

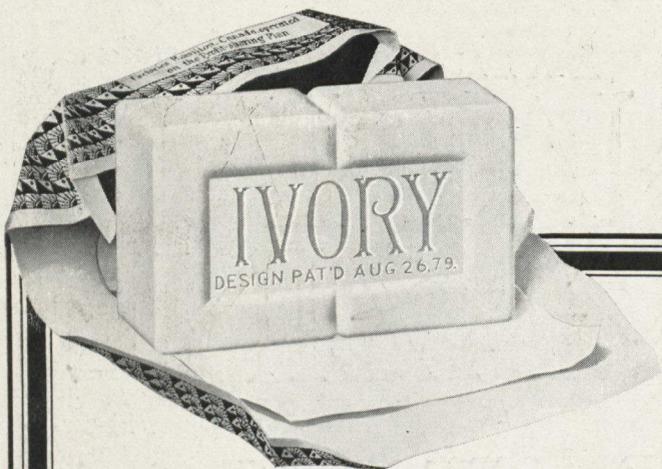
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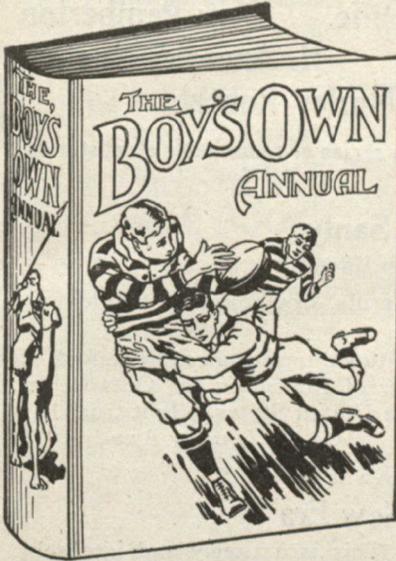
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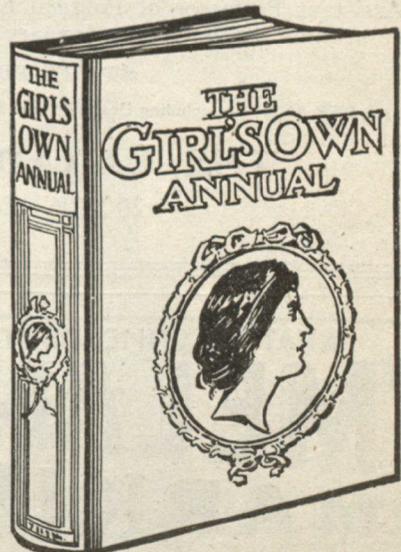
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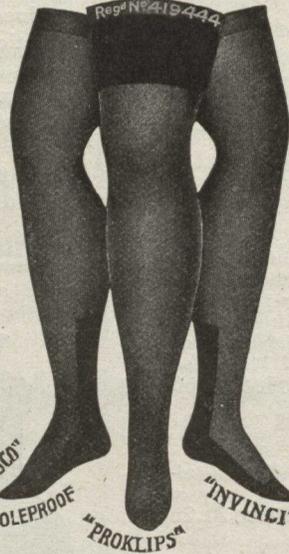
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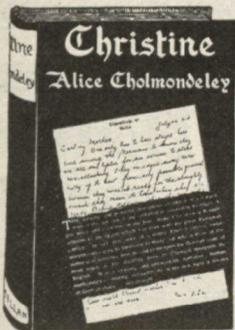
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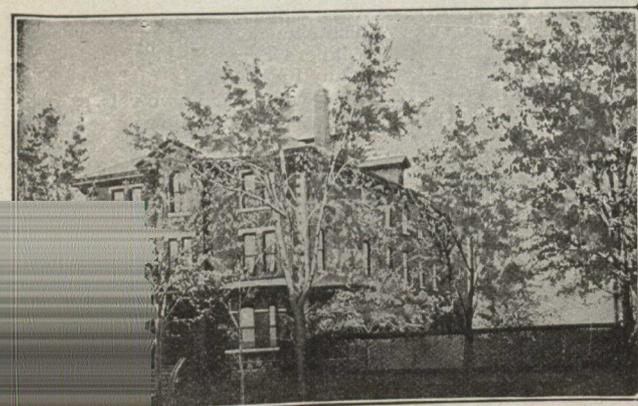
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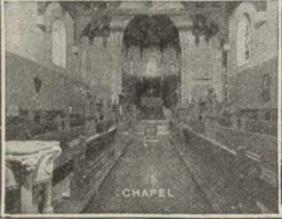
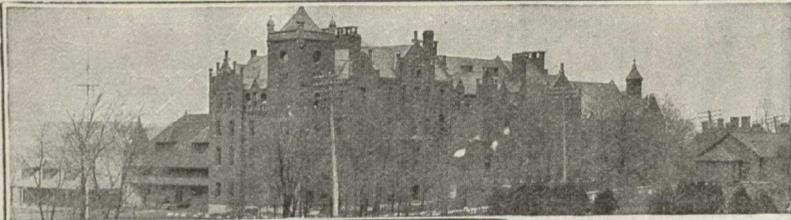
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Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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TORONTO



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INCORPORATED 1855

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HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA



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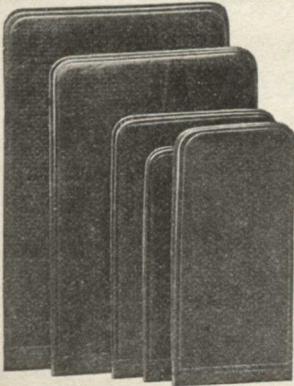
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And before the war is won every man and woman in Canada must and will learn the lessons of sacrifice.

The War can only be Won

by the unselfish, personal self-denial and patriotic devotion

of every man and woman and boy and girl in Canada.

And what self-denial can you make to equal the sacrifice of one mother whose only son lies beneath a wooden cross "somewhere in France"?

And if you worked sixteen hours a day, slept on a pallet of straw and lived on a crust, would that measure up to the sacrifice made by one soldier who comes back to Canada blind?

Would it even approximate the hardships which are the everyday commonplaces of the lives of our men in the trenches?

Now how can you and each of us by self-denial help to win the war? Every man and woman who is true in spirit to this Canada of ours, wants to be of service, wants to help win the war.

Then how can each of us help?

By taking thought of what we spend, what we eat and wear, where we go, what we do to save our money

—by giving serious, dutiful consideration to the needs of our country and our country's gallant defenders in the trenches,

—by avoiding every unnecessary expenditure so that we can buy Canada's Victory Bonds,

—by remembering that every time we reduce our own individual ability to buy a bond by spending money needlessly, or by self-indulgence, extravagance or thoughtlessness, we by that much reduce the efficiency of Canada in helping to win the war,

—when we save our money and lend it to Canada we help just that much. And Canada needs every ounce of help from every man and woman.

Buying Canada's Victory Bonds is a service to our country, but if we buy these bonds as a result of our own self-denial we render to ourselves a still greater service, because we shall have learned to discipline ourselves and,

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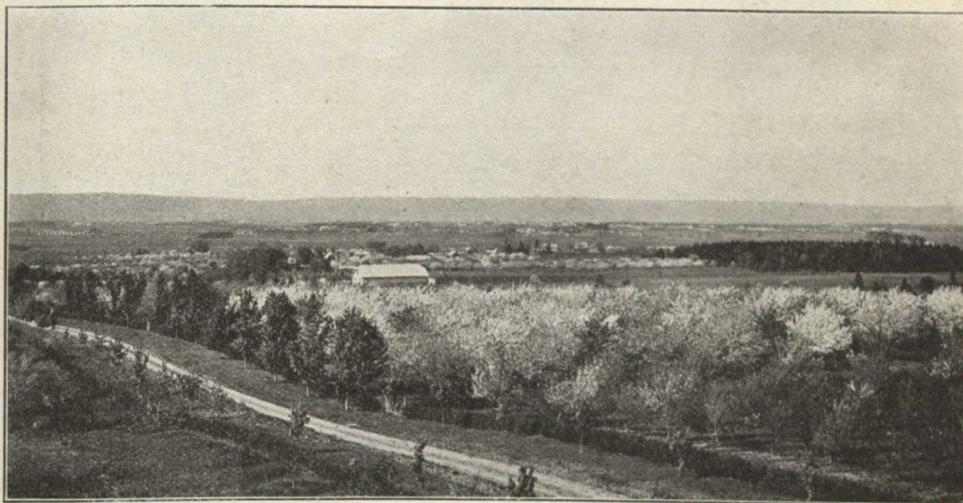
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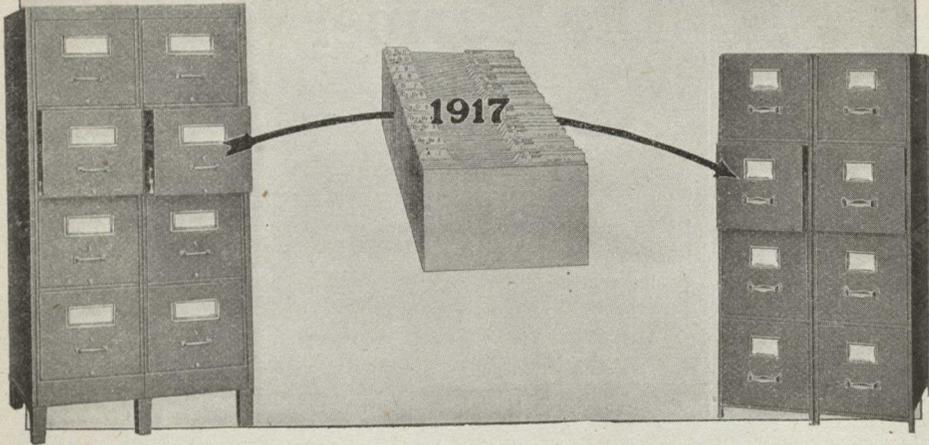
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Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

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"The Phonograph with a Soul"

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has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the living voice left off and when the New Edison began. With the lights lowered not one could tell when the change took place. 500 unprejudiced newspaper critics who witnessed the recitals unite in this assertion. In this new instrument Mr. Edison has actually succeeded in *re-creating* the human voice.

We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices.

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It Means a Richer Life

As a Christmas gift what can surpass this wonderful instrument? It is like a permanent pass to all the operas, all the concerts, all the music of the whole world. It does actually add something real and vital to life.

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Margaret Matzenauer
of the Metropolitan Opera



Marie Rappold
of the Metropolitan Opera



Anna Case
of the Metropolitan Opera



Arthur Middleton
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Thomas Chalmers
of the Metropolitan Opera

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CHRISTMAS 1917

This is a time when all men rest awhile—a time of family re-union—a time to consider matters requiring “setting right.”

To the man having the real well-being of his family at heart, what could be more appropriate at this season than the timely consideration of protecting their continued welfare and happiness by **LIFE INSURANCE**.

In the contracts of The Great-West Life Assurance Company all this is provided and more. A man does not necessarily have to “die to win,” but may be reassured of comfort in his old age at the same time. Rates are low and the profit returns being paid to policy-holders are the highest.

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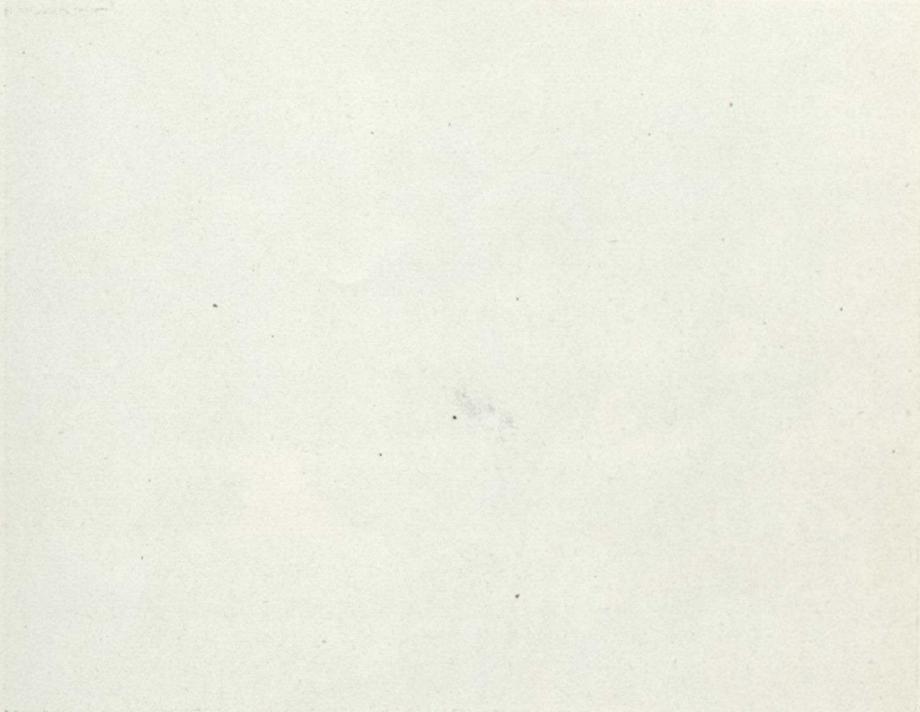
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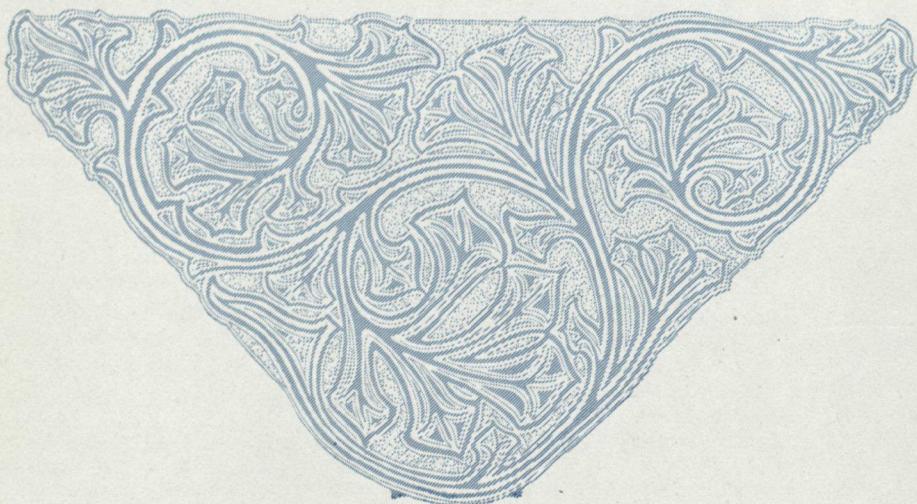






Painting by F. M. Bell-Smith.

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER





THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. L

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1917

No. 2

Dickens and "A Merry Christmas"

BY J. CUMING WALTERS

"Time was with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and everyone around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete."—"What Christmas is as we Grow Older".



It is a good plan to read Dickens's Christmas stories twice over, each time in a different mood; first, for sheer enjoyment, and, secondly, for reflection upon their significance. He wrote each of his stories with a distinct purpose. Thus, when he was planning "The Chimes", he explained to John Forster that he was engaged in "striking a blow for the poor". His tale of Gabriel Grub and the goblins was designed to show that happiness comes to all who bear in their hearts "an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotion". The

"Christmas Carol" is the most potent sermon ever preached on unselfishness and good-will to all mankind. So we might proceed, but the meaning in most cases is so obvious that further instances are not necessary. But why, it may be asked, seek for moral and doctrine when Dickens wrote to entertain? My answer is that it is only justice to the author to do so, for entertainment was only one portion of his design. In his various prefaces he carefully explained the real object he had in view. We do not mar his stories, but enrich them, by our discovery of the wise and wholesome teaching he cunningly blended with them. If we take the series of his Christmas sketches and tales we find that they exercise an influence and stimulate us to mercy, justice, charity, toleration, the abolition of abuse, and the desire for reform. It is part of Dickens's praise that he conveyed his benign lessons so adroitly that we scarcely realize, until the

sudden flash of illumination comes, that he has done more than excite us to tears or laughter. And, just as he, we need not be dull in extracting the moral he enshrined in it.

Dickens has sometimes been proclaimed the "maker of our modern Christmas", but this is not correct. Merrie England had known centuries before what a Merry Christmas should be, and Sir Walter Scott in ringing lines had recalled the frolic and festivity of the season. But Dickens found Christmas a rather colourless affair, shorn of a good many of its ancient ceremonies, and limited to a day's celebration. His desire was to restore it, to revive its pleasures, to enlarge its scope, and to make its beneficent effect permanent. To accomplish this he had first to represent the season in all possible outward attractiveness, to describe it in such fashion as to make the blood glow and the eyes glisten—and this is exactly what we find him doing in his own inimitable fashion. The earliest Christmas picture he gives us is among the "Boz" sketches, and it fascinates us at once with its joyous and exhilarating vision. "Draw your chair nearer the blazing fire, fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter, and empty it off-hand, and fill another, and troll off the old ditty you used to sing, and thank God it's no worse!" And then followed one of the most spirited of all his short sketches—the Christmas party, the well-to-do man and his family meeting their friends, the jolly clerk, who sings and dances and makes speech after speech; the festive meal, the toasts, and—(don't be afraid!)—the "moral" of it all—a better understanding between man and man, a closer relationship, and the casting down of the barriers of class and convention. This, indeed, was the favourite and the constant theme. No

matter what form the story took, human brotherliness was the teaching. "I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round," said one of his characters, "apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin—(if anything belonging to it can be apart from that)—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

Dickens's first Christmas sketch was among the "Boz" papers of 1836; his last will be found in chapters of the unfinished *Edwin Drood* of 1870; and so we may say from first to last that as an author his thoughts were on the subject. But it is a mistake to suppose he was always writing on Christmas. There are long intervals without an allusion; and, half the number of his books are without a single reference. The fact is, the very ardour he puts into the subject produced the effect on many minds that he was constantly dealing with it—his resounding words doubtless reverberated in men's memories. Then there were the annual Christmas numbers, and though the very name of "Christmas" does not appear in several of them, they served to keep the thought alive, and the spirit of the season was there.

The zest with which he had written of Christmas in his early days was reproduced by his personal enthusiasm in celebrating the day. There are many records of Christmas as it was spent at Devonshire Terrace and Gad's Hill. He certainly practised what he preached in making it a time of equal enjoyment for all his household. His family, his neighbours, his friends, and his servants, all shared alike in the revels and participated in the feast. He himself became a lord

of misrule. The Fezziwig spirit dominated the proceedings. Who cannot perceive the results? It was "Christmas all the year round" in sentiment and good-will, and was not for a day only.

On no fewer than three occasions Dickens made use of that phrase that Christmas should not be celebrated once a year, but all the year round. In this repeated thought we have a clue to the underlying motive of his Christmas stories. Take each of them in turn and you find that, while he describes with infectious gaiety or with touching pathos the manifestations of Christmas sentiment, he always impresses upon us permanent results. Gabriel Grub and Ebenezer Scrooge, to take two of the most familiar examples, were "altered men"; that is, having learned the lesson of Christmas on one great occasion, they acted on the Christmas principle for the rest of their lives. They were true converts to charity and good-will, to friendliness and human feeling, to the idea of brotherhood and mutual service. Dickens would have us understand that the Christmas spirit which was awakened in these men gave a new purpose to their lives, and that henceforth—"all the year round"—they acted according to the Christmas principle, understanding its beneficent meaning, recognizing its significance. Deeds must follow faith—good works, unselfishness, the casting-off of enmities, readiness of reconciliation, and practical service. Here we have the real Dickens creed—nothing subtle about it, perfectly elementary, and yet as finely Christian as the churches teach or as idealists desire. The Merry Christmas of Charles Dickens's, "A Christmas Carol", in which we enjoy Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner, was more than a season's greeting, a season's gambols, and a season's banquets. It went far beyond Scott's pleasant but limited idea that the memory of its happiness would "last the poor man half the year". In Dickens's mind

Christmas brought in a new era from which men could date back their higher and nobler impulses.

Good old Fezziwig, with his "Yo ho, my boys", and his "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here", was the type of man Dickens liked to put before his readers in order that they should perfectly comprehend that at Christmas time employer and apprentices, master and servants, were all to be brought together and to commingle. "In they all came," we are told of the famous party, "some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and anyhow." Mrs. Fezziwig was there, "one vast substantial smile"; the daughters were there, and the six young men whose hearts they broke; the housemaid with her cousin the baker, and the cook with her brother's particular friend the milkman. And the picture fades away as Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are "shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, and wishing them a Merry Christmas"—the finishing touch to a scene of universal harmony and good-will.

It was the same at Dingley Dell when the Pickwickians spent their memorable Christmas with that fine old English gentleman Mr. Wardle. The descriptive chapter is one of the most infectiously happy that even Dickens wrote—it makes the heart glow and bound to follow in fancy the stirring events—the morning drive, the festive meal, the rubber at whist, and the speeches. "Call in all the servants," cried old Wardle, "and give them a glass of wine each." If further evidence of community of feeling were needed, it is provided by the account of the general assembly in the large kitchen, "according to annual custom, observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial", where Mr. Pickwick saluted the oldest lady under the mistletoe, and found his example immediately followed by everyone high and low, the

visitors and the family, the poor relations, and the whole band of retainers, the while "Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction". The mighty bowl of wassail followed, and Wardle explained that the invariable custom at Dingley Dell was that "everybody sits down with us on Christmas Eve, as you see them now, servants and all; and here we wait, until the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in". The fact is that the Dingley Dell custom was Dickens's custom, and in his home the preacher put his precepts into practice. Whether he trolled out his ballad is not recorded; but all who spent Christmas with him are agreed that he acted up to its sentiment:

We'll usher him in with a merry din,
 What shall gladden his youthful heart;
 And we'll keep him up, while there's bite
 or sup,
 And in fellowship good, we'll part.

That felicitous word "fellowship" is worth noting, for it has a special significance in the celebration of Christmas on the Dickensian plan. What it meant in reality must be judged

from the description of the feast to the Seven Poor Travellers at Rochester, and the supper party at Trotty Veek's.

Nor must we forget or omit one other feature in the Merry Christmas of Dickens's conception—the special and outstanding place in the scheme accorded to children. It was not only a time for old men's memories and young men's dreams, but was an occasion for showing the tenderest regard for the young whose very innocence and purity were symbolical of the season and its gospel. "What children could I see at play," wrote Dickens in describing his Christmas walk to Cobham, "and not be loving of, recalling Who had loved them?"

To sum up this too short and too rapid survey of a vast and many-sided subject, we find that Dickens made of Christmas a mighty factor for human betterment, representing it as a time of hope and love, friendship and forgiveness, redress and reconciliation, charity and fraternity. And above everything it was to be lasting—"Christmas in our hearts all the year round".

THE LAST MOBILIZATION

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

LEAD, England, lead
 Our legioned ongoing,
 With full, free banners
 Gallantly flowing!

Here are your old reserves—
 Rovers and rangers,
 From the wild, rough places
 And the dared dangers.

Blood of your blood we were,
Strength of your sinew;
Greatness you might not dream
That did we win you.

Doom clanged her iron lips,
A world swayed asunder,
Yet stoutly you battled
Through the fury and thunder.

You have not shamed us where
We shadows must tarry:
Nelson is glad for you,
Clive, and King Harry!

Shades? *but we've broken through,*
The border we've raided:
Strange, stubborn sentinels
We have persuaded.

What though to dusty death
We had descended?
Soul of your soul are we
Till time be ended.

Wolfe, Drake, and Wellington,
Our captains, commanders,
Marshal their men-at-arms
For France and Flanders.

Let us lift up our hearts,
Devon and Dover,
Men of antipodes,
Sailors from frozen seas,
Each ranger and rover—
Comrades, with us unite!
God, and the freeman's right!
Lift we our hearts and fight
Till this hell-burst be over!

England, our England,
We share your ongoing,
With full, free banners
Gallantly flowing!

VERSES

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

I.

The Stirrup Cup.

I GAZED at the dark vintage in the cup
And saw strange lights and shadows moving there,
Now on the surface, now half hid and deep—
My love's eyes bright with love and dark with sleep,
Her dear lips red with joy, thrilled with despair.

I lifted the great cup and drank the wine
That blund'ring life had pressed me from the years
And forced on me at dawn of my long ride.
I drained the stuff and threw the cup aside
And tasted nothing but a woman's tears.

II.

One Night.

Time, old Time, with the face of pain,
Turn me the round world back again.
Twirl it back, 'til across the year
The leafy rustle of May draws near.
Reverse your twirling, Time, and give—
(Of all the nights and days since sped)—
To me one night again to live.

Time, old Time, with the face of pain,
Twist me the sad world back again.
Twist it back, 'til my eager heart
Catches the whisper of May up start.
Twirl it, and bring to my hands once more—
(Of all the nights of your ages dead)—
That night of joy by the magic shore.

III.

Dawn.

Sleep, lie soft on those fairy eyes,
While I kneel here and pray above her,
Press the white lids down with your breath
And whisper low of her kneeling lover.

Sleep, hold softly the frightened heart
That flutters for fear of the parting hour. . . .
Dear lips! Dear, veiled eyes! Dear face,
Tender and small as a magic flower!

God, in my dreams let me see her so!—
Asleep in my arms at the dawn's gray starting,
Dreaming that grief and war are done,
And life holds never another parting.

Ashes of Dreams

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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



HE celebrity was having her hair done. She had a secretary who could do hair, and many other things not common with secretaries. This was fortunate, since celebrities, more than most people, need to have about them lesser folk of general utility.

"Just nine o'clock," said the secretary briskly, glancing at her wrist-watch. "We are half an hour early. When I have finished your hair you will have a whole hour to do as you like before you see Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke."

"Yes," agreed the celebrity absent-mindedly; then, rousing to attention, "I mean, no, very much no. I am going to have the whole morning to do as I like, and one of the things I shan't like is to see that woman."

"She said she would be here at ten o'clock sharp."

"She will. Her name sounds like it. You, Marta, will have the exceeding pleasure of entertaining her. For I am going out."

The secretary patted a shining roll into place and pinned it securely. She said nothing, but her manner said a great deal, beginning with, "People in your position—"

"Yes, I know all that," the celebrity answered the manner. "But I'm going, all the same. You needn't frown, old dear. Secretary never had a more dutiful slave than I. But this is the slave's day out."

"Where is the slave going, and how

long will it stay?" asked the secretary mildly. "I ask, like Rosa Dartle, for information."

"And, unlike Rosa, I'm afraid you won't get it. But I'll tell you this, the way I am going is a very long way—twenty years long."

"Then I may take it that you won't be back for lunch?"

The celebrity laughed.

"Well, I think you may take it that I shall. But why mention it? Coming back for lunch is so—so tame! Aren't you dense this morning, Marta? Can't you sense the fine flavour of romance? Haven't you noticed something odd about me? Can't you see that I am twenty years younger, and all strung up?"

"I have noticed that you are very wiggly and that your hair will be lopsided."

The celebrity sat still at once. She knew very well the importance of hair. But though her wiggling ceased, her eyes remained restless and her hands played with hair-pins. The secretary brushed steadily, but the eyes which met the others in the mirror were keen and questioning.

"The truth is," volunteered the other apologetically. "I simply could not do with Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke this morning. I have nerves. Mrs. P. Clarke will expect poise, and I have no poise. I am jumpy and I am shaky. Marta, don't you remember that I lived near here once? I used to visit in this town. It has associations."

"Jumpy ones?" said the girl.

"Y—es, very, Marta; did you ever guess that once there was a Someone?"

"Everyone," said Marta succinctly.

"No. Everyone is no one. But once, in this very town, there was just one. I was twenty years old then. I was called Anna."

"You are forty now," said Marta grimly, "and you are called Ann."

"Yes, but I don't look it. You should always add that. I don't look it, do I, Marta—really?"

The secretary relaxed.

"Perhaps you don't," she agreed. "At least not when you let me do your hair."

"How old do I look?"

"About thirty."

Ann Gilchrist sighed. She was glad not to look forty, but it wasn't pleasant to look thirty either. Say what you will, thirty is getting on.

"Twenty-eight, perhaps," ventured the secretary, who was afraid that she might not hear anything more about the Someone. But the other took no notice. Her eyes in the mirror had become dreamy.

"He lived here," she went on. "In this town. I was visiting here when I met him. His father kept a little art store. He was rather a character, the father; knew a lot about old prints and things. He had determined that his son was to be an artist. John wanted to be an artist very much. He was crazy to go abroad to study. Marta, he was the handsomest boy! He had the most beautiful mouth, and I never saw anyone with an eye like his."

"Wall-eye?" asked Marta concernedly.

"It was gray," went on Ann dreamily, "the only really gray eye I ever saw. Clear and—and gray, you know. I fell in love with him almost at once. We did not meet very often. But I loved him. I adored him. I couldn't eat or sleep. His step on the pavement turned me faint, Marta. I believe it was the real thing."

"Sounds like it," Marta remarked.

The celebrity sighed. "Well, whether it was or whether it wasn't, it's all I've ever had. I have never been able to feel faint over anybody since. And I'm for—nearly."

"Quite," declared Marta softly, but with decision. "You are quite forty. And I should think that you should be very glad indeed to have kept your freedom and your common-sense. All the same, if you were really as silly as you say at twenty, I can't see why you didn't—why he didn't—"

"But that was the trouble, old dear—he didn't. I cared for him, but he would have none of me. It was quite simple."

"He *must* have had a wall-eye."

Ann Gilchrist laughed.

"No, I wasn't at all nice-looking then. I didn't have you to do my hair, and I was terribly dowdy. He, my dear, was going to be an artist. He simply did not see me at all. My case was hopeless from the first. I went home to forget him."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. At least the rest isn't anything to anyone but me. It's just that I didn't forget him after all."

"Fool!" exclaimed the secretary explosively. "Not you, but that fool boy, I mean. What's the use in having gray eyes if you can't see with them? Anyone with half an eye could see. Look at that!" she concluded, as she pinned the last soft strand in place and pointed triumphantly to the mirror.

Ann Gilchrist nodded. She knew her good points very well, and she was not displeased with what she saw.

"So on a hair our destiny depends," she quoted. "With a head like that, Marta, I feel that I might have had a chance. But—I didn't. You'll see Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke for me, won't you? I am going out."

"I'll see her, and you can go out, if you'll tell me one thing more; where is that young man now?"

"What young man? Oh, that young man! I don't know, I'm sure. And

he can't be a young man now, you know. He went away to study art. Art is long, so he is probably doing it still. Do you truly like this hat, Marta?"

Marta ignored the hat. "I just wanted to be sure he wasn't around here anywhere," she explained, "and you'll not forget to be back for lunch."

Ann drew a perfect hat over her shining hair and settled a most delectable fur about her shoulders. It would be absurd to say that she did not know how charming she looked, yet there was in her smile a touch of melancholy as if it sorrowed for that girl of twenty years ago who had learned the lesson of being beautiful too late.

Outside, the wind blew keen and cold. It was winter, and yet there was a curious something in the wind, a stirring, tingling something, instinct with new energy and awakening life. To-morrow would not bring the spring, but—spring was coming. Ann Gilchrist felt its magic in the air. And there was other magic, too, more potent, more elusive, the magic of remembrance, that wonderful spring of the heart which no winter ever kills. Before she had turned the corner of that half-familiar street its spell was upon her. A mild wonder enveloped her. Twenty years! What, after all, were twenty years? Old phrases floated back to her: "A watch in the night", "A tale that is told"—just nothing at all, in fact, an illusion which faded with the first breath of memory.

Ordinarily, and for one bereft of magic, there are changes in twenty years. But Ann saw little change. The busy main street of the town was a little busier, the buildings a little higher, the pavements newer. But there, right across the road, was the store where Someone had taken her for hot chocolate after an evening on the ice. It was newly painted, and its window had been enlarged; but that was all. Inside there were the

same little round tables with marble tops, and there, right there in that corner, was the little crescent seat where she had sat, young John beside her, sipping the nectar of the gods.

Ann walked on quickly. She seldom walked in these days. She took her exercise in other ways, because she was always too busy. At home she had her small electric; when away, as at present, she had the private cars of many at her disposal. Walking wastes time. But this morning she had twenty years of time to waste and could afford to be prodigal. And she felt so strong and young.

Main Street left behind, she turned into Hill Street, and then into Alder, where it bends toward the river. There are little shops dotted all along Alder Street, many more now than there used to be, but the general character of the street had the pleasant familiarity of a once well-known face which has grown older.

Ann walked about half its length briskly, then her step began to slacken. She was getting very near a certain corner, and just around the corner was a certain store. The years which had spared so much had probably spared it, too. The old man who had kept it would be gone, and the young man with the gray eyes would be far away. But the store might be there. It was to see the store that Ann had slighted Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke.

Slower and slower became Ann's step. The magic in the air was very strong. The twenty years were vanishing utterly. What was it, this curious feeling which caught at her throat and made her breath come hard? Inside her muff her hands clung together, icy-cold. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes down-cast and shining. Youth had stolen back.

Very near the corner now! Ann paused for a moment, apparently to observe the succulent cuts of beef displayed in the window of a small eating-house, but really because she was

breathless. Delicious waves of feeling swept through her. Her heart beat loudly.

"Oh, what a fool I am," she said to herself, and then, "Oh, did it ever seem like this, was it ever really like this?"

She caught her breath with a little sob. It seemed unbearably sad that anything so exquisite could have lived in her—and died. A sense of utter loneliness and poverty made her firm lip quiver. That little lovesick, dowdy Ann of yesterday had been so much richer than the famous Ann Gilchrist of to-day.

Well, she would see the store, anyway, if it were there. She walked on, rounded the corner—and the store *was* there!

Perhaps she had not expected really to find the store. Certainly it was amazing to find it so unchanged. Why it was just exactly. . . . Ann began to feel a desire to turn and flee, and an even stronger desire to walk right on. So had she felt in those old days when he had been there. For had it not been possible that he might look through the window and see her? Might he but even have opened the door? The magic in the air was going to her head. She smiled rather grimly and went on.

There was certainly no one looking through the windows now. The panes were blinded and blurred with frost, but there were little clear spaces through which Ann could see that the art-store was an art-store just as it used to be. Old prints still decorated the windows, an indication that someone must have bought out the picture business and kept it on; or perhaps there was true magic, and she had gone back twenty years! Smiling at this extravagant conceit, Ann came closer to one of the frost-clear spaces and pressed her nose against the glass, shading her eyes for a peep inside. The next instant she had flung up her muff to hide her face and was hurrying down the street in pure, blind panic.

There had been a man in the store, a man who stooped over a print upon a table examining it under a glass. She had seen his profile plainly—beautifully moulded mouth, straight nose, a wave of graying hair. There had been something in his pose which held Ann motionless. Then he had glanced up and she had seen that his eyes were gray, very gray—

The wind from the river caught her up and carried her along, tossing the soft ends of her furs. Her face had gone quite white, and her eyes looked frightened.

"This wind is really very cold," she kept saying to herself. Otherwise her mind seemed incapable of thought. Her feet seemed to fly of themselves, helped by the wind. Nor did she know or care where she was going. So it was the wind which, fortunately, flung her into the arms of her indignant secretary when she was long past her hotel and headed in the opposite direction.

"Ann! wherever are you going?" demanded the secretary crossly. "There's a man across the street taking a snap of you. For godness sake! What's happened to you? You look as if you had seen a ghost—and you are as cold as a ghost yourself. Let's go in here and get something hot. It looks quite a cozy place."

"Ah, no! Not in there." Ann shrunk back. "That's where—I mean I don't want anything hot."

Marta looked from Ann's face to the comfortable chocolate store, and her eyes were puzzled.

"It looks a perfectly nice place to me," she said, "and the card in the window says, 'Hot Chocolate'."

"Oh, I *know*—let's go home."

The secretary turned resignedly.

"Very well. Anything, so that we don't stand here to be shot to bits by the young person with the kodak. You're not looking your best, Ann. It would have been more sensible if you had stayed in."

"No doubt," said Ann, walking rapidly.

"And, of course," added Marta, as if by an after-thought, "you don't need to tell me what's the matter if you don't want to."

"I can't. I don't know myself. I—I'm upset. Don't ask questions, like an angel. You couldn't think me a greater fool than I think myself."

"That's healthy, anyway. I won't bother if you'll promise to drink the hot tea I'll send up and lie down for a while."

Ann promised, and later, when she was alone in her warm room and the hot tea had arrived, she redeemed her promise scrupulously. Hot tea, she admitted, might be good for fools. And "fool" was still the kindest word she could find for herself.

Lying on her bed with her eyes closed, she forced her mind to review the situation in plain and unattractive words.

"I go for a walk," she said, "in a place I used to know when a girl, and unexpectedly I see a man whom I used to—know. No, let me be honest, a man whom I used to love, if anyone can be properly in love at twenty, which I doubt. We will admit that a meeting like this might naturally cause a feeling of shock, a moment's embarrassment. But what do I find? I find myself acting exactly as I might have acted twenty years ago. All that I am supposed to have gained in character and self-control just counting for nothing at all. It seems incredible."

Incredible or not, it had happened. And even more incredible, it was still happening. She realized this slowly. At first she faced it down and refused to believe that a mere nervous shock could have any definite effect save the childish reaction which had made her raise the muff to her face and flee. The whole thing, she assured herself, had been an absurd episode now definitely ended. What could it possibly amount to, this glimpse through a frosted window of the hero of her girlhood? True, she had loved the boy, but she had known very little of

him. She knew nothing at all of the man. She had fled like any silly school-girl, from a perfect stranger.

And yet, it did not seem at all like that. Ann, though she did not know it, was dealing with magic, and magic will not be denied. Against its power, common sense, reason, use and circumstance beat in vain. It wasn't what she knew that mattered, it was what she felt. And lying there with her eyes closed, she felt just twenty years old and very much in love.

It took her a long time to admit this. She didn't really admit it until she had looked in the glass and saw the transformation there. The essence, the inner secret of youth, is love, and somehow Ann Gilchrist was sipping that essence. It was a young face which looked back at her from the mirror, a face softly blooming, bright-eyed, eager-lipped. The blood which ran in her veins tingled. All her clear and hard horizon had vanished in a rose-hued mist. She had seen him again! He was there waiting for her—older, wiser, stronger no doubt, but still the same. In himself the only man who had ever made her pulse beat faster and her heart tighten with delicious pain.

Absurd? Oh, painfully, incredibly absurd, but not less true, not less powerful.

After a delicious hour of dreaming, Ann roused herself once more and tried to be sensible. She tried to think of her life as she had built it up, a full useful life, of her special work which had brought her honour and the favours of many, of her friends who were near and dear. But she could not think of these things. An old dream was awake and clamouring. An old, old dream, not of many, but of one—of long walks at twilight, of happy silences, of thoughts understood without being spoken, of a strong hand, not her own, to hold to, and firm lips, not friend's lips, to kiss. There were little children in the dream, too, dear, fluffy baby heads, gray eyes—

"Oh, dear, I am a fool!" cried poor Ann. But even that could not kill the dream.

Lunch-time came and went, and Ann dreamed on. Then, when the short winter day was drawing in, she rose and put on once more her outer wraps. Very quietly she opened her door and, without a word to Marta, went out.

The flutter and indecision of the morning were gone, and she stepped into the street with definite purpose and eager heart. Things out there were even more familiar than they had been. It had snowed a little. The lights of Main Street gleamed golden across the white. The wind had died, and the air was crisp with frost. But Ann was not cold now. Her hands in her muff felt warm and soft. She felt warm and soft all over. Her lips took in a gracious curve, her eyes shone. She felt like someone who has been away a long time, but who has come home.

A line from nowhere kept singing through her brain, "Home is where the heart is, home is where the heart is". In fact, Ann had succumbed unconditionally to magic, and all was well.

Briskly she swung along, not consciously thinking at all. It was not thought that drove her, it was instinct, an overpowering impulse to see once more the man she loved, to hear him speak, to touch his hand. There was no pausing now, no looking in windows, no trembling at street-corners. Her only fear was lest she had waited too long, that he might not be there.

Pink and glowing with unaccustomed haste, she turned the corner of the little store and saw with a great leap of delight that fate had played no tricks while she had hesitated. He was still there, waiting, at least there was a light behind the frosted windows. Ann did not pause to peer in this time. She opened the door with glorious confidence and entered.

Warmth! It was warm and light in there. A kind of welcoming, homecoming, warmth and light, although there was no one in the room. It didn't feel empty. Ann sat down and loosened her furs. She noticed, as she had not noticed in the hurried peep that morning, that the old counter was gone and the interior of the store modernized in many ways. There were small tables now, racks and easels on a polished floor. There was a handsome screen, too, hiding the back portion of the store, where the framing used to be done.

It was this screen which had made the store appear deserted, for he was behind it, talking to a customer. Ann had heard his voice as she sat down. Now she could hear another voice, a woman's, a harsh carrying voice which said:

"But, my dear man, that's far too much to ask an old customer like me. Come now, surely you can do a little better than that?"

"What a horrid voice!" said Ann, "and how ill-bred some people are. Fancy! asking for a reduction in price as a personal favour. John would know how to answer a person like that.

Ann could not catch what he said in reply, but it must have been a polite refusal, for the harsh voice broke in again.

"Nonsense, man! Keep that for people who don't know. You'll be making a nice profit if you take off twenty per cent. Anyway, that's my last offer, and you can take it or leave it."

Ann's foot began to tap the floor impatiently. What a bore it must be to have to listen patiently to creatures like that! Why, the woman's voice was actually patronizing. Of course, John, being a gentleman, could hardly show her the door. But what a life! Ann remembered with something like a start that in the old days John had been impatient of the store. He had not despised it, exactly, but he had felt that it was not

for him. He was to be an artist. What could have happened, Ann wondered? And in her wonder, and without her being aware of it, a little corner of her dream began to crumble.

The voices behind the screen were again audible, or at least the voice of the woman was.

"Very well," it said, "if that's your last word. But you are making a big mistake. Where would your real trade be if it weren't for the outside people I send you? If you depended on this city for your patronage you'd soon be down to chromos and coloured photographs. Why, there's a woman in town to-day I was going to bring around. A woman who has made rather a fad of collecting old prints and who has more money than you could shake a stick at, besides being a celebrity. But, of course, if old customers are to receive no consideration at all—"

This would surely be the end, thought Ann. No man need be expected to stand this, John least of all. She moved her chair slightly so that the politely dismissed lady need not feel embarrassed by observation. But the lady was not yet dismissed. She made a movement to go, certainly, and then to Ann's incredulous ears came the voice of the man, deprecatory, suave and agreeing. Flattering a little, too, and promising to send it (whatever it was) to the "old customer's" address at once, and at the price dictated.

"Well, you shan't lose by it," declared the lady mollified. "I like to get things for a decent price, but I don't let people lose by me in the end. Someone else will pay you your fancy prices if I won't." So saying, she laughed heartily, much pleased with her joke and her bargain and swept from behind the screen and full into Ann's bewildered vision. She was a ruddy lady with pop-eyes and three chins. Ann had never seen her before, but she had seen her photograph and knew at once that she beheld Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke. Instantly

she turned and became much interested in a picture on the wall. But she need not have bothered. The victorious lady was too much occupied with her own large personality to notice the presence of anyone else. She sailed down the store and away without a glance in Ann's direction.

Ann continued to be absorbed in the picture. She often wondered afterwards what the picture was. Her dream was crumbling, crumbling.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked a quiet and deferential voice at her elbow.

Ann gathered herself together. She was going through with this.

"Why, yes," she said, turning to him with the slow smile which interviewers were wont to rave about, "you can shake hands. Don't you remember me, John—Ann Gilchrist?"

"I—oh, why, yes, of course! So glad to see you!"

He took her hand and shook it with nervous heartiness. From the wandering look in his eyes it was plain that he did not know her at all, but was trying very hard to remember.

"Now that is too bad," said Ann, "but I suppose I have changed a great deal in twenty years. It was most egotistical of me to expect recognition. But if we were skating you might remember. I can still do the inside curve."

A wave of enlightenment swept over his embarrassed face.

"Why, of course! For the moment I was not sure. How stupid of me! But you have changed."

The frank admiration of his look told her plainly that he thought the change a fortunate one.

"Are you staying in the city? It is really most kind of you to look me up. I thought you did not live in this part of the country any more?"

"No. It is a long time since we left. I am here for a day or two only, in the interest of my work."

"Yes. That is very pleasant." His vagueness showed that he did not know. Ann smiled again.

"I did not expect to find you here," she said. "The last time we met you were going abroad to begin your studies."

The gray eyes became faintly troubled at this.

"Oh, yes, I remember. It was my intention at the time to study art. Yes. I wished very much to develop—er—along those lines. And I did go, but—er—not permanently. My studies were interrupted. Father died, you see, and it was necessary for me to return and take over the business. It was a great disappointment."

"But surely, in a matter so important, one's whole life! Couldn't you have gone on? Mightn't you have sold the business, you know, and gone on?"

"Y—es. But at a loss only, a considerable loss. And then there was the uncertainty. And, as you say, a matter like that affects one's whole life. It is unwise," he added, with slightly strained jocularity, "to leave the substance for the shadow. Yes, and this is a fairly good substance, you see, fairly good," he continued, with something perilously like a smirk. "It is the certainties in life that really count, after all."

Ann, who all her life had counted nothing save uncertainties, and whose gospel was the gospel of the Great Chance, murmured something inarticulate, which he took for assent.

"I had to brighten things up a bit," he continued, "modernize a little. The place was dingy in the old days, very dingy. Too much like—like a store. I try to give the homelike atmosphere. Father was conservative, very. He would never consent to laying in the cheaper lines of stock, the kind of thing which catches the ordinary buyer. I try to have on hand something which appeals to all."

Ann's eyes followed his arm as it waved round the store, and saw at once that he was right. The old-time atmosphere of the place was gone. John had brightened things up. He had added a great deal.

She did not hear exactly what he was saying, and yet her eyes had a far-off, listening look. She was listening to the crumbling of her dream.

He was more at ease with her now and obviously pleased with her extremely successful appearance. It is cheering to be remembered and "looked up" by one's old friends, especially when they are well dressed, and interested in what one says. Still talking, he drew up another chair and sat down beside her, in exactly the way he used to draw up a chair and sit down.

"He is exactly the same," thought Ann. "He hasn't changed at all. But he is so terribly different! I shall scream if I don't look out."

Desperately she plunged into the conversation. She said all the obvious things in her pleasantly casual manner, and presently felt that the ordeal was drawing to an end. In a moment or two she might say good-night and escape. But fate was not going to be satisfied so easily. She was rising to go and John was just beginning to remark for the fourth time that it was very kind of her to look him up when, somewhere in the rear of the store, a small bell jangled. At its sound her host beamed and became even more complacent. She must not think of going yet, he declared. She had dropped in at exactly the right time. The bell was the tea-bell, and it would be so pleasant. . . .

"You see," he explained with deprecatory pride, "the wife being English, we have got into old-country habits. Emmy simply couldn't do without her tea, and I find that I like it myself on these winter afternoons. You will have a cup with us, of course. The wife will be delighted."

Ann, it appeared, would be delighted also. She was in the grip of it now, and it was her custom to see things through. Her leisurely step followed him through a door in the side wall, up a stuffy stair and into another large room above the store.

There was more warmth here, more light, a faint aroma of tea and toast. By the tea-table sat a small, fair woman of about Ann's own age, with a pleasant, homely face, dumpy figure and a dress that didn't fit.

"This is my wife," announced John proudly. "Emmy, this is Miss Gilchrist, an old friend of mine who is in the city for a day or two. It was very kind of her to look us up."

Ann smiled her charming smile and shook hands with Mrs. John. Her chief feeling was one of aggrieved surprise that "Emmy" was so exceptionally plain, plainer even than Ann herself had been in her first youth. "But, of course," she reasoned, "he had stopped wanting to be an artist before he met her, so it didn't matter."

"It is a great pleasure to meet you, I am sure," the little woman was saying. "But, John, you never told me that you knew Miss Gilchrist. Fancy, knowing Miss Gilchrist and never saying a word about it. If that isn't just like a man! Why, John, I don't believe you know who she is yet; and that proves what I'm always telling you, you don't keep up-to-date, John, or you'd know—"

"Your husband and I were very young when we knew each other," said Ann. "I think he remembers me chiefly as a good skater, only not half so good as he was. I suppose you still have good skating on the river?"

"Yes, excellent!" But Mrs. John had no intention of talking about skating with a personage such as Miss Ann Gilchrist in the house actually taking tea. There were other and more important things to talk about, for if John were not up-to-date, Mrs. John was. Then there were the children to be called in and presented—a pretty, pale-faced girl of twelve with long brown braids and soft eyes, and a plainer child of seven with the mother's round, English face.

Both the girls were shy and awkward, and Ann found some relief from her tension in setting them at

ease. Long practice had made her adept at saying the right thing.

"It's easy to see that you're fond of children," beamed the proud Mrs. John. "You have the way with them that counts, and it all goes to prove what I've always said: that a woman isn't any the less a woman for doing the things you've done and doing them well. A great woman must be a true woman first of all, and not the half-and-half kind that can't be bothered with children and the like. You'd be pleased enough to have a few of your own now, I'll be bound."

"I should, indeed," said Ann, drinking her tea. As she spoke, she was looking at the older girl, but she did not see her. In her place stood a dream-child with gray eyes who, even as she gazed, grew dimmer and was gone.

"If you could only have seen John Junior," the mother was saying with deep regret. "Photo's never seem to do him justice, but you can get an idea of him from this."

Ann found herself looking at an excellent photograph of a young lad in khaki.

"He'll be at the Front now." There was warm pride in the mother's voice. "We don't know just where. He sends wonderful letters, but they don't let him tell many details. You see, Miss Gilchrist, though he's so young I couldn't seem to hold him back. I can't be doing the work you're doing, but I could let my boy go and do his bit." Raising her plump hand she wiped away an unashamed tear. "John, go and look in the top drawer of my bureau and get that latest snap he sent us."

John, who in the bosom of his family had shed his social responsibilities and betaken himself to copious tea and toast, responded with cheerful and well-trained obedience. Ann kept her eyes upon the portrait.

"He is very like his father," she said politely.

Mrs. John seemed pleased, but not wholly so.

"W—ell," she agreed cautiously, "a little, yes. There's a resemblance, but John Junior's got something his father never had. Being as you're an old friend, I don't mind saying so. If John had it he would have been an artist instead of keeping store here. I don't know just what it is. Perhaps it's imagination. John Junior's got it. He was always one to stretch out to to-morrow—if you know what I mean. He's always one to take a chance is John Junior. He's eager. It's taken him to the Front, and sometime it will take him far if —if he comes back."

The brave eyes of the lad smiled at Ann out of the picture. His mother was right. They were eager eyes. Eyes that life would find it hard to satisfy. She handed back the photograph and let her soft hand linger on the hand of Mrs. John.

"Surely he'll come back," she said. "A lad with eyes like that!"

"And now I must go." She rose and drew up her fur. "It has been so pleasant to meet you. And your tea was delicious. Thank you."

The pretty, pale girl handed her the muff. The little plain one shyly held out a sticky hand. Mrs. John regretted the impossibility of her waiting for another cup of tea. Ann shook hands all round, and John, who had returned from a futile search in the bureau-drawer, was torn yet once more from his toast and tea to escort the honoured guest downstairs.

As he was still hungry, his manner, though courteous, was somewhat hurried.

"Good-bye," he said, opening the door with polite alacrity, "it was really very kind of you to look . . ."

"Not at all," interrupted Ann hastily. "Dear me, how very cold it is! It has been delightful to see you all. Good-bye."

It was cold. Ann took a taxi back to her hotel and thought stubbornly of nothing but the excessive coldness.

She let herself into her room quietly, so quietly that Marta, reading on

the other side of the door, did not hear her; did not, in fact, know that she had been out.

The room was in the half disorder in which she had left it. On the bed lay her pillow with the soft dent of her head still in its rumpled whiteness, yet surely it had been years since she had lain there, dreaming her dream.

She felt very tired. The face which looked back at her from the mirror was dull and lined.

"Come!" she said to the face, "this will never do." But even as she said it the face broke up grotesquely. Ann Gilchrist found herself weeping. "This—will—never—do!" she gasped, but nevertheless she threw herself on her bed and wept until she could weep no more.

Presently her secretary, who could do hair, came in and sat beside her.

After a long while Ann sat up and, seeing Marta's face, she smiled.

"All over, dear thing," she said. "A spring wind, that was all."

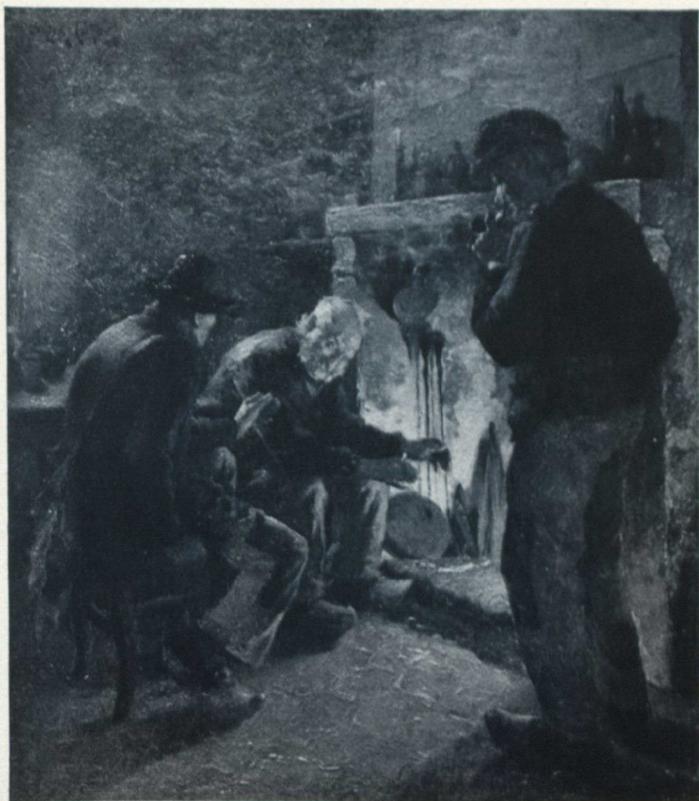
Marta drew the curtains at the window.

"It is freezing harder than ever to-night," she announced. "But the sky is clear and it will be a fine day for the reception to-morrow."

Above the art store, just off Alder Street, a little English woman sat and knitted. Her husband sat by, checking over some invoices of a shipment of art novelties which he felt would appeal to all.

"What I can't understand, John," said the knitter, "is why you didn't warn me that you knew her. You've heard me talk about Miss Gilchrist often enough. And if I'd guessed you were old friends and her that friendly and pleasant, I'd have had some friends in to meet her. They'd have been proud. But you never told me what great friends you were."

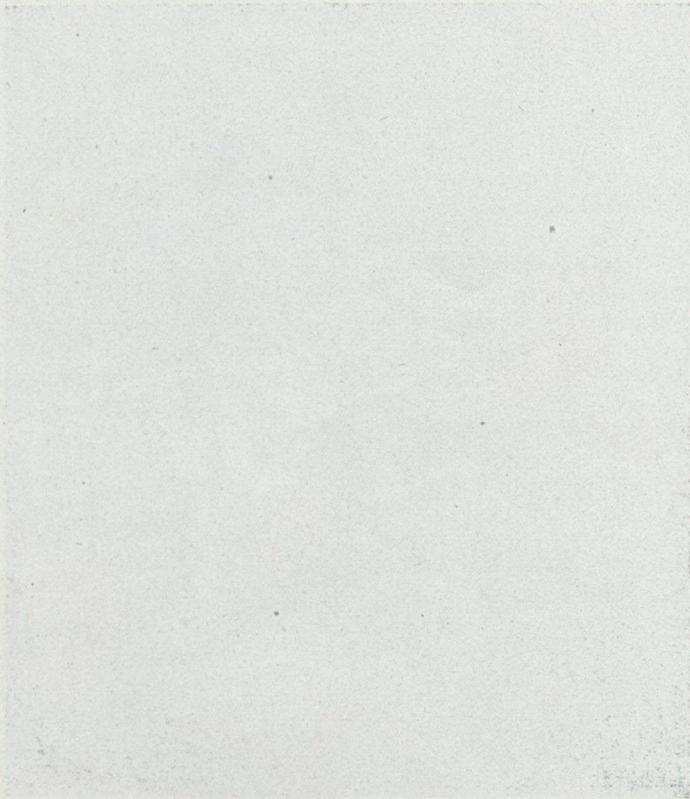
"But we weren't," said John perplexedly, "that's just it, we weren't. And I'm hanged if I'm quite sure yet which one of those girls she was!"

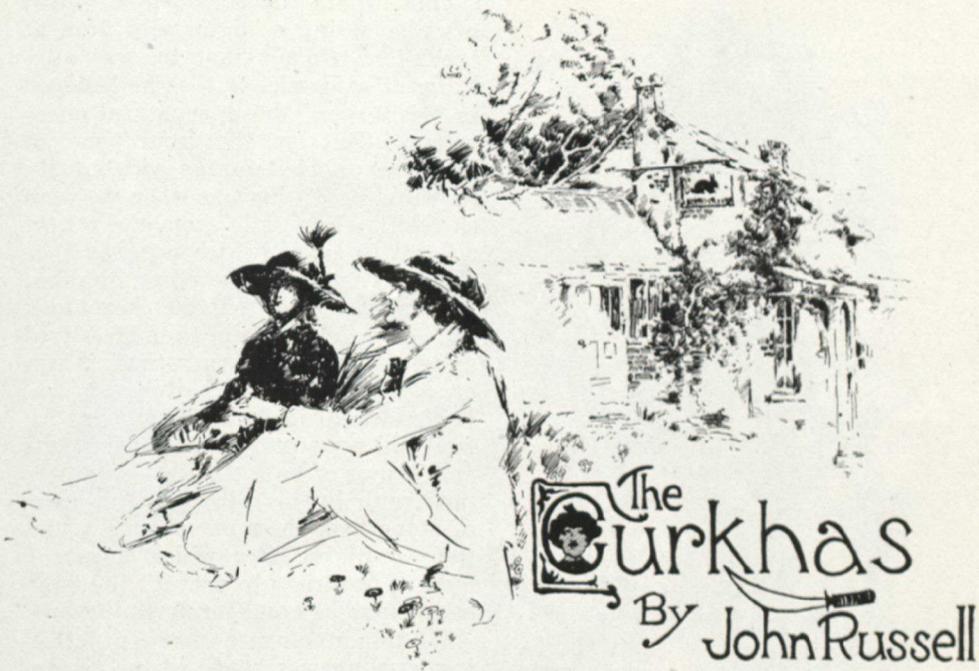


CANADIAN PEASANTS BY THE FIRE

By A. Suzor-Côté, R.C.A.

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition





The Gurkhas
By John Russell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE Arun flows right past the *Black Rabbit*, and is a favourite route to Littlehampton on the sea. By this route the folk of Arundel come and go, and the *Black Rabbit* itself, nestling under the castle, makes a comfortable living for its ancient boniface. For there always is the steady trade of the place itself, and no one knows when an artist, attracted by the picturesque surroundings, will drop down for a week, or when a bevy of girls, perhaps a sketching class, will overrun the place with paint and prattle.

It is withal a quiet inn, almost as quiet as the river in midsummer, and for days nothing more exciting will happen than the bounding of a stag from a thicket or the strutting of a peacock on the lawn.

I had come down with Macnab, the cattle painter, and had nothing to do but stumble around into other people's business and make a few pen-

and-ink sketches of items that interested me. I have found that artists are not a practical, warfaring class, nor are they seriously reckoned with in philosophical zones like recruiting offices, and so it was we found ourselves recruiting subjects for pictures, instead of shouldering a rifle and joining Kitchener's army.

Both "Mac" and I had heard before leaving London that they were killing people at the Front, so we decided not to go. For neither of us would make a picturesque casualty. Nor did we fancy ourselves stretched out on the field of honour, although Mac is just the kind of chap who would win the coveted Victoria Cross first day out. I can fancy him now dropping his gun and running at top speed to save the life of some poor devil shot in the back. One would be sure to find Mac where the bullets were the thickest, most probably in the ammunition wagon, for he always fancied some job in the commissariat department, where he could make sure of getting



"I dreamt last night that one of them, with a curved dagger, stood on guard at the foot of my bed."

his tea regularly every afternoon before killing a Uhlan.

And now the question arises, who is Mac? If ever you go to London and should amble into the Aroma Club, just hold up the first man you meet and ask, "Are you Mac?"

You may get a momentary shock from the more than convivial expression on the face of the man accused, but just allow him two minutes to recover from the compliment and he will tell you that Mac is upstairs with some of the greatest wits, authors, actors and painters in England, discussing his latest triumph on canvas, "The Angel of Peace".

One would never imagine, until after spending a night with Mac at the *Black Rabbit* that he was anything of a mystic, or that he believed in "visitations" or supernatural phenomena. But at the same time, at least, he dabbled in the occult. My first inkling of this was when we were sketching the Castle from the top of a beautiful slope, which is part of the Norfolk estate. I was telling him that Tierney asserted that the keep may have been built in the time of Alfred and that before Alfred's time, it was conceded, Saxon architecture was Ecclesiastical in its entirety, that Alfred did away with the wooden huts and houses of both the nobles and the poor, and by his direction buildings of stone took their places and castles were built on sites which appeared most appropriate to prevent the landing of invaders and for arresting foes.

At this juncture a sharp penetrating rustling was heard in the thicket to our right. Mac sprang from his sketching-stool like a flash.

"What's that?" he yelled.

"A Uhlan," I replied.

I snatched my daub from the easel and rushed over to him.

"Use this as a shield," I said. "Ample protection."

"Not I," said Mac, clenching his malstick firmly in his teeth and arming himself with a huge brush laden with Prussian blue. "Let the blighters come on. Only wish I had the 'Angel of Peace' here to show them what I really think of them."

Just then a stag bounded into the open.

Mac breathed a long sigh of relief, and, leaning over, begged the loan of a match. I asked what he really thought of the Kaiser.

"Words fail me!" said the ardent painter. "But he'll get it! He'll get it! I wouldn't mind fighting a tiger, but no thank you to a Gurkha. It's a Sunday school picnic, Rush, to a Gurkha. Do you know," he said confidentially, "I dreamt last night one of them, with a curved dagger, stood



"The flock of Peacocks I was painting, dropped their tails."

on guard at the foot of my bed."

But all the while he was painting vigorously, and I could see he had the beginning of a masterpiece that would excel Turner's water-colour in the Duke's collection in the castle, which was made from the same spot; but he couldn't keep his mind off the war.

"Get a few healthy Sikhs on the job," he muttered, half to himself, "all jabbering Hindu at the same time—it's much worse than exploding shrapnel. What would you do if you saw a turban standing with a knife, like I did?"

I attempted an answer, but Mac followed right on:

"I think our Tommies," he said, "will have to retire with a pension. Can't you see Tommy standing on the street-corner in Flanders looking for a job, all on account of the Indians. History repeats itself, Rush. The Sikhs were an intensely religious peo-

ple, but through the persecution and ravages of the Mohammedans, they had to take up weapons in sheer self-defence. They became a great military people and conquered the Mohammedans.

"History repeats itself," I interposed.

"Right O," sniffed Mac. "Just imagine William's pet Prussians shelling this old landmark! And they would do it, too, but it's a tricky bit of drawing, old top. Talk about strategy: here's something that would make von Kluck look forty ways for Paris. Wouldn't they like to loot it, the darlings? Nothing the Crown Prince would like better than to walk off with Gainsborough's fine portrait of Charles Howard, the 11th Duke. KUL-TUR! Petty larceny, I call it."

Between the war and the complicated subject before him, I could see Mac was getting greatly involved.



“Just imagine William's pet Prussians shelling this old landmark.”

“Rather intricate,” I remarked casually to my fellow dauber.

“R-rather isn't the word,” he stammered, “d-d-damned difficult! But just think of the retreat from Mons.”

“For art's sake, Mac, let up on the war; let's talk painting and the castle. A chronological survey might help with the construction of our pictures. You know numerous barons accompanied William the Conqueror on his invasion of this country.”

“What?” interrupted Mac absent-mindedly. “William? Invasion?”

The very suggestion of a possible invasion started him off again.

“I'd like to kill a few 'hogfritters' myself, but they'll do it—they'll do it—in the night—in a very nasty way!”

“Who? What?” I stammered.

“They'll steal up through the grass like snakes, and then—”

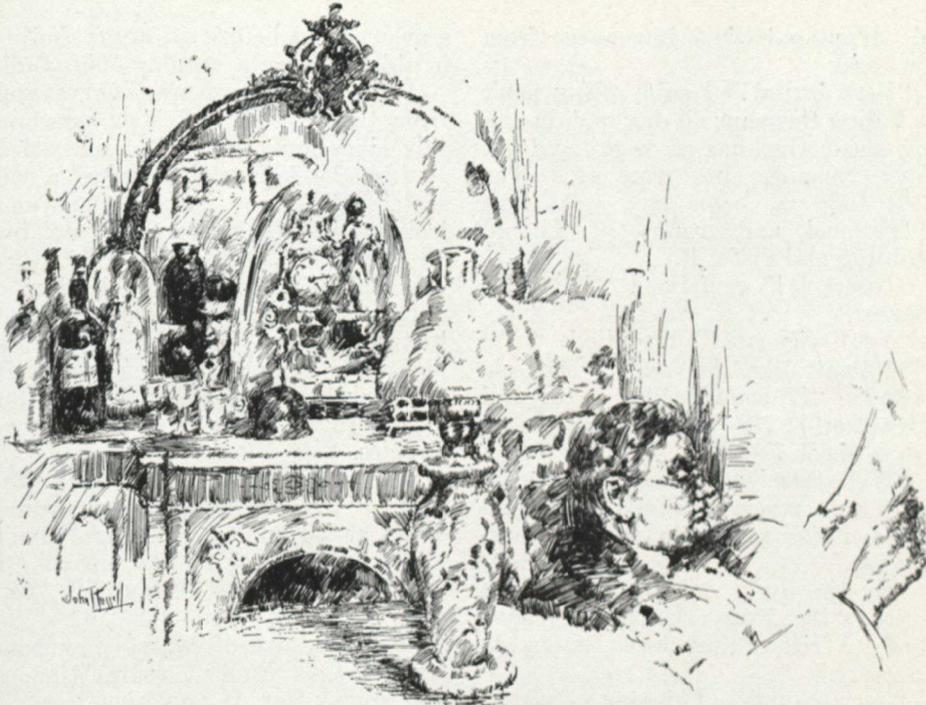
With the approaching twilight, Mac's uncanny outbursts were beginning to make the whole atmosphere a bit spookish.

“A very sad story, Rush,” he said, leaning over and poking me in the ribs with a brush. “A German unfortunately met a Gurkha in the evening. Chance acquaintance without an introduction—uncultured beasts!”

“I'm entrenching on your hospitality,” said the Gurkha, as he tickled Fritz with his knife. “Can't you see the little Black standing on a heap of corpses and weeping bitterly because there are no more Prussians to tickle?”

“Stop!” I insisted, as a cold shiver ran down my spine, and I pulled an imaginary sword out of the back of my neck.

It was chill October, and Mac rose from his stool to set up circulation. The stags at once grouped themselves in sculpturesque fashion around us, and then bounded in unholy discord. As he extended his malstick, the group of peacocks I was painting in the foreground of my picture, dropped their tails and did the “goose-step” down the embankment. The fact



"Mac, in some mysterious way, got possession of the paper."

is, he had every form of animal life in the park circulating.

"Mac, this is an armistice," I said, placing a paint rag on the top of his sun-guard, the umbrella.

He paid no attention, but blustered right on:

"The Gurkhas don't send a telegram to say they are coming, they just steal quietly through the grass, regardless of hospitality. Rush, just fancy a German in the trenches with a Gurkha looking over and saying, 'I hope I see you well.'"

"How about the Zouaves?" I asked.

"Mere amateurs," replied Mac, "the Kaiser wouldn't mind losing a thousand Death's Head Hussars to get a Gurkha."

"Let up on India and the war; I'm fed up," I said disgustedly, as great beads of cold perspiration spotted the brow of my irate pal, who was pulling himself together as if preparing to make another attack on a German close formation.

The light was failing, and our effect had passed.

"Fine night for the trenches," Mac groaned, and in his effort to reach for his paint-box he fell off his stool. Though he sat on his palette, he was still undaunted. I directed his attention to several blotches of pigment on the tails of his coat, and the seat of his trousers, but he was little concerned, for I could see there was to be still another *débauche* before we packed up our kits.

I handed him a rag saturated with turpentine, and he twisted himself in all sorts of acrobatic postures, trying to get at the other side of his trousers, which, to say the least, were not walking towards the *Black Rabbit*. I told him that if he were to cut out the seat of his trousers and frame them that he would have something quite as much in character with Arundel Castle as the impression he had made on canvas.

"How does it look, Rush?" he ask-

ed, stepping back a few paces from his easel.

"Very brutal!" I said. "You can't be killing Germans all day and dreaming about Gurkhas all night and get much romance into your art. The next time we come out, we'll take every nook and crannie of the old building and dissect it."

"Disect it!" exclaimed Mac with disgust.

"Yes—why not?" I replied.

"I don't like the word," Mac objected. "It sounds like a surgical operation. No sentiment. A-ah, blood—booh!"

"Well, then," I remonstrated, "a little Turco research or Gurkha technique, if it's sentiment you are looking for."

"By the bye," said Mac, with a smirk, "the little Hindoo can give those African Frenchies lessons in anatomy."

Fearing another Prussian massacre, I took out my handkerchief and waved it in front of him.

"A truce! A truce!" I yelled, but it had almost the same effect as a

scarlet shawl before an angry bull—in this instance a regular John Bull.

A thick gray haze was effervescing from the ground, and Mac, standing shivering on the hill, placarded against the fading sky, looked a sad sketch. Then he gave a start and looking where he stared, I saw, for all the world, a Hindoo, robe, turban and all, approaching the inn.

I suggested to Mac that we had better not return along the beaten highroad, giving the excuse that if the Duke should see us walking off his estate he might have us arrested as spies.

"Spies," exclaimed Mac, with disgust. "We'll be giving them grand opera at Covent Garden next. Isn't it the limit. Look at that turban. I saw him all right. I think I'll keep away for a bit."

"For the love of Mike!" I remonstrated; "it's dinner I want, Hindoos and spies after, if you like."

Soon we were on the march home, and my fellow dauber was sighing heavily, partly from fatigue, but more from the effect of his occult experi



The Black Rabbit looking from the Arun

Sussex.



"'Are your rooms comfortable,' asked the old 'uzzy.'

ences. By the time we arrived at the *Rabbit*, he had finished off every spy in England.

"What's the latest?" shouted Mac, on catching sight of Dan Lee, our host, who was standing in the door of the inn and reading the war news.

"Latest?" returned Lee, looking up at Mac. It was very difficult to tell which was the more ardent patriot. "Look! Look!" shouted Lee, rushing towards Mac, waving a paper at arm's length.

The two giants collided, and both sprawled out on the ground; but Mac, in some mysterious way, got possession of the paper, and Lee yelled, as Mac retired to the public room, "They've captured the guns—fourteen of them—the 9th Lancers!"

As I ambled upstairs, I could hear them chattering their heads off, and I caught sight of the turban resting quietly in a corner.

I had just seated myself at the dinner-table when the bulwark of Eng-

land entered the door at the top of the stairs.

"Read that, Rush," he said, "it's the best appetizer yet. William won't be enjoying his evening meal as we are."

"As we *are!*" I remonstrated, and poor little Nellie, the waitress, stood idly by, trembling like a refugee from Termonde.

"What will you have to drink, sir?" asked the demure little maid.

"Something with fourteen glasses in it," replied Mac—"one for each gun." (Simultaneously he arranged his afternoon's work on a chair before him, and then sat down). "And very nice, too," he commented, rubbing his fretful brow and looking down on a very succulent brace of pheasants.

The vintage served, I extended my glass.

"A toast—what will it be, Mac?"

"My friends, the little Gurkhas," he replied. "The Germans'll be so frightened of the little black demons



"Not very," says I. "Most fleas this year than we've had in the 'istory of the ploice."

they'll pass the word along and there'll be a Marathon race back to Berlin. Gad, I wouldn't wait." And while he was speaking in walked the Hindoo and sat down at our table.

"To the bullet!" I said, extending my glass.

"Something sardonic about that, Rush," replied Mac. "The Kaiser, I infer."

"A-h—something—" I suggested.

Hardly a word was uttered until Nellie reappeared with the dessert.

"Any new arrivals at the *Rabbit* lately?" I asked Nellie, with both eyes fixed on Mac.

"Yes, sir," replied Nellie, "we 'ave a German 'ere from Glasgow, and 'e's so 'ard to please. Mrs. Lee's prepared some nice sausages for 'im, and 'e snorted and said 'e 'adn't an appetite."

"What!" roared Mac, rising. "German? German? Where is the little pet? Perhaps he's just read about the battle of the Marne."

The Hindoo paid no attention to us.

"Sit down," I said, grabbing the impetuous growler by the arm.

"Oh! 'e's leavin' in the mornin', sir," said Nellie; "'e saw you and Mr. Lee readin' the poiper, and 'e 'adn't no appetite."

Mac looked up, and little Nell recoiled under the glance of his wicked eye.

"Tell the Governor I want to see him right away."

Nellie scurried away, and in less than a jiffy Lee was up.

"I hear you've a German in the house, Lee," said Mac.

"E's 'armless," replied Lee, with a smile, but he continued laughingly, "I've just 'ad a remarkable time with an old 'uzzy who wanted a room 'ere. Of all the questions ever put to a mortal man, dead or alive, she takes the cake. First of all, while she was a talkin', in comes a customer. 'E ordered a glass of beer. 'Ap-py days', says 'e. 'Kills at forty yards,' says I. Then she chirps in, 'All my relations died from drink,

even my old father, who was found dead in bed, when he was eighty-nine—drink killed 'im.'"

"He's a German, just the same," interrupted Mac.

"Well, as I was about to say," continued Lee, "the German, 'e was a-sit-tin' in the corner, and 'e piped in, 'Beer never killed heem, your fottor diet for the vant of breath.'"

"Where is he, the blighter?" still persisted Mac, picking up the carving-knife.

"Are your rooms very comfortable?" asked the old 'uzzy," Lee continued. "Not very," says I. "Most fleas this year we've 'ad in the 'istory of the ploice." She picked up 'er satchel and walked out without sayin' even a good-bye. Well, gentlemen, what would you 'ave done in such a circumstance?"

"Given her the iron cross," said Mac.

"What would you 'ave done, Mr. Rushwell?" asked Lee.

"Married her off to the German," I replied.

"Well," laughed Lee, "I watched 'er walkin' up the road. I wish you could a seen 'er. She'd walk five yards, then drop 'er satchel and feel 'erself all over. She took 'er 'at off and clawed 'er 'air, and would stop and paw one leg with the other. This went on for nearly a mile. She must a 'ad a million fleas on 'er time she got to Arundel."

"Well, Mac, you and Lee can fight it out," I said, "I'm going to turn in early, right after coffee."

"What! you night hawk?" groaned Mac.

"Yes, I'm going to tackle an early morning effect to-morrow—must have something to show before going back to town."

"No engagements to-night, eh, what?" asked Mac sarcastically.

"None," I assured him.

I busied myself getting my paraphernalia ready for the morning, and as Nellie appeared with the coffee I instructed Lee to call me at five

o'clock. I lighted my pipe and poured two glasses of brandy.

"Here's good-night, all," I said, "and five o'clock, Lee. I suppose, now, I'll be seeing—" but I caught myself as I looked back and saw the Hindoo.

With that the Easterner rose and expressed his interest in art. I stepped back into the room, because I wished to hear what he had to say about art, especially East Indian art, and to ask whether there was a painter in India whose work could take a place in Western estimation that would equal the place taken by Tagore. He had very little to say in favour of Tagore, but he praised greatly the decorations of a fellow-countryman named Hindra Singh. But it was in handicrafts, as he said, that the Orientals excelled, and he gave us an intimate discourse on metal work, inlaying, and carving. As to himself, he said, he had come to England to study the landscape, and he seemed delighted to know that Mac was a landscape painter. When I left him, he and Mac were completing plans for a sketching expedition the following day. Then Mac entered his own room.

I closed my door, but I could overhear him reciting from Wellington's memoirs, and shouting in very bitter accents: "The Duke, writing to his mother in 1807, said, 'I can assure you that from the general of the Germans down to the smallest drum-boy in their legion, the earth never groaned with such a set of murdering, infamous villains. They murdered, robbed and ill-treated the peasantry wherever they went.'"

All was quiet for a minute. Then I heard Mac's door open, and then a muffled call to Lee.

"How about that German?" Mac asked in a whisper.

"Oh, don't worry about 'im, Mr. MacNab, 'e's leavin' in the mornin'. Somethink funny about 'im, too. 'E must be an artist like yourself."

"Is everyone an artist around here? Hasn't dropped any bombs



" 'And I'm the original British lion,' said the boatman "

about the place, has he, Lee?"

"No, no; 'e's a 'armless, good-natured-appearing sort of a bloke. Says 'e 'ates the Prussians. Well, good-night. I've got to get 'im up early."

The night passed on, and all was silent about the *Rabbit* until long after midnight. Then a peculiar noise outside caused me to rise and peer through the window. There was just enough light for me to discern two figures struggling on the ground. One of them, as I made out, was the Hindoo, while the other, as I caught sight of his beard and heavy visage, convinced me that he was the German.

The Hindoo had the other down, and the fingers of his right hand gripped him at the throat.

"So you were thinking of slipping away," he said, no longer in broken English. "Well, you are going to slip away all right, but not in the manner you expected. A launch is at this moment drawing up at the landing. I'm going to put you aboard, and if you attempt to get away I'll shoot you like a dog."

The two got up and walked quietly down to the landing. I saw them board the launch, and in a few minutes they passed out of sight. I went back to bed.

Promptly at five o'clock Lee rapped at my door, but the incident of the earlier morning had put me out of humour for work, so I turned over and groaned. Then I heard Lee

thumping on the German's door and then on the Hindoo's.

"What's the matter?" shouted Mac, roused by the repeated knocking.

"Can't get 'em up," said Lee.

"Why don't you knock the door down? It wouldn't sound any worse."

With that Lee opened the German's door.

"He's gone!" he shouted. "He must be down at breakfast."

"How about the Hindoo?"

"He's gone, too."

I heard Mac's feet strike the floor.

"Perhaps he expects me to go out with him early," he said, as he started to dress.

Lee below was in earnest discussion with the boatman, and presently Mac joined them.

"What's up?" asked Mac.

"Don't know," said Lee, "but I'm John Bull here on the spot if it comes to anything."

"And I'm the original British lion," said the boatman, "but I'll be hanged if they haven't put one over on me."

"Then I dub myself the lion's tail," said Mac, "because in this you can twist me anyway you like."

They went over to examine the landing and to peer carefully as far as eye could reach along the river.

Presently I went down, and underneath my window I picked up something very much like a badge that might be worn by a detective from Scotland Yard.



CANADIAN WINDS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

TO-NIGHT swept down omnipotent with breath
And long in undulations, mighty winds;
With flapping pinions gloriously they came
And beat my windows;
"Hail winds! Hail, raptures of the night! Hail, hosts!"
So cried I as they came, Canadian winds.

Do any blow so greatly, with such pulse?
They are of far Ungava; they know plains
That nightly bear great sunsets to their rest;
Mountains that lift the morning; lakes that stand
Silent for noon to gaze in and be glad.
Oh, they know Peace, that river, and his North.
They know Superior where he beats his shores,
Cities they know, and multitudinous fields,
And men they know who know and love all these.

Is this not freedom, to have such great winds,
Who know Alberta, and Muskoka know,
Know the Kawarthas and Saskatchewan,
And who kiss nightly with an intimate breath
All under stars between the Douglas pine
And the St. Lawrence talking with the sea?
Oh, such great winds are mighty statured things;
Who speaks for Canada must speak as these,
Have utterance made melodious with their tone,
As full of freedom; these from sea to sea
Have their dominion.

So must noble men.

Then rise you up, you men, Canadians,
Born of these winds and these baptizing seas,
Claim the high birthright of their ecstasies.
And sell it not. For boon of a quick prize
Leap never. Stand in these tense days
Steadfast and quiet in your streets and lanes.
No physical beast unleash in judgment wild.
In happy firmness set your outward mien,
Unmoved by tawdry issues, cheap demands,
Uncaught in rumour's net, and never slain
By hate's device or mistrust's quicker trap;
Unmoved, uncaught, unslain, you freemen, stand
In these wide fields, in these bright streets of ours,
For sonship of these winds, these ministers
That put to-night their compass on a land
And, free, breathe freedom like a living soul.

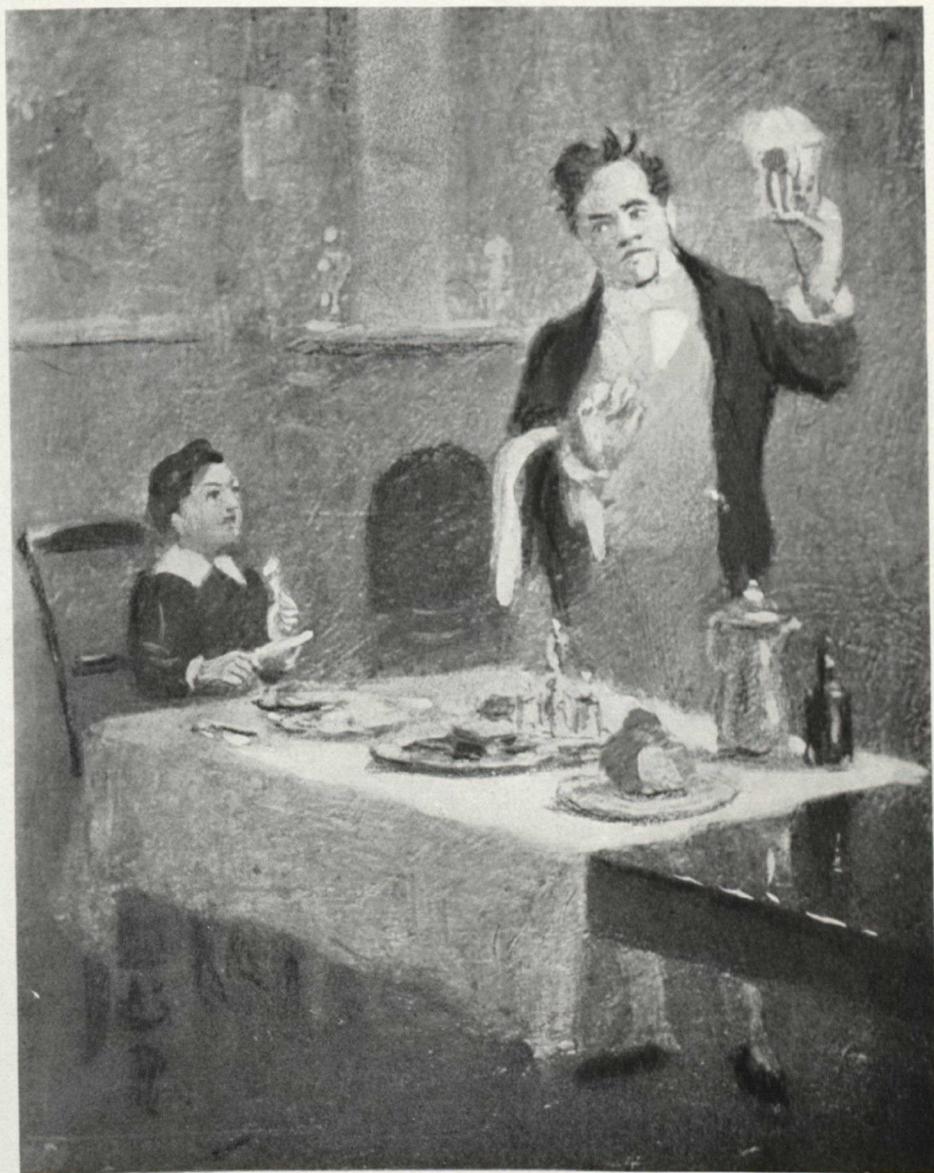
Breathe deep these winds, Canadians, breathe deep;
These winds are your winds, you may have their power.



Painting by F. M. Bell-Smith

OLIVER TWIST ASKS FOR A SECOND HELPING OF SOUP

A famous scene from a celebrated novel by Charles Dickens



Painting by T. M. Bell-Smith

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE FRIENDLY WAITER

A famous scene from a celebrated novel by Charles Dickens

Scapegoats

BY VICTOR LAURISTON

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN RUSSELL



ONSTABLE RIKE SCARLETT'S attitude toward McDowall, J.P., reminds you of subservient Jimmy Boswell and the great Doctor Samuel Johnson. Thus Rike pictures the Bridgetown magistrate:

"He's got a gray eye that sees clear through you—yes, and clear through all sorts of pettifogging right into the heart of things. What's the Code and the Statutes and the precedents to him? He sets up there with a copy of the 1887 Statutes on his desk, but does he look at them? No. When he wants law, he just taps his own old brain-tank. It's as full of law as a keg's full of cider—yes, and it's good, sound, common sense Old Testament law, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and seven years for stealing chickens from widows."

MacDowall, thus fearsomely described, is magistrate of Bridgetown, in the Province of Ontario; he furthermore, holds a commission as justice of the peace, which entitles him to the letters "J.P." and certain fees; the townfolk call him "Squire". Each week-day morning at ten o'clock he "sets" behind a decrepit desk in the dingy Bridgetown police court. At his right-hand yawns the iron-barred door of the Bridgetown lock-up. The Bridgetown fire horses kick their heels against the partition behind him. To him comes the countryside with its disputes, confident that if there is no

law on the statute books to meet the situation, there is something just as good in MacDowall's head.

So to MacDowall, on a certain dreary October day, hurried little, fat Patrick Mogg, the village enthusiast, with resentment in his eye.

"What d'you want?" demanded MacDowall shortly.

"I want to do something to old Grierson," sputtered Mogg.

"What's Grierson done?"

"It ain't what he's done—it's what he ain't done, and the way he ain't done it. Squire, you know all about Grierson. You know, what with bonuses and tax exemptions and free hand-outs, this town's made him. You know he's piled up a million if he's piled up a cent; and while Bridgetown was good enough for the making, the spending's done in Florida. You know he pays the meanest wages that ever employer paid, docks his men an hour if they're five minutes late—yes, and he's skinned so many lice for their hide and tallow, the corpses of them are like to start an epidemic. You know if ever Bridgetown owed a man nothing, it's Grierson; and if ever a man owed Bridgetown everything, it's Grierson, too."

"Yes?" MacDowall, J.P., wore a face that showed as much interest, as much emotion, as an iceberg in the Arctic regions.

"And you know the Patriotic Fund?" Mogg's sputtering was like



... It's good, sound, common sense Old Testament law, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and seven years for stealing chickens from widows.

a wax candle burned down to the last shred of wick.

The Canadian Patriotic Fund was organized to provide for the dependents of soldiers overseas; it had pulled heavily on the generosity of little Bridgetown, as it did everywhere throughout the Dominion.

"Shouldn't everyone contribute?" blazed Mogg. "Didn't you contribute?"

"A thousand dollars," said MacDowall, without pride.

"And what has old Grierson contributed, all these seven times we've called? He's just landed a shell contract that's good for a hundred thousand profit, and he says, 'I'm very busy, gentlemen,' or 'The financial situation won't permit me.' And no matter what he says, 'Not one cent' is what old Grierson means."

He paused, breathless.

"Now, what can I do to him?"

"Nothing."

"Can't I have him sent to the penitentiary?"

"No."

"Can't you lock him up over night?"

"No."

"Would you like to?" Poor little Mogg was desperate.

"I have nothing to say." Nor did MacDowall, J.P., by look or act indicate the slightest preference, one way or another. A marble slab would have been expressive beside his face.

"Well, then"—Mogg grew impatient—"if I take a club and batter his brains out, what then?"

"That's murder. They'll hang you."

"Or if I don't quite kill him—"

"Assault and battery—probably seven years."

"What's the law for, anyway?" The little fat man was a picture of despair. "Ain't there some way to get at old Grierson for what he ain't done?"

"None."

"Well," sputtered Mogg, "we'll just see if there ain't."

He raged out. MacDowall, J.P., resumed his paper at the identical line, word and letter where he had left off; and from the expression of his face and the rigidity of his lips one could not tell whether the war news was good or bad, or merely—as usual—misleading.

II.

Patrick Mogg's sputterings made clear old Grierson's status in Bridgetown; he was the exceedingly small-souled "big man" of the community. Nobody loved him; so he stayed in his own back-yard and made money.

Old Grierson's son was his one redeeming feature. People said old Grierson had starved his wife to death; but that while generous, fine-spirited, impulsive Tom was alive old Grierson would never be rid of her. Tom's surname was the only characteristic he inherited from his father. Where the old man was hated, the young man was loved. When old Grierson went to Florida and young Grierson managed the factory, Bridgetown sighed relief and the plant hummed happily. When old Grierson came back and took hold with tight clutching fingers, the workmen shuddered and stiffened, and all Bridgetown, looking out on the gay springtime, prayed for dreary autumn and another old Grierson exodus.

"Losing my grip?" commented old Grierson. "Not a bit of it. I've got the thing boiled down to where I make more money when I'm away than when I'm home." Wherewith he put the screws on a bit more, in token of gratitude.

Tom Grierson did not shrink into the background when his father returned. He was too big to shrink. He argued, he pleaded, sometimes he fought—but to no avail. Old Grierson's will was iron.

"Give, and give generously," urged Tom Grierson, when the Patriotic Fund deputation called for the eighth time; and emphasized his advice by making an eighth ghastly hole in his private bank account.

"I can't afford to give," adjudicated old Grierson, with thin lips.

Young Grierson, being impulsive like his mother, said things, and was promptly ordered out of the office. He went cheerfully. Tom betook himself to the river dock where Minnie Craig, the night-watchman's niece from Springvale, was interestedly fishing for carp.

This Minnie had not taught school long enough to lose her good looks. She had spent the summer holidays at Bridgetown, and had come down for the Canadian Thanksgiving, which falls in October.

"Tom," she told him, very seriously, "I wish you wouldn't come here. You scare the fish. Besides, it doesn't do any good. People talk—that's all."

Her mother up in Springvale had sedulously trained her to beware of seductive, good-looking young men of means; and she was loyal to her training.

"Who's talking? What do they say? And how many fish have you caught?"

She was frank and practical; so she answered the least important question first.

"None. Everybody. What you'd expect people to say if they saw a millionaire's son spending his time with a night-watchman's niece."

"I nearly landed that fellow," commented Tom, after the excitement of the next few minutes had passed. Then he recurred to the parallel topic:

"So they say we're engaged?"

Her pretty head was not to be turn-

ed by attentions; she refused to believe what was manifestly incredible.

"Can't you see that's impossible, Mr. Grierson?"

"I can't."

"The night-watchman's niece—and the millionaire's son?"

"Well," argued Tom Grierson very earnestly, as he dropped the fishing rod and drew closer, "suppose we eliminate the night-watchman and the millionaire—what's left. Just you and me, isn't it? That's the winning combination. The rest doesn't count."

In one and the same moment she felt happy and she felt miserable; happy on the score of that "you and me", and miserable for the shadow over them of old Grierson and his money-bags. Her practical sense told her to hold this young man at arm's length.

"Your father wouldn't allow it, Tom. . . . No, he wouldn't consider it a minute."

She was afraid of herself, sometimes; she did like him, very much; and she knew where such liking must end. "You and me," indeed—but there was the world also, in which each of them had a set place. Worldly wisdom made her cautious. A woman must watch herself, particularly with potential millionaires. How could she be sure Tom Grierson did care for her? How could she be sure, even then, that his love would last?

"Anyway," she said at last, "it will be quite impossible after what's going to happen."

"What's that?" questioned Tom; and really his face was white and his hands trembled. "You aren't going to marry someone up in Springvale?"

"No, no," she said hurriedly. "I'm going to teach school all my days. It isn't me. . . . But the men here are going out on strike. And tonight I'm going back to Springvale."

III.

Next morning the workmen delivered their ultimatum to old Grierson. They weren't going to work for a man

who wouldn't do his bit for the Patriotic Fund.

"Then get out of here, every rotten, worthless cur of you!" yelled old Grierson, who even in his best moods wasn't sweet-tempered. "And remember, there's no coming back. This isn't a strike. It's a lock-out."

The men went sullenly out. The factory wheels stopped turning. Tom Grierson rose from his desk in the corner of the office, and put on his hat.

"Hey, there!" shouted old Grierson. "Where the devil are you going?"

"I'm on strike, too," returned Tom coolly.

"Huh! Well, you'll be glad enough to come back after a week or two. Meanwhile"—he took a step nearer and his tone grew shrilly menacing—"keep away from that Craig huzzy. If you don't, I'll find a way to make you."

He turned abruptly to his desk. Before Tom was outside the office, the old man had apparently forgotten him. He was putting in a long-distance call for the nearest large city.

Within forty-eight hours the streets of Bridgetown were full of tough-looking roustabouts, gathered from the slums of the city and shipped in by special train to break the strike.

For one busy day the factory wheels went round again. But Bridgetown extended no glad hand to the newcomers. The boarding-houses would have none of them. The hotels, on one pretext or another, refused them. Old Grierson set his lips and met the situation by housing the two hundred and more strike-breakers in a string of old box-cars on the factory siding. When the six o'clock whistles blew, the men swaggered noisily about the town, met with sullen looks and returning open threats for silent menace. By nightfall the town was seething.

MacDowall, J.P., sat up late in his study. MacDowall's study was a fit and proper setting for MacDowall—

bare, cold, austere, unflinching. The very chairs, that in a normal study suggest cosy comfort, looked stiff.

Rike Scarlett, the constable, came in just before midnight.

"They're gone," he announced jubilantly, rubbing his hands together.

"Who?"

"Those strike-breakers. The boys have just chased 'em out of town. Last I could learn they were ten miles down the River Road and running for dear life. They won't come back. . . . I reckon you'll hear from old Grierson in the morning."

IV.

As a prophet, Rike Scarlett surpassed both Madame de Thebes and Father Joachim. Except for a few daring spirits, the strike-breakers did not come back. Early next morning old Grierson raged into MacDowall's court, breathing threatenings.

MacDowall instructed Constable Scarlett to investigate.

Constable Scarlett reported that the outrage had apparently been planned with the utmost thoroughness and secrecy; the culprits, several hundred in number, were armed and masked; and no one about town would for a moment admit that he knew a single person who had participated, or had the slightest suspicion on the subject.

Old Grierson trembled with fury. "Just let me get the ringleader!" he yelled.

"I can't get him," doggedly declared Rike.

Whether he was too shrewd or too stupid to do anything else, MacDowall's factotum made a good bluff at utter helplessness.

Within ten minutes old Grierson's nature developed a new and unsuspected aspect. He had not one cent for the Patriotic Fund, but he had one thousand dollars for revenge. That was the reward he offered for the apprehension and conviction of the guilty parties—including the ringleader. His huge advertising

posters temptingly added: "All costs paid and no questions asked".

Through a week the factory stood idle and the reward went unclaimed. Old Grierson fumed and fretted. It was time for him to go to Florida for the winter; he could not go till that worthless whelp, Tom, returned to take charge of the plant; and he would not go till he had run down and punished those accursed scoundrels who had maltreated his roustabouts.

Tom Grierson ostentatiously continued to board at the hotel.

The culprits remained unexposed.

Old Grierson doubled the reward.

"That'll fetch them," he commented.

It did not. Then he jumped the reward to five thousand dollars. Bridgetown gasped in bewilderment; but loyalty sat tight and said nothing. Whoever had planned the outrage, there could be no doubt of Bridgetown's sentiments.

Two days later old Grierson received a letter with the Springvale postmark. He had secured a correspondent there to keep an eye for him on the goings-on of Minnie Craig.

That Tom could contemplate such a ridiculous thing as actually marrying that Craig girl was, of course, incomprehensible. She was inconceivably below him. Yet Tom, who was impulsive, might get entangled somehow; and old Grierson reflected, with alarm, that untangling such matters involved the expenditure of money. This letter alarmed him. Tom Grierson had repeatedly visited Springvale.

Old Grierson put his dignity in his pocket, and went wrathfully down street to issue an ultimatum to his former night-watchman, Joe Craig.

V.

Craig came to MacDowall very early next morning.

"Has old Grierson been here to lay an information against young Tom?" he demanded.

"No."

"He says he's going to have him arrested at once for being ringleader in running them strike-breakers out of town."

"Was he?"

"I'm not saying," parried Craig. "What I'm saying is, that ain't why old Grierson wants Tom arrested. He wants to lock Tom up so's Tom can't see my niece." He paused, but MacDowall said nothing. "Old Grierson, he come to my place last night and bawled me out for letting her run around with Tom. Says I, 'Ain't I warned her against him? Ain't I anxious to see it stopped?' says I. Then he blows up. 'I'll stop it,' says he. 'I'll lock him up,' says he. Think of it, Squire—coming into this here honourable court and swearing to a lying accusation—"

"Is it a lying accusation?"

Craig's look grew shifty.

"Anyway, *he* thinks it is. He's perjuring himself because, when he swears Tom was in the riot, he don't believe it. I don't want Tom Grierson hanging around Minnie—there can't no good come of it—but I ain't a-going to see him took up if I can prevent. Don't you take that information, Squire."

MacDowall, J.P., made no needless comment. Yet, in his heart of hearts, he was troubled. Late the same morning he entertained a portentous delegation with a petition several yards long. The name of Mayor Ridgely headed the petition; but bubbling, busy little Pat Mogg was spokesman.

"The old man's after Tom," explained Mogg. "He says he's going to have him pulled, you know what for. Now, here's a petition from our very best citizens—Mayor Ridgely and all the town council and every town officer except yourself and every citizen of any account except old man Grierson, and what we want, Squire, is, if old Grierson comes to lay that information, you just refuse to take it."

"I can't refuse, if he swears to it."

"Here," sputtered Mogg. "Read this

here petition. See, 'He's no more guilty than we are'. Ain't that strong enough?"

"That means," questioned MacDowall, grimly, "that you are all equally guilty with him."

"Sure. He's just as innocent as we are, and we're just as guilty as him. And we say, 'Don't take that information'."

Unemotionally MacDowall studied the petition.

"I cannot refuse to take the information—unless, indeed, the real culprits are by that time under arrest." He laid aside the paper. "I promise you nothing; I ask what I am entitled to as a magistrate, an absolutely free hand. If you see Rike Scarlett," he added, "send him to me."

Mogg and his deputation went; and ten minutes later Rike Scarlett came.

"What is it, Squire?" he questioned nervously.

"Make out summonses at once for the participants in that strike riot. The charge is disorderly conduct."

"But I don't know who they are!" protested Rike blindly.

"Here are the names—the first seventeen on the list." MacDowall, J.P., without a smile, handed him the petition.

"Mayor Ridgely!" gasped the constable. "Councillor Hawkins! Fire Chief Archie Phillips! Elder Hazlett! Reverend Mr. Murchison! Squire—?"

"The first seventeen," insisted MacDowall grimly.

"But the poster says, the ringleader."

"He's the first man on the list—Mayor Ridgely. Charge him also with using profane language."

"But—Squire—"

"Fill in—those—summonses."

MacDowall took up his morning paper. Half an hour later old Grierson bustled in.

"I want you to hustle Rike Scarlett up to Springvale at once," he clamoured, "and get that worthless Tom. Get the book, and I'll swear

out the information. He's ringleader in that strike trouble."

"The summonses are already issued in that matter," returned MacDowall unemotionally. "The cases will come up on Friday. I will not make my court ridiculous by summoning a second alleged ringleader while the first still awaits trial." He resumed his paper.

On Friday the Bridgetown police court witnessed the most sensational proceedings in its history, with the most distinguished assemblage of representative citizens that ever crowded the narrow prisoner's dock.

VI.

The accused pleaded not guilty. Pat Mogg, whose name appeared eighteenth on the petition, rose in court.

"Your honour," he announced, "I want to be arrested."

"Si—lence!" bawled Court Crier Rike Scarlett.

"If that person interrupts again," commanded MacDowall, J.P., without the slightest change of tone, "constable, put him out."

Mogg subsided.

Testimony was taken; the testimony of old Grierson, still exasperated, but also somewhat puzzled; the testimony of three of the strike-breakers who alone of the two hundred and more had been prevailed on to come back. Their testimony was hazy. The entire body of assailants had been masked and disguised, and they could identify no one. Old Grierson, venomously malign, believed all seventeen were without exception guilty, but had no facts to offer in support of his belief.

"It's a mighty weak case, Squire," whispered Rike.

"Is there any defence?" invited MacDowall.

One by one the accused and their supporting witnesses went into the box. Mayor Ridgely had been at his home—corroborated by three reputable witnesses. Councillor Hawkins was in a pool-room at the time of the

attack. Corroborated beyond question. Fire Chief Phillips was at the fire hall all night—also corroborated. Reverend Mr. Murchison was attending a church meeting. Councillor Harrison was on a B. & X. Y. train sixty miles from Bridgetown, but homeward bound. His arrival on schedule time was proved. So the testimony for the defence established its obstinate alibi.

"Is the defence closed?" at last demanded MacDowall.

"Closed," chorused the accused.

"Rebuttal?" suggested MacDowall.

Old Grierson commenced to protest, fiercely, that the accused were one and all perjurers.

"If you have no evidence to offer, Mr. Grierson," intervened the magistrate, "be seated."

Grierson sat down glaring.

"With the consent of the defendants," went on MacDowall, very deliberately, "I wish to put in this petition, their signatures to which they will admit, as an exhibit in the case."

He paused an impressive moment. "The evidence is now closed," he said. He looked at the prisoners, one after another, with the steely eye that saw clear through them. Rike Scarlett had a sneaking notion that the old justice liked young Grierson, though never by word or sign or look had MacDowall showed it. He had a notion, too, that MacDowall hated old Grierson, though neither did MacDowall give a hint of hate.

"On the evidence submitted, including this exhibit, I find the prisoners—*guilty*."

The court sat many moments in stunned silence. MacDowall laid down the petition. Then he announced, in the same dry tone in which he would have sentenced them all to be hanged:

"I remand the prisoners till called upon for sentence."

VII.

A bewildered, questioning, whispering crowd passed out, and stood in

little knots. The prisoners themselves, free now to go, were too puzzled to be communicative.

"This way, Mr. Grierson," urged Rike Scarlett.

But old Grierson, quite of his own accord, was already hurrying toward the dingy little office to which MacDowall, J.P., had withdrawn. In a chair opposite MacDowall sat a brisk but puzzled young man who held a reporter's pad. He was Carruthers, editor and reportorial staff of *The News*—and, incidentally, Carruthers, secretary of the Patriotic Fund.

"But, Squire," Carruthers was urging deferentially. "I can't see how you reached such a decision on the evidence."

"I reached it on the evidence of their own petition," returned MacDowall.

"Young man," intervened Grierson, with cold pomposity, "I have not seen this petition, but I do know, it takes a shrewd judicial eye to see through the perjury which is rampant in our courts." He turned to MacDowall. "When are you going to sentence those scoundrels?" he demanded peremptorily.

MacDowall eyed him without emotion.

"They were remanded till called upon," he explained.

"And when will they be called upon?"

Rike Scarlett hastily intervened.

"Mr. Grierson, under the terms of your advertisement I am entitled to a reward of five thousand dollars—"

Grierson stiffened.

"The men are not yet sentenced," he returned dryly.

"Upon arrest or conviction—"

MacDowall, glancing up, without the least hint of either propitiation or menace, handed Grierson his own printed poster. Grierson studied it with the intense care of a man who knew its contents and knew that his search for a loophole was vain.

"I can give you a cheque," he suggested.

"We can get cash at the bank," returned Rike. "And," he added, "there's costs, \$58.30—"

"Don't those fellows pay the costs?" snapped Grierson.

"The poster says you pay all costs," said MacDowall.

Grierson fumed, but surrendered. They went out. Editor Carruthers, silenced, stared queerly at MacDowall, who never seemed to see him. A telegraph messenger slouched lazily in and after looting at all present asked for Mr. Grierson.

"He'll be back in a few minutes," said Carruthers. He knew that Grierson would not go home till he had a clear-cut answer to his vindictive question. "Here they come," he added presently.

Rike Scarlett, stamping in, laid the five thousand dollars in big bills upon the desk. With a stubby pencil he calculated the apportionment of fees between himself and the magistrate. Then he once more counted the bills.

"While Mr. Grierson handed me this money," he remarked, awkwardly, "I ain't exactly sure as I'm personally entitled to it. Your honour will remember that you, yourself, gave me the names of the—er—guilty parties."

The telegraph messenger had managed at last to get Grierson's attention, sufficiently to deliver his manila envelope and secure a scrawly signature in his book. He stood waiting a moment.

"Correct, Rike," assented MacDowall. With one eye on old Grierson, he saw that the man had opened the telegram, and that his face grew chalky as he read. "As a magistrate, I cannot, of course, accept a reward. Mr. Carruthers, add this contribution of five thousand dollars to the Patriotic Fund."

Grierson's face took on a greenish hue. With keen, hungry eyes he watched Carruthers count the money. MacDowall seemed to ponder over the transaction.

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"Mr. Carruthers," he added evenly, "credit that contribution to J. G. Grierson."

Grierson roused himself, in a discouraged way. Even the vindictiveness seemed to have died out of his soul.

"Squire," he demanded, "when are those villains to be called on for sentence?"

MacDowall, J. P., looked him through and through, with steely

gray eyes. He answered, in a tone quite even:

"Never."

VIII.

Rike curiously picked up the telegram after old Grierson had gone. He handed it to MacDowall, J. P. It was from Tom. The old justice actually smiled, even chuckled, as he read it:

"Minnie and I married, with or without your blessing."

A RAINY DAY

BY NORAH M. HOLLAND

GRAY skies, and mists that sway
Against the window-pane,
And wind that calls all day,
And calls in vain.

Who knows what ancient wrong
Is sounding through that blast?
What inarticulate song
Finds voice at last?

What drippings of old tears
Sob through the sobbing rain?
What sorrows of dim years
Take shape again?

Who knows? Draw down the blind,
My fire is burning bright.
Out in the rain and wind
Who waits to-night?



"Captain Hardy. (And how nicely he introduced himself!)"

The Double Intriguer

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

BUT I tell you it was *I* who secured the lease."
 "Pardon me, madam, it was *I*."
 "How absurd! Why, I can show you the paper—"

"But, madam, listen—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind! Rosemary, open that larger cane suitcase and get out the letter Mr. Perkins wrote us. The agent and I arranged it all several weeks ago, sir, and only last Thursday he mailed me the key. I am not in the habit of leaving anything to *chance*."

"It is very singular, I must say. I do not understand—"

"Singular? It is positively ridiculous!"

"But you see, er—this cottage is the very one that was announced as being 'a desirable summer home for a bachelor or a man of studious habits who wishes to spend a quiet summer in a secluded spot', etc., etc. Now,

my dear madam, as you scarcely fill either rôle—"

"Sir! Pray do not jest."

"I was only going to say that you and your charming young daughter would find it too quiet here. Even though you have not made a mistake, but have actually obtained the lease, might I not prevail upon you to hire another cottage, down near the hotel? I will do all I can to assist—"

"No other cottage could possibly suit. Rosemary, haven't you found that letter?"

"It isn't here, mother."

"What! Then look in the club-bag."

"It isn't there either. I've just looked."

"Could it be possible that I've left it at home? How annoying! It isn't in my hand-bag—"

"You mention a key," began the gentleman politely.

"Certainly, and here it is. I didn't leave *that* behind."

The lady took the article from her hand-bag and fitted it into the lock of the cottage door. It turned, and she opened the door part way and sent a triumphant glance at the gentleman.

"There! You see, I was right, after all. This cottage is number thirty-two, Poplar View—the one I rented."

"But my key fits, too."

"I'm not from Missouri, but you'll have to show me before I'll—"

"With pleasure."

Captain Peter Hardy drew a key from his pocket and fully demonstrated his own claim. Mrs. Hildreth Macklem shrugged a pair of pretty shoulders.

"How do I know you are not a key-forged—one of those clever men who take wax moulds of locks, and then—"

"Madam, believe me—"

"Mother, for goodness sake drop it. Let's go down to the hotel. It *does* look awfully lonely up here on these bluffs. I shall be bored to death—"

"Be still, child. Have you ever known me back down? I have set my heart on this place—"

"Er—so have I," interjected the captain ruefully.

"And I shall insist on remaining."

"So shall I."

The captain looked determined. So did Mrs. Hildreth Macklem.

"If you were a *gentleman*—"

"If *you* could see reason—"

"It is *you* who are unreasonable. We shall soon have to come to an agreement. It is almost dark. What does a *man* need to be so particular about, anyway? You are too far up from the hotel, where you would have to go for your meals—"

"I cook my own meals. My nephew and I are both fair cooks, though this year Bert is too delicate to do much."

"Your nephew? Is *he* coming?"

"He is, madam. He will arrive by the morning boat. He is recovering from two bullet wounds in the chest."

Rosemary's silvery tones again intervened.

"Why, how jolly! Young men are awfully scarce this summer. Let's all camp together. Mother can be the chaperon—"

"Never!" declared the lady.

"Impossible. I—er—am a man of quiet habits. I came here to do some writing."

"But we'd see that you were not disturbed."

"Thank you, but—"

"Oh, well, take the cottage," said Mrs. Macklem, with a resigned air, as she stooped to pick up a small grip. "We'll send for the same boy that brought the bags up here, Rosemary, and leave the gentleman to take possession—"

"Madam, I couldn't think of allowing you to do it," the captain hastened to say, with a complete change of front. "I, myself, will go to the hotel. I am sorry to have seemed selfish—"

"But—"

"Say no more, please."

"Oh, I couldn't let you go like this. If the lease is—*really* yours—"

"You seem to doubt it."

The lady smiled apologetically. She was impulsive and a generous creature at heart and her annoyance was rapidly dissipating.

"Would you care to do as my daughter suggested?" she asked. "Perhaps we could compromise in that way. The house seems large enough, and we need not meet except when it is unavoidable."

The captain smiled. It was like a sunny ray lighting up an austere and gloomy landscape.

"Why—er—it is kind of you, but there is only one kitchen."

"Oh! well, have your meals with us, then. I assure you that both I and my daughter can cook."

"I do not doubt it."

"Are you a crank?"

"Not as regards the cuisine."

"Then, is it agreeable? You could occupy the western side of the house, and we the other side, and we could all share the verandah."



“ Having seen the advertisement and photograph of a cottage much to his liking ”

And so it was arranged. Rosemary danced up and down in great glee.

“He’s a dear, mother,” she said, ecstatically, as they settled themselves in their own side of the house. “Do you know, he reminds me of a professional man, with his scanty hair and moustache, and his proud air! He looks like a regular blue-blood.”

“The man is evidently a gentleman,” agreed Mrs. Macklem. “He seemed a trifle surprised that I was so willing to cook.”

“He doesn’t know how Bridget drives us out of the kitchen at home.”

“That Irishwoman is an autocrat! I would discharge her if cooks were not so scarce—good ones, I mean.”

“Well, you’ll have a chance to potter amongst the pots and pans now, and so will I. We’ll make the nephew turn in and wash the dishes. If he’s as handsome as his uncle—”

“Absurd, child! I shall forbid flirting, remember. As for the uncle being handsome—piffle! Your poor dear father was twice as good-looking.”

“So he was, but in a different way. I wish I could remember him more distinctly, but as I was only eight when he died—”

“I wonder—just how old this—captain something-or-other is.”

“Captain Hardy. (And how nicely he introduced himself!) Oh, he isn’t more than forty-five, I am perfectly sure. I wonder—how old—the nephew is.”

But the widow did not make any response. She had taken a pretty lavender silk frock out of one of the suit-cases and was looking for the shoes and hose which matched it. For she and her daughter were going to the ball that evening down at the Balmy Breeze Hotel.

On his own side of the summer cottage the captain was also engaged in making a fresh toilet—but not to go to the dance. He was merely changing from his travelling attire to a lounge suit, preparatory to going trawling, for an hour or two. The captain detested society. He abhorred a dress suit. He could neither dance, play bridge, nor engage in small talk. He was an ultra-bohemian and liked only to commune with nature, when he wished a change from his books. He was a retired sea-captain, his premature retirement from active work having been brought about through an accident to one of his eyes.

There was another item regarding Captain Hardy, which had a humorous bearing on his present situation: he was a confirmed woman-hater.

As he drew on a pair of high rubber boots he smiled sardonically.

"What would Sarah say if she could know!" he muttered with a short laugh. "I'm more than half sorry I agreed to share quarters with these women. I don't know why I did it. I'm all kinds of a fool!"

He clumped outside and took up a pair of paddles that were leaning against the verandah. Soon he had reached the lake's edge and unlocked the padlock which secured the skiff that belonged to the cottage.

"Sarah" was his married sister, who occasionally succeeded in dragging him to a party. Only two weeks ago she had lugged him to a bazaar, and while there a pretty gypsy lass had insisted on telling his fortune.

As the captain skimmed across the water toward the trawling-ground he suddenly recollected that young clairvoyant's eerie warning:

"Beware of a charming blonde widow who will cross your path this summer. She will try to inveigle you into an affair of the heart. Shun her, for she is a female crook—a confidence woman. She travels with a younger woman who poses as her daughter. But in reality they are a pair of she

sharks. Watch yourself, for she is beautiful and fascinating and absolutely merciless."

To all of which he had returned a tolerant smile and a faint shrug of his big shoulders. Now, however, he looked a bit serious. He stopped rowing and drifted for a few moments.

"Now, I wonder," he murmured, "if there is anything in it! Sometimes these fortune-tellers hit it right. Still, what harm could this supposed female crook do to me? I'm not rich enough to tempt one of *her* stamp. She'd be on the trail of bigger game. And as to my heart—bah! *That* is a fortress that has never yet been taken. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff!"

Of course, it was ridiculous, even admitting it to be an odd sort of coincidence. These women were eminently respectable—that was to be gathered at a glance. So the captain laughed aloud at his doubts and began rowing again.

It was a beautiful evening, with a full moon rising like a big silver plate in the east, and the salmon and golden and carmine of the sunset still lingering in the west, though the orb of day had dropped below the horizon an hour ago. Each year in the latter end of June Captain Peter Hardy, generally accompanied by his favourite nephew (Sarah's only son) betook himself to the coast, or to one of the lovely inland lakes of British Columbia, there to idle away a very pleasant summer. The lake he had come to this year was Okanagan, surely one of the most beautiful in all Canada. He had never camped here, but having seen the advertisement and photograph of a cottage much to his liking, he had decided to take it.

"Beastly luck that that woman should have taken a fancy to it, too!" growled the captain, as he put the looped end of his trawl between his teeth and began to cast the line slowly out.

The coincidence of the keys being

similar could easily be accounted for. Perkins owned scores of cottages up here, and it was not improbable that some of them had door-locks alike. Either that or else—the woman *was* a crook and had managed to secure a duplicate key, had managed, too, to time her arrival with that of his own.

There he was, off again, imagining! With a snort of disgust he leaned over the skiff's edge to untangle the line from the oar-lock, and at that same instant a scream rent the air—the scream of a woman.

The captain started, and turned about in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Through the falling dusk he perceived a head bobbing on the water of the lake, then a pair of white arms, that thrashed about—and before one could have counted to ten the captain had seized his oars and was making "full speed ahead" for the spot, some fifty yards away.

A gurgling, choked laugh greeted him as he drew alongside the bobbing head, and a half-hysterical voice said: "Silly of me to venture so far out—after sunset—usually can swim further out than this, too—without tiring. I—oh, I'll spoil the skiff—sorry—I—"

The captain pulled the woman into his boat, and she sank, shivering and dripping, into the stern seat. He then took up his coat that lay in the bow and wrapped it about her. As he performed this act a delightful, wholly unaccountable thrill ran through his woman-hating being. He noticed that the stranger had big, appealing blue eyes, wet, blowy, brown hair, under her blue swimming-cap, and a gentle, high-bred manner.

"You were indeed *very* foolish," he said, somewhat sternly, as he took up his oars again. "Don't you know the depth of the lake at this part?"

"Oh, don't scold, please. I—"

"It is odd that I didn't notice you when you went in."

"Oh, no. Your back was turned. I saw you when I first came out, at

that rocky point yonder," she said.

"Are you camping here?"

"No, I'm staying at the hotel. I only arrived this afternoon, and I just couldn't"—(here her pretty white teeth chattered)—"resist going in for a dip! I suppose I stayed in too long."

Captain Hardy fairly drove his skiff across the remaining stretch of water, and they soon bumped into the little dock belonging to the cottage the captain had rented. Then he ran up the path and disappeared, returning in a trice with a long waterproof coat of his own.

The woman gratefully donned it, and as she buttoned it over her scant blue silk bathing-suit she sent a half timid glance up at her escort.

"I'm all right now, and thanks for the help. I—I—why you saved my life, didn't you? I'm so excited I believe I never acknowledged—"

The captain grunted. He was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Take my arm. The path is steep," he commanded.

"Oh! You're not going to take me down to the hotel! I mustn't impose upon you—"

The captain grunted again, and masterfully seized the lady's arm and propelled her forward and downward between the whispering poplars that lined the woodland path.

"Do have another helping of omelet, captain."

"Er—no, thank you. Not very hungry this morning."

"Then take some more of the fried pickerel! Rosemary, hand the dish to Captain Hardy."

"No, thanks. I—"

"Let me pour you some more coffee, then!"

"Very well."

Mrs. Hildreth Macklem, looking very tidy and domestic, and making a charming picture in her neat blue-checked house-dress, leaned across the round breakfast-table and refilled

Captain Hardy's cup. Her daughter at the same moment passed him the toast, which he declined.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Macklem, shaking her head prettily, "that our cooking does not agree—"

"Not at all, not at all," the captain hastened to say. "Cooking's splendid. I think you had better go to that young rascal's bedroom door and give him the last call to breakfast. He's a lazy young dev—er—scamp!"

"Oh, the poor dear is tired," said Rosemary. "Let him rest. He and I paddled all over the lake last night, you know, captain."

"The captain *doesn't* know," said the elder lady, with a twinkle in her eye. "He was away all afternoon and evening. That's three times since Monday, captain! Do satisfy our curiosity and—"

"Mother, you are dreadfully inquisitive! If *he* won't tell you, though, I will. I saw him on the hotel verandah, hobnobbing with a lady—a pretty little woman like—oh, like a Dresden doll. Who is she, captain?"

A dull red had climbed into the captain's cheek. He was divided between a desire to laugh and to box the young minx's ears.

"She's a friend," he answered briefly.

Before they could question him further, footsteps were heard in the hallway, and the dining-room door opened, revealing a tall youth with mischievous brown eyes and a mop of black hair. He was dressed in outing flannels and a sport shirt of a delicate shell-pink shade.

"Good morning glory!" cried Rosemary, pulling out the chair beside her own.

The youth gave a military salute and an exaggerated bow, and then took his place beside the damsel in the white middy suit.

"I say, uncle Peter," he began, after he had exchanged morning greetings with everybody. "Did you know that they are after a German

spy around this place somewhere?"

"A German spy!" exclaimed the women in a breath.

"Yes, sir! He's in hiding, they claim, in this very neighbourhood. But if you ask *my* opinion, I'd say he wasn't in hiding at all. He's probably right to the fore, going under an assumed name, taking part in our daily life. *That's* how to look for spies. They don't hide away, for that would draw suspicion at once."

"Oh! And I didn't bring a revolver!" cried Mrs. Macklem, paling.

The others laughed.

"How did you get your information?" demanded the captain, with a peculiar look.

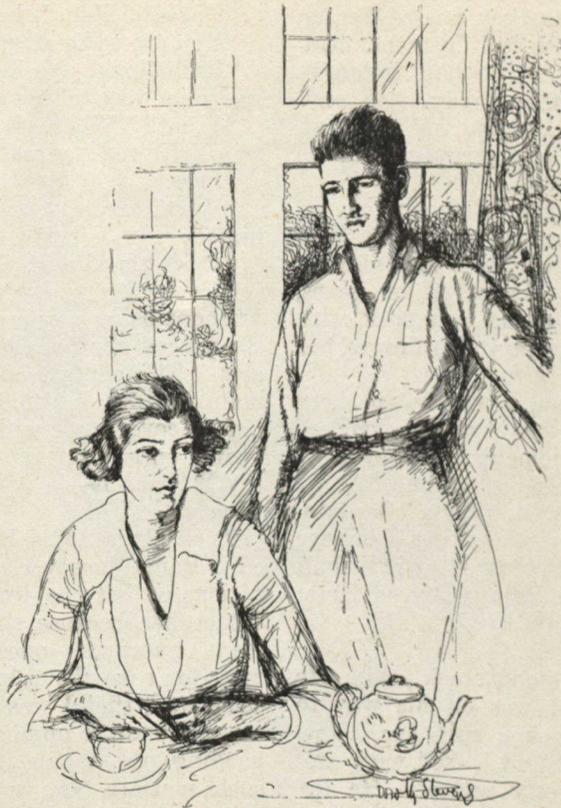
"From one of the fellows that are staying at the hotel. I went out on the verandah last night to have a pipe, after you were all in bed, and this chap happened to be passing down the lake in his canoe and singing. I recognized his voice and hailed him, and he put into our dock for a few minutes. He told me that the hotel people are trying to keep it quiet, for fear it will scare away tourists. But he said that there were secret service men at work on the case—and that the countryside was being combed.

"But what good can a spy do here—good to his own cause, I mean?" asked Rosemary, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "There aren't any canals or munition plants *here*."

"Perhaps there is a military man, or the head of a munitions plant staying at the hotel, whom the spy wants to 'pump'. Or, maybe, the spy was chased away from some other point and is only here biding his time."

Bert Daley spoke confidentially. He was keenly interested, and on the previous night had been scarcely able to refrain from wakening the others up to tell them his news.

"It is very singular that the captain didn't hear this information," observed Rosemary suddenly. "He was down at the hotel nearly all of yesterday. I was just teasing him about a lady I saw him with when I



“For the first time, Bert and Rosemary were left alone together”

went down there to play tennis.”

Bert sent a whimsical glance at his uncle.

“It could scarcely have been Uncle Peter,” he said, with a laugh. “He’s a fierce woman-hater.”

“Well, he’s changing rapidly, then.”

“Why, do you know,” said Mrs. Macklem, enjoying the captain’s discomfiture, “we did not even know till you mentioned it one day, that you weren’t married.”

“No, nor he won’t ever be,” declared Bert, laughing.

“Oh, I don’t know,” interjected the girl, “I’ll wager he was proposing as I saw him. Anyway, they were sitting pretty close together. What was the subject under discussion, captain, may I ask?”

The captain grunted. He opened his lips as though to reply, and shut

them, and then he was very glad he had done so. He had been about to disclose too much. For he and his friend, Mrs. Baulk—the lady he had saved from drowning—had been talking all afternoon and evening about military and naval matters, she having asked him numerous questions, and he replying in the way he thought best. He had spent many hours in Mrs. Baulk’s company since the evening on the lake.

Directly after breakfast Captain Peter Hardy put on his hat and walked down the path to the hotel. Mrs. Macklem went on to the verandah and watched him disappear amongst the trees. Thus, for the first time, Bert and Rosemary were left alone together. Bert proposed a ramble in the wood.

Mrs. Macklem, though striving to

appear merry, as they passed her on the verandah, was feeling rather badly in her heart. She had fallen in love with Captain Hardy. As soon as they were out of sight, she sat down and indulged in that strictly feminine luxury, a good cry.

It was thus that the captain, returning unexpectedly, found her. Hastily drying her eyes and making some plausible excuse for her tears, she proceeded to the hammock with a book. But the captain followed her out under the trees.

"Mrs. Macklem, I will not be here for luncheon," he began, a look of suppressed excitement in his eyes. "I must go to Vancouver at once."

"Oh—very well, then, captain. Though I'm fond of cooking, I believe I'm growing rather tired of it. I shall go down to the Balmy Breeze Hotel next week, in any case."

"To remain?"

The captain stood stock still. He had turned and was on his way to the house to pack a suit-case. Now he turned about and looked with concern at the pretty widow. He detected a new note in her pleasant voice—a note that he did not relish. It was a compound of petulancy and something else that he couldn't define.

"Yes, to remain," she answered succinctly.

The captain came closer to the hammock, and then hemming and hawing in an embarrassed way, he took a chair that stood nearby.

The widow looked surprised. She sat up, resting her chin in one plump hand. Her book slid to the ground and Captain Hardy stooped to retrieve it at the same moment as the widow did. Their hands met. The captain started and coughed. Mrs. Macklem blushed and forced a laugh.

"Er—I want to tell you something," commenced Hardy at once, "I want to explain my haste in going away—"

"Oh—I think I can guess," and the widow laughed harshly.

"Guess? I don't believe you can."

"You are to be married."

"Ridiculous! No, I have caught the spy Bert was telling us about."

"What! Where is he? Oh, captain, is it really true?"

"It is."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"It isn't a him at all."

The pretty widow's eyes bulged. Without being aware of what she did she placed one hand on the captain's arm. The captain allowed it to remain, indeed, insisted on it remaining by covering it with one of his big brown ones.

"Oh! was it—is it the woman you were with?"

"Yes. It is a Mrs. Bach. (She spelled it Baulk, however.) I became suspicious of her the very first evening I met her because she asked me so many questions—questions that women don't usually ask. She knew, in some way, that I was a retired naval man. I know a number of secrets regarding our canals and ships and such matters, you see, and I think someone must have put her wise to me. She is a German American."

The captain recounted the drowning adventure, which he said he now knew was merely a ruse on Mrs. Bach's part, to make his acquaintance.

"And so, you see," he concluded, with a smile, "while you people imagined me to be losing my head over her, I was only pretending to play into her hands. I gave her a lot of false information. I set traps for her. I played the part of a love-sick old fool in order to get her secret out of her. I had no idea that the hotel people were aware of a spy here till Bert spoke of it this morning. So I went down at once and clinched matters."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Macklem heaved a sigh of immense relief and squeezed the captain's hand. The captain returned the pressure with interest, and his



"Two young people mounting the slope with a pail of wild blackberries."

eyes, looking into the widow's, were very expressive.

"I—I guess I'll stay here after all," murmured the widow. "I—I'm not tired of cooking. I—I guess it is only the weather."

"Er—I must go now in order to catch the boat," said Hardy, rising suddenly and relinquishing the widow's hand reluctantly. "But—er—I say, you know, you—er—asked if I were going to be married. I am, if the lady will have me. I intend to ask her when I come back, er—and—"

"Why not ask her now?" murmured the widow softly.

And the captain did.

It may have been ten minutes later that they sprang apart at the sight of the two young people mounting the slope, with a pail of wild blackberries carried between them—though it was by no means full.

"I—I hope—" began the captain significantly.

"So do I," returned Mrs. Macklem as she gazed fondly at the approaching pair.

"They are great chums."

"And just the right age."

"And it would be nice if it happened before Bert had to go back with his regiment."

"It looks as if—it had already happened."

The widow was a good guesser. It had!

There was a double wedding in the early part of September. But it was not until afterward that Mrs. Hardy—néé Macklem—confessed to the cap-

tain that she had found Perkins's letter at the very bottom of one of her bags the same night of her arrival, and that the cottage she had rented was number twenty-three—not thirty-two.

MY LOVE HAS PASSED THIS WAY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I KNOW my love has passed this way
To walk with morning on the hill,
Because amid the fragrant grass
The daisies whisper of her still.

The buttercups are merrier
Than any summer day before,
Conning her gracious memory,
Brighter than all their golden lore.

Only the wild rose hangs its head
All pale with envy, for it knows
Beside her beauteous, glowing face
'Tis not worth while to be a rose!

Her laughter echoes in the wind
That blows across the clover lea,
And every wilding bird that sings
Pipes of her loveliness to me.

Because where'er her foot has pressed
Each joyous flower and leaf is gay,
Because the whole wide world is glad
I know my love has passed this way.



THE RED JACKET

By J. James Tissot

One of the French Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition

Godeevy and the Jitney

BY MADGE MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "KLEATH"



HE toughest thing in the world is cocoanut fibre; next to that comes Lil. Heredity had made her tough, environment had made her tough, and in the words of Tim Flannigan, "It'd take a deal of hangin' t' make her tender."

In the City hall she was known as Man. 81959, but throughout the whole of Bonnivale she was known as Lil; and her clattering old car—distinguishable from a steam roller only by a keen eye and a sensitive ear—was the most popular jitney in the city. Of its driver, pedestrians, chauffeurs and even Tim Flannigan, who regulated traffic at one of the busiest of busy corners, stood in respectful awe; which shows that toughness has uses.

Inattention to the ear-splitting scream of her siren opened the sluice-gates for a torrent of abuse which rivalled—indeed, almost eclipsed—the language of a London 'bus-driver, and Lil had been known to back up her remarks with two bony fists in such a manner as to be highly effective if not thoroughly technical.

"Gosh, but she's tough!" was the admiring and universal comment.

She rattled down the avenue one morning in the teeth of a fresh spring breeze, which caught the brilliant red and white sign swathed about her car and rippled its lettering into total illegibility. It also caught the gleaming straw hat of a rotund gentleman

who was issuing from his noble portal, and swirled it directly under the wheels of the oncoming car.

Lil stopped up short, the front tire merely pinning the truant hat to the ground and preventing further peregrinations. Presently, when the puffing and portly gentleman had rescued his property, he looked to see what dexterous driver deserved his thanks and a tip.

"Humph," he grunted with grudging admiration. "It's you, is it? I might have guessed as much."

"I'm goin' t' the centre of the city," grinned Lil. "Bet you're scared t' ride in a jitney."

The gentleman, who had built a two-hundred-thousand-dollar house, guarded by a pair of recumbent marble lions, and who owned four motors, hesitated. But Lil's grin was as attractive as her dare was alluring.

"I'll sit in the front," said the gentleman, climbing in.

Lil screeched, and started on a ride which made the famous trip of the late Paul Revere seem like a procession of ice wagons, in point of speed and adventure. She slid in between a hearse and a sprinkling cart without an inch to spare on either side; she ran down a bullying cur and thus distracted his attention from an unhappy kitten; she delivered an address, highly coloured, upon the etiquette of the road, to the back of a limousine which happened to be occupied by a friend of the gentleman's

wife. Then, with a somewhat clear stretch ahead, she turned to her passenger.

"What's the matter with the fleet?" she asked.

"Fleet?" repeated the gentleman lurching violently against her as they turned a corner.

"Sure—yer fleet of motor cars. Bottled up in the North Sea, or in dry-dock, or have yer drivers gone on strike? Honest, you've got the worst bunch of chaufs in town."

The gentleman knew it. He had suffered from the vagaries of expert motorists for several years. He was suffering now.

"I pay the highest wages in the city," he sighed.

"Don't I know it?" returned the other dryly. "Say, it'd do yer heart good t' hear 'em frame up ways to take yer money from you. That's the worst of advertisin' how much money you've got. Now, if you'd be satisfied to trail along with jest ordinary wagepayers, an' can all this guff about protectin' the workin' man—stuff that you don't believe in—shucks, don't argue with me!—you'd get a heap sight better chaufs who'd tend to their job without tryin' to peel the dollars off your clothes as they drive. Or," continued Lil, with utmost candour and friendliness, "you'd find real pleasure outen your squad if you'd hire women. There ain't much that women can't do, and they're takin' on most any kind of job, these days. Look at me."

The jitney drew smartly to a standstill and admitted three more passengers. By the time Lil had reached the heart of the city, men were clinging to the sides and riding on the step. Someone grumbled.

"Only diff between this here jitney an' the street cars is that I don't furnish no straps to hang on," she jeered, taking their money. "Women chaufs is what you want." She reverted to the interrupted conversation. "All the decent men will soon be off t' the Front, and that's what it's comin' to

—believe me—I know the signs of the times. Yessir! Hi, ahead there," she yelled raucously, "can't you move without havin' outriders to clear the road for you an' announce yer comin'? Say, Tim," she leaned far out over her wheel and addressed the magnificent Mr. Flannigan with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "what's that decoratin' the highway? Has the City Fathers e-rected a' automobile monument? Golly," she breathed as the procession moved forward, "I thought the waterin' cart would soon be sprinklin' us, mistakin' us for a bunch of turnips takin' root. Sure, mister, I'm goin' straight fer the Exhibition Grounds."

Thus Lil's days passed in delightfully varied monotony.

She was on her way home at half-past nine when she saw him. He was standing on the curb looking about as only an Englishman in a hurry can look—for a cab or taxi.

"Jitney?" asked Lil, drawing up beside him.

The young man raised his hat.

"Thank you," he said. "I am rather in a hurry to get to the upper end of the Avenue.

"Git in," commanded Lil, suspicious of the strong English accent and the hat-lifting. "Git in; an' set in the back."

By the time the upper end of the Avenue was reached, however, she had half repented of her attitude. Indeed, she felt a distinct kindness toward her passenger, convinced that he was not, after all, "one of them fresh English blokes who tries to git gay with a lady".

What advances he did make were so courteous that no toughness was required to discourage them, and Lil put him down with a feeling of social exaltation as unique as it was delightful. An unprecedented impulse prompted her to say:

"If you're makin' fer the centre of the civic wheel, to-morrer, 'bout nine, I pass here on my second trip."

Again he raised his hat.

"I shall certainly be on the lookout for you," he called (over his shoulder). "Good-night."

Careening madly around corners, the faithful partner in Lil's financial enterprise soon found itself housed for a few hours in a garage mostly of her own making. With a cough and a wheeze, the motor stopped and wrapped itself in silence. Lil locked the garage door, entered an adjacent house and pulled down the blinds upon her public career.

"Well, dear little Lady Godeevy," she greeted, walking on tiptoe across the floor, after the manner of a clumsy man in a sick-room, "an' how's yer ladyship been to-day?"

"Quite well and happy, except for missing you," answered the child from a couch where she lay.

It was the same question and same answer which passed between them every night; it was with the same hunger that Lil sank to her knees beside the couch and gathered the frail, ethereal child into her arms. And it was with the same utter contentment that the little girl nestled against Lil's heart, the great love-throbs of which beat out life's Alpha and Omega for her.

Tim Flannigan, who took such pride in Lil's toughness, would have marvelled at the transfiguration of her face as she held the child in that first close embrace after the separation of the day. He would have recognized the familiar grayish hair, dragged back from a deeply corrugated forehead and twisted into a knob like a wet dishcloth at the neck; but he would have looked with amazement into a pair of sharp and narrowing pale eyes, which suddenly seemed almost beautiful, shrouded by a haze of lovelight; and the trembling of thin colourless lips would have alarmed that simple soul.

The child, however, understood.

"Don't we just *love* each other?" she murmured. And, presently, "Tell me about the ebony chariot, to-day."

Then with the child's assistance, Lil

spun a wonderful fairy tale round her day's prosaic happenings. The portly gentleman became a king who in leaving his white marble palace lost his golden crown and needs must be bowled along in the ebony chariot to the Forest of Gold to acquire another. The watering-carts, hearse and ice-wagons became gigantic demons blocking the Emerald Avenue; and congestion of traffic was always described as the battle array from which the ebony chariot never emerged other than victorious.

The outside world was as remote and mysterious to Lady Godeevy, lying all day on her soft green couch, as was fairyland to Thomas Gradgrind, and the pictures she painted for herself were too vivid to be erased even by Lil's practical lapses.

"Is that all?" she asked at length, when a woman with four children had been transmuted by the alchemy of fancy, into a queen and her royal offspring. "Was there no really, truly *person* riding in the ebony chariot to-day?"

The wistfulness in the tone hurt Lil, as denying Godeevy's slightest fancy always did.

"Why—er—" she hesitated, "there was another feller—"

"Oh, Lil!" The child gave a little squeal of delight. "You were keeping the best till last. Tell me about *him*."

With a mental clumsiness of which she was bitterly ashamed, Lil groped over her stock of interesting possibilities; she could not decide whether to make the stranger Lloyd George, Kerensky, Billy Sunday, or President Wilson. When she spoke at last, her tone was reminiscent, and Godeevy rapturously drank in her halting words.

"He sure was some guy—takin' off his lid to me, same's if I was a duchess—a' English bloke he was"—Lil gradually forgot that her part was to amuse the child—"with a slow, soft voice that sorta made you listen even if he didn't yell. Didn't hurt me none

t' look at him, neither, though I could not give myself much of a treat 'long them lines, makin' him set in the back." Her thin lips stretched a little. "He's goin' t' wait fer me to-morrer mornin'—mebbe."

Godeevy had lain absolutely still, hardly breathing, greedily drinking in every item of this sketchy account while her busy imagination filled in any gaps left in the recital. Her big eyes, fastened on Lil's face, were glowing and luminous, her small white hand gripped Lil's gaunt arm very tight. Then as the woman's voice ceased, she quivered with excitement.

"Lil—oh, Lil," she breathed, "he sounds quite different from the rest. Do you think he might have been a really, truly *lord*?"

And the woman slipping readily into what she termed Godeevy's fairy-tales, assented with enthusiasm which almost amounted to conviction.

"Sure! Wouldn't s'prise me in the least t' know that he was a sure-nuff, genu-ine, dyed-in-the-wool, English lord."

Since babyhood, this strange child had peopled her world with fairies and the cream of the aristocracy. Ugliness and mediocrity held no place in her fair scheme of life. Bonnivale, which she had never seen since she could remember, was to her a collection of proud avenues and noble buildings; its people, the living embodiment of those who spun out happy lives between the covers of her books. What evil spirits did exist, were invariably conquered by exponents of justice and right, and therefore were not worth serious consideration. Even Tim Flannigan was featured in Godeevy's vivid imagining as being very like a king, who, more successful than Canute, rolled back the waves of traffic with a majestic sweep of his huge and hairy hand.

Dimly did she realize that the world she saw and the world Lil saw were vastly different places; but gradually she became obsessed with the conviction that the metamorphosis of the

jitney into an ebony chariot was merely a matter of the type of passengers it carried, and she questioned Lil with a sort of passionate intensity as to the social status of her patrons.

"Do you think he was a really, truly English lord?" The question was pathetic in its earnestness. "Or was he just another make-believe one?"

And Lil, uneasy, wondering why a good imitation was not just as acceptable in the present case as heretofore, when King Manuel, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Bryan, Roosevelt, and many others had occupied seats in the chariot of ebony, hedged a little.

"Well," she pressed the child closer to her, "if he ain't a lord hisself, my lovey, I'll eat my shirt if he ain't the blood brother to one. Honest!"

Instead of her usual affectionate and prolonged farewell on the following morning, Godeevy was eager for Lil to start upon her day.

"Hurry," she urged, "or you will miss him. And you *must* find out, Lil—in a polite way, you know, dearest—you must find out whether or not he is a real lord. Won't you?"

With a guilty conscience, Lil promised, and sped away to the upper end of the Avenue. In the unromantic light of day, everything seemed changed. What had induced her, she asked herself, to mention the silly Englishman at all, and what in the name of common sense had started her on the fool idea that the man was a lord, or remarkable in any way whatever? Every Englishman with decent manners, she argued with irrefutable logic, does not wear a title!

Yet, she defended, how was she to know that Godeevy was bent on having this the genuine article, when up to now any old good imitation would do?

"A lord ridin' in this old bundle of nuts," she sighed bitterly. "However, if it's goin' t' make her any happier to have him one, I'll beat him over the head with my monkey-

wrench, by thunder, an' knight him, myself," said Lil.

She hardly expected to see him, so gloomy had her reflections become, and almost discredited the evidence of her senses when he emerged debonaire and immaculate from a large apartment-house. Simultaneously she laid hand to siren and gave a welcoming screech.

"Good morning," he greeted, touching his hat. Although he smiled, his eyes showed as plainly as words that he had quite forgotten about meeting her. "I expect we both are a little late, but this delinquency on your part encourages unpunctuality."

Lil hardly understood a word of what he said; this was the "lingo Godeevy talked", she told herself, but she understood the amused smile and resented it.

"I didn't hang around to wait for you—only fer one reason," she explained tartly. "I gotta ask you sump'in'."

The young man climbed into the car—front seat—and turned to the woman beside him.

"Well?"

"Are you a lord, or ain't you?"

He laughed outright.

"I rejoice to say I am not. Leonard Hamilton Carstairs, at your service, Miss Lil."

"You can cut out my titles," snapped Lil. "I jes, wanted to make sure. Which way're you goin'?"

"Along this beautiful spoke and into the hub of the municipal wheel, to carry out your admirable metaphor of last evening," he returned. "But about the question—why did you ask? Have you a fondness or an aversion for titled Englishmen? Do tell me. One good question deserves another, you know."

"I'll tell you it don't make a pick of difference t' me, if you was the Emperor of Chiny," she wheeled toward him and narrowly escaped colliding with a street car. "I was askin' because—my God, look at your hand!"

Carstairs held up his hand and scrutinized it carefully. He had not yet put on his gloves.

"What is the matter with it?"

"The finger, the little finger—"

Lil stopped short, just in time to spare the life of an old woman.

"Did you ever have the top cut off, or get it bent up, or did it grow short an' crooked like that?" she went on.

"It grew like that, my good woman," replied the mystified and slightly annoyed passenger. "Why this panic?"

"It's jes' exactly like—like someone else I know," muttered Lil. "I never seen another—an' I always look at hands."

The young man shook his head.

"I should be inclined to doubt that you ever saw another hand just like mine," he said. "That very short, crooked little finger is the most distinguishing thing about our family. Peculiar to the line, from generations back. But here we are. I've had a most interesting trip. Good-morning."

What the rock was to Prometheus, the jitney was to Lil that day. She felt chained, shackled to it. She felt that the rattling old car was dragging at her shoulders as she pulled it up and down the witheringly hot avenue. She picked up two nails within twenty minutes of each other and wasted her lunch hour in the garage. She had a blow-out. And none of these things seemed of the least importance to Lil, that day. Her world was full of hands.

She stared at the hands of her passengers, signalling her to stop; she watched them as they rested on the door of her car, and when they were extended to pay their fare; she scrutinized the grease-grimed hands of the man who repaired her punctures with embarrassing keenness, so that the fellow made a stammering apology. She watched the people on the street, and she was still absorbed in the thinking of hands when she was free to rush home to Godeevy.

"Hol' out *your* hands, child," she commanded without her customary greeting.

Wondering, the little girl obeyed. Lil stared open-mouthed. Save for pallid whiteness, save for discrepancy in size, Godeevy's hands were an exact replica of the young man's.

"Was he, Lil?"

The question, breathed with an earnestness which argued something of its importance to the child, broke in upon Lil's consciousness with the effect of a lash. She had forgotten all about the disappointment which lay in store for Godeevy since seeing the Englishman's hands. She saw in a glance that the child had already taught herself to believe in the high estate of the young man, and was loath to shake such radiant faith. Besides, what did a lie or two matter where Godeevy's happiness was concerned?

"Was he what? A lord? Sure he was, honey-mine. Gold-embossed an' han'-tooled. Travels under the moniker of Leonard Hamilton Carstairs with handles in front and letters in back—makin' his name 'bout 's long 's yer arm."

Then having watched the satisfaction spread over Godeevy's pale face, she sank back, so to speak, and rested comfortably in the folds of her gigantic lie. So much, she thought for a happy ending to the affair.

But it was only beginning for the child.

"I want to see him, Lil," she whispered eagerly. "I want to hear his soft voice—I want to touch him. I will never be happy until you bring him to see me, then the two of you must take me riding in the ebony chariot, down the Emerald Avenues and into the Forest of Gold. Please, Lil!"

"But, angel Godeevy," Lil protested, "you wouldn't like it out there!" She jerked her gray head in the direction of the window. "I can't explain it very good, but ain't I told you that things is kinder different from the way we picture 'em? Soon

's common people gits int' the jitney it all gits changed like. You wouldn't recognize the ebony chariot, coughin' gasoline fit t' make you choke. An' noises, lovey—why, all them singers that trail up an' down the avenues, serenadin' the nobility—well, sometimes I gotta strain my eyes an' ears t' see an' hear 'em. An' as fer ridin' in the—say, darlin', it'd scatter yer beautiful bones that wide, all the White Wings in the city couldn't collect 'em in a week an' bring 'em back t' me."

Lil looked into the face of the child to see it suddenly drawn and old. She felt as though she had dragged aside a veil and revealed to her all the misery of an ugly world.

"Besides," she hurried on in a kind of terror, "some day, soon's I'm able, I'm goin' t' buy you a dandy limy-zine that'll be all soft an' comfy inside, like this here sofy. It'll be lined with blue an' white—summer sky an' clouds, you know—an' you'll be a lovely sunbeam restin' there."

But Godeevy was not to be turned from her desire. She did not want a limousine. She wanted to ride in the jitney, which, glorified by the presence of a real lord, would become in reality a chariot of ebony as soft and comfortable as mortal mind could conjure.

A sob brought Lil to her knees. She gathered the child to her in a close embrace, which held in it an element of jealousy.

"Aw, angel, let's fergit about him," she begged. "You don't understand. He's through with ridin' in the jitney, an' as fer comin' here—gee! he would not do it. You should see the kinduv place he lives in—what could I say, invitin' him t' this fool shack?"

"He would come," insisted the other. "I know he would. Lords are splendid people; that's why they are lords. They have feelings inside that make them different. I know—I *really* know," sobbed Godeevy.

Lil listened aghast. It was not so much Godeevy's wish that numbed

her with a sort of helpless misery; it was what that wish represented. It meant that the time had come when she must be taught self-denial, when her pretense and make-believe were no longer satisfying and sufficient. Furthermore, it meant that her demands for realities were likely to be almost as easy of fulfilment as though she had begged for the great round, silver moon shining in upon her with frigid splendour.

Godeevy sobbed herself to sleep that night, and for many nights. She lost her appetite and appeared to grow more ethereal as Lil watched her from day to day. She had never had a wish ungratified and she did not know how to meet what seemed like heartless denial on Lil's part. At last, when a fit of weeping induced a fainting spell, Lil's resistance gave way. She promised to try to find "Lord Carstairs" and bring him home with her. Weak but radiant, the child smiled again.

Leaving her usual passengers marooned on a sea of asphalt, Lil haunted the upper Avenue, her mind beset with agonizing doubts. A visitor, Carstairs might have left the city; he might refuse to be a party to such deception—he might refuse to come.

Oh, would he? Lil set her gaunt jaws like a steel trap and was preparing to invade the apartment-house from which she had seen him emerge, when the object of her search came down the street towards her.

Unheeding his look of amused and tolerant surprise, she drove immediately to the point.

"Say, have you got about a' hour t' spare?" she asked, a dark spot burning in either cheek. Lil was tough, but she had never stalked a man.

The Englishman assured her that his time was at her disposal.

"I ain't offerin' t' take you joy-ridin'," she corrected his erroneous impression with haste. "I only want you t' come home with me fer a little while, an' be a lord."

To the everlasting credit of the

young man, let it be recorded that he got into the jitney without a single question. One keen, swift look at Lil's face was enough. In order to "prepare him" she drove slowly until the meagre story of her life and that of Godeevy had been told.

Her earliest recollections fastened themselves around a man and a woman and a horrible, moist, red poker. The man was Mike, with a loud, terrifying voice and an arm kept muscular by the dealing of blows. The woman was Elsie—Elshie—Elsh—or 'Sh, according to the degree of Mike's sobriety. She thought they were her parents. It didn't matter.

"I had a roof over my head," she boasted, "sometimes a long way over—when we was livin' in a cellar. An' my feet wasn't exactly on the ground, specially when we was roomin' in the tenth flat of a tenement and I was chained out on the fire-escape all day. An' I uster get enough t' eat, because soon as they took the leash off me, I got a job in a fodder house, an' it wasn't much trouble to pinch the grub once you learned how. But you could never say I was born in luxurious surroundings."

The young man murmured an agreement with this and lit a fresh cigarette.

"Sence the day Mike lay down in front of a trolley car, an' Elsie jes' natchelly pickled herself int' a good long rest, you mighta thought I wouldn't a had no more worries." Lil went on. "But I had. There was Dolly—"

Carstairs gathered that Dolly was not of the congested city districts. She was an alien with manners strange and speech which was almost foreign. She was a bit of flotsam thrown on a sea of trouble. She was a frightened dove in hiding, and she became, in her helpless misery, Lil's sacred charge.

"Found her a-wanderin' the streets one night, half faintin'. She was always faintin'." A note of complaint crept into the narrative. "Always

climbin' up them four flights of stairs an' floppin' over on my floor. She hadn't no more strength than that—" Lil indicated extreme weakness by a loose snapping of finger and thumb.

"Along about the time the baby come, I tried t' find out sumpin' about Dolly. But, say! every time I tried t' pump her, it was as if I was treadin' on her heart with hob-nailed boots. She used to look that scared an' hurt an' wild—shucks, I give it up. I didn't care who she was so long as I could help her."

Lil extracted a huge, dingy handkerchief from somewhere among her garments, trumpeted loudly, and continued in an ordinary tone:

"I turned in an' nursed her back from hell to near-hell, all by myself. She was terrified of people, except me. The baby—it's her you're goin' t' see—well, she done all right till after I'd gone back t' work. Then—then—I came home one night t' find her buried under a chair an' a woman's body. Dolly was dead. Godeevy—Dolly called her Godeevy because she had such wonderful hair—lived. But she's got a piece of boiled macarona fer a backbone, an' the doctors say she'll never be no better."

The jitney came to a sudden standstill.

"Hi, there!" roared Lil to the car ahead. "H'ist a sail an' git the breeze dead astern. You're losin' time tackin' acrost the street, t' say nuthin' of holdin' up a lady."

"She ain't like me er Elsie, er any of us," continued Lil presently. "She had manners an' she talked langwidge even before I had a teacher settin' with her all day. She lives in palaces an' trails round with aristocracy, ridin' in chariots an' things. She ain't never been off her back fer twelve years; she ain't hardly seen any people but the doctor, an' Tim Flannigan an' me. But she wants to see you—er—because she's plum full of the notion that you're a lord, an'—say, you couldn't disappoint a kid like that, could you?"

"No, Lil, I couldn't," he returned quickly. "You may depend upon me."

Carstairs caught his breath when, standing on the threshold, he first saw Godeevy. Her great violet eyes were turned toward him with an eagerness which seemed to welcome an old friend after a lengthy absence; her hair, true to legend, covered her like a mantle, and it glowed and throbbled like ripening grain under a golden sunset. But her hands—Carstairs stared at them, fascinated.

"How do you do, Lord Leonard," she said with charming grace. "It was good of you to come."

He did not tiptoe, but crossed the room swiftly and dropped on one knee beside the couch.

"It was gracious of the Lady Godiva to receive me," he said, kissing the tips of her white fingers.

Lil dismissed the teacher and left the two together. She hardly recognized the radiant child who greeted her that night, nor would she have recognized the haggard man who masqueraded as Lord Carstairs, had she seen him in his apartment. With a photograph of his mother, as a child, and with an old worn diary, he sat unconscious of the flight of time. The face in the photo might have been that of Godeevy; the hands, with their abnormally short little fingers, were identically the same. The diary was opened at an entry made twelve years before, and read:

"Twentieth birthday. Governor sent me fifty pounds. Gave half to Dolly, and am off to the coast."

One would think that young Carstairs had spent his life giving Dollies part of his remittance, and going off to the coast. But the diary and the picture seemed to have a fascination for the young man, who looked no longer young as he sat thinking—far into the night.

He spent most of his days with the child. Together they rode on snow-white palfreys, elephants and camels. But although these were a pleasing

diversion, she was faithful to the ebony chariot, and never forgot to return to it, bowling through the Emerald Avenues of Bonnivale, across alabaster bridges and into the Forest of Gold.

"I wish I could really go," she said with rare petulance to Carstairs one morning. "Since you came true, it is the only wish I have. Oh, please say I may go!"

"I must see the doctor," he said. "If he agrees, we'll manage the rest."

The doctor was not at all enthusiastic, but agreed that anything was better for the child than fretting.

"I don't see how you can take her riding in anything but an ambulance," he said. "You can see for yourself how frail is her hold on life. She has really been kept alive artificially, one might say, by the devotion of that woman—Lil. However, one motor ride more or less will not matter, if you can hold her comfortably."

She would not hear of hiring a machine. The ebony chariot was the only car for her. She must lie in Lord Leonard's arms, and Lil must drive—not out into the quiet country, but along the Emerald Avenues, across alabaster bridges and right down into the Forest of Gold.

No Jason ever loved his Argonaut, no Bellerophon his Pegasus, no Helios his chariot as did Godeevy love the jitney. Through the maze of a city's confusion they jolted as easily as a pair of loving, callous hands could drive, and if each jolt drained a fair young face of its colour, two amethyst eyes glowed with a brave and unflinching joy.

Tim Flannigan looking to the north and seeing Lil's jitney with its strange burden, inadvertently raised both devout hands in a prayer to heaven and caused such a muddle in the traffic that he came near losing his job.

"Is that a man er a cigar-store Injun in the car ahead?" Lil inquired satirically of the flustered traffic regulator. "I gotta licence t' run a motor—not t' set in it."

Three deliriously happy days for Godeevy passed, days during which Lil's patrons gazed curiously after her as she clattered past with her two passengers. On the fourth, Carstairs crushed a cablegram into his pocket before setting out for the little cottage which had become his daily objective, and his face grew older as he walked.

The child turned eagerly toward him. Her transparent hands reached out like fluttering doves and lost themselves in his grasp. Her voice was weaker than he had known it, but her joy in him was strong.

"Drive very slowly, Lil," she whispered when later the ebony chariot snorted before the door and exuded its reeking breath. "If you could only drive me into Paradise—"

It was the last wish she made, and it came true. Like a lovely white flower, closing its delicate petals at twilight, Lady Godeevy gradually folded the petals of her earthly life.

"You *are* a really, truly lord," she gasped, fastening her great solemn eyes on the face of the man above her. "You would not deceive me, Lord Leonard?"

"I am a really, truly lord, my darling—and a better one for knowing your ladyship," he whispered brokenly, as her soul sped away.

Lil was not the one to weep. She looked dry-eyed at the man opposite her and saw that Carstairs's face was nearly as haggard as her own. A great gratitude welled up in her lonely heart, and she held out her hand.

"It was decent of you to tell all them lovely lies fer her," she said. "They made her that happy! An' I don't suppose they done her any harm."

He suppressed a groan.

"The harm that was done her was not through my telling lies," he said, handing Lil the crumpled cablegram. "See, my brother Effingham has been killed in battle. I am Lord Leonard Carstairs."

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

VIII.—CONSERVATION OF MATERIALS



T required the war to convince the most patriotic of us that Great Britain was year by year becoming less self-contained, that by processes subtle or open her rivals in the world's commerce, especially Germany, were gradually ousting her not alone from the foreign markets but from her own. And in the revelation that came with war one more economic theory received a staggering blow—that manufacture of specific commodities should be left to the countries in a position to produce them most economically. The theory was unassailable were peace a permanent blessing. But war has a habit of uprooting theory with relentless hand. There still remain in England those who resist the apparent corollary, that unprofitable national production must be protected, but the teachings of war are rendering their ideals at least momentarily unobtrusive. The grim straits through which Great Britain has passed since August, 1914, have impressed her with the national helplessness that accompanies the relinquishment to foreign countries of national necessities. And as manufacturers are not the class who willingly produce at a loss in competition with their foreign rivals, there exists only the solution of Government protection in some form.

Great Britain never realized how the very essentials of life were drift-

ing into the hands of the Germans, until the sudden closing of the German market forced her to review her own industry. The facts forced home to her might well have discouraged another less resourceful country. Not alone were the needs of everyday life unfulfillable, but some of the very weapons of war had so subtly trickled from British control that only British brain was able to cope with the situation without more than a temporary setback. Perhaps had the war been delayed ten years British brain might not have been so ready to re-grapple with a production she had lost only for a few years.

It is the popular impression that German dyes represent the climax of British dependence, but the dyes themselves are the least material of the deficiencies of British production. Not yet has the dominance of Germany in this commercial commodity been overcome, but adaptable substitutes are readily available, and dyes are in their nature immaterial to national victory or even national life. Where the German monopoly of dye-stuffs looms most awkwardly is in the fact that Great Britain did not grasp their real significance as an indirect factor in international relations; for Germany's monopoly was the result of her preparations for war, not of her superior inventive powers, the basis for dyes being the by-product of the manufacture of munitions. German dyes were subsidized in order to util-

ize the coal-tar resulting from certain munition-making processes, and every dye-works was instantly convertible in time of war to war services. Dyes, therefore, have been the least of Great Britain's troubles in the war.

In a thousand household needs Britain's dependence became revealed almost with the declaration of war, and some of these were of sufficient importance to demand official attention at the same time as the more intimate ones of munition production. Since their manufacture has been permitted to creep into German hands more as an economic measure than through any inability to fulfil the local needs, they presented no striking problem. But in a score of the prime requirements of war the effect was different. Certain processes of steel manufacture suitable for munitions were not practised in England. Electric supplies for Great Britain came almost entirely from our enemies. In the outskirts of London to-day lies idle an incomplete electric railway, because construction was in the hands of German engineers using German fittings and principles. The little magnetoes that are essential to the aeroplane and the automobile were so completely of German manufacture that even to-day they are produced in England by only two or three firms and their efficiency and cost is still not such as to supplant the German article should open competition recommence immediately. Germany was selling Great Britain all her finer grades of glass, such as those used for lenses and laboratory purposes. Great Britain had even permitted Germany to enter her distant possessions for the practical monopolization of the minerals used in the working of steel processes. For her finer machinery required in the production of munitions Great Britain is to-day at the mercy of America, since the English working engineer has not yet arrived at that nicety of adjustment, that perfection of specification which is absolutely

necessary for serviceable and reliable instruments of war. I admit it with reluctance but with certainty of my ground. Indeed, English manufacturers are candid in their statements that they must still look to America for the mechanical delicacy and nicety which have made British munition production one of the marvels of the war. This they may well leave where it is for the present, so long as Britain's energies are completely utilized for more immediate requirements. Its unsatisfactory feature is that this very mechanical perfection will be as essential to much of the coming industrial struggle of peace as it is now to the war output.

Toys, dolls, metal and leather novelties, gas mantles, brushes, certain popular earthenware, office requisites, musical instruments—these are a few of her daily wants for which Great Britain had been wont to send her travellers to the great German markets, such as were represented at the Leipsic Fair.

There were other disadvantages under which Britain laboured on account of her insular position. For her timber she was dependent largely on Norway, Sweden and Russia, and to a less degree on America. The skins for her leather came for the great part from abroad. Her paper was the product of foreign pulp. Her metals arrived by boat. In the bulkier raw materials England may be said to have been self-supporting only in coal.

Her problems would have been simple, even in the face of these deficiencies, had it not been for the submarine warfare adopted by the enemy. British control of the seas and of the shipping covering them would have assured her of sufficient supplies for her every want. The demands for war transportation would have embarrassed her shipping capacity to such a small extent that the simplest expedients of conservation would have sufficed. But with the sinkings and delays of unrestricted warfare

conservation became a question equally vital with the protection of the merchant shipping and the upkeep of the army. How she went about it is peculiar to a nation, proud, bound by tradition, reluctant to admit even inconvenience—and certain to overcome in the final emergency.

With the requisitioning of tonnage for war purposes—the transportation of soldiers, wounded, and supplies; patrolling the coasts, mine-sweeping, auxiliary cruiser duties—the necessity for some control of importations became evident. Certain luxuries were gradually eliminated from the freight lists, the bulkier unessentials first. A part of the tonnage was requisitioned for stated importations at Government rates. But the inadequacy of these measures became apparent long before the sinkings were numerous enough to be an immediate menace, and the injustice of singling out a few ships and depriving them of the high rates obtainable by free ships clamoured for redress. In addition, it gradually impressed itself on the nation that any satisfactory solution of the submarine menace entailed a more perfect organization for the elimination of delay in loading and unloading, as well as the speeding up of construction. For these purposes experienced officials were appointed. Construction was not only standardized, but workmen were utilized where they were of greatest service, irrespective of firms and employers. The difficulty of delays in loading was met to some extent by mobile dockers' battalions, and by a more strict supervision of transportation and labour.

But shipping cannot be said to have been brought within the scope of a thorough control until the middle of 1917, when the Government took over ninety-seven per cent. of the entire British registry at Government rates. By this means it was not only assured of reasonable freight charges, but the entire capacity of the boats was directed with a sole eye to the real re-

quirements of the situation. The move took the place of the scores of former regulations. It became no longer a case of publishing prohibited importations but of satisfying the Government that purchases abroad were in the interests of the country at large. Every British liner was taken over, and the profits derived from private freight went to the nation. The result was a pooling of interests by the large transportation companies. Long voyages gave place to short substitutes, and the facilities of the nearest ports were always available to save time. Shipowners arranged to purchase their ships' stores and provisions abroad in order to save home stocks—an obvious act of wisdom that was so little recognized even during the early months of 1917 that Spanish and Dutch and Norwegian vessels were continuing their custom of drawing their supplies from English ports. At the very moment when not a pound of potatoes was finding its way to the majority of tables in Great Britain these foreign ships were taking away with them thousands of tons.

Land transportation, while not in the same emergent class as shipping, entered the scheme of conservation on account of the shortage of men, and because trucks and engines had been requisitioned for the use of the army in France. This was effected by reducing passenger service to the minimum, and by organizing delivery so that the shortest route and distance was compulsory. For instance, coal was brought to London only from the nearest mines and by the shortest line, the railways being brought under Government control to a disinterested co-operation. One striking failure to complete the simplification of transportation was in the neglect of the canals that cut England in every direction. Whether this was owing to their railway ownership or to Governmental thoughtlessness is not clear, but such bulky freight as coal might have been poured into Lon-

don by this means of transportation without disturbing the material so much in demand for quicker delivery.

The immediate need for metals and explosive ingredients for war purposes, as well as for other commodities hitherto imported, drove England to measures never before contemplated. The Explosives Department of the Ministry of Munitions was organized to assume the duty of acquiring the necessary raw material of explosives. Glycerine was early placed on the controlled lists, and in February, 1917, was further restricted to preparations of the British Pharmacopœia and to uses approved by the Ministry. It was practically eliminated from dispensing. In March, the shortage being serious, a special branch of the Explosives Department was formed to take over control of all fats, oils, oil-seeds, and their products, including oilcake, soap, and margarine. For the same purpose the waste of camp canteens and messes has been carefully collected for more than a year. Since one of the by-products in the manufacture of illuminating gas is a necessity for explosives, the people were urged to use gas where possible for heat, light and power. The huge demand for petrol led to the Government resuming the long-interrupted efforts to find oil in Great Britain, and in order to prevent exploitation the Crown assumed the exclusive right to bore. Should petroleum be discovered in quantity—and there have been signs that point to success—the submarine menace will be nearer to solution than it has ever been. The same prospecting is being undertaken for metals, although it is certain that only small supplies of inferior quality will be found, lead and zinc comprising the bulk of British possibilities. Copper was requisitioned in December, 1916, and its use for manufacturing purposes forbidden.

The control of petrol has been one of the big failures of attempted conservation. For the first twenty months

of the war this control rested in the hands of various inter-departmental committees whose main anxiety—as is the case in a hundred instances of divided control in England—was their authority and dignity. They competed against each other in the market and in shipping facilities and fought in the application of their authority even in war spheres. The Petrol Committee which succeeded them had not a petrol expert in its composition, and at its best was impeded by a jealous Board of Trade. In disgust it resigned, after a period of inadequate control and incompetent efforts. Its successor has proved more efficient. A different scheme has evolved. The principal petroleum companies have arranged a pool for distribution and importation, under the control of a Pool Board Petroleum Supplies. Restrictions were early put on petrol licences, and these have been extended at various times with the declared aim of cutting out private consumption. Business firms are allowed a certain amount for delivery purposes. Taxi-cabs, of which there were 8,287 in London alone before the war, were reduced to an allowance of thirty gallons a month, the most conspicuous result of which was to encourage the drivers to break the laws governing their service to the public. And motor-buses, which provide the popular means of transportation in London, were seriously curtailed. But the working of the restrictions was glaringly lax and unfair. Petrol was wasted in the army—sometimes used even for washing the trucks. Taxis, which usually carry but one passenger, were granted petrol which if supplied to the interrupted bus service would have carried many times the number of passengers. Until recently there were no restrictions whatever on the motor luxuries of officers, every one of whom of any rank has his own car and chauffeur for running about England. Day and night and Sundays this indulgence was unlimited until

the middle of 1917, and since then its control has been evident only in the replies of Government officers before the House of Commons. While private licences were supposed to be cut off in May, 1917, there is not a minute of the day when any important street in London does not prove that civilians still ride at their pleasure; and on Sundays the roads from London are still busy. In spite of the repeated official denials that petrol is granted for private use there is the frankest display of such waste. Even the social notes in the newspapers speak of wedding trips and visits to seaside resorts by motor, and the procuring of supplies demands but slight ingenuity. The greatest obstacle to such a perversion of a much-needed commodity is a price of \$1.17 a gallon established in August, only twelve cents of which is Government tax. It is a detail of the recognized principle of regulation in England to reserve the privileges for the rich.

The shortage of petrol has led to the use of substitutes, but the further prohibition of liquid substitutes has confined the inventiveness of motor enthusiasts to the utilization of gas.

Conservation of coal has been taken up officially, not because of a national shortage, but to save labour and transportation. In 1915 the price was fixed to prevent exploitation. In the spring of 1917 there was in London a severe shortage that bore heavily on the poor, who purchase in small quantities; and in the summer of that year steps were taken to prevent a repetition. A Coal Controller was appointed to arrange delivery from the nearest mines and to equalize distribution. The Board of Trade issued advice to the people to purchase their winter supplies early, but when the orders poured in it was found there was not the coal to fill them. It was another instance of neglected preliminary organization before urging the public to action. The several in-

stances of this which have occurred have done much to discourage public co-operation in attempted conservation. The next step was to ration the coal according to the number of grates. A house with not more than four grates was allowed two hundredweight a week, and the allotment was detailed up to two tons and a half for a house of more than fifteen rooms. Every consumer using more than two hundredweight a week had to register. The Controller's plan was to work up to a five weeks' stock in the coal yards, reducing the allowance as this quantity was reduced. The difficulties of such a system of rationing are obvious, since the extent of occupation of a house, rather than its number of grates, determines its consumption. There is, too, no assurance that the rationed quantity will be available.

One of the early materials to be controlled was paper. Newspapers were cut down to definite quantities, based on their consumption during the year before the war, and this amount was further reduced in 1916. Importation was in the hands of the Government. The result was a dwindling of size and a consequent increase in price owing to the curtailment of advertising space. *The Times* rose by halfpenny stages to twopence, and many of the halfpenny papers advanced to a penny. In March, 1917, posters over a certain size were forbidden, and tradesmen might not send out catalogues or price lists except on request. The newspaper contents bill, a feature of street announcement in England, was prohibited. By the last measure alone it is estimated that 500 tons a week are saved. In July, 1917, the War Office arranged that, since the casualty lists could not longer be published in the smaller papers, they should be issued weekly to the bookstores for sale. A few days later tradesmen were limited in their circulars and catalogues to a third the weight of paper used in the same

period of the year before. And the whiteness of paper has been sacrificed in order to save bleaching powder.

In the matter of wearing apparel control was delayed as long as possible. Leather had first to be taken in hand. The huge call for army boots was eating into the available supplies with disturbing rapidity, and in March, 1917, the Government took over all sole and upper leathers suitable for army use, following a less complete requisition of the previous December. Civilian footwear immediately advanced. In June the Government made arrangements for the sale of old army boots at fixed centres, with the stipulation that they should not be patched but taken to pieces for repairing other shoes. The object was to prevent the scrapping of serviceable army boots. But shoe repairs continued to rise so seriously—soling advanced more than three hundred per cent. from the period before the war—that in September the Government was forced once more to intervene and release for civilian use at fixed prices quantities of leather suitable for repairs.

An Advisory Committee on Wool Purchase was set up, representing the various Government departments concerned and civilian interests. It fixed prices and prescribed uses. Wool was not largely imported, but it was deemed advisable to continue exports as well as to supply home needs. Standard cloth is now produced for officers' uniforms, and civilian wear will probably be similarly controlled. The manufacture of cotton has had to be curtailed, although it is one of England's leading manufactures. Blankets are in Government control for army use and only such quantities released for civilian use as are considered necessary.

All stocks of sawn timber in the United Kingdom were taken over by the Government in February, 1917, and in July the Local Government Board urged local authorities to forgo the use of wood-paving for the

period of the war. In January anastigmatic lenses of defined focal lengths were requisitioned. In February the supplies of jute in the country were commandeered. In June citizens were requested by the Board of Trade not to waste glass receptacles of any kind. Metal spur, chains, buttons and badges of rank on officers' uniforms were abolished, leather spur straps and buttons, and worsted badges of rank taking their place. Stone quarries were taken over in July.

General prevention of waste and of misdirection of effort was applied in a score of ways. Building and private motor-making were stopped. A new Bill was introduced for the prevention of corruption in Government contracts. A department was set up for the utilization of idle machinery. In 1916 an Order-in-Council empowered the Admiralty and Army Council to regulate or prohibit transactions in any article required in connection with the war. No horse suitable for cultivation of land might be sold by the land occupier without licence. To save fuel illuminated advertisements and lights outside shops and theatres were prohibited in May, 1917. In extension of this principle two of the large London stores closed on Saturdays.

Of course, with all this evident shortage there was profiteering. The case of matches affords a good example. These sold before the war as low as three cents a dozen boxes. Today they are as high as thirty-two cents, although the manufacturers insist that not more than sixteen cents should be asked the consumer. In addition to their high price there are times when they cannot be obtained at all, and the stores release to each customer only a small box or two. The Government, knowing there were sufficient stocks somewhere, has taken steps to control distribution. A pool of manufacturers has been formed, and orders will be taken only through a Match Control Office in London,

which will be under the Tobacco Control Board.

In these measures of conservation it was necessary at times to ignore the claims even of allied countries. France, being close at hand and Great Britain's source for much that might be called luxuries, has suffered most keenly. Fruit, wine, and silk were the largest of these importations. At various times all these products of our friends across the Channel have been either restricted or prohibited. Protest has been made, and at times mild reprisals applied, but common sense has prevailed. In some cases the protesting country yielded, in others the restrictions were modified. A general agreement between the two countries was announced in September. By it England takes from France goods of French origin, except such as wood, motor-cars, machinery, gold, spirits, and ornamental goods; and France has thrown her doors open to everything but cotton and woollen piece goods, soap, and oils. The fact that England has the European Allies almost completely

at her mercy on account of her control of shipping is proof of the wisdom and justice of her treatment of them.

The straits into which the war has thrown Great Britain in the matter of material supplies are not without their blessing. The people of the small island which has dominated the world for so many centuries are learning how luxurious and enervating was their style of life among certain classes, how much they can eliminate without serious inconvenience—even with advantage—and how near they were to losing valuable markets. The necessities of war have developed an inventiveness that was tending to doze and have taught the wisdom of greater dependence on their own productions than upon those of other countries who appraise more truly the value of industrial eminence in the world's markets. England after the war will swing swiftly into the England she can be, a resourceful country that need give precedence to no rival in commercial as well as in intellectual attainments.

The next article of this series is entitled "The Enemy in England".

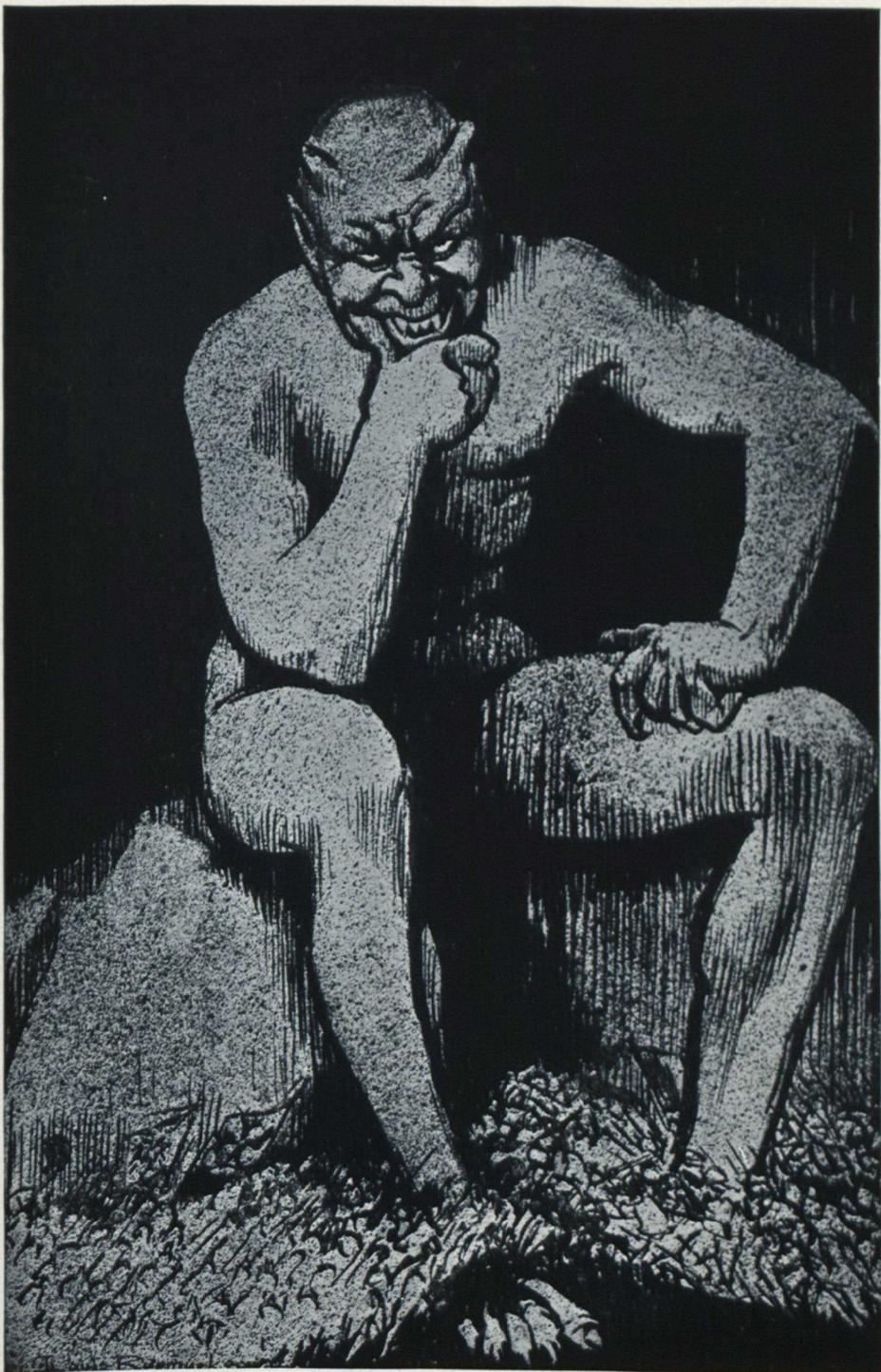
DECEMBER

By MURIEL ALBERTA MERRICK

DECEMBER'S shroud enfolds the murky meadows.
 The sky is sullen and the earth is grim,
 The trees like skeletons stand bare and shivering,
 The year is waning and the light grows dim.

December's soul is thrilled with mournful music,
 The wind is tuned to dirge-like melody,
 Which finds an echo deep in human heart-beats,
 And in our souls has touched a minor key.

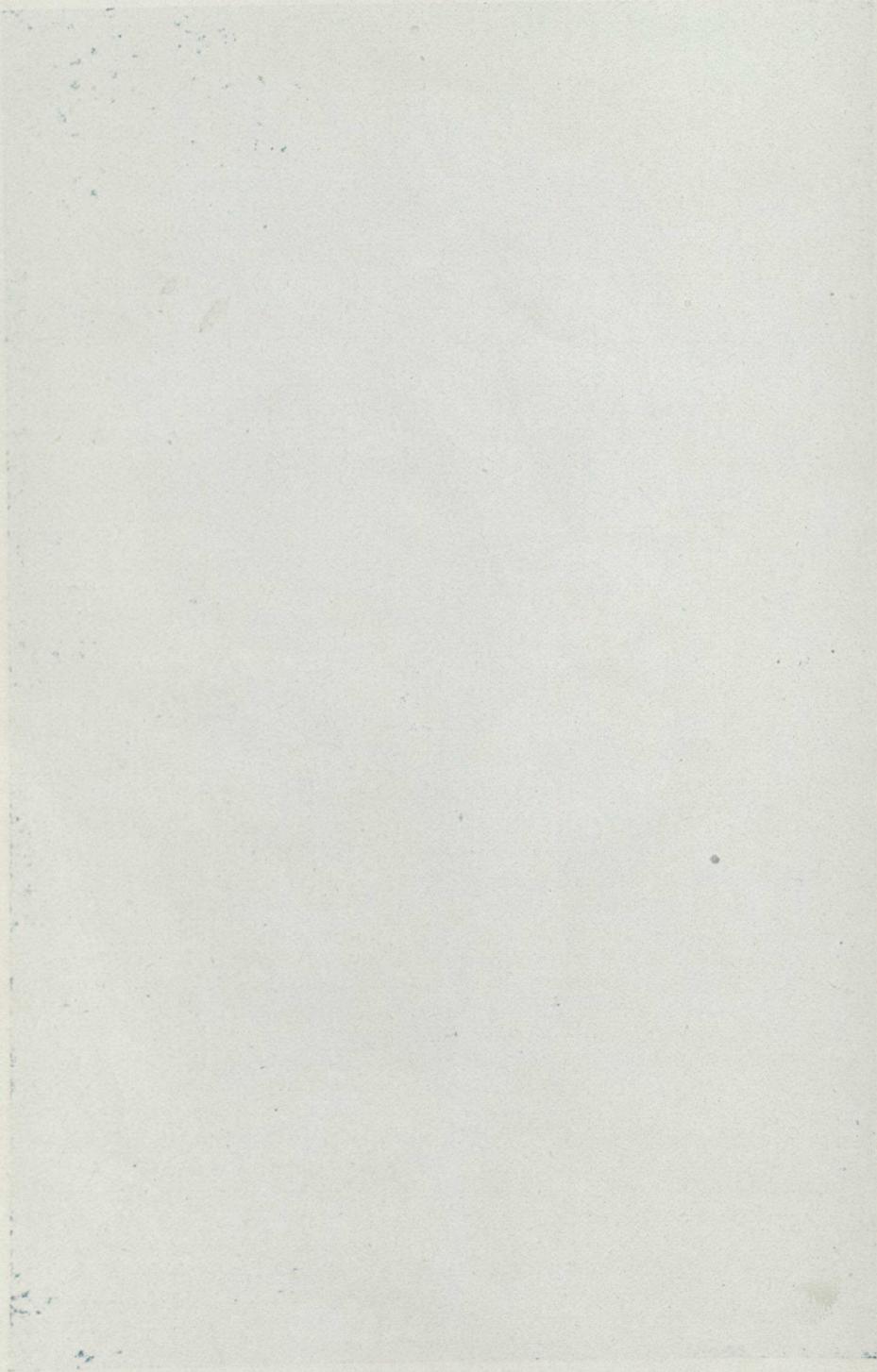
In vain we try to hide our grief in gladness,
 Our mirth is choked with sobs, the laughter dies,
 The spirit of the month is masked in sadness,
 We watch earth's obsequies through tear-veiled eyes.



Bernhardi:

“War is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of Kultur”

Satan: “I cordially endorse that observation”



England's Transformation

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



WHEN the bell in the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament pealed forth the hour of midnight on August 4, 1914, its reverberations shattered the life and institutions that had become familiar to the people of the world. Six hours later, the morning rose upon a Berlin filled with joyful and riotous citizens, who crowded the drinking shops and beer gardens and in an ecstasy of delight drank—for "The Day", long expected, had at last come. But over Great Britain the sun rose upon a London that was dumb, bewildered and unbelieving—for England was organized as exclusively for peace and good-will as Germany was organized for war and evil. Looking eastward the English people beheld a horizon black with war clouds, and already thundering with the roar of angry cannon. In that moment London realized that a cruel and merciless wild beast had been let loose upon the world. The previous day had brought a moment when Great Britain might have stood aloof from the war to her own financial enrichment. That critical moment came when Bethmann-Hollweg urged England to remain neutral and turn her face, while with mailed fist Germany struck down Belgium, picked her pockets, and looted France. Did the German Prime Minister suggest that England would find historical precedent for neutrality in that priest who passed by on the other side and

left the man who had fallen among thieves to take care of himself? Remember that a few swift steps carried the priest away from all entangling alliances or drain upon his purse.

The price suggested for England's neutrality was a glittering reward, in that, by becoming neutral, England could gain much gold by selling munitions of war to Germany. The request from Berlin held suggestions like these: If Germany counts her treaty with Belgium only "a scrap of paper", why should England not do likewise? If the Kaiser thinks national honour weighs light as feathers against military necessity and rich loot, why should England not be willing to sell her soul for the historic thirty pieces of silver? To her everlasting honour, England made indignant refusal. Lord Grey's answer exhibits a great gulf that was digged, separating England from Germany, as an awful abyss always separates righteousness from iniquity, and Jesus from Judas. Great Britain declined to play fast and loose with her treaty obligations. She hurried a message to Belgium, saying that, while she was entirely unprepared for war, she would do the best she could; and with that encouragement, Belgium, like young David, went forth with a sling against Goliath. Never was there a more unequal contest. During three days Germany's gray regiments had been massing toward the eastern frontier, and when they were within six hours

of the battle-line Bethmann-Hollweg telegraphed England that Germany would respect the neutrality of Belgium. So cunning and shrewd were these telegrams to Brussels and London that these two countries were deceived into quietness, while Germany's full hosts were assembling. Their first stroke was like the stroke of a thunder-bolt. Von Kluck's big guns annihilated Belgium's defences. The army of King Albert and Joffre had been fighting more than a week when England's first one-hundred thousand reached the Belgian line. Then came the long days of retreat, the falling back before Von Kluck with his untold millions, until the tired men of the Allies were within a day's march of Paris. Then it was that Joffre sent forth the decisive word: "Hold your ground, or die in your place." On August 25th, 1915, the Allied soldiers struck with blows of fire, while the whole world stood in suspense and held its breath.

Upon that morning, on a hilltop, from which with his glass the Kaiser tried in vain to see the Eiffel Tower, stood the German Emperor, wearing a silver helmet, dressed in white velvet, ready with his sons and his staff to ride triumphantly under Napoleon's Arch down the Champs Elysees. Never was there more bitter discomfiture than the moment when the Kaiser witnessed the breaking of his own lines and found himself in flight for safety. The decisive battle that broke the advancing waves of the Persians that threatened the civilization of Athens as an army of grasshoppers threatens a wheatfield—that battle when Charles Martel stopped the cruel hordes of the Saracens—was not more decisive than those early September days that smashed the German army, drove it into trenches for safety, built a wall of steel, while the soul of France and England exclaimed: "Thus far and no farther! Here stay thy waves of fretted fire!" To this day the Germans cannot explain their defeat. More bitter than

gall to the Kaiser is that hour when he turned on Von Kluck and degraded him. The Kaiser played "with those terrible iron dice" which Bismarck once used. If he won, Paris and Petrograd, Brussels, London and New York were to be his provincial towns, and he would be the Twentieth Century Caesar Augustus. If he lost he might become an exile, a degraded exile. If he won, his Potsdam palace would be the capital of the world. If he lost, he would perhaps in some little village inn on the outskirts of some Siberian town sit down with Nicholas, unpack from a black oil-cloth handbag the battered crown of Germany. If he won, the day might come when he would ride in triumphal procession down Whitehall to Westminster Abbey. But he did not think apparently that if he lost he might come to the prisoner's dock. For men with vision, already a scaffold begins to loom up upon yonder German horizon.

During the three most tremendous years in human history, England with quiet, stern determination has gone forward, organizing her plan to slay this wild and cruel beast that was rending the white body of mankind. The unpreparedness of England was a witness to her innocence of responsibility for this war, yet that unpreparedness brought down a grievous tragedy upon her people. The Kaiser sneered at England's "contemptible little army" of 100,000 men; but what was far more discouraging was the fact that England had no munition factories for equipping a larger army. The task that confronted Great Britain was the task of organizing 40,000,000 of people for the defence of the home land, and destruction of that cruel and merciless beast let loose upon the world. Who can describe the industrial revolution that took place? Consider these facts. The British munition works put out as many "big shells in a single day as in the whole first year of the war, as many medium shells in five days

as in the whole first year, as many field-gun shells in eight days, as many cannon in a week". These munition factories, with an average breadth of forty feet, have a length of some twenty-five miles, and all these buildings have been planned so as to be turned into productive industrial uses when peace returns. Nor must we forget that England has increased the output of steel from 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons, transforming this steel into some 400,000 motors for carrying munitions and supplies, into agricultural implements for increasing her harvests, steel huts, tanks, railway engines, bridges, and everything that will help to bring this conflict to a triumphant issue. During these three years also Great Britain has made herself independent of Germany. It was England that invented the process of taking dyes out of coal waste, and now England is independent as to dyes and optical glasses, while her former dependence upon Germany for potash has been ended by the discovery that is transforming her industrial life. Few experiences can be more inspiring than days spent in the shipyards, arsenals, factories of Great Britain, where men and women, toiling at the forge, the lathe, the loom and the shop, have converted their thoughts, their loyalty, their love for humanity, into material instruments that have built a wall of defence around "this land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land".

Consider how the great war has transformed England's sailors into heroes of war. Not the sailing of Jason's ship in search of the Golden Fleece—not Columbus's voyage of the *Santa Maria*—nor the sailing of the *Mayflower*—involved adventures more thrilling than these perils that daily confront the two thousand five hundred English ships that each week meet with converging lines at some one of the English docks. Every week five thousand British ships come to or go from her harbours, while she has lent six hundred ships to France, four

hundred ships to Italy. The ships have carried eight million men to and from her shores, and ten million tons of war material. Within a few days her great battleships swept Germany's fleet from the seas and shut her great Dreadnoughts—costing one billion five million dollars—behind a wall of steel. England's invincibles are before the Kiel Canal, behind which Germany's battleships hide—just as an English bulldog is before the weasel hiding in its hole. Meanwhile, her merchantmen are sailing in perfect freedom all the seas, bringing to the home land wheat from Canada, meat from Chicago, cotton from our sunny south, sugar from Cuba, coffee from Brazil, corn and hides from Buenos Ayres, tea from China, silk from Japan, rubber, spices and all manner of treasure from India and Java and the isles of the sea. "We will make every ship to sail through the Irish Sea boiling with hidden submarines," said Von Tirpitz last February; to which the bronzed sea captain sneered, "Make it boil like the cauldron of hell and we will still sail home"—and they have.

It is my good fortune to know a purser whose ship was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. After a few days in the hospital, he signed up on a South African steamer. Torpedoed again, and escaping on driftwood, he signed up for an Atlantic ship. Side by side with him stood a man who had gone down with the *Lusitania* and survived that series of murders. Asked how he felt after the cannon on the prow had flung its hot metal toward a periscope, he answered: "If they torpedo this ship, and every liner, I will take to a freighter; and if they torpedo all the freighters, I will go on a fishing smack; and when that goes down, I will join one of the little destroyers yonder—for England shall be fed, and my children shall not wade through this blood and muck." Germany was going to starve England in April, then it was post-

poned until July. When the German people became bitter, and asked why England was not starved, Berlin announced that London would surrender the first of September, as her people were dying in the streets. The simple fact is that in any hotel in London or Paris you will obtain just as good a meal for less money than you will find in any American hotel in New York, Washington or Chicago. We all understand that a German diplomat is a man who is sent abroad to tell lies for his country, and there is not a single German officer or soldier captured to-day in France or Belgium who does not begin his conversation with substantially these words: "Well, you may have captured me, but you have to confess that your London and Paris are both in ruins through our Zeppelins, and the English people are starving to death in their streets." Meanwhile England's blockade of Germany is growing more and more relentless. Her war against submarines is every week more successful; her shipyards are constantly increasing the number of vessels launched, and the munitions for France and England are always on time—for the vast web of England's mind, and heart, and will, enfolds the world, securing not only the freedom of the seas, but security for all her Allies.

The great war has transformed England's colonies and bound the ends of the earth to the mother land as with hoops of steel. The time was when many statesmen believed Canada, Australia and India would break away from Great Britain. The German spies in this country and in London never tired of saying that there would be civil war in Ireland, rebellion in Ottawa, revolution in India, bloody streets in Sydney and Melbourne. Berlin's advisers in this country have been a mindless, muddied lot, in terms of thinking. "The Irish will rebel," said the Germans—and an Irish regiment answered by smashing through the Prussian Guards at

the battle of the Marne. "Canada will refuse to give her men and millions"—but up in a library in Montreal, on the evening of the day that Germany declared war, a university boy of twenty-one came home to dinner. "Father, I am going to war." "When, to-night?" "No; to-morrow morning." The next time the physician saw his son was at Ypres, where Canadian boys smashed the last German effort to reach Calais and threaten British shores. It is a stern condemnation of Germany that her sons pour forth mouthings words for the Fatherland, yet not a regiment of Germans from her African colonies ever went to the front. She had hundreds of thousands of sons in the coffee fields of Brazil, but they never risked their precious skins in a trench fighting for militarism and autocracy. Two and a half years passed by, and German-Americans who misrepresent their fellows, who always defend the Kaiser and deny any atrocities, some of whom in Brooklyn, to this day have never put out an American flag, who hate every American who tells the truth about the Kaiser, but will never utter a word in condemnation of German atrocities—none of these men ever hired a sailing ship or a steamer, during the long months when this was possible, to sail around the North Sea and risk their lives. Nobody ever asked them to stay here. We were all ready to speed their sailing, and sing, "Why Should We Mourn Departed Friends?" They were not willing to die for Germany. On the other hand, the men from the British colonies, at the first sign of danger to the motherland, sprang to arms. I have seen men at the front who talked Hindoostanee and Bengali; men from Ceylon, whose language was the Tamal; men from Madras, who spoke the Telegu; black men from the Congo, Dutchmen from the Transvaal, white men from New Zealand and Australia, the little peoples of Fiji, whom England found cannibals and turned into self-sacrificing citizens.

At Ypres and Vimy Ridge and Langemarck these men from the colonies put their bodies before German spear-points and saved the day for the Allies and humanity. New Zealand sent 130,000 men out of a million people, while they subscribed \$160,000,000. In one squadron of sixteen airplanes, the contributors included British, Dutch, Armenians, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, East Indian and Ceylonese. One of the first telegrams that came to London on the day that Germany declared war came from the native Prince of Hyderabad, offering \$2,000,000 and one regiment. Few hours and scenes can ever be so thrilling as the hours spent in a camp where these men of India, with their turbans of white and yellow and purple were drilling, and at their head the old Indian Prince who had sworn that he would not die in his bed so long as the motherland was in peril. Happy the mother whose sons are willing to die for her, in return for her self-sacrifice and devotion. There are certain German Americans—particularly three merchants and two newspaper men here in Brooklyn—who think that they can kill the influence of every German atrocity by assembling people and talking on the crimes of England. The time has fully come for the people of Brooklyn to realize that England is our ally, and that these men are traitors to this Republic whenever they are traitors to England.

The three tests of a traitor to our Republic are: First, he defends German atrocities, German plots, explosions in munition factories, German trickery and cunning in Washington, New York, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, by going back into England's history and vilifying England, claiming that ten or fifteen years ago England wronged the Boers in South Africa or the people of Ireland. Second, having not a word of criticism of German atrocity, he bitterly hates anybody who has the proof of these

unspeakable crimes. Third, he never tires of insisting that Germany is fighting for the freedom of the seas, when in his heart he knows that for scores of years there has not been one English port in the world that has not been as open to a German ship or merchantman as to a British. Hundreds of people in this country have been forced to listen to these men vilifying America's partner, England, and this not alone in conversation, but in many kinds of public meetings. Treason has many forms, but treason toward America is most perilous when it vilifies England. These German Americans who hate this Republic seem unable to understand how to think in straight lines. As to our commercial partnerships, no merchant will listen to a man who seeks to undermine his own partner. As to marriage, no man ever permits another to secretly vilify his wife. As to military life, no Grant permits a soldier to vilify Sherman and his regiments. This Republic has formed a partnership with England and France, to destroy a lawless, merciless militarism. General Haig leads one regiment, General Petain leads another regiment, General Pershing leads a third. Whoever attacks the English regiment, and vilifies it has committed treason toward the American regiment and the American people, and should be tried and interned.

Strangest of all, these crass, stupid men who are vilifying England, fomenting seditions in Ireland, cannot even perceive that New York has safety for commerce, simply because England's battleships stand between our harbour and Germany's Dreadnoughts. But for England's fleet Germany would long ago have invaded this country. England went into this war to safeguard democracy and defend our humanity. The American people have entered upon this conflict because we believe that in this particular crisis England and France were right in defending their

treaties, the sanctity of frontier lines, and the rights of the little Belgian people, in the hour of crucifixion. The fact that justice and righteousness in this crisis are with our Allies does not mean that there were not bloody hours in the old Russia, black chapters in the history of the ancient France and England. Many of our Allies may have been quite wrong, in former wars or years, before this war, but that does not prove that our Allies are not right in this one critical hour. Despite all machinations of aliens, pacifists and secret enemies, who are using subtle cunning and secret trickeries and throwing endless dust into the eyes of the people, the civilized world to-day is concerned with simply one thought—it is the bounden duty of all righteous men to unhorse this foul creature in the German saddle, that with hoofs of fire tramples down women and children and crushes every sweet growth in the garden of God. Whoever vilifies England, therefore, is secretly plotting the betrayal of America. Every ocean traveller knows that to-day the Atlantic air fairly snaps with wireless cipher messages. Perhaps our people will not wake up until through these undeciphered messages we suffer some stunning calamity. But these men who have access to all Associated Press matter, and through their financial connections find out all the secrets about munitions and the sailing of ships, will probably bring about the sinking of some of our transports and the murder of thousands of American boys on the way to the Front.

There are multitudes of people everywhere who are very indignant, and who believe that the time has come when not only one but all institutions of a social or political character should never again place a room or invitation at the service of certain German Americans who

seek a chance to vilify England, foment Irish bitterness, stir up dissension among Americans, and thus fetter our Government and give aid and comfort to our enemy. Let us take upon our own lips the last words of Demosthenes in his plea for Athens: "And oh, eternal God, withhold the wishes of these men. Breathe into their souls, if possible, a better judgment, and a nobler feeling; but if they have sold themselves to evil, then let their wickedness be destroyed. Follow them with barriers and obstacles on land and sea; but to those citizens who love the republic, give deliverance from secret enemies and grant up an everlasting peace and safety."

Several weeks ago we were in Troye, or rather in the midst of the ruins where Troye once was. During the winter the German colonel, shot through the spine and helpless as to his legs, had been cared for by two aged French women. The time drew near for the German retreat and the shortening of the Hindenburg line. Knowing that he was approaching death, the colonel sent for the village priest. Conscious of his indebtedness to the French women, the dying man told the old priest that orders had been given for the retreat, that dynamite was being placed under every church, school, store, house, barn, that axes would be lifted upon every vine and tree, that every bridge and road would be blown up, and that these two aged women should go away immediately. Foreseeing the orgy of cruelty, lust and death that last spring turned that vast region into desolation, the dying man cursed his country. I give you the words as they were transcribed to me: "Curses upon Germany for her cruelty! Curses upon my Government and my army! Ten thousand curses upon the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg. Either God is dead, or Germany is doomed."

The Dark House

BY W. E. NORRIS



H, of course, you're much too sensible to believe in ghosts," said Lilian Tighe, a little impatiently, to the fair-haired young man who was striding beside her along the frost-bound road. "I don't know that I exactly believe in them myself, and I don't know that there are any in the Dark House. What I do know is that nobody has ever been able to live in it for nearly a hundred years, though plenty of people have tried."

Seen under the low, gray sky of an exceptionally bitter Christmas Day, the gabled, ivy-clad building to which she alluded looked grim enough; yet, since the trees which hemmed it in were bare, it was, perhaps, less manifestly deserving of its name than it would have been at a more genial season of the year. It had, so Miss Tighe's companion had just been informed by her, served as a habitation for many successive bailiffs on the Harpleton estate until the tragedy of which it had been the scene in the early years of the last century had rendered it uninhabitable by anybody. The bailiff of that period, returning home drunk from the neighbouring town one Christmas night, had surprised his wife with a man whom he supposed—wrongly, it was said—to be her lover, and whom he incontinently brained with the heavy cudgel which he was carrying. He then fell upon the unhappy woman and so savagely maltreated her that she succumbed to her injuries within a few

days. For these two murders he was in due course hanged; but, legal expiation notwithstanding, it was firmly believed throughout the countryside that his perturbed spirit never failed to revisit the Dark House on the anniversary of his crime.

"What did the people who tried to live there see?" Harry Buckland inquired with a slightly incredulous smile.

Miss Tighe really couldn't tell him. She believed it was more what they had heard than what they had seen that had terrified them. "But no doubt you would say that what they heard was only the wind or rats or something, and I'm not in the least eager to convince you that the Dark House is haunted. I shouldn't have said anything about it if you hadn't asked."

She spoke with some asperity; for she thought Mr. Buckland was laughing at her, and she did not like to be laughed at. Mr. Heyworth, who, together with a number of other young men and maidens, was wending his way to Harpleton Place from the lake, where the whole party had been skating, and who now drew up to her side, did not laugh at her. He said:

"When a man asserts that he does not believe in the supernatural he means, as a rule, that he hasn't much imagination. If we were to disbelieve in everything that we can't account for or understand, some of us would have to doubt our own existence."

"Some of us have," observed Buckland.

"And found salvation in cogitation, yes. Well, if you were to apply your great mind—I'm sure it is a great one—to cogitating upon the subject of physical research, you might end by doubting whether anybody is quite entitled to deny the existence of what are popularly called ghosts."

Mr. Heyworth was a rather offensive person. So, at any rate, Harry Buckland thought, and had some excuse for thinking. When you are invited to run down for Christmas by the parents of the girl whom you secretly adore, and when you have been looking forward for weeks to a happy time with her, it is not very pleasant to find a self-satisfied lawyer-fellow buzzing round her all day and doing his best to monopolize her. Nor, again, is it pleasant to discover that this interloper, educated by many winters in Alpine resorts, is a champion skater, whereas your own skill in that particular art is no greater than persistent lack of opportunity has allowed it to become. Put Harry Buckland on the back of a decent horse, and he would have had little to fear from anybody's competition; but hunting being, unhappily, out of the question, he had been driven to disport himself on the ice with the rest of the house-party, one result of which had been provocation of Miss Tighe's irrepressible hilarity. Now Harry, though as good-humoured a youth as another, did not any more than Miss Lilian herself enjoy being laughed at; so that when she came out with her ghost story, her hearer had been less respectful than was his wont. In any case, Harry owed no sort of respect to Mr. Heyworth, to whose impertinence he responded with a vivacity so out of place at a season of traditional good-will that the conversation had to be diverted into other channels.

Conversations which were carried on in Mr. Heyworth's presence very generally took the turn that that

clever and adroit young barrister wished them to take. It was he who, in the course of dinner, reverted to the subject of the Dark House, and although nobody else wanted to discuss it—his host and hostess saying plainly that they would prefer not to do so on that evening of all others—he suavely persisted. If his object was to irritate one with whom he was in more or less recognized rivalry into speaking irreverently and derisively, he was successful. Even good Colonel Tighe, who liked Harry and did not much like Heyworth, was not altogether pleased with the tone of his young friend's remarks.

"Yes, yes, my dear boy," said he, "but I expect, when you get to be my age, you'll be more chary of calling things impossible. The fact is that, in spite of science and philosophy, we know deuced little about ourselves and our surroundings. What I do know is that many a man with just as much common sense as you or I possess has been scared away from the Dark House. I tell you frankly I wouldn't spent to-night alone there for a thousand pounds."

"I'd do it for sixpence!" Harry declared.

"Any advance on sixpence?" inquired Mr. Heyworth blandly. "If not, I shall be charmed to pay Buckland that sum when he has earned it. But I hardly think he will."

"He most certainly will not," said Mrs. Tighe, rising. "Please let us hear no more of this nonsense."

But, of course, Harry adhered to his offer, from which, indeed, as soon as the ladies had left the room, it was made difficult for him to recede. To do so would have been tantamount to admitting that he was afraid, and afraid he was not, although he did not in the least relish the prospect of spending the night hours in an empty, freezing house. Colonel Tighe, who was very much annoyed about the whole business, and who tried hard to dissuade him, was at length prevailed upon to let him have the key

of the Dark House, reluctantly agreeing to say nothing to the ladies and promising to facilitate his exit at a later hour.

It was not, as a matter of fact, until nearly one o'clock that such facilities could be accorded to him. There had been the usual Christmas romping and dancing in the meantime, and he could not have retired earlier without exciting remark. Lilian lingered after everybody, except Harry and her father, had gone to bed. No doubt she had an inkling to the former's intentions, for she looked rather hard at him when she wished him good-night; but she merely remarked, with a slight, ironical smile, that she hoped his slumbers would not be disturbed by any ghostly visitants.

It did not seem at all likely that he would have any slumbers to be disturbed. The Dark House, Colonel Tighe told him, was practically unfurnished. There might be a bedstead in one of the upper rooms. "In fact, I believe there is. But I would not go upstairs if I were you, I would not, really. And look here, Buckland, if anything *should* happen—something, I mean, that you felt you couldn't stand—don't you hesitate to come straight back here as fast as your legs will carry you. Nobody will think a penny the worse of you, and I'll take care that you shall be let in at any hour."

He himself let his adventurous guest out, and on discovering that it had begun to snow heavily, made a final unavailing protest.

"I say, drop this tomfoolery and go to bed, like a sensible fellow. Hang it all! you didn't bargain for a blizzard. Why, you won't even be able to find your way to the infernal place!"

But Harry, remembering Lilian's valedictory smile—upon which he had placed his own construction—was not to be deterred. He had no great distance to traverse, he could hardly mistake the direction, and he had been supplied with lantern, as well as with

a fur-lined coat. Thus equipped, he did not fail to reach his destination, though he slipped and floundered in the snow more than he had expected to do, and his hand was shaking with cold when he thrust the key into the lock of the deserted dwelling. Having entered, he found himself in a narrow hall or passage, on either side of which was a room with a wide-open door. One of these was quite empty; the other contained a wooden table and a couple of kitchen chairs. He took possession of the latter, lighted a pipe and wished he had thought of bringing a book with him. For the night, he knew, was going to be desperately long, and sleep was out of the question. It may, under favourable conditions, be possible to doze in a Windsor chair, but scarcely when you are the sole occupant of a house which, haunted or not, is perishingly cold. The wind, which had risen, rumbled in the chimneys and shook the ill-fitting windows; but there was no other sound to effect the young man's nerves, which, to be sure, were steady enough. He did not in the least anticipate hearing or seeing anything out of the ordinary; he placed ghosts in the same category with fairy-tales, and could imagine no reason why the spirit either of a murderer or of a murdered person should wish to make his flesh creep. Only he did more and more keenly realize every minute that he was making a gratuitous fool of himself. What was he going to gain from this absurd vigil beyond the sum of sixpence and a highly probable cold in the head? He had undertaken it, of course, because Lilian had seemed to doubt his possessing the requisite courage; but what if she didn't care a straw whether he had the courage or not? Her behaviour during the evening had certainly suggested that she cared remarkably little about him, and he told himself resentfully that the best thing he could do was to give up caring about her.

While chewing the end of these de-

pressing reflections, he made the disagreeable discovery that he had used his last match. However, he had a sufficient supply of candles to replace, when necessary, the one in the lantern, which he utilized to light a fresh pipe, at the same time consulting his watch and finding, to his surprise and disappointment, that it was not yet quite two o'clock. He had supposed that it must be at least an hour later.

Two o'clock, he suddenly remembered, was the hour at which the double murder was believed to have been perpetrated on that Christmas night of nearly a century back; but the recollection did not perturb him, and if he shuddered it was only because he was so atrociously cold.

"Now's your time, spooks and spectresses!" said he aloud; "I'm waiting for the show to begin."

As if in instant reply to his derisive challenge there rang through the house a long, wailing shriek, followed by confused, inarticulate mutterings. Then silence, save for the moaning wind, reigned once more.

Harry, it must be confessed, was more than a little startled. There could be no mistake as to what he had heard; it was quite impossible for his senses to have played him a trick. Yet it was also impossible for vibrations to have been set up and the tympanum of his ear struck by anything except some natural agency. So, at least, he said to himself—though perhaps he was not very sure of it—as he shouted:

"Hullo, there! Come out of that, will you!"

Receiving no answer, he debated with himself for a few minutes whether he should search the house or not. It was undoubtedly the right and reasonable thing to do; yet he was aware of a strong disinclination to do it. Certainly a human screech must proceed from human lungs; only—he had heard the screech, and it was very difficult to believe that those four walls could contain any living being besides himself. Moreover, he

could not help remembering that Colonel Tighe had urged him not to go upstairs. Perhaps, if the whole truth must be told, he was beginning to be a little afraid of what he might see if he did. So he sat hesitating until once more that wild, blood-curdling scream rose, fell and died away, succeeded, as before, by what sounded like muffled curses.

This time Harry could bear it no longer. As well face the worst and have done with it, he thought, as remain where he was and wait for those horrible noises to renew themselves. Seizing his lantern, he ran quickly up the creaking staircase, only to find there was no indication of human presence on the upper floor. The doors of the four rooms which opened out of it stood ajar; the rooms themselves were vacant. He was turning away to pursue his investigations at the back of the house when again that eldritch cry rang out close to his ear. An instant afterwards something seemed to rush upon him from behind, knocking the lantern violently out of his hand, and he was left in total darkness. And he had no matches! Had it not been for that most unfortunate deprivation, he might have defied his assailant, mortal or spiritual; but, what can the bravest of men do in the dark? What Harry Buckland did was what in all probability most of us would have done; that is to say, that he groped about for the staircase, was exceedingly glad to find it, and descended to the floor below as quickly as he could.

Not that his situation was an enviable one when he had accomplished that much. He was without means of procuring light; he was in a house which he now had to recognize as possessed by weird, unaccountable forces, and he was bound to remain in it for fully five more hours. But was he really so bound? He had been assured that nobody would think the worse for him if he were to abandon what had proved to be a far more nerve-

shattering enterprise than Colonel Tighe could have foreseen, and he honestly felt that the altered conditions were exonerating. He had undertaken to spend the night in the Dark House, not in a house which was pitch dark, besides being intensely cold and resonant with gruesome shrieks. But then, he thought of Lillian's mocking smile and determined to stand his ground if he had to die for it.

It seemed to be quite on the cards that he might die for or of it. The fur coat in which he was wrapped did not prevent his hands and feet from being numb with cold, and although he still tried to think that he had been assailed by flesh and blood, he felt inwardly certain that he had not. With a stout heart, but shattering teeth, he held himself in readiness for what might befall him, and the strain of waiting in the unbroken silence was almost more trying than a renewal of the dismal sounds overhead would have been.

These did not recur; but at length there fell upon his intent ear a sound most unspeakable welcome—the turning of the front-door handle. A stream of light came through the aperture, and he darted forward, never doubting that the good old Colonel had come to see how he was getting on. However, it was not the Colonel; it was Lillian, enveloped in furs and white with snow, who almost let the lantern which she was carrying drop when he suddenly faced her.

"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed, reproachfully, "how you frightened me! What made you put the lights out? How *could* you!"

In her agitation she was doubtless unconscious of having addressed him by his Christian name; but it need scarcely be said that that circumstance neither escaped his notice nor diminished the joy with which he beheld so unexpected a visitor. He explained hurriedly that he had had an accident with his lantern and that he had

been idiot enough to use up all his matches.

"But what brings you here at this extraordinary hour?" he asked, hoping, perhaps, to receive the answer which, as a matter of fact, he did receive.

The girl honestly confessed that she had been unable to sleep and unable to endure the suspense of picturing him all alone in that house of terror. "It was my fault, too, for letting you go. I knew you wouldn't have gone if I hadn't in a sort of way dared you to do it, and I felt that you really must be released. So I woke up my maid and told her to get me a lantern and let me out."

"Oh, but how splendid of you!" ejaculated the young man admiringly.

"Do you think so? I'm afraid father and mother won't. But I could not help it!"

That is always a fairly conclusive plea, and sometimes it may be a veracious one. Perhaps Harry really could not help embracing the intrepid little lady; in any case, his adoption of that course saved time and superfluous verbiage. What he was secretly dreading throughout the exceedingly happy period of five or ten minutes which ensued did not occur; but the inevitable question did, and, unwilling though he was to alarm Lillian, he had to make avowal of his experience.

"Oh, come away!" the girl cried, shuddering, after she had heard him out. "Come away from this horrible place! You believe now—don't you, that it is haunted?"

"I believe that there's something very queer about it," Harry admitted; "but as for going away—well, I undertook to stay the whole night here, remember."

"I forbid you to do anything so crazy! Why should you? In order to prove your pluck? But you never would have stayed so long—and in the dark, too!—if you hadn't been as brave as a whole den of lions. I'll

tell you this—if you remain, so shall I; though I shall be hideously frightened and it will be most improper, besides almost certainly giving me my death of cold. Now then!”

Thus menaced, the young man surrendered. He may have reflected that he had gained all, and a great deal more than all, that he could have hoped to gain by his adventure, and it was in no very regretful accents that he remarked, while they were moving towards the door: “Well, it’s the loss of sixpence—and *prestige*. Your friend Heyworth won’t think much of me after this.”

“As if it could possibly matter what Mr. Heyworth thought of you!—Mr. Heyworth, who never would have dreamed of daring to do what you have done! Besides, he’s a tiresome, conceited bore, at best.”

“You didn’t seem to find him so a few hours ago,” Harry could not help saying.

“To you perhaps I didn’t; but you are so matter of fact. Anyhow, I did find him a bore, and I’ve never found him anything else. Please don’t let us trouble our heads about *him!*”

They had, no doubt, pleasanter subjects to discuss as they made their way towards Harpleton Place. The snow had ceased, and stars were showing between the ragged-edged clouds. Arm in arm, the lovers trudged across the hardening white surface, and very likely they forgot how cold it was.

As soon as they were well away from the Dark House, Mr. Heyworth, who had been watching them from the top of the staircase, and who had not missed a word of their colloquy, struck a light.

“Not what can be called a complete

success,” he soliloquized ruefully, “though it has failed through no fault of mine. I did that wail so realistically that I made my own blood run cold, and knocking Buckland’s lantern out of his hand was a bold stroke which was fully justified by results. If he pretends that he wasn’t frightened, he lies. But I’m the victim of female in consequence, like many another good man and true. Had to hear myself called a conceited bore, too, and accused of not daring to do the very thing I *have* done! Well, well! It would be very, very pleasant to enlighten them all to-morrow morning, but I’m afraid it would be just a little bit too risky. Some people’s perception of humour is so imperfectly developed. Better be called back to London instead, seeing that I’m jolly well cut out with a sixpence anyhow.”

He got out of the downstairs window, which he had broken in order to effect an entrance, and in due course reached the side door at Harpleton Place, where his patient valet was waiting for him.

“Have you put a hot bottle in my bed, Saunders?” he asked.

“I have, sir,” answered the man, “and there’s a kettle on the fire and whiskey on the table.”

“Right! Now, remember, Saunders, if you ever breathe a word about this to any living soul, I’ll kill you.”

“Very good, sir,” replied the imperturbable Saunders.

Presumably he obeyed orders; for if there was ever a doubt as to the Dark House being haunted, none exists to-day, and Harry Buckland, when interrogated upon the subject, can only reply that, unless his senses are utterly untrustworthy, it is.



Canada, My 'Ome

BY WILLIAM BANKS

AUTHOR OF "WILLIAM ADOLPHUS TURNPIKE", ETC.



ALBERT EDWARD TOWNSEND arrived in Canada from England with his wife, their four children, and a deep-rooted belief in the superiority of all things English over everything else in the world. Because he did not fear work he had no difficulty in obtaining employment in the big saw-making establishment in Pleasantside; the only manufactory in the village. Here his very English accent and his height, five feet four inches, subjected him to a good deal of chaffing, even from a number of old countrymen who had not long preceded him as immigrants. There was less of fun in the chaffing as the days sped on, and Albert Edward persistently preached the excellence of English methods in the making and testing of saws. The climax was reached at the luncheon hour one day when Billy Henderson, who topped Albert Edward by several inches, and outweighed him by twenty pounds, interrupted the Englishman's eulogistic monologue with a sneering, "Dry up, you sawed-off broncho; you make me sick."

Laughter, in which Albert Edward did not join, greeted the remark. The Englishman's eyes narrowed as he asked of a fellow worker, "Wot does 'e mean?"

"Well, he ain't exactly throwing bouquets at you," was the answer.

"No," said Albert Edward quietly. He took off his coat and vest, and walked over to Billy Henderson, who grinned at him derisively.

"When you sye things to me, 'Ender-son, sye 'em nicely," said Albert Edward.

"Go to blazes, y' runt," snapped Henderson.

Smack! The blow delivered by the Englishman's open hand on Henderson's cheek jarred and surprised the bigger man, who, however, promptly pulled off his coat and squared up to his attacker.

As the men crowded excitedly around the antagonists a quiet Scot's voice said, "Five to one on th' wee un".

A chorus of laughter and jeers greeted the remark, but some of the scoffers took up the offer.

Albert Edward smiled broadly. "Put a fiver on f'r me, Scotty," he called gaily. "We'll settle it later."

"Done," said Don McPherson, the Scot, quietly. "An' I'll help tae see fair play. Robertson, Hanley and Jephson, gie me a haund tae let th' fighters hae elbow room."

It was a hot fight, with all the skill and punch on one side, and it lasted just five minutes, at the end of which time Billy Henderson cried quits. His eyes were so swollen that he could hardly see, his cut lips were adding theirs to the stream of gore that was flowing from his nose, his body was

sore and his breath almost gone. "I've had enough," he said frankly, "and when I call you 'broncho' after this I'll smile. Will you shake hands, Albert Ed—I mean Bert—may I call you that?"

"You may, old top. 'Ere's me flipper, an' a bit of me 'eart goes wiv it," said Albert Edward, hereafter to be known as Bert. "I'll show yer 'ow to use yer 'ands proper, too. That's where yer weak." Even the betting losers among the onlookers cheered as the late combatants shook hands heartily.

Don McPherson, squaring up accounts with Bert later, had little to say about the fight, and about as much as to his winnings. But as he placed his share of the money carefully in a string-necked pouch he remarked dryly, "Artillery, A'm thinkin'?"

"Right O! Black Watch?"

"Gor'r'dons."

"Good 'uns, too," said Bert warmly, and, after a pause, "It's a wye we 'ave in th' army."

"An' th' lads whae followed us 'll see tae it aye bein' th' way," added McPherson.

In time Townsend became less assertive as to the merits of the old land, its customs and its workers. He occasionally admitted, grudgingly, that in some things Canadian workmen were not "arf bad". Six years after the day of the fight he was a foreman in one of the departments at the saw-making plant, reliable, steady, and the proud possessor of a small but substantial house. His children were doing well at school, and developing a spirit of sturdy Canadianism, and the unfailing readiness of his wife to aid all the children and mothers of the neighbourhood had won for her appreciation and respect, where once there had been laughter at and some mockery of her accent.

And then came the war.

Townsend swore five years off his age and enlisted in the company raised in Pleasantville as a contribution

to the first Canadian contingent for overseas. He raged furiously at the decision to limit the size of the contingent, and reverted to some of his old-time criticisms of Canada and the Canadians.

"Don't run th' country down, Bert," said his wife. "It's a grand place, and th' people 'ave been good to us."

"Why shouldn't they?" shouted Bert angrily. "Don't we own 'em and th' country, too?"

"That's 'ardly the wye to put it," she answered. "Seems to me as 'ow they're doing th' 'ansome."

"'Ansome, me neck," retorted Bert. "They 'orter tyke ev'ry men as 'n 'list. They'll be arskin' f'r 'em soon. This ain't goin' ter be no picnic."

"But th' old country don't want any more yet, Bert."

"'Ow do we know? We got nothink to go on but wot th' pypers 'ere sye," was Bert's closing argument.

Neighbours commiserated with Mrs. Townsend; some even urged that she should seek to have Bert secure his discharge on the ground that there were scores of young unmarried men willing to enlist, but she would not admit that there was any good reason for considering their proposals. "It's me as knows something abaht th' wye 'e feels," she told them. "'E served 'is time in th' army, an' if he ain't token hoverseas 'e's li'ble to start a mootiny right 'ere."

To Bert she always showed a smiling face, but it did not deceive him.

"Don't tyke it too 'ard, old lydie," he would say, "yer 'll be all right; what wiv th' pay, an' th' patriotic fund, an' Bill"—their oldest boy—"will be a 'elp. It wouldn't be right f'r me to be outer this fight."

Bert's former military training, his willingness to use it to aid his comrades, his accent and his strange mixture of English and Canadian slang and phrases, made him a great favourite with the company, and especially with the native-born Canadians,

to whom the discipline and drill were at times irksome.

The company, a unit in a county battalion, had its first experiences of camp life at Valcartier. These seemed like unhappy dreams to all the men as, within a few weeks, they sailed for England, confident that they would soon be in France and in the thick of the fighting. Instead, they were condemned to spend weary months in training on Salisbury Plains, a name indissolubly associated in the memory of all the first Canadian contingent men with the words "rain and mud".

Private Albert Edward Townsend, whose eyes had been suspiciously moist when he again stepped on English soil, was at first vehement in his explanations and excuses for the weather conditions. But soon even his buoyant spirits began to droop under the steady external soaking, for he was a temperate man and did not try to combat the moisture from the skies by imbibing too much moisture from bottles. He poked his head out of the tent, which he shared with several comrades, one morning when an unusually heavy rainfall was making more liquid still the already floating mud, and cried, "Lorluvme, wot a climate!"

To the sarcastic shouts of, "It's English, it's English," from his Canadian pals in the tent, Bert answered good-humouredly, "It must 'ave changed since I useter live 'ere. Now, in Canada—"

"Three cheers for Canada!" shouted his comrades. Bert joined in heartily, and then went on, "Now, in Canada yer can generally bank on th' weather bein' fine for sev'ral dyes together. But this do beat me."

Thereafter he became an ardent and zealous apostle, and "Canada" was the burden of the message he preached to whoever would listen.

The regiment was one of the first from Canada to get into the firing line, with an English county regi-

ment in close proximity. Bert was soon on familiar terms with many of the men, and to them he preached with burning enthusiasm the glory of his adopted country. He found eager audiences as a rule, but some scoffed at his glowing word-pictures of "th' land of hopportunity". To these his answer was usually, "Wyte till yer see these 'ere Can-i-dian pals o' mine in a real haaction; yer'll never rest then till yer gets to Canada, and once yer gets there yer'll wanter stay—if yer ain't afraid o' work."

St. Julien gave Bert and his Canadian pals the opportunity they sought, and truly the glory of that action shall never fade. Of the Pleasantside men forty were killed or wounded, and Bert was among the latter; "Seriously", said the cable that brought the news.

Mrs. Townsend maintained a cheerful attitude. "E ain't dead; that's one comfort," she said, "and as soon as 'e can do it, 'e'll send me a line. So long as 'e can come back 'ere we'll not 'ave very much to 'oller abaht."

It was two months before she got a message direct from him, a cablegram, that read: "Left hand a goner. Coming home soon. Sergeant Bert Townsend, V.C."

Then Mrs. Townsend wept for joy and pride in the achievements of her man, and grief for the hand that was "a goner".

That afternoon the manager of the saw plant, accompanied by the editor of the local weekly newspaper, each waving a copy of a metropolitan daily newspaper, rushed into the Townsend home.

"Have y' seen *The Daily Express*?" they demanded eagerly of Mrs. Townsend.

"No, sirs; but—"

"Bert! It's about him," shouted the manager.

"Led remnants of regiment when all officers had fallen," the editor read.

"'Despite serious wounds,'" the manager quoted.

"Rescued several men, and insisted upon their wounds being attended to before his own were dressed," the editor was reading again.

"Awarded the Victoria Cross," shouted the manager.

"Pinned on his breast by the King himself," they chanted in unison.

"E didn't tell me that part," said Mrs. Townsend, whose eyes were shining with delight. "I wonder if 'Er Majesty was there?"

She showed the visitors the cablegram, of which the editor took a copy. He also obtained from the family album a group photograph of Bert, Mrs. Townsend, and their children, and from the lady herself all the details he could think of asking regarding the winner of the V.C. The two men finally left, after telling Mrs. Townsend that the reeve had already cabled congratulations to Bert in the name of the municipality, and that a public reception to the gallant soldier was being arranged, the manager adding that Bert should never want for employment.

Sergeant Albert Edward Townsend, V.C., came back to Pleasantside with his left arm in a sling and his face rather pale. Before the cheering crowds at the railway station he kissed his wife and children many times and cared not who saw that his eyes were tear-dimmed and his lips trembling. In the park grounds, where the formal welcome took place, Bert was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold. He blushed furiously while the address was being read, and squirmed uneasily when the local member of Parliament, the reeve, and other celebrities made speeches in eulogy of his valour and the honour he had brought to Pleasantside and Canada.

At last he was called upon to speak, and he had to stand for many minutes

before the crowds tired of cheering him. When they were ready to listen some of them giggled and laughed as he began his address.

"Go to it," said Bert smilingly, "ave a good laugh at me haccent, I don't care. I'm too hold to be cured." The crowds broke in with cheers here. Presently he was able to resume. There was deep sincerity in his thanks for the greeting they had accorded him, and very soon they began to understand that, accent notwithstanding, here was a soldier and a man speaking straight from the heart.

"In th' city in th' old land where I was brought up, they did me proud after I got th' V.C.," he said. "Offered me a job on Heasy Street fer life. It was temptin'. But d'yer know why I didn't tyke it. I'll tell yer. It was th' hattainments an' joys I've realized 'ere. I syes to 'em, 'Thank ye, no. When this scrap started I came three thousand miles t' get into it, an' most on 'em as come on th' boat wot brought me was Cani-dians. They dropped all they 'ad in a land where any man wot'll work 'as a grand chance, an' they 'iked across th' seas to fight f'r th' hold mother, just out o' sentiment like. Since I've lived in that land, I syes, 'I've been able to buy a 'ouse o' me own, with enough land f'r a vege-table garden, an' I couldn't 'ave done that 'ere in a thousand years. An', I syes, 'my kids'll be able to go through college if they wants, an' asso-ciate with th' best in th' land if they keep strite, as me an' my missus knows they will. No, I syes, 'there'll always be a warm spot in my 'eart for this 'ere city an' its people, an' for th' hold mother-land. But I'm goin' back, I syes, 'to where th' weather is one thing or t'other f'r a fairish length o' time together, back to a land where there's room an' a chance for all; back to Canada, my 'ome.'"

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

XI.—MISS ROBERTA CATHERINE MACADAMS,
SOLDIERS' REPRESENTATIVE IN THE ALBERTA LEGISLATURE

WITH few exceptions, the pioneers whose struggles and achievements have been sketched in the earlier articles of this series were women who had attained to the autumn season of harvest ripeness. Their work had reached completion, so far at least as human beings may claim completion even of a lifetime's task.

But this last on our list of pathfinding women, though secure as any in her right to the title of pioneer, is almost at the first turn of her untried road, and, though she has achieved much, is still at an age when she—and others for her—may look forward to the future as a land of promise.

Miss Roberta Catherine MacAdams is the third daughter of Mr. Robert MacAdams, formerly editor of *The Sarnia Canadian*. She was born in Sarnia, of Scotch-Irish lineage, her father being Irish and her mother Scotch. Her eldest sister is the wife of the Honourable W. J. Hanna, the Dominion Food Controller. One of her brothers, Captain Johnston M. MacAdams, is, like herself, on active service. He went overseas with the

34th Battalion and has been for two years in France. He is now attached to the Third Brigade headquarters.

Miss Roberta MacAdams obtained her early education at the public and high schools of her native town. Leaving school, she led for some years the life of a girl at home, helping her mother with the housekeeping and so forth. Presently, however, she decided to take up the normal course for teachers of domestic science at the Macdonald Institute, Guelph. Entering the Institute in the autumn of 1909, she completed the two years' course with first-class honours, "breaking previous records in many departments". She distinguished herself especially in English, a subject to which much attention is given there. She passed the English examinations of the first and second years of the University of Toronto, and carried off the English prize offered by Professor Wrong. An editor's daughter, she edited the school magazine, and was chosen by her fellow-students as class president.

Later on she took a post-graduate course in the higher branches of household science at the University of Chicago. Before this, in 1911, she

went to Edmonton to take up work under the Department of Agriculture, as organizer of Women's Institutes. This obliged her to travel far and wide through the Province and brought her into touch with all sorts and conditions of people. Thus she was enabled to gather knowledge at firsthand of the kind of life actually led by different groups and classes of immigrants.

She tasted for herself something of the discomforts of living in sparsely settled districts, when, as frequently happened, she had to spend a night at some roughly-conducted "pioneer hotel", or to take a long drive across the prairie, perhaps in bad weather, in a rude country conveyance. More than once on these trips, she had the exciting and dangerous experience of being run away with by a team of bronchos.

On one occasion she spent some days amongst those strange people from Russia, the Doukhobors. She also "visited the Mormon settlements and was much interested in the industrial efficiency of the Mormon settlers, and the apparent contentment of the women with the Mormon system, as conducted in Alberta, where, if the peculiar matrimonial system of Mormonism is practised, it is concealed so carefully as not to be observed by an outsider". Everywhere she met with a cordial reception, finding "the women of the foreign settlements most anxious to learn what they could of Canadian cookery and Canadian household methods generally".

Miss MacAdams did some work for the Schools of Agriculture, then being organized, and also taught in the short course schools (conducted by the Government) on subjects connected with the values and preparation of foods.

During the last two years of her sojourn in Alberta, Miss MacAdams filled the position of supervisor of household arts in the public schools of Edmonton—a branch of the educational work of the city, which it fell

upon her to organize. Curiously enough it has happened that at many times in her life and in several different lines of work she has been so much of a pioneer that, as she puts it, she has had "to make her own duties".

After the outbreak of the war, Miss MacAdams volunteered for service overseas, and was appointed dietitian to the Ontario Government Hospital. In the early spring of 1916 she sailed for England with the sisters attached to the new hospital, which was stationed at Orpington, a little country town in Kent, some ten or twelve miles from London. It is interesting that, when this hospital was arranged for, it was stipulated by the Ontario Government that it should not be for the benefit of Canadian cases only, and often but a small proportion of the patients occupying its 2,000 beds hail from the land of the maple.

Here again Miss MacAdams had to begin at the beginning, by organizing the household staff. She has the oversight of the hospital kitchens and of the preparation of all foods used in the establishment, including the management of special diets required for difficult cases. Because she has the position of sister in the hospital she is often erroneously described as a trained nurse. This is not surprising as there are at present few trained dietitians in English hospitals, and, like the nurses attached to the Canadian Army Medical Corps, Miss MacAdams holds the rank and receives the pay of lieutenant.

Her hands were more than full with the duties and responsibilities of her position and she had no thought of adding to them by becoming a candidate for election to the Alberta Legislature until long after the list of male competitors for the votes of the thirty-eight thousand soldiers and seventy-five sisters from Alberta had reached most formidable proportions. Only those on active service were eligible as candidates or voters, but no less than seven lieutenant-colonels,



MISS ROBERTA CATHERINE MACADAMS

one major, five captains, one lieutenant, four non-commissioned officers and three privates consented to stand. Nevertheless, Miss MacAdams was urged to allow herself to be nominated.

The request came first by telephone. Startled by the suggestion, she refused. But, declining to take "no" for an answer, several of her would-be supporters hurried down from London, and at last persuaded her to change her mind.

It was a unique political contest. Ordinary electioneering methods of meetings and speech-making were impossible, for the constituents were scattered throughout England and France, in hospitals, camps and the trenches of the firing lines, and so Miss MacAdams confined herself to a single effort to reach and interest the Albertans on active service. She sent out what is surely one of the shortest, simplest and most effective electioneering documents ever issued. It is adorned with the charming portrait of Miss MacAdams in the sister's

dress, here reproduced, and contains less than a hundred words. This is its plea:

"Soldiers and nurses from Alberta, you will have two votes at the forthcoming election under the Alberta Military Representation Act. Give one vote to the man of your choice and the other to the sister. . . . She will work not only for your best interests, but for those of your wives, mothers, sweethearts, sisters and children after the war. Remember those who have helped you so nobly through the fight."

Miss MacAdams's nomination forms, which were only completed a quarter of an hour before the lists closed, were signed by "one officer, one non-commissioned officer, and eighteen Tommies".

The balloting began on the sixth and ended on the sixteenth of August. The votes were counted at the Alberta Government Offices at Charing Cross, and the results were not made known till well on in September.

The candidate at the head of the

poll was Captain R. Pearson, of Calgary, an official of the Young Men's Christian Association at the Front, who was often called "the fighting parson". Though formerly general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Alberta, he had been a combatant and was in hospital, wounded, when he was asked to stand as one of the active service candidates. He obtained 4,286 votes of the 26,600 cast by the 17,000 men and women who exercised their privilege of voting.

"The Sister" came a close second with 4,023 votes. Naturally her election aroused much interest amongst the suffragists of England, as she was the first woman to be elected an M.P. on the soil of the British Isles. She was not, however, the only or the first woman to be elected to sit in the Alberta Assembly, for at the general election held in the Province in the previous spring, Mrs. McKinney, a lady strongly identified with the temperance cause, was elected for the constituency of Claresholm, and she has the distinction of being the first woman legislator of the Dominion.

It is notable, as Miss MacAdams pointed out to one of her numerous interviewers, a representative of the *London Times*, that the military electors "chose both their representatives without any reference to politics". No doubt many a party consideration fades into utter insignificance under "the fierce light" of the battle fires. "We both stand as the soldiers' and sisters' advocates," she said. "We have no special grievance, but we shall have to face the same problems that you will have to face here after the war—to find employment for the returned people without any hardship to those who have been carrying on in our absence. We have no geographical electoral district at the moment; we stand for the fighting exiles."

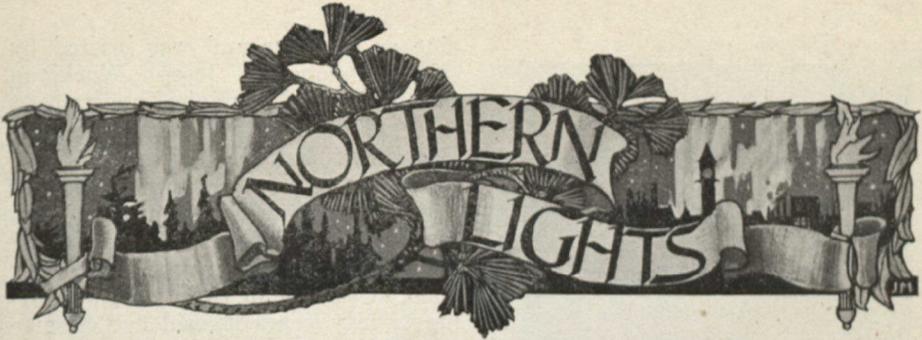
"The election was probably the first ever conducted without speeches," she added, "and it was very inex-

pensive. A few shillings for postage, and a small sum to the printer for the little election bill, was all it cost me."

Though she did no canvassing for herself, a number of Alberta ladies, living in London, worked hard to secure her return, and altogether a very great deal of interest was shown in this remarkable election. Fêted, congratulated and interviewed to a degree that must have been wearisome to a busy woman, Miss MacAdams's personality and her modest statement of a quite comprehensive platform, made a most favourable impression. The representative of the staid *Manchester Guardian* described her as "the most charming parliamentary candidate that England has ever seen", but the lady herself regarded her success as "a vote of confidence in the Canadian Army Medical Corps", as many did not vote for her personally, but "for the sister".

The experience gained whilst working for the extension of the admirable scheme of Women's Institutes has evidently not been driven out of her thoughts by her newer experiences of war-time service. According to a report in *The British Journal of Nursing*, she declares: "I shall work for the pension scheme for our soldiers, and I shall put my best efforts into plans for placing soldiers on the land when they return to Canada.

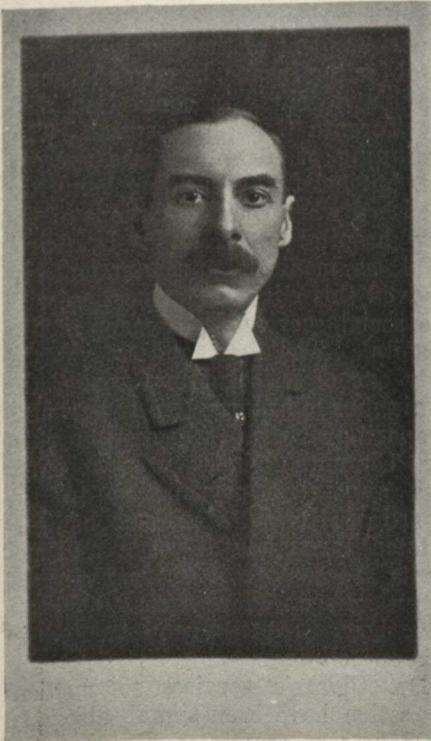
Miss MacAdams is one of the growing number of people who believe that there is a need in our Parliaments for the help of women, for the oft-repeated reason that while men are likely to think, to a great extent, in terms of money, women tend rather to think in terms of human life. But no one recognizes more clearly than she that "men and women have worked together and are still working together in this war for victory and . . . when peace comes, we must work together just as closely so as to make Canada a place where every willing man and woman—and their children—shall have a fair chance".



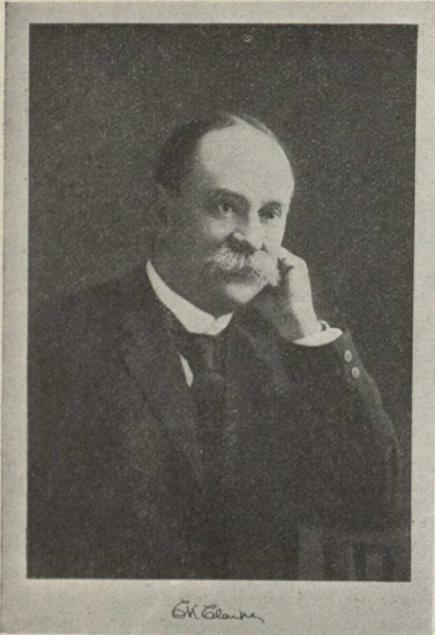
A NEW DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MR. FRANK D. MOORE, whose clinic was the most largely attended of all the clinics held in connection with the recent great Clinical Congress of Surgeons at Chicago, was reared on the sand dunes of Ballantrae, Ontario, where in winter he attended public school and in summer earned as much as twenty-five cents a

day working on the farm or in the local store. Sometimes the work included hauling produce to the railway station for shipment to Toronto. But all this time he was an inveterate reader. His favourite books were biographies of Napoleon, Lincoln, and Garfield. Impelling forces drove him to larger centres, and in various Canadian cities he worked at whatever was available, but always with a yearning for something better. The study of medicine became a possibility through his connection with a firm of pharmacutists, and towards that end he directed all his energies; in brief, he attended lectures and completed his course in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago, and at the same time sold drugs to Chicago druggists. But drugs did not satisfy him. On graduating he received a fellowship in pathology in his alma mater, and then for several years, with eminent success, he practised medicine in Chicago. But, after all, he bent towards surgery. He went to Berlin and Vienna, and took post-graduate work at all the important hospitals of Europe, as well as at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, of Baltimore, the University of Chicago, and the New York Post-Graduate Hospital. He is a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, one of the professors of surgery and clinical surgery in the School of Medicine, University of Illinois, and a member also of the staff of University Hospital.



DR. FRANK D. MOORE



DR. CHARLES K. CLARKE

DR. CLARKE, PSYCHIATRIST

THE recent appointment of Horace L. Brittain, B.A., Ph.D., as temporary Superintendent on the staff of Toronto General Hospital, constitutes the sequel to the resignation which Dr. Charles Kirk Clarke, medical superintendent of the hospital, offered the Board of Directors in November of last year. This has never been accepted. On the contrary, after an economic survey has proved that he has administered the affairs of the institution at the lowest per capita cost of patients managed by any other hospital on the continent, of equal standards, he is relieved of those duties which he found most burdensome.

"I'm tired of being held responsible for the lost chicken," he said, half-drolly, on being questioned last year as to his reasons for retiring.

From the age of seventeen he has occupied responsible positions in the public service. When ready to go up to the University of Toronto from the high school in Elora he chose medi-

cine as a career and was invited by the illustrious Dr. Joseph Workman to join the staff as clinical assistant on the staff of what was then called the Provincial Lunatic Asylum (1874). After filling minor offices in similar institutions he accepted the superintendency of Rockwood Asylum for the Insane, at Kingston, Ontario, in 1885, at the age of twenty-eight. During twenty years of residence there he accomplished a remarkable work of reconstruction in developing his scientific theories and humanitarian ideals in the care and treatment of the insane. His ideas, in fact, and methods, which one appeared almost utopian, are to-day those commonly accepted throughout the civilized world in the treatment of the insane. He went to Europe in 1907 as Royal Commissioner to study and report on continental methods in psychiatry, returning with a deepened conviction of the vital importance of an early diagnosis in mental diseases, with a view to curative treatment. In 1909, while superintendent of the Provincial Hospital for the Insane, he opened a small psychiatric clinic in connection with the Toronto General Hospital. This beginning of his plans was successful, but brief, the building being demolished when the foundations of the new hospital were laid. In April, 1914, as medical superintendent, he revived this clinic in connection with the social service department of the hospital. The first, and as yet the only one of its kind in Canada, the clinic has developed to remarkable proportions, with the assistance of Dr. Clarence Hincks, who recently was appointed psychiatrist to the Board of Health. Its fame has circulated throughout Canada and patients are sent to it by many social organizations. More than 3,000 cases have been diagnosed and treated in this one clinic.

Dr. Clarke's services to medical education have been signal, also. In 1908 he was appointed Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of

Toronto in recognition of this fact, and in his time has been instrumental in extending the course from four to five years, and again to six, the last extension to take effect in 1918. The university is thus maintained in respect to medical education fully the peer of any in the world.

Dr. Clarke's professional achievements have by no means filled his life, which is rounded out with manifold and delightful interests, in the fine arts, particularly music, in which he is an accomplished amateur, and a widely-read critic; in studies in natural history, particularly ornithology to which he has made notable contributions; in athletics, in which his influence has been thoroughly wholesome and wide-reaching.

The Dean could never, even with fewer gifts, have belonged to the Bruhminical order in science or any other thing. He stands for all humanity, universally interested and universally interesting.

*

MISS GRACE BLACKBURN is a newspaper woman and a poetess, if that is not too much of a paradox, and among her admirers are many who regret that her work is given exclusively to a city daily. They would like to see her in a larger sphere. She writes editorials, travel sketches, dramatic criticism and verse. The Reverend Robert Norwood, himself a poet, accords Miss Blackburn first place in the Canadian poetic world. Her free verse has been the most appreciatively received, at least it has brought her the widest recognition. And hand-in-hand with her success as a writer, she has acquired an enviable reputation as a lecturer and an interpreter of her own work. Before several of the clubs in New York city and elsewhere, Miss Blackburn has recited her "Chant of the Woman", and always it has won her the sincere plaudits of her audiences. "Not for the poem itself," the author of it modestly tells you, "but for the cause it



MISS GRACE BLACKBURN

represents; your cause and my cause; the world's cause—the cause of the woman."

But "Christ in Flanders" is the favourite—among her literary children. A criticism of it in so small a space would savour of artistic impertinence, but the last few lines might be quoted as an example of the exquisite whole:

But the wound in her side, the deep, deep
heart-wound
Is the wound of all wounding; slowly it
bleeds far inward!
Feet, hands, side! Five wounds has the
woman!
The Christ had none other.

Miss Grace Blackburn is one of several gifted sisters. She has travelled extensively and has looked upon the world with wide-open, keen-seeing eyes, and this breadth of vision shows in her work. That it makes her a



MRS. W. M. DAVIDSON

delightful companion and conversationalist goes without saying, and an afternoon spent in the Blackburn home is an afternoon to be appreciatively remembered. The atmosphere is different from that outside, different from the tiresome and common-place; yet it is not heavy with obvious learning and stilted high-browism. By no means! There is nothing there to appal the unlettered or crush merriment from the frivolous. One finds extreme simplicity and much entertainment. In fact, so great is the cleverness of the entire family that the visitor does not realize it, and leaves with a feeling of delightful self-satisfaction at having done so brilliantly. One is apt to overlook the circumstances that in that atmosphere one gathered many gems of thought with which to stud an otherwise sombre day.

A YOUNG CAMPAIGNER

DID you ever stop think what an important effect "ifs" have had upon your life? If you had not happened to look in that old box—and if you had not mislaid that particular paper—and if grandfather had not made that grotesque will!

Well, if a certain E. Haydon, of St. Thomas, Ontario, had not grasped courage in both hands and answered an advertisement in a Medicine Hat paper, and if E. Haydon's offer to fill the post of general reporter for that paper had not been accepted at long range by the editor, then the editor would not have fallen into a comatose state lasting several moments when a slip of a girl walked into his western office as claimant for the position. The editor had thought throughout the correspondence that "E. Haydon" was a man.

If the editor had not been very much in need of a general reporter perhaps the rest of this sketch might never have been written, but he did, and Ethel Haydon, who had been broken in to do almost any kind of work on the little St. Thomas paper, joined the staff. When she left it to take over the editorship of the woman's page of *The Morning Albertan* in Calgary, it was acknowledged that no one ever did the work better, if as well.

If Miss Ethel Haydon had not gone to Calgary, she perhaps would not have met the owner of that paper, and naturally she would not have married him. But she did both, and as Mrs. W. M. Davidson she did not lay her pen away in lavender with the wedding-veil. She continued to write. She was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Consumers' League, and she worked untiringly in connection with the Free Hospital Campaign which has been waged all over Alberta. But of greater interest was the part she played last year during the spring session of the Alberta Legislature. Mrs. Davidson

went to Edmonton to report the proceedings for her husband's paper. Her work, as usual, was so excellent as to attract attention, and being keenly alive to every possible source from which strength might be drawn, Premier Sifton asked Mrs. Davidson to do some campaign work for him. She consented and spoke in the interests of the Sifton Administration at Calgary and several other places, and it is especially noteworthy that although her husband was running for the Legislature, she did not introduce his cause, but confined herself to speaking on the good work accomplished by a progressive Government. Mrs. Davidson may be said to be the first woman in Alberta to campaign in the interests of the Provincial Legislature, with the exception of Mrs. McClung, whose work contained various elements of dissimilarity, and Mrs. McKinney, who spoke in her own interests.

*

Everybody along the street stops to look at Arthur Mark McElhinney when he shoots by in his unique little aero-sled. This vehicle is his own invention and was built entirely by him. Its mechanism is of the simplest, and its motor power is amazing. Sixty miles an hour is not its limit by any means.

Unlike many contrivances of somewhat similar nature, the aero-sled contains nothing in the way of teeth with which to grip the snow and ice. It skims along the surface on its three runners, with a powerful propeller high at the back, resembling that of an aeroplane. It is a much more satisfactory conveyance, says its inventor,



ARTHUR MARK McELHINNEY
And his Aerosled

than an auto-sled, of which many kinds have been built, notably for use in the different Polar expeditions.

Young Arthur McElhinney is not a mechanical novice. He has built numerous automobiles, one scarcely larger than a comfortable arm-chair, and he has sailed gaily about in many a boat of his own making.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE SOUL OF A BISHOP

BY H. G. WELLS. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada.

I OPENED this book at the place where "works by the same author" are noted. There was a pageful of them, all neatly arranged in their respective divisions by the publisher. I looked across the study table. "How does he do it?" I asked. "It's like a second Everyman's," was the response.

We don't like to say it. It sounds hackneyed. But it is true. Mr. Wells is writing too much. One imagines him sitting so many hours—regular hours—a day before a long-suffering typewriter, regularly handing out sheets to his secretary, who as regularly mails them to the publisher. It won't do. Not that a man might not write as many books as Mr. Wells writes and have them great; it has been done. But it is very doubtful if Mr. Wells can do it. It is doubtful if his peculiar type of genius can stand it. His genius is not quite rich enough.

All this apropos "The Soul of a Bishop".

The book has a kind of *thinness* about it. One has the sense in reading it that it was written in a vacuum. The bishop is without a local habitation, and the name, despite the fact that a name is given him and his industrial district, is described in a few phrases as well as any industrial district has ever been described in modern novel-writing. Everybody in the book speaks with far-away voices. It is all as attenuate as vapoury dreams

in cold impalpable places. This in Mr. Wells damns him. Because if not a modern of the moderns dealing with the realities of the world, the flesh, and the devil, he is nothing. Even when most free in his imaginings he has always been gloriously cluttered up with the earth. In this book then he comes near to a negative result. The visions of the bishop in the book, upon which so much of it seems made to turn, nauseate the twentieth-century mind. A religious experience that comes out of a vial containing a liquid that is honey golden against the light simply won't go with the modern. What in the world made Mr. Wells do it one cannot imagine. It ruins his book just at the point where it seems to touch achievement. The young doctor to whom the bishop goes in his mental and spiritual and physical (he has been longing for weeks for a cigarette) distress begins by giving the bishop a bit of philosophy that may well be the saving of the modern religious situation and—ends by being a benighted medicine man. The descent is so startling one wonders if one can possibly have missed a big reason for it. None being found, Wells seems convicted of a tremendous literary laziness in the making up of his plot, or of some mental lapse as unaccountable as those occurring when a strong keen brain suddenly weakens to entertain "notions" or illusion. If Mr. Wells has really had an "experience" in the department of the religious, as his book, "God the Invisible King", seems to indicate, one hopes that this which he makes the crux of his latest book is not suggestive of its nature.

But "The Soul of a Bishop" has a greatness beyond its failure. No one will read it without wondering about religion. Miriam's question, "Daddy, I know I'm stupid, but are we still Christians?" will stick.

It is as if Mr. Wells had just discovered religion—and this may indeed be the case; many modern men and women are living apparently very well without it—and, being of an observant and analytic turn, he discovers anomalies and compromises in the existing types of religions as they are organized. A Buddhist priest rings his bells, and an Anglican bishop droning his collects, yes, indeed, and a Methodist parson crossing his legs behind his pulpit and folding his hands and shutting his eyes in the "long prayer"—these all present their element for pity, ridicule and scorn. Mr. Wells is a copious dispenser of all three. But when he has done with the anomalies and compromises, and shams, it may be, of organized ecclesiastical religion, what does he do with religion? It is felt that Mr. Wells should do something. But he leaves his bishop strangely at a loss, talking nebulously with delirious gestures about God, or arguing within himself in a beautiful golden haze of words about "the Kingdom". This is no worse than the church at her worst, and much short of the church at her best.

The prophets achieved their ancient power through their elemental concreteness. Jesus had a precise indicativeness about Him that we have only evaded—and that by a hair's breadth—by turning the whole New Testament topsy-turvy and talking about "Eastern hyperbole" and "figurative language". H. G. Wells is naïve and delightful in his "God the Invisible King" when he by his obvious implications includes himself among the prophets. But he might better have made it priests. He is not, after all, concrete enough to be a great prophet. He is giving us, after all, in his latest book of his re-

ligion as the priest gives it, with mystification and indirection. He is eluding issues and shelving the problem. He knows with conviction much that is the matter with ecclesiastical religion—what man with his eyes open doesn't—but he knows, after all, with conviction not so very much that is well with religion.

And yet, confound it, we like this Wells anyway. He ends his book with this paragraph. Reading it, can one help liking him after all, and paying him a tribute due to sincerity and forthmindedness, even if it is sometimes intermixed with what seems tawdry, and belonging to the tyro, if not the charlatan?

"So far as one can know God," he said presently. For awhile he remained frowning at the fire. Then he bent forward, turned out the gas, arose with the air of a man who relinquishes a difficult task. "One is limited," he said; "all one's ideas must fall within one's limitations. Faith is a sort of 'tour de force'. A feat of the imagination. For such things as we are. Naturally—naturally—one perceives it clearly only in rare moments. That alters nothing."

*

OTHERS

An anthology of the New Verse. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

OF all the volumes of so-called "free verse" this is the freest. It is edited by Alfred Keymborg, who is himself a poet of this new style, if the words "new" and "style" have in this instance any proper meaning. It is a volume of American verse, and to the hundreds of persons interested in free verse it should prove to be of unusual interest. It contains examples of many of the most widely-known exponents of free verse in America, among them Mary Aldis, Ezra Pound, Walter Conrad Arensburg, Skipwith Cannall, Mary Carolyn Davies, Douglas Goldring, Alice Groff, Orrick Johns, Hester Sainsbury, Carl Sandburg, Adolf Wolff, and a score of others. Mary Aldis has first place, with "The Sisters", which is about

four sisters who live together sewing
"on garments for the church sewing
society":

We never meet,
My three old sisters and I.
We never look into each other's eyes,
We never look into each other's souls,
Or if we do for a moment
We quickly begin to talk about the jam,
How much sugar to put and when.
We run away and hide like mice before
the light.
We are afraid to look into each other's
souls,
So we keep on sewing, sewing.

In "Olives" Orrick Johns has this
stanza:

Blue undershirts
Upon a line,
It is not necessary to say to you
Anything about it—
What they do,
What they might do . . . blue undershirts.

Skipwith Cannell considers things
that need cleansing when in "Ikons"
he places these lines::

I have been all wrong from the beginning.
I will re-create myself.
I will be right.

But I'm in too great haste to pluck lice
away.

And then Robert Carlton Brown
puts what one would hope is the last
touch:

Fly speck,
You are such a neat, tidy, unimportant
Little thing
That one hates to take offence
At sight of you,
Or mention of your name.
But you irritate me
With your polite little airs of decency,
Why don't you grow up
And be something?
Even a fly speck
Can aspire to be
A manure heap.

*

THE NEW JOAN

By KATHERINE HALE. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

A BROCHURE of poems by this
gifted author always is welcome,
especially during the Christmas sea-
sons. Her "Gray Knitting" is recall-

ed by thousands of readers, and this,
her latest, is likely to prove even more
successful. The contents are songs
mostly of women's work, but there is
a "Christmas Song" for soldiers,
which begins,

Christmas! Is it merry?
"Smokes the bully-beef!"
Not one blood-red berry,
Not one holly-leaf,

and ends,

Though all earth be broken,
Two things live above,
These—God's ancient token—
Quiet stars—and Love.

Stars for life's last reaping,
Stars in heaven's bright dome,
Love for your safe-keeping,
Love to lead you home.

*

TWO GREAT ANNUALS

"The Boy's Own" and "The Girl's
Own". Toronto: Warwick Brothers
and Rutter.

MANY parents who always see that
"The Boy's Own Annual" is on
the list of Christmas supplies for the
home have overlooked the important
fact that there is a companion vol-
ume, "The Girl's Own Annual". The
first is too well-known to require any
commendation here, but a word might
be said for the other volume, which
is designed to instruct, interest and
amuse the girl who has not passed out
from her teens. It is quite as valu-
able as the volume for boys and quite
as desirable in every home where
there is a little daughter to appreci-
ate it.

*

COMPTE'S RENDUS

By J. Y. BUCHANAN. Toronto: J.
M. Dent and Sons.

HERE are found in one volume the
scientific observations and reason-
ings of one who has studied and ex-
perimented with natural phenomena.
in many parts of the world. While it
is a scientific book, for scientists, it is
popular in style and can be read with

interest and profit by the average person. The first chapter treats of recent Antarctic exploration. Then follow papers on ice and brines, steam and brines, ice-grains in glaciers, ice and its natural history, solar radiation, eclipses, etc., with essays of a different character on "The Power of Great Britain", "And the House of Commons?", "Lord Milner and Imperial Scholarship", and "History in Handy Volumes".

*

THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR

Edited by Sidney Lanier. Abridged edition, with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THESE inspiring tales, taken from Sir Thomas Mallory's history of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, are here charmingly told for boys by a charming and famous writer. For pure romance and chivalry nothing in the whole scope of English literature compares with these beautiful tales. The best of them, those of Arthur, Launcelot, Tristram, Gareth, Galahad, Percival, and the Holy Grail, are in this book, and the illustrations by N. C. Wyeth, all in colours, help to make a most attractive volume.

*

SONGS OF OUR MAPLE SAPPING

By ANNIE BETHUNE McDOUGALD. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL, in a foreword to this brochure, says of "War Debt", which appeared first in *The Canadian Magazine*, that "Few poems of womanhood quite so moving have ever been written". The other two poems in the brochure are "Langemarck" and "St. Julien, April 22nd, 1915". Inspiring in theme and fine in rendition, these two poems excel the ordinary patriotic outburst. We quote the last stanza of "St. Julien":

Oh! dripping, blood-red maple leaves!
The glory of your passing
Is as the glory of your native hills in
autumn,
Where your parent tree
Hath struck its roots deep into freedom's
soil,
And nourished by the dews of Empire,
Will bud, and bloom, and bring forth yet
more maple leaves,
To stain them red, in that age-long stream
That ever hath dyed the path of liberty.

The cover design, maple trees fronting an open window, through which can be seen the wooden crosses of a soldiers' graveyard in France, is the work of Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey. The proceeds from the sale of this brochure will be given to the "Soldiers' Comfort Fund" of the Imperial Order Doughters of the Empire, at Montreal.

*

THE LOST PRINCESS OF OZ

By FRANK BAUM. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS latest of the famous Oz books for children is the story of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the Princess of Oz, of the great and elaborate efforts that were made to find her, of the wonderful adventures that befell Dorothy, Betz Bobbin and Trot, the three girls who lived with the Princess in the palace, as well as the Patchwork Girl, Captain Bill, and many others. It is one other real contribution to the library of imaginative literature for children.

*

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

By GELETT BURGESS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is the story, amusingly told, of a man who as "Mrs. Hope's Husband" is the life-partner of a celebrity, a woman who has been made famous by writing a popular novel. The husband, a successful attorney-at-law, bitterly but silently resents the attitude of indifference that everybody takes to him when his wife is about, and in order to regain his self-

respect and the respect of his wife, which is waning, writes a successful novel himself, but uses a *nom de plume*. His wife, never suspecting the author to be her husband, opens a correspondence, and the result is that she falls in love with "John Irons", a man she believes she never has seen. But when she does discover that "John Irons" is her husband she sees for the first time the virtues of her husband and falls madly in love with him.

*

BEYOND

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

HIGH BOHEMIA as it is known in London receives in this fine piece of fiction a mild castigation. The novel, apart from its revelation of the love affairs of "Gyp", herself the result of the love affair of a married English woman and a retired English officer, not her husband, draws a comparison of home life and Bohemia, much to the discredit of the latter. The plot, if such it can be called, is simple. As is characteristic of Galsworthy's work, there is no mystery, as mysteries go in novels, but the reader's interest is held by the personality of the actors and the attractiveness of a series of episodes. Gyp, living with her real father, after her mother and the man who supposed he was her father have died, has as an adopted daughter all that an indulgent and rich English gentleman could give her. She is not wilful, and although she has had many advantages, she knows but little of life, with the result that while she and her father are staying at Wiesbaden, she becomes seriously interested in a professional violinist named Gustave Fjorsen. After she returns to London Fjorsen follows her.

The spell which he has cast over her increases, and at length, contrary to her father's wishes, she marries him, although she really does not

know him. The marriage, like many of its kind, is bitterly disappointing. Her husband, like many celebrities, is brutally intolerant, and soon she and he engage in extremely unpleasant scenes. She discovers that she never really loved him, and that Bohemia, for which she had imagined she was destined, was not her natural habitat. Soon she falls actually in love with another man, but discovering him in the company of a pretty cousin, in suspicious circumstances, she accuses him of the worst that might have happened, disbelieves all avowals of innocence and declines all offers of reconciliation. Perhaps her experiences have hardened her. In any case the book reveals some of the absurd fancies that beset the unsophisticated and the pain that follows indulgence.

*

THE TRIAL OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT

Toronto: The Canada Law Book Company.

EVEN in these days a hanging in England for high treason is enough to make one stop and think. Sir Roger Casement was arrested by Irish police on the Kerry coast, near Tralee Bay, on April 16th, 1916, and on October 3rd of the same year he was hanged in Pentonville prison. In his case the law was carried out quickly and certainly, and yet the trial, reported as it is in this book, is of unusual interest and importance, not only to lawyers but to lay readers as well. For twenty-one years Casement was a romantic, even a mysterious figure, in the British consular service, and yet, although he was knighted by one King and de-knighted by another, almost nothing is known by the public about his private life or affairs. This book has to do only with his crime of high treason, his trial, and his appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal. It is based on the notes taken by the Government shorthand writers, and is verbatim, except the pas-

sages of a purely formal character. It has been read and approved by Viscount Reading, the Lord Chief Justice, who presided at the trial, and by his colleagues, Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Horridge, as well as by Mr. Justice Darling, who presided at the Court of Criminal Appeal.

*

MIXED COMPANY

By DOUGLAS D. KENNEDY. London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

HERE is a new kind of tramp story, or, rather, a new set of tramping experiences. Jack London, as a writer, took to the old-fashioned way of tramping—riding on the bumpers or on the roof if nothing better could be procured. But this tramp, being a student of human nature as well as a cripple, sets out, with the assistance of a friend who wheels him about in a chair, to fiddle his way into the hearts and pockets of the people he meets here and there all over England. It makes interesting and entertaining reading and gives one a new view of trampdom and pedlardom. It tends to bear out the claim in the foreword that it is a true narrative.

*

KING COAL

By UPTON SINCLAIR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IF it is still true that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is also a fact that the reading half is being provided with increasing opportunities for finding out. A book like Upton Sinclair's "King Coal" leaves little to the imagination. It gives a picture of the lives of the coal miners, in the closed coal camps, which bears truth upon the face of it; a sordid, dreadful truth, but a truth which, once known, is capable of infinite improvement. That these things are so, but that they need not be so, is the clear message of the book.

A young lad, Hal Warner, son of a

coal magnate, fresh from his college course in sociology, decides to see how theories work in practice, and goes into a coal camp as a tender of mules, and later as a "buddy"—the unskilled helper who assists the miner in loading up his coal. The conditions which he finds in these isolated and capital-governed camps form the material from which Mr. Sinclair has built up a strong story. It couldn't be a pleasant story, but it is intensely human and interesting, and above all it has an air of being quite unexaggerated and true. Its grim tragedy is lighted, as almost all human tragedies are, by gleams of humour, and by a very real hope that already these things are beginning to belong to the past. Light is being brought into the dark places, and even the coal barons will soon be unable to shut it out. Mr. Sinclair makes no secret of the fact that the struggle will be a long and bitter one. It is not only good laws that are needed. Many excellent and life-saving laws are already in existence, but what is wanted is the power and the spirit to see those laws enforced. When that is done, when the law-enforcers are no longer bought-men of the coal companies, many of these abuses will cease to exist. Then, such horrors as that of closing the mouth of a mine upon entombed miners and delaying their rescue for fear of a fire which may burn up some of the company's coal will become forever impossible. It is the conscience of the country which needs awakening, and few better ways can be thought of than the wide reading of a sincere and fair-minded book such as "King Coal".

*

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT

By BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THESE poems of "war and of peace" are all their author, who was killed in action in France last May, was able in his brief literary in-



BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER
Author of "A Canadian Twilight"

terval to leave behind him. He had many marks of the real poet. After his sublimely pathetic poem "A Canadian Twilight" was published in *The Canadian Magazine* shortly after the beginning of the war, it was reprinted in newspapers all over the Dominion. It is a genuine poetic outpouring, and we find something of the same sure touch in other places throughout the volume, for instance, in the second sonnet of the sequence entitled "To Esther":

I thought to-day, how, long and long ago,
Upon the beach at Santa Barbara,
And in the marble moon-washed pergola,
And up the canyon pathways treading
slow,
We talked of England; and in words aglow
With the strange magic of that mighty
name
Planned how, as pilgrims to the shrine
of fame,

To our loved poets' England we would go.
Ah! happy dreams! but you will never
stray

On Wordsworth's hills, listen to Shelley's lark;
And I, who thought no sterner part to play
Than pupil-idler, go with naked sword—
Cry: "Take and use!"—to England
grim and stark,
Holding the pass 'gainst a barbarian
horde.

Among the many books of verse of recent publication here we find the real essence. We commend the book on its sheer merits. Two of the poems alone are worth its price, if a thing so vulgar can be considered where the muses dwell.

*

THE BOY SCOUT

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

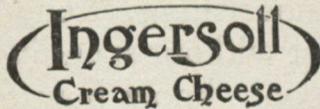
THIS is a book of stories that make a direct appeal to boys. It includes a number of the author's famous tales, especially "The Boy Who Cried", "Blood Will Tell", "Gallegher", the immortal, and "The Bar Sinister", one of the most deservedly famous of all dog stories, including even "Rab", "Bob, Son of Battle", and "The Call of the Wild".

*

—A number of volumes of new verse by Canadians are offering for the Christmas trade, some of which we should like to notice at greater length: "An Ode on the Canadian Soldier Who Fell at Ypres", by Warneford Moffatt, (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Company); "The Shell", bound so as to represent a shell, by A. C. Stewart (Toronto: William Briggs); "Heart of the Hills", by Albert Durrant Watson (Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild, and Stewart); "Songs from a Young Man's Land", by Clive Phillipps-Wolley (Toronto: Thomas Allen).

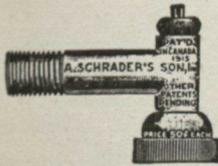
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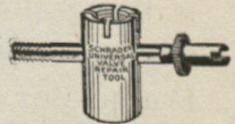
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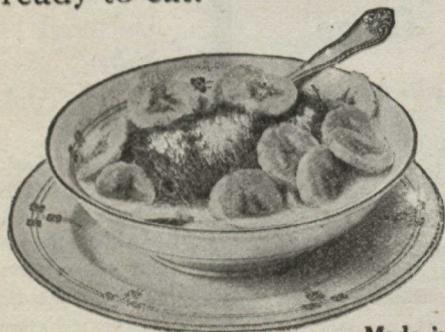
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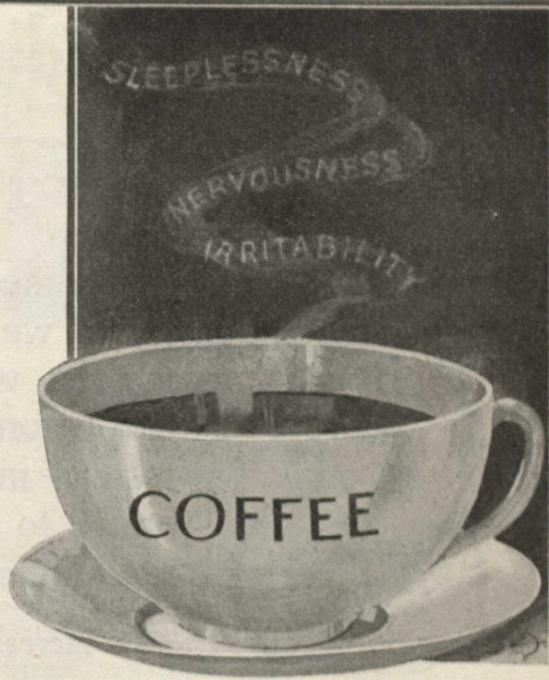
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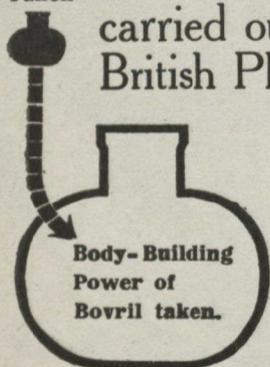
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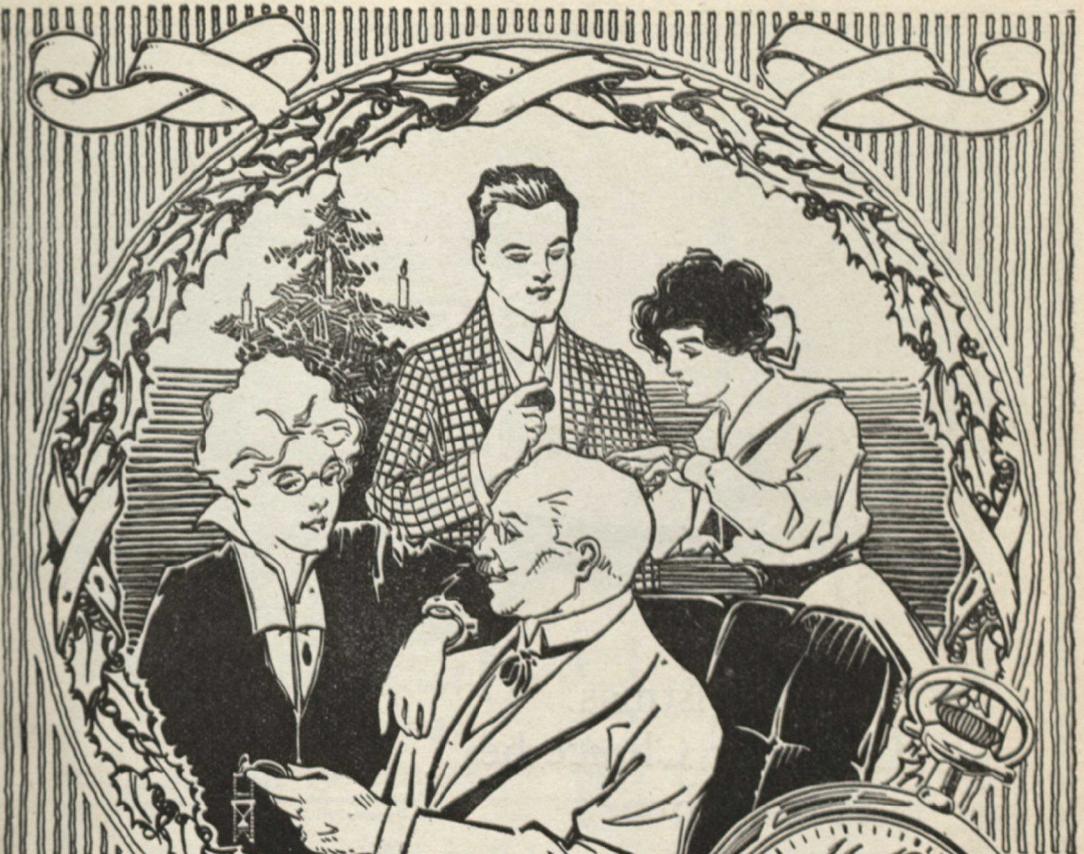
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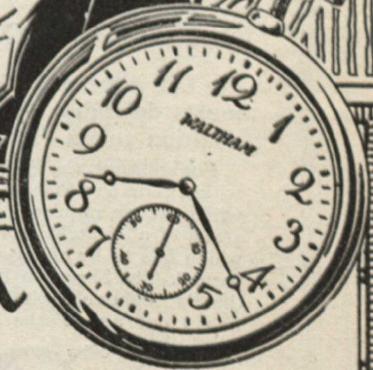
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Territory open for live agents. Progressive merchants writing on their business letterhead will receive a confidential booklet on the possibilities of a Pathe Agency.



EVEREADY DAYLO

*Did you know that
you could use me,
in so many ways?*



To choose wisely, to temper a characteristic generosity with the good sense of selecting useful gifts—that is the true Canadian spirit at this Christmas season.

*The light that says
"There it is!"*



I am the DAYLO—
that Milady carries in her hand-bag, a traveling companion of her vanity case and used almost as frequently.



I am the DAYLO—
that mother needs to guide her safely down those dark cellar stairs or about the dusky attic. And rightly I will stand guard beside her bed to answer with her the baby's call.



I am the DAYLO—
for the guest chamber, as ornamental as an old-time candlestick, but safer and many times more useful. No dainty dimity curtain can take fire from my incandescent glow.



I am the DAYLO—
that brings the motorist's trouble to light, for I bring light to the trouble. There's a handy place for me in one of the side pockets of his car.



I am the DAYLO—
that he needs on his hunting and fishing trips. I bring safe, powerful electric light to make him comfortable in the wilderness camp.

77 styles at prices from 85c. up, at electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, jewelry and stationery stores everywhere. And these stores abound in many other sensible gift suggestions.

**CANADIAN NATIONAL
CARBON CO., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.**

“We never have coffee at our house,
because I can't make good coffee”.

Have you ever started right—with
Chase & Sanborn's “SEAL
BRAND” COFFEE?

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

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

185

The KELSEY

All Over Canada

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

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

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

WRITE FOR KELSEY LITERATURE

CANADA FOUNDRIES AND FORGINGS, Ltd.

JAMES SMART MFG. CO. BRANCH

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

WINNIPEG, MAN

THE PERFECT
CHRISTMAS GIFT



Williams Piano
New Scale

ENDORSED BY GREAT MUSICIANS

THE love of music, Nature's priceless blessing to mankind finds its most triumphant expression in this artistic Player Piano. Such a gift brings joy to both giver and recipient. All the compositions of the great masters are at your finger ends through this matchless instrument.

Handsome portfolio sent on request

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO. LIMITED

OSHAWA

CANADA'S OLDEST MAKERS

ONTARIO

DOMINION WINE VAULTS

151 PEEL ST. MONTREAL P.O. BOX 2920 REG'D

WE PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES on 3 or more bottles to any Station in the Province of Quebec; to any Station in Ontario east of Sudbury; and to any Station in New Brunswick.

To points in Ontario West to Sault Ste. Marie, and to any Station in Nova Scotia there will be an additional charge of Fifty Cents per dozen, and to Cape Breton and P.E.I. One Dollar per dozen.

War Tax Stamps—Prices include War Tax Stamps upon Wines.

Draught Goods—Prices of Draught Goods include cost of Containers.

Terms—No goods shipped C.O.D. Orders must be accompanied by accepted Cheques, Bank Drafts, or Money Orders covering amount of purchase. Prices subject to change without notice.

Assorted Orders—Any assortment of twelve or more bottles will be made at case prices, except for Canadian Whiskies.

*We specially recommend brands marked with a star as being extra good values.

SCOTCH WHISKIES

	12 Bots.	6 Bots.	3 Bots.
MacPherson's Craigmore	\$11.00	\$6.50	\$3.75
*Campbell's Dhuloch	\$13.00	\$7.50	\$4.25
*Campbell's O.B.G.	\$14.00	\$8.00	\$4.50
*Sanderson's Grand Special	\$16.00	\$9.00	\$5.00
*Slater Rodger Thistle	\$17.00	\$9.50	\$5.25
*Crawford's Red Star	\$18.00	\$10.00	\$5.50
*Sanderson's Mountain Dew Buchanan's Black and White Walker's Kilmarnock	\$19.00	\$10.50	\$6.00
Usher's Green Stripe	\$20.00	\$11.00	\$6.25
Old Mull	\$20.00	\$11.00	\$6.25
Bulloch Lade Gold Label	\$22.00	\$12.00	\$6.75

Imperial Quart Flasks:

MacPherson's Craigmore	\$16.00	\$9.00	\$5.00
*Campbell's Dhuloch	\$19.00	\$10.50	\$6.95
*Campbell's O.B.G.	\$20.00	\$11.00	\$6.25
*Sanderson's Grand Special	\$24.00	\$13.00	\$7.25

IRISH WHISKIES

	12 Bots.	6 Bots.	3 Bots.
O'Connors XXX, Green Label	\$11.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
*O'Brien's XXX, Green Label	\$13.00	\$7.50	\$4.50
*Dunville's V.R.	\$18.00	\$10.00	\$5.75

Imperial Quart Flasks:

O'Connor's ***	\$16.00	\$9.00	\$5.25
*O'Brien's ***	\$19.00	\$10.50	\$6.00
*Dunville's V.R.	\$23.00	\$12.50	\$7.00
Burke's ***	\$24.00	\$13.00	\$7.25

BRANDIES

	12 Bots.	6 Bots.	3 Bots.
DeVignac & Co. ***	\$14.00	\$8.00	\$5.00
Lamothe & Co. ***	\$16.00	\$9.00	\$5.50
*Jules Coadon & Co. ***	\$18.00	\$10.00	\$6.00
*Otard Dupuy, Special	\$23.00	\$12.50	\$7.25
*Otard Dupuy, Liqueur	\$26.00	\$14.00	\$8.00
*Otard Dupuy, V.S.O.P.	\$30.00	\$16.00	\$9.00
Hennessy, Martel, *	\$24.00	\$13.00	\$7.50
Hennessy, Martel, ***	\$28.00	\$15.00	\$8.50

GINS, ENGLISH

	12 Bots.	6 Bots.	3 Bots.
*Essex London Dry	\$14.00	\$8.00	\$4.50
Gordon Dry	\$17.00	\$9.50	\$5.50
*Imperial Old Tom	\$12.00	\$7.00	\$4.00
Booth's Old Tom	\$20.00	\$11.00	\$6.25
*Sloe Gin Imperial	\$15.00	\$8.50	\$4.75

GINS, HOLLAND

	In Bots.		
*Kiderlen's Freebooter	\$21.00	\$10.50	\$5.25
Melcher's Gold Cross	\$22.00	\$11.00	\$5.50

RUMS

	12 Bots.	6 Bots.	3 Bots.
*Navy Reserve	\$16.00	\$9.00	\$5.25
*Western Glow	\$14.00	\$8.00	\$4.75
Demerara	\$12.00	\$7.00	\$4.25

CANADIAN WHISKIES

(Cased Goods.)

	12 Bots.	6 Bots.	4 Bots.	3 Bots.
WALKER'S				
Old Rye	\$10.25	\$6.00	\$4.50	\$3.75
Imperial	\$11.50	\$6.75	\$5.00	\$4.25
Canadian Club	\$13.75	\$8.00	\$5.75	\$4.75
GOODERHAM & WORTS				
Ordinary	\$10.75	\$6.25	\$4.75	\$4.00
Special	\$13.00	\$7.75	\$5.50	\$4.50
SEAGRAM'S				
"83"	\$13.00	\$7.75	\$5.50	\$4.50
White Wheat	\$13.00	\$7.75	\$5.50	\$4.50

Bulk Goods—On Draught.

	1 Gal.	2 Gals.	5 Gals.
Rye or Malt, 40 u.p.	\$5.00	\$9.50	\$22.50
Rye or Malt, 25 u.p.	\$5.50	\$10.50	\$25.00
Walker's Imperial	\$6.25	\$11.50	\$27.50
G. & W. Special	\$6.25	\$11.50	\$27.50
Walker's Club	\$7.25	\$13.50	\$32.50
50 o.p. High Wines	\$9.00	\$17.50	\$42.50
65 o.p. Alcohol	\$9.50	\$18.50	\$45.00

10 Gallon Lots, 25c. per Gal, less.

For goods not mentioned, Bulk Goods and Wines, see special list which will be mailed on application.

Special attention given to Mail Orders which are shipped same day as received.

DOMINION WINE VAULTS, Reg'd., P.O. BOX 2920, MONTREAL

The Zest of Life

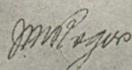
—lies in perfect, buoyant health. The realization of a day's work well done, of the ability to meet whatever the days to come may bring, the feeling of self-confidence that spells success in these days of strain and nervous endeavor—is dependent upon your health.

—a wineglass of WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT taken regularly before or after the meals will dispel that tired feeling, enrich the blood and eventually restore the perfect health which is the birth-right of every normal person.

—if you're a sufferer from Anaemia, Mental Overstrain, Mal-nutrition or Disorders of the Digestive Tract, Physical Weakness or Nervous Troubles, try Wilson's Invalids' Port.

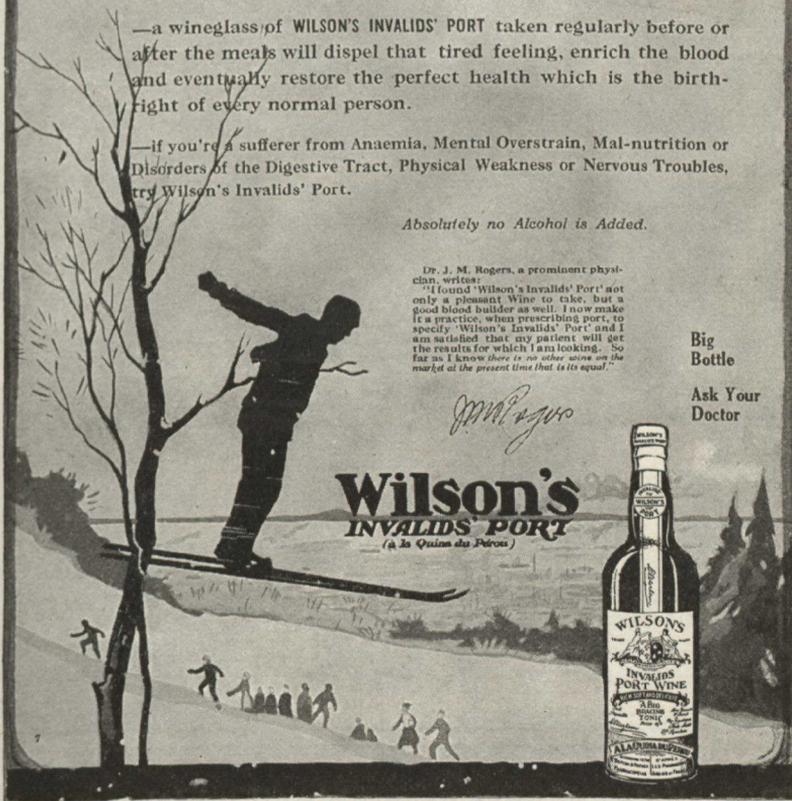
Absolutely no Alcohol is Added.

Dr. J. M. Rogers, a prominent physician, writes:
 "I found 'Wilson's Invalids' Port' not only a pleasant Wine to take, but a good blood builder as well. I now make it a practice, when prescribing port, to specify 'Wilson's Invalids' Port' and I am satisfied that my patient will get the results for which I am looking. So far as I know there is no other wine on the market at the present time that is its equal."



Big
Bottle

Ask Your
Doctor



Wilson's
INVALIDS' PORT
 (A la Quin des Petros)

A most suitable and acceptable gift to an invalid parent or friend.

CASE 12 Bots. \$12.00 6 Bots. \$7.00 4 Bots. \$5.00

EXPRESS PREPAID

Wilson's Invalids' Port Agency

87 St. James Street

MONTREAL

BABY'S OWN SOAP



*Best
for
Baby
Best
for
You*

THE particles of pure vegetable oil which are rubbed into the open pores of the skin with the creamy fragrant lather of Eaby's Own Soap renew the life of the skin—help nature along. It assures a soft, white, healthy skin and its use delights both young and old. Baby's Own is for sale almost everywhere.

E. 1-12

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, MFRS., MONTREAL

**As good as the
Finest Imported
Brands.—None
Better.**

This New Ginger Ale of O'Keefe's is the same type as the famous imported brands. It is quite dry—with a most delightful flavour.

O'Keefe's
SPECIAL PALE DRY
**GINGER
ALE**

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

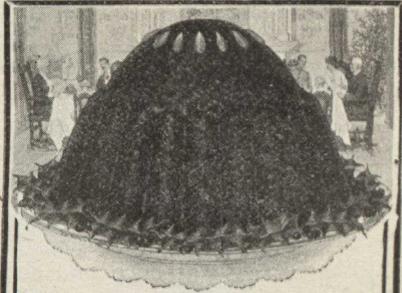
O. K. BRAND



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

Order a case from your dealer. 517

O'Keefe's, Toronto



**My Favorite
Christmas Plum Pudding**

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water 5 minutes. Put one pint milk in double boiler, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares melted chocolate, and when scalding point is reached add 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt and soaked Gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cup seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of dates or figs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced citron or nuts and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants. Turn into mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

My Dear Housewife:

Christmas-tide again and with it the happiest days of the year.

And the longest, too, for it begins before daylight when Christmas candles shine and children shout and shake the laden branches of the Christmas tree.

When the Christmas dinner comes and at its close a good old-fashioned Knox Plum Pudding there is nothing more to be desired. I suppose you know the recipe. Thousand of housewives do, but I am printing it so that thousands of others may enjoy it this year and in the years to come.

In this somewhat personal way I pass along to you my favorite recipe and thank you for your maintained confidence in Knox Sparkling Gelatine throughout all these years. Extending to you the season's greetings, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. Charles D. Knox,
President

FREE RECIPE BOOK

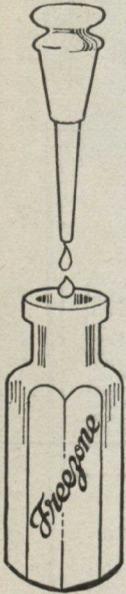
of Desserts, Salads and Xmas Candies sent for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Sparkling Gelatine enclose 4c for enough to make a dessert or salad.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

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



Lift Corns out with Fingers



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

Freezone

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

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

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Walkerville, Ont.

*A safe and palatable laxative
for children*

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Absolutely Non-narcotic

Does not contain opium, morphine, nor any of their derivatives.

By checking wind colic and correcting intestinal troubles common with children during the period of teething, helps to produce natural and healthy sleep.

*Soothes the fretting baby and
thereby give relief to
the tired mother.*



THE NEW BIG FLAT BOX Ganong's Touring Special

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

Ganong's Chocolates.

MURAD

THE
CIGARETTE

15¢



*Everywhere
Why?*

Anargyros

The Fighting Men await your answer



How many Victory Bonds have you bought?

Have you put yourself to any real inconvenience to buy Victory Bonds?

Have you denied yourself some purely personal gratification, so that you could invest the money saved in Victory Bonds?

Have you realized the urgent need for personal self-sacrifice to make the Victory Loan a great success?

Until you have bought Victory Bonds to the very limit of your ability, you have not done your duty.

What Answer Will You Give?

This space donated by

The John Bertram & Sons Co., Limited
Dundas, Ontario.



Hail, Merry Christmas !

A Century of Christmases have come and gone, and
still the years proclaim

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

Florida Water

a delightful, seasonable and most acceptable gift for
BACHELOR, BENEDICK, MATRON OR MAID.

For the Handkerchief, Dressing-table, Bath or Shave
IT IS ALWAYS A DELIGHT.

All the leading Druggists and Perfumers sell it.

*"Health and Beauty" booklet on request.
Sample size mailed on receipt of six cents.*

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 Water Street, NEW YORK



*French
Organdie
Note Paper
Envelopes
Papeteries
and Tablets*

Christmas letters
and acknowledgments should be
written on

**French
Organdie**

— the stationery
which has that
much desired touch
of refinement.

Ask your Stationer for it.

FRENCH ORGANDIE
paper and envelopes are
packed in handsome pa-
peterie form (as well as in
other styles) and would
make an acceptable
Xmas gift. 23-10-17

Barber-Ellis
Limited
Toronto, Canada

Brantford, Vancouver,
Winnipeg, Calgary

Labatt's

INDIA PALE ALE

IS WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT AMERICA

What It Is!

A BRIGHT, SPARKLING INDIA PALE ALE, made from tested natural spring water, selected barley malt, and the choicest growths of hops. It is allowed to mature in the natural way. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. It is not charged artificially with gas (i. e., carbonated) as some ales are. It is not pasteurized, but retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt.

It is wholesome and will not cause distress to any of the organs of the body.

Taken with food it is an aid to digestion, and a cause of comfort after meals.

Taken an hour before meals it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

Taken by nervous people at night it acts as a very effective and harmless hypnotic.

Taken at any time it will be found palatable and pleasant without any disagreeable aftereffects.

It is undoubtedly better for the sick and convalescent than patent medicines or tonics of which no one knows the composition.

JOHN LABATT, LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1832

Brewery, London, Ont.

WINES AND LIQUOR DEPARTMENT

4 St. Helen St., Montreal, Que.

Lists and prices mailed on request



This Man's Methods

The Time
Has Come
to Deal
With Corns
in a
Scientific
Way



Not This Man's

Let An Expert Deal With Corns

Ask who makes it before you use a method for ending corns.

Harsh methods are not sanctioned now. Mussy methods are unnecessary. Soreness never need occur.

Blue-Jay was invented by a chemist of high repute. It is made by a concern of world-wide fame as a maker of surgical dressings.

Its action is gentle and results are sure. It acts on the corn alone, not on the healthy tissue.

Apply it as you wrap a cut finger. That ends all pain, all discomfort. In two days

the corn disappears. Sometimes an old, tough corn needs a second application. But no corn can resist this method. It is sure to go.

Millions of people know this. At the first sign of a corn they apply a Blue-Jay. Corn pains never bother them.

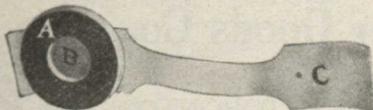
You will always do likewise when you see the results. One trial will convince you. It means so much, and costs so little, that we urge you to make it now.

Deal with one corn tonight.

B & B Blue-jay
Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited *Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.* **TORONTO, CANADA**

How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.



GENUINE DIAMONDS CASH OR CREDIT

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

Nothing gives so much pleasure or has such lasting value as the gift of a Diamond. Our Diamonds are of the finest quality. Save money by dealing with us. We are Diamond Importers and can give you every advantage in price and quality.

WE ALLOW A SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 10 PER CENT. FOR CASH

Our terms are easy and reasonable. Satisfaction assured. We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly.

Write or call for Catalogue now. **DON'T DELAY.**

JACOBS BROS.

15 Toronto Arcade

TORONTO, Ontario.



Two Questions

With so many low-priced so-called anti-skids obtainable, would that great host of motorists pay more for **DUNLOP "TRACTION" TREAD** if they could get its merits elsewhere?

Also, would that other large list of consumers buy **"SPECIAL"** if tires which somewhat resemble it in appearance resembled it in efficiency?

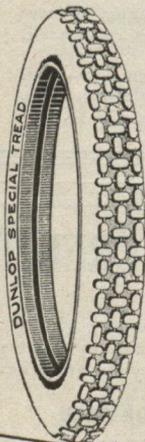
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO
BRANCHES:

Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon,
Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto,
Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

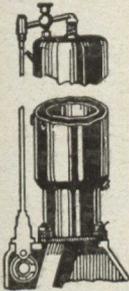
Makers of High-Grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks,
Bicycles, Motorcycles and Carriages; and High-Grade
Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire Hose and General
Hose, Dredge Sleeves, Military Equipment,
Mats, Tiling, Heels and Soles, Cements,
Horse Shoe Pads and General
Rubber Specialties.

A. 85



"SPECIAL" DUNLOP "TRACTION"

PRACTICAL ECONOMY OF **McLAUGHLIN** VALVE-IN-HEAD



Design of Cylinder of

McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR

There are three types of motors used in motor cars:

- 1st. Motors having valves in the head or directly over the piston ends as in the McLaughlin motor.
- 2nd. Motors with valves in a side chamber called an "L" head motor.
- 3rd. Motors with one valve in each of two side chambers called a "T" head motor.

The advantage of the valve-in-head motor is daily more fully recognized. It has no valve pockets. It has less water-jacketed space than any other type of motor. It clears itself quickly and completely of dead gases after each power stroke. It is the most efficient and powerful of gasoline motors.

The number of miles per gallon is an important item always—and especially when the cost is high.

Owners of McLaughlin cars get the greatest gasoline mileage due to the valve-in-head principle of motor construction.

Many owners of our D-4-35 get as high as 25 miles per gallon, and owners of D-6-45 model frequently get 22.

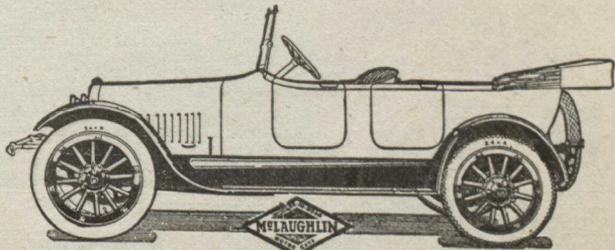
This reduces the motoring cost to Canadians who buy Canada's Standard Car.

Send for Catalogue of New 1918 Series "E"

Branches in Leading Cities

Dealers Everywhere

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR
CAR CO., Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO



MODEL E-SIX-45 SPECIAL VALVE-IN-HEAD TOURING CAR

SEE THE NEW SERIES E AT YOUR NEAREST DEALERS.



New Series BABY GRAND TOURING

When you buy a heavy car, you roll your dollars away.

When you buy a cheaply constructed car, you roll your dollars away. When you buy an under-powered car, you roll your dollars away.

Buy wisely—and save your dollars.

Buy a Chevrolet. Your investment lasts. "Baby Grand" Touring Car has been called the ideal motor-car investment.

You secure the fullest value for your money. You purchase

a car which possesses power, mechanical dependability, good looks, and all essential appointments—a thoroughly trustworthy automobile. And it seats five passengers.

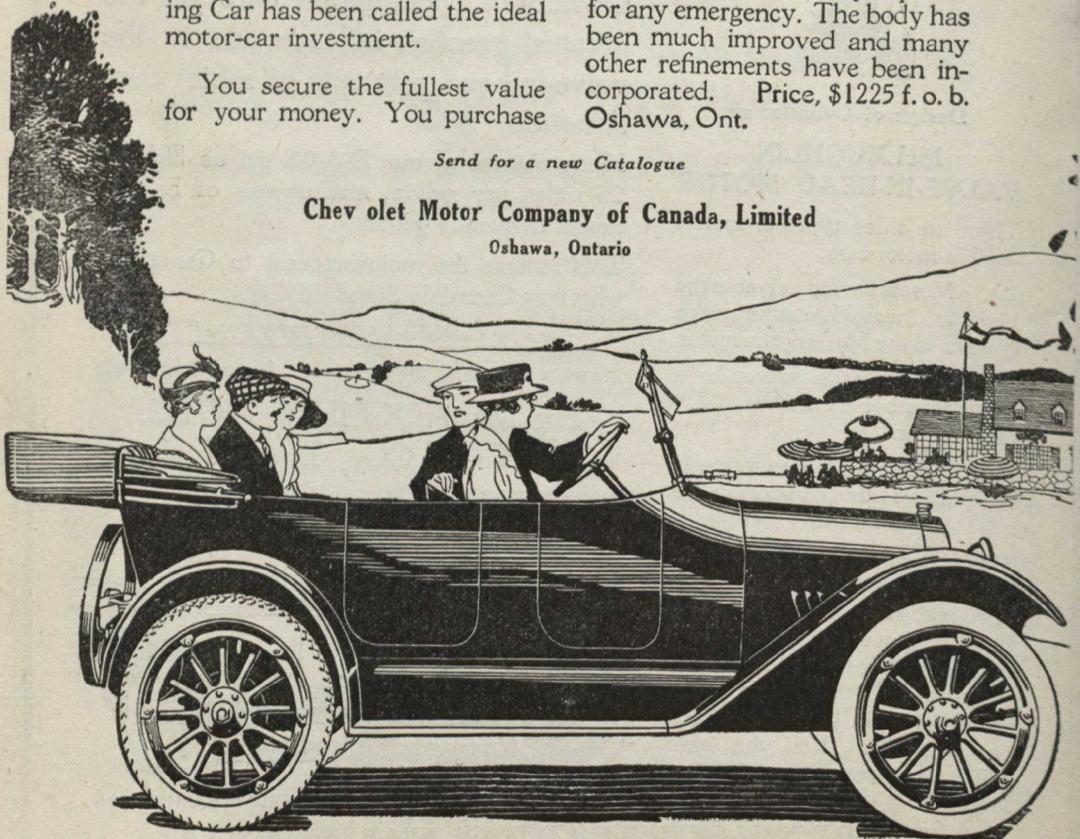
There are thousands of the earlier model in use. They have given uniform satisfaction. The new model, if anything, is more popular than the previous types.

The motor furnishes you power for any emergency. The body has been much improved and many other refinements have been incorporated. Price, \$1225 f. o. b. Oshawa, Ont.

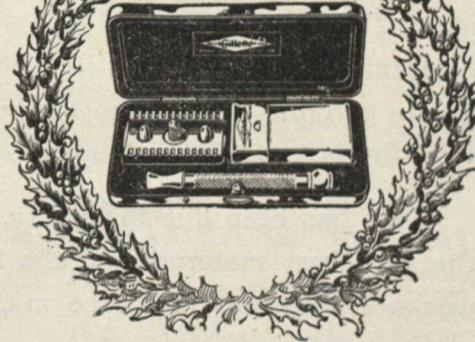
Send for a new Catalogue

Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited

Oshawa, Ontario



A Very Merry Christmas



The business of being a man has its advantages these days as well as its responsibilities—especially if someone thinks enough about him, his needs and his wishes, to choose for his Christmas gift

The Gillette Safety Razor

Most men are practical. The *welcome* gift is the *useful* gift—the Gillette—that fits right into a man's intimate personal life, makes things easier for him, and proves its quality by the way it shaves.

At any good Hardware, Drug or Jewelry Store you can pick out a Gillette Set that will be sure to give him lasting pleasure. If you have any trouble getting what you want, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED,**

Office and Factory: Gillette Building, Montreal.

281

MADE IN CANADA

Gillette

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

THESE TELEPHONES GIVE SATISFACTION and are Made in Canada



Standard Wall Telephone
for Rural Lines

Canadian Independent Telephones have been giving genuine satisfaction for years in every service—in the city, on rural lines and in the factory.

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

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES FOR INSIDE SERVICE

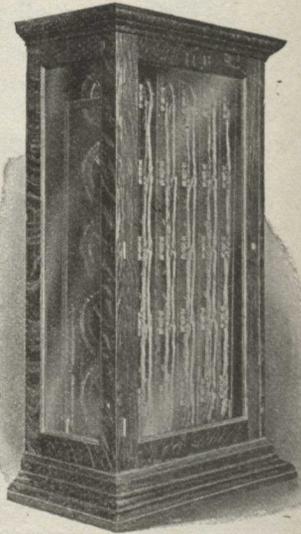
In addition to our magneto telephone equipment we design and manufacture Automatic Telephone Systems for any service, and make a specialty of girlless systems for factories or departmental buildings.



Presto-Phone Desk Set

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

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



Presto-Phone Switchboard which
does the work of a girl

Canadian Telephones for Canadian Service

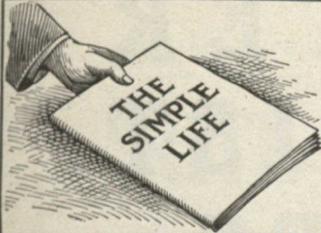
We have, now, a special department which will contract to instal or keep in repair your private system. Let us hear from you.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited
263 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT
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FOR RHEUMATISM THE PARK
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NEW ORLEANS LA.

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HOTEL DE SOTO
 Million Dollar Home Rates Notably Moderate
 Where-to-go is seen and read everywhere

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

This year should be of a useful and interesting nature and lasting. Useless presents are wasteful and not appreciated.

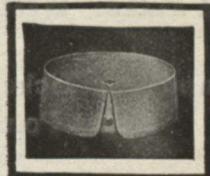
This is not a year for perishable gifts. Flowers are pretty but soon fade and the gift is forgotten.

If you can afford it the ideal gift is a **VICTORY BOND**

it is both patriotic and sensible. The next best gift is a yearly subscription to

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE it reminds the recipient of your thoughtfulness every month of the year.

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Winter Tourist Fares are now in effect to resorts in

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Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the ‘Rite-Hite’ Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the “hangers” or in the “Chest of Drawers” in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)



\$33⁰⁰ to \$90⁰⁰

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VIA

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MOOSE - BEAR - CARIBOU - RED DEER

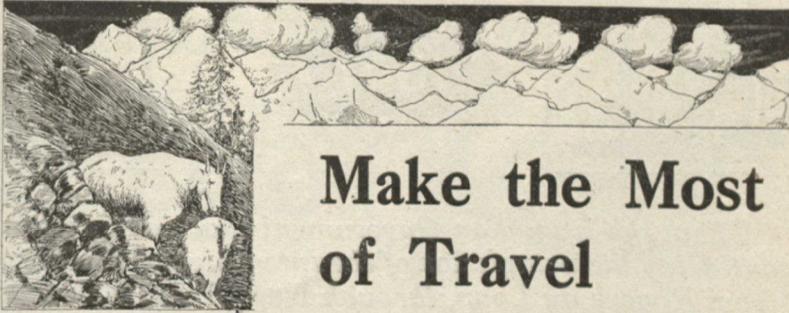
and SMALL GAME ARE

QUITE PLENTIFUL

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Agents or

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Make the Most of Travel

THE passenger to the Pacific Coast is today offered a choice of routes that renders it unnecessary to re-trace his steps and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

Do not fail to visit Jasper and Mount Robson Parks with their wonderful mountains, gorges, glaciers and cataracts.

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For further particulars see our booklet "The Canadian Northern Rockies," or apply to the General Passenger Department, Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

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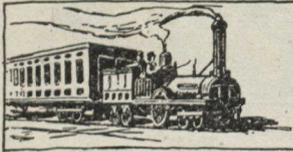
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on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
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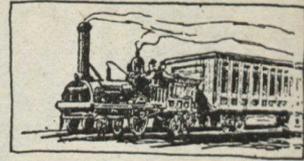


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1867



"That the Canadian Government shall secure without delay the completion of the Intercolonial Railway from Riviere du Loup, through New Brunswick and Truro, Nova Scotia."

Thus read the 68th of the resolutions forming the basis of Confederation.

Passengers Carried	
1877 - -	707,384
1897 - -	1,633,188
1916 - -	5,859,482

**Intercolonial Ry.
Prince Edward I. Ry.**

	Mileage
1872 First through train between St. John and Halifax . . .	274
1880 Levis, St. John, Halifax, Mulgrave . . .	1039
1898 Montreal, St. John, Halifax, The Sydneys	1526

Tons Carried	
1877 - - -	449,685
1897 - - -	1,348,179
1916 - - -	10,352,622



1917



Over 4,000 Miles of Railways

Winnipeg - Cochrane - Quebec

Gross Earnings	
1877 - -	\$1,272,506.00
1897 - -	3,019,471.00
1916 - -	21,374,697.00

**Montreal - St. John
Halifax - The Sydneys
Charlottetown**

Employees	
1877 - - -	4,462
1897 - - -	5,600
1916 - - -	19,791

Through Express Trains

Winnipeg - Quebec

Winnipeg - Toronto

C. A. HAYES,
Gen. Man. (Eastern Lines)
MONCTON, N.B.

F. P. BRADY,
Gen. Man. (Western Lines)
WINNIPEG, MAN.

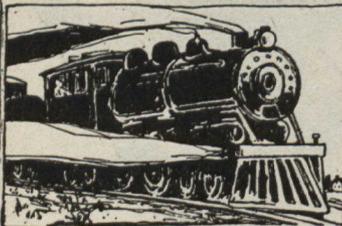
H. H. MELANSON,
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONCTON, N.B.

Through Express Trains

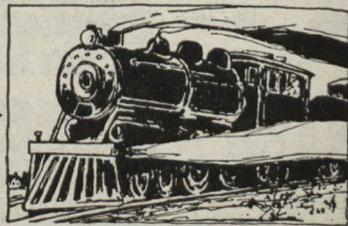
Montreal - Halifax

St. John - Halifax

Halifax - - Sydney



1917



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There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

Fearman's Star Brand Bacon

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by
F. W. Fearman Co., Limited
Hamilton



This Christmas Gift Never Fails to Satisfy

Let the Bissell Vacuum Sweeper Solve at least one of your Christmas Gift problems. No gift that you could purchase would give more genuine, lasting pleasure and satisfaction.

BISSELL'S Vacuum Sweeper

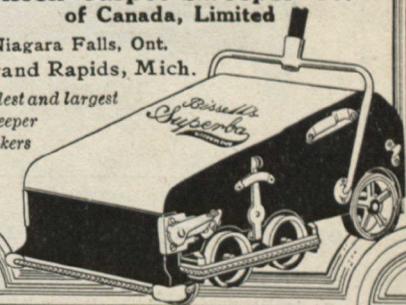
will keep the house immaculately clean in a sanitary, efficient, quick and easy way. Powerful, yet light-running and easy to operate, it has no superior as a cleaning device. One-piece nozzle and a dust-bag that empties from the rear are features you find only in a Bissell's.

Bissell's Vacuum Sweepers sell at moderate prices—\$8.00 to \$12.50, "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers \$3.75 to \$5.50—depending on style and locality. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited

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Sweeper
Makers



1918

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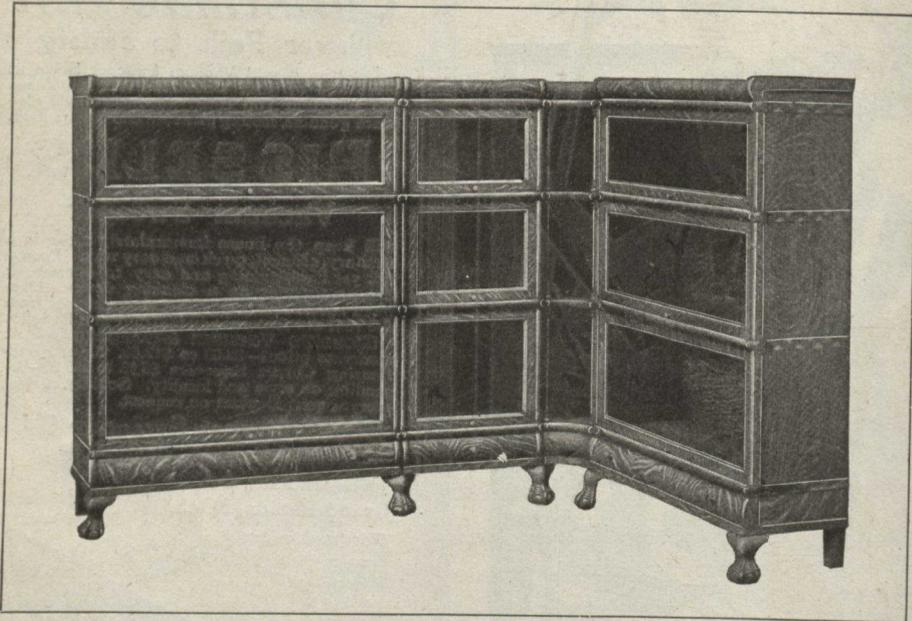
and they receive a copy of this publication every month of the year.

It will be appreciated.



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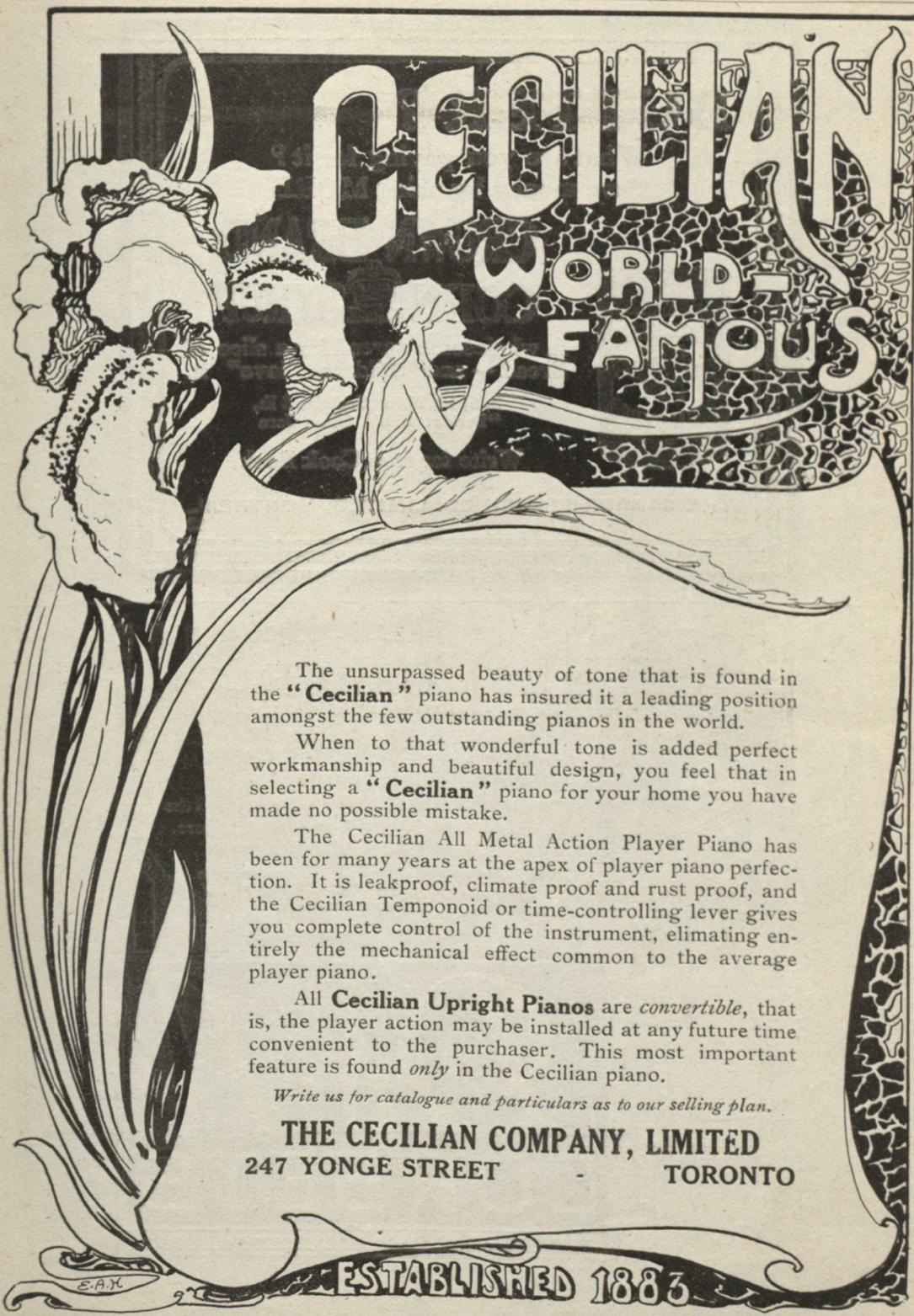


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The Cecilian All Metal Action Player Piano has been for many years at the apex of player piano perfection. It is leakproof, climate proof and rust proof, and the Cecilian Temponoid or time-controlling lever gives you complete control of the instrument, eliminating entirely the mechanical effect common to the average player piano.

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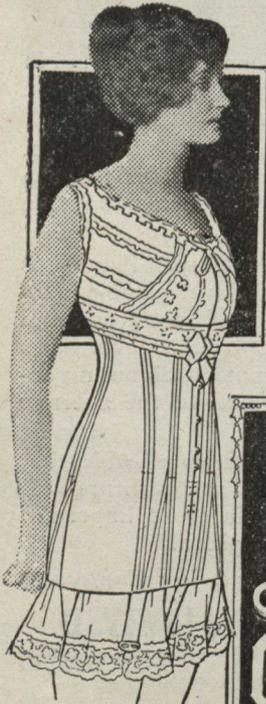
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2, 5, 10, 20 lb. tins also 3 lb.
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Write for free Cook Book.

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32



N^o 624

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

DOMINION CORSET CO.

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

Ask your corsetière.

NON RUSTABLE
D & A
CORSETS

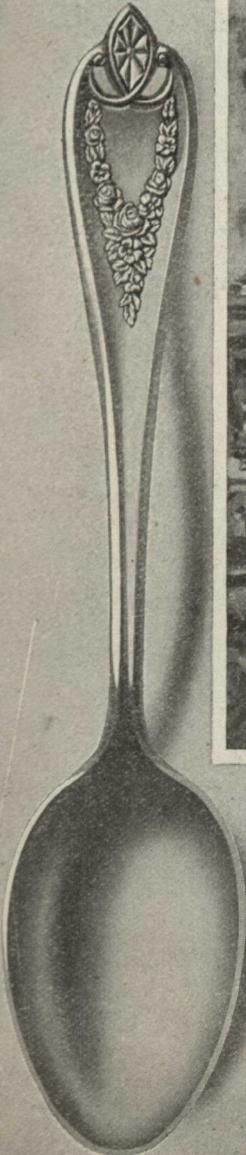
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Old Colony



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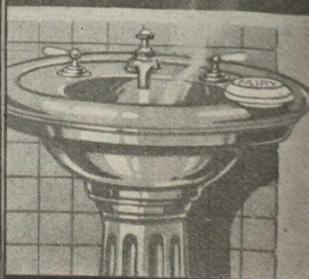
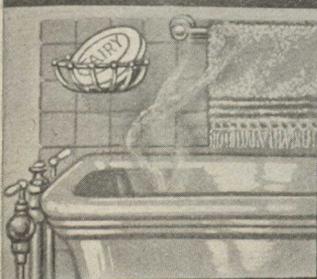
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Indispensible to one in
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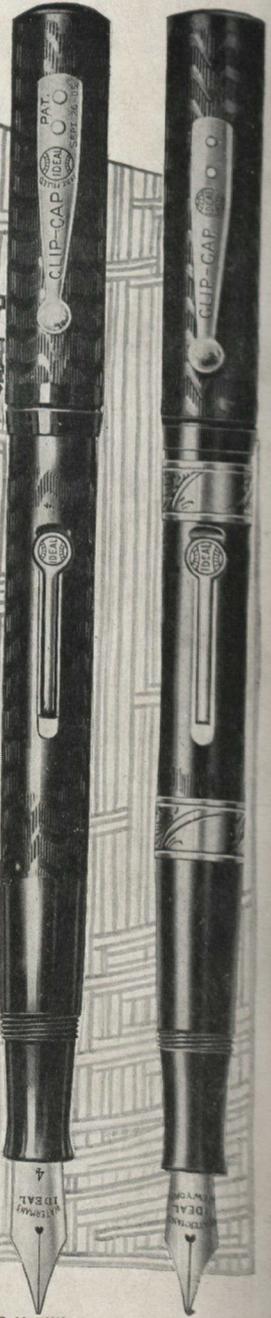
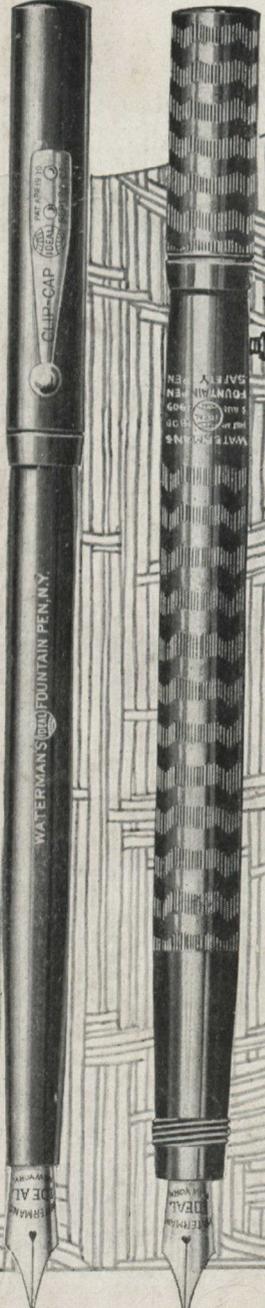
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Sharpens its own Blades
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This is **important** because it keeps the blades from getting dull. The 12 blades you receive with the AutoStrop Outfit will give more than 500 clean, comfortable shaves. **It strops, shaves and is cleaned without taking apart.**

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