

OCTOBER, 1915

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS



From Chatham to Harper's Ferry  
BY FRED LANDON

Waterton: Canada's New National Park  
BY AUBREY FULLERTON

The Problem of the Teacher  
BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE

From Month to Month  
BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

Nicholas Flood Davin  
BY A. R. HASSARD

Mist of Morning  
BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LIII

Contents, October, 1919

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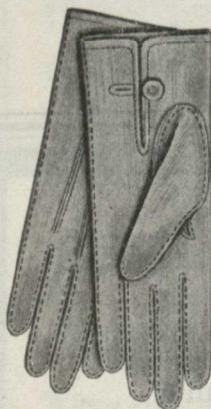
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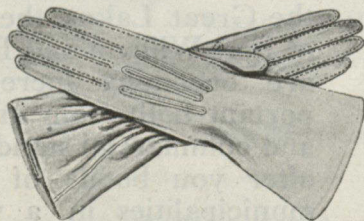
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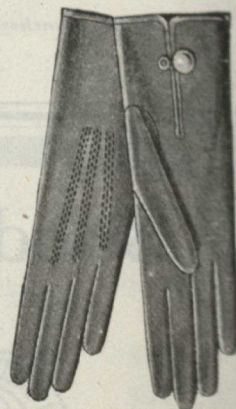
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leader of the rebellious element in Lower Canada in 1837, a French Canadian of extraordinary daring, the prototype of William Lyon Mackenzie, will be the subject of Mr. Hassard's next article in the series "Great Canadian Orators".

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By Col. George T. Denison

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# "WHO'S WHO" in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

## THIS MONTH

\* \* \*

### THE WRITERS

—MR. FRED. LANDON is Public Librarian at London, Ontario, and Lecturer in Canadian and American History in Western University. He has written numerous articles on historical subjects.

—MR. AUBREY FULLERTON is a journalist who began his newspaper training in Nova Scotia, his home province, worked for several years on *The Globe* and other Toronto publications, and then went to the West, where he is now on the staff of *The Edmonton Journal*. He has written for many Canadian and American periodicals and magazines, particularly in the way of articles descriptive of life, travel, and affairs in the Canadian West.

—MRS. BEATRICE REDPATH is a virile Canadian writer, a resident of Quebec Province. Short stories by her have appeared from time to time in *The Canadian Magazine*.

—DR. E. E. BRAITHWAITE will be recalled to many readers by his splendid article "The New Era for Canada," which appeared in the June Number, this year.

—MR. R. K. GORDON is assistant Professor of English in the University of Alberta. He was graduated from the University of Toronto and later from Oxford. For some time he was Professor of English in the University of New Brunswick.

—MRS. BLANCHE E. HOLT-MURISON is a new name to these pages. She is a Western Canadian.

—DONALD G. FRENCH devotes all his time to literary pursuits and much of it to pointing the way to others. For companion article to this one, "The Critic and Poet", see the September Number.

### THE ARTISTS

—MISS MARY E. WRINCH is a well-known Toronto artist, a member of the Ontario Society of Artists.

—MISS EDITH S. WATSON is an American lady who has passed the last few Summer seasons in Canada taking photographs. Her picture this month is a scene in the famous Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia.

—MR. LAWREN HARRIS is a young and virile Canadian painter, who delights in decorative treatment, big dashes of light and shade, much pigment, great breadth of colour and all the glory of the out-of-doors. He is one of the radicals in the Ontario Society of Artists.



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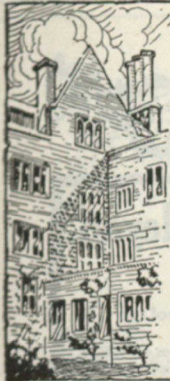
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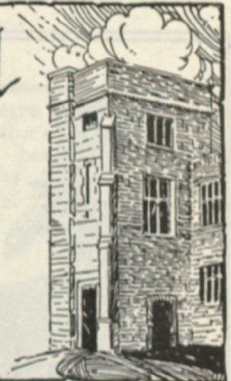
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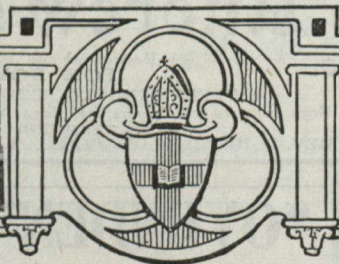
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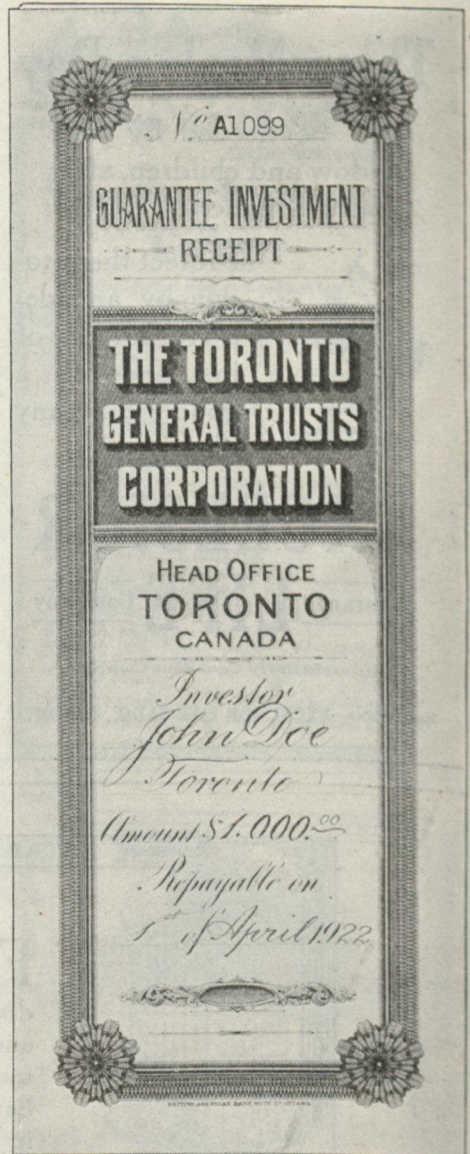
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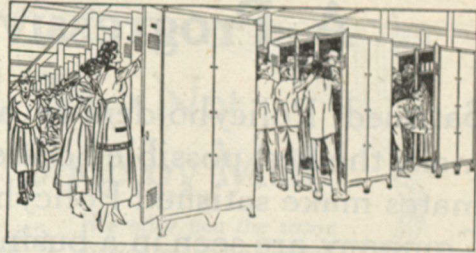
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# The WHY? of ANOTHER VICTORY LOAN

The answer to the question "Why does Canada need another Victory Loan?" divides itself into two parts.

(a) To finish paying the expenses of demobilization, and the obligations we still owe to our soldiers.

(b) To provide national working capital.

**Obligations to Soldiers** The obligations to soldiers include:

That already incurred cost of bringing home troops from overseas.

The payment of all soldiers still undemobilized. This includes more than 20,000 sick and wounded who are still in hospital.

The upkeep of hospitals, and their medical and nursing staffs, until the need for them is ended.

These three items alone will use up at least \$200,000,000 of the Victory Loan 1919.

**Gratuities** The gratuity to assist soldiers to tide over the period between discharge and their re-adjustment to civil life, calls for \$61,000,000 in addition to the \$59,000,000 already paid for this purpose out of the proceeds of the Victory Loan 1918.

**Land Settlement** Soldiers who desire to become farmers may, under the Soldiers' Land Settlement Act, be loaned money by Canada with which to purchase land, stock and implements. The money so advanced will be paid back; meantime each loan is secured by a first mortgage. Up to August 15th, 29,495 soldiers had applied for land under the terms of this Act; and 22,281 applications had been investigated, and the qualifications of the applicant approved.

Those who give thought to our outstanding obligations to soldiers, and to our need for national working capital, cannot fail to be impressed with the absolute necessity for the

## Victory Loan 1919

*"Every Dollar Spent in Canada"*

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee  
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance  
of the Dominion of Canada.

### Vocational Training

For this work which, with the Vocational Training and Soldiers' Service Departments, embraces the major activities of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment an appropriation of \$57,000,000 is necessary.

### National Working Capital

Canada needs national working capital, so that she may be able to sell on credit to Great Britain and our Allies the products of our factories, farms, forests, fisheries and mines.

The magnitude of their orders and the amount of employment thus created, will depend upon the success of the Victory Loan 1919.

### The "Why" of Credit Loans

Farmers and manufacturers (and that includes the workers on these orders) must be paid cash for their products. Therefore, Canada must borrow money from her citizens to give credit, temporarily, to great Britain and our Allies. Actually, no money will pass out of Canada.

*If Canada does not give credit, other countries will; and they will get the trade, and have the employment that should be ours, to distribute amongst their workers.*

### For Transportation

Money must also be available to carry on the nation's shipbuilding programme, and other transportation development work.

For loans to Provincial Housing Commissions who are building moderate priced houses.

These, then, are some of the things for which Canada needs national working capital. She is in the position of a great trading company, and her citizens who buy Victory Bonds are the shareholders.

# The Expenditure of \$610,000,000

How the last  
Victory Loan  
was spent.

For Demobil-  
ization

For Trade  
Extension

**B**EFORE buying Victory Bonds again you may want to know how Canada used the money you loaned her last year. Canada borrowed the money to carry on the war and to provide credits for Great Britain and our Allies.

**C**ONSIDERABLY more than one-half of the Victory Loan, 1918 was spent on our soldiers. This included \$312,900,000, for paying them, feeding them, bringing them home, separation allowances to their dependents, maintenance of medical service and vocational training schools.

**R**EALIZING that every soldier deserves financial assistance during the time he is getting back to his normal earning capacity in civil life, Canada voted a gratuity for each man according to length of service. \$59,000,000 of the Victory Loan 1918 was spent in this way.

\$9,000,000 was spent at Halifax for relief and reconstruction after the disaster.

Other disbursements were not, strictly speaking, expenditures, but National Re-investments.

To Great Britain for example:

\$173,500,000 was loaned for  
the purchase of our wheat  
and cereals.  
\$9,000,000 for our fish.

\$30,000,000 for other Foodstuffs.  
\$2,900,000 for our ships.  
\$5,500,000 to pay other British  
obligations in Canada.

To our Allies, we loaned \$8,200,000 for the purchase of Canadian foodstuffs, raw material and manufactured products.

The Re-investments will be paid back to Canada in due time, with interest.

These credits were absolutely necessary to secure the orders for Canada because cash purchases were impossible.

They have had the effect of tremendously helping agricultural and industrial workers to tide over the depression that would have followed the Armistice, had we not made these credit loans.

As far as money is concerned, 1919 has been, and is still—just as much a war year as 1918. Our main expenditures for war cannot be completed until well on into 1920. Thus another Victory Loan is necessary—*Get ready to buy.*

## Victory Loan 1919

*“Every Dollar Spent in Canada”*

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee  
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance  
of the Dominion of Canada.

# Columbia Grafonola



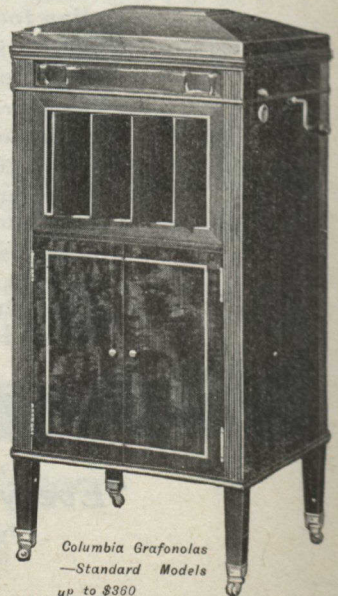
## They Meet Where There's Music

In every neighborhood there's some hospitable home where the Columbia Grafonola attracts guests like a merry musical magnet.

RIGHT well they know where they'll hear the latest popular songs, and dance to the newest waltzes and jazes. The pure, brilliant tone of the Grafonola makes it the ideal instrument for the informal dance or party. The best music, the best fun, and the best dancing are always waiting to welcome guests in happy homes made musical by the Columbia Grafonola.

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*"Like a dull actor  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace."*

—Shakespeare.

## Are You "Like a Dull Actor?" Do You Forget? Pelmanize!

REMEMBER, "I FORGOT to enter it," was what the salesman said when he lost the order.

"I FORGOT to take the siding," said the engineer after the wreck.

"I FORGOT an important question." was the lawyer's reason for losing the case.

"I FORGOT the doctor's instructions," said the nurse at the inquest.

"I FORGOT to lock the safe," the clerk confessed after the robbery.

"I FORGOT an appointment," said a business man who failed to close a big deal.

"I FORGOT to use my brakes," was the motorists excuse for the accident.

"I FORGOT to turn off the gas," was the cook's explanation of the fire.

"I FORGOT the points I wanted to make," said the speaker who had faltered in his address.

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This mop is a genuine revelation. When kept moistened with Liquid Veneer and used on floors, the results are so beautiful as to seem almost incredible. Floors instantly take on a piano finish.



Here it is at last! The Liquid Veneer Mop—the mop with the swab that comes off with a pull—that can be washed, and put through a wringer like a handkerchief—a gigantic improvement over all other mops. It fairly bristles with Liquid Veneer quality.

The Mop has a full yarn center and is not merely a fringe of yarn around a frame. It is very light in weight, has more cleaning and polishing surface than any other mop and will carry away a wonderful amount of dirt before it needs washing.

The mop is treated with Liquid Veneer which makes it possible to keep your floors

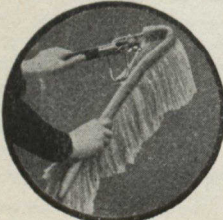
just as lustrous, spotlessly clean and greaseless as your piano. No housewife who uses Liquid Veneer on the Liquid Veneer Mop will ever go back to the old, greasy oil mop with its trail of greasy, discolored floors.

The Liquid Veneer Mop is sold on approval.

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Exhibited by the  
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*THE*

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1919

No. 6

## FROM CHATHAM TO HARPER'S FERRY

BY FRED LANDON

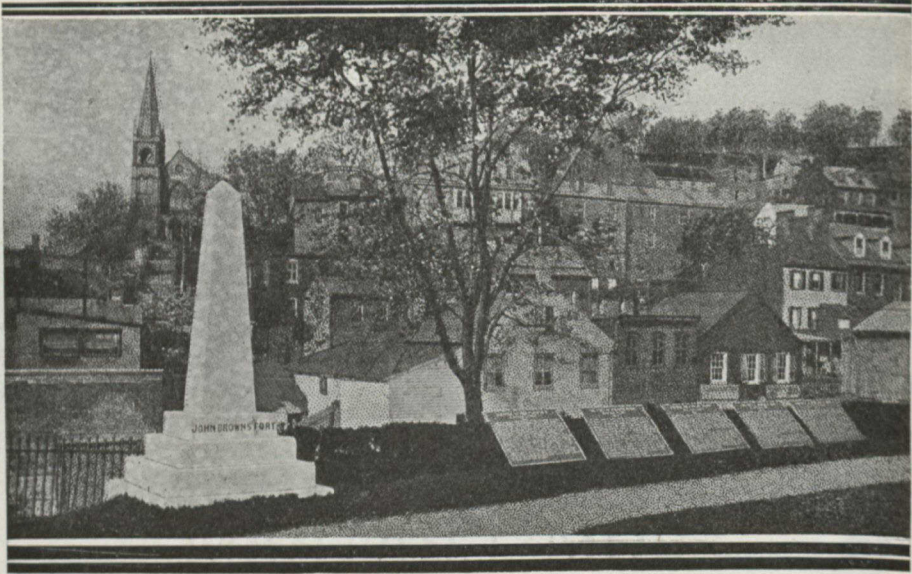


SIXTY years ago this month John Brown and his men made their famous raid on Harper's Ferry. It was the most dramatic incident in the slavery struggle before the Civil War. Though the plan to free the slaves was doomed to failure from the start, there persists the feeling expressed by Gov. John A. Andrew at the time that "John Brown himself was right". Emerson and Thoreau in America and Victor Hugo in Europe vied in their tributes to his life, but time has paid the greatest tribute of all in the fact that "his soul goes marching on". The old song that northern boys of 1861 sang as they marched to battle was sung again half a century later by the youth of Britain, Canada and America once more going out in what seems to be the age-long struggle for liberty, democracy and righteousness.

John Brown, Puritan, fanatic, call him what you will, lived with the one

idea that slavery was a great evil. His duty was to strike at it whenever and wherever he could. To that end he gave his life, enlisted the ardent support of his own family and others and finally made the complete sacrifice upon the scaffold at Charleston. Yet Brown himself rose to more dignity of purpose and moral grandeur during the weeks in prison awaiting death than ever before in his life. Like Paul he had fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, and was now ready to be offered.

The Harper's Ferry Raid of October, 1859, has special interest for Canadians because it was in the little Western Ontario town of Chatham, in May, 1858, that the plans were laid which came to fruition in Virginia more than a year later. Brown had long meditated a bold stroke against slavery, convinced that the "milk and water principles" of the abolitionists, as he called their moral suasion ideas, would never accomplish the great end



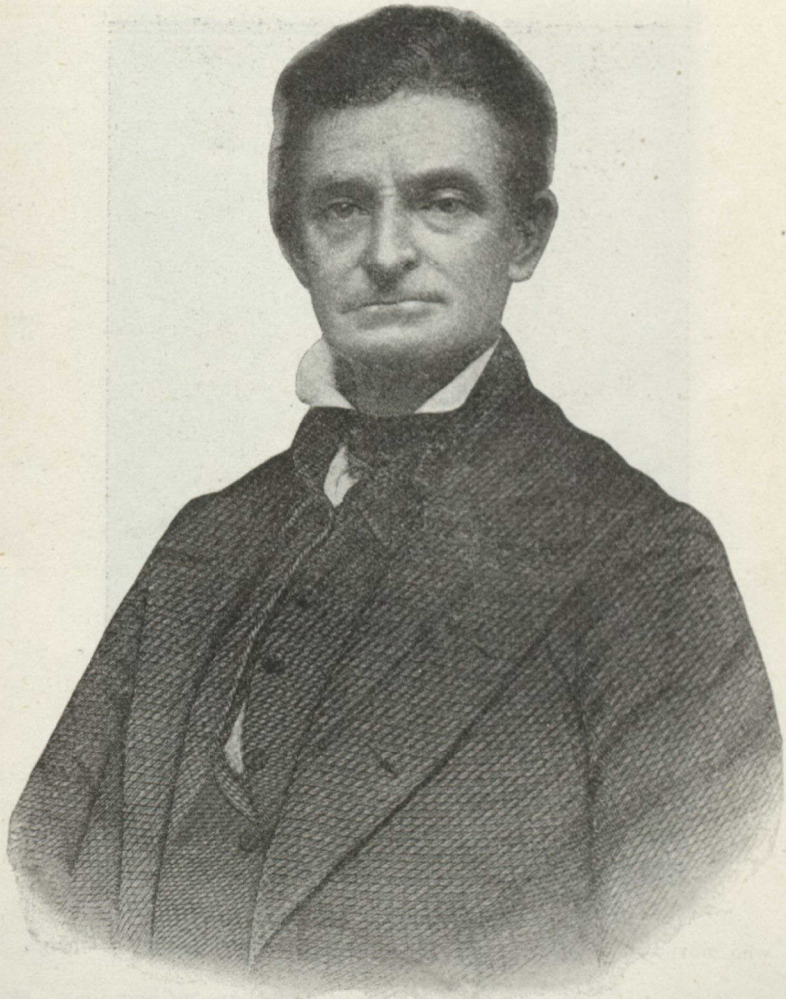
John Brown's Fort and Tablets, Harper's Ferry

of freeing the negroes from their bonds. Direct action, a phrase that has significant meaning to-day, was Brown's idea of the way to rid the country of the evil, and in the early part of 1858 he laid before some New England friends a plan by which he felt that the power of slavery could be broken. Briefly, he proposed to gather about him a small band of trusty followers, occupy some remote fastness in the Virginia Mountains, and from there make raids upon the slavery areas, seizing the slaves and adding them to his band. He was convinced that within a short time he would make slaveholding so precarious and unprofitable that he would have the South on its knees. He expected aid both from the free negroes in the northern states and from the refugees in Canada, who at that time numbered about 40,000. So confident was he of success that already there had matured in his mind a plan of provisional government for the forces he would command and for the territory he would occupy.

The Eastern friends to whom he communicated his plan were astounded, and appear to have made effort to

dissuade him from carrying it out, but Brown was determined to go ahead. Feeling that they must not desert him. A fund of \$1,000 was raised, and the understanding was that Brown would act as soon as possible in order to lessen the chances of the authorities hearing of it. Accordingly Brown proceeded to Canada, and to Chatham there came in the second week of May, at Brown's invitation, a company of forty-six men, of whom but twelve were white. For two days they deliberated over the plans, the full import of which probably few other than Brown himself really appreciated. The constitution for the provisional government was considered and adopted, officers were elected, and then the party scattered.

Chatham had been chosen as the place of meeting because of the fact that it was one of the most important negro centres in Canada; indeed, a majority of the 40,000 or more negroes in Canada at the time were located within a radius of fifty miles. Among the refugees were many men of intelligence, education, and daring, some of them already experienced in slave raiding, and Brown was justified in



John Brown, whose soul "goes marching on"

expecting their active assistance. There were also secret organizations among the refugees which had as their object to assist fugitives and resist their masters. Help from these societies might be looked for and John Brown is quoted as stating at the Chatham convention that he expected all the free negroes in the Northern States to flock to his standard, that he expected the slaves in the South to do the same and that he wanted as many of the Canadian refugees to accompany him as could do so. But this seems to be a misunderstanding

of Brown's plans. Hinton, his biographer, is nearer the truth when he says that Brown never expected more aid from the negroes than would give his plan its first impetus. It was not mere numbers that he wanted, but rather quality. A few men thoroughly loyal to his plan could do more than a rabble of a thousand.

Had it been possible to strike the blow immediately after the Chatham meeting there might have been a different story to tell. Frank B. Sanborn, one of the New England friends, says he understood from Brown that

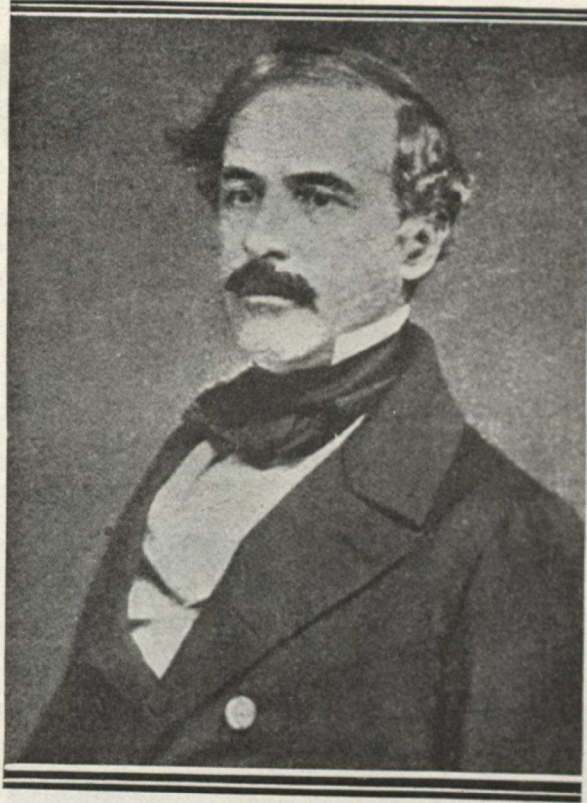


Dr. Alexander Milton Ross, a distinguished Canadian,  
who moved in sympathy with John Brown in his anti-slavery campaign

he would strike about the middle of May, 1858. But a treacherous follower revealed the plans to Senator Henry Wilson, the eastern supporters were panicstricken and the whole scheme had to be postponed. Brown was penniless and dependent upon his New England helpers and so had to submit. He went west to Kansas that summer and it was more than a year before he would carry out his plan. With dramatic suddenness there came on Monday morning, October 17th, 1859, the startling news that a body of armed men, some of them Negroes, had seized the government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, taken possession of the town, cut telegraph wires, stopped trains, killed several people and was

holding others as hostages. Wild reports spread through the south and east that slave insurrection had broken out and that the country round about Harper's Ferry was menaced. Later in the day it became known that it was old "Ossawatimie" Brown, of Kansas fame, who was at the head of the outbreak. He was reported to be holding out, with a few of his followers, in an old fire-engine house which was surrounded by militia and United States troops under command of Col. Robert E. Lee. Finally came word that the outbreak had been suppressed, that Brown was wounded and a prisoner and that most of his followers were dead or captured. The South began to breathe easier.





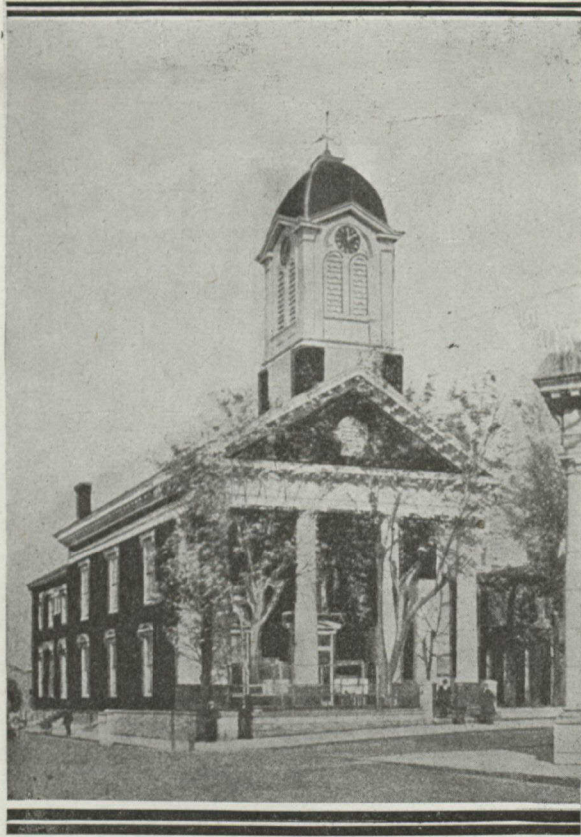
Colonel Robert E. Lee,  
who commanded the troops that captured John Brown

It is only in the light of what took place after the collapse of the Harper's Ferry enterprise that Brown can be properly understood. His attack upon Harper's Ferry was an attack upon the State of Virginia, upon the United States government and upon the whole economic system of the South. Any man of judgment could foresee that it would fail. But what might seem folly to others was not folly to Brown, not more so than Joshua's plan to take a fortified city by the blowing of trumpets. Emerson saw pure idealism in Brown's act, an idealism that would sacrifice everything for the business in hand and take the consequences without fear or murmur. Brown had broken laws but he believed that his purpose was greater than any law, and his own death, he realized, would do more to

arouse the American conscience on the slavery issue than even the success of his plan would have accomplished.

And so he died on the scaffold on a bright December morning, looking out over the smiling country within whose bounds existed the abominations which he had sought to destroy. Europe, as well as America, was moved by his death. Victor Hugo, from France, wrote: "In killing Brown the Southern States have committed a crime which will take its place among the calamities of history. . . . As to John Brown, he was an apostle and a hero. The gibbet has only increased his glory and made him a martyr".

In Canada the raid on Harper's Ferry made a profound impression. Despite the secrecy surrounding the Chatham convention there were quite a number of Canadians belonging to



The Court House  
in which John Brown was tried and sentenced

the anti-slavery group who knew what had taken place there and knew, too, that Brown was meditating a bold stroke. The raid was reported in detail in the Canadian newspapers and commented upon from day to day. *The Globe* of November 4th, 1859, pointed out that Brown's execution would but serve to make him remembered as "a brave man who perilled property, family, life itself, for an alien race". His death, *The Globe* held, would make the raid valueless as political capital for the slaveholders and the South might expect other Browns. References in *The Globe* to the Chatham convention indicate that its editor, George Brown, was well informed with regard to the proceedings there and knew the relation of

the convention to the events at Harper's Ferry. In a later issue of *The Globe*, Brown, with discernment, declared that if the tension between North and South continued civil war would be inevitable and "no force that the South can raise can hold the slaves if the North will that they be free". On the day of Brown's execution *The Globe* said that "his death will aid in awakening the North to that earnest spirit which alone can bring the South to understand its true position" and that it was "a rare sight to witness the ascent of this fine spirit out of the money-hunting, cotton-worshipping American world". The prediction was added that if a Republican president were elected in the approaching contest nothing short of a dissolution of

the union would satisfy the demand of the South.

The special interest taken by *The Globe* in American affairs and its sane comment on the developments in the slavery struggle were the result of George Brown's intimate acquaintance with the issues in the United States acquired during his residence there before coming to Canada. The feeling of the Canadian people on the death of John Brown was shown by memorial meetings held in several cities. In Toronto a large gathering assembled in St. Lawrence Hall at which the chief speaker was Rev. Thomas Kinnaird, who had himself attended the Chatham convention. He told of a conversation with John Brown in which the latter had declared his determination to do something definite for the liberation of the slaves, and, if necessary, perish in the attempt. The collection that was taken up at this meeting was forwarded to Mrs. Brown at North Elba, N.Y. At Montreal a similar meeting was held in Bonaventure Hall, attended by more than a thousand people who expressed their views by strong resolutions. Among those who occupied places on the platform of this meeting were some of the most prominent men of Montreal. Similar meetings were held in Chatham, Windsor and at other points in the western peninsula of Ontario where the negroes were numerous.

The slaveholders of the South were by no means blind to the fact that the abolition movement had friends and supporters in Canada; that there was, in fact, an abolition group there actively at work for their undoing. It is possible that they knew of the Chatham convention. In his message to the Virginia legislature after the Harper's Ferry raid, Gov. Wise made reference to Canada as a seat of abolitionist activity. "One most irritating feature of this predatory war," he said, "is that it has its seat in the British provinces which furnish asylums for our fugitives and send them and their hired outlaws upon us from

depots and rendezvous in the bordering states." Speaking again, on December 22nd, 1859, to a gathering of medical students who had left Philadelphia in protest, the governor said: "With God's help we will drive all the disunionists together back into Canada. Let the compact of fanaticism and intolerance be confined to British soil". *The New York Herald* quoted Wise as calling upon the President to notify the British Government that Canada should no longer be allowed, by affording an asylum to fugitive slaves, to foster disunion and dissention in the United States. The Virginia governor seems to have had the idea that the President might be bullied into provoking trouble with Great Britain. "The war shall be carried into Canada," he said in another of his outbursts.

A part of the Tory press in Canada took sides with the South, *The Leader* terming the attack on Harper's Ferry an "insane raid" and predicting that the South would sacrifice the union rather than submit to the North. The viewpoint of *The Leader* may be further illustrated by its statement that the election campaign of 1860 was dominated by a "small section of ultra-abolitionists who make anti-slavery the beginning, middle and end of their creed". As to Lincoln, he was characterized as "a mediocre man—a fourth-rate lawyer".

Canada's relation to John Brown's plans became known, of course, after the collapse of the Harper's Ferry raid. The seizure of his papers, the evidence given at the trial and before the Senatorial investigation, all confirmed the suspicion that there was extensive plotting against slavery going on in Canada. In the report submitted by the Senate committee the proceedings at Chatham were stated to have had as their object "to subvert the government of one or more of the states, and of course to that extent the Government of the United States". Questions were asked by members of the committee that indicated a belief that there was a dis-

tinctly Canadian end to the Harper's Ferry raid.

In the actual carrying out of the raid but small assistance came from Canada. Of the twenty-one men who marched out with Brown that October night only one could be described as a Canadian. This was Osborne Perry Anderson, a Negro born free in Pennsylvania who was working as a printer in Chatham when Brown came there, and who threw in his lot for the grand adventure. He is described by Hinton as having been "well educated, a man of natural dignity, modest, simple in character and manners". He wrote a pamphlet account of the raid, from which he escaped unhurt, and later served in the northern army during the Civil War. He died at Washington in 1871.

The question naturally arises, Why was the aid given to John Brown by the negroes of Canada so meagre? That Brown himself had counted on substantial help from the Canadian refugees is certain. John Edwin Cook, an associate, who made a confession after the raid, said that both men and money had been promised from Chatham and other parts of Canada. Yet, apart from Anderson, only one other Canadian seems to have had even an indirect part in the raid. The exception was Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Toronto, who, by agreement with Brown, went to Richmond, Va., before the blow was struck and was there when the news came of its unhappy ending. Ross was evidently placed in Richmond to keep watch on the official attitude should the plan succeed and the abduction of slaves be thereby rendered possible.

It is known that there was some effort during the summer of 1858 to get the negroes in Canada enlisted, this work being in charge of John Brown, Jr., assisted by Rev. J. W. Loguen, a well-known negro abolition-

ist. Together they visited Hamilton, St. Catharines, Chatham, London, Buxton, Windsor and other places organizing branches of The League of Liberty among the refugees. But the letters of John Brown, Jr., show that there was not the same enthusiasm that had been manifested at Chatham in May. "Canada and the freed refugees therein proved a broken reed," says one writer, though there is some evidence that there were a few Canadians prepared to join in but who were late for the raid on Harper's Ferry. The real reason for the failure of the Canadian negroes to respond seems to be that there was too long delay after the plans were laid. The Chatham convention was held in May, 1858, while the Harper's Ferry raid did not take place until October of the next year. Warlike ardour had cooled off in the meantime, the magnetism of Brown had been withdrawn and new engagements had been entered into. Had Brown been able to move at once from Chatham there is little doubt but that he would have received substantial support from the refugees in Canada.

In a purely material sense the Harper's Ferry raid accomplished nothing; indeed, for the moment it seemed a setback to the abolition cause. After events, however, showed that it played a very important part in precipitating the conflict between slavery and freedom. John Brown made the North come face to face with the problem that Lincoln enunciated when he questioned if the nation could long endure half slave and half free. When the North elected Lincoln its purpose had been declared. Within a year and a half after John Brown died the Civil War had begun and the first regiments that went to the front sang as they marched,

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on".



# WATERTON: CANADA'S NEW NATIONAL PLAYGROUND

BY AUBREY FULLERTON



HERE is a place, full of pleasant sights, where two countries meet. A long international border-line leads up to it over the plains and goes on past it through a maze of mountains. Almost hidden by its own hills, and a bit out of the way to boot, it is one of those places apart, the finding of which is always a delight, a surprise, and an adventure.

Out of three thousand-odd miles of boundary between Canada and the United States, twenty-two miles cut through wonderland. To be sure, there are many other points at which the two countries share the wonders and beauties of their far-stretched border, but into the few miles where Waterton Lakes Park touches the American Glacier Park more of nature's grace has been put than into an equal compass almost anywhere in the world. Another such piece of boundary is not to be found on any map.

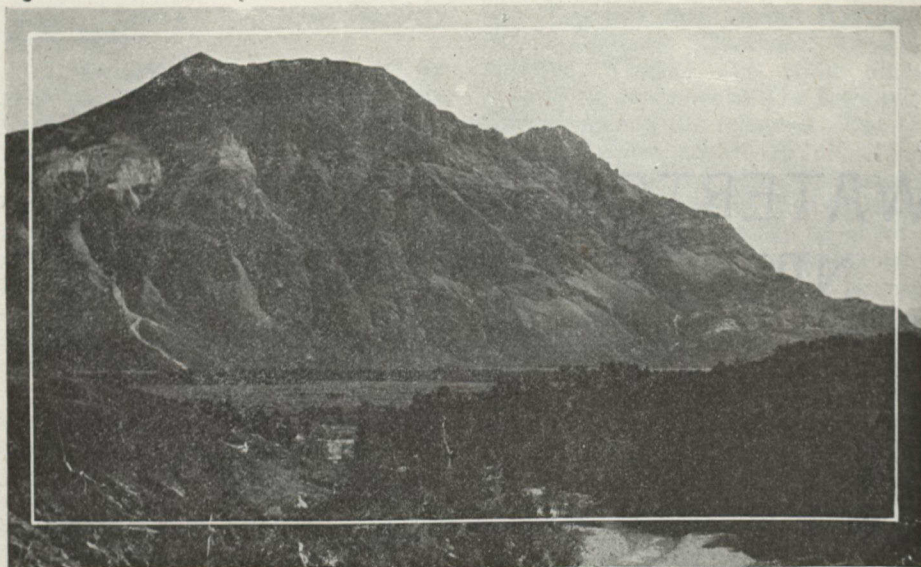
Many people do not know Waterton Lakes Park. More's the pity, for it is greatly worth knowing. It is inviting, too. To be just a little out of the way, to be half-hidden, and to be full of sights, are a union of attractions above the usual. Furthermore, Waterton is the people's own, being part of the national parks system.

To find this pleasant place one goes to the southwest corner of Alberta, where it joins the northwest corner of Montana. The Rocky Mountains

are there at their prettiest and daintiest, if not their grandest, and one will see that the Governments of Canada and the United States chose wisely when they chose these neighbouring corners as people's playgrounds. It was not necessary to lay them out or to create landscape effects in them: they were parks ready-made.

Until 1914 Waterton Lakes Park was a very little place of only fourteen square miles. Its original proportions did not take it far enough south to touch its American neighbour, but in September of that year it was enlarged to 423 square miles. There was thus added to it a block of lake and mountain country that carried it to the Montana border and gave it a frontage there of twenty-two miles. Glacier Park had been established since 1910, and the Waterton enlargement rounded out a continuous international playground, nearly equal in size to the Province of Prince Edward Island.

Three lakes and a river give the Canadian park its name. There is an upper Waterton Lake, so truly international that it is partly in Canada and partly in the United States, and there are two smaller lakes after it, making in all a sixteen-mile course from head to foot. Waterton River flows north from the lakes to join the Belly River into the plains of Southern Alberta. In terms of area or volume neither the river nor any one of the lakes is at all important, but for their beauty's sake and for that



Sofa Mountain, at entrance to Waterton Park

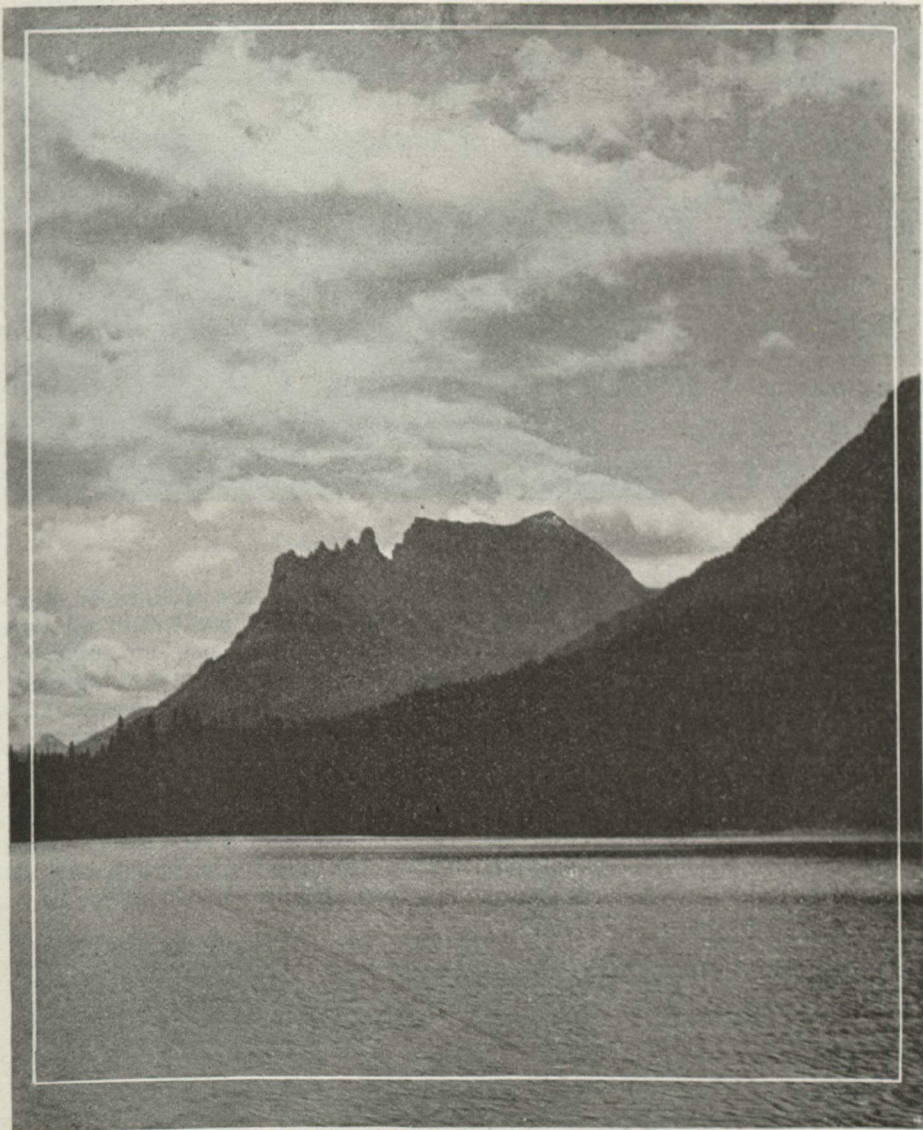
of the hills that encircle them they are of Canada's best and richest.

It doesn't matter whether one stands at the lower lake-front and looks out to the head, or goes to the upper end of the chain and looks down to the foot—there is a wonder-view, bewitching, colourful, and satisfying, from either vantage-point. That from the Canadian side focuses on Mount Cleveland, which is the highest peak in Glacier Park, and which lifts ponderously from just beyond the head of the upper lake. Reversed, the view carries on from range to range of closely packed hills, not too big and not too cold, with a silver waterway through the valley. And away to the north is the long line of the Canadian Rockies.

From half a hundred points and turns along the shore, between the head and the foot of the lake-chain, are to be had views that are almost or quite as fine, if less international in their perspective. The vicinity of the Waterton Lakes is rarely favoured in the shaping and colouring of their hillsides. There is not so much of the majesty and grandeur that one finds in some other parts of the Western

hill-country, but the mountains, set close around the lakes, are warmer and more friendly. Fortunately, fires have been kept out of the district, and the lower levels are thickly spread with evergreen. Above the tree-lines are rocky reds and greens, for though other mountains are made of granite and cold gray trap, these are of cheerful shale and sandstone. They are varied in contour, and lifting to not too difficult heights of from 5,00 to 9,000 feet, they are always in an inviting and familiar mood.

In this group of friendly hills are Sofa Mountain, a landmark that identifies the opening to the Park from away out on the prairie; Sheep Mountain, its sister of the Wilson range; Goathaunt, more often shortened to Goat; Black Bear, a natural zoo of bruins; Sleeping Indian, Saw Tooth, and Flat Top, so named because of honour of some otherwise forgotten maiden; and Citadel Peak, a companion summit to Mount Cleveland. There are touches of snow on some of these heights, and back of Citadel there is a small glacier field. Cleveland is king of all the other peaks, by reason of his 10,437 feet.

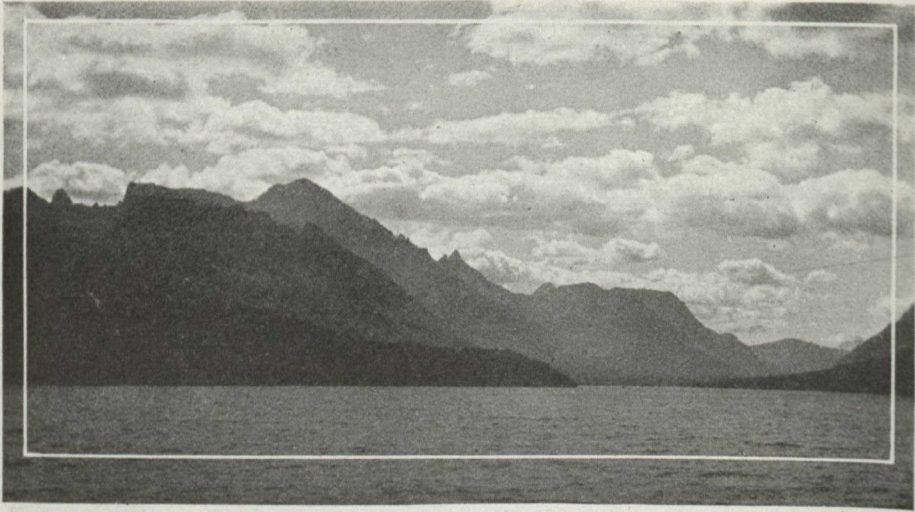


Citadel Peak, one of the glories of Canada's new National Park

It is on a sunny day that the witchery of the place makes itself felt most clearly. The colours then come out almost riotously. Streaks and patches of sandstone green, mixed with the bright red of the shales, catch the glints of sunshine and give a liveliness that one does not often find in mountain regions. The more common tones of forest, lake and sky fill

in the details of a picture that impresses one with its daintiness and richness rather than its majesty, and even in the shadows or the moonlight the outlines are graceful, not awesome. Waterton is always memorable for its colours and shapes.

Of course, there are waterfalls. Several streams, born among the hills, empty into the lakes, and every



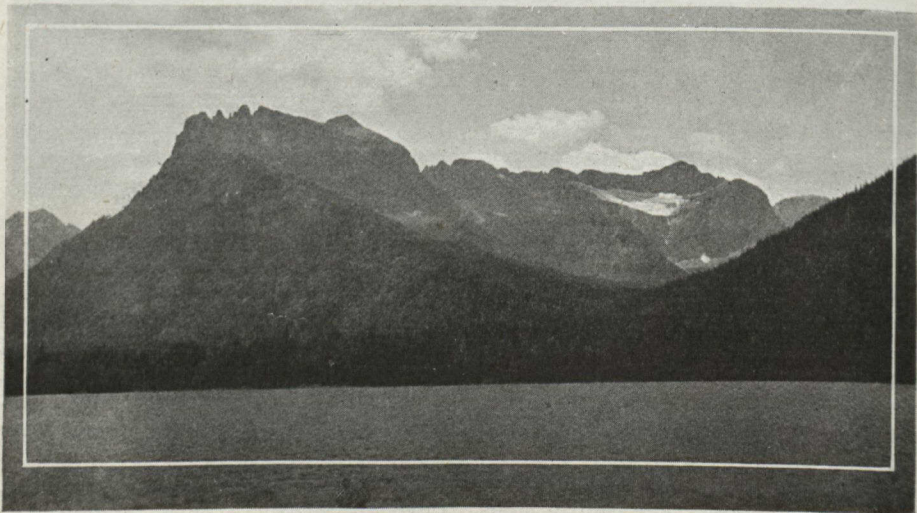
Twilight effect on Upper Waterton Lake

one of them means tumbling water somewhere on the way. Cameron Falls, on Cameron Creek, are a show feature of the tourists' Park.

A trail leads out from this Cameron Creek to Oil City, fifteen miles "in back". For there is other wealth grace in this mountain region. As long ago as 1886 petroleum seepages were discovered thereabouts, and a stampede resulted. Oil City sprang up, and for a time was a busy camp

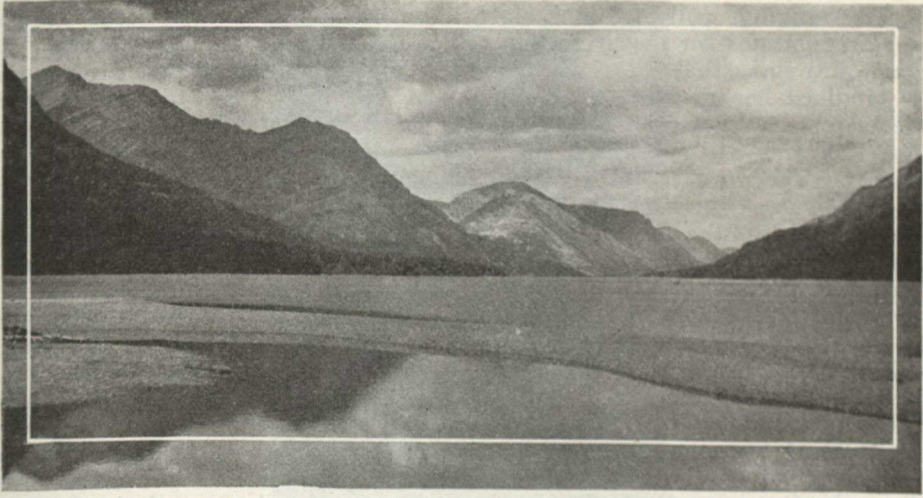
in the heart of the wilderness. Several borings were made, and oil was really found, but not in sufficient quantities to warrant development. The quest is not over, however, and men say it will yet be successful.

It was directly through the oil stampede that the Waterton district was first opened up. Stories of its peculiar beauty and charm were brought back by parties that went in to prospect, and the Dominion Gov.



The glacier field back of Mt. Citadel

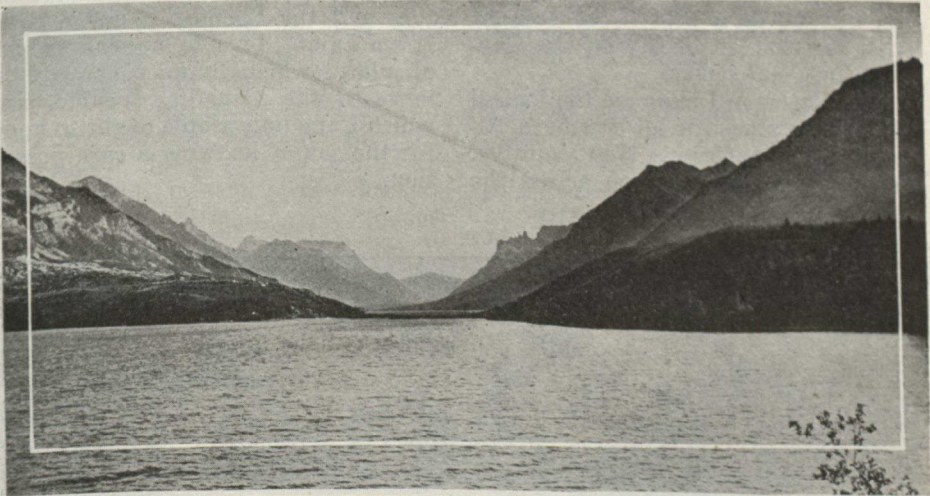




From the head of the Lakes, American side, looking towards Canada

ernment investigated. In 1895 a tract of fifty-four square miles was set apart as a forest park. This reservation was reduced in 1911, when all the parks were cut down, but was restored and enlarged three years later. In its present proportions it is a strip of approximately twelve miles' width along the western edge of Alberta, from the Montana border to the South Kootenay Pass, and in size is the fifth largest of the national parks.

The international boundary crosses the upper Waterton Lake three miles from its head. A stone monument near the shore marks the ending of the United States and the beginning of Canada, and beyond it the boundary is carried on into the wilderness in a thin straight line which the surveyors have cut through the woods. The cabins of the Canadian and United States forest rangers are near at hand, on their respective sides of the international fence-line.



The Nest of Hills, as seen from the foot of the Lakes, looking southwards to Glacier Park

Fire-ranging, policing, and statutory regulations for the protection of game are signs that the Government is landlord hereabouts. A complete development scheme was halted by the war, but will now likely be resumed. The work that has already been done was the construction of a motor road into the heart of the park, the selection of a townsite, and the clearing of several public camping grounds and boulevards. In due course, there will be a park town, subject, like Banff, to Federal laws and regulations, and the beauties of the border country will have more to see them. A beginning has been made in twenty cottages built on lots leased from the Dominion Parks Branch by summer dwellers, the vanquard of Waterton's future population.

The completion of the motor roads on either side of the border, so that sightseers may make the grand tour of the two parks, and the provision of more and better accommodation for visitors, will make the popularity of Waterton as a holiday resort quite secure. Things are in embryo as yet, but even so, there are such essential features as a modest stopping-place, a post-office, and a gasoline launch service up and down the lake. As to recreation, there's good fishing, and ample opportunity for mountaineering, but never a gun to be seen or fired, for that is the law of the Canadian national parks.

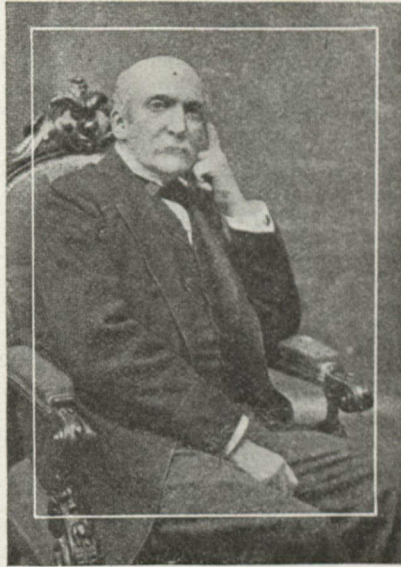
The Waterton Lakes are the logical summering place for all Southern Alberta and the Crow's Nest country. Motor roads lead to them across the

prairie from a half-dozen towns, whose citizens are now forming the habit of holidaying and week-ending in the Park. So, too, the tide of travel from farther away is beginning to assume proportions. It isn't hard to get there. A little out of the way, to be sure, is Waterton, and tucked well down into the corner among the hills, but a main line railway brings one to the best of it.

Not least of Waterton's delights is this ride into it from over the plains. The foothills are of themselves a sight worth traveling for, and their mystery and fascination grow as every mile brings them nearer. The immediate approach to the Park is veritably an entry into wonderland, where one is too bewitched with changing scenes to be surprised at anything in particular.

It is the distinctive excellence of this gem of national parks that it has the beauty and variety of a mountain world compressed into small and appreciable compass. There is something of every grace that adorns the show-places of the larger Rockies in the other Canadian or American park reserves, and there is something of every charm that beautifies the Alps; but it is all on an easy scale that comforts rather than awes. One feels at once on friendly terms with Waterton, and the friendship never falls. It's a dainty, lovable, appealing kind of place, which happily enough belongs to the Canadian people, and which Canadian people ought to know for the joy of knowing a rare possession.





NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN

# GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

III.—NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN



ANADIAN DAVIN surely may be called, because although he was born and educated in Ireland and received his start in the world in England, it was to Canada that he gave the full-blown flower of his manhood's genius and talents. He became, indeed, the silver-tongued pioneer prophet of the plains, the journalistic beacon-light of Western Canada for many years, the brilliant, wayward and mysterious Nicholas Flood Davin. Shortly before his death I heard for the one and only time in my life a speech which fell from the honeyed lips of this wizard of Irish Canadian eloquence. On that occasion he addressed an open-air meeting in Riverdale Park, Toronto. The vast multi-

tude of people that flocked upon that quiet summer evening from every part of Toronto to hear him was sufficient, if I had known nothing more about him than that, to impress me with the measure and the merits of his fame.

Davin was born at Kilfinane, in the south-western Irish County of Limerick, on the thirteenth day of January, 1843. As a boy he took to learning with great avidity, and in consequence of his taste for letters, his parents gave him an excellent education. At first he received private tuition in his own home. This continued until he was ready for promotion, when he was sent to Queen's College at Cork. There, as a student, he acquitted himself with great credit. Later he attended a college in England which in

those days bore the same relation to London University that Victoria College in Ontario's educational metropolis bears to the University of Toronto. Leaving this last institution when he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he entered without delay upon the study of law and associated himself with the Middle Temple in London. During the ensuing five years he devoted himself to his legal studies. In 1868 he was called to the bar as a barrister at law. He joined one of the circuits, with the intention of proceeding to the practice of his profession. Suddenly, however, he relinquished his intention and during the remainder of his life in England gave to the calling for which he had studied so carefully no further consideration whatever. This forsaking of his profession, at its threshold, was very likely to be ascribed to the proverbial difficulties, which, in the middle of the last century, confronted nearly every man who sought to earn a livelihood as either a solicitor or a barrister, in England. Contrary to experience in America, the chances of the average man making a living in the practise of the law fifty years ago in England were so remote that only those men who were possessed of tireless patience, accompanied by some independent source of income, might ever hope to achieve it. There were fortunes to be had by the favoured few, who persevered to the end; while starvation awaited men of real genius who, in any other occupation, or in any other country, might have achieved a competence without much difficulty. There are on record a score of books which emphasize this assertion. A burlesque upon the experiences of a struggling, yet brilliant, English barrister, and at the same time, not so much of a burlesque as to conceal the genuine truth, is to be found in Sir Rider Haggard's world renowned tale, "Mr. Meeson's Will". The practise of law in England, therefore, offering but a phantom inducement, Davin in 1868 entered the

House of Commons press gallery as a newspaper reporter. There he remained in attendance upon his duties for nearly two years. In 1870, war having broken out between France and Germany, he was sent as war correspondent to the former country, as a representative of *The Irish Times*, and also of *The London Standard*. He did not content himself with learning of the progress of the conflict from afar, but true to the spirit of daring, which is supposed to be a characteristic of the true Irishman, he resolved to actually risk his life where bullets were flying, in order to acquire at first hand the most accurate accounts of the fighting for publication in his journals.

To the very heart of hostilities, then, the young correspondent hastened. At the Siege of Montmedy Davin was wounded, and although the wound was not serious, still it ended his career in France during the remainder of the war. For the war closed unexpectedly. With more courage than wisdom the French urged forward their untimely and hopeless cause. The thrilling eloquence of Gambetta melted before the energy of Bismarck, and very soon German victors from beyond the Rhine pitched their tents within the sound of the voices from the Tulleries, and soldiers clad in Prussian uniform sojourned under the shadows of the gorgeous towers of Notre Dame.

It is scarcely necessary to pause long enough in the narrative to offer any reflections upon the correspondent or the cause upon this occasion. The work of the correspondent was performed with that honest industry which is naturally to be expected from an Irishman. The cause ended then in the wrecks of the hopes of Frenchmen. Forty-four years later France and Germany again came into contact in an armed struggle for supremacy. That struggle until recently was still raging. The end came suddenly, terribly, yet inevitably for our foes. This always was expected. Germany in 1914 aimed to occupy

Paris. The nearest the invader ever reached was in September, 1914, when she was hurled back from the banks of the Marne. Since then German armies have been steadily retreating from the French Capital instead of approaching it. Month by month, farther and farther from Paris they go. Month by month French triumph drew nearer. Ultimately the sanguinary invaders passed out of France, humbled, crushed, dispirited, defeated. Thus France, after the lapse of nearly half a century, signally avenged German treachery and barbarity of, not merely 1914, but also fifty years ago.

Returning to England when his wounds had healed, Davin spent the two years following in an indecisive attempt to choose between law and letters. In July, 1872, he unexpectedly conceived the idea of emigrating to Canada. This he at once proceeded to accomplish, and in the late summer of that year he found himself in Toronto, then as now, the literary metropolis of the Dominion. In that city he secured a position on *The Globe* newspaper, which was then under the powerful domination of the great editor and statesman, George Brown. For a year or two Davin wrote editorials upon *The Globe*, and at the same time contributed, as a special writer, to its literary and foreign columns. He subsequently joined the staff of *The Mail*, then striving to pilot the uncertain fortunes of the recently discredited and overthrown Conservative party to a safe haven. Becoming wearied of journalism, Davin now turned his thoughts to his old profession, the law. He was called to the bar of Upper Canada Law Society, the illogical name which for many years has been applied to the official law society of the Province of Ontario. To the profession he applied himself with diligence for a time. In 1876 he was appointed by the Government to conduct an inquiry into some irregularities which were alleged to be prevailing in the Normal School at Toronto. As a result of the investigation,

amendments in the administration of the affairs of that important educational institution were made, and although more than forty years have passed since then, no whisper of any defects in that department of public instruction has been uttered since that time.

During these years which were passing by, Davin, besides attending to the wants of his clients in his Chambers and in the Courts, travelled through different parts of Canada, and delivered lectures on political and literary topics in many places. The lecture bureau was then at the height of its fame on this continent, and in the absence of rural mails, daily newspaper deliveries, and moving picture exhibitions, in the more unsettled parts of the land, the occupant of the lecture platform exercised an extensive sway wherever his voice was heard. Davin's finished eloquence, his rich stores of learning, to which he was constantly adding, together with his pleasing Irish accent, won their way into thousands of hearts, and his fame as an orator and a lecturer became established and increased as the days went by.

In 1880 Davin's former employer, George Brown, was shot by a printer named Bennett, who had been discharged by Brown from his position upon *The Globe* newspaper. After lingering in great agony for a short time, the great statesman died as a result of the shooting. Bennett was arrested for the crime and the difficult task of defending the accused man fell upon Davin. The partially informed public too often confuses the murderer's crime with the counsel's brief, and bestows upon the lawyer much of the unpopularity which only the criminal deserves. This is partly due to the fact that from the time a crime is committed until vengeance is executed, the lips of the prisoner are sealed, and his lawyer is the only person who is heard to say anything on the culprit's behalf. The confusion is particularly noticeable,

whenever the crime is marked by any unusual enormity, or if the victim be of fame or standing in the land. The timid lawyer shudders in the presence of this unfavourable prospect. Indeed, this situation proved so embarrassing a few years ago, when Czolgoscz murdered President William McKinley, that it became almost impossible to secure the services of an eminent Counsel to undertake the prisoner's defence. Yet, unfortunate though the murder of a great man may be, the cause of his murder is precisely the kind of a case that the ambitious lawyer yearns to obtain. With skill he can point out to the jury, and through the jury to the vast multitudes who never stood in the courtroom, that while the lawyer properly accepts his responsibility and proposes to perform his task with all his powers, in an endeavour to secure either his client's acquittal or a reduction of his punishment, at the same time he must be regarded as in no way placing in issue his personal feelings in the transaction. The client and not the counsel is on trial. The client's guilt and not the lawyer's skill is the issue joined in the indictment. And while it is true that many a cause has triumphed because of an advocate's belief in its justice, at the same time a far weightier element than merely one man's faith in another man's innocence has always been necessary to secure an accused person's immunity from punishment. Witnesses have to be examined and cross-examined with deep and invisible strategy, evidence must be piled up and fitted together, the law with all its manifest subtleties must be wisely understood and skilfully applied, judges and juries must receive careful, although not condescending, consideration, and an atmosphere favourable to the prisoner must be created, in order to secure that greatest of all a lawyer's desires, namely, the acquittal of a man, who is in grave danger of being severely punished upon a serious charge that is hanging over his head.

With eminent ability and unusual courage, Davin proceeded to the defence of the highly unpopular Bennett. Many of the modern tactics in the conduct of criminal defences, which have been wonderfully developed in modern times, were unknown forty years ago, and of course the prisoner's counsel is not to be blamed for not knowing how to employ them. The trial resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder. Bennett paid with his life the penalty of slaying the powerful statesman Brown, who, with all his faults, and they were not by any means a few, held before the eyes of Canadians, for a generation, political ideals which were supremely worthy of the inhabitants of the new Dominion.

Two years before the Bennett murder trial, Davin successfully contested the riding of Welland at the Federal Elections, and represented that constituency in parliament for the following nine years. Previous to that time he had taken a very active part in addressing political gatherings throughout Ontario upon the current public issues. Chief among these was the National Policy, just at that time suggested by Sir John A. Macdonald as a certain remedy for the declining political fortunes of Canada. The test came, in 1878, at the polls, and the National Policy triumphed, with the result that Sir John was returned to power. Davin's eloquence in no small degree contributed to the triumph, for it was in Ontario that the hardest part of the battle had to be fought, and there it was that the silver tongue of Davin was often heard just immediately preceding the elections.

Soon after the victory, Davin was sent by the new Premier to Washington and other parts of the United States in order that he might acquire information, which would be helpful in enabling the government to establish a more satisfactory system of Indian Schools in Western Canada than had been previously in existence there. After some months' absence from Canada upon this mission Davin

returned. Armed with the necessary information he transferred his services to Manitoba that he might apply the knowledge which he had gained while abroad to the new and rapidly developing province of the West. His visit to the prairies profoundly impressed upon his poetic and practical mind the vast possibilities of the world which lay beyond the stormy waters of the wonderful Lake Superior. He himself had come as an emigrant from the old land beyond the ocean, and he realized that there were countless others eager as he for adventure and for homes, who, in days to come, would gladly forsake their ancient abodes in the crowded cities of exhausted kingdoms and worn-out republics, to traverse, as he had done, the same broad expanse of water, and seek new dwellings upon the exhaustless prairies, where the wilderness would bud and blossom with the golden harvests of the future, and where millions of waste acres would transform as if by magic into grain-producing soil. He saw the populous cities, which would lose their shining spires in the starry vaults of Heaven, as genius and energy would mingle to plant new Birminghams and new Torontos along the inviting banks of the deep and sombre rivers of the West. He saw the mighty railways which would flash their glittering pathways away towards the smiling sunset and the frozen crested mountains, while over their gleaming surfaces would sweep westwards the trainloads of architects of newer provinces, and eastwards the countless thousands of bushels of wheat to feed the hungry populations in the other continents of the world.

And so he resolved that he would establish a permanent abiding place away out towards the beckoning sunset lands of fancy and of plenty, where the northward moving rivers sparkle towards the Arctic Ocean, and the lakes unknown to commerce sleep beneath the northern star. Thither he would go to that country where the ripening grain makes a golden

Paradise of the West, that vast territory which one day must be supremely considered when those problems of a larger world, involving the welfare of the human race, are hungering for an ultimate solution.

Davin settled in Assinaboia in 1882, and for a time devoted himself to practising law. He defended a man named Macdonald, upon a charge of murder, and succeeded in saving the prisoner from the scaffold. He also pleaded successfully many other difficult causes. But it was the larger realm of literature, with all its golden opportunities, which called to him with a siren's voice from the vast and spacious solitudes of the West. In March, 1883, he established *The Leader* newspaper, in the Town of Regina, which, from a small prairie trading village has developed until it is to-day the mighty City of the Plains. Davin's new journal was the first newspaper printed west of Winnipeg. It became the strong voice of whatever public opinion there was among the fast-increasing population of the territories; and in addition it swayed the public mind from Red River to the Rocky Mountains. It was no country newspaper, with two or three columns of inconsequential local news, badly spelled and worse edited, supported by a few columns of already composed telegraphic despatches, copied from some antiquated encyclopaedia, or antedeluvian calendar. On the contrary, it was as daring as *The Times*, as up to date as *The Globe*, *The World* or *The Mail and Empire*, as modern as a bulletin, and with force, courage, intelligence, and literary gifts contributing to making it a publication of importance—one whose favour was worth courting and whose hostility was a thing to be feared. That newspaper is still in existence, and is still a journalistic factor in Western Canada. It is read around many a fireside with comfort while the storms and the coyotes are howling without; and the family that has some bread and *The Regina Leader* in the home in the dreariest winter feels not alto-

gether bereft of provisions and literary companionship for days and nights which are both bleak and cold. That paper still stirs the Western mind; and whatever power it exercises over the political and literary life of the prairie provinces is due to the impetus which was given to it, in the pioneer days when the radiant genius of the brilliant Davin was shining through its columns of varied information and complaint.

In his newspaper, upon the public platform and in parliament, the eloquent editor was a conspicuous champion of the rights of the people who dwelt in the West. Frequently he was long years in advance of his time in the advocacy of causes which meant better things for his country. He repeatedly pleaded with the Government for the adoption of a policy of immigration which while it might not have wholly discouraged the settlement of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the degenerate exiles of unenlightened European states, would at least have helped to relieve the British Isles of a portion of their overflowing populations. That policy, if pursued, as it ought to have been, would have established some impression of the culture of Oxford and Glasgow, of Dublin and Belfast, beyond the confines of Manitoba, there to become infused in the minds of the denizens of unlettered countries, with the prospect of turning these immigrants to our country into a great and intelligent people as the years went rolling by. In May, 1895, Davin stirred the Canadian Parliament with his eloquent appeal to give women an equal share with men in electing the Parliamentary representatives of the people. The vote on his resolution in favour of Woman's Suffrage showed a vast majority hostile to the proposal, forty-seven members voting in its favour, while one hundred and one, including both Prime Minister and Opposition Leader, voted against it. Twenty-two years elapsed before that verdict of Parliament was reversed in this country, and even then there

came but a partial reversal of the vote which had been previously taken. Had it not been for the outbreak of the war in Europe, followed, as it was, by the inevitable political confusion which accompanied it in all countries, and out of which many long-delayed national reforms have issued, it is very probable that the golden vision of woman's suffrage would not have become a reality in Canada for many years to come.

During the quarter of a century during which Davin sat in Parliament, he achieved the reputation of being one of the most scholarly figures in public life in Canada. He had a masterly knowledge of many languages; he could read fluently the ancient classics, and he spoke with ease several of the modern European tongues. He is the only English-speaking Member of Parliament who ever addressed that august body in any other than his native language. Except that he had a very noticeable Irish accent, he spoke the French, not of an English University or a Canadian College, but as if he had been a native of Paris or Versailles.

He was for many years a powerful advocate of a reform in the illogical tariff laws of Canada. He had an enlightenment, which many public men lacked, and which enabled him to perceive that an extreme tariff policy could not be consistently defended as beneficial in periods of commercial distress in both Ontario and Alberta, and for both the farmer and the manufacturer. In politics one finds the only modern product of men's brains in which inconsistency is a supreme virtue. Davin however did not see it that way at all. He, perhaps foolishly, applied a little logic to the science of government, and decided that a policy which kept many poor without enriching others was senseless. In spite of the policy's antiquity—for many of its lovers traced it almost all the way back to Adam—he sought to amend it. He did this, notwithstanding the fact that many petty politicians regarded as an outrage any at-



tempt to amend a worn-out institution, which was devised and employed with great effect to meet a mighty political exigency that had long since passed away.

And so he voiced that sentiment to be found poetically expressed by Tennyson in his famous political and patriotic lyric, "Hands all Round":

Let England's oak forever live,  
With stronger strength from day to day;  
That man's the best conservative,  
Who lops the mouldered branch away.

And in taking this radical stand, he sought to "lop away" some of "the mouldered branches" of the ancient tree, the National Policy, because of the existence of which, industrial Canada had prospered so invidiously for a few years after the downfall of the Mackenzie administration, and in spite of which Canadian commerce has flourished triumphantly ever since.

For many years Davin was the one outstanding parliamentarian of the West. He was the most learned and scholarly man in public life to be found between the rock-embracing shores of Lake Superior and the golden sands that were kissed by the gentle ripples of the Pacific Ocean. He forsook his editorial chair and left his newspaper to the tender mercies of the office boy and the deputy assistant helper to the printer while he assumed his place at Ottawa during each session of the Dominion Parliament. There he flashed in eloquence before the members as the intellectual whirlwind from the wilderness and the prairies. His speeches contained innumerable quotations that many of his fellow members had never heard of, from countless writers whom they never knew. During his leisure hours he wrote with indefatigable activity. He published his most famous book, "The Irishman in Canada", a comprehensive encyclopaedia of the lives of many members of the cheerful and unconquerable race that had emigrated to this country from the Emerald Isle. That book

abounds in information, poetry, eloquence, and wit, and is a library of knowledge in itself. He wrote dramas and editorials, reviews and criticisms, and of course it was impossible that a man of his attainments could resist the temptation of writing beautiful verse. He published "Eros, an Epic of the Dawn," during his residence in Saskatchewan, it being the first book that was printed on the prairies. For nearly twenty years he capably managed and edited *The Regina Leader* pouring into its columns the flashes of wit and the breadth of wisdom for which he was renowned. His paper grew in circulation and in power, and would have made him a rich and influential man, had he not been blasted with the faculty so common to Irishmen, of being possessed of marvellous gifts without knowing well how to use them. As the money came, so it went, and he was no richer at the end of a year than he was at its beginning. He had, however, what is far better than money, and that is honour and respect, while the great men of Canada saw in him one of the very foremost of this new country's adopted sons. The literary pioneer of the prairies, he brought back from the vast expanse of treeless acres which lay beyond the Red River and under the engulfing shadows of the Rocky Mountains, a portion of its problems to the Dominion Capital, and within its parliamentary halls he nobly voiced these mighty problems in perennial complaints.

He was made the first President of the powerful conservative association of the Northwest Territories. He fittingly and brilliantly represented Canada at Boston, the American domicile of culture, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of Queen Victoria. Goldwin Smith, with his unerring literary instinct, viewed him as one of the comparatively few public men of Canada who combined political sagacity with broad literary culture. Davin's captivating graces, his poetic soul, his vast and generous

Irish heart, his splendid oratory, and his abounding wealth of information placed him in a premier class among the people, and he was honoured and loved as much as he was respected and admired in every part of Canada.

Davin married in 1859 a lady, Elizabeth Reid, who for many years shared with him his varying vicissitudes of fortune. The wife of a great man makes a mistake in predeceasing her husband, particularly when she has formed his haven in times of vast political, commercial or social storms. This, Davin's wife unfortunately did, and threw a shadow over his later days, which nothing earthly could dispel. It is true that he did marry again when considerably more advanced in years. He was subjected to political and financial reverses, which could not but severely try the fine sensibilities of a man of his unusual type. He suffered defeat in his last contest for the seat in Parliament which he had held so long. Possibly this defeat, marked as it was, by some circumstances of humiliation, intensified the bitterness of his later days. On a beautiful Autumn day in 1901 this great man, with a nature sensitive in the extreme, perished in the City of Winnipeg, by his own hand, a lamentable victim of that nameless ailment which eats away the hearts of men of exquisite feeling, when ill, which are not to be found in the text-books of the doctors strike impaired bodies and tortured minds down to suffering and to death.

Davin's winning oratory graces many columns of the newspapers of last century and many pages of the official debates of the Canadian Parliament. I have sometimes thought that his most brilliant effort was made on the day when the melancholy tidings of the death of the great Sir John Macdonald were conveyed to the sad-hearted members of the House of Commons. Sir Hector Langevin spoke in sorrowful and broken tones and paid a fitting tribute to his dead colleague who lay in Earnsliffe at rest after the restless life of so much

glory and so many achievements. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then at the zenith of his oratorical renown, followed on behalf of the Opposition in one of his matchless efforts. When the brilliant tribune of French Canada had resumed his seat, another speaker was to enshrine in fitting language the memory of the dead. The two preceding orators had come from the East, and it was eminently appropriate that there should be heard on that impressive occasion a voice laden with a wanted tribute from the Canada of the silences and the promises, the Canada beyond the smoking cities and out past the well-tilled farms, the Canada of the skyward soaring eagle, and of Davin. And so the orator of the West arose in his place in Parliament and nobly added to the tributes which already had been uttered his splendid eulogy of the famous statesman who was no more. Closing with his notable speech on that occasion, David said:

I think, sir, it would be unbecoming, if I may venture to say so, that I should remain silent on this occasion, and that no expression should be given of the way the Northwest feels at this supreme hour. For myself it would be hard not to express a sense of grief at such a time as this, because it so happens that for some years I was brought closely into contact with him whom we mourn at this time, and I was able to see into those features of his character which were probably of more value to the world than the great abilities which struck the superficial observer. Mr. Speaker, the man whom we mourn here to-day was emphatically a great man. When I came to Canada first his friends, misdoubting that they might have formed a Provincial conception of Sir John Macdonald, used to come to me and ask how he would compare with the great men in England. I said he was the equal of the greatest of them, and when I knew him intimately and was brought closely in contact with him, I became more and more convinced that far from doubting whether he could stand beside the greatest of them, few of them had the varied qualities, the extraordinarily varied and complex qualities, that are necessary to make a political leader such as was Sir John Macdonald. Ranging over the field of history and recalling the names of the men who have reached the heights which it takes a lifetime to climb, it is hardly possible to find one who

has possessed the varied qualities of the great man who the other day was leading in this House. You may find great powers of intellect, great powers of statesmanship, far-reaching views, great powers of oratory, but where will you find, conjoined with all these, that politeness that never fails, that delicate consideration for the feelings of others, the exquisite urbanity that distinguished Sir John Macdonald, that ever and anon played like light and shade in

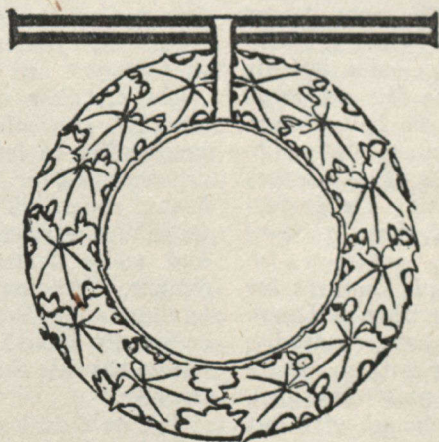
*"Le bon sens ironique et la grace qui rit"*. Sir, the measure of his great abilities are the difficulties he overcame. . . . These very buildings emphasize the Imperial cast of mind of the great man who is gone. . . . In truth he was not only a Canadian, but an Imperial statesman—the brightest gem in the British Crown was polished and set by his hand. I have read somewhere of a child who planted a tree which ultimately shaded his old age, and with the dews of evening watered his grave. Sir John Macdonald was in that position, because he found Canada a petty province, and he leaves it something like an Empire. At this moment a nation more important than the nation over which Elizabeth ruled weeps the loss of a states-

man who helped to build it up. . . . The qualities which were most extraordinary in that remarkable man were the kindness of heart, that alchemistical power which transmuted all that came near him into gold, which made of every foe that came within its influence a friend or a devotee. . . . We may build statues to him in these grounds, monuments will arise to him in Kingston, but the real, the grandest monument to Sir John Macdonald, will be the one that Canada feels it her privilege to cherish for so great a personality. But even should we never erect a statue to his memory, humanity will keep his memory green, for he belonged to that rare race of men who enchain the memory of mankind. Sir, language was applied to a great countryman of his, a great Scotchman, not a statesman, but belonging to another order of activity, which might well be applied to the great statesman we mourn:

"Dead heroes in marble from memory fade,  
But while hearts shall weep where your  
ashes are laid;  
And earth's proudest priesthood like phan-  
toms pass by,  
But thou art the priesthood that never can  
die".

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In the November number Mr. Hassard will describe the great oratorical qualities of Louis Joseph Papineau.



# OUT OF REACH

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

**H**ARTLEY STEVENS was one of those who are cursed with a chronic dissatisfaction in possession. As a child it had been the toys in the shop windows that had cast a special glamour over his infant soul; the ones in his own nursery were tarnished by the fact of ownership. And it had persisted with him, he was completely conscious of it, but it was beyond his power to alter it, any more than he could have altered his blue black hair or his eyes, which had a curiously persuasive appeal for women. He spoke of it as a complex of his nature, unfortunate, but unalterable!

He had in fact, no understanding of those who were not the same. How should one continue to find satisfaction in possession? The very idea of possession suggested satiety. He could arrive at no conclusion but his own. The others, who felt differently, were only those who had become stupefied through living, dulled to the keener perceptions of the senses through animal content. He preferred not to be one of these browsed creatures.

He had known Dinah Manners for some years, known her when as Dinah Lawson he had met her repeatedly, but without particular notice. There was nothing to notice about her then. She had been a nice enough girl, but girls bored him. They always appeared to be summing up your possibilities as a prospective husband, and he had no thought of getting married. The French idea of keeping the girl safely in the background

until she was married, appealed to him as one other countries might copy to advantage. He liked married women; they were safe.

But Dinah Manners, with the luxurious sense of the Manners' money as background, and the Manners' money to clothe her exquisitely, had become a personality not to be overlooked. She had needed the setting of good clothes, her beauty, if beauty it was, was not of the kind to go unadorned. Perhaps it was not beauty at all, for before she had been married he had never noticed any signs of particular good looks. But now it was perfectly evident to anyone with discriminating taste, that she was exceptionally pleasant to look upon. There was a finished perfection about her that pleased. But it was not so much this that counted with Hartley Stevens, it was the fact that she was out of reach!

He met her one afternoon at a crowded musicale, and he had persuaded her to let him steer her out into the open air, away from the overheated rooms. There was time for a walk in the park. Why waste time and make demands on one's good temper, by being jostled about, and having to speak to people one would ordinarily avoid? And she acquiesced, with a shyness that he found very attractive.

The half dusk enclosed them in an isolation that was conducive to confidences. Before them rose the battlements of skyscrapers, floating and nebulous now, their solidity replaced by lines of light. An electric sign with winking persistence was pro-

claiming the virtue of its merchandise to the first faint flicker of stars. Its shrieking vulgarity was incongruous, incompatible, with the beauty of the shadowy park. The giant reservoir, like a small lake, lay to the right of them, the lights from the buildings back of it like serpents of chased gold wriggling across the water. An occasional limousine passed stealthily, its white glare of light making fantastic the skeleton trees.

She was wistful, subdued, as their conversation dropped from the lightness of laughter to a semi-seriousness of tone.

"Life is such a delusion," she said with a sudden wistfulness and Hartley Stevens imagined that she should have substituted marriage where she spoke of life, "it holds out such promises, but they are dead sea fruit."

"You are young to have come to that conclusion," he said, "I don't know. I find life worth while. As long as there is always something just beyond our reach. That seems to me the whole solution of it."

She looked ahead thoughtfully. He could smell the fragrance from a bunch of violets that she wore. He was interested in her, and he liked her profile outlined clearly by the black water beside them, it indicated character, a strength beneath her apparent tranquillity. The whiteness of her throat had the quality of ivory.

"I suppose so," she responded doubtfully, "and what we grasp crumbles to ashes?" Her tone was raised interrogatively.

"I've always found it so," he answered.

He was wondering what was the disillusionment that lay back of her words. He knew David Manners as a man some ten years older than himself, cold, self-contained, and extremely egotistical. Prone to imagine that he was the man of most consequence in the room at any time, and that his verdict should settle any discussion. He was respected for his business capacity as much as he was disliked for his personality. He could well

imagine how he would dampen any young ardour of loving, if it was love that was the foundation of her marriage, and not money as most people supposed. He too had previously summed it up as a marriage for money, but speaking to her now it was difficult to believe so. She was very young, nearly twenty years younger than the man she had married. He could see how the man of forty would dazzle her, she would mistake his air of consequence for power, and take pride in what later became a bore. And with what young ardour she would come to marriage. Her romanticism would weave for any man she married a garment with which to cloak his faults, while she would build on any good points he possessed, till her structure would overtop her vision. But his final cold acceptance of her ardour would be as water poured on flame.

He could fancy what had prompted her remark about life, and he was sorry for her in her young disillusionment. What a gamble marriage was! He was content to think that he would never be fool enough to be lured into it. All around him he could see his friends paying the several prices of their folly; he was thankful not to be one of them.

Rather diffidently, as he left her at her door, she asked him to come in to tea some afternoon. She was usually at home and she would be glad to see him. He accepted with an alacrity that brought a glow of pleasure into her face.

And he found it very pleasant at the end of an afternoon to drop in at her house on his way up town. She was a good listener and appeared interested in most things. He liked to talk when he knew each word was valued. He felt a pleasant sense of well being, beside her fire, the tea table between them, and the long pleasant room behind him, low in key, a background and not an obtrusion. She was as a piece of delicately wrought ivory, he thought, in a sombre case, that heightened by con-

trast the smooth precision of her corn-coloured hair, the small oval of her face. They sustained the note of friendliness, it was comradeship, but comradeship between a man and a woman. There was always the sense that something else might lie behind the shield. Neither of them probed to find out, he preferred to balance on the threshold, and with her the intimate pleasure of their friendship sufficed. To lose it would mean disaster. She was afraid to lose what she had found, lest her loneliness should encompass her again.

Several times David Manners came in and joined them for a few moments while he took a cup of tea, before going for his usual ride in the park. He appeared to Hartley Stevens as smug and self-satisfied. His manner towards his wife showed how sure he felt of her affections, he had no hint or suspicion of her fancy ever wandering. When he was in the foreground he occupied it completely, there was no room for any intruder. His manner was as one who allows himself to be admired, he would not notice in his complete self-occupation, that there was any lessening in worship.

"I'm glad that you can find time to come in and see Dinah," he remarked with a shade of patronage in his manner, "she's too much alone. She should go out more. Plenty of exercise makes a normal mind. I've always taken plenty myself," he said, thrusting back his shoulders with an air of satisfaction, as though exhibiting himself as a fine example of good habits.

Hartley Stevens regarded him calmly. He wondered how she could ever have married him, but he remembered how young she had been. He noticed her constraint when he was in the room, a forced amiability that was unnatural to her. She made a conscious effort to please, because her will went so far in the opposite direction. And yet he was undoubtedly kind, generous, a good husband. But all his good qualities went for

nothing beside the exasperating quality of his egotism. Everything he did and said was shadowed by it. It tarnished the lustre of any kindness.

"There's that Directors' dinner to-night my dear," he said pausing as he left the room, "I won't be in until late."

The atmosphere of constraint vanished as soon as the curtains fell together behind him. Hartley Stevens wondered as he looked at her, sitting with her face half averted, what was in her mind. For the first time he was conscious of something different in his own, and he fancied that he was communicating it to her. He rose and stood leaning against the mantle shelf, one hand in his pocket, while he looked at her reflectively. He liked her immobility, her hands were linked ivory against the black velvet of her dress. It gave him the sense of something held in reserve, a useless expenditure of energy was an irritation and an annoyance. So few can attain the art of sitting motionless.

He spoke on a sudden impulse. "Don't sit alone here all evening. Come out and have dinner. We'll go to a theatre."

She looked up quickly, half in doubt, hesitating perceptibly for a moment, and then smiled, frankly pleased.

"That would be nice," she said, "David hates theatres, I haven't been to one for ages."

The evening had been a success, he had made every effort to have it so. They had dined at a restaurant, and the music, the flowers and lights had embued them with a sense of gaiety, of *joie de vivre*. He had never seen her like this, eager to be amused, meeting laughter half way. Beside her own fire she was more meditatively serious, to-night she was irresponsibly glad to be alive. He was immensely attracted to her. Later they had gone to see "Marriage", and had laughed together over the biting Shavian wit. It had pleased her by its

subtleties, and he had joined in her laughter.

"But there is a kernel of truth that lies hidden in all he says. It is not all just sarcasm and fun," she said thoughtfully, as she leaned back in the taxi on the way home, in a foam of white tulle. But he was impatient of words, and had no interest at that moment in meditating on the philosophy of it.

"Marriage . . . marriage is of no account," he said quickly, "this is what counts," and though she was startled she did not resist. She even responded with a sudden uncontrolled emotion.

The taxi stopped with a sudden jar and he followed her up the steps in silence; as the door opened to let her in he said a brief good-night.

The old sense of comradeship could not return. They could not retrace, it was an impossibility to go backwards. At times he pondered over her intensity; although he was immensely attracted to her, he preferred to keep affairs like these away from deep waters. He disliked turbulent scenes, raw emotion; she was not one to give way to such, but still she was a trifle too intense, a trifle too young to the way of it. She was altogether charming, and her firelit room with the wide shadowed spaces held an insistent appeal for him. Well-worn words were new to her, she was unused to the usage of them. And she was utterly lonely in her life. She did not speak of her husband, for she was conscious of the loyalty her position demanded.

She would listen with a characteristic earnestness as he said the words that came to him so easily, he did not care to remember that it was because of oft repetition. And in a manner she was different from the others; he had no desire to destroy a certain aloofness in her that was part of her charm. He was satisfied as things were; the borderland had always held a distinct pleasure for him, he had so often stepped over and found disenchantment.

"There is no other way but to laugh and be gay," he said holding both her hands in his, "any other way leads to quicksands and remorse. I want to keep you as you are. Let the fires we light be not the ones that burn to ashes. There is too much of sympathy and understanding between us to let us risk destroying it. Let us build up something finer and more lasting. Comrades aren't we?" he said, kissing her in a manner that denied his words.

He thought his renunciation of what he could have had so easily was very commendable. "It must be everything or nothing," he added, pulling her down on the sofa beside him, "and since it can't be everything, it must be nothing. But we can be everything to each other in a rather fine way." and she assented to all he said, because there seemed nothing else to be said.

He was pleased that he had saved her from pitfalls that might have led her down pathways to deep remorse. He considered that he had done something quite heroic. She was a trifle too intense for the everyday current of life, things appeared to go deep. He cautioned her about other men, he would teach her that she must never step over the threshold. She was not the kind to do so without disastrous results. And she listened to it all only half heeding; her attention wandered when he gave her such advice, and she waited for his next caress.

He was entirely satisfied with the course that he had taken. He had so very nearly gone further, but he was afraid of her intensity. It would not have passed lightly over, and emotional scenes wearied him. He saw plainly that she cared for him more than he wished, but she was married, they could be good friends, that was all. But he continued to see a great deal of her, it had become a habit to drop in on his way up town, a habit that he had no desire to break, though occasionally it appeared that it would be the wiser course to follow. At

times he thought her radiantly pretty, and she was always interested gay or thoughtful, following the track of his mood. He felt too that there was depth to her, she was expanding beneath their friendship; he felt a growth, a change and development since he had first met her. If things had been different, if she had been free, and if he had ever contemplated marriage at all, he fancied that she would have been the wife he would have chosen. He could not imagine anyone who would better meet his demands. She had all the qualities that he required and much more besides. It was a pity that she was married to such an egotistical beast, but marriage after all, what did it count? She could have her friends and make her own life. He was surely showing her how to do so. He would make every effort to do all that he could for her, for he was really fond of her, and he was so content with the way that he had taken.

He urged her to go out more, to see more people; her life which was so secluded increased her intensity about all that came near to her. He would lessen that trait in her. "It is best to take things lightly," he explained to her continually.

But she was much alone. David Manners seemed to live his life entirely outside of his own home. Hartley Stevens imagined from an occasional remark from her that there was a chill of constraint growing up between them, and from what he heard from outside sources that not finding the wealth of admiration he demanded in his own home he was seeking it elsewhere. She was too honest to be able to disguise her feelings, her very effort would be apparent that it was effort. Well, all the better, it would leave her freer to choose her own friends.

He was so sure that he had placed their friendship on a firm basis; he congratulated himself with a sense of secret satisfaction that he had done so. He had not often denied himself the fruit that was ripe to his hand.

He felt that he had done something quite splendid. He did not take into consideration that he had taken this way in reality because of his avoidance on principal of deep waters. He was therefore quite unprepared for her emotional outbreak.

"I can't, I simply can't go on with it," she burst out, the words gaining force from long suppression, "I can't go on living with a man I detest. Don't you see how impossible it is?"

She had put down her cup of tea untasted. He had dropped in to see her according to his custom. The lights had not yet been lit, only the firelight flickered across the room, picking out points of colour to accentuate, or sparks of light from a piece of brass or copper, in the low-toned setting of the room. As she looked at him her clear amber eyes were question points of light. Her look was an appeal for help.

He did not answer immediately for he felt as though he had no response to make. The little chill of self-possession that he had always felt in her was gone; flame burned within the ivory, he saw the glow of it in her face.

"Oh, take me away from it," she said, her voice low and breathless. "If you care as you say you do you can't let me go on like this."

He felt a need of diplomacy, he spoke carefully, choosing his words.

"How can I?" he asked, "when I know so well what it would mean. Won't you trust me when I tell you it is impossible. If you were free, oh, my dear, if you were free, do you think I'd hesitate. But as things are it is impossible. I know you so well, just how sensitive you are, and just what it would mean for you. I know, oh believe me when I say I know! I am so much older than you, so much wiser in the way of the world . . . I know about such things. It would be unhappiness for you first and foremost. I'm sure of it or I would not hesitate. I know how hard it must be . . . do you think I don't know, and don't admire you correspondingly? It



is just that. . . . I admire you too much besides loving you, to let you do such a thing. My dear, if it wasn't you I was thinking of I'd take you away this instant. Oh, you know that!"

But she remained unconvinced. She sat upright in her chair, her hands on either arm, looking away from him into the shadows. He could see from her expression that he had not brought her around to his view of it. Her chin was tilted with a suggestion of defiance. She was the kind that appeared so easily persuasive on the surface, but whose determination was backed with steel. It was her youth, her extreme youth and spirit of romanticism that made her consider such things were possible. You do not run off with another man's wife in a cold-blooded fashion like this. Such things were undoubtedly done, but he had always experienced a tolerant pity for any who were foolish enough to do so. They inevitably found themselves in a more uncomfortable position than formerly. There were the Holton Derwents . . . he knew for a fact that they had been regretting the step they had taken ever since; they were as bored with each other as they had been formerly dissatisfied. People eyed them askance and left them alone, and who wants to be left alone after the first great ardour has died? But he could not explain it to her in this way, she was too young, too romantic. He came over and sat on the arm of her chair and touched her hair lightly.

"If you were free, my dear," he said, "but, oh, I know what is best for you. I couldn't do a thing that I was sure would bring you unhappiness, however much I might want it. Don't you suppose its hard for me too . . . My dear, you don't know. But I would rather suffer than see you led into greater unhappiness. One must look at all sides of it. Oh, I know . . . I know!"

"Then," she said a trifle wearily in her acceptance of it, "life is to go on like this for always. Other people

have taken their happiness; why can't we?" "Oh," she added, white faced and quivering, "I can't bear it."

Assiduously he tried to make her see his way of it, interlarding the hardness of the facts with a tenderness that appeased, and softened her stark determination for a vital break from such conditions. But he left her a little puzzled himself, a trifle perplexed at the course of things. He had never wished to do other than skim the surfaces. That had been the rule that he had held to, and he wished for no infringement of that rule. He had always passed by the depths where tragedy lurked with a careless shrug, depth of emotion was a bore! If she were older she would have learned that lesson, her youth was too impetuous; she would strive with her insufficient young hands to stem the tides, to turn them aside to her own pleasure, but he was not so foolish as to think it possible, or even desirable. He concluded after some thought that a business trip that had been hanging over for some time would be of inestimable value just at present. That was it. In a month's time things would have become more settled, they would have regained a normal balance.

But she in her innocency was to frustrate his motives of the least possible disturbance. He saw the next afternoon as soon as he came into the room, that something had restored her; something had occurred either within her mind or outside of it, to give her a clearer vision. The restless flood of her emotion was arrested or spent; he felt a mental equilibrium that satisfied him that his hurried business trip was perhaps unnecessary. This was in the first moments, for suddenly she made the announcement casually which was to so upset all his preconceived ideas.

"He is going to give me a divorce," she said with the utmost calm.

His amazement left him without words. He looked at her in startled interrogation while she continued quietly.

"It appears that he is in love with another woman, has been for some time. He came in last night and saw that I had been crying . . . and I told him the truth. He was very cold, very concise. He said he would be entirely satisfied to let me be free. That he would give me ample proofs. He was quite calm about it. He agrees with me that it would be best to have it arranged as soon as possible. I saw my lawyer this morning." She paused, she hesitated and faced him, searching his face which he had effectively masked for the moment, "And so," she added, "I will be free!"

Yes, that was the bomb shell. She would most certainly be free. Hartley Stevens strove in that moment to collect his thoughts. It had come so simply, so suddenly, without any scene, any disturbance. That would be her way; she was opposed to scenes. He felt that he was not rising to what the situation demanded of him, but he did not know what to say under the circumstances. He felt no corresponding elation at the idea of her freedom. He objected to divorcees, but he was not narrow-minded enough to lay particular stress on that point. No, the main fact was otherwise, but it lay half dormant in his sub-consciousness . . . the bars were down . . . she was no longer out of reach.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "you will be free. Some way I can't connect you with a divorcee. I've always held you so aloof from the tangible realities. You seemed a dream person, shut away in this big room, with the firelight and the shadows, from all the outside glaring actualities. I liked to think of you so. That none of the sordid, everydayness of life could touch you. No, I can't connect you with divorcee, its not you some-way. You are a dream person, you must not be soiled from contact with the world. Oh my dear, I don't know how I feel about it. Of course you will be free, but it's at a price."

He felt that he was talking so as to allow himself time to think, to consider. Words came to him as a cloak

to cover up the uncomfortable moment, for he frankly admitted to himself that it was uncomfortable. He could still postpone the moment when he must appear definitely glad. When he must fully consider the fact of her freedom. For the present it was allowable that the remaining circumstances should occupy him. He must hide from her his inner consternation. But even so there was a tinge of surprise in her voice, a note of condemnation for his words.

"You think then that it was not sordid, the life I have been living? You may have built up your fancies about me, but they were unreal. You did not face the actual reality of it. To be free . . . to me it is like coming out from a noisome place where I have been stifling."

"Oh, I know my dear, I know what it must mean. It is the publicity I hate for you. Caring as I do you must understand my distaste for it."

There was no doubt whatever that he was greatly disturbed. The more he considered it the more he wished to push the whole idea of it away from him. There was only one apparently natural or possible outcome to the whole affair, and he had no desire for it. But the divorcee would take some time to be arranged, and meanwhile the business trip abroad that he had planned would come in even more opportunely than he had been previously aware of. It was the only way out of a difficult situation. He thought it over carefully that day after he had left her and decided to explain to her that it would be better for everyone concerned, were he not in New York at the time.

And she was sensible enough to see it in the same light. She told him that she quite agreed with him.

"I think I would be much happier if you were away," she said, "for feel-as you do about it, it would be easier for me to go through with it while you weren't here."

He was relieved that she took such a sane view of it, and once on the

steamer he tried very successfully to put all thoughts of it away from him. It was sufficient to live in the present, life is too full of surprises to take any thought for the future.

The letters he received from her were frankly herself. She had never obtruded her affairs upon him, and now as usual she placed them in the background, merely mentioning casually that the divorce was going through. She hoped that he was enjoying himself as well as doing business, and she advised him not to hurry back. New York was not pleasant at this time of year, cold wet winds were their daily fare.

And he delayed. He had not taken a holiday for some time and he felt that he owed himself one. Also in London he met an American woman whom he found charming. She was returning in a short time herself to join her husband in America, and she was nervous about travelling in war time. What more natural than that he should wait over for her? It seemed in fact the only courteous thing to do.

He had quite made up his mind that his marriage with Dinah Manners would take place shortly after his return. He was not exactly adverse to it, but neither did he feel any enthusiasm. But he had led her to believe that his one desire was to marry her if only she were free. There had been no hypocrisy in it at the time, he had really thought that he had meant it. But then there did not appear to be any possibility of such an occurrence. Now that she was free, the desire had fled that was all. It was the old fact that had followed him through life, the fruit on the lower branches without flavour; it was only that which was out of reach that tempted him. But he would go through with it. He was not a cad, and no doubt he would be as content as most.

Meanwhile the trip was all that was pleasant. Mrs. Hazen was vivacious and gay, she was also well learned in the game, her arts rivalled

his; there was no fear here of emotional depths. She skimmed the surfaces as lightly as he could have desired, culling her pleasure but steering clear of the reefs. She was a delightful companion for an ocean trip, good looking in a rather obvious way, with bronze hair and a figure that showed to advantage on a wind-swept deck. He was exceedingly sorry when the trip was over, and made plans to see more of her on landing; he would see her the next afternoon at her hotel. Meanwhile it scarcely seemed worth while to let Dinah know that he was back. He would be so busy that he would not have time to see her for a few days.

And Mrs. Hazen's charms were none the less apparent in the tea-room of her hotel. She seemed to make the other women in the room pale into insignificance. She had an air of being well aware of her own value, and she impressed her value upon you till you began to accept it as authentic. Hartley Stevens admitted to himself that he had rarely met a woman whom he admired as much. He was in the midst of a flattering remark when he chanced to lift his eyes to the table directly across from them, to meet Dinah Manners's cool quiet gaze fixed upon him. He started visibly. She bowed and smiled, and as he came across to her table, she gave him her hand in her usual half shy, half friendly manner. She was sitting with an older woman whom she introduced as her aunt. He felt himself stumbling over his words in a manner that irritated him, but she helped him out by taking upon herself the burden of the conversation. To his question of when he could see her she appeared to exhibit a very spontaneous and natural regret.

"I'm so sorry," she said, her clear eyes on his face, "but I'm leaving for the south to-morrow. I've had so many colds. Its been a dreadful winter. The doctor wants me to go away till the warm weather comes," and she gave him her address at a hotel in Florida.

There was no disguising the fact that he was relieved. He would be very much occupied with a number of affairs, and by the time she returned they could arrange matters far more comfortably. He disliked undue haste in anything; besides he found her looking pale and tired. It may have been in contrast to Mrs. Hazen's striking appearance, but undoubtedly a couple of months in the south would do her good. He had no chance to ask her for any particulars about the divorce as he would have liked to have done; she was leaving the following day at an early hour, and that night she was dining with some friends. He sent her a great bunch of roses with an affectionate note, and felt that he had thus fully atoned for his sin of omission in neglecting to let her know of his arrival. He was pleased that she had shown no hurt feelings, and liked her the better for it. He disliked women who adopted a grievance because of neglect. Undoubtedly if one wished to marry one could not find a more satisfactory wife than Dinah Manners. If one wished to marry . . . ah that was it!

The following months went rapidly. Mrs. Hazen remained in New York and he saw a great deal of her. He would make the most of it while it lasted. He wrote to Dinah to the address she had given him and she wrote briefly in return. Her letter was the essence of friendliness, it touched on matters of common interest, it left him with a sense of pleasant friendship. He wrote an answer in the same vein and then did not hear from her for some time. The weeks went quickly and occasionally he wondered that she did not return sooner from her trip. But he had much to take up his attention, and he did not have time for conjectures.

So he was completely astonished in his turn to meet her one afternoon coming down the Avenue. It was a day redolent with spring. The tops of the 'buses were crammed with humanity, swarming up into the sun-

shine, while the tall buildings seemed to be drinking in the sun till they shone, whitely splendid. At the more crowded corners the boys were out with trays heavy with violets and starry camelias. Children rolled their hoops in the parks with shrill cries of joy. Everything was alive, pulsating with the spring. She seemed also to emit the same radiance, he had never seen her looking better was his thought as she stopped to shake hands with him, smiling and friendly.

"Where am I living?" she repeated after him, with a curiously quizzical expression, "you don't know then, that I was married to Vincent Fane three weeks ago?"

He stared at her unbelieving. She had the same manner of announcing an overwhelming fact as though it was completely unimportant. And this was a thunder clap! He had imagined himself almost married to her, but now he was looking at her without listening to what she was saying. He was striving to diagnose the state of his feelings, while she talked on unconcernedly. At one time he would have imagined that he might have felt relieved at such a piece of news. But he felt curiously defrauded! Her charm as she stood there enveloped him. She had raised the bars between them again, and she was unapproachable . . . she was out of reach!

She did not appear to be unhappy, and he knew her well enough to know that she would not have married unless she had cared. It had not been just to step gracefully out of a situation that threatened to become embarrassing, that she had married Vincent Fane. She had made some mistakes, but this was not one of them. He continued to stare at her with a slight frown, answering her questions without thought, for he was engrossed with the fact of how greatly she was to be desired.

And for the first time, running like an undercurrent beneath his thoughts, he felt a distinct distaste for this complex of his nature, this permanent dissatisfaction in possession!



THE APPLE ORCHARD

Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson



# RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

## THE DIAMOND ROBBERY

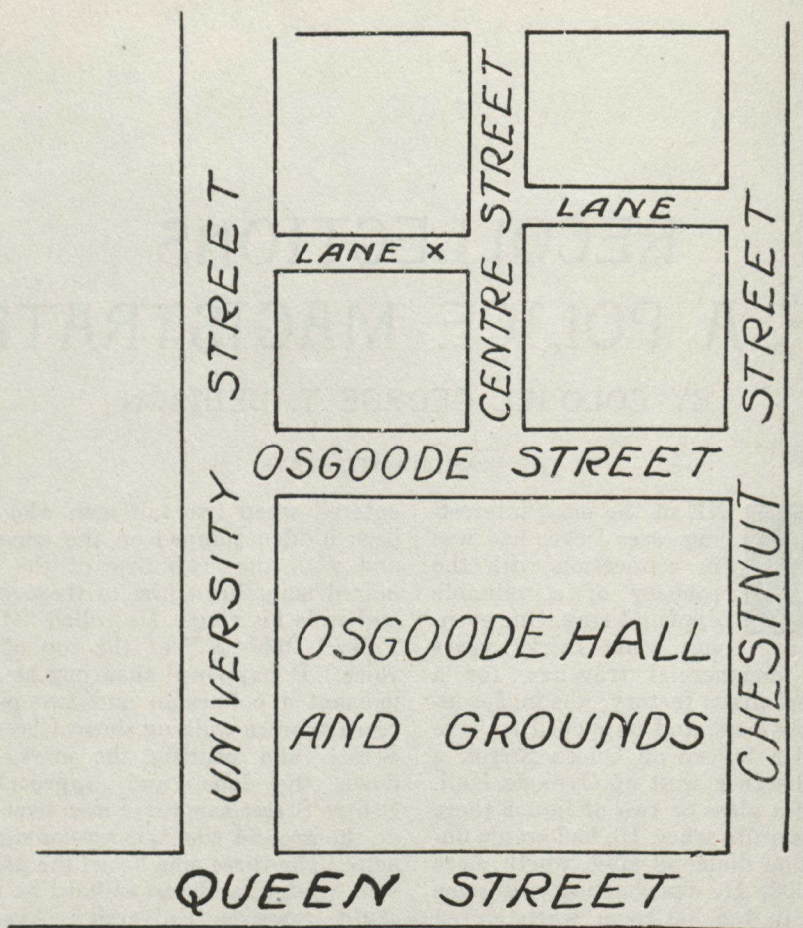


ONE of the most interesting cases I ever had was in connection with the robbery of a valuable diamond ring. One evening some thirty years ago, a commercial traveller, for a Montreal piano factory, was in Toronto on business, and happened to have entered a tavern on Queen Street, a short distance west of Osgoode Hall. He had a glass or two of liquor there but was quite sober. He had on his finger a fine diamond ring, worth more than \$600. He was chatting with some people in the bar-room when eleven o'clock came, at which time the bar had to be emptied, and the place closed for the night. About a dozen men left the bar, and some of them stood outside a minute or two before separating. When the commercial traveller started to go east towards his hotel, a short red-headed man said,

"Oh are you going that way. So am I," and they walked eastward. On the way the red-haired little man suggested that the traveller should accompany him to a friend's house, where they might have another glass before they went to bed. The traveller consented, and on reaching the corner of the Osgoode Hall wall, they turned north, then east along Osgoode Street to Centre Street, which was the first street running north. They turned up this street to the first lane, then turned to the left into it. They had hardly

entered when two tall men who had been hidden jumped on the traveller and with the assistance of the red-haired man threw him to the ground and stole his ring. He yelled "Help! Police! Robbers!" at the top of his voice. It happened that just at that moment a policeman and two police recruits were walking down Chestnut Street, and hearing the cries, ran down the lane, and approaching Centre Street saw three men over one on the ground who was screaming for help. The three men heard the policemen coming, and ran as hard as they could towards University Avenue. The older policeman passed two of the fugitives, leaving his probationers to secure them, and chased and captured the one in front. It was winter time and there was snow on the ground. The three prisoners were captured; the foremost one only getting a few yards out of the lane, the others being caught in it.

The next morning the three prisoners were in the dock charged with Highway robbery. The ring was not discovered on them, but the deep snow prevented any possibility of finding it. Mr. Murdock appeared to defend them. The first witness was the complainant, who told me the story just as I have related it. He identified the red-haired man among the prisoners positively, could not be positive about the two taller men, as it was dark, but said that if the two



How the diamond robbery took place. The small x shows the exact spot

men in the dock were those caught by the officers, they were the men, as he saw them captured. The next witness was the policeman, who said he was coming down Chestnut Street and when opposite the lane, heard the shouts for help. He with his companions ran at full speed down the lane — the lane from Chestnut Street was about its own width or a little more to the north of its continuation from Centre Street west, so that they did not see anything until they got close to Centre Street when they had a diagonal view, and saw the three men over the other, who was yelling for help. On his approach the men ran off at once, but they were all caught

after a sharp chase. The two recruits corroborated this story, and the Crown Attorney closed his case.

Mr. Murdock then put in his defence. He said that his clients had nothing to do with the robbery. That they had come from the eastern part of the city and on arriving at University Street they had turned north along the Osgoode Hall wall, and on reaching the first lane had heard the shouts for help. They ran down the lane and found the complainant lying on the ground yelling and calling for help. They had just reached him when they heard some men running towards them from the other direction, and becoming frightened they ran away and were caught.



There was also an attempt to prove an alibi showing that they had been in an eastern part of the city. This alibi failed as they had plenty of time to have gone the short distance to the west, and to have met the complainant at the tavern. Mr. Murdock also said that his clients were respectable farmers' sons from Alliston, a village about fifty miles from Toronto, and were men of good character. Mr. Murdock did not seem to have much confidence in the story of his clients.

I was uneasy, however, and called the traveller back to the witness box, and said, "Are you positively certain, that the small red-haired man is the same man you saw at the tavern, and who walked with you to the place where you were robbed?" I am positive sir," he replied, "I walked with him talking to him under the lights of the streets, had an excellent opportunity of seeing him, and am quite sure he is the man, and besides, your Worship, he was not out of my sight for a second, for I saw him caught in the lane". I then said: "Could you not have been knocked senseless for a few seconds?" "No," he replied, "I was in full possession of my senses all the time."

The case was finished, and ordinarily I would have sentenced them to the Penitentiary at once, but for some reason I was uncertain, and to the astonishment of the Crown Counsel, I remanded them for a week.

Thinking over the case after the Court was over, I felt uncomfortable. As far as the case was concerned, it was absolutely proved, and it was not on circumstantial evidence, it was direct, positive testimony, showing that the prisoners had been caught in the act. It was a serious case, a Penitentiary offence, and yet I had a doubt, and was worried about it. I went to the Chief Constable, and told him to send me a detective whom I would want for a few days, and to supply him with funds to take him to Alliston.

Detective Burrow came to my room shortly afterward. I told him I

wanted to see him about the diamond robbery. Burrows said it was a very clever capture by the constable, and a very clear case. He was very much surprised when I told him I was worried about it, and I gave him my directions. I told him to go to Alliston, a small village in the country, and pretend to be an agent for the sale of fruit trees. I told him to put up at the tavern, and talk fruit trees to everyone—that he could in that way in the day time move about among the farmers and talk to them without exciting suspicion, and I said, "The whole country side will be talking about these three young men who are in prison on remand. In the grocery shop you can talk trees, and listen to the talk about this robbery case—the same way in the tavern bar-room, find out what is the belief in the neighbourhood, as to the guilt or innocence of these young men, and find out some way or other, whether any of these men were ever away for any length of time in a large city, or whether any of them have ever lived away in the States."

Burrows came back in a few days and came to my room and said that he was puzzled about the case. He told me there was not a soul he could find that would believe one word of the story, and he had found out positively, that none of the three had ever left their farms for more than a few days, and none of them had ever been in the States. I said at once, "Then we have the wrong men. This was a piece of skilled scientific criminal work done by old hands, and farmers' sons never did it. Their story was true, the man was knocked senseless for long enough for the transposition to take place, and he has not known it", and I told him to go to the tavern where the traveller had met with the red-haired man, and said, "I think you will find that one of our own crooks a red-headed small man who looks like the red-haired prisoner, was there that night, and when you find that out you will be able to tell who his chums were".

Burrows left and made these inquiries and either the next day or the following day, he came to me, and told me that he had found out all about it, told me the names of the three men who were all in the tavern that night. I said at once that the red-haired men looked very much alike. Burrows went on to say that they had knocked the man senseless, and escaped through a disreputable house just opposite to where the man was robbed. He asked me if he should lay charges against the real criminals, but I advised him not, as the traveller had been so positive, and insisted on identifying the wrong man, and that therefore we could not do anything.

The next day the three young farmers were up on remand, and when called, Mr. Murdock asked to put in evidence of good character, and he had all the best people of their neighbourhood present to give that in mitigation of sentence. I stopped him at once and told the prisoners that I was going to discharge them, that I was satisfied that they were absolutely innocent, that I regretted very much having kept them in jail for a week, but that I did so in their interest and I discharged them. The Crown Attorney was astonished and came up to the front of my desk, and asked me what was the matter, that he never saw a clearer case. I said, "I will tell you after Court". Murdock came up shortly afterwards in his quaint way and said to me quietly, "Heaven! Colonel what struck you? I had the Warden and the Reeve and the Parsons, etc., all here to speak for them. I said, 'there has been a mistake, Your clients' story was quite true.'"

Now referring to this case I think I may say that I do not believe another judge in Canada would have taken the course I did. I knew it was irregular, and contrary to every rule of legal evidence, or legal procedure, but I have always felt that my first duty was to do justice, justice above everything, and to set legal quibbles at defiance. And while this was the

most irregular procedure in my experience, it is the one of which I am most proud, and to which I look back with the most satisfaction.

To finish with this matter I may say that within a year all three of the real thieves were up before me for different crimes clearly proved and they must all have thought that I had eaten something that had disagreed with me, and put me in a bad temper, for I took a serious view of their cases, and gave them severe sentences.

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#### HUMOROUS CASES

Some cases are humorous in their character. On one occasion a batch of twenty or thirty citizens were summoned for not registering the birth of their babies within the thirty days prescribed by the law. I fined the educated people and those in comfortable circumstances one dollar and costs each, because I thought they should know of the law, and could afford to pay the fines, but the poor labouring men, who lost their wages while attending the court, I treated more leniently, allowing them to go with a caution. One wealthy barrister, a friend of mine, had to plead guilty, and I fined him and said to him, "Now, don't let this occur again". He had a large family, and he used to tell the story afterwards as his experience of the Police Court, and repeat the warning I had given him not to let it occur again, and he would say, "and I never have".

Another man's name was called and a Queen's Counsel answered, and said the registration had been neglected, and excused his client on the ground that he had only been a few months from England.

"Then he had no excuse, because the laws of registration are well understood in England," Then I asked, "What is the defendant's position? What does he do?"

"He is a doctor."

"Then there is no excuse whatever in his case. Two dollars and costs."

"But," said the Q. C., "you only fined the others one dollar and costs."

"Yes, I know, but when a man appears by counsel he is entitled to more consideration."

The lawyer told me afterwards that his client was delighted with my action and paid the extra dollar cheerfully, to have the joke on him, and that he had chaffed him a good deal about the value of his services.

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#### SNOW CASES

Another class of case which gave me a good deal of work, but which now is always done by the other police magistrates, was the failure to clean the sidewalks of snow, and a very large proportion of the respectable citizens have been summoned for neglect of the provisions of the snow by-law.

On one occasion the late Sir William Howland, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, was summoned for not having the snow cleaned from the sidewalk in front of a vacant lot he owned. When his name was called his secretary answered, and said he was authorized to admit the charge and to pay the fine, and wished to explain that Sir William Howland had paid a man for cleaning it and the man had neglected it. I fined him one dollar and costs or ten days, the usual fine. The secretary paid it and went away.

Meeting Sir William at my club, he referred to it and told me of the trouble it was to watch over various vacant properties. A year elapsed, and the same thing occurred again. The

secretary answered the name, made the same excuse, and pleaded guilty.

"It will be one dollar and costs or ten days," said I, and then suddenly I said: "No, I will not make that ten days, I will make it eight days."

The fine was paid, and after court I went to my club to lunch. Sir William came in to lunch also, and I beckoned him to come over to my table. I joked him about being up again, and he laughed over it, and we discussed other matters, but just as I was leaving he said:

"Oh, Colonel, I wanted to ask you something. My secretary said you first said one dollar and costs or ten days and then you changed it to eight days. He could not understand the meaning of it, nor could I."

"Did you not see the meaning of that, Sir William? Well, I will explain. You had the privilege of paying the fine or of serving the term if you chose, and it suddenly struck me that if you chose to serve the term it would just keep you in jail till the day after Christmas, whereas eight days would let you out the day before Christmas, and as we were old friends, I could not bear the idea of your being in on Christmas, so I arranged it as I did. I think it was a very kindly, thoughtful act."

"I do not think anybody else in the world would have thought of it," he said, laughing heartily. I heard that he often afterwards told the story, saying he had got favours from me that I had not given to anyone else. He was a very fine old gentleman, one of the Fathers of Confederation, and lived to be ninety-six years of age.

*(To be continued.)*



# THE PROBLEM OF THE TEACHER

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE



HERE is nothing in connection with our educational system that is more important than the calibre and character of the teachers. Next to the home, and, doubtless, in many cases even more than in the home, the greatest influence brought to bear upon our boys and girls is that of the teacher. Indeed, during their waking period the teacher has the children for a larger number of hours than the parent. It is not only their intellectual progress, therefore, that is to be considered, but also their higher well-being, in every respect.

The opinion is freely expressed by many authorities that in our day this noble profession which has towered as so splendid a bulwark of our civilization is rapidly degenerating.

The editor of a widely circulated American magazine writes: "The teaching profession is going down hill, and your children are suffering". The opinion of the president of a leading university is that "for several years the teaching profession has been gradually impoverished by its failure to attract young men". The president of a college of technology confesses that "the trouble is that some of us as teachers are dead. We died long ago. We have been buried under six feet of abstract facts and formulas. We had a funeral service on notebook computations. . . ."

A prominent educator declares that there is a very pressing need at the

present time for "a larger body of the finer type of teacher, with force of character, high ideals, and a personality that radiates a mental stimulus and a moral inspiration". A recent convention, composed largely of prominent business men, in passing a resolution regarding a needed improvement in educational matters, based it on the declaration that "the whole public school system is about to deteriorate in standard through the lack of a sufficient number of high ability entering the profession".

The deplorable condition of affairs in the United States was brought out in a recent bulletin of the National Education Association containing the indictment that at the present time more than one-half of the public school teachers of the country are immature, they are short-lived in the work of teaching, their general education is inadequate, and their professional equipment is deplorably meagre. This was backed up by the following array of statistics. Out of approximately 600,000 teachers, 100,000 are from seventeen to nineteen years of age, 150,000 are not more than twenty-one, and 300,000 are twenty-five or less. One-quarter of the whole number serve not more than two years, and one-half not more than five years. There are 100,000 who have had less than two years of education beyond the eighth grade, 200,000 have had less than four years beyond the eighth grade, and 300,000 have had no special professional pre-

paration for teaching. It is claimed that a year ago there were 50,000 vacancies in the teaching staff of the public schools, and that 120,000 quite inexperienced teachers had to be placed in the schools for the very purpose of keeping them from being closed altogether.

Or, putting the situation in another way, out of the twenty million boys and girls in the public schools, one million are being taught by teachers whose education has been limited to seven or eight years in the elementary schools; seven million by those who are scarcely more than boys or girls themselves, and whose appreciation of their responsibilities must in consequence of their youth and inexperience be extremely slight; while fully ten million are being taught by teachers who have had no special preparation for their work, and whose general education is quite inadequate.

The principal of the Illinois State Normal University says that the United States needs about 110,000 teachers annually, yet the graduates of the normal schools and other teacher training institutions of all grades in any year do not reach one-fourth of this number.

It would be interesting to have corresponding statistics for our Canadian schools. In some of these respects it is practically certain that our showing would be better than that of our neighbours, *e.g.*, in the matter of the professional training of our teachers, thanks to the insistence of some of our officials who have laid strong emphasis on this. But in some other respects, such as the immaturity of our teachers, the short period of continuing in the profession, and the lack of men, our situation would, doubtless, rank pretty much the same as that of our American friends. The numerous columns of advertisements for teachers carried by the daily papers, not only previous to the opening of the school year, but often at other periods as well, are eloquent of the constant movement of teachers and the disturbance which this must

surely make in the work of the schools.

This is too serious a situation to be allowed to continue, as it strikes at the very vitals of the nation's welfare and progress. The schools of all grades form the most important and industrial plants we have in the country.

American statistics are again those that are most readily available to put the force of this in a concrete form. According to *The Nation* (New York) the United States has a million dollars invested in school plants, spends nearly a million a year in the running of these, employs nearly three-quarters of a million teachers, and has twenty million pupils attending these schools.

Theodore Roosevelt once said at a meeting of the National Education Association: "You teachers make the whole world your debtor; and of you it can be said, as it can be said of no other profession, save the profession of the ministers of the gospel themselves, that if you did not do your work well, this republic would not outlast the span of a generation."

A Rotarian convention during the present year declared the public school system of the United States and Canada to be "the greatest force in the country for the educational, moral and social development of the youth of our countries, the greatest means for developing a proper and intense spirit of patriotism, love of country, and an understanding of the underlying principles of freedom and liberty".

To account for the defects before-mentioned, there can be no doubt that the matter of insufficient salaries plays a very large part, though that may be far from the whole explanation. Teachers are far from being influenced as a class by financial considerations primarily, as has been abundantly proved by their self-sacrificing careers. But there are limits to what even teachers can endure.

According to the latest complete figures available for the United States, those for the year 1915, the

average salary for all the public school teachers in the country was less than \$550, while the average for twelve States was less than \$400, and in one State the teachers were paid as low as sixty-four cents a day. Even in Pennsylvania, the second richest State in the Union, according to a recent bulletin issued by the State Board, the average salary of male teachers was \$710, and that of female teachers \$510. In Massachusetts, too, up to a year or two ago, before the enactment of a minimum salary bill, two thousand teachers were receiving less than \$550, while in our own Nova Scotia ninety per cent. of the teachers have been actually receiving an average of less than \$310. In view of the conspicuous place Nova Scotia has taken in education, this might almost seem an argument for keeping salaries at the lowest possible point, but the fallacy of this scarcely needs to be pointed out.

These figures make a tragic comparison with the \$1,275 which New York City pays to its garbage collectors, or the \$1,095 it pays its street-sweepers. As the superintendent of schools in Buffalo recently put it: "We are actually paying the unskilled labourer employed in construction a higher wage to work with sand, lumber and stone, than we pay the teacher who is to work with our own boys and girls." The women high school teachers of a large city in the South receive less pay than the negro janitors in the same buildings.

This kind of comparison holds good in a general way of the teachers in the colleges and universities as well as in the elementary and secondary schools. A high university official puts it this way, "A motorman gets sixty cents an hour, a professor, eighteen cents", which prompts the question attributed to the president of Harvard, when addressing a body of Harvard alumni: "Which is worth more, gentlemen, minding the train, or training the mind?"

The editor of *The American Magazine* says, "It's a joke—the pay that

teachers get, especially when you consider the years of preparation they put in, during which they spend money rather than earn it." A public school teacher writes, "I would suggest that as long as normal school graduates receive less money than street-sweepers, high school principals and superintendents less than section foremen, country school teachers less to teach the farmer's children than he pays his hired men to feed his hogs, there is not much to lure men and women into teaching as a permanent profession."

President Hibben of Princeton has treated this matter of salaries at considerable length in a recent publication, and in the succeeding paragraphs much is borrowed from his excellent article.

Of the nine members of the staff of the Economics department of Princeton before the United States entered the war, seven left for war work, and five have since definitely resigned their university positions. One who had a salary of \$1,400 from the University is now receiving outside of university circles a salary of \$5,000, and \$1,000 more for expenses, though he was willing to come back to the University for \$3,500. Another who had \$2,000 is now drawing \$5,000 from a big banking house. A third is receiving twice what he had before, with the promise of \$1,500 more within a few months.

The head of a university department said recently: "I am willing to guarantee that within sixty days I can place any man on my staff in the business world at a salary at least double the amount he is receiving here. Within two weeks I have turned down seventeen requests from outside sources to recommend such men." These things show that many professors are making great sacrifices in order to go forward with their arduous professional duties.

The President of Yale University said in a recent address: "The annual contribution of the faculty to Yale, measured in money, measured

by the difference between what they get here and what they could receive elsewhere, amounts to at least 200,000 each year, and it is not improbably twice that sum. . . . In most of our departments we still stand on the salary scale of 1910. . . .

"Shortly before the close of the war, the manager of a great munitions plant came to the head of the department of chemistry in a certain college with the plea for the release of one of his assistant professors.

" 'We need this man badly,' said the manager. 'In fact, we must have him.'

" 'But,' remonstrated the head of the department, 'our laboratory would be crippled. He cannot be replaced.'

" 'How much are you paying him?'

(The department head named the salary.)

" 'Let him start work with us in the morning and I'll double that figure.'

" 'We haven't the money to meet your offer,' replied the head of the department. 'But if you take this man from us, you mustn't expect us to continue sending you the trained chemists he has been turning out.'

" 'This statement set the munitions man thinking. Presently he shook his head. 'You're right,' he exclaimed. 'Keep your man. With us he would be mighty valuable, but here he is indispensable.' "

According to recent figures from ninety-two state universities and colleges, the salaries in these institutions show an average maximum for full professors of less than \$3,000, and an average minimum for instructors or but little more than \$800.

The earnings of the class of 1901 of Princeton, compiled after the members had been out of college for ten years, shows the income for various classes to average as follows: Brokers, \$18,900; manufacturers, \$6,098; transportation men, \$5,875; lawyers,

\$4,995; mercantile men, \$4,773; physicians, \$3,094; accountants, \$2,365; teachers, \$1,780. According to statistics given by a prominent normal school worker, the United States appropriates on the average three times as much for the training of its future lawyers, doctors, engineers, business men and farmers as for the training of its teachers.

Some cases are nothing short of distressing. After paying for his rent, coal, life insurance, medical attendance, and a few similar necessities, one professor found that he had only \$11 a month left to provide food, clothing, books and amusement for each member of his household. Another member of the teaching staff had to do the heavier part of the family washing, as his wife was not strong enough to do this and there was no money to get any hired help.

But there is beginning to be a recognition of the need and a waking up to meet the same. The United States Congress has recently introduced a bill carrying an appropriation of \$100,000,000 per annum for the improvement of education, one-half of which is to be for the increase of salaries, and \$15,000,000 for the better training of teachers.

The individual institutions are also taking steps to remedy the situation. Harvard is appealing for an increase of eleven million in its endowment, the proceeds from a part of which are to be devoted to this purpose. Princeton is asking for fourteen million. In Buffalo a school building programme has just been approved, involving an expenditure of \$8,000,000, and including a considerable increase in the compensation of the city's teachers. On both sides of the line something is being done to add to the remuneration of teachers of all grades, from the lowest to the highest. The amounts in most cases, however, are very meagre compared with the increase in the cost of living.

# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

An untimely  
death

LOUIS BOTHA will always be associated with a miracle in British history. Lord Milner believed that there was danger in the wide measure of freedom granted to South Africa under the new constitution. If he was wrong it was because Botha interpreted the constitution and repaid the trust of Great Britain by loyal acceptance of the obligations and responsibilities of British citizenship. He could have filled South Africa with unrest and confusion and have kept Dutch and English in perpetual antagonism and conflict. Great as was Botha's power, it was tested to the utmost when the world war came and he required not only that South Africa should be loyal but should sacrifice its sons and its treasure in alliance with the Empire which had conquered the Dutch Republic not so many years before.

He who had himself commanded Dutch forces at war with Great Britain took command of South Africa against Germany and staunchly championed the Empire as the supreme guardian of free institutions. His attitude was peculiarly influential in the United States while Washington was making the great decision. A cause to which Botha could give himself with complete conviction carried an appeal to Americans which they could not finally resist. Indeed the action of Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa not only stimulated the spirit of the British people but was greatly instrumental in drawing the United States into the conflict. During the war there was a great desire that Smuts should visit the United States where speakers from Australia and Canada were always heard with attention and respect. It was felt that the Dominions had no natural relation to the quarrels of Europe and that only a just cause could produce such unanimity of feeling. Botha in the United States during its years of indecision would have been more powerful than an army of German propagandists.

There is grave foreboding over the immediate future of South Africa. A sullen feeling persists among a section of the Dutch people. Ever since the Republics were defeated there have been suspicion and discontent which even the appeal and the example of Botha could not overcome. Hertzog and his allies are eternally active. They aim at revolt and separation from the Empire. It is doubtful if Smuts, brilliant and



courageous though he is, has such authority with Dutch and English as Botha possessed. There was apprehension that even Botha would not easily survive the next general election. Never was the magnanimous soldier and the devoted patriot more sorely needed in South Africa than when he was taken away, "Untimelier death than his was never any".

## II

**W**HEN one reads or hears Billy Sunday one thinks of the injunction not to judge lest we be judged. Baseball jargon is strangely crude and irreverent in the pulpit. The evangelist would be at least as impressive with a coat on his back as in his shirt sleeves and with his collar removed. Pantomime and gesticulation give no force to a sound message. But Sunday does bring sinners to repentance, and for his work's sake he is honoured by many people who dislike his language, his manner, and his methods.

Sunday and  
Moody

There is a striking contrast between Dwight L. Moody and Billy Sunday. Moody had repose and dignity. He was singularly persuasive and impressive. He was reverent, too, and he inspired reverence in his congregations. One feels that if he had used the language or the devices of Billy Sunday he would have lost half his power even with the sort of people to whom Sunday makes his most effective appeal.

It is often suggested that ministers and public men must "talk down to the people". But it is not so. For example, there are no better speakers in the British Parliament than the representatives of Labour. They use simple, direct scholarly language, and many of their speeches will bear comparison with those of men who have had all the advantages of university training. This is just as true of labour leaders in the United States and Canada. Many of the radical speakers at the open forums in Toronto last winter expressed themselves with remarkable felicity and distinction. They would have been far less effective if they had imitated the oratorical eccentricities of Billy Sunday.

But most of us do not like evangelists. We may conceal our prejudice, but we know that it exists. We all flinch when sentence is pronounced. Moody had composure and dignity, but he was reviled. Sunday has neither, and upon him falls the judgment which fell upon Moody. Augustine Birrell asked a Cornish miner how it was that they were such a temperate people, and the miner replied solemnly, raising his cap, "There came a man amongst us once, and his name was John Wesley".

## III

**F**ROM Chicago, that great reservoir of moral influences in America, a new reform movement is to be unloosed upon mankind. The "leg" is to be abolished and the legitimate stage "purified". "Dope," which is American for drugs, is to be banished. So, according to Lucy Page Gaston, "the cigarette and tobacco in all its forms, now sapping America's youth must go". Lucy insists that "hundreds of industries have sealed the weed's doom". Thus this branch of the crusade will

The new  
crusade

be easy. No one must be discouraged just because contemporaneously with the organization of the new movement a proposal at Washington to confiscate liquor in cellars and drive the owners into the criminal classes where they belong received only three votes in Congress. One suspects that many of the wicked Congressmen have cellars, and doubtless they were shocked by the suggestion that they had any other duty than to reform other people.

Stood by the  
Cellars

What if the British workman who says, "No beer, no work", were put upon the Chicago diet, no beer, no ballot, no pipe or cigarette? It is fitting that Lucy and her allies should start at the bottom. But if the dress may not be high why should the neck be low. One trusts that the reformers will carry on in "the true spirit of democracy". Nothing could be more fatal than any suspicion of consideration for "the classes". What, after all, will the world gain if dresses are elongated to the boot top if there is no proportionate neck elevation?

Has Lucy weighed the practical considerations which are involved in her revolutionary proposals? Think of the artists required by the March of Reform to do their "stunts" in long dresses. Those who may think for a moment that "stunts" is inelegant have not been schooled in the beauties of the language of Chicago. To abolish the ballet, is not such a simple problem as the purifiers may think it is. Are the front seats to be left empty and the door receipts to be reduced until the sheriff takes over "the plant"? If youth is to lose its "cig" and age its ballet, who will want to be young and where will age find its consolation?

Would be  
hard on the  
bald head

The bald head, of course, will lose its evil preeminence and perhaps even become a sign of virtue. But why should the rest of us who have been good and kept our hair suffer in order to restore bald heads to the odour of sanctity? No doubt the cigarette is too promiscuous. The smoke of its torment goes up day and night, and probably many youths would take their meals more regularly and run errands more swiftly if they were less faithful to the higher duty of smoking incessantly. But moderation is not a virtue with the reformers of Chicago. Either the cigarette or the boy must go, and naturally one votes for the boy.

But the cigar and the pipe are likewise condemned. Here is a prospect which appals the stoutest heart among the unregenerate. If man may not smoke how will he bear the trials of domestic infelicity? He will "talk back" while his wife lectures, and what tragedies may result! Think of the lonely night in the hunting-camp after the pipe is banished or the strain of waiting when the fish will not bite. Must we chew gum and think upon our sins and be happy or unhappy as we are repentant or regretful? What will become of the Cigarmakers' Union? Must it be deprived of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Against the thought even Mr. Gompers and the One Big Union would unite in a resolution of protest. We beseech the moral Bolsheviks of Chicago to spare us the pipe and the cigar even if cigarettes are to be exterminated and legs concealed by dresses which

trail upon the ground. The cellar will empty itself if the reformers will exercise just a little patience.

For "dope" we offer no plea of mercy, although perhaps many cases which suggest "dope" were just born that way. It is the habit of reformers not to allow for the natural dullness of other people. They are too ready to believe that people are "drugged" when they are merely themselves. It is a comfort to feel that nothing is needed to make us happy and virtuous but legislation. If domestic consumption of apples had been prohibited by statute Eve would not have tempted Adam. If St. Patrick had appeared sooner there might have been no snakes in Eden. Fortunately he saved Ireland, and Ireland has been happy ever since. Of course an Act of Parliament excluding serpents from Eden and from Ireland would have accomplished all that St. Patrick could have achieved. But the whole race has suffered by the neglect of the Soviet of Eden to enact the necessary legislation for the protection of our first parents. Moreover, no one would ever have learned wickedness if Columbus had been born in due season and had discovered Chicago before it was too late. If ten righteous persons could have saved Sodom three righteous people of Chicago can save the Universe.

According to the despatches Lucy Page Gaston has two allies in her great movement for the regeneration of mankind. Possibly she could do the thing alone, but even the best of us sometimes need sympathy and support. There are evil-minded persons who suggest that human nature reacts against extreme and continuous pressure. But there need be no fear that under the new order inaugurated at Chicago there will be any backsliding. Who doubts that Roosevelt could have reformed spelling if he had only persisted instead of turning aside to govern the United States? Queen Victoria attempted to set fashions in England and failed no doubt because she also was troubled with "the cares of an Empire". But apparently Lucy and her associates have nothing to do but make the world good, like Chicago, and we may regard the thing as done. Fortunately Canada lies alongside the United States, and, therefore, we will be regenerated while effete Europe is still wallowing in wickedness. We remember that—

There was an old nigger whose name was Uncle Ned,  
He had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg;  
Another old nigger was as cunning as a fox,  
For he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.

But if he is not dead he might as well be, for his cunning will avail nothing against the three just persons of Chicago who have inaugurated the new crusade against the infamies of mankind.

#### IV

**T**HERE are people who believe that the war will bring back the Puritanism of the Commonwealth and of the early settlements of New England. We cannot think so, nor could we look to such a prospect with any pleasure. The war was a vindication of human nature, and we refuse to be-

'Dope' or  
Natural  
Dullness?

In the new era

Play more and  
work less

lieve that gloom and depression, mortification of the flesh and repression of the spirit in this world are the necessary preparation for felicity in the next. It is our hope that in the new world that peace has brought to us men will play more and toil less. During the shorter hours of labour they will work harder in the happy prospect of leisure, and in certain security of employment, of provision against sickness and accident and against an old age of poverty and dependence. We will make the parks more than ever the playgrounds of the people. "Keep off the grass" will be the final evidence of poverty of soul and meanness of spirit. In Ontario there are many towns and villages with fair grounds that are used for one or two days in the year and from which during 363 days the people are rigidly excluded. Commonsense and common humanity suggest that they should be kept open during all the summer months for baseball, lacrosse, cricket and football, and there is no sound reason that from such properties enough revenue should not be secured to provide for maintenance and interest on the investment.

In the country forty or fifty years ago any attempt to play ball in the corner of a meadow was regarded as a flagrant defiance of the moral order of the universe. In too many rural communities the old spirit persists. But there is as much reason to provide for field sports in the townships as in the towns and villages. In every school section we should have public sporting grounds. The school yards should be open to the children after school hours and on Saturdays and holidays. There should be social centres in every community. Cinematograph exhibitions should be provided by the State and under public control. No greater agency of popular education than the cinematograph ever was devised. It may be as powerful for mischief as for instruction, information and elevation. But if it must be subject to regulation it must also be recognized that recreation and entertainment are legitimate human needs that cannot go unsatisfied.

The churches can afford to get closer to the sports of the people. It is more easy to save souls in healthy bodies, and less difficult for clergymen who are comrades of the people in their games and recreations to exert a beneficent influence over their thinking and doing. The men's Brotherhoods organized in connection with so many churches become valuable social, municipal and political forces. The pulpit may be less powerful but the spoken message still carries more authority than press, book, or pamphlet. The war, a Presbyterian minister, in true Presbyterian phraseology, has said "was a grievous trial of faith alike on the spiritual and the intellectual side". But even in the war there was more religion than there ever was in any other war, and after all the Sermon on the Mount has more meaning for mankind than it ever had before.

Pay clergymen  
decent salaries

One feels sometimes that the ministers of all the churches should organize a strike or a lockout to compel the congregations to pay decent salaries. The salaries of clergymen are one of the flagrant scandals of our civilization. It is impossible to believe that religion thrives on poverty either in

the pew or in the pulpit. If there is a class of men on earth who give continuously more than they receive it is clergymen and we only begin to display a decent liberality towards teachers in the schools and universities. If we will we can use ministers and teachers far more freely in the general activities of the community to their own advantage and to the great advantage of the State. As it is there is no class of men who can be less fairly described as slackers or shirkers in the public service and they deserve a co-operation that they do not generally receive. The "high cost of living" bears more cruelly upon teachers and clergymen and the clerks in shops and business houses than upon other classes. They were among the first to feel the pressure of high prices and are among the last to benefit by general advances in wages. An unorganized minority they are neglected in political platforms.

They give more  
than they  
receive

### A CALL TO PEACE

I HEAR the trumpets sounding, there is shouting in the skies,  
But the earthly mists and vapours hide the glory from mine eyes,  
They are sweeping through the sunlight across God's holy ground,  
And all the Courts of Paradise are jubilant with sound.

The chosen of the Nations, death winnowed out the best,  
Through the Calvary of the ages they entered into rest,  
Shall the Earth for which they perished still reek with hate and lies,  
And shame their bloody sowing and mock their sacrifice?

O Brothers of the workshops! O Brothers of the fields!  
Shall we scorn the peace that blesses, the joy that service yields?  
Shall we set the earth to singing and ease its pain and fret,  
Or feed the Seven Devils and wound and murder yet?

And you of many acres, of mills that grind to gold,  
You shall neighbour with the feeble and have mercy for the old;  
For not with wages only can we build Jerusalem,  
And walk beside the Master or touch His garment's hem.

Still Head and Hand are Comrades, and if there be divorce,  
Come waste and want and ruin and the brutal rule of force;  
And all that men have builded within the walls of time  
Falls tumbling into chaos and perishes in crime.

So let us answer bravely to the trumpets in the skies,  
And walk in proud remembrance of their utter sacrifice,  
And keep the earth they watered with their anguished sweat and blood  
A clean and wholesome dwelling for all the Sons of God.

## JACK

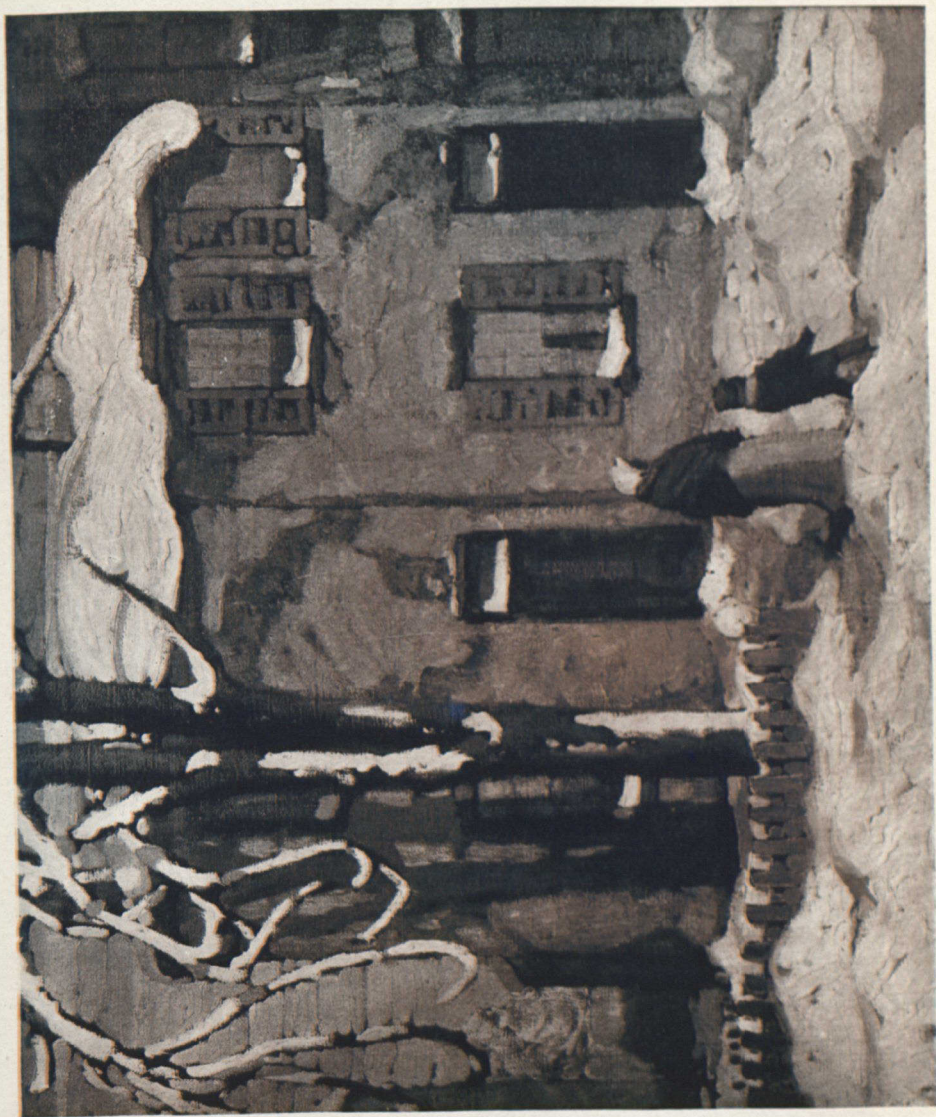
BY VIRGINIA COYNE

HE put aside the garment that he wore,  
 For it was torn and rent beyond repair;  
 He laid it down with all the pains it bore,  
 And left it over there.  
 I think that he was glad to leave it there,  
 Though he was young, and life lay all before,  
 Though he had everything that makes life fair—  
 He was so tired of war.

For he had seen his comrades tried and true  
 Put off their rended coats and slip away;  
 I think his gentle heart was torn in two,  
 He had no wish to stay.  
 It would have punished him to let him stay,  
 Those memories would linger his life through,  
 Yesterday would forever tinge to-day—  
 All this God knew.

I loved the form that used to bear his name,  
 The pure, blue, kindly eyes, the lashes black,  
 The sunny smile, the big and generous frame—  
 All these I would call back.  
 My yearning heart would call them each one back;  
 Yet they were but the smoke that hid the flame,  
 The hall-marks of the Soul alone I lack—  
 His Soul is still the same.

He put aside the garment that he wore,  
 It hindered him, he laid it all aside.  
 Still he is mine, just as he was before,  
 His love has never died.  
 Though he is dead, *my* love has never died,  
 Though he is dead, *his* love is strong and sure,  
 And he and I so firmly are allied—  
 Death only binds us more.



IN "THE WARD", TORONTO

From the Painting by

Lawren Harris





# PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE

A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF EPIDEMICS

BY R. K. GORDON



WE have learned to know a swifter and more silent foe than war. The victims of its sudden and brief offensive in the United States are many times the number of Americans who have fallen in France. In Canada more than half as many people have died of influenza as have fallen in four years of war. Scenes we knew only in the pages of Defoe's "Journal" have been re-enacted in our midst. Once more doctors have confessed their ignorance, and men have turned to quacks and charlatans. Hoary superstitions have revived and passed current as explanations of the catastrophe. The old cry of poison has been raised once again, and men have displayed, as they have ever done under such a menace, selfish fear and heroic self-sacrifice.

Plague and pestilence have helped in different ways to shape the destinies of nations. Springing oftentimes from war, they have in return decided the issue of many a campaign. Under their terrible threat men have set up idols, established patron saints, and mortified the flesh; at other times, with the recklessness of those about to die, men have cast aside religion, given a loose to their passions, or displayed a cynical indifference to their own danger and the sufferings of their fellows. "And in that day did the Lord God of Hosts call to weeping and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth: but behold joy and

gladness, slaying oxen, and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine: let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Literature and language bear a deep imprint of the long series of epidemics which have scourged Europe. Churches, statues and paintings have been offered to appease an angry deity, or to express the thankfulness of a people delivered from the "noisome pestilence".

Primitive man thought plague was caused by magic, and in magic he sought its cure and prevention. In course of time he came to believe that the calamity was the act of a wrathful supernatural being, whom by various means he tried to propitiate or control. Plague was evidence of the signal displeasure of a god. The Old Testament views plague as the stern visitation of God upon a stiff-necked and murmuring people.

When the Israelites rebelled against Moses in the wilderness fiery serpents were sent among them. "And much people of Israel died . . . And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived." The imitative magic employed by Moses—the healing of like by like—appears also in the plague which smote the Philistines when they brought the ark to Ashdod. "The hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he destroyed them, and smote them with

emerods, even Ashdod and the coasts thereof". The ark was moved to Gath and then to Ekron, but the plague still followed from city to city. When they besought their priests and diviners for deliverance they were commanded to make golden images of their emerods or swellings.

The Old Testament also illustrates the decisive influence of plague on the fortunes of war, by the fate of the Assyrian host under Sennacherib. The Book of Kings tell us that "it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses". The swiftness and completeness of the visitation are well expressed in Byron's poem—"The Destruction of Sennacherib":

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn  
hath blown,  
That hest on the morrow lay withered and  
strawn.

For the angel of Death spread his wings  
on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he  
passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly  
and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved—and  
for ever grew still!

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on  
his mail:  
And the tents were all silent—the banners  
alone—  
The lances unlifted—the trumpet unblown.

Some of the figures of speech applied to plague and pestilence in the Old Testament are interesting because of their widespread use among various peoples. One such occurs in the description of the plague which resulted from David numbering the people against the will of God. The epidemic lasted for three days and 70,000 people died. "And David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth

and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem." When the plague was stayed, "the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof". The image of the drawn sword which is finally sheathed when the angry deity is appeased became a commonplace in the annals of pestilence. When Rome was being ravaged by plague in 590 A.D., Gregory the Great headed a penitential procession through the streets, and there appeared on the summit of Hadrian's mole "a bright sun-arrayed angel, standing with a reeking bloody sword in his hand . . . which, in all their sights, on his arm, he wiped and put up". The mausoleum of Hadrian became the Castle of St. Angelo, and a bronze figure of an angel on the summit still commemorates the tradition.

Serpents and arrows are also ancient and common metaphors for pestilence. The plague in the wilderness is symbolized as fiery serpents. The serpent has figured and still figures in the beliefs of many peoples as the bringer, or as the averter of pestilence, or as both. The telling language of the ninety-first psalm has interesting parallels in more than one literature. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor the arrow that flieth by day. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." The arrows of "noisome pestilence" are also found in the Iliad, when Apollo avenges the carrying off of the maiden Chryseis by sending upon the Greek host the dread shafts of plague. The god "came down from the peaks of Olympus wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and covered quiver. And the arrows clanged upon his shoulders in his wrath, as the god moved; and he descended like unto night. Then he sate him aloof from the ships, and let an arrow fly; and there was heard a dread clanging of the silver bow.

First did he assail the mules and fleet dogs, but afterwards, aiming at the men his piercing dart, he smote; and the pyres of the dead burnt continually in multitude. Now for nine days ranged the god's shafts through the host." At last the Archer-god was propitiated by the sweet savour of hetaombs of bulls and goats, even as Aaron stayed the plague which followed the death of Korah, Dathan and Abiram by the atoning fumes of incense.

The first detailed description of a pestilence-stricken city is that given of Athens by Thucydides. The city, beleaguered by the Lacedaemonian army without and crowded with refugees and troops within, offered just the conditions for a terrible epidemic. Free alike from medical and theological preconceptions, Thucydides offers no confident explanation of the disease.

"For a while," he writes, "physicians, in ignorance of the nature of the disease, sought to apply remedies; but it was in vain, and they themselves were among the first victims, because they oftenest came into contact with it. No human art was of any avail, and as to supplications in temples, inquiries of oracles, and the like, they were utterly useless, and at last men were overpowered by the calamity and gave them all up.

"The disease is said to have begun south of Egypt in Aethiopia; thence it descended into Egypt and Libya, and after spreading over the greater part of the Persian Empire, suddenly fell upon Athens. It first attacked the inhabitants of the Piraeus, and it was supposed that the Peloponnesians had poisoned the cisterns, no conduits having as yet been made there. It afterwards reached the upper city, and then the mortality became far greater there. As to its probable origin or the causes which might or could have produced such a disturbance of nature, every man, whether a physician or not, will give his own opinion. But I shall describe its actual course, and

the symptoms by which any one who knows them beforehand may recognize the disorder should it ever reappear. For I was myself attacked, and witnessed the sufferings of others.

"The season was admitted to have been remarkably free from ordinary sickness; and if anybody was already ill of any other disease, it was absorbed in this. Many who were in perfect health, all in a moment, and without any apparent reason, were seized with violent heats in the head and with redness and inflammation of the eyes . . . The general character of the malady no words can describe, and the fury with which it fastened upon each sufferer was too much for human nature to endure. There was one circumstance in particular which distinguished it from ordinary diseases. The birds and animals which feed on human flesh, although so many bodies were lying unburied, either never came near them, or died if they touched them . . . Some of the sufferers died from want of care, others equally who were receiving the greatest attention. No single remedy could be deemed a specific; for that which did good to one did harm to another. No constitution was of itself strong enough to resist or weak enough to escape the attacks; the disease carried off all alike and defied every mode of treatment. Most appalling was the despondency which seized upon any one who felt himself sickening; for he instantly abandoned his mind to despair and, instead of holding out, absolutely threw away his chance of life. Appalling, too, was the rapidity with which men caught the infection; dying like sheep if they attended on one another; and this was the principal cause of mortality. When they were afraid to visit one another, the sufferers died in their solitude, so that many houses were empty because there had been no one left to take care of the sick; or if they ventured, they perished, especially those who aspired to heroism . . .

"The crowding of the people out of the country into the city aggravated

the misery; and the newly-arrived suffered most. For, having no houses of their own, but inhabiting in the height of summer stifling huts, the mortality among them was dreadful, and they perished in wild disorder. The dead lay as they had died, one upon another, while others hardly alive wallowed in the streets and crawled about every fountain craving for water. . . The customs which had hitherto been observed at funerals were universally violated, and they buried their dead each one as best he could. . .

"There were other and worse forms of lawlessness which the plague introduced at Athens. Men who had hitherto concealed what they took pleasure in, now grew bolder. For, seeing the sudden change—how the rich died in a moment, and those who had nothing immediately inherited their property—they reflected that life and riches are alike transitory, and they resolved to enjoy themselves while they could. . . No fear of Gods or law or man deterred a criminal. Those who saw all perishing alike, thought that the worship or neglect of the Gods made no difference. For offences against human law no punishment was to be feared; no one would live long enough to be called to account. Already a far heavier sentence had been passed and was hanging over a man's head—before that fell, why should he not take a little pleasure?"

The recent epidemic gives a terrible reality to this arresting description. How humiliating that after more than two thousand years so many of the scenes in the narrative of Thucydides have been re-enacted. He puts no faith in oracles and supplications and emphasizes the spread of the disease by contagion. Long centuries were to pass before this attitude of close observation overcame medical ignorance and theological superstition in the minds of suffering humanity.

Greece fared well compared with Italy, whose heavy and frequent visitations entitle her to be called the Land of Plague. During the fourth

and fifth centuries, Rome suffered an almost unbroken series of attacks, many of them lasting several years. Recourse was had to all kinds of remedies. Prayers, supplications and banquets were offered to the gods; the citizens humbled themselves in expiatory processions. When their own gods proved unavailing, the Romans imported the worship of Apollo and other Greek deities. Actors were brought from Etruria to move the gods by decorous dances, which, in course of time, as Livy tells us, developed into regular stage-plays. The Tiber rose, as if in scorn, and drove the dancers to seek refuge. In vain the Sibylline books were consulted; in vain willing and unwilling scapegoats were sacrificed. The dread visitant worked his will and departed only to come again.

One very curious device was employed more than once to end the scourge. There was an old tradition that a plague had once been stopped by driving a nail into a wall. Accordingly by the authority of the Senate a supreme magistrate was appointed to drive a nail into the Temple of Jupiter. The nailing of evils is an old belief which has existed and still exists among many peoples. In *The Golden Bough*, Dr. Frazer tells how a farmer in Oldenburg during the Thirty Years' War saw plague in the form of a bluish vapour enter his house and dart into a hole in the door-post. The farmer hammered a peg into the hole to keep it there; but unfortunately, thinking the danger past after a little while, he drew out the peg. The bluish vapour came creeping out again and slew every member of the household.

The varied and vain rituals of decaying religion as remedies for plague are scorned by Lucretius in his discussion of pestilence. He will have nothing to do with supernatural agencies. Disease comes "either from without down through the atmosphere in the shape of clouds and mists, or else . . . out of the earth, when soaked with wet it has contracted a taint, being beaten upon by unseasonable

rains and suns". This theory was again put forward during the Great Plague of London. His picture of the horrors of plague—the bitter despondency of the sufferers, their parching thirst, and wild delirious speech, the lack of any cure, the swift contagion from man to man—is borrowed from Thucydides. Beside his rugged earnestness Ovid's account of plague seems a heartless literary exercise.

The sufferings of Italy abated little with the lapse of centuries. The great bubonic plague which swept Europe in the sixth century was as terrible in Rome as anywhere. The panic-stricken survivors could not bury the corpses which littered the streets. When Gregory the Great tried to turn away the wrath of God by a penitential procession, eighty fell dead in the ranks as it moved through the streets.

At least one striking and enduring memorial remains of the virulence of plague which seized Rome in 680 A.D. Tradition declares the disease to have been checked when the bones of St. Sebastian were brought to Rome and worthily honoured by an altar in the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli. From this time he was received as a patron saint of pestilence, though four centuries had passed since his martyrdom. Denounced as a Christian, he had been condemned by the Emperor Diocletian to be shot to death with arrows. Left for dead, he was nursed back to life, only to be killed soon afterwards in the circus. His connection with pestilence was in fact curiously slight. The ancient association of arrows with pestilence gave him his position as patron saint and made of him a kind of Christian Apollo. In a multitude of pictures he is portrayed as holding an arrow or as pierced by one or more arrows. Such pictures of Sebastian and of other saints and of the Virgin were often painted for banners to be carried in processions through the stricken city. Raphael's Sistine Madonna was originally intended for this purpose.

St. Roch is frequently the companion of St. Sebastian in plague-pic-

tures. Born at the end of the thirteenth century, he spent his life in fearless and devoted ministry to the needs of the sick. He passed through Italy from city to city, wherever plague was raging. At Piacenza he was at last struck down himself, and crawled to a solitary place outside the city when he found that his cries of agony disturbed his fellow-sufferers in the hospital. He did not die, but so changed was his appearance that, when on his recovery he returned to his birth-place, Montpellier, he was not recognized and was thrown into prison as a spy. Here he languished for five years, thinking it his duty to conceal his identity. When he died the cell was filled with radiant light, and the jailer found a writing giving the prisoner's name and declaring that any sufferer from plague who called upon St. Roch to intercede for him should be healed. In paintings St. Roch is usually represented lifting his robe to reveal a plague-sore upon his groin. Often he is shown accompanied by his little dog which, tradition says, brought him food every day as he lay ill and helpless outside the gates of Piacenza. The great pandemic, the Black Death, which broke out about twenty years after his death, gave impetus to the veneration of St. Roch as an intercessor.

The beginning of the Black Death, its resistless march through Europe, its toll of victims mounting by the middle of the fourteenth century to twenty-five millions, and its far-reaching economic results, have been described and discussed by historians. Art and literature also bear testimony to its effect on the minds of men. The usual plague scenes were re-enacted, but on a scale of terrible vastness. Flagellants marched through the streets lashing their half-naked bodies and wailing penitential psalms. Recourse was had to religious plays as in the days of heathen Rome, and with like result. Not one, but many, cities—Rome, Florence, Siena, Avignon, Vienna, London—displayed the wild despair and reckless licence which

Thucydides had observed so long before at Athens. Once more, too, a maddened and helpless populace raised the cry of poison, a cry as old and as fatal as that of treachery in a defeated army. The Athenians had suspected the Lacedaemonians of poisoning the wells; mediæval Christians now brought the same charge against the Jews; and to-day we hear rumours of the Germans having caused the recent epidemic by the same device in Spain. Suspicion against the Jews was strengthened by the fact that many of them practised medicine, and that a more hygienic system of life rendered them immune as compared with the Christians. Religion proved the ally of fear-born cruelty in hideous massacres. The mad persecution was waged in the hope of stopping the plague by propitiating the Almighty and by thwarting

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,  
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest.

The savage, deep-rooted desire to load upon a scapegoat the ills which flesh is heir to has seldom expressed itself more terribly. Under stress of plague the same blood-lust flamed out again and again in Europe.

The horrors and sufferings of Florence during the Black Death have been described by Boccaccio in a famous passage. "Some there were," he says, "who considered with themselves that living soberly with abstinence from all superfluity; it would be a sufficient resistance against all hurtful accidents. So combining themselves in a sociable manner, they lived as separatists from all other company, being shut up in such houses where no sick body should be near them. And there, for their more security, they used delicate viands and excellent wines, avoiding luxury, and refusing speech of any outsider, not looking forth at the windows, to hear no cries of dying people, or see any corpses carried to burial; but having musical instruments, lived there in all possible pleasure. Others were of a contrary opinion, who avouched that there was

no other physic more certain for a disease so desperate than to drink hard, be merry among themselves, singing continually, walking everywhere, and satisfying their appetites with whatsoever they desired, laughing and mocking at every mournful accident, and so they vowed to spend day and night: for now they would go to one tavern, then to another, living without any rule or measure. . . .

"Yet in all this their beastly behaviour, they were wise enough to shun (so much as they might) the weak and sickly. . . . Between these two rehearsed extremities of life, there were others of a more moderate temper, not being so daintily dieted as the first, nor drinking so dissolutely as the second; but used all things sufficient for their appetites, and without shutting up themselves, walked abroad, some carrying sweet nosegays of flowers in their hands; others odoriferous herbs, and others divers kinds of spiceries, holding them to their noses, and thinking them most comfortable for the brain, because the air seemed to be much infected by the noisome smell of dead carcasses and other hurtful savours." Others fled the city, but fared little better than those who stayed by the sufferers' bedsides. Burials were performed in haste and disorder and the bodies thrown into the first open grave. Men died ilke brute beasts in out-houses and in the open fields.

It is against this ghastly background that Boccaccio places his well-bred and frivolous ladies and gentlemen who tell the heartless and witty stories of the "Decameron".

In England half the population was swept away. Such help as doctors could give was only for the rich. Chaucer's physician, who is described as sumptuously clothed in blood-red and sky-blue,

"Kepte that he wan in pestilence."

The cunning and hardness of the time are conveyed in a telling simile. Those who dealt with him

"Were adrad of him as of the deeth."

The poor received some attention from the monasteries, and in consequence the casualties among churchmen were very heavy. But apparently no class escaped.

Death came driving after, and all to dust passhed

Kynges and knightes, kayseres and popes;  
Learned nor lewed he let no man stonde,  
That he hit even, that never stirred after.  
Many a lovely lady and lemans of knightes  
Swouned and sweltd for sorwe of Dethes  
dyntes.

Like the figures in Holbein's "Dance of Death" all had to obey the dread summons.

The vast desolation of the Black Death dwarfs the plagues which succeeded one another through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Benvenuto Cellini describes an epidemic in Rome in 1522-3, of which thousands died daily. Frankly admitting his terror, he tells how he sought recreation and exercise by shooting pigeons among the ancient ruins. Fresh air, however, did not save him from infection, though his attack was not fatal. The desperation of the people led to an extraordinary experiment. If, as many thought, the plague was caused by Satanic malice, and if Satan and his colleagues were the dethroned gods of heathen Rome, why should these sullen and exiled deities not be appeased? Accordingly an ox, its flanks dressed with garlands, was led to the Colosseum and solemnly sacrificed in the old Roman manner. The plague, however, did not abate, and this lapse into paganism was atoned for by expiatory processions.

Thomas Nashe, the Elizabethan pamphleteer, introduces a description of this plague into his novel, "The Unfortunate Traveller". A shrewd journalist, he seized the opportunity when English readers were full of vivid memories of London's visitation in 1592-3. In the same way Defoe published his famous *Journal* in 1722, two years after the great plague at Marseilles. "So it fell

out," Nashe begins, "that it being a vehement hot summer when I was a sojourner there, there entered such a hot-spurred plague as hath not been heard of: why, it was but a word and a blow, Lord have mercy upon us, and he was gone. Within three-quarters of a year in that one city there died of it a hundred thousand . . . Physicians' greediness of gold made them greedy of their destiny. They would come to visit those with whose infirmity their art had no affinity; and even as a man with a fee should be hired to hang himself, so would they quietly go home and die presently after they had been with their patients. All day and all night long car-men did nothing but go up and down the streets with their carts and cry, 'Have you any dead bodies to bury?' and had many times out of one house their whole loading; one grave was the sepulchre of seven score, one bed was the altar whereon whole families were offered." The suddenness of attack is vividly illustrated. "I saw at the house where I was hosted a maid bring her master warm broth for to comfort him, and she sink down dead herself ere he had half eat it up."

This was only one of twelve visitations from which Rome suffered in the course of the century. Venice also was a constant victim. At no slight cost did

She hold the gorgeous east in fee,

for she was the European gateway for both Oriental plague and Oriental commerce. Venice did not rely entirely upon votive churches and paintings and penitential processions. Street ambulances and isolation hospitals were also part of her defensive system.

England was not so well-equipped. It was a shrewd reflection on his country when Sir Thomas More described the well-appointed hospitals of Utopia with their scrupulous cleanliness and cunning physicians.

During the outbreak of 1592-3 the Privy Council expressed surprise that London had no special plague hospital. "In other lands," complains Nashe in "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem", "they have hospitals whither their infected are transported, presently after they are strooken. They have one hospital for those that have been in the houses with the infected, and are not yet tainted: another for those that are tainted and have the sores risen on them, but not broken out. A third for those that have the sores, and have them broken out on them. We have no provision but mixing hand over head the sick with the whole." He denounces the selfish fear of householders who turn their infected servants out to die in the fields. "In Grays Inn, Clerkenwell, Finnsbury and Moorfields, with mine own eyes, have I seen half a dozen of such lamentable outcasts. Their brethren and their kinsfolks have offered large sums of money to get them conveyed into any outhouse, and no man would earn it, no man would receive them. Cursing and raving by the highway side have they expired, and their masters never sent to them nor succoured them. The fear of God is come amongst us, and the love of God gone from us." Like Thucydides and Boccaccio, he describes the defiant levity of men under the shadow of death. "Instead of humbling ourselves . . . and wearying God with our cries and lamentations, we fall a-drinking and boozing and making jests of His trowning castigation . . . On our vine-benches we bid a Fico for ten thousand plagues." Nevertheless wisdom was being gradually learned, though at an appalling cost of lives. In 1592, Stowe tells us, Bartholomew Fair was not held "for the avoiding of concourse of people whereby the infection of the pestilence might have increased".

The phrase "Lord have mercy upon us" first became associated with

plague during this epidemic, and long continued in use. These moving words were often on a printed placard hung on an infected house and surmounted by a red cross. "Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three" says Biron in "Love's Labour's Lost", pointing to his love-sick companions.

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;  
They have the plague, and caught it of  
your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free  
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Visited was a common word for infected. "If Christ were now naked and visited," says Nashe, denouncing London's sinfulness, naked and visited should He be, for none would come near Him." The tokens were plague spots and their appearance brought despair. The sinking fortunes of Antony are likened to

. . . the token'd pestilence  
Where death is sure.

Ulysses declares of Achilles,

He is so plaguy proud, that the death-  
tokens of it  
Cry 'No recovery'

But they were not always fatal. Dr. Simon Forman, a celebrated physician and astrologer, and remembered now because he described a performance of Macbeth in 1610, tells in his diary of his infection and recovery. "And the 6 of July I took my bed and had the plague in both my groins, and some month after I had the red tokens on my feet as broad as halfpence, and it was 22 weeks before I was well again, the which did hinder me much." The red marks of plague are mentioned in the curse which Volumnia invokes on an ungrateful city.

Now the red pestilence strike all trades  
in Rome,  
And occupations perish!

The number of allusions to plague in Elizabethan literature show how frequent were England's visitations.



One of the most famous descriptions of plague is that given by Manzoni in "I Promessi Sposi" of the outbreak at Milan in 1630, which swept away 150,000 lives. With masterly restraint and vigour his narrative moves on with the steady progress of the pestilence from district to district of the doomed city. The stubborn and fatal refusal to admit that the disease was plague persisted till the overwhelming evidence drowned all denials. Poor and rich alike fell victims, and the city became one vast lazaretto. One strange remedy was tried. It was decided to hold a vast procession through the streets, bearing the corpse of Carlo Borromeo, former archbishop of Milan, whose devoted ministries had lessened the horrors of a previous plague in 1576. Three days were spent in preparation, and at dawn on June 11th the solemn ranks issued from the cathedral. First came a long line of people, mostly women, many of them barefoot and clad in sackcloth. Members of the different crafts followed bearing their banners, then the monastic brotherhoods and the secular clergy carrying torches and candles. In the midst, beneath a rich canopy and surrounded with lights, four canons in elaborate vestments bore a casket through the crystal sides of which would be seen the corpse of St. Carlo in pontifical robes and mitre. The living archbishop followed, and behind him came the rest of the clergy, the magistrates in their robes of office, the nobility and a mingled throng. The strange procession passed through every quarter of the town, through streets richly decorated for the occasion and through others sad, silent and deserted. From many windows quarantined sufferers looked down and followed the moving ranks with their prayers. The corpse of St. Carlo was lowered at the intersection of streets where crosses had been erected during the previous plague. Shortly after noon

the procession returned to the cathedral.

The result of this ceremony was what might have been expected. The contact of so many people spread the infection. Our celebrations over the armistice with Germany have been credited with similar results. The fury of the disease left hardly a house untouched. The number and courage of helpers diminished as the need increased. Peasants were brought in from the country to help bury the dead. Heroic self-sacrifice was offset by an increase of crime in the defenceless city. Rumour spread that the plague had been caused by deadly poison smeared upon the walls. Baseless suspicion grew to certainty in the minds of the crazed sufferers, and certainty led to frenzied cruelty. Two harmless men were tortured till they confessed their guilt. The sentence passed on them was savage in the extreme. After being torn by red-hot pincers, they were broken on the wheel, consumed by fire, and their ashes flung into a river.

Milan was not an isolated case in the seventeenth century. Rome, Naples, and the south of France were also ravaged. In 1645 Scotland also was visited. A pretty ballad tells us how Bessie Bell and Mary Gray fled from Lednock House to escape infection and built a bower for themselves.

They thee kit oer wi rashes green,  
They thee kit oer wi heather;  
But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,  
And slew them baith thegither.

The Great Plague of London has been unforgettably portrayed in Defoe's masterpiece, and has supplied the subject for Ainsworth's novel, "Old St. Pauls". The calamity was heralded by portents such as blazing comets, and many fled the city. Some of the doctors stayed at their posts, one of whom, Dr. Hodges, wrote an account of the catastrophe. "The whole British nation," he says,

“wept for the miseries of her metropolis. In some houses carcasses lay waiting for burial, and in others, persons in their last agonies; in one room he heard dying groans, in another the ravings of a delirium, and not far off, relations and friends bewailing both their loss and the dismal prospect of their own sudden departure; death was the sure midwife to all children, and infants passed immediately from the womb to the grave . . . Some of the infected ran about staggering like drunken men, and fall and expire in the streets; while others lie half dead and comatose, but never to be waked but by the last trumpet; some lie vomiting as if they had drunk poison; and others fall dead in the market, while they are buying necessaries for the support of life.” Quacks, male and female, drove a flourishing trade with “anti-pestilential pills” and “the only true plague-water”, a bottle of which Pepys tried with no ill-effects. The desperation of those shut up in infected houses, the brutality of dead-cart drivers, the lurid horrors of the plague-pits are presented by Defoe with a homely and terrible realism.

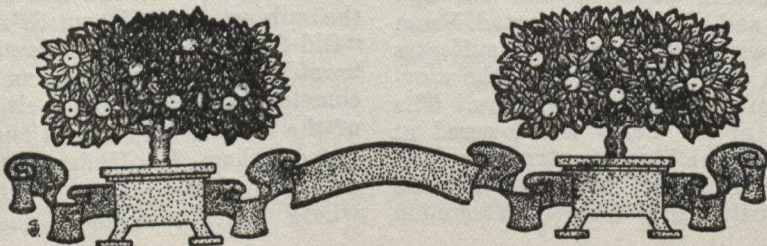
But in spite of the devastation ordinary life went on with the quiet persistency of French villages behind the lines during the war. The entries in Pepys’s diary remind us of this, while they unmask rather disagreeably the shallowness of his nature. On August 30th, 1665, he confesses: “I went forth and walked towards Moorfields to see (God forgive my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave; but as God would have it, did

not. But Lord! how everybody looks and d’scourses in the street of death and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.” The melancholy of the streets and the emptiness of the river depressed his spirits, but at the end of September he can say: “I do end this month with the greatest content, and may say that these three months, for joy, health and profit, have been much the greatest that ever I received in all my life, having nothing upon me but the consideration of the great sickliness of the season during this great plague to mortify me. For all which the Lord God be praised!” And when it is all over he writes: “The great evil of this year, and the only one, indeed, is the fall of my Lord Sandwich.”

In the course of the eighteenth century plague practically departed from Europe, though its last onslaughts showed no signs of failing power. The terrible outbreak in Marseilles in 1720 is brightened by the heroic figure of Bishop Belsunce, who, unscathed and fearless, acted as pastor, physician and magistrate to his ravaged flock. Pope has immortalized him in his question,

Why drew Marseilles’ good Bishop purer  
breath  
When nature sickened, and each gale was  
death?

In the last two centuries plague and pestilence have played but a small part in literature. We had all but forgotten their lurking threat until we were reminded with cruel emphasis that the enemy was still within our gates.



# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

## CHAPTER VII



HIS little episode, designated by Rosme as the Turning of the Worm, made a distinct difference in the lives of the two girls. To be a bully is to be a coward, almost always. Aunt, in her essence, was cowardly, and something in the white heat of Frances as she had turned upon her had warned the old lady that she had gone about as far as it was safe to go.

Her demeanour to Frances changed. She scolded less. She interfered less. The atmosphere of turmoil was replaced by one of comparative, yet ominous, calm. The old woman, feeling the reins of power slipping from her hands, began to watch with silent venom the slave who had so unexpectedly declared for freedom. She had never loved Frances. The girl's natural docility and uncomplaining service had never touched her selfish heart. She had despised her as a weakling, now she feared her for a sign of strength. Hitherto she had not troubled to actively dislike her, as she disliked Rosme; now a swift, shy hate began to grow.

She no longer prohibited the visits of Dr. Holtby. She uttered no more threats of disinheritance, but often with a cruel gleam in her eyes she would look at Frances, waiting for her lover, and the girl would be startled from her day dream by the cackle of her hateful laugh.

Rosme, the interested, watched it all, but without too much anxiety.

She did not see how hate, as causeless and ungrateful as Aunt's, could hurt Frances. She was at this stage blissfully unconscious of the power of mammon. If Aunt wished to leave her old money to some one else—let her! who cared? Frances didn't want her horrid old money anyway!

A sharp shock taught her her mistake on this point. Rosme found Frances one afternoon, white and breathless, in the room they shared and, upon questioning, it came out that Frances was afraid. Frances did want Aunt's money!—some of it. Aunt had been particularly nasty and had said "something". Just what, Rosme did not learn, but the result was that Frances was almost sure that Aunt didn't intend to leave her any money at all.

"Well," said Rosme the valiant, "what if she doesn't?"

Frances said nothing, but she looked at Rosme with dilated eyes.

"You don't want her old money, do you, Frances?"

"But—but Rosme, what could I do?"

There was no mistaking the note of real terror in the girl's voice. Rosme caught it at once and at once her own preconceived ideas began to veer. Frances went on in a low, breathless voice.

"You see, dear, I can't do anything; to support myself, I mean. I have not been taught. The girls who earn their own living are girls who have been trained. They go to business college

or take teacher's certificates, or—learn trades like dressmaking and things—or nurses. I wanted to be a nurse. But Aunt wouldn't let me try. She said she didn't bring me up to nurse other people. I would have all I could do nursing her. And now—now if she leaves me without anything—”

Rosme, looking into Frances's frightened eyes, had the sense of looking over a precipice into unknown and unsuspected depths. She drew back with a little shiver.

“Aunt daren't!” she declared stoutly.

“Yes, she dare. She cares a little now for what people think, but she knows she won't care after she's dead. Sometimes I think—I think that is what she laughs about!”

This was only too probable, but Rosme would not admit it.

“Mr. Burbage, the lawyer, wouldn't let her make a will like that,” she said comfortingly. “You're all worked up, Frances. There's nothing to be afraid of, really. And, anyway,” with a happy inspiration, “you're forgetting Dr. Holtby.”

A soft blush rose to Frances's cheek. The fear began to die out of her eyes. She had, in her sudden panic of helplessness, lost sight of the fact that she was no longer quite alone in the world.

Rosme noted the change with satisfaction. But, for herself, she felt far from satisfied. There might not have been a Dr. Holtby. What then? The indubitable fright of the older girl had opened the younger one's eyes. And Rosme's eyes, once opened, must probe the depths. Here was another aspect of that problem of the world and the rag-bag. It needed a lot of thinking over.

The first thing to do was to discover, if possible, Aunt's real intentions. This happened to be comparatively easy as Aunt had, that very day, sent for Lawyer Burbage and they had remained closeted together for an ominous period. Rosme had her code of honour and, in its way, it was a strict one, but it did not pre-

clude judicious espionage during this visit. Her conclusion, arrived at from light but significant material, was that, in Frances's case, Aunt was going to be as bad as her word. The continual use of Frances's name and the indignation of the old lawyer was evidence of this. Also Aunt's voice raised in the declaration, “Well, if you won't do it, I'll get some one else who will,” after which the lawyer's opposition sank into disapproving silence.

That same evening, as Frances sat with her serene face bent above some fancy-work, waiting for the now welcome clang of the garden gate, Aunt had suddenly looked up from the evening paper and—laughed.

There was something so cruelly exultant in that laugh that Rosme thought at once, “It's done! She made old Burbage do it this afternoon, so she did!”

Frances pretended not to notice, bending still lower over her embroidery.

“I see that Dr. Hamilton has bought out a big practice in Kingston,” said Aunt amiably. “He'll go far, that young man. It takes money to get along these days. He knew that when he married Tom Butler's girl, and asked for a settlement before the wedding. He was too wise to run the risk of getting the maid without the money.”

“Enid Butler is a very nice girl, and I'm sure he didn't marry her for her money,” said Frances. She said it calmly, but Rosme, and doubtless Aunt, noticed that she had been clumsy enough to prick her finger.

“Yes, yes.” Aunt seemed in high good humour. “Doubtless she thinks the same. They all do—stop that distracting noise!” This last, because Rosme, fearing for the fate of Frances's embroidery, had suddenly begun to play the piano with great vigour and industry.

That night Rosme wakened to see Frances sitting in the window seat in the moonlight. With her fair hair falling over her white night-dress, she

looked younger and more frail than usual.

"Francie."

"Yes, dear, I'm coming. I was just thinking." Rosme felt her shiver as she crept into bed. "Rosme, you don't think—you don't think he really would, do you?"

The point was cryptic and Rosme was half asleep.

"Who?" Do what?" she inquired yawning.

"Dr. Holtby—care about money? You don't think he would be disappointed—if I didn't have any at all."

Rosme was fully awake now and listening to everything.

"He hadn't better be!" she cried belligerently, "why, Francie, dear, he wouldn't be *nice* if he were, would he? And you wouldn't like him if he weren't nice—like that?"

Frances began to cry quietly.

"I'm afraid I would!" she sobbed. "Oh, Rosme, pray that he doesn't, for I can't stop liking him now!"

Here was another puzzle for Rosme. Why couldn't Frances stop liking Dr. Holtby if it turned out that he wasn't nice at all? Such a state of affairs seemed simply silly. One doesn't like horrid people except on Sunday in a kind of Bible way. Rosme was prepared to like even Aunt in a Bible way. But that way doesn't count. And it was certainly not the way in which Frances liked Dr. Holtby. Frances was getting queerer every day!

"If you're worrying about it," said Rosme in a common-sense tone, "why don't you tell him right out that Aunt isn't going to leave you any money. Then you'd know."

Frances lay still and buried her face in the pillow. Rosme felt her soft body grow more rigid.

"Will you?" she persisted. But Frances did not answer and Rosme knew that the course which seemed so easy Frances would never take. She was afraid.

Rosme said no more, but putting a thin, comforting arm across the older

girl's shoulder she lay there thinking, mightily puzzled, until at length she fell asleep.

## VIII

Rosme was practising scales. The only time when scales are bearable is when they are the lesser of two evils. In Rosme's case Aunt was the other evil, so scales were quite welcome in comparison. Dr. Holtby, waiting for Frances and trying to shut his ears, did not understand this, so when the player ceased abruptly and whirled about on the piano-stool he said, "Thank Heaven!"

"Would you rather have had Aunt?" asked Rosme feelingly. "Didn't you hear her coming along the hall? She never comes in when I'm practising. That's why I practise so much. And, anyway, I wanted a chance of talking to you."

The doctor intimated that he was flattered.

"What I want to know is," she went on, "are you very fond of money?"

"Very," answered he gravely.

Rosme frowned. "I can't see why," she said, "look at Aunt!"

"I would rather not," said the doctor pleasantly.

"Aunt has always had lots of money and she's not a bit nice. Frances has never had any and she's as nice as can be."

The doctor admitted this.

"If Frances had a lot of money, it might spoil her," cautiously.

"Hum!" said the doctor.

"Do you think Frances will have lots of money?" asked the child.

The doctor was slightly disconcerted. He had, as a matter of fact, expected just that.

"Because she won't." Rosme was in for it now and forged ahead valiantly. "I thought you ought to know. I feel sure," politely, "that Frances would not like you to be disappointed. Aunt made a new will yesterday."

The doctor stroked his chin.

"Did she?" he said at last.

"And she left Frances out."

"Why?" The question was out be-

fore he realized that he was questioning a child.

"Because she doesn't want her to get married."

"To me?" in genuine surprise.

"To anybody. She wants her to stay here and wait on her."

"Oh, I see." Then—"Pleasant old party!" he added ruefully.

In the silence which followed, they could hear Frances singing as she put on her hat. The slightly hard young face of the doctor softened. He forgot that he was worldly wise, that he was only an assistant with his way to make, that he had expected, not unnaturally, that some day the girl he married would be able to give him substantial help. His thoughts turned from himself to the girl upstairs. He had a swift vision of her, a bird in a cage, and only his hand to open the door. In that moment he knew that he loved her. A soft fire began to glow at his heart, a fire into which his half unconscious selfishness fell and perished.

"Well?" said Rosme.

He had forgotten Rosme for the moment. What an odd little creature she was!

"Do I gather," he said formally, "that you are asking me my intentions?"

Rosme caught the note of banter, but her eyes remained serious.

The doctor smiled.

"Do you know," he said, "I don't believe I care so much for money as I thought I did. The respected Aunt may go—oh, here is Frances!"

Rosme watched the lovers depart with satisfaction. Frances need not cry at night any more. Frances was safe.

It was only too apparent, however, that this safety was the result of accident. It might just as well have happened the other way. The underlying problem remained unsolved. Rosme, looking over her cousin's shoulder, had glimpsed an abyss. She could not forget the glimpse.

"I will never be like that!" she told herself. All her virile, independent

soul revolted at the prospect of resigning itself to the caprices of fate as represented by Aunt. She must in some way make some standing-ground of her own; gain some place of vantage from which she could carry on negotiations.

But how to get it? Frances had said that girls who wanted to support themselves must be trained, and training was impossible without Aunt's consent. Besides she was too young. There remained the education which should come before the special training and which she was certainly not getting as things were. The education which Frances had received had already proved its uselessness.

She spoke of it to Mrs. Maloney one day and asked that lady's opinion. Mrs. Maloney thought that education all depended on what you wanted to do with it.

"I want to use it," said Rosme.

"Then governesses and things is no good. You'll have to be after gettin' certifagits," said Mrs. Maloney. "But what would you be wantin' with thim with your Aunt and all. Shure she'll be seein' that you have plenty."

"But if she didn't?"

Mrs. Maloney flicked a whisp of suds from her nose.

"Shure thin you'd be in the divil of a pickle, Miss Rosme," said she.

The child nodded.

"It's independence every young girl should be lookin' to," continued the charwoman. "Let thim stand on their own feet, says I. A girl's not safe unless. A bit of her own money in her pocket, and a bit of since in her head is what a girl needs to go straight. And if you think there's a chance of the old divil double-crossin' you (I mane your Aunt, my dear, and excuse the langwidge) what I say is, don't give her the chance nor the satisfaction."

The result of all this was that Rosme presented herself before Pharaoh with a demand to depart out of Egypt. In other words she told Aunt that she wanted to go to the public schools.

"Do you indeed?" said Aunt with sarcastic mildness. "Well, you shan't. Sit down and compose yourself."

This was not in any way an invitation to be taken literally. It was merely one of Aunt's charming phrases and indicated refusal of the most final order. Rosme was well acquainted with it. She said nothing and left the room.

That afternoon she paid two visits. The first was to the office of Thomas Burbage the lawyer. Lawyer Burbage was a benevolent looking man. He had a kind heart, under excellent control. That is to say, its kindness was never allowed to interfere with business. Nevertheless old Mrs. Ridley and her latest will had worried him considerably. He had found Frances and Rosme Selwyn somewhat on his mind. Therefore he was not exactly pleased to see his visitor.

Rosme sat up straight and dignified in the middle of the big office chair. Her long black legs looked very thin, her small face under its floppy hat, which she wore with a curious French grace, was set and purposeful.

"Well, my little lady," said the lawyer in his heavy fatherly manner, "and what can I do for you?"

"You can make Aunt send me to school," said the little lady briefly.

"Bless me! Don't you go to school? Aren't you being educated?"

"Frances is teaching me, but it isn't like going to school. I want to be able to get certificates and things."

"Whatever for?" asked the lawyer.

Rosme leaned forward, making a comprehensive gesture with her small fine hand. "Mrs. Maloney says that girls ought to be independent and I agree with her. 'Put a bit of money in a girl's pocket and a bit of sense in her head and she'll go straight.'"

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the lawyer.

Rosme continued. "Tom, Dick and Harry are getting an education and presently we shall all be in the rag-bag. Very well, then—I want to go to school."

The lawyer drummed on the desk with his pencil and managed to suppress a smile. "The rag-bag, eh? Well, perhaps we shall. But in regard to yourself, my dear, surely your Aunt—"

Rosme pointed a slim finger.

It was hard to embarrass Thomas Burbage, but somehow that slim pointing finger affected him unpleasantly. Before he knew it he had blundered at an admission of its accusation.

"She may make a dozen more wills before she dies," he stammered.

"She may not," said the child.

The two looked at each other and it was the man's eyes which fell.

"Well, Miss Rosme," said he after a moment's pause, "if you want to go to school I can't see why you shouldn't. I'll speak to your Aunt about it and do what I can. Though I'm afraid I have very little influence."

Rosme rose and shook out her short skirts.

"Aunt cares quite a bit for what people think," she said. "I am going now to see the minister, and then I am going to see Mrs. Elder Robinson, and others."

"You are a strategist!" The lawyer surveyed her with amused admiration. "If Miss Frances had a little of your spirit—"

"Frances has her own kind of spirit," said Rosme coldly. "Thank you. Good afternoon."

The calls upon the minister and the wife of the chief elder were equally successful. Rosme managed to leave them both with a burning sense of injustice being done to a deserving child. This injustice they each felt it to be their duty to set right. It is always pleasant to set injustice right when some one else is the unjust party. It gives one a virtuous glow. Every one to whom Rosme spoke was quite willing to help.

So without understanding in the least what had happened, Aunt found herself pricked upon all sides by the pricks of adverse criticism. Why didn't she send Rosme Selwyn to school? It was absurd to think that

her young cousin could educate her satisfactorily! School was the proper thing. It was the only decent thing, the only fair thing. It was the one thing which the opinion of society demanded. Puzzled and furious, but true to her instinct for saving appearances, Aunt gave in. Rosme was sent to the public schools.

The day consent was given, Rosme ran with her triumph to the closed

room. The mother had no message for her to-day, but surely the militant maid smiled approval! And, oh it was sweet, that first victory—the dawning sense of self-dependence!

The next summer, Frances married Dr. Holtby and Rosme passed, first of her class, into the Milhampton collegiate.

So she, too, set out into the untrodden land of youth.

*(To be continued).*

## APPLE-BLOSSOM AND CHERRY-BLOOM

By BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

APPLE-BLOSSOM and cherry-bloom,  
Whispery sounds in the willow;  
A drifting breath,  
(Was it life or death?)  
That lightly touched my pillow.  
Was it a dream of dawn or down?  
Apple-blossom and cherry-bloom!

Shasta daisies and poppies tall;  
Rushes and reeds in the hollow;  
It seems so long,  
But I heard a song,  
A song my soul must follow.  
Over the mountains I heard it call—  
Shasta daisies and poppies tall!

Apple-blossom and cherry-bloom,  
Falling—falling—falling!  
The way o' wind,  
Is it only kind,  
When calling—calling—calling?  
Death at the shuttle, Life at the loom—  
Apple-blossom and cherry-bloom!



# WHEN THE CRITIC SMILES

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

AUTHOR OF "POINTS ABOUT POETRY" ETC.



CRITIC, you have frowned unmindful of just honours," wrote the poet Wordsworth, and we might take the reproof to ourselves if we did not endeavour to show the brighter side of our contemplation of the work of our Canadian writers.

While we cannot measure the merits of literature as though with a yardstick, it will be well to begin with some conception of what we are to expect from our poets and novelists. Are we to set up as our standard the great "classics" of the ages, or are we to look for distinctive Canadian types?

My contention, which has been expressed on other occasions and through other mediums of publicity, is that we must always remember that Canadian literature (and the literature of the English-speaking colonies or countries) is a branch of the great tree of English literature which grew by centuries rather than by months or years, and whose broad basic principles are the same everywhere.

That we should produce a literature which will be national in the sense that the literature of France is one national literature, that of Russia another, that of England another, is to ask that we accomplish the work of centuries in a day. The fusing of the race elements of the Dominion and the molding therefrom of a new race with its own individual characteristics, must precede the making of a truly distinctive national literature.

Let us remember that Canadian literature must derive from its parent stem, English literature, much of its literary form, phraseology, style, and literary traditions, but that it may be distinctively Canadian in so far as it portrays the life, the work, the thoughts and feelings of the people of Canada.

Before deciding as to whether or not we are to demand the "classic" standard in style, or in breadth of subject, I would like you to consider two types of mind into which we may divide the race of everyday human beings. I must admit literary "borrowing" of the idea for my illustration (from Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Poetry"): We look at the people crossing the water in a ferry boat. They divide into two classes: one interested in crossing the river; the other, in getting across. We shall find the first class on the upper deck, viewing the surroundings, alive to the blue of the sky, the wash of the waves against the boat, the warmth and joy of the sunshine. The others are shut up in the downstairs cabin, or sit staring at the deck or into vacancy. One class is interested in living; the other in getting through life.

What has this to do with the poet, and, to a certain extent, with the writer of fiction? Just that his work is to enable us to see, hear, and feel more as we are crossing the river—it is for him to enlarge our enjoyment of the crossing—to help us to newer and broader experience. When we

try to set down definitely what the poet's message to us should be, we find that we can scarcely say he has a message at all—his message is too elusive. But when we remember that poetry is not an object of knowledge, or of information, but that it represents personal experience on the part of the poet, then we may read sympathetically and understandingly and undergo in imagination the experience of the poet.

Now what shall we ask our Canadian poets to help us to in the way of experiences that we cannot get from the recognized "classic" English poets? When we have Wordsworth, the great interpreter of nature, for example, why need we a very "school" of Canadian nature poets? Just because one can (as Tennyson puts it) "dabble in the fount of fictive tears" over the sorrows of imaginary heroines and miss seeing the sufferings of one's next-door neighbour; because one may rhapsodize over "O to be in England, now that April's here", and get none of the joy of watching the bursting April buds on Canadian trees; because one may revel in the gorgeous hues of a French canvas sunset and miss the abundant glories of a Canadian evening sky. We need our own poets and imaginative writers (even tho' they be not "classics") because we need someone to help us to see more, hear more, feel more, here and now while we are crossing the stream.

There are several names that stand out in Canadian poetry for their interpretation and appreciation of nature, while even the least known minor poets can hardly fail to contribute something to this phase of our literary production—Canada is too much a country of the out-of-door life not to breathe forth its enjoyment of the Great Open at every pore. I shall try to touch briefly on the outstanding and distinctive features of our chief "nature-poets" and then pass on to the consideration of other phases of Canadian experience embodied in the songs of our Dominion.

Miles and miles of crimson glories  
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;  
Miles of shoreland, red and golden,  
Drifting into dream and haze.

To typify in a single poem or in a short quotation the "specialty" of each poet may not be always possible, but the perfection of colouring, atmosphere, and scenic description of Wilfred Campbell's "Lake Lyrics" is, to my mind, concentrated in this quatrain from "Lake Huron". In passing, we may remark that Dr. Campbell's patriotic verse in "The Sagas of Vaster Britain" have a force and depth and passionate loyalty, while many other poems such as "Unabsolved" and his "Poetical Tragedies" show skill in the revelation of the human mind, as well as strong dramatic power.

Bliss Carman's special contribution as a nature-poet has to do with the sea. Let me try to crystallize the essential distinctiveness of his "field" by this excerpt:

I was born for deep sea faring;  
I was bred and put to sea;  
Stories of my father's daring  
Met me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges;  
I was bred beside the foam;  
All my heart is in its verges  
And the sea wind is my home.

The sea as "a grave-digger"; the eerie tale of the phantom ship in "Nancy's Pride"; the joyous restlessness of spring in "The Sailing of the Fleets", are but a few instances of the underlying motive that stirs Bliss Carman's splendid muse to her best efforts.

I take as an exemplification of Archibald Lampman his "Winter Uplands":

The frost that stings like fire upon my  
cheek,

The loneliness of this forsaken ground,  
The long, white drift upon whose powdered  
peak

I sit in the great silence as one bound;  
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind  
blew

Across the open field for miles ahead;  
A far-off city towered and roofed in blue,  
A tender line upon the western red;

Then stars that singly, then in flocks  
 appear  
 Like jets of silver from the violet dome,  
 So wonderful, so many, and so near,  
 And then the golden moon to light me  
 home—  
 The crunching snowshoes and the singing  
 air,  
 And silence, frost, and beauty everywhere.

This extract exhibits the wonderful mastery of language which is found in Lampman's work; with the simplest words he impresses clear, vivid and striking pictures. His mood is dreamy, quiet, and contemplative. He suggests, but does not force, the moral or spiritual application.

What Carman did for the sea that surged into the land-locked bays of the seaside provinces, Charles G. D. Roberts did for the countryside in his "Songs of the Common Day":

These are the fields of light and laughing  
 air,  
 And yellow butterflies, and foraging bees,  
 And whitish wayward blossoms winged as  
 these,  
 And pale, green tangles like a sea-maid's  
 hair,  
 Pale, pale, the blue, but pure beyond com-  
 pare,  
 And pale the sparkle of the far-off seas,  
 A shimmer like these fluttering slopes of  
 peas.  
 From fence to fence a perfume breath  
 enhailes  
 O'er the bright pallor of the well-loved  
 fields,  
 My fields of Tantrammar in summer-tine;  
 And scorning the poor feed the pasture  
 yields,  
 Up from the bushy lots the cattle climb,  
 To gaze with longing thro' the grey mossed  
 rails.

—"The Pea Fields."

The sonnet is with Roberts a very popular mode of reproducing impressionistic pictures of Canadian landscapes. Some of these sonnets can scarcely be distinguished from Lampman's, but it always seems to me that Lampman got nearer to nature and felt himself part of it, while Roberts stood off and watched it with the artist's eye.

Pauline Johnson's attitude toward nature may be deduced from a single line in the "Homing Bee":

You are belted with gold, little brother of  
 mine.

For we find, in all her nature poems, that she does not regard nature as a thing apart, nor does she employ it as a background for philosophic, moral, or religious reflection, but rather looks upon nature as something of which she is a part. Aside from this, however, her poems of Indian life are valuable as an interpretation of the aboriginal mind by one of its own race. She interprets with great skill their feelings and conditions in such poems as "Ojistoh", describing the slaying of her captor by the wife of a Mohawk chief; "As Red Men Die", portraying the stoical heroism of the Indian captive; "The Cattle Thief", in which the Indian prisoner justifies himself for stealing the white man's cattle.

From the view of the Indian through the eyes of one of his own race we turn to an interpretation of Indian life and thought as it appears to an alien, in the characteristic poems of Duncan Campbell Scott. No better type poem can be suggested than "The Half Breed Girl":

She is free of the trap and the paddle,  
 The portage and the trail,  
 But something behind her savage life  
 Shines like a fragile veil.

And the poet portrays for us the soul torn by the strife between two heritages of ancestry, in a very climax of that strife:

She covers her face with her blanket,  
 Her fierce soul hates her breath,  
 As it cries with a sudden passion  
 For life, or death.

The range of subject and depth of thought in the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford almost diverts us from our stated plan, but in adherence to it we will take "Malcolm's Katie" as exemplifying the individual note of Miss Crawford's genius. This is an epic poem of pioneer life in Canada in which we find a most realistic picturing of the Canadian landscape as it changes at the touch of the seasons:

The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,  
 Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast  
 His useless wampum, beaded with cool  
     dews,  
 Far from him northward; his long, ruddy  
     spear  
 Flung sunward, whence it came, and his  
     soft locks  
 Of warm, fine haze grew silvery as the  
     birch.  
 His wigwam of green leaves began to  
     shake;  
 The crackling rice-beds scolded harsh like  
     squaws;  
 The small ponds pouted up their silver  
     lips;  
 The great lakes eyed the mountains, whis-  
     pered "Ugh!  
 Are ye so tall, O chiefs? Not taller than  
 Our plumes can reach," and rose a little  
     way  
 As panthers stretch to try their velvet  
     limbs  
 And then retreat to purr and bide their  
     time.

Quite naturally we associate with the name of Ethelwyn Wetherald that of the Canadian robin,—but she writes also of the whitethroat, the indigo bird and many others, and helps us to enter into spiritual and emotional enjoyment of the birds of our native woods.

Two singers whose names seem to be fittingly coupled together are Alexander McLachlan and William Wye Smith. Both were Scots and in the land of their adoption looked back to the old land for their models and for many of their themes, but both were filled with an almost exultant joy in the spirit of freedom and independence which each found in the new land. They recall, too, the atmosphere of the early days of Canada.

Hurrah for the grand old forest land,  
 Where freedom spreads her pinion!  
 Hurrah with me for the maple tree!  
 Hurrah for the new Dominion!

So sang Alexander McLachlan, while the corresponding note is found in Wye Smith's

Here's to the Land of the rock and the  
     pine!  
 Here's to the Land of the raft and the  
     river!  
 Here's to the Land where the sunbeams  
     shine,  
 And the night that is bright with the  
     North-lights' quiver!

At the outset we recognized that Canada was a nation made up of many elements. One of the influences that will go toward molding these into a harmonious and unified whole is a better understanding of race by race. What William Henry Drummond has contributed to that end is a sympathetic interpretation for us of the life of the French-Canadian habitant. There are songs of the canoe, the log-jam, the woods, of fishing, and of hunting, all sung in the quaint English of the French-Canadian. The many little studies of child life show the tender relation which exists between parents and children in these homes. Incidents in the lives of the older folk are sketched with tenderness and reverence. Character sketches such as given in "The Curé of Calumette", "The Canadian Country Doctor", "Doctor Hilaire", "Josette", give an insight into the fortitude, the tenderness, the devotion to duty, and the simple, but lofty, ideals of these people. Dr. Drummond's verse is skilful, even exquisite at times in its musical effects, the sentiment is never overstrained; but, aside from mere literary values, we must realize that he has accomplished a great work, because he has enabled the English-speaking races of the Dominion to enter into the experiences of fellow-citizens whose language and racial traditions are different from their own.

From the home-life of the habitant we turn to our own, and find in the poetry of Jean Blewett the joys and sorrows, creeds and philosophies, loves and passions, pathos and humour—all the phases of a Canadian home life—interpreted by her in home-like language and even verse. As an interpreter of child-nature, Mrs. Blewett is particularly strong. We quote from "Jack", a boyish lament:

I get so lonesome, it's so still,  
 An' him out sleepin' on that hill;  
 For nothin' seems just worth the while,  
 A-doin' up in the old style,  
 'Cause everything we used to do,  
 Seemed always to just need us two;  
 My throat aches till I think 'twill crack,  
 I don't know why—it must be Jack.

There ain't no fun, there ain't no stir,  
His mother—well, 'tis hard on her,  
But she can knit, and sew and such—  
Oh, she can't miss him half so much!

From these poets we turn for a moment to the contemplation of the delicately-wrought wares of a skilled worker—one skilled in all the niceties of technique, perfection of rhythm, harmonious rhyme, jewel-studded diction, but whose themes are etherealized or removed from the "songs of common day". We find no passionate note in the work of Marjorie Pickthall; we find little of intimacy with human nature as we know it every day; but yet we need her work to round out national accomplishment in literature. Holding to our thesis that the poet's mission is to bring to us the fuller realization of our own experiences or to point the way to new experiences, we mark that Miss Pickthall's peculiar place is in the appeal to the finer artifices of spirit and imagination.

It is a matter of chance, not of purpose, that leads me to such a contrast in the juxtaposition of "the poet of the Yukon" with one who is perhaps our most ethereal poet. What Robert W. Service accomplished chiefly was the crystallization of a phase of life that became Canadian by accident of circumstance—the impelling urge of the made wave of the Yukon gold rush, with all its attendant grimness and seaminess. The poem that voices the distinctive note of Service is "The Law of the Yukon":

This is the Law of the Yukon, that only  
the strong shall thrive;  
That surely the weak shall perish, and only  
the fit survive;  
Dissolute, damned, and despairful, crippled,  
and palsied, and slain,  
This is the Law of the Yukon,—Lo! how  
she makes it plain!

But he has also poetized the Northland for us as none other has done. His descriptive passages, presenting the vastness of the great, cold, silent North, "plumb full of hush to the brim", stand alone in Canadian poetry for their forcible, vivid picturing of that Arctic wild.

Then, too, we have a "poet of the prairies"—a poet of a less rugged, but sweeter and more optimistic, philosophy. Robert J. C. Stead grew up with the expansion of the prairie country and watched that development which he describes in his epic of the prairies, "The Plough":

What power is this that stands behind the  
steel?—

A homely implement of blade and wheel—  
\* \* \* \* \*

Before you came the Red Man rode the  
plain,

Untitled lord of Nature's great domain;  
\* \* \* \* \*

But all lay silent, useless, and unused,  
And useless 'twas because it was unused.  
\* \* \* \* \*

You came. Straightway the silent plain  
Grew mellow with the glow of golden  
grain;

The land became alive with busy din,  
And as the many settled, more came in.

With the eye of the seer, he looks beyond the ragged shack of the homesteader and sees what that shack means to the future of the country:

Greater than the measure of the heroes of  
renown,

He is building for the future and no hand  
can hold him down;

Tho' they count him as a common man, he  
holds the Outer Gate,

And posterity shall own him as the father  
of the State.

I might go on to show that the poets who have been mentioned, and many others, have worthily earned the laurel for what they have done in contributing to the broadening of our experiences, to say nothing of what they have done to inspire us with feelings of loyalty, patriotism and other generous and uplifting emotions; but to attempt to include everything and everybody would make this "survey" far too long—let this be my apology for any seeming omission.

Just a word might be said here for the encouragement of the minor poets whose verses rarely attain greater permanence than that given by the daily, weekly, or monthly journal. We little know how these "echoes roll from soul to soul" and how often this ephemeral verse conveys to the heart

seeking for light, for hope, for inspiration, just the message or the outlook that brings courage or wakes the new resolve and tides a soul over a time of difficulty. If we have been inclined to grow carping or sarcastically critical over the faults of the "would-be poets", let us honour those who sing their songs in minor key, not because of any hope of reward, but because their hearts are filled with experience that seeks utterance. "Full many a gem a purest ray serene" shines but for a day, and yet sheds its light down the ages.

Before attempting a survey of Canadian fiction, it is necessary to consider a method of classification. When one opens one's eyes upon a new landscape, the first impression is more or less of a blur. It is only when we begin to grasp the outstanding features and to assort and classify them that we get a view which we are able to carry away as a "picture of memory". Certain elements enter into the composition of novels or works of fiction, and it is the predominance of one or other of these elements that gives us a basis of classification. If character drawing is the most distinctive feature, we may class the book as a "character novel"; if plot is its essential characteristic, we may call it a novel of "organic plot"; if it has been written with the evident intention on the part of the author to discuss some question of human conduct or policy, it may be called a "problem novel", but these elements are blended in such varying proportions that it is difficult to draw up any scientifically exact schedule of types (literature is an art, not a science, anyway). In dealing with Canadian fiction, we shall arrange works in groups which seem to be intimately related because of the similarity of subject matter and method of treatment.

**The Local or Neighbourhood Novel.**—This may be also defined as the community novel. The common point of resemblance in these works is that they sketch the life of a particular

neighbourhood or district. If we go to modern British fiction for illustrations, we may note that Arnold Bennett's greatest success is in writing of the people of "Five Towns", a noted pottery district of England; Thomas Hardy deals with Wessex; Eden Philpotts writes of Dartmoor; J. M. Barrie's best novels have their setting in the little Scottish village of Thrums.

In Canadian fiction, quite naturally, the community or neighbourhood type of fiction is most strongly developed. L. M. Montgomery, in her "Anne" books, pictures the purely Canadian rural community as it may be seen to-day, and it is no mere figure of comparison to say that L. M. Montgomery holds a place in Canadian literature corresponding to that of Jane Austen in English literature. She has rare imaginative and creative gifts and she uses them in enabling us to see the beauty, the humour, the pathos that lies about our daily paths.

Marian Keith writes of somewhat similar scenes, but the power and personality of the Scottish portion of the community is over all; her "Glenoro" is typical of many Canadian settlements. Nellie L. McClung in "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance" has given the Manitoba rural community and its problems, while quite recently Robert J. C. Stead has done the same for the farthest western prairie settlements in "The Bail Jumper". Ralph Connor's "Glengarry School Days", "The Man From Glengarry", and the like deal with pioneer days in Ontario. The rural village of Ontario and its relations with the surrounding community are most faithfully presented in Adeline M. Teskey's "Where the Sugar Maple Grows".

**The Institutional Novel.**—This is very closely related to the first type, but in dealing with communities or localities, it does so more particularly by considering them in their relation to what we might call certain "institutions" of our national life, growth, or conditions. For instance, R. E.

Knowles in his "St. Cuthbert's" makes the Scottish Presbyterian Church and all that it meant in Ontario's earlier days, the dominating influence of the story. The life of the railroad and the construction camp is, in this sense, an institutional, rather than a local or community, life. It has been portrayed excellently by Cy Warman, and more recently by Frank L. Packard in his collection of short stories, "On the Iron at Big Cloud". Alan Sullivan's "The Passing of Oul-I-But" contains some splendid stories of this type.

Under this class might be put the novels in which the work of the North-West Mounted Police would furnish a leading theme—this famous "institution" has been more or less "written up" fictionally, and as the critic wishes to keep on smiling, I will only remark that there is still a chance for some one to put the Riders of the Plains on a big, striking literary canvas. Novels concerned with the assimilation of the foreigner and other problems arising out of immigration also belong to the institutional type.

The Novel of Organic Plot.—In this the "story" is the thing. Character drawing may be well enough done, but it is subsidiary; description and local atmosphere are also mere stage settings for the plot. This is the nature of the fiction written by alien authors who use Canada as a literary background—Rex Beach, Harold Bindloss, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, James Oliver Curwood, and many others. Some of the novels of Ralph Connor are scarcely more than "organic plot" novels, their treatment of Canadian themes is not broad enough. The stories of Alice Jones also come under this classification.

The Character Novel.—This is rather rare in Canadian fiction. "Anne of Green Gables", by L. M. Montgomery, might be classed as a character novel, although it has largely the elements of the community novel. The same is true of "Duncan Polite", by Marian Keith; here the personality of the lovable, gentle old

Scot stands out clearly defined apart from plot or setting. Alan Sullivan's "Blantyre-Alien" is a skilful piece of portrayal of character development, or rather character degeneration. Sir Gilbert Parker has produced a few striking character novels: "The Right of Way", dominated by our interest in the erratic Charley Steele; "When Valmond Came to Pontiac", in which a scion of the great Napoleon makes a romantic figure in a quiet French-Canadian village; "Mrs. Falchion", and Jacques Barville of "The Money Master".

The Nature Novel.—As Canada excels in nature poetry, she excels in nature fiction (by which, of course, I do not mean nature-faking). The work done by Thompson-Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts in describing the denizens of the wild and their lives, either apart from or in relationship with the human family, has not been excelled, if it has been equalled, in any other literature. In the domestic nature novel, "Beautiful Joe", a dog story by Marshall Saunders, has proved wonderfully popular, and in "Thoroughbreds", by W. A. Fraser, the race-horse has been "done" into fiction in a most vividly realistic fashion.

The Historical Novel.—There is an abundance of material for this type of fiction. That more has not been produced, may be explained by the fact that Canadians have been too busy with other things to spend the time necessary in delving for material. Some of the outstanding works of this class are:

"Wacousta", by Major Richardson, dealing with the conspiracy of Pontiac, centred chiefly in Fort Detroit and Michillimackinac.

"The Golden Dog", by William Kirby, a character sketch of Intendant Bigot and a picture of New France just prior to its conquest by the British. This shows clearly why the colony was unable to make a more effective resistance, and also why it so speedily became a loyal British province.

"Seats of the Mighty", by Sir Gilbert Parker, brings us up to the capture of Quebec and gives an insight into the relations between the British and French colonies in America prior to the conquest.

"A Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline", by Charles G. D. Roberts, are particularly valuable in presenting clearly the relations of the Acadians to the British Government. Longfellow's "Evangeline" leaves much to be desired in the way of explanation regarding the expulsion of the Canadians, and it is a regrettable fact that many a Canadian knows nothing further of the incident than he has gained from the reading of Longfellow's poem, in which the onus of the suffering is laid, by implication, upon the British Government. Even formal history does not make us see and feel the conditions as Mr. Roberts is able to do here. In another novel, "The Raid from Beausejour", Mr. Roberts describes an incident in the Maritime Provinces during the time of the Braddock campaign.

The local history of the Niagara Peninsula, the building of the Welland Canal, and Ontario pioneer life generally, are reproduced in "Candlelight Days", by Adeline M. Teskey; while a peculiar condition of pioneer times—the conflict between the purely pioneer spirit of the "bushwhacker" and that of the agricultural settler and the town builder—is described in "Love of the Wild", by Archie P. McKishnie, a tale of the Talbot settlement north of Lake Erie.

We have few novels in which humour is more than an accidental quality of the story. "Sam Slick", by Judge Haliburton, is often made to do duty as the sole example, but there are one or two others. "Tag", the

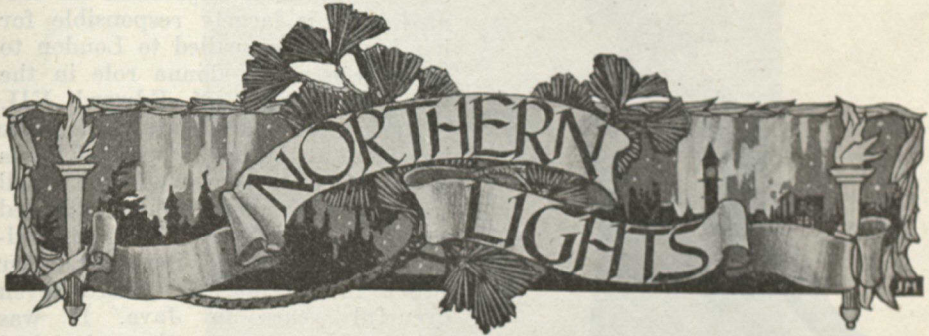
grotesquely funny story of a boy and a dog and a honeymoon couple (by Valance Patriarche), deserves to be very widely known. "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town", by Stephen Leacock, is scarcely a novel, but if read with due allowance for its burlesque character, it will afford an amusing picture of a Canadian town. Of humour which is accidental and incidental to the story, there is a goodly leaven in the work of our writers of both sexes. The humorous sketch and short story may be found in volumes by Peter McArthur, L. M. Montgomery, Frank L. Packard, Cy Warman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Nellie McClung, W. A. Fraser and others, despite the fact that a rather discriminating member of the body writes that "Canadians are too preoccupied for mirth".

The Problem Novel.—There is nothing worth noting under this head, and for this we may feel grateful. The novel that is a genuine success will teach lessons in the philosophy of life, but it will do so incidentally and not because its author set out to prepare a sermon.

In concluding this brief survey, let us remember that if we have not proved that Canadian writers have produced great "classic" literary masterpieces, we have indicated that at least a creditable foundation has been laid in many fields of verse and prose. Let us remember, too, that we have yet had barely fifty years of anything approaching to a "national" life. Considering, under these conditions, both the bulk and quality of our native literary production, we may look forward confidently to an enlarging progress and the gradual development of a truly national Canadian literature.







A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

### THE FUTURIST SONG BIRD



**A**N interesting fact about Eva Gauthier is, that comparatively few facts about her are really known. She has books full of press cuttings—huge, cumbersome books that knock the bibelots off the drawing-room table, or sag ungracefully between the knees—and many are the glowing appreciations and technical criticism of her beautiful, rich and velvety voice. But of facts which link her romantic and adventurous past with her colourful and successful present, there is a scant array. The same few are repeated, slightly paraphrased, in order to avoid embarrassing results or the annoyance of using quotation makes.

It has been pretty widely stated that Mme. Gauthier made her first public appearance at the age of thirteen. Some chroniclers set the date three years earlier, but according to her own testimony, she sang first in public when three years old, at which time she established a precedent that holds good to the present day, by allowing no "paper" in the house! Her audience, consisting of the "big girls" of the Convent, had to guarantee a collection consisting largely of sweets, and these were handed to the tiny prima donna on her tiny stage, formed of one small, perilously-slop-

ing desk, with all the seriousness that now accompanies the presentation of a dozen or two American Beauties over the footlights.

It is true that the late Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, well-known patrons of musicians, were intensely interested in this talented child and that they succeeded in bringing her to the notice of Lord Strathcona to whom she owes at least a part of her musical education. For the Gauthiers were many and the Government salary earned by their father—also an able musician—would not stretch from Ottawa to Paris, no matter how frugally the young student was prepared to live.

But the fact that she was poor and had to make a real honest-to-goodness struggle for all she got, only proves that she was favoured of the gods, who seem to shower genius and poverty in about equal proportions upon those they wish to exalt.

When still in her teens, Eva Gauthier had to leave the Conservatoire in Paris because of insufficient funds. She went to London in search of work, which she found in a most unexpected quarter.

With a discrimination which is truly astounding in one of artistic temperament, she possesses rare business and executive ability and the faculty of picking out the people who will be of the greatest assistance to



Mme. Eva Gauthier,  
The Futurist Song Bird

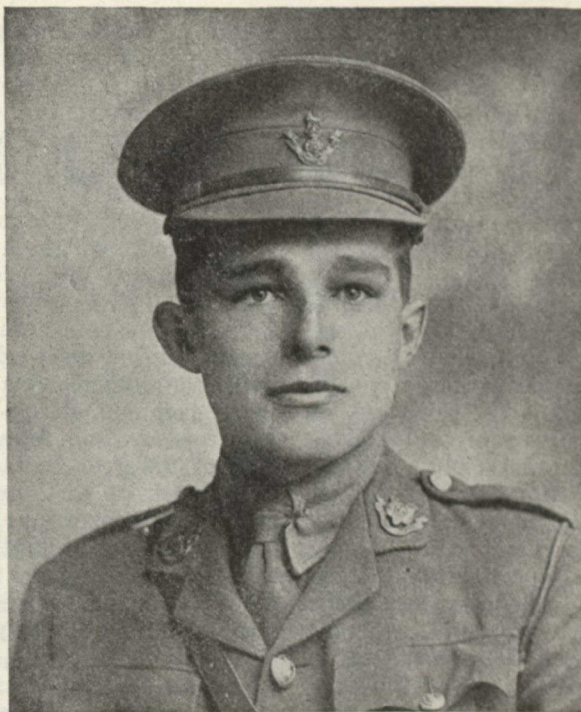
her in work. In London, however, she brought herself to the notice of Mme. Albani who promised with pardonable patronizing, to hear her sing. After listening to one song, the husband, I believe, of the greatest artist was called to the studio, and by the time little Eva Gauthier had finished her repertoire, not only the entire Albani family but several friends were gathered into an amazed and delighted audience.

Mme. Albani then arranged that her young countrywoman should accompany her on a tour of Great Britain, and later on her farewell trip

through Canada. Scarcely could the gods have found a more efficient way of launching their youthful protégé, and the excellent impression she created then is largely responsible for her having been called to London to create the prima donna role in the Coronation Mass of Edward VII.

After a few years in Italy, she made her début at the Royal Opera of Pavia in "Carmen". There followed a call to Covent Garden and an extended tour through France, Holland, Belgium, Germany and Denmark, after which Mme. Gauthier passed seven eventful years in Java. It was during these years that she had an opportunity of making a close study of Oriental music suitable for adaptation to Western taste. Certainly, every facility was generously provided, and one of her most interesting experiences was her residence in the seraglio of the Sultan with power to command the royal musicians at whatever time her whim dictated. As a mark of great favour the Sultan presented his distinguished guest with a magnificent Javanese costume, the first of its kind ever worn by a white woman. And Mme. Gauthier was preparing to bring a troupe of singers and dancers to America for a concert tour when the war broke out and her project had to be abandoned.

Returning alone to New York, she began slowly to lay the foundation for the pinnacle upon which she now stands. Gradually, she drifted farther and farther away from stereotyped classical concerts. In her own words, she feels that she has always been a "pioneer", making the courageous effort to present the best in modern music and to give the composer a larger and more appreciative hearing. "I never would have attempted this," she says, "had I not received a thorough grounding in the classics, but having such, I cannot see why anyone should hesitate to give a modern composer the opportunity of being heard. I like doing new things. When I announced to certain



Lieutenant Thomas O. L. Wilkinson

Musical Powers that I could provide a new programme every month, they raised a skeptical eyebrow. But I proved to them that I spoke the truth."

"New Programme" absolutely! Her songs are like nothing one has ever heard . . . unexpected cadences, full of what one might call *tonal grotesquerie*, sudden beginnings and more sudden endings, that leave the hearer breathless. Extraordinary, in the exact meaning of the word. And her costumes are carefully thought out to suit the type of programme being sung. On a certain tour with Mischa Elman when Eva Gauthier gave 400 consecutive performances, two a day, she electrified the audiences with a purple wig. Latterly, however, she wears her own soft black hair severely drawn from her brow and the peculiarity of her costume is limited to the various robe-effects one sees. These are never made in the common usage of the term. She

winds herself into them and not the least interesting part of her concert is seeing her dress.

No urchin on the street is more approachable than this truly gifted Canadian. She is interested in every one and knows full well the value of making friends. Many artists surround themselves with mystery and exclusiveness which amounts to a sort of professional snobbery.

\*

#### A BORN LEADER OF MEN

ON the first day of the war there enlisted in the 50th Gordon Highlanders of Victoria, British Columbia, a young surveyor, who had been living in Canada for some twenty months.

Thomas Orde Lawder Wilkinson was born in Shropshire, on June 29th, 1894. He was educated at Wellington College, one of the great public schools of England, and there he made his mark. His House-master

and Tutor said of him, "He was a magnificent specimen of humanity, the ideal we try to produce in the public schools, upright, straight as a die, fearless, not with the unseeing courage of a boy, but realizing the danger and regarding it not: scornful of what is mean and foul and such a good friend!"

He became second Prefect of the College, and head of the Officers' Training Corps and of the College Gymnasium. He was fond of swimming, riding and all athletic sports, "was very keen on football, and in two successive years represented Wellington at the English Public Schools Boxing Competition". Sports in which difficulties had to be surmounted especially appealed to him, and the same spirit was shown in his choice of a profession. No easy arm-chair life for him! At the age of eighteen, he came to British Columbia, and in the following spring passed the first examination prescribed for a surveyor, was article to a member of the profession and immediately began work with surveying parties in Vancouver Island. He was so engaged when the war broke out. He went to England with the First Contingent.

While at school he had taken so keen an interest in his work in the Officers' Training Corps that the Head-master, who saw in him "a born leader of men", had suggested that he should enter the army, but he had had "no wish to become a professional soldier".

In January, 1915, soon after his arrival in England, he was offered a commission in the 7th Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. He accepted it, though he parted with regret from many of his comrades in the Gordons, of whose soldierly qualities he had a high opinion. This "was justified later on, when the Regiment went to France and fought splendidly, being finally almost exterminated".

He went to France with his regiment in July, 1915, and in the same

month of the following year, during the long-drawn-out Battle of the Somme he won the Victoria Cross and closed his short life of twenty-two years in the struggle for La Boisselle. In the restrained language of the "Official Gazette", it is told how "when a party of another unit was retiring without their machine gun, Lieut. Thomas Wilkinson rushed forward, and with two of his men got the gun into action and held up the enemy till they were relieved". Later, when the advance was checked, during a bombing attack, he forced his way forward and found four or five men of different units stopped by a solid block of earth over which the enemy was throwing bombs. With great pluck and promptness he mounted a machine gun on the top of the parapet and dispersed the enemy bombers. Subsequently he made two most gallant attempts to bring in a wounded man, but in the second attempt he was shot through the heart just before reaching the man.

One of the two privates who went with him when he held up with his machine gun the 3rd Prussian Guards Regiment sent to take the evacuated trench wrote as follows: "His self-sacrifice was typical of the man—his men first, himself last—for as soon as the cry went up, 'Wounded men are lying out', Wilkinson was the first over. When we used to come out of the trenches to billets the first man round to see if we were comfortable was sure to be Lieut. Wilkinson, and I shall never forget him carrying an exhausted 'Tommy' more than a mile when we were on a long route march. . . . There was not a man in his company who would not have followed him anywhere."

"He understood men," wrote a brother-officer, whilst the Colonel commanding his regiment struck the same note as his Head-master, "Had he only lived he was bound to do well, as he undoubtedly was a born leader of men."

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## A LONDON LOT

BY A. NEIL LYONS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



R. LYONS is an accurate and companionable interpreter of the lives and spirits of those who dwell in London, East. The sketches that make up *Arthur's* are not merely entertaining reports of the behaviour and conversation of the frequenters of a night coffee-stall, but genuine contributions to the literature of character, folk analysis, written with living sympathy and the humour that takes its rise therein. The author's war tales are extensions of this manner into dark and difficult atmospheres, but he succeeds in his determination to get at the shaded core of light in them, to disengage at all time such gleams of the hope and courage of the human spirit (especially the cockney spirit) as he may encounter, and to illuminate his pages with their homely, wholesome beauty. He had already shown his ability to do so in "Kitchener Chaps" and "A Kiss from France", two of the best little books of humour the war has produced. Now, in "A London Lot", he tells the story of Cuthbert Tunks and Cherry Walters, of Silverside, E., a costermonger and a factory girl, who happen to have strong, clean, simple souls that carry them through many hard trials into happiness. Tunk's partner, Will Mooney, Mr. and Mrs. Tunks, senior; Councillor Garlic, and a "nob", Miss Topleigh-Trevor, are also made to move through these pages with deft and vivid reality. They and their

backgrounds—scenic and human—are seen and understood and introduced with mischievous thrust and amiable tolerance. Consider, for example, these quick flashlight touches of descriptive suggestion: "He was a gentle, kind old man, who bred gold-fish"; "a lady having several chins and a terraced abdomen". The account of Cuthbert's adventures at the front and of his hospital life in England are among the best things in the book. The writer was fortunate enough to see the dramatization of this book, then called "London Pride" presented in London in 1917, and can testify to the constant and healthful influence it exerted upon its audiences, in favour of the clean honesties and modesties and humours of sincere self-realization as of equal value to the nation, from the lower grades of society upward. It seems apparent, however, that Mr. Lyons is happier with his cockneys than anywhere else, as his fellow-humourist Jacobs is with his pensive yet dramatic-minded seafarers.

\*

## THE VISION FOR WHICH WE FOUGHT

BY A. M. SIMONS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book is a fine manual for optimists and a good tonic for pessimists. It is one of the volumes of the Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology. The author's own words will best indicate the nature of his book:

"This book was written because the writer believes that the problems of peace call for a greater crusade than the one that

rallied millions to the battlefields to crush autocracy. In so far as they are suitable, all the enthusiasm, institutions, material, and persons mobilized to win the war should now be mobilized to fight ignorance, poverty, disease and social injustice."

Some of the chapter headings are as follows: "The Industrial Foundation", "The Growing Power of Labour", "What War Taught the Schools", "The New Internationalism", "A Positive League of Nations", "Conscious Continuance of Reconstruction".

While Mr. Simons may seem on occasion more theoretical than practical his pages make good reading for these jaded days of reaction. He proclaims the great objectives of peace with a vigour that kindles enthusiasm. Sometimes he seems to leave out of consideration the peculiar function of certain particular war motives in the getting of things done, motives that to-day are no longer operative. He seems to forget that a citizen will do things "when the Hun is at the gate" that he will tend to defer until to-morrow when apprehension has given place to national self-congratulation. Mr. Simons fails to notice the lapse into slackness that often comes when humanity is impelled by considerations that are rather more obviously altruistic than selfish. People still tend to achieve the greatest good of the greatest number by thinking first of number one. In war this was often a possible and indeed a natural way of procedure. In peace the personal and selfish appeal is lessened a little in its intensity and the general appeal is necessarily heightened. In war people are asked to make great sacrifices and do great community things and every individual sees, or thinks he sees, that everything, himself included, will go to smash if the sacrifices are not made and the great things are not done. This is of course not the only motive behind war effort but it is a potent motive. In peace many of the same objectives remain but in peace the individual tends, wittingly or unwittingly, to work on the theory that he

is all right and as for the other fellow he is probably all right too; a certain motive to great sacrifice is lacking.

If Mr. Simons had written a chapter on "Equivalent Peace Motives" he might have guarded a point and showed us a great and necessary thing how, in peace days, the same great community and national undertakings that war actuates could be actuated with equal enthusiasm in less obviously pressing times. As it is, the book stands more as an appeal to do than as a guaranteed method of doing. In its appeal lies its strength. If only, in the dozen ways Mr. Simons discusses, if only we can put all these constructive and re-constructive programmes through. . . . We may lack an adequate peace motive, but with books like Mr. Simons's in our hands we shall not lack an adequate objective.

\*

#### A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY

Edited, with Introduction and Notes,  
by GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WHEN this prominent American publishing house decided to place on the market an anthology of the best poetry of the war in English the first thing to do was to choose an editor. The choice fell naturally on a poet, on George Herbert Clarke, a Canadian, Professor of English in the University of Tennessee. The first volume (there are two) was an instant success. A second volume followed two years later, and already it promises to rival the first. Professor Clarke's great task was one of elimination. He could choose from the work of the best of living poets, but at the same time he had to sift the vast quantity of poetry by writers hitherto and in many cases still obscure and pick out the poetry whose sheer merit claimed for it a place in this anthology. Such a task demanded not only great perseverance but as well fine literary judgment. Among great poets such as Kipling, Brooke, Bridges, New-



Professor George Herbert Clarke,  
editor of "A Treasury of War Poetry"

bolt, Hardy, Masfield, Binyon, Seeger, Masters, Helston, Drinkwater, A. E., we find several Canadians represented: Bliss Carman, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Arthur L. Phelps, George Herbert Clarke, Bernard Freeman Trotter, J. Edgar Middleton, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, John McCrae, Frederick George Scott, Katherine Hale, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, and Robert W. Service. The introduction is a learned and appreciative discourse on the poetry of war. Prof. Clarke finds, as indeed his book should show, that English and American literatures have both received genuine accessions arising out of the war, and he makes the important observation that a work of the character of this anthology illustrates the new fellowship of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. This introduction as well as the second, adds greatly to the value and interest of the collection.

#### SAINT'S PROGRESS

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Toronto:  
The Copp, Clark Company.

SO realistic and matter-of-fact a novel as this scarcely should be expected from John Galsworthy. Many readers would set it down as being immoral in its teaching, offensive in its delicate passages and in at least one glaring instance insufferably melodramatic. Others would say that it is a novel of the time, written to suit the time, and that its tendency will be to put a face on a social condition that has been woefully aggravated and greatly intensified by the war. Undoubtedly John Galsworthy has seen that impending illegitimate motherhood in thousands of homes in England has been enough to cause the nation to alter its attitude to such a condition, and therefore he selected what might be regarded as an average

case and built his novel upon it. First of all, it had to be a respectable home. And, to add to its poignancy, the author chose as the father of the unfortunate girl the vicar of a London suburban parish. The father is the saint of the story. So saintly, indeed, is he that he fails to observe the tendencies of the world about him—the abnormal circumstances surrounding everything—everybody. Although he himself is surrounded by all this abnormality, he fails to see it, for his progress is along one direct line within the confines of his parish. His daughter Nollie and her soldier-lover wish to be married, but he says it is too soon, too precipitate. The soldier is about to leave for the Front, a situation that impels the lovers. But the vicar is blind. The girl feels that her lover may never return, that she is losing him perhaps forever. They have only one day and one evening more together, for the inevitable call has come. Then the inevitable happens. And again the inevitable. But before the girl learns that she is to become a mother, her lover goes over the top and is killed. There, then, is the situation. Some attempt is made to keep the knowledge from the vicar, but that, of course, is not for long. And when the vicar is told, by Nollie herself, for she insists on that, he responds much more philosophically than one might expect. "If he would'nt be so good and kind!" both daughters agree. Until the baby is born and brought home his battle is only with himself, for as the father of two motherless daughters he ima-

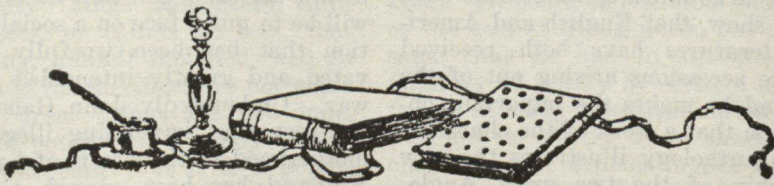
gines that he must have failed lamentably. But when the young mother and her baby come home, an action he has requested, because he believes it to be his duty, he has to face the world, especially the world of his own parish. And while he is facing it and in time going through the ordeal of resigning and leaving the parish to accept a chaplaincy in Egypt, a returned soldier, a man whom the vicar does not approve because he has had a past, is making love to Nollie, knowing everything. And at last we see these two, one with a past and the other with a child, happily married, and the vicar, chastened and lonely, helping to comfort the last moments of dying men far from his beloved England.

\*

#### A GUEST OF THE KAISER

By ARTHUR GIBBONS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

OF all war literature the stories of prisoners of war make a high claim towards being the most romantic. It is a question if even sea tales can constitute themselves successful rivals. This story of Sergt. Gibbons may not be as hair-raising and entrancing and Arabian Nightsy as some prisoner stories have been but it is an apparently straightforward tale well worth the telling. A man who pretends to be insane as a scheme for safeguarding his incapacity for further war effort and therefore guaranteeing his exchange is an interesting man to know. Sergt. Gibbons may be known through his book.





# NO PROFITEERING SLOGAN IN MEN'S CLOTHES

BY E. LEEDS NELSON

**I** AM an "English buyer," though when I went to college in Toronto a decade since I had the ambition to be a journalist or an author.

Though I confess my first infantile ambition when I lived on the slope of the Rosedale ravine was to be a golf caddy for George Lyon.

As the purchaser of cloth for the Semi-ready tailoring firm I am willing to accept a dollar a word and write at least two pages of magazine copy about cloth and clothes, and about the broad intimation that there had been profiteering in the making of men's clothes in Canada.

The worthy Doctor, who is one of a thousand investigators, commissioners, and official enquirers sent forth by the Government whenever any complaint is made by somebody in the country, stated that there had been a decline in the cost of cloth and that the manufacturers and tailors were "profiteering" because there had been no sympathetic decline in the cost of tailored clothes.

There was a tempest for a moment. I was in England every year during the war. I was there when the armistice asked for was granted by the Allies.

Prices were going up and up. I left in disgust, but assistant buyers remained at the Semi-ready offices to watch and wait.

There was not, nor has there yet been in England a single decline in the prices of cloth.

In every city where clothes are made, the manufacturers protested that they could not find the cheaper cloth that the Government Investigator had been 'informed about. Nor would he tell who was his informant.

He just waited.

The war surtax of five and seven per cent. ad valorem was repealed by the Dominion Government.

Then the dear man came out of his hole and said there was a drop in the cost of cloth of about seven per cent.

To be sure there was.

We import the bulk of our cloth from England. During the war we paid the super-tax of five per cent. and the war risk as high as five per cent.

On cloth costing \$5.00 a yard this meant an additional charge of fifty cents a yard.

This amount we save to-day, and it is equal to ten per cent. on the cost of our cloth, which would have made a difference of nearly \$2 on the wholesale cost of a suit of clothes.

But the advances in the cost of woollens since the war have nearly eaten up that saving.

When the war broke out and prices began to soar we adopted the slogan that "There would be no profiteering in Semi-ready clothes."

We advertised this fact in every city in Canada. We adhered to our price-in-the-pocket—the same price West as East—the same price for the same garment in Montreal, Halifax or Vancouver.

And I venture the assertion here, made in every town in Canada, and never challenged, that because of this price-in-the-pocket, Semi-ready tailored clothes are delivered to the wearer at a less profit than are any clothes made in Canada.

Merchants selling Semi-ready clothes in Canada protested then and protest now that the small profit they make on each suit is not sufficient to pay the increased cost of doing business—the higher freights imposed by Government ownership and the higher salaries of clerks.

But while we lost many of our wholesale customers we still have the best of them. The “quitters” will find that the smaller profit begets the larger volume.

That there are many bright young men who believe this a true maxim of trade is proven by the opening this year of many new Semi-ready stores, such as:

Hersee Brothers, in Woodstock.  
C. F. Smyth, in Brantford.  
W. H. Mills, in Kitchener.  
J. H. Poupert, in Sherbrooke.  
A. S. Rennie, in Tilsonburg.  
Orest Vaccari, in Brandon.

Prices are bound to decline some day—but that day will not come until the foolish men cease their foolishness—while the Government gives a fictitious dollar value to wheat and until Capital is left to develop itself and win its fight with Labour. Labour had declared war on Capital, and the meddling officials who try to interfere simply prolong the unrest and disturb true market values.

\* \* \* \*

New Semi-ready stores are springing up all around, in even the towns and smaller cities where a few years

ago a merchant would say that Semi-ready was too high-class, and not cheap enough.

Leo Watson, in Galt, was one of the first young men to see the opportunity.

Even in Norwood, not so large a town as Galt, Mr. Alex. Kempt has proven that a really first-class Semi-ready shop will gain a prosperous trade.

In October of this year the five new Semi-ready stores which are opening are in places that have not yet had exclusive Semi-ready stores, that is, shops that will sell only clothes made by the Semi-ready Tailoring Company.

Brantford opens with C. F. Smyth as the proprietor of a Semi-ready shop. He bought out a jewellery stock, auctioned it off, just to get the store.

Woodstock will have a splendid corner store at Dundas and Ferry street, with Fred and Beverley Hersee as owners.

Kitchener is to have its nice new shop with W. H. Mills, long in Orillia, at the helm.

Sherbrooke already has its Semi-ready store, and one of the first special order suits was delivered from Semi-ready shops by Lieut. Wilshire in his aeroplane.

Both Welland and Tilsonburg expect to have their real Semi-ready shops in a short time.

In Brandon, Manitoba, where for years, several merchants agreed between themselves, that they would not buy Semi-ready clothes, because the price in the pocket compelled them to sell at a small profit, half the average profit. A young man from the East saw the opportunity and has scored a distinct success with his Semi-ready store.

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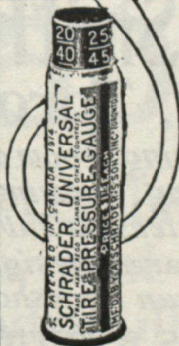


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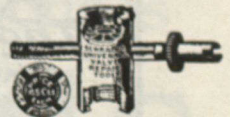
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Measures the air in your tires. Tires maintained under the correct inflation last twice as long as tires run on haphazard pressure. A "Schrader Universal" Gauge means Tire Insurance.

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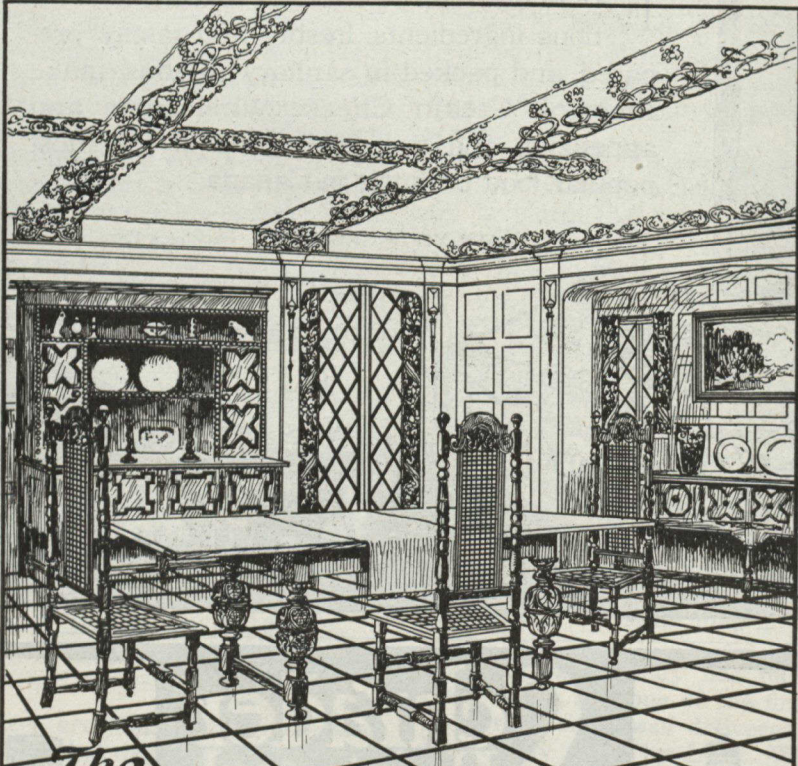
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A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

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has a lot to  
do with pep  
and smiles,  
and sturdy  
health.

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the greatest  
of foods is

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The Waltham Watch Company, established in 1854, was the first company in the world to manufacture entire watch movements.

At the present time the normal staff at the main factory includes 4,500 expert work-people, hundreds of whom have spent the whole of their working lifetime on Waltham Watches.

The factory equipment includes many marvellous automatic machines developed exclusively by Waltham ex-

perts for shaping, drilling, polishing and finishing the myriad small parts entering into high-grade watch mechanism.

Every part is standardized. Guesswork is unknown. Inspection and re-inspection is a rigid rule.

The unvarying quality assured by such organization and equipment has resulted in the winning by Waltham of every gold medal awarded since 1854 by the great World's Fairs for supreme watch merit.

And it is these things which give weight to the Waltham Guarantee.

**Waltham Watch Company, Limited, Montreal**

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada.

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



# A Bushel of Food

## In a Package of Quaker Oats And At One-Tenth the Cost

A 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

You would buy a bushel of ordinary mixed foods to equal that calory value. And that bushel would cost you ten times 35 cents.

Here is what it would take of certain good foods to furnish you 6221 calories :

To Supply 6221 Calories			
In Quaker Oats	- -	1 Pkg.	
In Round Steak	- -	7 Lbs.	
In Hen's Eggs	- -	7 Doz.	
In Cabbage	- -	55 Lbs.	
In Potatoes	- - -	21 Lbs.	
In Hubbard Squash	- - -	65 Lbs.	
In Young Chicken	- - -	20 Lbs.	
In String Beans	- - -	36 Lbs.	

And here is what those calories would cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of 6221 Calories			
In Quaker Oats	- - -	35c	
In Round Steak	- - -	\$2.06	
In Veal or Lamb	- - -	3.12	
In Hen's Eggs	- - -	\$3.12	
In Fish about	- - -	2.25	
In Potatoes	- - -	65c	

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. It supplies essentials which most foods lack. At least once a day use this supreme food to cut down your table cost.

# Quaker Oats

Only 10 Pounds From a Bushel

Get Quaker Oats for exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such an oat dish costs no extra price it is due to yourself that you get it.

**35c and 15c per Package**

*Except in the Far West*

*Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover*



**"Goddess" Corsets that lace in Front—  
meet the demands of the latest styles.**

Their supple boning, makes them most comfortable, whether sitting or standing, and the tongue under the lacing, and the patented under-clasp feature, prevents pinching.

*Anita Stewart, the charming screen Artiste says:—"Without undue compression, they add to the grace of the figure."*

GODDESS Corsets are made in Canada, by the makers of the LA DIVA and D & A Corsets in the largest Corset Factory in the British Empire.

Sold by the leading corsetières throughout Canada. C-19-G

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY,—Montreal—Quebec—Toronto.**





# “Why didn't you use the Daylo?”

**W**HY risk valuable property—and lives?

Daylo is the one absolutely safe light—far more convenient, better in every way wherever there is inflammable material

—out in the barn—down in the cellar—up in the attic.

Don't risk “I-told-you-so”—avoid it with Daylo. Cut out the matches, the candle, and the lantern—and the grave risk of fire that goes with them.

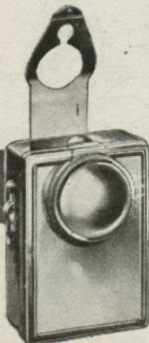
*Look for the Daylo “Safety First” medal design in the dealer's window: he will have the right Daylo for you.*

## CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, LIMITED

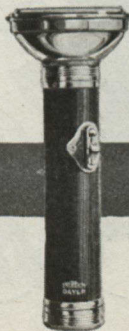
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*Accept no substitute for the genuine Eveready Daylo or the long-lived, brighter-burning Tungsten Battery. 629*



3661



2659



2661



4702



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All Metal Action

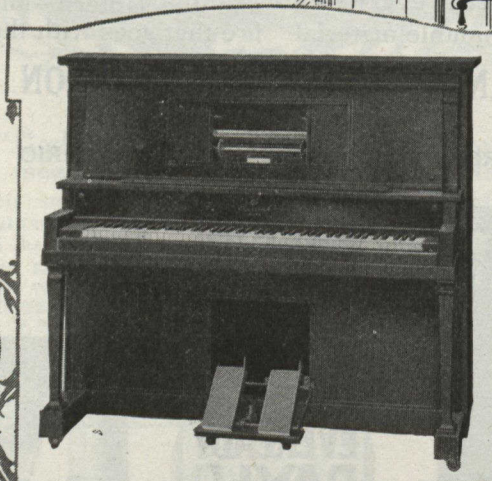
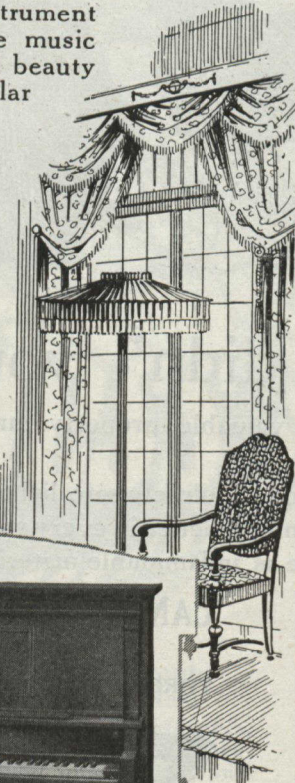
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With Prices and Terms*

**The Cecilian Co., Ltd.**  
247 Yonge Street  
Toronto



# Why That Stain

## On Teeth Brushed Daily?

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*



### It is in the Film

Millions find that stain and tartar form on teeth brushed daily. Teeth decay, pyorrhea starts, despite the constant cleaning.

The reason lies in a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush doesn't end it. The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it. And dental science knows that film is the cause of most tooth troubles.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid.

It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of countless troubles, local and internal.

Dental science, after years of research, has found a film combatant. Clinical tests have amply proved its efficiency. Also years of laboratory tests. Now leading dentists all over America urge its universal use.

It is embodied for home uses in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube for testing is sent free to all who ask.

### Watch the Film Go

Ask us for this 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. Let your own teeth show you what this method means. Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A new invention has made pepsin possible. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden. Now science has supplied a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin, as employed in Pepsodent, can be applied twice a day to that film. That fact opens up a new era in teeth cleaning, and we ask you to learn what it means.

**Pepsodent** CANADA  
REG. IN

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

**A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere**

#### Send the Coupon for a Ten-Day Tube

Cut it out now so you won't forget. Compare this tooth paste with the kind you use, then judge for yourself what is best. (255)

#### Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 749, 1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

# The Rodgers'

## TRADE MARK

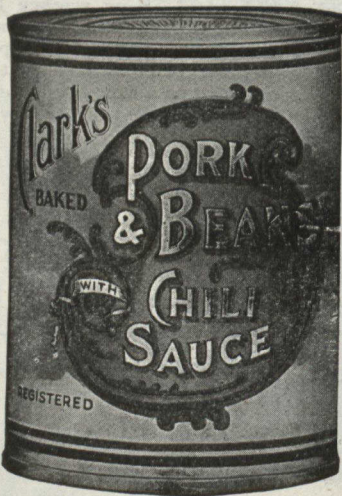


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which identifies the best of cutlery

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**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited**  
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Sauce & Cheese  
“ Concentrated Soups  
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That's a wrong idea. Puffed Grains are not mere tidbits, not mere food delights.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole grains steam exploded. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process—by shooting the grains from guns.

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Serve in every way you can.

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**PUFFED RICE**

*Bubble Grains Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size*

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Canada

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Saskatoon,  
Canada

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*Sole Makers*

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**COFFEE**

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 for percolators.

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**There's  
Nothing  
Finer**

than a healthy,

happy infant and there is nothing better to keep baby well than

# MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

## The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Purely vegetable, guaranteed non-narcotic and non-alcoholic. It is a simple, highly efficacious remedy for all baby's digestive troubles. This open, published formula appears on every bottle:

**R** Rhubarb, Senna, Glycerine, Sodium Citrate, Sodium Bicarbonate,  
Oil Anise, Oil Caraway, Oil Coriander, Oil Fennel, Cane Sugar Syrup

If it were possible to improve this formula it would be done regardless of the fact that a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup now costs twice as much to make as any other similar preparation. Yet, it costs you no more than ordinary baby laxatives. *At All Druggists.*

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Used successfully everywhere nearly 1/3 century  
 Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.  
 The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.  
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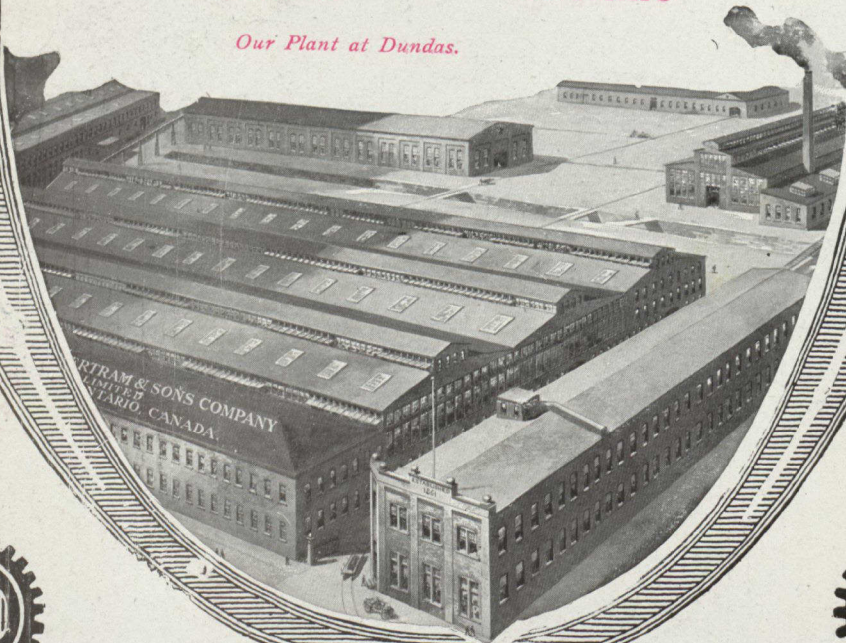
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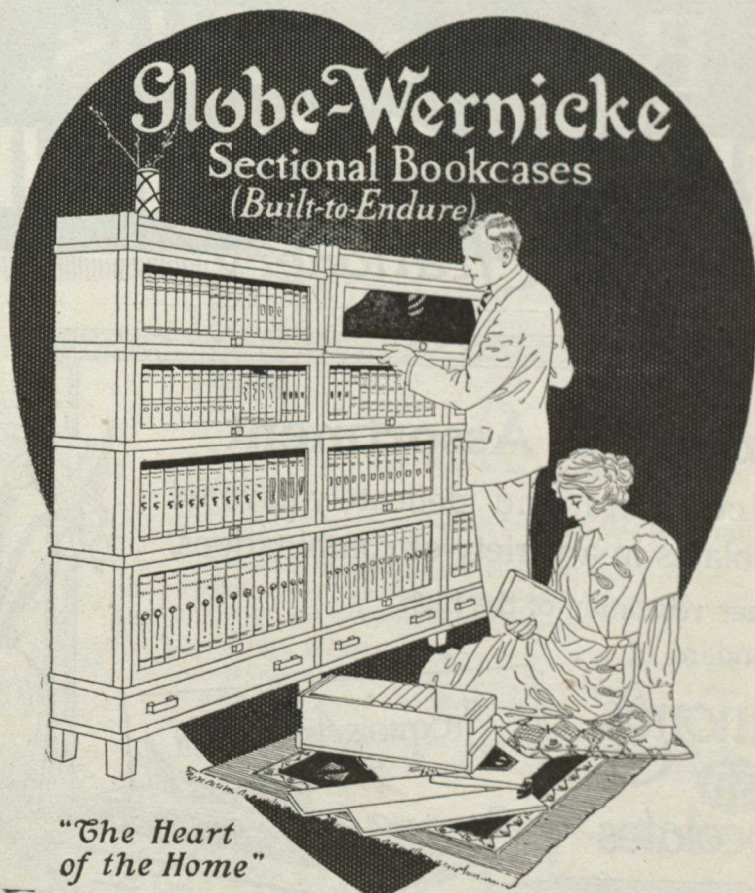
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*Globe-Wernicke* patented features insure the perfect protection of books—they exclude dust and excessive moisture, and prevent sticking, binding, warping, sagging or mechanical difficulties of any sort whatever.



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

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 In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.  
 Ask your stationer for it.

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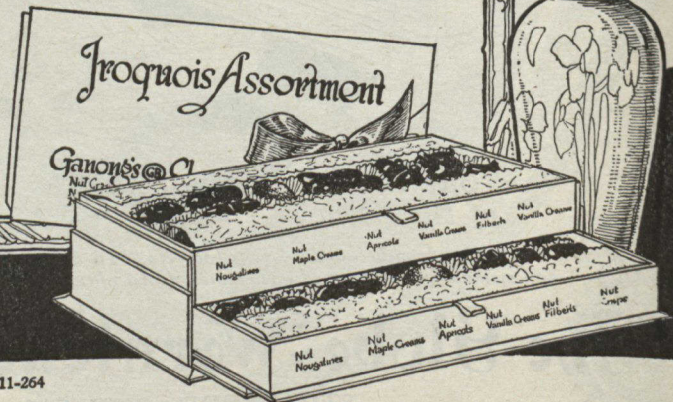
# Barber-Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE Stationery

## Iroquois Assortment

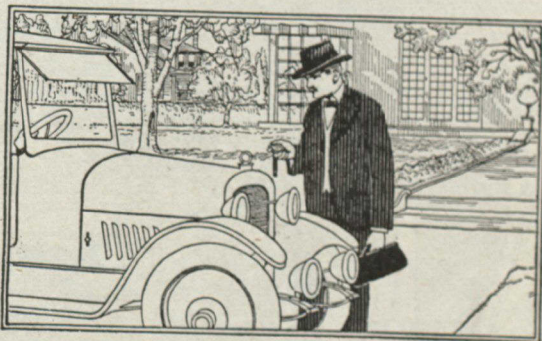
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Another revelation of the high  
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W E all contribute something to the world—some men, much; others, little. Those who give their lives to the healing of the sick and who, night and day, bring relief to the suffering, are indeed a blessing to mankind.

Their spirit of achievement is an example for you and me.

The Doctor fights against time for life. He lives by the tick of the Elgin. He must do to-day's work to-day. With a life trembling in the balance, he must reduce the ragin; fever; he must ease the maddening pain; he must operate; and minutes, yes, seconds count.

The Elgin is the instrument of accuracy at the sick-bed, in the operating room, and throughout the Doctor's busy hours as he makes his rounds of mercy.

Depend on the Elgin to carry out *your* daily schedule and thus make each day's work a supreme and satisfying achievement.

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



*Streamline  
Pendant  
Patented*

CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.  
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*One of the famous  
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**D**AINTINESS IN HOSIERY!  
Essential isn't it? Yet ideas of thrift urge one to have, as well, the dependable Penmans quality.

Now, buying of fine hose is simplified—wonderfully. Your natural preference for sheerness, coloring, shapeliness, soft texture may be satisfied, prudently, if you remember one thing—the name Penmans.

Daintiness is not extravagance when you buy Penmans.

*Penmans* Hosiery

"THE STANDARD of EXCELLENCE"



## Between the Eyes!

OF a sudden, two glittering bright eyes shine in the inky darkness. Somewhere behind them, a huge body shapes itself and crouches for the spring.

Up comes your Iver Johnson. A quick aim—a pull of the trigger—and the bullet is sped straight as a streak of light between the eyes.

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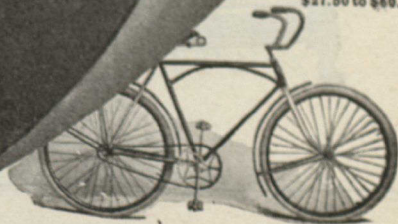
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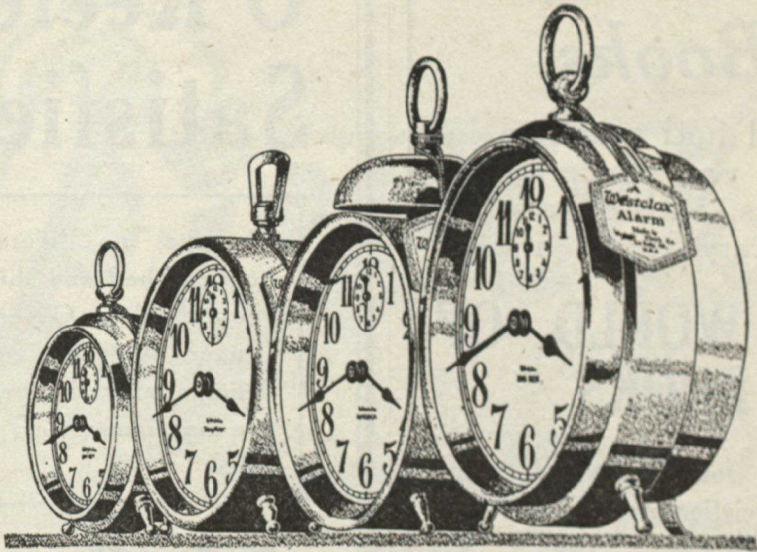


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**W**ESTCLOX is a short way of saying Western clocks. It means a line of good alarm clocks made by the Western Clock Co.

The trade mark, Westclox, is printed on the dial of every one: also on the orange-colored, six-sided tag attached to each clock.

These marks of quality make it easy to choose a Westclox alarm.

Demand for Westclox is growing greater every day. Steadily increasing production does not meet it. We are doing our utmost. But, remember, there is a high quality standard to maintain, and skilled clockmakers are not trained in a day.

**Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox**  
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## *O'Keefe's* GINGER ALE

Made from pure Spring water and selected ingredients, under the cleanest conditions imaginable, stands unrivaled as an ideal thirst quencher.

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Order a case from him.  
He also stocks—  
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# Bovril



**Makes  
Nourishing Soups**

# LILY WHITE

## Corn Syrup

### For Preserving

#### Half Lily White and Half Sugar

You will have *wonderful* success with your preserves if you follow the example of the Technical Schools and replace half the sugar with LILY WHITE Corn Syrup.

The initial saving in money may be small, but your jams and jellies will keep better, will have a finer flavor, will be just the right consistency and will not crystallize.

### LILY WHITE Makes Dandy Candy

Endorsed by good housewives everywhere. LILY WHITE Corn Syrup is sold by all grocers in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED,  
MONTREAL



WRITE  
FOR  
COOK  
BOOK



# Mrs. Knox Says

"My free recipe books 'Dainty Desserts' and 'Food Economy' save a lot of work, worry and money. They give an endless variety of delightful and original ways of combining Knox Sparkling Gelatine with coffee, cocoa, chocolate: rice, preserves, fresh, dried and canned fruits, fish and vegetables.

"It is really wonderful how many delicious desserts and salads you can make easily and quickly with the things you have in the pantry and

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"Busy housekeepers will like our Sparkling Acidulated package because of its ease of preparation. It contains an added envelope of Lemon Flavoring, which is used in place of lemon juice. All you add is water and sugar.

Experts call both packages of Knox Sparkling Gelatine the '4 to 1' Gelatine because it goes four times further than flavored packages. One quarter of a package will make a dessert or salad for six people."

### PERFECTION SALAD

1 envelope KNOX Acidulated Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mild vinegar  
 1 pint boiling water  
 1 teaspoonful salt  
 1 cup finely shredded cabbage

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring,  
 found in separate envelope  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 2 cups celery, cut in small pieces  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  can sweet red peppers or fresh  
 peppers finely cut

Soak the Gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, Lemon Flavoring, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain, and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentoes. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

*Note—Use Fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe, and you have a delicious Fruit Salad—If the Sparkling package is used, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice should be used in place of the Lemon Flavoring.*

### BANANA SPONGE

$\frac{1}{2}$  envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
 1 cup banana pulp

2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 Whites of two eggs beaten stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put banana pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, and stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, and sprinkle with chopped nuts if desired.

*Note—If the Acidulated package is used  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the Lemon Flavoring contained therein may be used in place of the lemon juice in the above recipe.*

Write for the Knox Recipe Books; they are free for the asking, if you give your grocer's name and address.

"Whenever a recipe calls for  
 gelatine—it means KNOX"

KNOX GELATINE

Mrs. Charles B. Knox

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





Lazzari stands beside the New Edison and sings  
"Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"

Lazzari has now ceased to sing, and the New Edison  
is singing the same song alone

**T**HE voice of the decade has appeared. A transcendent artist has flashed into operatic glory.

Twenty-two months ago, Carolina Lazzari joined the Chicago Opera—unknown, unheralded. Today, three continents clamor to hear her.

This fall the Metropolitan Opera Company brings her to New York City—its new prima donna contralto.

While the spell of her magnificent voice is holding New York opera-goers enthralled, the New Edison will be giving the self-same voice to music-lovers throughout the world.

The pictures on this page are from actual photographs. They show Lazzari in the act of comparing her voice with its Re-Creation by the New Edison. She Sang. Suddenly she ceased to sing,

and the New Edison took up the same song alone. There was *no difference*. It was only by watching Lazzari's lips that the audience could tell when she had ceased to sing.

Lazzari has made this test before more than ten thousand music lovers and representative music critics. This test proves beyond all question that the voice of Lazzari, as Re-Created by the New Edison, is absolutely indistinguishable from her voice as heard on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

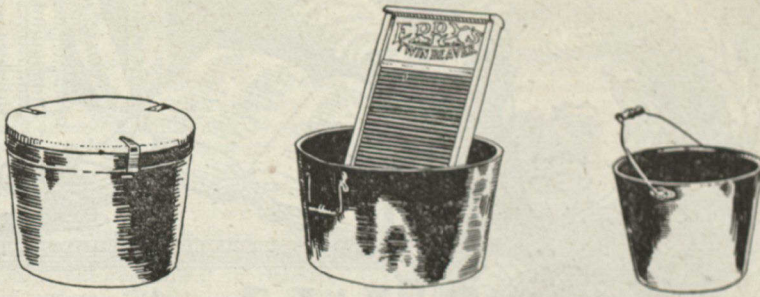
Generations may pass. The Metropolitan Opera House may fade into memory. But the genius of Edison has perpetuated forever the *real* voice of the world's great artists. Not strident and mechanical travesties on their art—but literal Re-Creations, indistinguishable from their living voices.

*Note—Edison not only RE-CREATES the great voices of the world. He also finds them. His method of scientific voice-analysis discovered Lazzari*

## The NEW EDISON

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**E**DDY'S Indurated Fibreware is *wood* without any of the drawbacks which are commonly associated with wooden household utensils. It is made in one piece without joints or hoops, it will not splinter, will not fall to pieces if dropped, and is impervious to taints and odors. And with all those qualities it has all the lightness and the resiliency of wood.

***Eddy's Indurated Fibreware***  
***Washtubs, Pails, Butter Tubs, etc.***

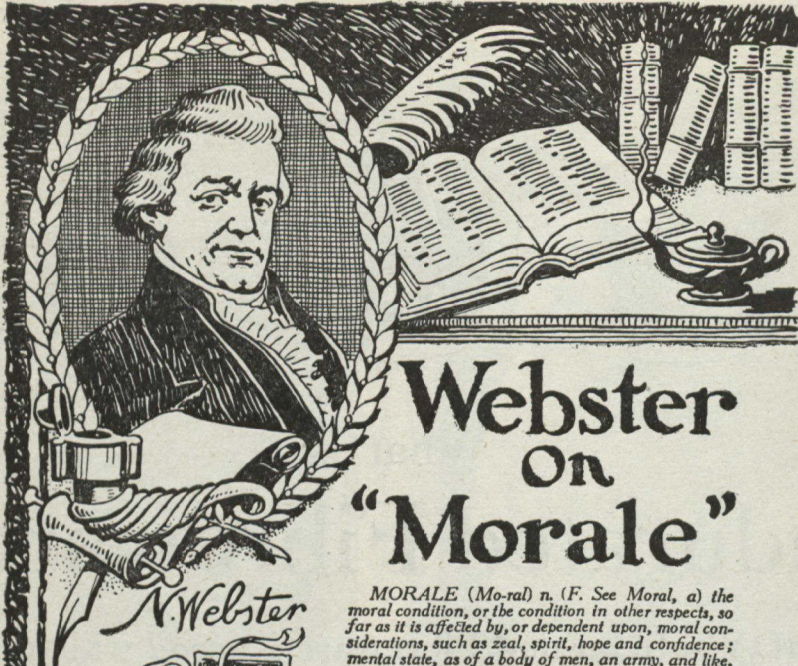
are made from wood-pulp, ground so as to preserve the long fibres intact. It is moulded to the required shape, in a single piece, under tremendous hydraulic pressure. This welds the fibres into a homogeneous mass, stronger in texture than the original wood itself.

The moulds are then dipped in oil, put into huge ovens, and baked for hours with intense heat. This produces a hard, glazed surface, which is impenetrable to liquids, and which effectively wards off every outside taint.

The next time you buy a washtub, a milk pail, a household pail or butter tub, ask for Eddy's Indurated Fibreware. You will find it much easier to lift, much easier to keep clean, and much more economical than the ordinary wooden or metal container.

**The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited**  
 HULL, Canada

*Also makers of the Famous Eddy Matches*



## Webster ON "Morale"

*MORALE (Mo-ral) n. (F. See Moral, a) the moral condition, or the condition in other respects, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon, moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence; mental state, as of a body of men, an army, and like.*



**HAT** is Dr. Webster's definition. Many of us know the word only in its war-time application.

Webster dwells firstly upon the usage of the word "morale" as applied to the common-place happenings of every-day life. His allusion to its reference to an army comes later. And Webster is correct—meticulously so.

It was their private-life morale that made such splendid soldiers of our boys when the time came for them to don the khaki. It was that, and that alone, that made them take the first step, and it was that which carried them through to victory. If their every-day morale had been neglected, the Army could have done little with them and success would not have crowned their efforts.

It is the many little incidents of your daily routine that make up your morale—the morning shave, your clean linen, polished shoes, brushed clothes. Webster speaks of zeal, spirit, hope and confidence. It is by attention to the small details of your personal appearance that these may be attained.

The Gillette Safety Razor enters as much into the morale of every-day life as it did into that of the trenches. It helped our soldiers to maintain their confidence and bearing. It will do the same for you. The Gillette Safety Razor makes the daily shave come easy—there is no pulling or scraping—no honing, or stropping—just five minutes of perfect shaving comfort. And, afterwards, a chin that tells of morale and self-respect.

*Sold at most stores catering to men's needs.*



540

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Que.



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

Any reader of the Canadian Magazine may obtain an illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Sent free with our compliments.

The Hotel Lenox, on North Street at Delaware Ave., Buffalo, has become a favorite stopping place for Canadians visiting Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The pleasant location of the Lenox—quiet, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts—adds much to the comfort of tourists, as do the unusually good cuisine, complete equipment and excellent service.

*European plan. Modern. Fireproof. Every room as outside room, \$2.00 up.*

*On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.*

**C. A. MINER,**  
Managing Director  
North St. at Delaware Ave.  
Buffalo, N.Y.



**HOTEL LENOX**  
BUFFALO

## HOTEL ST. JAMES

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th St.  
3 Blocks from Grand Central Station.  
Conducted by a Canadian.



Much favored by women travelling without escort.

40 Theatres, all principal shops and churches, 3 to 5 minutes walk.

2 minutes of all subways, "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines.

### All Outside Rooms

Hot and Cold Running Water in every room.

With adjoining bath - - - - from \$1.50 up  
With private bath - - - - from \$2.50 up  
Sitting room, bedroom, bath - - - from \$5.00 up

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Mgr.  
Formerly of Hotel Websters

## WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL, RESORT, AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT  
1907—EVERY MONTH IN 7 MAGAZINES—1919

Atlantic Monthly Century Harper's Review of Reviews  
Scribner's The Canadian World's Work. Write to these places & refer to WHERE-TO-GO, 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.



**HORNELL N. Y.**

**WHEN ILL** or in need of complete rest or recreation investigate  
**Stauben Sanitarium,**  
Hornell, N. Y. Everything at command to restore health. Physical and hydrotherapeutic treatments. Beautiful surroundings, golf, etc. Moderate rates.



## Appear At Your Best—Instantly

If you receive a sudden caller or an unexpected invitation you can feel confident of always appearing at your best. In but a few moments it renders to your skin a wonderfully pure, soft complexion that is beyond comparison.

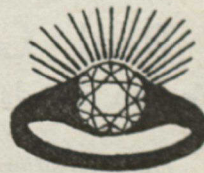
## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 15c for Trial Size  
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Montreal

## REPRESENT THIS MAGAZINE IN YOUR OWN TOWN

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE WORK  
WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS

The Canadian Magazine, - Toronto



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Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person

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JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers  
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## Your Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



# HUNT—

**T**RACK the lumbering Grizzly—follow the path of the Mountain Goat—bring down fleet Big Horns in Jasper Park or British Columbia. For Moose, Deer and Bear, go to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, New Ontario and Eastern Manitoba. Take with you a guide who knows the woods and knows the habits of the animals—practiced in the art of “calling”—who knows the mystery of the still hunt.

**Hunt Real Game This Year**  
and track the woods in their autumn glory!

*For descriptive booklets and other  
information, write*

H. H. Melanson, Passenger Traffic Manager  
TORONTO - CANADA



**Canadian National Railways**

# "JULIAN SALE"

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

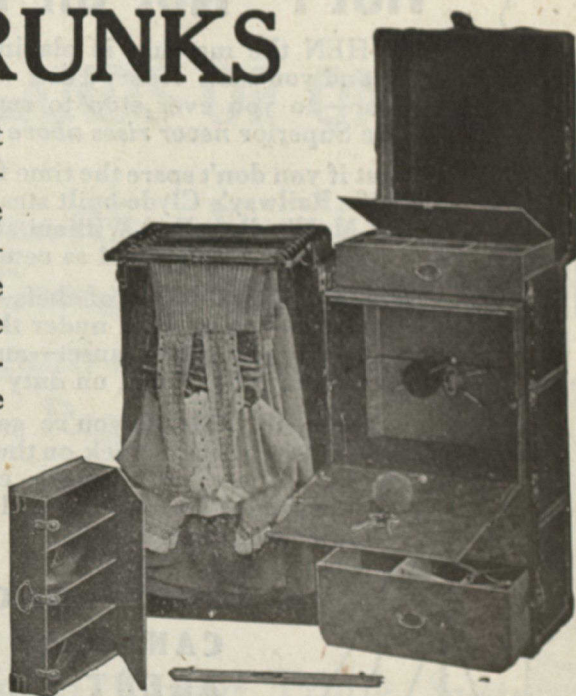
## 'RITE-HITE' WARDROBE TRUNKS

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the "hangers" or in the "Chest of Drawers" in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)

**\$33<sup>00</sup> to \$90<sup>00</sup>**



**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**  
105 King Street West, Toronto

# Across the GREAT LAKES

## Hot? Not on Lake Superior!

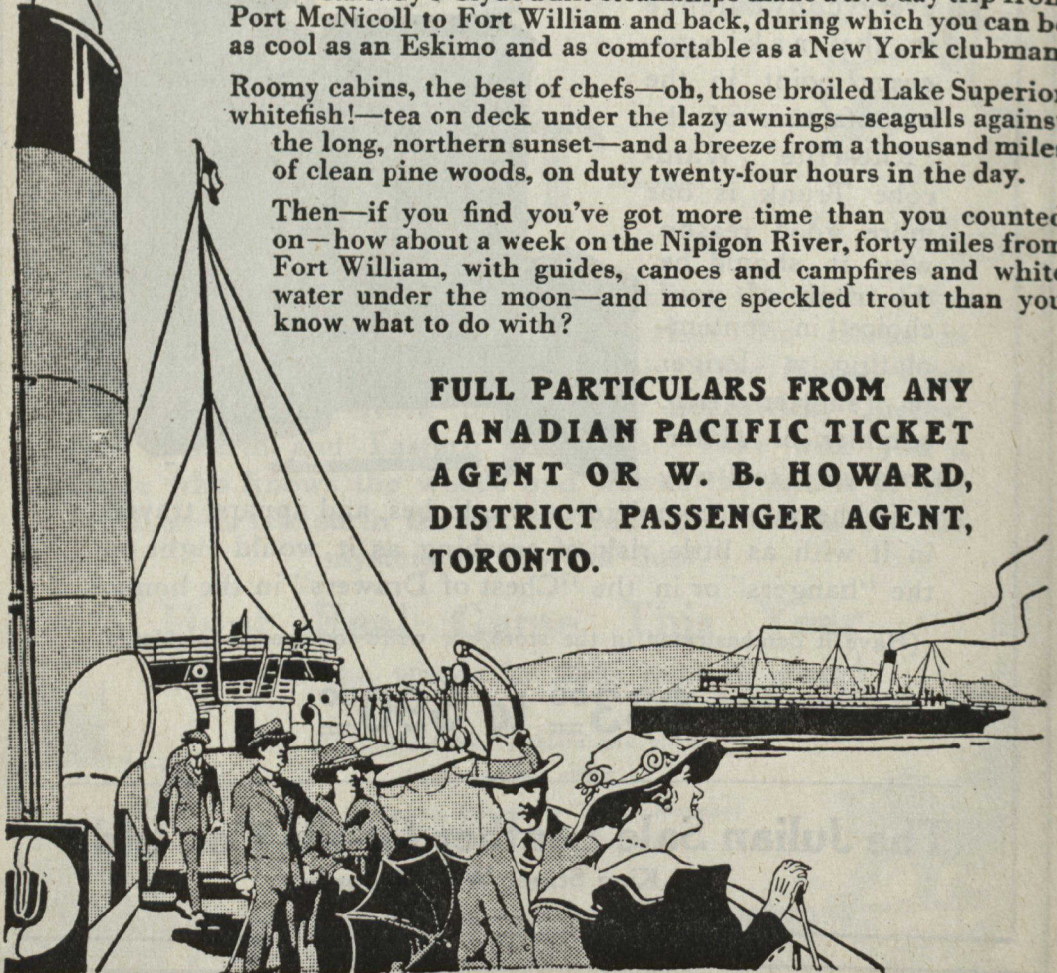
WHEN the mercury is playing around in the upper eighties, and you wish Henry Ford would invent a self-refrigerating collar—do you ever stop to remember that the temperature of Lake Superior *never rises above 40 degrees?*

What if you don't spare the time for a long holiday? The Canadian Pacific Railway's Clyde-built steamships make a five-day trip from Port McNicoll to Fort William and back, during which you can be as cool as an Eskimo and as comfortable as a New York clubman.

Roomy cabins, the best of chefs—oh, those broiled Lake Superior whitefish!—tea on deck under the lazy awnings—seagulls against the long, northern sunset—and a breeze from a thousand miles of clean pine woods, on duty twenty-four hours in the day.

Then—if you find you've got more time than you counted on—how about a week on the Nipigon River, forty miles from Fort William, with guides, canoes and campfires and white water under the moon—and more speckled trout than you know what to do with?

**FULL PARTICULARS FROM ANY  
CANADIAN PACIFIC TICKET  
AGENT OR W. B. HOWARD,  
DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT,  
TORONTO.**





Hunt This Fall in Real  
Haunts of Red Deer

## THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

Maganetawan River, French River,  
Muskoka, Georgian Bay, Lake of  
Bays, Timagami and other Famous  
Regions.

---

Write to any agent, Grand Trunk System,  
for "Playgrounds" Booklet, giving  
Game Laws, etc. or to

J. QUINLAN,  
Bonaventure Station,  
Montreal

C. E. HORNING  
Union Station,  
Toronto

# What to do-

## Send a Post Card- That's all

Address  
it  
like  
this



On the back  
write this

*Please Send me Free  
the 1920 Edition of the  
Hallam Fur Fashion Book-*

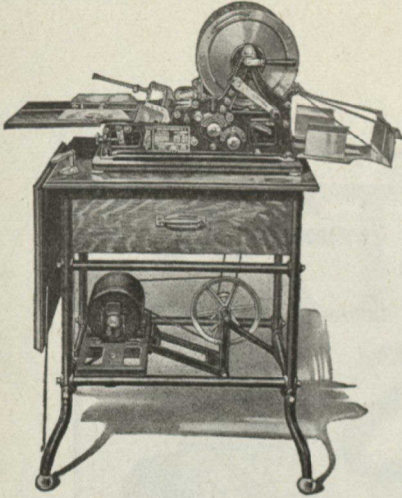
YOUR NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
IN FULL

STREET NO. OR RURAL ROUTE \_\_\_\_\_

POST OFFICE \_\_\_\_\_ PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

and by return mail  
you will receive this book





## The Edison-Dick MIMEOGRAPH

Shown here is an exceedingly simple machine by which all kinds of Typewritten and Handwritten Letters, Forms, Blanks, etc. may be speedily and accurately reproduced in your own office.

### Use the New "DERMATYPE"

The New Waxless indestructable Stencil Paper unaffected by heat or cold, prints thousands of perfect copies from a single typewritten original.

Write us for Booklet and further particulars.

# Brown Bros. LIMITED

Simcoe and Pearl Streets  
TORONTO

## The Full Luxury of the Bath

is attained when it is perfumed with the genuine

# MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water



In use for a Century, this matchless perfume has won on its merit a most enviable, world-wide popularity, and stands today unique among perfumes of its class.

In the Bath its cooling, refreshing and reviving effects are truly remarkable. For general use on the Dressing-table it has no equal.

PREPARED ONLY BY  
**LANMAN & KEMP,**  
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.  
Accept no Substitute!

# J Jaeger

## To Suit all Seasons

Jaeger Pure Wool underwear may be had in weights to suit all seasons. It offers the most complete bodily protection of any known clothing, and combines quality with style and comfort. Made in two-piece suits and combinations, in all weights for men, women and children.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.



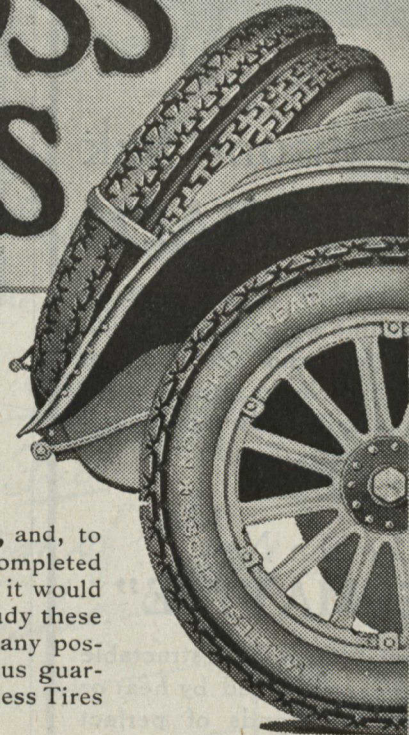
*A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.*

**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woollen **CO. LIMITED**  
System  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
British "founded 1883".

# MALTESE CROSS TIRES

## TESTED TIRES

We construct a Tire on specifications which our experts figure should make a tire **exactly right**, and, to prove it, we subject the completed Tire to severer tests than it would get on the road. We study these performances to discover any possibility of improvement, thus guaranteeing an output of faultless Tires — "Built for Service."



*Ask Your Dealer to Show You the New 1919 "Continuous" Non-Skid Tread.*

**GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, Limited,**  
Head Office and Factories, **TORONTO.**

BRANCHES:—Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Ft. William, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Lethbridge, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria.



# The New Motor Car



The Three-Point Cantilever Springs of Overland 4 introduce a new kind of riding comfort never before possible in a light car.

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**WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED**

*Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters*

Head Office and Works, Toronto, Canada

Branches: Montreal, Winnipeg, and Regina

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Announcing  
A TRIUMPH

1920 McLaughlin Master Six now ready

LEADERSHIP was ever accorded the victor.

Supremacy is the reward of exceptional merit in all walks of life.

Canada's Standard Car owes its leadership to its inherent merit.

For 1920 the new McLaughlin Master Six more than ever maintains that reputation which has established its Supremacy from coast to coast.

See the new McLaughlin models at the nearest McLaughlin Show Rooms.

Send for Literature.

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McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED  
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

THE McLAUGHLIN  
MASTER SIX

# LOST!

## A PARTRIDGE NON-SKID TIRE



### Description

Had travelled 7,000 miles yet was practically good as new.

Only slightly worn in centre of tread.

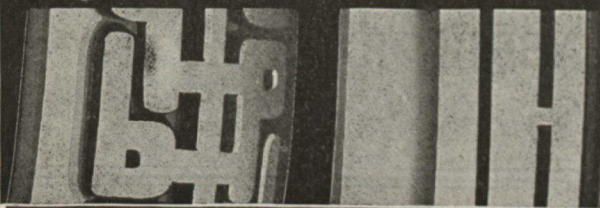
Valued by its owner for its wear-resisting qualities.

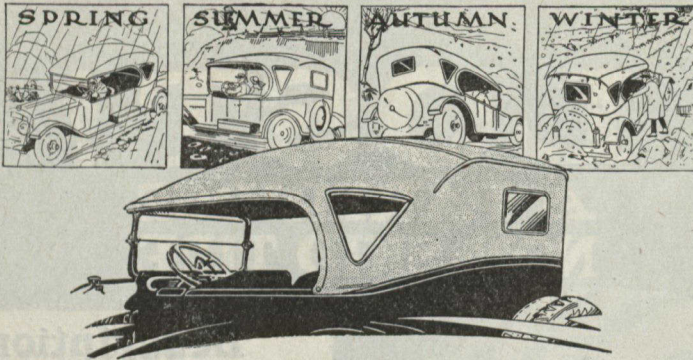
If you judge a tire by the mileage it gives, equip your car to-day with Partridge Tires.

*—They are game as their name.*



Made by The F.E. Partridge Rubber Company, Limited, Guelph, Ont.





## Your "Motoring Comfort" this Fall depends largely on your Car Top.

The rain and damp weather, we must expect at this season, will play havoc with poor car top material. It will crack, split and rapidly become shabby and unserviceable.

If retopping your car this fall specify material that will stand up under all weather conditions—LUXAR. If you are to enjoy your car fully—specify LUXAR for the top.

LUXAR is rubber coated, double or single texture fabric made especially for topping material. It is guaranteed for a year—but often lasts the life of the car.

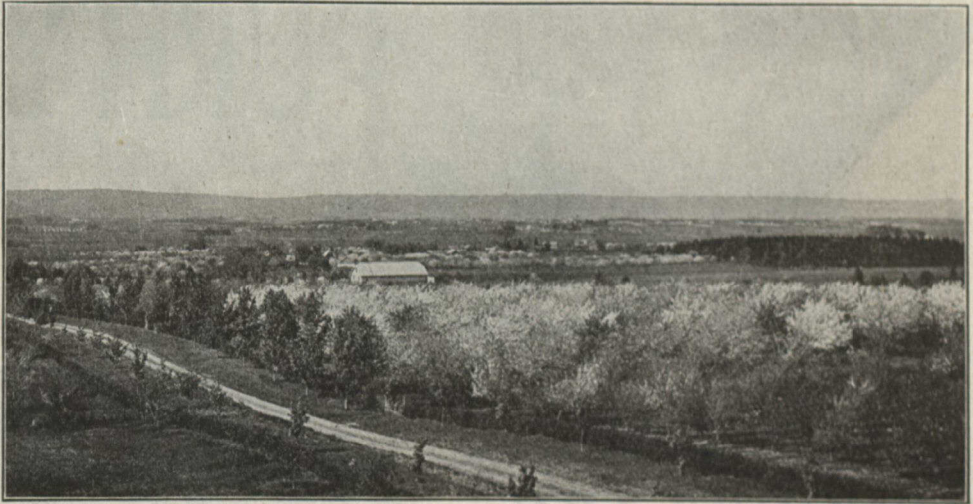
A LUXAR top will add immensely to the appearance and service of your car.

It is used by most repair shops—or they will obtain it if you specify LUXAR.

*Insist upon LUXAR for your car top this  
fall. Write for Luxar Booklet.*

**The DUPONT FABRIKOID COMPANY**  
63 BAY STREET      -:-      -:-      TORONTO

# What Nova Scotia Offers The Farmer



**Land Suitable for Dairying** with succulent and well watered pastures. The climate is moist and cool and the markets for dairy products unexcelled. Good breeds of cows average 10,000 pounds of milk per cow.

**Land Suitable for Fruit Growing.** Nova Scotia Apples are among the finest flavored in the world. Trees bear from five to ten years after planting and yield profitably for from 60 to 100 years. A million acres of land not yet planted are suitable for orcharding.

**Land Suitable for Sheep Raising** in one of the most favorable portions of Canada for the sheep industry. The hilly pastures produce healthy sheep and the mutton and lamb are of superior quality and flavour. Nova Scotia wool is sought after by cloth manufacturers.

**Land Suitable for Market Gardening.** Strawberry, Raspberry and Cranberry Plantations yield profits ranging from \$200 to \$500 per acre.

**Strong Local Markets** and excellent opportunities for EXPORTING.

For further information including booklet of sample farm properties available, write,

W. B. MACCOY

Secretary Industries and Immigration,

197 Hollis Street,

Halifax

# SNOWFLAKE PURITY

The purity and goodness of **SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING** insures pies, cakes, pastries, etc.,—firm but light in texture, delicate in flavor—delicious, to say the least. Use

## SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING

In all your bakings—results will prove to you that there is none better.

Sold in convenient 1 lb. cartons, or 3, 5, 10 and 20 lb. pails.

**The Canadian Packing Co., Limited**  
Successors to  
Matthews-Blackwell, Limited

*Established 1852*

12



## Wedding Silver

Happy though she be, a bride never loses her sense of value or her appreciation of the quality of the gifts.

Imagine her failing to recognize one of the 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware patterns. Impossible! For years she has been reading about the quality of this famous silverplate—no other silverplate has had an opportunity of proving its wearing quality for so long a term of service.

Be sure your purchase bears the 1847 ROGERS BROS. trade mark. Only the best grade "Rogers" is so marked.

*See the various patterns at your dealers.*

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited, HAMILTON, CANADA

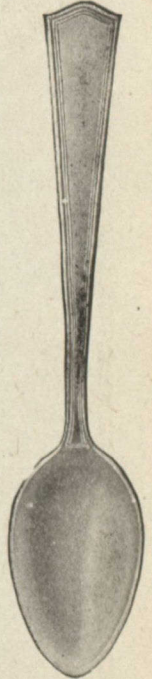
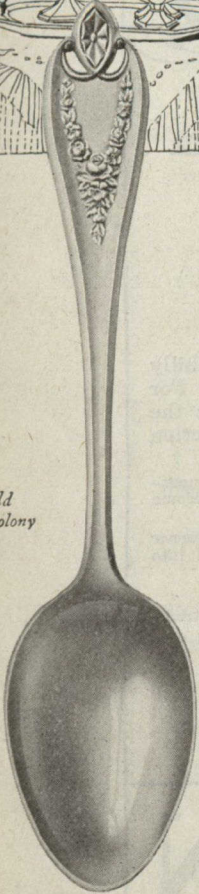
Made in Canada by Canadians and sold by leading Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion.

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

## SILVERWARE

*The Family Plate for Seventy Years*

*Old  
Colony*



*Fairfield*

The Fairfield pattern, one of several attractive sterling patterns stamped with the mark M. B. Co.



## As Fall Nights Grow Chill

It is a real joy in damp Fall weather to spend the long, chilly evenings by a cheery, comfort-giving Perfection Oil Heater. For that "between seasons" period when it is too early to start the furnace, yet cool enough to require heat of some sort, the Perfection proves invaluable.

Upstairs or down, it warms any room, any time, without trouble or inconvenience. There are no ashes or coal to bother with, and the house doesn't become uncomfortably hot and stuffy.

The Perfection Oil Heater is well made and good-looking. Its brass burner insures years of service and turns every drop of Imperial Royalite Coal Oil into clean, odorless heat. The wick-stop prevents smoking.

Nickel trimmings, with the drum black japanned or blue enameled.

Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Heater, with the triangle trademark.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

**IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED**  
Power Heat Light Lubrication  
Branches in All Cities.

# PERFECTION

*Oil Heaters*



*Look for the  
Triangle Trade Mark*



What soap  
to keep skins  
youthful?

THE pores of the skin are the "workshop" of skin-beauty. And unless they are kept free and active the skin cannot be kept fresh and young.

Fairy Soap creams up into a velvety, soothing lather. This lather does not remain in the pores to clog them and diminish their activity. Fairy Soap leaves pores cleansed and freshened. It rinses away—*easily*—*completely*.

Make friends with pure Fairy Soap for your complexion and your bath. Its day-by-day use will help to keep your skin soft, fresh and young.

THE F. C. FAIRBANK COMPANY

LIMITED  
MONTREAL





ON TOP

London Kellogg's

For the past twelve years the  
Genuine Original

*Kellogg's* TOASTED  
**CORN FLAKES**

The Big Package

**M**ADE only in London, Ontario, have climbed continually higher and higher in the estimation of the Canadian public. They are on top, and will continue to be on top because their delightful flavour can not be equalled.

The package has been imitated but the high quality of the GENUINE ORIGINAL crisp, tasty flakes has never been equalled.

Be sure the words, "Made in Canada," and "London, Ont." are printed in red ink on the face of the red, white and green package.

All others are imitations.

Prepared and toasted in the finest and most sanitary food factory on the continent.

**The Battle Creek Toasted  
Corn Flake Company, Limited**

HEAD OFFICE AND PLANT

**LONDON, ONT.**



## Not So Bad this Month

"Now, that's better! It's the first time the expense figures haven't given me a horrid feeling.

"If I'd only known sooner about Jell-O and some of the other money savers, I'm sure I'd have more dollars and not be so near wrinkles.

"What a lot of money and time I've wasted on things to eat, and especially desserts, when

# JELL-O

would have helped me out."

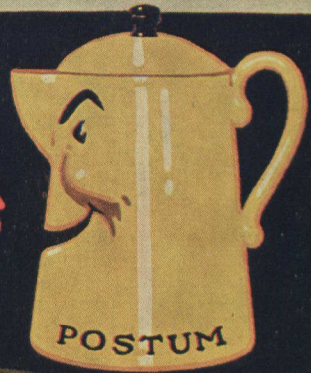
Every woman who wants to know how Jell-O can "help her out" will find the information she desires in the Jell-O Book, which will be sent free to all who send name and address.

Jell-O is made in seven pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Vanilla and Chocolate, and is sold by all grocers and dealers.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd.,  
Bridgeburg, Ont.



**Two  
Sides**  
To a Question



Don't take anybody's word for it. But if you're a coffee drinker, and feel as though something is wrong with your nerves, *Quit Coffee* and use

# POSTUM

You'll know more after a couple of weeks about the effects of coffee, than you can learn from reading in a couple of years.

*"There's a Reason" for*  
**POSTUM**