody wants the best.

At all jewelers, stationers and druggists everywhere. Standard \$2.50 and up. "Safety" \$3.00 and up, with "Little Windows" \$3.50 and up.

Write for illustrated folder.

MABIE, TODD & CO. - - - **124 York St., Toronto**
Headquarters; London, England.
New York Chicago Paris Sydney Brussels

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

A CANADIAN KNIGHT DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER COMPANION OF THE RANGE

A PASTE | THE F.F. DALLEY & LTD. | NO DUST
NO WASTE | HAMILTON CANADA | NO RUST



INVESTING FOR PROFIT FREE

FOR SIX MONTHS. It is worth \$10 a copy to any one intending to invest any money, however small, who has invested money unprofitably, or who can save \$5.00 or more per month, but who hasn't learned the art of investing for profit. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, the knowledge financiers and bankers make from the masses. It reveals the enormous profits bankers hide from the masses. It reveals some profits. It explains how stupendous fortunes are made and why made, how \$1,000 grows to \$22,000. To introduce my magazine, write me now. I'll send it six months absolutely FREE.
H. L. BARBER, Pub. R 176, 26 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.



COLLECTIONS

DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE. No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street West, Vancouver, B. C.

To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 124



Get Rid of Pimples—Quick

By Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers—Natural Little Blood Purifiers That Work Like a Charm.

Don't despair if your face is covered with pimples, blotches, liver spots, or your body is covered in spots with tetter, rash, boils, etc. Just use Stuart's Calcium Wafers for a short time and see how quickly you will clear up your skin.



"It is Simply a Constant Joy to be Rid of Those Horrible Pimples."

Pimples and eruptions of all kinds come from the inside. The blood casts out the impurities it contains and thus pimples, boils, etc., appear. Cleanse the blood, stop the poison from developing in the blood tissues and pimples will vanish as if by magic.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain in a natural manner the greatest blood purifier—Calcium Sulphide.

Calcium Sulphide and the other ingredients of these remarkable little wafers are just what impure blood needs. You must know that the blood is rushing through our veins very fast. It takes less than a minute for our blood to cover the entire body.

You can thus readily see that Stuart's Calcium Wafers, when they enter the body, have an almost instant effect upon all impurities no matter where located, whether it be the tip of the nose or the ends of the toes.

By the use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers your complexion will take on a fresher hue and a more natural series of tints than ever before.

Impure blood is blue or black. Purify it and it becomes ruby red. This color showing beneath the skin is the secret of all beautiful complexions.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are sold by all druggists everywhere. Price 50 cents a box.



*If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.*

The Story of the **Kodak Album**

The friendships of school days, the very atmosphere of the home, every phase of life that makes for companionship—in all of these is an intimate picture story—a story that glows with human interest, grows in value with every passing year.

Let Kodak keep the story for you.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlights, groups, home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
TORONTO



Parowax

(Pure Refined Paraffine)

is perfectly splendid. It makes linen spotlessly white without any hard, wearing rubbing. You really ought to try it.

Parowax is easy to use and inexpensive. One pound is enough for 16 boilers of wash. Full directions with every package.

Parowax is also invaluable for sealing jellies and preserves, forming an air-tight, mold-proof seal.



THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto
Ottawa
Halifax
Montreal

Quebec
St. John
Winnipeg
Calgary

Regina
Vancouver
Edmonton
Saskatoon



TWELVE suits of ordinary Underwear can be made in the time it takes us to make one suit of "CEETEE" Under-clothing.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is made on special machines, entirely different from ordinary knitting machines, and which are the only machines of their type in Canada.

"CEETEE" Underclothing costs a little more but is most economical.

All "CEETEE" Underclothing is made from the softest, finest Australian Merino Wool only. This wool is put through a thorough treatment of combings and scourings that removes every particle of foreign matter and leaves every strand as soft and clean as humanly possible.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is so soft that it will not irritate even an infant's skin. All joins are knitted together (not sewn) making each garment practically one piece. It has no rough spots. Every garment is fashioned automatically during the knitting to fit the human form, thus rendering it comfortable, easy to wear and perfect fitting.

These are the reasons why "CEETEE" Underclothing is in a class by itself, and is

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

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

Manufactured by
The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd. - Galt, Ont.



A TYPICAL VIEW IN MONTREAL WEST, P. Q.
“THE TOWN OF ASBESTOSLATE”

Montreal West is in the Garden Suburb of Montreal, and as you can see from the type of houses illustrated above, it is as substantial as it is charming.

The most noticeable feature of the town is the number of ASBESTOSLATE Roofs, in their soft, attractive greys, reds and blue blacks. Asbestoslate conforms to the Building By-laws requiring fireproof construction, is

reasonable in price, and absolutely weatherproof and permanent.

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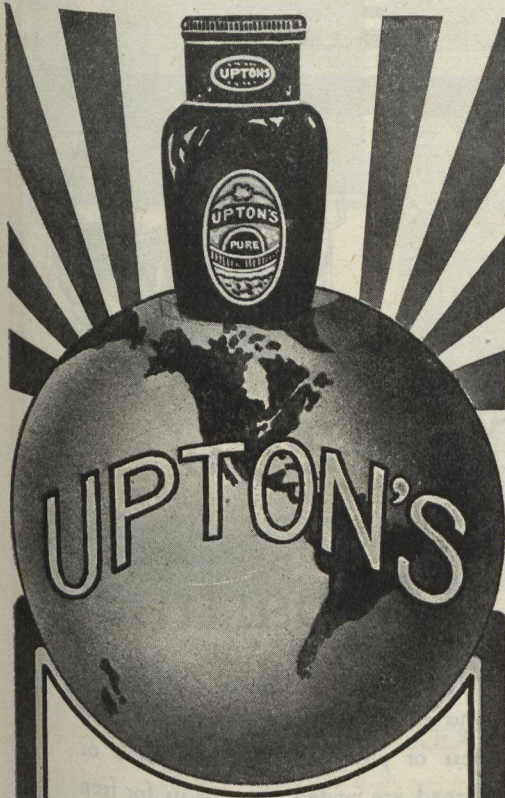
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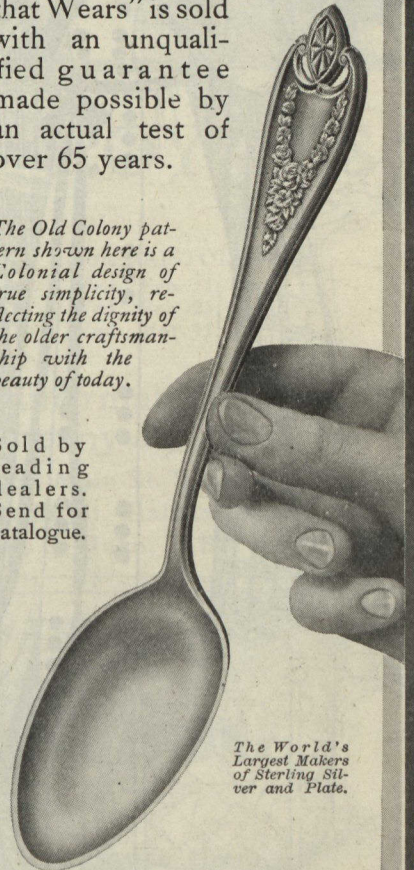
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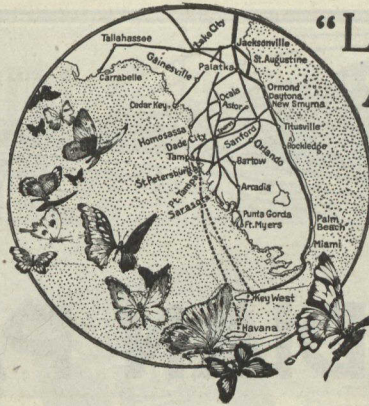
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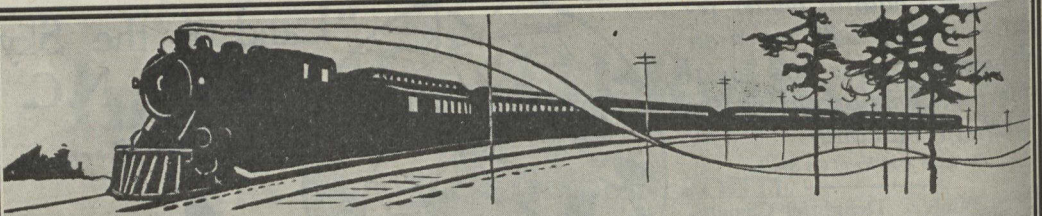
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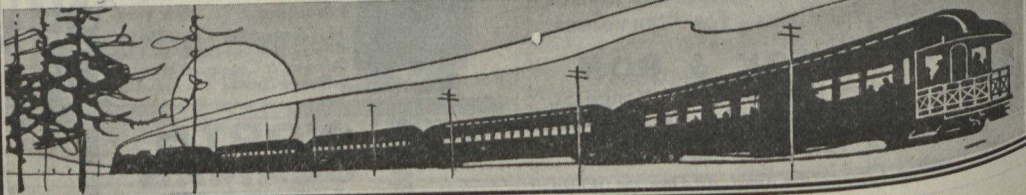
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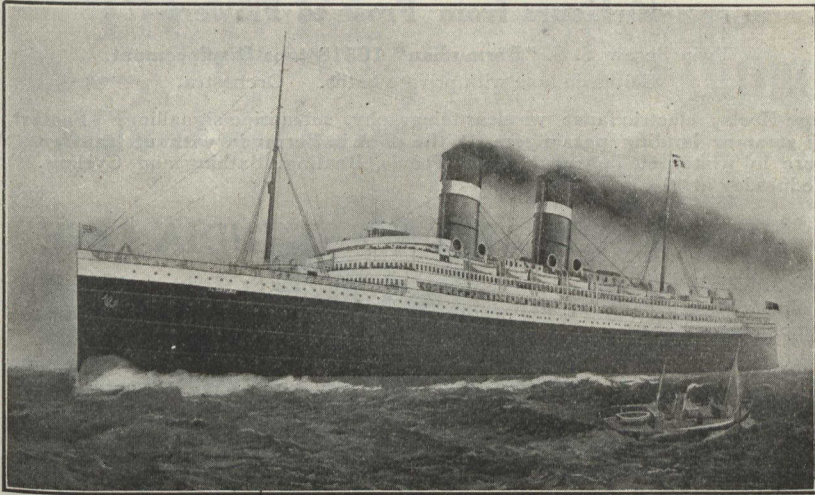
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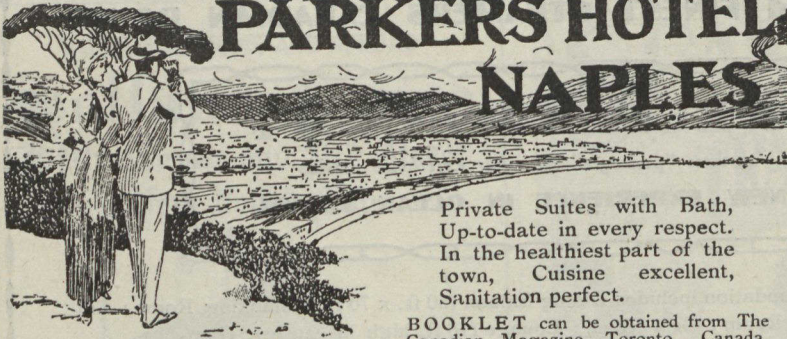
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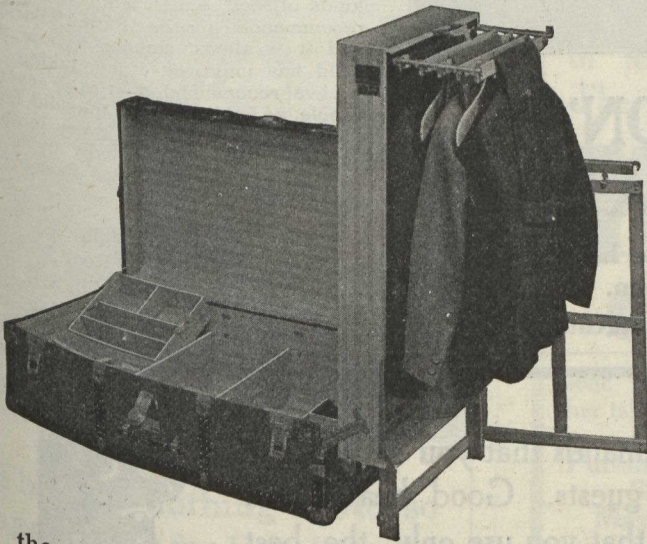
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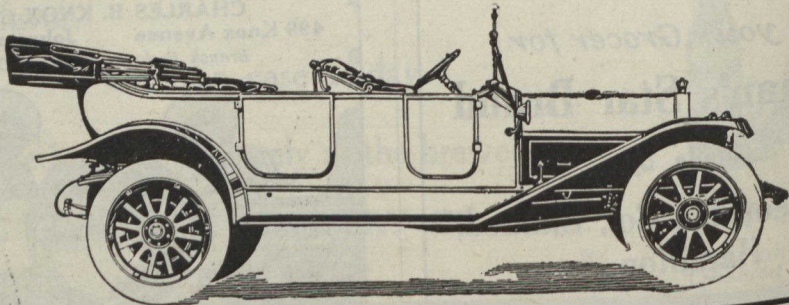
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No. 14

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Yours truly,

(NAME ON REQUEST)

No. 11

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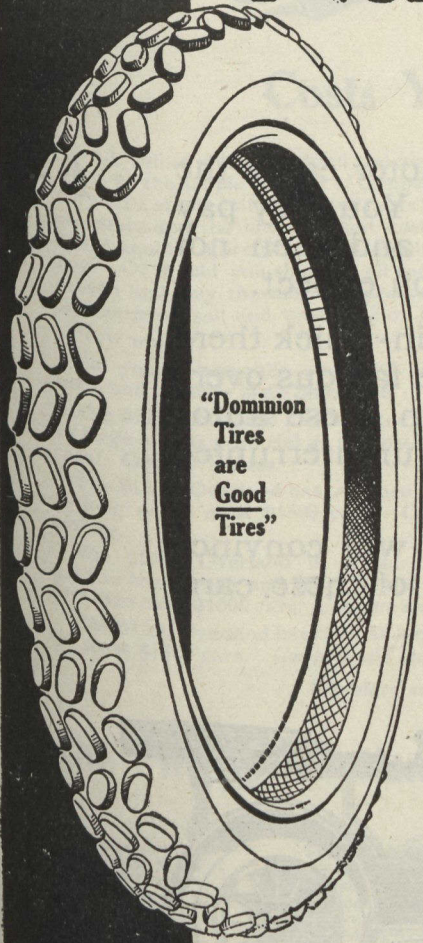
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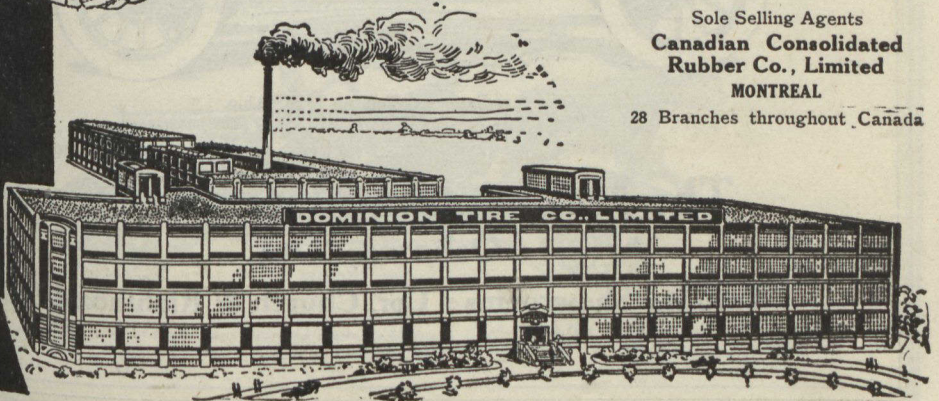


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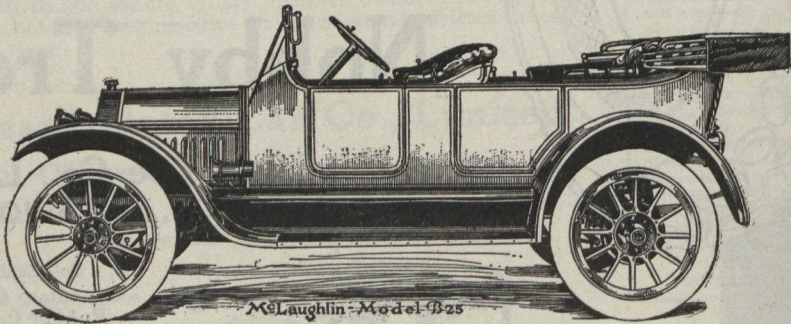


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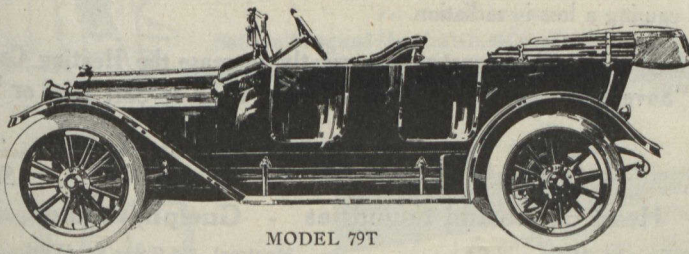
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Mohair top, curtains and boot
Clear vision wind shield

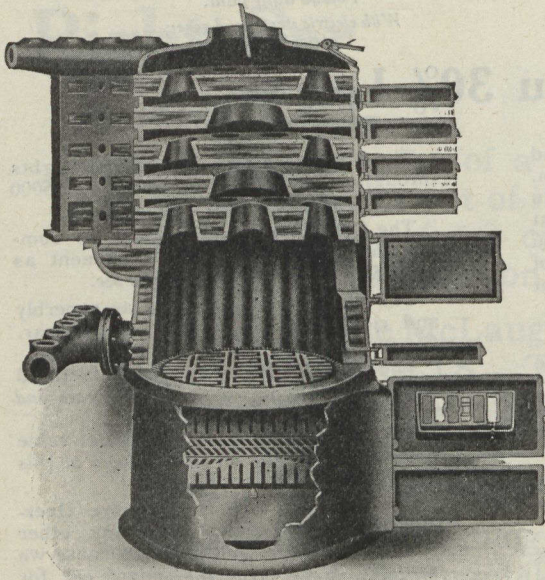
Cowl Dash
Stewart speedometer
Electric horn
Flush U doors with concealed hinges



MODEL 79T

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks.
Full information on request.

Why the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler has an unusual Heating Capacity



1913-1914 Model "Sovereign" with large flared flues.

The "Sovereign" is not a departure from the general lines of the conventional type of hot water boiler.

Where the "Sovereign" is different is in the arrangement and proportions of the interior parts.

INTERIOR WALLS OF THE WATER JACKET: These are corrugated so that the water flows against a greatly increased surface of heated metal.

LARGER FIRST SECTION: The first boiler section, the one directly over the bed of the fire, is made one-third larger than the other sections. This brings a larger volume of water into the path of the most intense heat and prevents any tendency to boil, which would have the effect of raising steam and delaying circulation of the heating medium.

FLARED FLUES: The flues, or vents in the boiler sections through which the heat travels on its course to the chimney, are made larger than is usual and have flared walls—are bell-mouthed. And these flues are placed to one side of each other so that the course of the fire travel is "baffled," or zig-zag.

INDIVIDUAL CLEAN OUT DOORS: Each of the boiler sections has a separate clean-out door, so that soot and fine ashes may be removed from the sections without chilling the boiler and causing a loss in radiation.

These Improvements in construction greatly increase the Heating Capacity of the "Sovereign" and Adapt it for Burning Hard or Soft Coal or Wood.

"Sovereign"
Radiators

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

"Canadian"
Steam Boilers

Head Office and Foundries - Guelph, Canada

Toronto—1088 King St. West
Vancouver—1070 Homer St.
Quebec—Mechanics Supply Company
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Limited, 622 Ninth Ave.

Montreal—246 Craig St. West
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water Street
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works, Limited
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

THE PLAYTIME

**MAKES
HAPPY
HOMES**



A great economist has said that the happy home is the very bone and sinew of our national life; but no home is as happy as it should be if the wife and mother is so utterly tired at night that she cannot be a cheerful companion in the family circle.

The greatest labor saver, the best conservator of health, strength and cheerfulness is the "Playtime" Washer. It takes the tired feeling out of wash-day. It is an efficient helpful servant that never tires and is always ready. As a power machine it is specially adapted for the country where gas, gasoline, steam engine or windmill power is available.

See the "Playtime" at your dealer's or send to us for full information.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
Hamilton, Ontario. 203



**For Whooping Cough
Spasmodic Croup
Asthma, Sore Throat
Coughs, Bronchitis
Colds, Catarrh.**

"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

The VAPO - CRESOLENE CO.,
62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles Building,
Montreal, Canada.



Save Your Voice

Do not ignore hoarseness, coughs, sore throats or loss of voice. Use

**EVANS' ANTISEPTIC
THROAT
Pastilles**

FORMULA OF THE
LIVERPOOL
THROAT HOSPITAL

They give relief at once, and their continued use restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal organs. If you speak or sing in public, always keep Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand. 174

For Free Sample, write

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

The
Prophy-lactic
Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the
Pro-phy-lactic keeps teeth clean



HARTSHORN

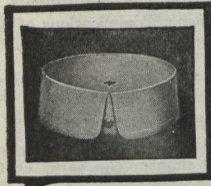
SHADE
ROLLERS

Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"
requires no tacks. Inventor's
signature on genuine!

Stewart Hartshorn

SELL YOUR MSS.

Many unsuccessful manuscripts simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give: Foremost firms publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. References. Jack London, Winston Churchill, John Burroughs. Address: EDITOR, 149 West 86th St., New York City.



THE ARLINGTON CO.
of Canada, Ltd.
58 FRAZER AVENUE
TORONTO

CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.



LOOK AHEAD TWENTY YEARS!

Will old your age be comfortable?
Provide for comfort and ease
in old age by



AN
EXCELSIOR
ENDOWMENT
AT
AGE 50 or 60

Do not put off
securing to-day
what you may
not obtain to-
morrow.

ASSETS - \$3,500,000.00

Insurance in Force over \$19,000,000.00

EXCELSIOR LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Office: Toronto, Canada

ALL agree that an old and tried friend is the best; but one cannot help wishing that one's old friends would keep pace with the times.

IN this respect **EDDY'S** Matches score. They have been Canada's best for more than 60 years and have been constantly improved upon until now they are "the **PERFECT** match." A triumph in modern efficiency.

WE make all kinds of matches—the wax vestas for the smoker—a special match impervious to weather conditions for the outdoor sportsman—**MATCHES** with a 4½" stick for lighting gas jets, etc.—a non-poisonous match for use in the home and many other kinds—in fact a match for every known use.

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, Limited
HULL, CANADA.

With Branches and Agencies throughout Canada.

Five famous beautifying treatments

If there is any condition of your skin which you want to improve, read the five treatments printed below. Here are simple, natural methods to correct the most common skin troubles—methods based on John H. Woodbury's years of experience in treating thousands of obstinate skin cases. Begin today to get their benefits.

1st—For very tender skins. Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap in the usual way, rinsing the lather off after a very short time.

2nd—For sluggish skins. Rub a warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap into the skin. Leave it on about five minutes. Then rinse the face with lukewarm water, and rub it gently for five minutes with a piece of ice.

3rd—For hard, dry skins. Just before you retire, rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then, while it is still damp, cover it with a rubber tissue, or other waterproof material.

4th—For sallow, freckled skins. Dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times with the cake itself, letting its lather remain on over night.



Try this treatment for whitening the skin tonight.

5th—For users of cold creams. Apply a thick lather of Woodbury's and *massage* it into the skin, finally rubbing it off with a dry towel.

Begin tonight the treatment above best suited to your skin. Use it persistently and regularly and your skin will gradually take on that finer texture and velvety smoothness that you have always coveted for it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try *your* treatment above, tonight.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland



Write today to the Woodbury
Canadian factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 100-M Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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



BIG and little folks soothe the weariness from the work or play of the day, and invite healthful, restful slumber, when the bedtime bath is with Fairy Soap.

FAIRY SOAP

is so clean, sweet and pure — and cleansing withal — that when you once try it you never will be without it for toilet and bath for the whole family. The oval cake fits the hand and floats where you can reach it. It wears down to the thinnest wafer — economical.



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

First of all—

you buy a jimmy pipe. Get one that chums-up with your spirit right off the bat, natural like. Then lay a dime against a tidy red tin of Prince Albert tobacco that's all pleasing and fragrant and fresh. A match!—and you're off!

P. A. can't burn your tongue—can't parch your throat! Just mellow and cheerful. Why, men, to open up the A. M. with some P. A. is like getting money from home in the first mail—just punches a smile right into your system!

Get under this:—Prince Albert is made by an exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch. P. A. has made it possible for thousands of men to smoke a pipe who never could endure the tongue-sting brands. And realize: No other tobacco can be made like



PRINCE ALBERT

Copyright 1914
R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

the inter-national joy smoke

You can buy Prince Albert down in the village, on Broadway, anywhere, everywhere — afloat or ashore! In tidy red full 2-oz. tins. You get it fresh and fragrant—the real P. A. flavor—wherever you drop in, because Prince Albert is the *inter-national* pipe smoke and cigarette makin's brand.



"P. A. makes a fellow feel so fine and dandy," says Pap. "that I don't care what the weather is so long as there is P. A. in the near vicinity."
"Smoke P. A. red hot as 'fold jimmy was an engine and she can't touch your tongue. Go to it like sixty and she is there good and true, like a high top thoroughbred."

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

The Book That Saved These Ladies Over \$200 Is Yours Free

Miss Joan Wilson, of Providence, R.I., writes:—

"Enclosed is a photograph of myself in a cloth suit that I dyed according to directions which I read in your **DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL AND DIRECTION BOOK**. It was originally a grey, and I dyed it a beautiful deep brown. I also dyed an aigrette, which was white, to match the gown. I did not need the book to dye this suit, for the directions on the envelope of the **DIAMOND DYES** I bought told all I needed to know, and their use is so simple. Still, I found the book very valuable, for it told me of many things that could be dyed. It has, I believe, saved me \$100 or more by making good material of poor color available for use in new and stylish hues."

Yours very sincerely,
JOAN WILSON.

Note:—In a second letter Miss Wilson writes: "You have my full permission to use the photograph I sent you in your advertising."

Mrs. James Cameron writes:—

"My husband and I were invited to a large ball last week. I was at my wits end to know what to wear. I had a pink charmeuse gown which was so badly faded that I did not see how I could wear it, and had made up my mind I would have to buy a new gown for the occasion, although we really could not spare the money conveniently. In looking over the advertisements in the

Magazine I saw your advertisement offering to send **THE DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL AND DIRECTION BOOK FREE**, I wrote you for a copy and received it by return mail. At the drug store on the corner I bought a package of **DIAMOND DYES** for Wool and Silk and re-colored my charmeuse a dark blue. I made some alterations to it and trimmed it with Bulgarian trimming. It was a great success, and since dyeing it I have dyed many other articles with **DIAMOND DYES**. I have counted up and find that the one-cent postal card I sent you for your book has saved me at least a hundred dollars. If I had bought the things it made as good as new, they would have cost that much money."

KATHERINE CAMERON,
(Mrs. James Cameron).

P.S.—My husband says I was the belle of the ball in the charmeuse gown. I send my photograph in it. You may publish it if you like."



Grey Cloth Dyed Brown.



Pink Charmeuse Dyed Dark Blue.

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

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

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

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

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath. We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool or Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the **Very Best Results on EVERY fabric**.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10 cents Per Package.

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

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

Big Ben



—He's Big All Over And Good All Through

Big Ben is built for *endless* service. He has no "off-days," no shut-downs. His four years' existence have been one long record of on-the-dot accuracy.

20,000 dealers say that he does more *efficient work* for less pay than any other clock alive.

A Big Ben batallion, over 3,000 strong, leaves La Salle, Illinois, every day. Their sparkling triple steel; their dominating seven-inch height; their big, bold, black, easy-to-read figures and hands; their big easy-to-wind keys—all make Big Ben the world's master clock.

In return for one little drop of oil, he'll work for you a full year. From "Boots on" to "Lights

out"—365 times—he'll guarantee to tell you the time o'day with on-the-dot accuracy. He's made the same guarantee over 3,000,000 times and made good every time. He'll make good for you. More than \$8,000,000 has passed over good dealers' counters for Big Ben and his brothers—strong evidence of merit and popularity.

He'll get you up either of TWO WAYS—with one long, steady, five-minute ring if you need a good big call, or on the *installment plan*, with short rings one-half-minute apart for ten minutes, so you'll wake up *gradually*, and he'll stop short in the middle of a tap during *either* call if you want to shut him off.

Big Ben is a mighty pleasant

looking fellow. His big, open, honest face and his gentle tick-tick have earned him a place in thousands of *parlors*. No "company" is too grand to sneer at Big Ben—he wins friends everywhere.

The next time you go to town call at your dealer's and ask to see Big Ben. If your dealer hasn't him, send a money order for \$3.00 to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, and he'll come to you duly prepaid.

The words, "*Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox*," stamped across his back, is the best alarm clock insurance that anyone can buy. It is Big Ben's "mark"—proof that you're buying the true thoroughbred of the clock world.

Every Human Effort

is followed by waste of body,
brain and nerve cells.

To keep in perfect trim, these
tissue cells must be replaced
daily by proper food.

The true food is

Grape-Nuts

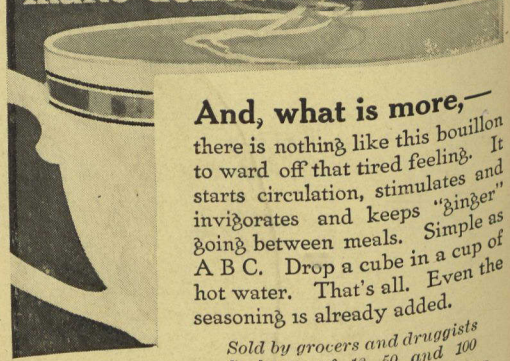
—A trial shows.

"There's a Reason"

Read the famous little book, "The
Road to Wellville," in packages.

Armour's Bouillon Cubes

make delicious Bouillon



And, what is more,—
there is nothing like this bouillon
to ward off that tired feeling. It
starts circulation, stimulates and
invigorates and keeps "ginger"
going between meals. Simple as
A B C. Drop a cube in a cup of
hot water. That's all. Even the
seasoning is already added.

*Sold by grocers and druggists
In boxes of 12, 50 and 100*

For Free Samples, address
Dept. 561
Armour and Company, Chicago



Makes
All
Woodwork
Bright
and
Clean

THE Great
varnish food
and renewer—

O-Cedar Polish

Gives a high, dry, hard lustre and glasslike finish. So
hard and dry that it does not gum or collect dust as mere
polishes do. O-Cedar cleans as it polishes.

25c to \$3.00 Sizes at all Dealers.

Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Channell Chemical Co., Limited,

369 Sorauren Avenue

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.

Toronto, Ont.

CHICAGO

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

We have moved from our former ware-
house 51 Wellington St. W. to more
convenient and larger premises,
lately occupied by Rolph & Clark, Ltd.
Cor. Simcoe, Pearl and Adelaide Sts.
Where we will continue our business in
all its branches as before.

ACCOUNT and MEMO BOOKS
FINE LEATHER GOODS
STATIONERY and OFFICE SUPPLIES
PAPER of EVERY DESCRIPTION
DIARIES Office and Pocket 1914
BOOKBINDING Every Style.

BROWN BROS. LIMITED
Manufacturing and Commercial Stationers
TORONTO