

133

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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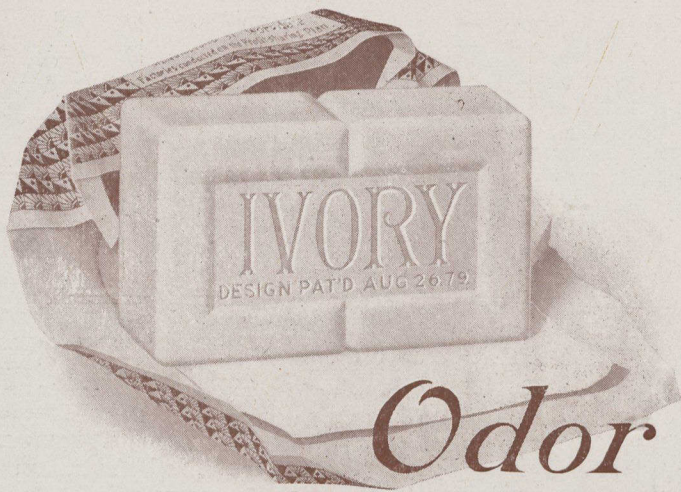


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Vol. XLVI

Contents December 1915

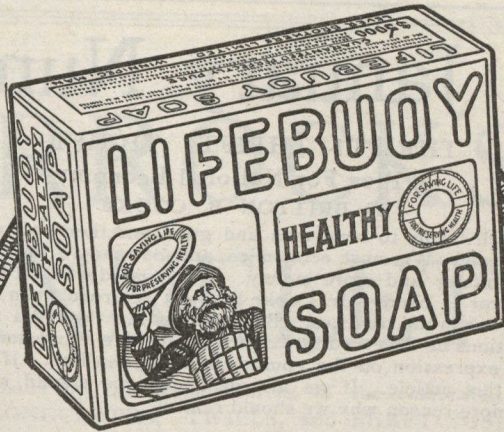
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A Plea For National Economy

By BRITTON B. COOKE

It is not enough for us to send men and guns, and then wait with national cocksureness for the result. We must economize, and be ready if the call should come to send money and money and more money. We must do this if we are to reap the benefit when the war is over. Mr. Cooke has just returned from England. He was at the front. He was in the trenches. But what he saw there did not impress him so much as the conditions he observed in Great Britain. He found something behind the grim, determined expression on the countenance of John Bull. If we are indifferent, we should read this article. If we are in doubt, we should read it. If we are cocksure, all the more reason why we should read it.

## OUR HOMESTEADERS

By AUBREY FULLERTON

We are wondering what effect the war will have on immigration. Have we much idea of the effect *we* have on immigration? Have we any idea at all of the effect immigration has on us? This article is pertinent and illuminating. Read what a keen observer has to say about our citizens who are card-indexed by the Government as standard-size Crown-land farmers. See the excellent illustrations.

## THE PROPHYLACTIC PUBLIC SCHOOL

By MARY E. LOWRY

Do we fully realize that our children are out of our hands from eight-thirty in the morning until four-thirty in the evening? What are they doing? What has been done for them? This article tells in what ways the public schools are enlarging the scope of the three R's. It is not enough now that a child should exercise his brains. He must have sound teeth, normal tonsils, and be able to see well. It is worth knowing what is being done for the children.

Also the seventh of Dr. Bryce's articles on Lord Strathcona, the twelfth in the series of "Famous Canadian Trials," the third and last article by Francis Mills Turner on "Our Great National Waste," a number of historical articles, and a first-class short story by Alan Sullivan.

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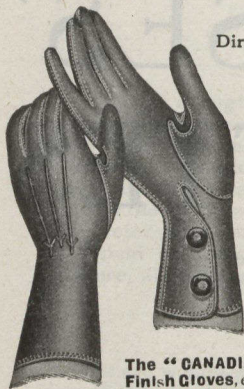
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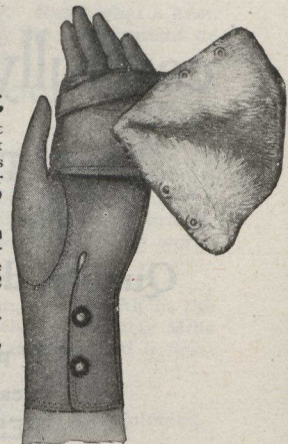
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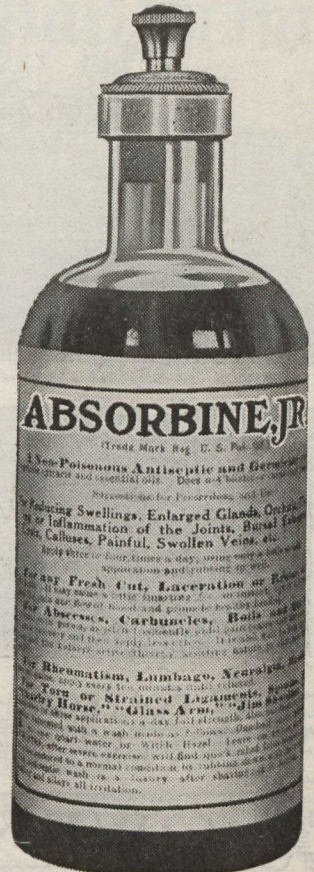
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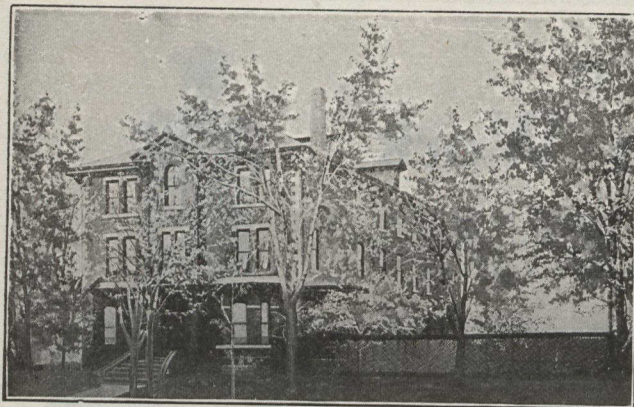
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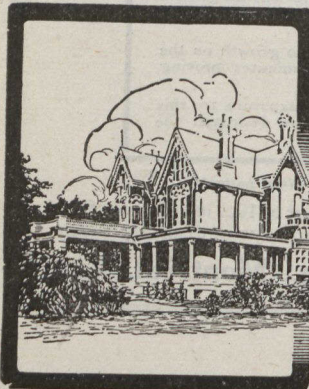
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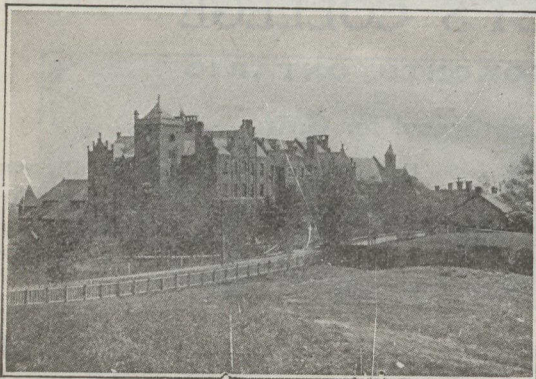
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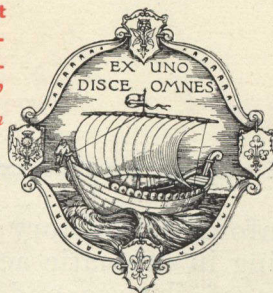


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**THE LIFE OF LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.** Edited by Beckles Willson. With 16 photogravure plates. 700 pages. Cloth gilt. Net, \$5.00.

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**MY OWN PAST.** Maude M. C. Ffoulkes. With 8 photogravures. 276 pages. Cloth gilt. Net \$3.00.

When it is realized that Mrs. Ffoulkes was part-author of Lady Cardigan's Recollections of "Things I Could Tell," by Lord Rossmore, and also collaborated with Marie Larisch in her Memoirs of the Habsburg Family, some notion of the rich promise of the book of her own experiences will be imagined. The book begins with a vivid description of "Sundays at Home" in the "Seventies," and Mrs. Ffoulkes enables us to conceive the terrors and the tyrannies undergone in the name of the mid-Victorian "iron rod of discipline," the dreary walks, and the banalities of the so-called finishing school. In this volume is disclosed for the first time the reasons for Lady Cardigan's decision to issue her Recollections, with some hitherto unpublished details—the sinister story of the Countess Marie Larisch; the history of "The Stenheil Memoirs"—as well as personal recollections of various Royalties and many other facts of a piquant character.

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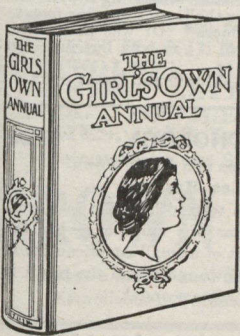


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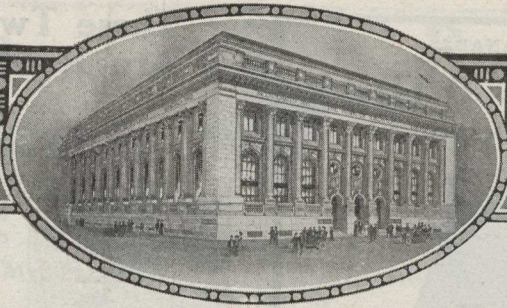
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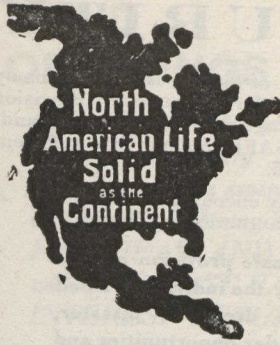
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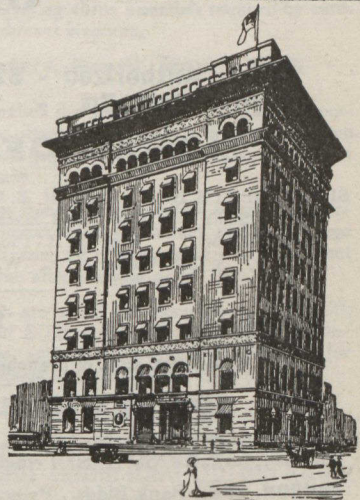
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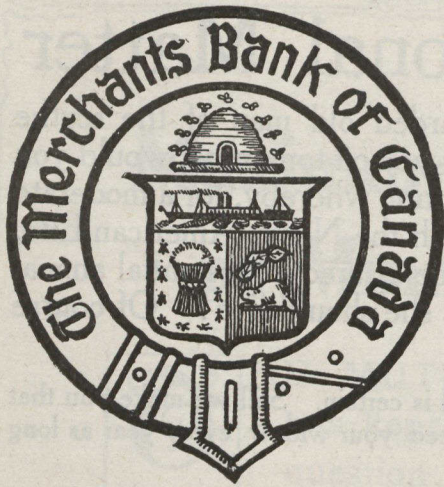
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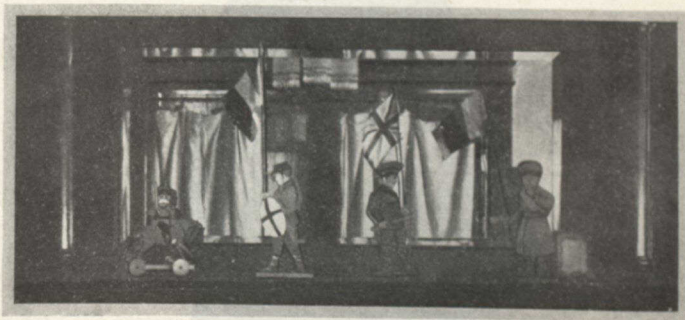
"Still through the cloven skies they come,  
And ever o'er the Babel sounds  
The blessed Angels sing."

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1915

No. 2



## THOSE WAR-TIME JIG-SAW TOYS

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF HANDMADE TOYS

THE fire burns brightly in the grate and throws a ruddy glow across the room; but the mantel-shelf is in shadow, and there I can dimly discern a sentinal row of wooden toys. The children who visit me ask, Whose toys are those? And seem puzzled to learn that I will not part from them, but there they will stand until the great day of Peace; then they will vanish into the store-room chest, where children yet unborn will find them, on some rainy day, beside the shell-covered box which belonged to my grandmother and the great wax doll which was my

mother's. But I hope some stern nurse or maiden aunt will shake a finger at them and say, "Be careful, children, those are very precious, they were made in the time of the Great War."

I hope, too, she will tell them how the artists designed them and cut them out with jig-saws, in the days when people had ceased to buy their pictures, since those who did not go to fight gave money to send others; and that the people who could not capture Germans tried hard to capture their trade. So the artists said: "At least we can design some toys."

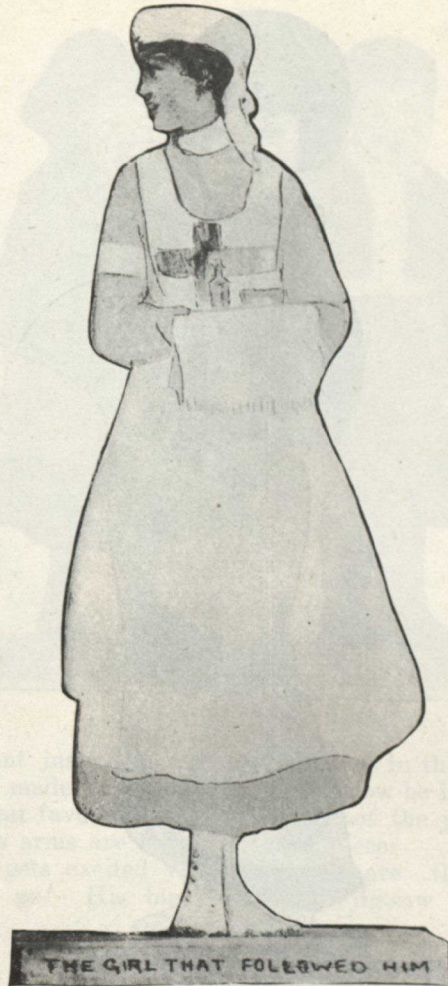


So the caricaturist drew the Kaiser and Joffre and the Jolly Jack Tars, while the designer made the Tommy, the Highlander, and the Russian, and the illustrator did the Lady and Children. Then the unemployed painted them at a nearly-living wage, or no wage at all, according to their need, and peddled them. Some bought them because the money was for charity; some because they had to give Christmas presents anyway; but most persons bought them because they wanted them and wanted them badly—those funny jig-saw toys.

The first to be made was the Kaiser with a ferocious British bull-dog

hanging on to the tail of his coat. He is an effective colour scheme in his uniform of white and black and gold. A faint resemblance to his Satanic Majesty has crept into the features, but the fierce black moustache was changed to gray in the toys more recently produced. It was felt from the first that this Kaiser so nearly falling would be the best seller, which proved to be the case, for, in war-time, hatred is stronger than love.

“Tommy” ought to be the favourite toy, and he is the best beloved of the children, but this drab little person in khaki is a figure so familiar that we hardly turn to look at him as he marches past. Yet see how



cheerfully he salutes while a bomb is exploding just behind him! Perhaps the public does not recognize the shell, for it looks distressingly like a flask, and the color of his circular nose seems to confirm this libel. He stands very firmly on his tiny slab of wood, and though my littlest nephew shoots at him by the hour, Tommy absolutely refuses to topple. Not so the Kaiser, for once he unexpectedly tumbled off the mantel-piece, which resulted in a broken arm. I did not deplore the accident very much for the catastrophe seemed ominous. I even burnt the broken

arm in the grate, and gloated over the blaze like a witch in a fairy-tale.

The second best seller is the "Hoots Mon" or Highlander—a person filled with over-weening conceit, but the pride of his country in the regiment he represents has become so great that we love his arrogance. There is something about this little figure that makes every one want to laugh, but the smile may be followed by a tear if they recall the brave company of Highlanders as they marched in the first great military funeral in Canada of a gallant officer killed at "the front." There was a tear too in the



eye of the artist who painted the first of the "Jolly Jack Tars", for the paper that morning had recorded a naval disaster that made the dancing sailors look decidedly flippant, but by the time the toys were on the market the tables were turned and the little torpedo destroyers sold like hot cakes.

The "Girl he left behind him" is an ordinary young lady who seems to have stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine, but the secret of her popularity is revealed when you turn the other side and view her again as "The Girl who followed him" in

the costume of a Red-Cross Nurse. The toy that I love best, however, is the caricature of rotund General Joffre in his blue and red uniform and his large white moustache, riding on a diminutive pony. The Germans have caricatured him riding a tortoise, but even on this his jolly pink face would inspire one with confidence that "slow and steady wins the race".

The Russian riding on a bear looks fleet enough and fierce enough as he waves his sword on high though his great black beard is rather suggestive of "old clo'". I think the de-





signer has done scant justice to our Ally, but toys are made to amuse, and this one is a great favourite with the children, for his arms are moveable, and when he gets excited you ought to see them go! His black

eye glistens in the flickering firelight, but just now he is still and brings up the rear of the procession along my mantel-piece.

These are the toys—the only original jig-saw toys, designed by





three Toronto artists, painted by various commercial artists and sold at a small profit in the interests of the Patriotic League, but that was only the beginning, for others followed and now to accommodate the whole collection you must have a triple-tiered mantel-shelf.

A very jolly toy is the "Entente

Cordiale",—a merry French peasant woman giving one of our Tommies a glass of wine. Another one shows two little Alsatian children hand in hand, and the set of children of the Allies are quite decorative. They are made of thicker boards than the other toys, and have holes bored in their hands so that they carry dainty silk



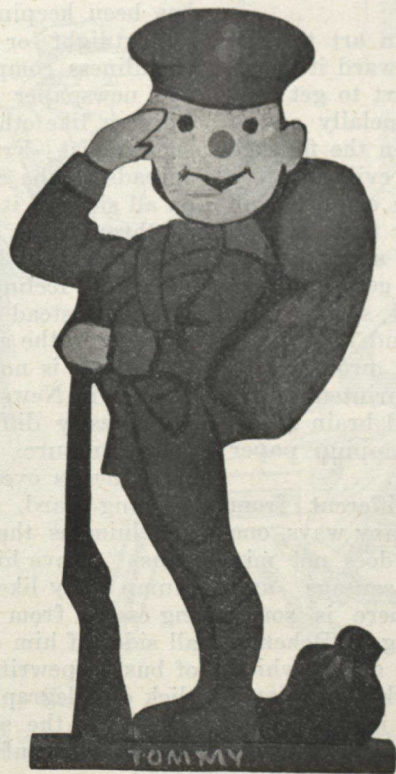
flags of the nations they represent.

Some of the toys have been improved since their first conception, the Jolly Jack Tars are now mounted on a large slab of wood so that they may sail on a miniature sea, and Joffre and the Russian now move on tiny wheels. In the course of time they will all be supplanted by something better and something, we hope, less warlike, for the history of the world may be read in the children's toys. Every great war leaves soldiers in the nursery cupboard, dressed correctly to cap and button. As each age goes by its weapons pass into the hands of boys as toys and there are in our museums miniature cross-bows, spears and toy armour; the children of the French Revolution had their guillotines, while ours will play with submarines and shells.

The oldest doll in existence, an Egypto-Roman rag doll stuffed with papyrus, dates from the third cen-

tury before Christ; the first complete lead army was that of Frederick the Great, and from that time lead soldiers have been manufactured with the uniforms of every nation. There is something infinitely pathetic about the splendid toy regiment of soldiers in the Chateau de Chambord which were made for L'Aiglon, the only son of the great Emperor Napoleon. A more costly army of silver was given by King Louis XIV. of France to his son, and it is sad to know that these toy soldiers were afterwards melted down to pay real soldiers who were fighting in the King's wars.

My little company can never be melted, and I hope they may be immune from other disasters, and when the people who loved them and their children's children have passed away, there may still be found in an attic room, a dusty box filled with toys. These remain.



# ART AND THE NEWSPAPER

BY HARRY B. MOYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN Longfellow said that art is long, he referred, of course, chiefly to newspaper art. Be-whiskered and be-spectacled but not necessarily benign persons sporting flowing ties and peg-top trousers may contradict this assertion, but don't you believe them. What newspaper art may lack in inspiration it more than makes up by way of perspiration.

It is something of an art to even break into it, and afterward it usually is still more of an art to get anything worth while financially out of it. Editors regard even the finished product as a necessary evil, and it is seldom indeed that the embryo Dan Smith or "Bud" Fisher finds a word of welcome on the door mat. "Learn to swim before you get into the water" is the editorial slogan, and unless the novice can find the answer to that fairly difficult problem his chances of seeing the printed reproductions of his pen and brain adorn a piece of ham as wrapping paper are rather remote.

Newspaper art is different from other forms of art in many ways, one of them being that it does not mix well with Bologna sausage and Wurtzburger beer. There is something, though, savouring of Bohemia in the environments amid which newspaper artists work, for "art" rooms are usually the joint despair of the management and the janitor.

Perhaps it is a yearning for illimitable space in which to give vent to the artistic feelings which sway him, and which the cramped columns of the newspaper deny him, that causes the artist to freely bespatter walls and ceiling with choice daubs of paint and ink. Perhaps—but why elaborate? Suffice it to say that the kitchen in the home of the man who has been keeping bachelor's hall for a fortnight or two is a haven of cleanliness compared with the average newspaper art room. And untidiness, like other similar diseases, is contagious. From the artists it soon spreads to the caretakers. Windows on all sides of it may shine, but viewed through the art room window the down-town sky-line at once loses its clean-cut feeling of sharpness, assuming instead the soft, hazy effect pleasing to the artistic eye.

If there is noise in Bohemia there is noise in Newspaperdom, too, albeit of a vastly different and more emphatic nature. Below him, as the artist bends over his much-be-tacked drawing-board, mighty presses roar and hum as they print various editions. Above him linotype machines thump away like restless spirits seeking escape from metal casings. From all sides of him comes the clack-clack of busy typewriters, and the clickety-click of telegraph instruments, punctuated by the sound of flying footsteps and a confusing babel of voices.

Friends and office loungers (every newspaper office has its quota of this species of humanity) come in, peep over his shoulder and remark that it is a fine day or drop some other equally informing remark on his defenceless head. On the window-sill within easy sight the artist's watch ticks out its never-ending warning of F-A-S-T-E-R! F-A-S-T-E-R! And through it all he must momentarily face and conquer new problems, be reasonably accurate and pay some attention to technique! Before it appears in print the product of the newspaper artist's hand and brain must run the gauntlet of editors, engravers, stereotypers and printers. And if perchance it survives the editorial scissors, the engravers' acids

and routing machine, the possibility of the stereotyper's mottled cold stereotypes, and the upside-down methods of the heavy-handed printer, it is slaughtered in cold blood by the first art student who sets eyes upon it in print. Very fine lines and closely knit lines are not conducive to good reproduction, but Mr. Art Student, never having had a wrestle with Reproduction nor a race with Daddy Time, knows nothing of this. There is naught that is even remotely suggestive of Abbey in the drawing, therefore it must perish immediately—and it does.

Regardless of what may happen to it at the hands of its enemies, the newspaper artist is usually as glad as he is sad when he sees his work in



"Friends and office loungers (every newspaper has its quota of this species of humanity) come in, peep over his shoulder and remark that it is a fine day or drop some other equally informing remark on his defenceless head."

print, for be it explained that the conservation of space necessary in modern newspaper make-up not infrequently sends many a cut to the "hell-box" before it ever feels a drop of printer's ink. Mayhap the public would be duly grateful for being spared, if it knew, but it does not know, and in most cases the directors and shareholders of the paper do not know, and it is the latter phase of the situation which causes the artist sometimes to wonder how much longer he will be paid coin of the realm for making drawings for the scrap heap.

Artists at large may specialize. The lover of outdoor life may paint landscapes to his heart's content, and the portrait artist may portray so long as he can find someone willing to pay for the privilege of having his face transferred to canvas. But the newspaper artist must with few exceptions be a jack-of-all-arts. He must be designer, cartoonist, illustrator, map-maker, x-marks-the-spotter, and photo-retoucher or "spot-knocker" all in one. With the possible exception of the matter of brains, editors as a rule regard artists as being supernatural creatures who should be able off-handedly and without references of any kind to draw anything and everything that the almost fiendish ingenuity of the editorial mind can conceive. Can't and impossible are two words that will never find a place in the newspaper artist's vocabulary so long as editors have any opinion.

Even the most callous critic must admit that if there is nothing other than variety in newspaper art there is plenty of that. One minute the newspaper artist is drawing a cartoon showing Young Canada being forced to walk the plank of useless expenditures by a piratical band of government contractors for war supplies, and the next minute he is out making a hurry-call sketch of a fire scene while a stream of water from an overhanging roof trickles down his neck.



"If, in his unholy haste, the artist has unwittingly pictured three hairs on a pate which formerly sported but two, let there be no wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Photo-retouching is perhaps the most despised phase of his art, and yet it is an art of itself—after a fashion. Given his choice of a good photo and a bad one the average reporter will (so all newspaper artists swear) always select the bad one. So it is that almost always before it can be reproduced in the paper the photo must go through an extensive operation. Putting a daub of Chinese white here and a daub of process black or opaque there looks like a simple process. Equally simple in appearance is the process of replacing an eye which has been obliterated perhaps by a scalding tear from the eye of a fond relative. But let it be remembered that when the photograph appears in half-tone form it must resemble at least in some remote way a human being, and if there still remains a family resemblance to the particular human being whose likeness has been so repaired all the better. Therein comes the art. If, in his unholy haste, the artist has unwittingly pictured three hairs on a pate which formerly sported but two, let there be no wailing and gnashing of teeth. Those who dance must pay the fiddler, and he who trusts his photo to the tender, but hurried mercies of a newspaper artist must be prepared for the worst. Besides there is no danger of the owner of the face mistaking the printed copy of it for someone else's face, for



"Our own photographer at the front was being pursued by a shrapnel shell"

thoughtful editors always place the owner's name in nice black type beneath the picture, so that he who runs may read.

Teddy, the irrepressible, has discovered a new creek in the wilds of South America. Nobody—except perhaps Teddy—knows where it is. But no matter. The news flashes over the wires. Acute editorial minds at once grasp its importance, and two minutes later the artist is poring over a dusty atlas preparatory to drawing a map showing its exact location.

Almost before the ink on the map has dried, an editor rushes in with a bundle of syndicate war photographs which, placed side by side, would cover an entire newspaper page. Some of these photos are so hazy and out of focus they give the impression that "our own photographer at the front" was being pursued by a shrapnel shell when he was snapping them. Nevertheless, while perhaps ready to admit that "war is hell," Mr. Editor wants the eight-col-

umns of photos condensed into a three-column lay-out, with suitable decorations and inscriptions. Furthermore each "sick" picture must be made to look sharp, crisp and contrasty. So, with a startled gaze at the ever-ticking watch on the window-sill our artist plunges into his latest task.

Meanwhile, in some out-of-the-way section of the city saucy little Susie watching sister sewing shirts for soldiers looks out of the kitchen window and spies Willie Jones sitting on her back yard fence. So, it being war time and the enemy in full sight, she grasps brother Jimmy's air-rifle and proceeds to use the audacious William for a target. Result: Willie goes to the hospital, and the newspaper artist goes to work drawing a diagram—from telephonic description—illustrating just where Susie stood when she fired the shot, where Willie was sitting when he stopped the shot; and showing, by means of the useful x, which portion of Willie's anatomy was punctured.

A note comes from headquarters. Our perspiring friend pauses on the last stroke of Willie's X to read it:

"Laura Lean Jibbey in woman's court to-day. Bounced rolling-pin off affectionate employer's head. No men



"Saucy little Susie watching sister sewing shirts for soldiers looks out of the kitchen window and spies Willie Jones sitting on her back yard fence."



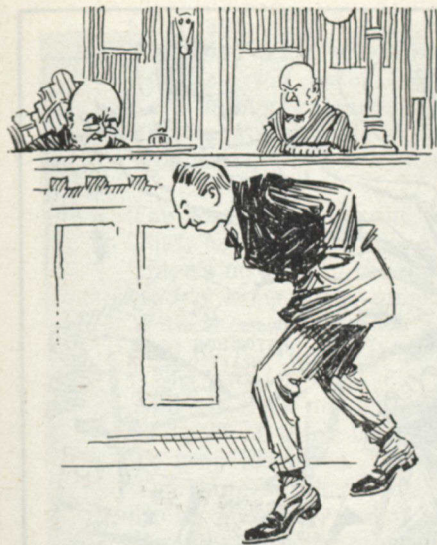
"From the lady reporter the artist learns that Laura wore a hat, had several wisps of hair over her eyes, and was a small girl, but not very small."

admitted. See lady reporter and from her description draw realistic sketch of Laura as she appeared in court. May get photo—get sketch ready for pinch."

From the lady reporter the artist learns that Laura wore a hat, had several wisps of hair over her eyes, and was a small girl, but not very small. Could mortal artist yearn for more by way of description from which to make a realistic court sketch? Echo answers "No!" Anyway perhaps the photo will turn up at the eleventh hour—it always has in previous similar cases, and always after the sketch has been completed. It is not only with live news items that the artist concerns his mind. The acquirement of a sudden bump of curiosity in the editorial mind may cause just as much or more artistic worry as the livest item that ever

wings its way over the wires. For instance, who would not like to know exactly just which portions of the three hundred-mile battle line in Europe are held by the French, the British, the Canadians, the Hindoos and the Belgians? Mr. Editor would. Mayhap a vast public, too, hungers for just that very information. Accordingly, from hints which have from time to time found their way past the eagle-eyed censors and into the dispatches, and from the combined strategical deductions of artist and war editor, the map is prepared. There is danger, of course, that the Germans, who would perhaps pay a pretty penny for just such information, may secure a copy of the paper at a later date, but possibly by that time the troops will have so shifted their respective positions that, while Emperor Bill's pet sharpshooters





"The artist could hardly tip-toe across the court-room."

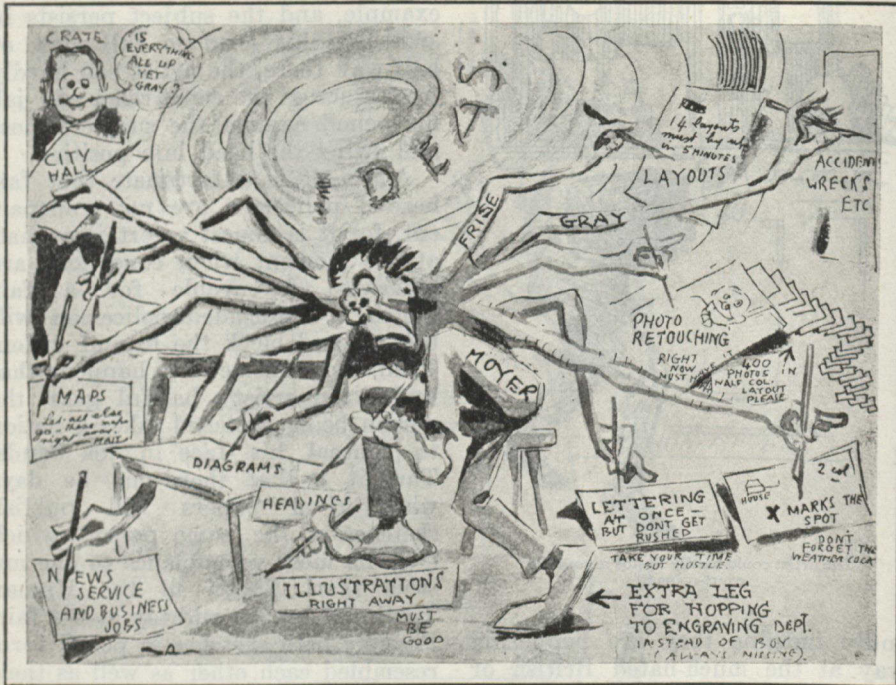
fondly imagine they are peppering away at the much-hated British or French, they are in reality wasting good ammunition on the poor little Belgians. Thus the map may serve a triple purpose, in that it gratifies the curiosity of editor and public, besides being a means of misleading and disconcerting the Germans.

Perhaps not the least important phase of the newspaper artist's work is that of court sketching. It is difficult work, and it is thankless work. If, after overcoming the various disadvantages under which he labours, the artist succeeds in securing a fairly good likeness of the subject of the sketch he has done no more than was expected of him. On the other hand when he falls down very badly a letter of protest from the outraged owner of the original face is not an improbability, and a visit to the editorial carpet follows. To draw from a posed model in a well-lighted art school or studio is one thing, and to tackle the restless figure or features of a principal in a murder case in a badly lighted and crowded court-room is another thing. When an artist attempts to draw a profile, for

example, and the subject persists in switching his head to full view or half-way there, the artist can hardly tip-toe across the court-room and jab his pencil against the subject's nose and swing the head into position.

Again, it is unfortunate that fat-headed policemen are not transparent, for it is almost a certainty that, at the moment when conditions are otherwise favourable for a fair sketch, a big-headed policeman will bob up and block the line of vision. Then, too, it sometimes happens that under the artist's baleful gaze the person being sketched takes a notion to conceal his face in his hands. Thus it is that there may be days when rival papers will publish sketches of the same person which have no more resemblance to one another than Apollo to the Human Toothpick on the midway at the fair. Possibly both sketches in pencil form resembled each other as well as their joint subject; all semblance of resemblances having perhaps been drowned in the inking process.

So much for newspaper art and artists. In the matter of remuneration there are no Rockefellers or Carnegies among them, but as a rule they manage to exist on a somewhat higher plane than that of bread crusts and stale beer. Their art is long, and they know it, but they realize, too, that anything long is apt to be thin—in spots. In extenuation of the various sins of omission and commission they may perpetrate in the exercise of their art, they plead that their creations are necessarily hurriedly born and almost as hurriedly buried. It is but a question of the law of averages again asserting itself. Just as the twelve-year creation of the painter may live twelve hundred years, so the twelve-minute creation of the newspaper artist may live twelve hours. Today it momentarily interests thousands; to-morrow it is hidden away face downward on some good housewife's pantry shelf.



A rapid-fire impression of newspaper illustrating (not drawn for reproduction) by the late Edwin P. Gray. Mr. Gray came to Canada from England about eight years ago and began his career as illustrator on *The War Cry*. Later he joined the art staff of *The Toronto Daily Star* and was rapidly making a name for himself as a sketch artist and caricaturist, when he lost his life in the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*, upon which he, with other Canadian Salvationists, was going to England. At the time of his death, Mr. Gray was about 24 years of age. It will be noticed that by a remarkable coincidence the arm labelled "Gray" in the drawing is pointing towards "wrecks, accidents, etc."

## IN A RESTAURANT

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

HE held a tea-cup in his hand,  
 A white stone tea-cup, while he planned  
 How he could spend the night, what girl  
 He'd choose for partner from the whirl  
 And push on Yonge Street—if they'd go  
 First for a laugh into some picture show.

He knew that twenty girls would be  
 Eager for some gay change as he  
 After the weary counter hours  
 Of selling meat and paper flowers,  
 Of cutting off a five-cent slice  
 Or tying up a bunch of paper lies.

He was a butcher. He could shave  
 Meat to a sliver and behave  
 As any gentle servant should  
 Behind his marble slabs; he could  
 To any lady in the town  
 Murmur the price and note her smile or frown.

Often and often had he weighed  
 The meat again before some paid;  
 For some will watch the needle play,  
 And, having watched, refuse to pay;  
 And he would smile at his mistake,  
 Wondering when next a two-cent chance he'd take.

The boss had made the point most clear,  
 That, buying as things are this year,  
 There's no gain in the market price;  
 And if some little, quick device  
 With those new scales, a mere thumb's weight,  
 Will do it, why, he'll keep his business straight.

And his clerk nodded and then knew  
 The sort of thing he had to do  
 To keep his place. It wasn't just  
 The thing he liked, but then one must  
 Do as one's bid; and if the spring  
 Brought on some other job he'd chuck the thing.

At the round table where he sat  
 There was a girl, but her brown rat  
 Stuck out; she wouldn't do.  
 Her eyes were yellow, and she knew  
 Too much. She tried to pick him up,  
 But he was busy gazing in his cup.

Two girls two tables down looked good,  
 Fresh in the cheek, and as they stood  
 Were quick and straight. They 'minded him  
 Of trees back home; but some tall slim  
 Young fellow spoke to them and paid  
 Their crimson cheeks, and so they never stayed.

He turned and read the paper then,  
 Ordered more tea and saw where men  
 Still killed each other, the huge words  
 Black all across the page—two-thirds  
 Of the white world at war! He smiled  
 And nodded to the restaturant keeper's child.

She came and stood beside his chair.  
 He said with a half lazy air:  
 "Here's fifteen cents, you keep the twigs  
 And bring me a dime box of cigs:  
 Your're looking fine." And then he scanned  
 Again the sheet he held in his red hand.

A certain item he stopped at,  
 Carelessly reaching for his hat:  
 "A Girl Left Home. Has Disappeared;  
 Annie McFarlane." The words cleared  
 And blurred, and cleared and blurred the page.  
 He sat again, and stayed there for an age,

Or so it seemed. The restaurant swam  
 About him gray; men ordered ham,  
 With or without. He sat and stared  
 Dead at the table. He had cared  
 For Annie once; and old dim lanes  
 Sudden were all about the restaurant's window-panes.

Around him all the city clanged,  
 Barked like a furious white thing fanged,  
 A thing, a beast; he knew it not;  
 He saw a spaded garden plot,  
 A sunny morning, two blue streams  
 In a blue village street with quick gold gleams.

A man beside him ordered soup;  
 He did not hear, but saw with hoop  
 And shout the boys that played that day  
 When he picked up to go away;  
 He saw the old willow that he passed  
 And took a look at, wondering if 'twas the last.

The paper slipped, but still he stared;  
 And somehow not a man there dared  
 Disturb him. Students passing out  
 Laughed, and one said: "He's drunk, no doubt."  
 But he was seeing with his eyes  
 The one sight that he'd had of Paradise.

The moment—but one cannot write  
 About it; words are all too slight  
 To bear the beauty; but her eyes  
 Looked into his with no surprise  
 When, standing on that April sod,  
 He plucked a promise from the field of God,

And gave it as a flower to her,  
 While every bud that made a stir  
 In the brown trees, and every bird  
 That sang to morning quite concurred.  
 She laughed a little, and the old  
 Gray street was for those two all made of blue and gold.

. . . A butcher in the city's crowd,  
 Somehow God ev'n to him allowed  
 A little while of joy on earth,  
 One hour to justify his birth.  
 He had forgotten weighing meat  
 And learning how to make a balance sheet.

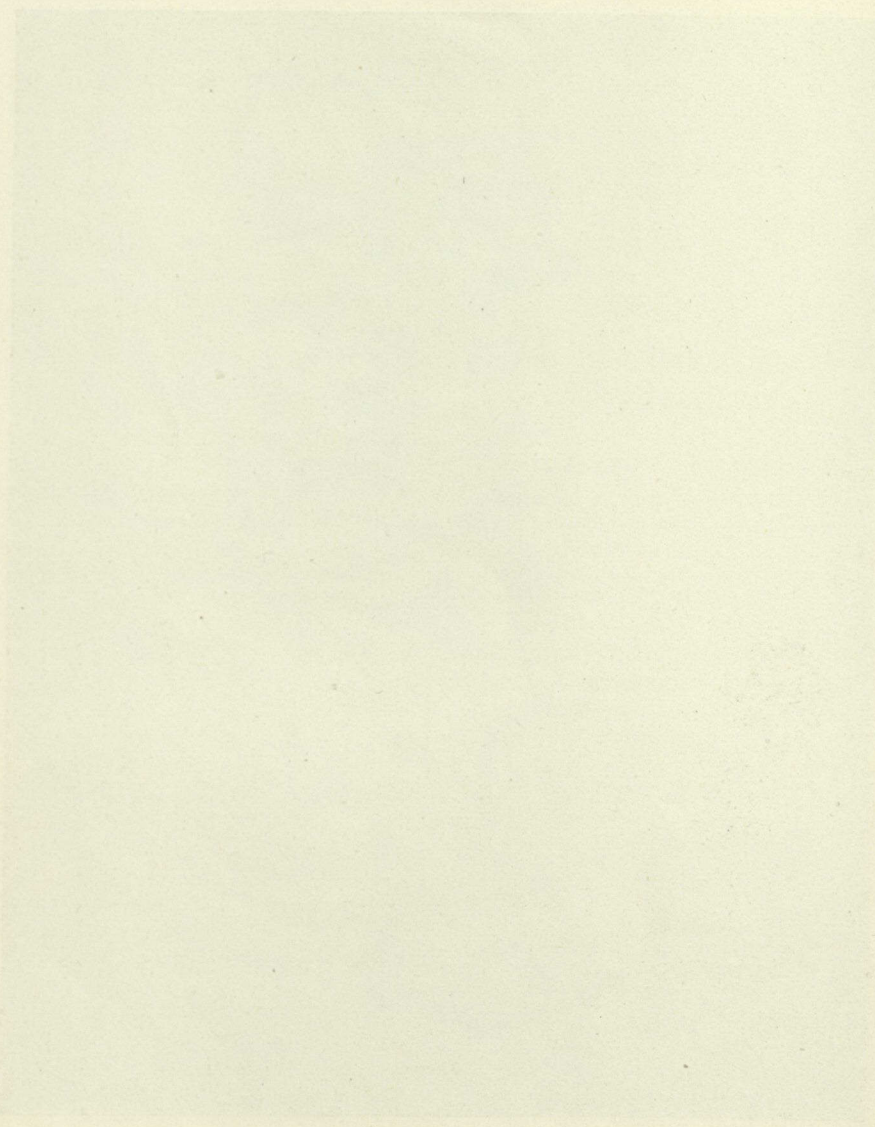
But you forget, and every soul  
 Forgets a little of the whole  
 Of joy it learns; some forget quite  
 The whole, and then there is no night  
 When they sit for three hours and stare  
 Glued by their memories to a restaurant chair.



THE REMOUNTS

By Alice Des Clayes

One of the Canadian Paintings  
exhibited at the Canadian National  
Exhibition



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# THE SICKLE

A ONE-ACT DRAMATIC SKETCH OF OLD ONTARIO BACKWOODS LIFE

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

*The action of the sketch takes place in the township of Garafraxa, a region well known for its rigorous conditions, the rough-and-ready type of its early settlers, and for the staunch Canadians it has contributed to this later generation. The township was marked by the large proportion of Irish names on the list of its pioneers. The time referred to in the sketch is about ninety years ago.*

*The scene is the kitchen-dining-room and general living-quarters of a log house somewhat more generous in its proportions and more comfortable than the average. To the left of the stage is a fire-place and a door beyond the fire-place leading to another part of the house; to the right, cupboards, cheap clock, "clothes-horse", an old shotgun lying on nails high up on the wall, with powder-horn and shot-container under it; at the rear, a heavy door leading to the outside. Windows flank the door. Near the centre of the stage is the large family table covered with a cheap red cloth. Home-made chairs are disposed about the table. A large ugly rocking-chair is on one side of the stage and is occupied by the woman in the sketch. Across the hearth is a rough stool, apparently reserved usually for the man of the house. Other pieces of crude furniture around the room show signs of long use and good house-keeping. The room, at the beginning, is lighted by two tallow dips; one on the table and one on the shelf over the fire-place.*

*The characters are John Fraser, the husband, aged forty-five, a hardy farmer, not an imaginative man but nevertheless kindly disposed towards others, with a hint of credulity in his nature; his wife, Kate, forty, also hard-working, suspicious, a little narrow, very fond of her son, and jealous of his interests; the sheriff, a substantial man, about John's age; the boy, Willie, seventeen, an unpleasant, "spoiled" type.*

*As the curtain rises the husband is discovered sitting in front of low wood fire, in big chair, feeling his heavy gray socks for signs of moisture. His big boots he holds together in his other hand. Satisfied that the socks are not wet, he stands the boots on the far side of fire-place to dry. From behind wood-pile he produces a pair of heavy slippers and puts them on. He has his back to the woman. She sits at table knitting a pair of socks like he has on. The clicking of the needles is the only sound for some seconds. Husband, finding pipe, begins to smoke, as one smokes who has little tobacco, who takes small whiffs and enjoys each to the fullest.*

*Woman (suddenly laying down her knitting): Are they wet, John?*

*Husband (after feeling his socks again, deliberately and with almost provocative slowness): N—no. Not to hurt.*

Woman (*getting up, going to next room and returning with other socks*): There's no chances to be taken with wet feet, John. Weak kidneys was in your family, and I've no mind to have ye sick on my hands. You change 'em! (*She hangs socks on back of his chair and returns to her knitting.*) Old Mother Piper was saying to me at the meeting-house last week that a man like you should take pumpkin-seed tea, three times a day for sure. It cured her. It cured her Lizzie the time she was near took with convulsions—and Dr. Orten off to Streetsville on a case. I've a mind—(*she goes back to count her stitches*)—I've a mind to make ye take it.

Husband (*with slow scorn*): Kidneys! (*He turns slightly from audience and proceeds to change his socks.*) A man'd have little rest if he took all the messes the women cooked up. What's Old Mother Piper know about me? When I finish this pipe I'm goin' t' bed. I'll be leavin' at five for the Assizes.

Woman: You mustn't miss the Assizes, John. They expect ye. It's yer place. Mother Piper was sayin'—

Husband: Hist! (*He leans forward, toward the outer door, listening.*) Hmph! It was nothin', I guess. What about Old Mother Piper?

Woman: She was saying what a pride it must be to us to have a man that's foreman of the jury, year in and year out—a leader in the community, she says. Hist! (*She starts. Both listen.*) What was that, John?

Husband: Guess it was the cattle in the barn. The red heifer has a cough.

Woman: I heard something again, John. It was like—

Husband (*now quite calm*): Ye're nervous, Kate. It's the red heifer.

Woman: But it was not like the red heifer—

Husband: Then it was the frost comin' out of the timbers in the house. It's the thaw outside.

Woman (*somewhat reassured*): I've heard strange sounds for the last three days. Things movin' in the barn, even when the cattle were outside huddlin' on the sunny side of the straw-stack—and you away with the team. I missed yesterday a pan o' milk from the milk-house—and the tracks from the door of the milk-house led to the barn—Hist!

Husband: That was Old Fan, whickerin' in her sleep. Ye're nervous, Kate. Ye should take the nervine that the peddler sold ye. 'T might do ye good.

Woman: Nervous, indeed, and the peddler murdered at our very door! Murder's enough to make anyone nervous. Before ye go in the mornin' ye can search the barn, John Fraser, and find what's hidin' there. It's not me that's nervous. It's strange things that's been done.

Husband: It was a cruel murder.

Woman: It was a horrible murder, a wicked murder, John. Struck the poor lad over the head with a stake and finished him with a sickle. Dennis Lamond will end his wickedness at this Assizes for this, or I'm no right-seein' woman. It'll be hangin' for Dennis Lamond. See to it, John.

Husband: Poor old Lamond.

Woman: Why "Poor old Lamond"?

Husband: He couldn't murder anybody.

Woman: There was the evidence.

Husband: Aye.

Woman: There was the body lyin' at the back of his lot, in his own piece of woods!

Husband (*doubtfully*): Aye.

Woman (*with growing emphasis*): And blood on his hands!



Husband: Aye.

Woman: And the sickle marks—and his sickle missing!

Husband: Aye.

Woman (*satisfied with her own summary of the evidence*): Hmph! I like ye sayin' "Poor old Lamond." Why, ye're foolish, John. What would the township think of ye—and you the foreman of the jury—saying "Poor old Lamond"?

Husband (*in thought*): Suppose it had been somebody that hid in the path after stealing the old man's sickle for the work. And it was a heavy stake that made the first blow! Though maybe—as to that—

Woman (*with growing impatience*): But there was the marks on his clothes—all torn—and him not denying it. There was a grudge 'twixt him and the peddler. The peddler had no use for loons the like of Dennis Lamond, in his trade. The silk he should have brought for me—was stained—with blood! (*with righteous indignation.*)

Husband (*to himself*): The poor old fool! He couldn't murder anybody!

Woman (*vehemently*): Then why didn't he deny it?

(*No answer.*)

I tell ye, John, ye're one of the easy sort. Ye'd let the whole world walk over ye if't wasn't f'r me. Who made ye sow spring wheat when you was wantin' t' put in roots? Who made ye trade the spavined horse before the spavin showed? Couldn't murder anybody! Listen to me! I wish't ye'd seen Dennis Lamond the day last summer when our Willie let the sow into his yard and broke his garden down. I wish ye'd have seen him, John! There was need for a man of strength about. The old man was pale like a madman, and his eyes was desperate! He couldn't speak for rage with our Willie—yet it was only his flowers! Not cabbages, or anything like that.

Husband: He took great pains with flowers. He must have been put out.

Woman: Put out! John—he was mad! He struck at Willie with a switch, and I called Willie home. Put out indeed! Hmph! (*with a shrug*)—It wasn't anything y' could sell or eat!

Husband (*reminiscently*): They committed him for trial the very day the murderin' was done, so's he could come up for to-morrow's Assizes. It saves a quarter's waitin' in the Brampton jail. Poor old fool! Who's to look after his things?

Woman: He hadn't only a cow and twelve hens. He sold the pig a week ago to the tinsmith. The Gearys took the cow on the sheriff's orders, and the hens. The old cow was that poor in her legs she could scarcely walk. She lowed pitiful, and the hens screeched and flew wild as they led him off. He was too easy-going to clip their wings. His house was so dirty they could scarcely find a dip to hunt the sickle with.

Husband: The sickle! He was always harmless enough. Blitherin' a bit more than he should, maybe. I've met him in the woods gatherin' flowers—in the spring. He had names for 'em—in a furrin' tongue—what we'd call cowslips, and merrygolds, and pop-eyed Susans, and those. When he was cleaned up—he had a sort of a kind face, as though he loved everybody and everythin', as though he trusted everyone he saw and asked—O, only a sort of livin'.

Woman (*stubbornly*): An old devil. He would a killed our Willie in his temper, I tell ye.

Husband: Pshaw! Our Willie's tougher'n that. (*Then, in a new tone*

*of voice*): Willie ain't home yet?

Woman: No. Net yet. They'll be having a grand time at the Orangeville singin' school—him and the Parker boys. He'll be home to-night maybe, or in the morning if the roads are good.

Husband: It's funny the Parkers said nothing to me about goin'. Oh well! maybe I'd a said no. The Seventh Line is bad—naked clay! (*Thoughtfully, and commencing to smile*): Willic'd be too big a lad for old Dennis. He were twice the size of the peddler. He's a fine boy. (*These statements come out between long silences.*) A quiet, inoffensive boy. Don't kill himself workin'. Fond of his rest. But a well-spoken lad—he has a clever tongue, our boy (*with a hint of justified pride.*)

Woman: What would ye say if it had been him the murderer'd done for in the bush?

Husband (*in alarm*): He! But—but the—it had dark hair! It was the peddler, Maw! (*He sits up straight, excited by the mere thought.*)

Woman: It was the peddler (*calmly*). But supposin'! Would ye say then—Poor Old Lamond! I'm tellin' ye (*this grimly*) he threatened Willie once.

Husband (*in deep thought*): Aye! Wicked old man, I guess. Must be!

Woman (*complacently, having gained her point*): He is a loon. Old Mother Piper asked him one day—she says, what did he think of the weather?—meanin' for the wheat. And he says: She is a whimsy harlot. She! Nobody knows her moods. Harlot! Think of such words, John!

Husband (*in puzzled surprise*): Meanin'?

Woman: Why (*counting stitches complacently*), he was meanin' the weather was a harlot.

Husband: The weather! (*He laughs briefly.*)

Woman: Old Mother Piper was saying, he says, to her boy, Tom, one day, he says: "Look, Tom! See the big ships in the sky!" And when Tom looked—it was nothing but some big black clouds coming up. There weren't no ships.

Husband (*interested*): Ships!

Woman: Aye!

Husband: Maybe he was talkin' poetry like? He had books o' poetry in his house.

Woman: Po'try! And him threatenin' t' strike our Willie?

Husband (*satisfied*): Aye.

Woman: Ye know, John, how the wagons rumble on the cordgere road, comin' through the big swamp—on the Seventh?

Husband: Aye?

Woman (*victoriously*): He called the noise—drums: the drums of the dead. (*Laughs.*)

Husband: What dead?

Woman: Hmph! Ask him.

Husband: Ye mean—

Woman (*significantly*): I mean—he came here to these parts—unknown! Who knows what he is? or was?

Husband (*with a chuckle*): Who knows who anybody is in this country? It's a new country. Fair field and no favour for anybody. But he were a scholar that had been one of Brock's men.

Woman: Was soldiers ever good for anything but lazying and lying?

Husband: The one that taught the school on the second line—yes—he was a bad lot.

Woman: Like this one.

Husband: Aye. (*Silence: both thinking.*) It takes you to read 'em.

Woman: There's bells! (*They listen. Woman goes to a window.*) There's someone coming, John. (*John starts to pull on his boots. A dog barks. John gets a lantern from the floor and puts on a cap. As he does so there's a knock and a voice.*)

Voice: Ho! John!

Husband: Ho! (*opening door*) Who're—Hello, William! Hello! Come in! Come in! I'll put the horse up. Just stay inside with Ma.

ENTER SHERIFF.

Sheriff: No—Well—I won't be a minute. I've come for you, John, t' go t' the Assizes. They're tryin' old Dennis, as ye know, and you'll be the foreman, John, as usual. (*To Mrs. John*): He's always the foreman, Kate. There couldn't be a big trial without John bein' foreman any more than there could be—

Husband: Any more than there could be a prosecution without the sheriff to take care of the evidence. (*Pointedly to the visitor.*) Eh?

Sheriff: But ye've to come right away, John! The thaws have eaten through the river and unless ye wait for the new bridge or for the freeze again after to-morrow morning, you won't be able t' get down to the Assizes.

Woman: Not get t' the Assizes! O John, ye'll have to. (*She bustles out.*)

Husband (*preparing to go*): Y' think we better get across the ice to-night?

Sheriff: My light cutter 'll do it safe enough. But not you're sleigh. (*To wife*): Can you get him ready, Mrs. Fraser?

Woman (*blithely*): I'll ready him all right. There's things I want at the Assizes this time. (*To sheriff*): I'm gettin' a new black silk—a new dress to celebrate our anniversary. It's the first I've had, William. The very first! After John and me married there was never money enough for silks (*She is busy bundling up her husband*) and so I've scimped these twenty-five years. I've twenty sheepskins, five hams, and a dozen eggs. D' ye think old Crully at the store will give good silk for that?

Sheriff (*smiling*): It should be the very best.

Woman (*with sudden anxiety*): Will ye have room in the cutter for so much?

Sheriff: Trust me! (*The men go out, with lantern, carrying bundles. Woman goes as far as door. Off stage, sounds of sleigh-bells starting suddenly, as though an impatient horse were champing to be off.*)

Woman: That's a clipper horse ye have, William.

Sheriff (*with a touch of pride*): It's my little mare. (*Men come in again for the last parcels. Woman brings in teapot and gives the men tea as they button up their gauntlets.*)

Woman: It was good of ye to come, William. It'd be bad for John t' miss the Assizes. Is't the same judge?

Sheriff: The same. Judge Milsom. (*A hint of deference in his tone.*) A good man. He knows evidence when he sees it.

Husband: I'd a mind he was a lazy sort of man.

Sheriff (*slightly offended*): Lazy! John, we must be respectful to the Bench. Judge Milsom sits quiet and takes in the evidence. He'll have Dennis Lamond hangin' in a week!

Husband (*shocked*): In a week? Save us! (*sadly*) He's a fast man.

Sheriff (*scenting weakness*): And you must help do justice, John.

Woman: Aye, William. That's what I be'n tellin' him. Whose t' defend the old clout?

Sheriff: Milligan.

Husband: He with the dirty beard.

Sheriff: Aye.

Husband (*gruffly*): He never got anybody off.

Sheriff (*with fervour, sipping his tea—still standing near table*): He can't get Dennis Lamond off. John here knows him. John knows his sort—and with John on the jury—juries are stupid without some good respected man in the community to lead 'em—Justice 'll be done!

Husband: Good! I don't care so long as it's justice! Have ye strong evidence against him, William?

Woman: John, for shame! Ye know yerself!

Husband (*apologetically*): Aye. I was forgetting. He was not a common man. Poor folks like himself was never good enough for him. He was a strange man. He was (*pausing at the thought*) a murderer! (*The men go out finally. Woman, standing at the door, throws her apron over her head to keep from catching cold. Then after business of departure and bells jingling as horse starts, she closes and bolts door and pinches out one of the tallow dips. She moves about the room nervously, picking up things that are out of place, "tidying-up" generally. Finally she brings out the heavy family Bible and sits down at the table to read. Noise off-stage like a creaking board. Woman starts up. Noise again. Woman rises quietly, gets gun and powder, etc., lays gun across table, pointing to right door. She waits grimly, an admirable pose of a pioneer wife. Presently a face appears at the door, pale, narrow-eyed, uneasy of expression—weasel type.*)

Woman (*with relief*): Willie!

Boy: It's me, Maw.

Woman: Ye frightened me so. What—

Boy: Wha—what ye got paw's gun down for, Maw?

Woman: I—I was afraid, boy. H—how did ye come in?

Boy: I come in by the other door, Maw—you know. I was afraid maybe ye might be havin' prayers.

Woman: But wouldn't the Parkers have come in with ye, lad? I didn't hear their bells. They got such fine bells.

Boy: No, Maw. No. They wouldn't come in. They was in a hurry. We—we lost the bells. That is, Lem, he bet them to the singing-school from Pitner's Corners—and he lost.

Woman: O! (*relieved*.) But ye look peek-ed, Willie. Are ye wet? Are ye're feet dry? Come over by the fire. Come over and get warm.

Boy: Naw, Maw. I'm not wet, but I'm hungry. My, but I am hungry, Maw!

Woman (*preparing to go out, getting to her feet with some difficulty, as though realizing how tired she is*): All right. I'll get ye a bite. But, lands, boy! (*as she passes him and stops to kiss his forehead*.) Where'd ye get yerself so covered with hay-dust and thistle-splints? (*brushing him off*.) Ye'd think ye'd been playin' in the hay-mow like when ye were a little boy. My! My! My! (*emphasizing each "My" with a stroke of her big palm to take off the dust*.)

Boy: No. No, Maw. It wasn't that. I guess I got covered when I was forkin' hay for the horses as we set out from Streetsville. It—it was near the bottom of the mow.

Woman (*she has suddenly stopped brushing him, while he speaks, and slowly coming erect, she points at his coat*): Why, boy! (*bewildered*), ye—

ye've a stain on yer coat—a big stain! Why—ye're bloodied! Who's been abusin' ye, lad? Who hit ye?

Boy: Aw, Maw! That—that's nothin'. Lem Parker and me was wrasslin' in the sleigh and I fell—I bashed my nose—that's all. It bled pretty bad (*glancing involuntarily at his hands*). But Lem—he didn't mean any harm.

Woman (*starting out of the room for food*): Hmph! Didn't mean any harm! That Lem Parker's a rough customer. You just tell him—(*voice dwindles away off-stage*).

Boy: Aw, Maw. (*He looks around uneasily to see where the mother has gone.*)

Woman: Well, (*still off stage*) he might a killed ye. I'll give ye tea, boy. Some of my own. (*She re-enters.*)

Boy: Thanks, Maw. I—I'm famishing. (*He is very uneasy.*)

Woman: Aye. (*She is opening tea-caddy.*)

Boy: Maw!

Woman: Aye.

Boy: I won three shillin' for—the—the prize in singin' at the Streetsville singin'-school. I sang the tenor in it. It was—it was, "Starboard Watch, Ahoy!"

Woman (*puzzled*): Ye did?

Boy: Aye—and—and I was goin' t' give you one shillin'—Maw, for y'r—new silk.

Woman: For me! (*She takes it from him. Her expression changes as she stands looking at it.*) It—it's marked!

Boy: M—marked! (*as she goes towards the light with the coin.*) Here! Take this one, Maw. This one. (*He thrusts another coin into her hand and takes the first one. His mother takes it. Looks at it. Kisses boy on forehead again, and goes from the room for more food. Boy takes out whole handful of coins from his pocket and goes to spot near fireplace where there is a loose stone in the hearth. He is about to raise stone and secret coins when he hears mother returning.*)

Woman (*entering*): I forgot the apple-butter, Willie. You get it. (*He goes outside and is heard taking lid off crock. Woman is looking at coin.*) He's a thoughtful lad, our Willie. (*Raising her voice*): Willie! (*As he enters*): Did ye know they got the murderer?

Boy (*drops dish, smashing it*): Eh! (*He is trembling.*)

Woman (*beaming*): The murderer! Didn't ye hear the peddler was found killed back of old Dennis Lamond's place. Aye! Killed! His throat slashed with a sickle. What—what makes ye so fidgety? They got the murderer? Eh? They got him. Ye're father's gone to do his duty by him. I showed him the truth of things.

Boy (*hoarsely*): Who?

Woman: Old Dennis Lamond. They'll hang him. Milsom (*with great satisfaction*) is the hangin' judge!

Boy (*dazed*): Old Lamond! (*slowly*) They got him. I—(*starting to laugh, almost hysterically*)—I was that afeard, Maw! I guess I'm poorly, Maw, like you, Maw. I—I'm glad they got him.

Woman: So am I, boy. I mind the time he came near strikin' you. The old no-good!

Boy (*still dazed*): Aye.

Woman: Y're father thought maybe—(*almost laughing*)—maybe he was just a po't!

Boy (*echoing her laugh, but blankly*): A po't!

Woman: Aye. Y're father is a trustful man. He believes anything—and anyone. (*She is beginning to be sleepy.*)

Boy (*Business of hesitating while woman starts to dose*): D—did they get any evidence, Maw?

Woman: Everything—except the sickle and the peddler's money. But they aren't sure he had much with him.

Boy (*at first in alarm; then reassured by his mother's expression*): The sickle! (*Boy eats. Woman nods—sleeps. Boy tip-toes to fireplace and loosens stone again. He takes coins from his pocket and tip-toeing across floor again, lays them in the hiding-place. Finally he steals to door by which he entered, and secures, without leaving the room, something which he has apparently hidden just outside the room in the shadow and brings it over toward the hiding-place. As he turns so that the audience can see it, the woman wakes, screams, and falls back, fainting. Boy stoops, hides sickle. Replaces stone. Gets water and throws in mother's face.*)

Woman (*coming to*): The sickle! The sickle! My boy!

Boy: What sickle?

Woman (*blinking and regaining control of herself*): Y—you, Willie? You—you saw nothing—you—Oh, I was dreaming, boy. I was dreaming. I've been thinkin' too much of murders and the like. (*She shudders.*) I'm glad they got him, Willie. (*Brightening.*) I'm glad. It wouldn't be nice having such a man living next door to us. Eh, boy?

Boy: No, Maw!

*Exit all slowly, son helping mother.*

*Lights gradually down.*

CURTAIN.



# CHRISTMAS DAYS FAMOUS IN CANADIAN HISTORY

BY GERALDINE LENINGTON STEINMETZ

THREE hundred and eighty years ago, in the year of our Lord 1535, our history began, when Jacques Cartier, on his second voyage, wintered in Canada, and spent Christmas in his fort at Quebec—the first Christmas in Canadian history, and the most notable of all that marked the coming of Europeans to the new-found western land!

Back of that river, afterwards called Saint Lawrence, which Cartier describes as “grand, broad and extensive, as far as we could discern,” lay the whole northern half of America, its extent, its very existence unguessed at by the men who maintained so precarious a foothold at Quebec. Cartier, writing to the King, bursts out into panegyric on “the goodness and fertility of the western lands,” and on “the fruitfulness of the great river which flows and waters these your lands, which is the greatest without comparison that is known to have ever been seen.”

Cartier had come out to spend the winter in Canada to take possession of it for the King of France, and while he went on up to Hochelaga, which he named Mont Royal, he left “masters and mariners” to “make a fort before the ships all inclosed with large sticks of timber” at Stadacona (Quebec) “which is as good land as it may be possible to behold, and very

fruitful, full of exceeding fair trees.” A real Canadian—Jacques Cartier—who would have made a great publicity commissioner in our day, who was a great advertising agent as it was, for “the new found western lands.”

But by Christmas dismal events fell upon them. Four feet of unaccustomed snow covered the land, their drinkables were frozen in the casks, and the scurvy had come upon them. Cartier did not know what to do to check the ravages of this horrible disease. To add to their distress, the Indians, who had at first been friendly, now began, under the leadership of the two Indians who had visited France, to act in a suspicious manner. Whenever they approached, Cartier had his sick men in the ships make a great noise and pounding to deceive them with a show of strength. At a little distance in the woods, Cartier had set up a little shrine of the Virgin, and there they went in procession to pray for help in their extreme distress.

Such was the situation of the first men of the Christian religion on the first Christmas in Canada. Darker Christmases have since come and gone, but hardly one has witnessed more hardship and suffering—or more courage and endurance.

Two hundred and twenty-four years later, another Christmas, again at Quebec, marked the passing of

the power of the French monarchy in Canada. Wolfe's work had been done: the English held Quebec. Canada was practically won to England. Pitt said: "With a handful of men Wolfe had added an empire to English rule." (How great neither of them know!) But on the approach of winter, the ships of the line had to withdraw to Halifax; the French still held Montreal, and it was expected that during the winter they would attempt to retake the citadel.

It looked as if they might succeed. Only 7,000 British troops had been left at Quebec—as many only as could be fed. By Christmas, only 4,359 were fit for duty. As in Cartier's expedition the winter sickness proved too much for the medical and sanitary knowledge of the times. Wolfe's successful army had marched into "the ruins of a town". So terrific had been the bombardment that 180 houses and the cathedral had been burned and other buildings shattered. Lodging for the troops was found with difficulty. Food was scarce. General Murray had to feed the townspeople; he endeavoured to regulate the markets. Fuel was even more scarce. The Highlanders went out with sleds and drew in supplies of wood, the working parties being protected by guards with bayonets fixed. The good nuns nursed French and English wounded alike, and knit long woollen hose to protect the Highlanders' bare knees from the bitter cold. 1759—1915: history repeats itself, and women are again knitting.

It was expected that de Levis would attack about Christmas. The town was in such ruins that it could not be defended, and the heights outside the town and across the river were fortified. Again, as at that first Christmas, Quebec awaited an attack, this time not French from Indians, but English from French. But Christmas passed without the attack being made, and spring saw the supremacy of England everywhere recognized.

It seems an extraordinary circumstance that the next epoch in Canadian history should again be marked by a siege of Quebec. But it is so. These three victories—of French against Indian, of English against French, of British against American—determined the racial and national characteristics of all Canada. This third Christmas, of 1775, was a third time of anxious watching and waiting at Quebec.

All over the American continent, the Americans were successful. Could Carleton hold Quebec for England against Montgomery? Each had about 1,500 effective men. Montgomery had made an amazingly successful march over the Height of Land from New England and arrived before Quebec on November 13th. He expected aid from within the town, though the French, being satisfied with Carleton's humane government, had not risen to his support as he had thought they would. On the twenty-second of December a deserter from the American camp informed the British General that an attack would be made on the twenty-third. That day, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were passed in expectation of the attack, which being made finally on the thirtieth, resulted in the defeat of General Montgomery and the subsequent withdrawal of the Revolutionary forces.

Yet, after all, Quebec is only the key to Canada. Something more than its possession was needed to make a country. The success of the American War of Independence determined the founding of the second great British Province in North America—Upper Canada, Ontario.

Where were those Loyalists to go, who, having fought a losing fight for England, could no longer remain in the United States? A few who had money were in England; as many as could be provided for had been sent to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. But the English Governor of New York, on evacuating the city, was in



despair as to what he should do with the rest.

It is rather pathetic at the present juncture to read that in his anxiety he appealed for information to a Mr. Grass who is described as "a genuine sample of honest, plain, loyal German." Mr. Grass, who by this event became a U. E. Loyalist, had been held a prisoner of war by the French at Cataraqui (now Kingston). The Governor sent for him and questioned him as to the kind of land and place it was. "Could people live there? Would anything grow?" (This, of Ontario, the beautiful)! Mr. Grass was decidedly of the opinion that things would "grow" there, and after deliberating the matter for three days, agreed to lead the first party to their new home.

"It appears that five vessels were procured and furnished to convey this first colony of banished refugee Loyalists to Upper Canada; they sailed around the coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and up the Saint Lawrence to Sorel, where they arrived in October, 1783, and where they built themselves huts or shanties and wintered."

What a Christmas was that of 1783 at Sorel for the United Empire Loyalists of Canada! Peace by defeat they had, and nothing else. Nothing else? Save courage and faith in God. They needed both. The country they faced bore the printed reputation of "a winter of almost insufferable length and coldness"; of "having a few inconsiderable spots to cultivate"; "a land covered with a spongy moss instead of grass; wrapped in the gloom of a perpetual fog—a region of dense wilderness and swamps, of venomous reptiles and beasts of prey". Not a cheerful Christmas. that of 1783, but, like other dismal Christmas Days in Canadian history, opening to a beautiful and sunny, if strenuous, future.

The Christmas of 1792 spent by Alexander Mackenzie on an advanced position on the upper waters of the Peace River made possible his dash

for the coast in the spring, and gave the Pacific Province to Canada. It was the greatest but not the last Christmas spent by Canadian explorers in discovering and mapping out Canada. Mackenzie was in the service of a fur company of Montreal, but he preferred geographical exploration of new hunting countries, to the routine of trade. Four years before his daring and love of adventure had lead him to explore the great river that bears his name to the shores of "the Frozen Ocean", and now he had no mind to let the American and Russian traders beat him in laying claim to the Pacific coast.

Hear him tell his own story of that Christmas of 1792:

"October 10th, 1792. Having made every necessary preparation, I left Fort Chipewyan to proceed up the Peace River. I had resolved to go as far as our most distant settlement, which would occupy the remaining part of the season, it being the route by which I proposed to attempt my next discovery across the mountains from the source of that river; *for whatever distance I could reach this fall would be a proportionate advancement of my voyage.*"

The rivers and lakes were freezing as he went. On the western fork of the Peace River, six miles up, they "landed on the first of November at the place which I designed to be my winter residence.

"December. We found two men who had been sent forward last spring for the purpose of squaring timber for the erection of an house, and cutting pallisades, etc., to surround it."

He had time, while the house was building, to examine the nature of the country, and here is his, the first description, of the Peace River country:

"In the spring of 1788 a small spot was cleared at the old establishment, which is situated on a bank thirty feet above the level of the river, and was sown with turnips, carrots, and parsnips. The first grew to a large

size, the others grew very well. . . . There is not the least doubt but the soil would be very productive, if a proper attention was given to its preparation. In the fall of the year 1787, when I first arrived at Athabasca, Mr. Bond was settled on the banks of the Elk River, where he remained for three years, and had formed as fine a kitchen garden as I ever saw in Canada."

He had to be doctor as well as leader to his own men and the Indians: "In this situation, removed from all those ready aids which add so much to the comfort and indeed is a principal characteristic of civilized life, I was under the necessity of employing my judgment and experience in accessory circumstances by no means connected with the habits of my life or the enterprise in which I was immediately engaged."

His Christmas was favoured with the Christmas birds, the robins, for he "was very much surprised on walking in the woods at such an inclement season of the year to be saluted with the singing of birds, while they seemed by their vivacity to be actuated by the invigourating power of a more genial season." The winter was mild until after Christmas.

On the 23rd of December, he says: "I this day removed from the tent into the house which had been erected for me, and set all the men to begin the buildings intended for their own habitation." Did they work Christmas Day? In such a climate, so far advanced in the winter, we should judge it probable, although on this point the journal is silent. They were fairly settled for the winter, at least, and that winter camp on the Peace was their starting point next spring for the coast. There, on a smooth rock cliff facing the ocean—don't you read it always with a thrill of exultation?—Mackenzie painted:

"Alexander Mackenzie, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 52° 20' 48" N."

His dash for the coast, prepared by that Christmas camp, made the western province *British* Columbia, and Canadian.

The next great Christmas event in our history did not even happen in Canada. There were no mountains to climb, no unknown river perils to face, no Canadian cold. But there were illness and unmerited disgrace to be bravely faced; and of all the courage and devotion that have gone to the making of our country not any surpasses—scarcely any equals—Lord Durham's devotion to Canada during the Christmas season of 1838.

His recall from the Governorship of Canada having been achieved by his political enemies in England, he left behind him a Canada scarcely pacified from the Rebellion of 1837, to return to England to write that famous report, which not only saved Canada to the Empire, but which established the British system of colonial self-government, and so, in a sense, founded the British Empire. Not battle, not exploration, not settlement, a book—that is all—or shall we say, rather, the self-sacrifice of the greatest British and Canadian statesman, marks the Christmas of 1838. Lord Durham, it was said, made a country—Canada—at the loss of his own career. It is certain that his devoted service brought on that illness of which he shortly died.

He reached England November 1st, and, going directly to London, worked until the middle of January preparing for Parliament the report which was to settle how Canada should be governed. He longed to get away to Lambton Castle, but even when Christmas came he stayed on in London, busy over his papers, which he was eager to complete before the meeting of Parliament. There in the long library, with its end a semi-circle of sunlight from three high windows, with the long, high-piled book-cases on the side and the comfort of a fire-place opposite, Durham spent Christmas with his secre-

taries, redeeming that pledge he gave to the citizens of Quebec on his departure that he would not rest until the case of the Canadas was made clear to England.

Yet, how simple was the principle of government which he proposed: that Canada should govern herself in internal affairs, in the same way that England did—the Governor should choose as his advisers the men who could command a majority in the Legislature. We are so used to this now that we do not realize the novelty it wore to men of Durham's time; like all great principles, it was perfectly simple. That was Durham's contribution to his country's civilization; and Canada, whom he served, should ever remember his devotion.

Another London Christmas, of 1866, saw the end of the labour of the Canadian delegates who prepared the resolution to the Parliament of Great Britain asking that the British Provinces in America should be confederated. So great was the opposition from many quarters, so keen the rivalry between the Provinces, that it was desirable that the clauses of the resolution should not be published until the last moment before Parliament should want them for consideration. Confederation was inevitable; and hostility of some Americans at the end of their Civil War, the danger of Fenian invasions along an unprotected border, emphasized the need of union of the Provinces. Yet many interests were at stake and it took all Sir John A. Macdonald's ability in handling men to manage that conference in the Westminster Palace Hotel in London. From December 4th to the 24th these Canadians met, repre-

sentatives of each Province, watchful, snapping at each other; Sir John yielding anything to make his great point that in the confederation of Canada the power must reside in the central government, not, as in the American union, in each State. The work of the conference was completed the day before Christmas, and they were left with a momentary pause in their busy lives to the enjoyment of an English Christmas, with the satisfaction of anticipating the passage of the British North America Act, which established the Constitution of Canada on July 1st, 1867.

Christmases come and go. There were those hard years in Manitoba following 1814, when Lord Selkirk's colonists on the Red River withstood all trials to prove his faith that Manitoba would make a greater wheat than fur country. That marked the beginning of settlement in the West, for their sturdy endurance broke the almost princely power of the fur-traders and forever destroyed the legend that the Northwest was only good for furs. Many other Christmases have seen Canadians wintering on the trail, building railroads, prospecting, finding out what their inheritance was—and this task is not complete. Of this Christmas, what will history write? Of the Christmases to come, what will be the records? We can ask nothing more than that we may be permitted to live in the spirit of those former Canadians, who in fort, on the trail, in halls of government have marked so many previous Christmas Days, with imperishable memorials of service, devotion, achievement, and patriotism.

# FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

XI—THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS, GUY STREET, MONTREAL

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

ON the northwest corner of Guy and Dorchester Streets, Montreal, just within the Gray Nunnery grounds, there stands a red wooden memorial cross, tall enough to be seen over the fence from the street. Formerly it was in full view of all passers-by, but a widening of the street necessitated its being moved back into the present position. Popular tradition long had it that this cross marked the grave of a famous highwayman who once lived nearby and waylaid travellers to and from the city upon the Grand Chemin du Roi, now Dorchester Street. It has since been determined, however, that the name to be connected with the monument is not that of a highwayman, but of Belisle, executed for a double murder in June, 1752. The original records of the case, difficult to decipher, it is true, both from age and from the style of writing, are readily accessible in the Archives of the Montreal Court House. The crime in question, to borrow Macaulay's phraseology, is "memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed," and has for us now considerable historical interest.

Montreal has always been surrounded by a belt of well-tilled farm land; at the time we speak of, as for many years after, what is now our most respectable residential district was devoted to the raising of grain and vegetables. In a farm-house near the

high-road, and some few minutes' walk westward from the city gates, there lived Jean Favre, his wife, and two daughters, aged sixteen and fourteen respectively, apparently in very comfortable circumstances. One of their nearest neighbours was Jean Baptiste Goyer, more generally known by his other name, Belisle, whose farm lay to the north of theirs, in the direction of Mount Royal. During the night of Saturday, May 13th, 1752, all the dwellers round, as well as the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Joseph, adjoining the western city wall, were aroused by the news that Belisle had murdered both Jean Favre and his wife in a most brutal fashion, and had taken all of their money he could lay his hands on. We shall allow Charlotte, the elder of the two daughters, to tell the story as she told it next morning under oath to Monsieur Guiton de Monrepos, the first judge of Montreal:

"Last night about nine o'clock M. Belisle, whom I know well, called at our house. He had one hand under his coat and the other in his trousers pocket. He said that he was going next day to Longue Pointe to buy some wheat, offering to get my father some at the same time. My father told him to buy twelve bushels, and counted him out the money at the rate of one hundred *sous* the bushel. M. Belisle said that he hadn't bags enough to carry the wheat, so my father took the candle, climbed up the

ladder to the garret, and threw him down six sacks. Just as my father was replacing the flooring of the garret before coming down the ladder, I heard a report, which must have been a pistol-shot, because M. Belisle hadn't a gun, and we found that my father's had not been discharged. My father fell down and I heard him call, 'Oh, my God, I am killed'. The candle went out at the same instant. My mother, hearing the shout, cried out, asking what it was. Belisle answered that it was father's gun, and that he had gone to his repose. Belisle took a spade which was behind the door in the entrance hall and came into the room where my mother, sister, and I were in bed. I heard him hit my dear mother a great blow, which must have been with the spade, for my sister found it this morning, all stained with blood, at the foot of her bed. My mother cried out, 'You are killing me; why are you striking me?' Belisle answered, 'No, no, I'm not killing you.' In the struggle she managed to tear off the cuff of one of his coat-sleeves. We probably have this at home, but forgot to bring it; we shall bring it to-morrow. My mother escaped from his grasp and ran into the entrance hall. Belisle ran after her and finished her with blows of his knife as she crouched near the kneading-trough. Father called to us to open the door and escape. Belisle heard him, ran into the kitchen, and struck him with the knife also. Meanwhile I opened the window instead of the door and escaped into the orchard. I heard footsteps following me, so I made a double and hid in the nursery. After Belisle had gone back I ran to Neighbour Pelletier's for help. Belisle was wearing a tuque of whitish wool, which I would recognize, and a suit of brown serge. I didn't notice the colour of his breeches or stockings."

The younger sister, Anne Marie Joseph, corroborated the other's evidence and gave further details. She said that Belisle came in a moment

later, after the unsuccessful pursuit of Charlotte, and searched the house for her, but she was hidden under a feather bed and escaped notice. She next heard him force open the bureau drawer where the money was kept, search it, and then go out. He was wearing a whitish tuque, a brown serge suit, and gray stockings. After he left she ran to a neighbouring house for help. A soldier billeted with the neighbour's, and some others, came back with her. They lighted two candles, and found the bureau drawer open and rifled, her father stretched out on the floor, and her mother lying dead. They covered her with a sheet.

The alarm was sounded. Several men and a detachment of soldiers came from the St. Joseph suburbs. These did what they could for Jean Favre, who was still alive, and took his ante-mortem statement. As a result, a party of five soldiers set out to arrest Belisle. The culprit himself answered their summons. For some reason the corporal in charge thought it best not to state the real cause of their visit, so merely told him he was under arrest for failure to obey a magistrate's recent summons. Belisle invited them to take all he had in the house if only they would let him go. A sharp struggle ensued, and Belisle received a blow over the head from the butt of a musket, and a shot in the thigh, before he was bound and led off.

No time was lost in trying the case. The procedure was simple, direct, and expeditious. The initiative at each stage was taken at the request of Foucher, the Crown Prosecutor, or his deputy, to the magistrate—say for the examination of the accused in prison, the hearing of witnesses, or a domiciliary search. The latter wrote his order upon the same sheet, and the return showing its execution was appended. Belisle, who had been arrested consequent on the alarm Saturday night, was now committed on a regular warrant, following the

sworn information of the two girls. Witnesses were heard by Guiton de Monrepos, the magistrate at Montreal, and their testimony endorsed by him, *Soit communiqué à M. le Procureur du Roi à Montreal*, with the date. Processes were served upon the accused, as now, between the wickets.

The Crown's case was clear. The girls' testimony was corroborated by Jean Favre's dying statement, which had been heard by a dozen people, whose account of the happenings immediately following the alarm served to strengthen it. The circumstantial evidence would in itself have been conclusive. The girls identified the clothing worn by their parents, the spade the murderer had used, the blood-stained cuff torn from his sleeve, and also a knife as of necessity left in the house by him, since it had not been there before. A search of Belisle's house was ordered to procure evidence. This was done in the regular way in presence of the Crown Prosecutor, De Coste the bailiff, and the accused himself, transported there under guard of twenty men, and interrogated under oath on the spot regarding any point desired. Two coats admittedly his were all they found. A similar and fruitless search was made of the near-by well, and of the garret in the house of Louis Decary, Belisle's cousin. From information received, however, a search of the garret of another man, L'Ecuyer, revealed two sacks brought there from Decary's house and marked with his initials, which contained the clothes worn by Belisle upon the day of the crime, the coat of brown serge with torn, blood-stained sleeve, to which the piece of cuff found in the house fitted, also the breeches and gray woollen stockings described by the younger sister. The accused admitted that the various articles of clothing belonged to him, including the tuque, already in the possession of the authorities, but stated, probably with truth, that the stains upon the latter were from wounds inflicted by the

soldiers who arrested him. He acknowledged having been out upon the evening of the crime, but said he was back home and in bed shortly after eight. During the arrest of Belisle, his wife had fled with her child to a neighbour's for safety, and there stated that her husband had been to town Saturday evening, not getting back till about half-past nine. Some people, also, had seen him about this time running excitedly along the road towards home. Under the circumstances there remained little for Foucher to do but to write out his request that the prisoner be declared guilty and given the appropriate sentence.

If the crime had been cold-blooded and brutal, the treatment of the prisoner, in accordance with the custom of the times, was still more so. The various examinations of the accused had been by torture. To give a description of the methods in use would hardly be edifying. The account John Evelyn has left us in his diary of putting a prisoner to the question is one of several easily referred to. Foucher made his request for sentence, which was accorded by the judge: "*Je requiers pour le Roi que Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Belisle . . . soit condamné avoir les bras, jambes, cuisses et reins rompus vifs sur un échafaud qui, pour cet effet, sera dressé en la place du marché de cette ville, à midi; ensuite sur une roue, la face tournée vers le ciel, pour y finir ses jours.*" This terrible punishment of death by breaking upon the wheel was duly executed in the market-place, now Place Royale. The sentence was preceded by an application of the question, "both ordinary and extraordinary." This torture after sentence, or "question préalable," was, as a rule, for the purpose of discovering accomplices, but in this case could only have been penal in nature. Belisle's body was buried near the scene of the crime, and the place marked by the tall red cross still standing close to its original site.



THE NEST

By Franz Van Holder

One of the Belgian Paintings  
exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition





# THE LITTLE STREET OF INDISCRETION

BY MARGARET BELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

THEY call it the little street of indiscretion. I have always wondered why—until to-day. And now I understand. Not because someone pointed out the different houses and explained the mystery of each. For it seems to me that no person could do that. The two points of view might be entirely different. And a point of view, after all, is sometimes a very important thing. Scientists tell us that it is not possible for any two persons to see alike or, indeed, to have any sensations exactly the same. As to this little street, for instance, my point of view might be quite wrong. But at any rate I have been taking walks, lately. In the early morning, when the smoke curls sleepily from the chimneys, and late at night, when the only lights are the yellow ones, which hang disconsolately from the corner lamp-posts.

No doubt many people would think the night a very strange time to go for a walk. But one often sees daytime shadows lurking about at night.

Probably the most interesting thing about this little street is the fact that the people who live there would never think of it as the street of indiscre-

tion. Many of them would not understand the word. For their days are made up, for the most part, of incidents which on other streets farther up are called practicalities.

The other morning I happened to walk along just in time to see a moving. Now, a moving is not so very unusual. One sees it almost any time of year and in all parts of town. But there was something about this moving which made me stop a moment or two on the street-corner. Ordinarily it would be very rude to stare. But it did not seem to me to be rude that day. It was only natural.

The reason I looked was this: Nearly all of the household effects were being carried from one home to the other in an old baby-carriage. It had given excellent service, that old carriage. I knew that by the number of chubby-faced children who danced excitedly up and down the pavement. Each one claimed a bit of the tawdry moving van. Two of them stood behind it, waiting for it to be loaded with saucepans and kettles and bits of rag mats. Then they pushed it to the new home, a dozen houses along the street.

The mother was a busy little woman, with a shawl over her shoulders and no hat on her head. She carried the things which were too large for the tiny moving van. A couple of unpainted chairs, a cradle, and a square clock, which must have ticked away many lives and ushered in many a new one. A quaint little family they were, all jabbering and laughing and gesticulating their prosperity.

For the moving was a move of prosperity. A pathetic little shack down an alleyway bore evidence. They were moving from a rear house to a house on the street. No wonder they were happy. No wonder the smiles on their faces were smiles of pride.

But I could not help thinking that the whole scene was one of indiscretion; or it would be if looked at from a point of view different from their own. For the fact that the little belongings were being carried to the new home in a rickety baby-carriage was a proof that the master of the household could not afford a moving van. He had gone off to work, some hours before, carrying a tin pail. That is why he was not there, to help with the moving. It was the hour between labour and education.

But although the father was not there, he was represented. I had never seen him, but I knew that the two oldest children were taking his place. They were boys of about ten and twelve. The next two children were girls. It was the two boys who pushed the baby-carriage.

I knew from their trousers. They were not neatly cut, like many of the boys' trousers from other streets. And they had not been bought ready-made. The strong hands of the little mother, who carried chairs and slats from the bed, were responsible for them. And the father, who had gone off to work before the sun peeped around the corner of the fire hall, had worn both pairs of trousers before. But they did not look the same when he wore them. For there were not two pairs then. Only one.

Still, the boys were happy, and did not mind telling their companions that their trousers—one pair at least—had real pockets, and that daddy had worn them before. Indeed, they were rather proud of it.

Down the street a few blocks, I noticed several women hanging out their washings. A bit of rope was stretched from one back porch to the next. It was on this that the washings were hung.

Now, the neighbourhood of the little street is rather grimy. That is, there are a great many factories around there. A soap factory and a tannery, and several blacksmith shops. Of course, this makes the back yards dirty. For smoke and cinders pour out of the great chimneys. And the washings are often just as grimy when they are taken down from the lines as before they were hung out. And many of the shirts have big holes in them.

Still, the women would never dream of hanging them in the attic. A bit of poor air is better than none. And, anyhow, the attic is used as a sleeping-room every night.

One day I happened to be passing by a big red building. There was a long row of baby-carriages and go-carts in front of it. They were shabby and worn, most of them. No doubt they had done much service.

Curiosity made me turn in. I could hear the sound of voices. Just a low murmur, interrupted, now and then, by a scream or laugh from a baby. Probably a mother's meeting, thought I. I had often heard of them. Would I be an intruder?

No, I did not seem to be. A large room was full of mothers, who dandled babies on their knees. Now and then one of them would get up and take her baby into a smaller room at the back. Someone would call out a number and the mother who corresponded to it would go out. There was great system in everything.

There were a great many babies there. Seventy or eighty. Some were



Drawing by Dorothy Stevens

"The mother was a busy little woman, with a shawl over her shoulder, and no hat on her head."

fat, rosy-cheeked, little fellows, others pale and thin.

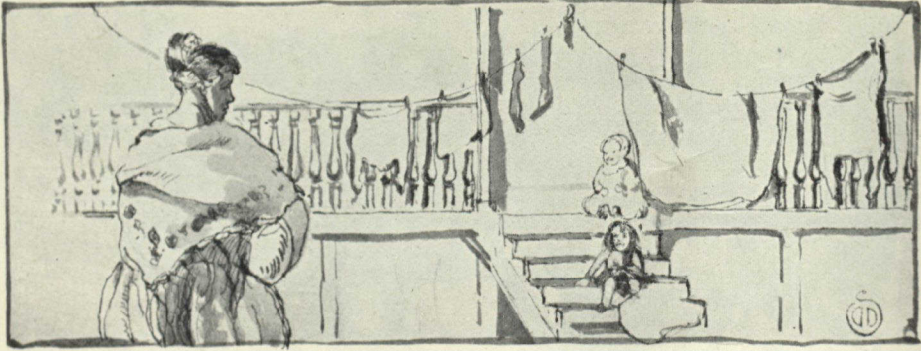
It was a dispensary. And it was a great day for the mothers. They were all very friendly, had met there often, it seems. They did not mind each other knowing that they could not afford to go to a doctor. Their frankness was refreshing.

There are two or three grocery shops up a little distance from the street. They are larger than the shops on that street, and all the groceries are arranged in neat rows. Very often one of the families who live in the shacks to the rear of other houses receives a slip of paper from a charitable institution.

It says that one of the large grocery shops will give the holder a certain amount of provisions.

More than once I have seen a mother presenting these slips. She receives her bundle and goes back to the little shack in the alleyway. She stops a moment or two to speak to the little shack in the alleyway. She share the groceries with her. She tells her that the institution has provided for them. Tells it with no small amount of pride. And the neighbour appreciates it and congratulates her.

The first time I saw this little incident I could not help thinking how different it was from the uptown shoppers, who order many things without a slip from the institution. The owners of the shops are the only ones who know that they receive their groceries free. To the customers they are "charged". And the tired mother who tells of her good luck never dreams that it is indiscreet to admit she receives anything for nothing.



The husbands are not different. If a husband needs a new pair of overalls he buys them at the little shop around the corner. Buys as cheap a pair as he can get. The reason he does not go to a store on a downtown street, where some men order whole suits without having to pay for them, is because he is a simple-minded fellow, who has the idea that one should pay for what one buys. And he is happy with his new overalls and rather boastful of the bargain he has found.

I went along the street one day when there seemed to be something interesting happening in one of the houses. It was toward evening, when the streets and alleys were full of children. A little girl ran out of a house. Her hair fell in unkempt curls around her neck. A couple of boys tried to stop her. But she did not pay any attention to them. I watched her run away up near the end of the street. The rest of the children continued to play at their games.

I was curious. I waited a while, walking up and down past the house where the little girl had come from. It looked ordinary enough. Sunken steps, grimy window-panes, and a door which hung by one hinge. I could not help thinking that a one-hinged door often has secrets shut up within it.

Soon I saw her coming back. Away up the street past the fire hall. Her

hair still streamed behind her in indefinite curls. This time she was not alone. A stout, middle-aged woman, who ran with difficulty, was her companion. The little girl tried to draw her along faster, but the poor knees were not so agile as hers.

They went in through the door with the one hinge. Then everything was quiet for a while.

That night when the husband came home, with his tin pail, he found a tiny visitor there. His supper was ready, as usual, but there was no wife opposite him. She was lying on the bed in the other room. Her face was a little paler than usual. That was all. The middle-aged woman was acting as nurse, doctor, and house-keeper. The entrance of a new life into the little home caused not the slightest disturbance. No ceremony, no night nurse and day nurse, no doctor even. And yet—

Several of the neighbours went in that night. Not that a birth was so very unusual on the little street. All the women wanted to see the baby. They sat around the bed and laughed and talked. The husband walked to and fro from the stove in the kitchen to the bed. When he could snatch a few spare moments he glanced over the evening paper. He was a Union man and liked to keep up with the Union news. That was about all of the paper that interested him. There were many other items, of course, with great head-lines, but he did not



Drawing by  
Dorothy Stevens

"A large room was full of mothers, who dandled babies on their knees."

pay any attention to them. There were two columns devoted to the story of a picture which had been found. And there was not one of the little group of friends there who had ever heard of that picture. And they would not have been ashamed to say they had never heard of it. They were quite content to talk of the new babe, and the increase in the price of vegetables and flour.

And involuntarily I thought of the other point of view, from the streets higher up in town, where people would never admit that they did not know the meaning of Botticelli or Gioconda, even if they did not know it.

It would seem that the world is ruled by points of view.

During a lull in the talk around the bed one of the women mentioned

something about a conversation she had overheard in a downtown store that afternoon. It was about women wanting to vote for members of Parliament.

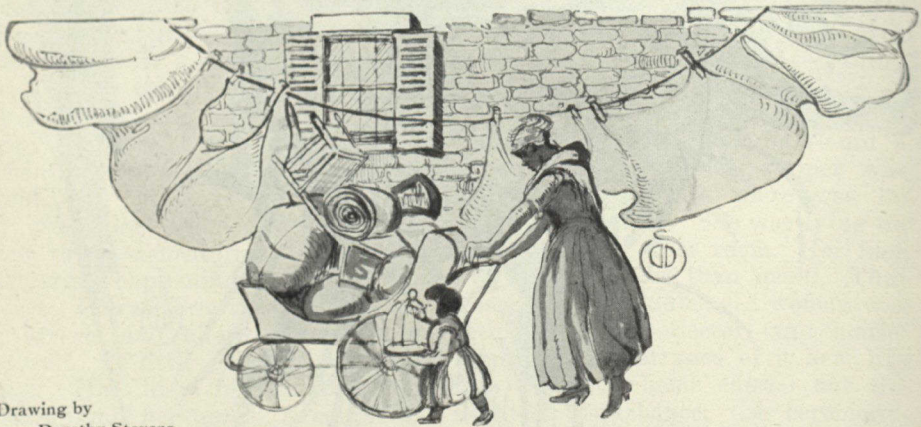
The rest of the little group could not believe it. Such a thing was never heard of! Why should women want to do more than they were doing already? What with washing and scrubbing and mending the children's clothes they found plenty to fill up the days.

And so they chatted, never dreaming that there were several thousand people inside the same city walls who were spending their evening behind tables glistening in silver and fine crystal. These women would as soon

have thought of breaking into a shop as of sipping anything stronger than a dish of tea. For they did not find it necessary to stimulate themselves for their daily scrubbing and washing.

Oh, yes, one could easily understand why the street was called the little street of indiscretion. That is, according to another point of view. For it seems that in modern civilization it is indiscreet to let others know we accept charity. And it is just as indiscreet to endeavour to live within the allowance that is our portion, and admit that we try to live within it.

Therefore, when I pass along there now I shall always think of it as the little Street of Indiscretion.



Drawing by  
Dorothy Stevens

## THE WAKE SONG OF COLERAINE

By JEAN BLEWETT

LIFE was a hurt, but life is o'er—  
 Sleep ye softly, Mavourneen!  
 Love was a pain, but love's no more—  
 Rest ye, rest ye, Mavourneen!  
 Out slips the tide all silvery white—  
 Sleep ye softly, Mavourneen!  
 Nor life, nor love can hurt to-night—  
 Rest ye, rest ye, Mavourneen!

# THREE WAR-TIME PICTURES

BY MARION LONG



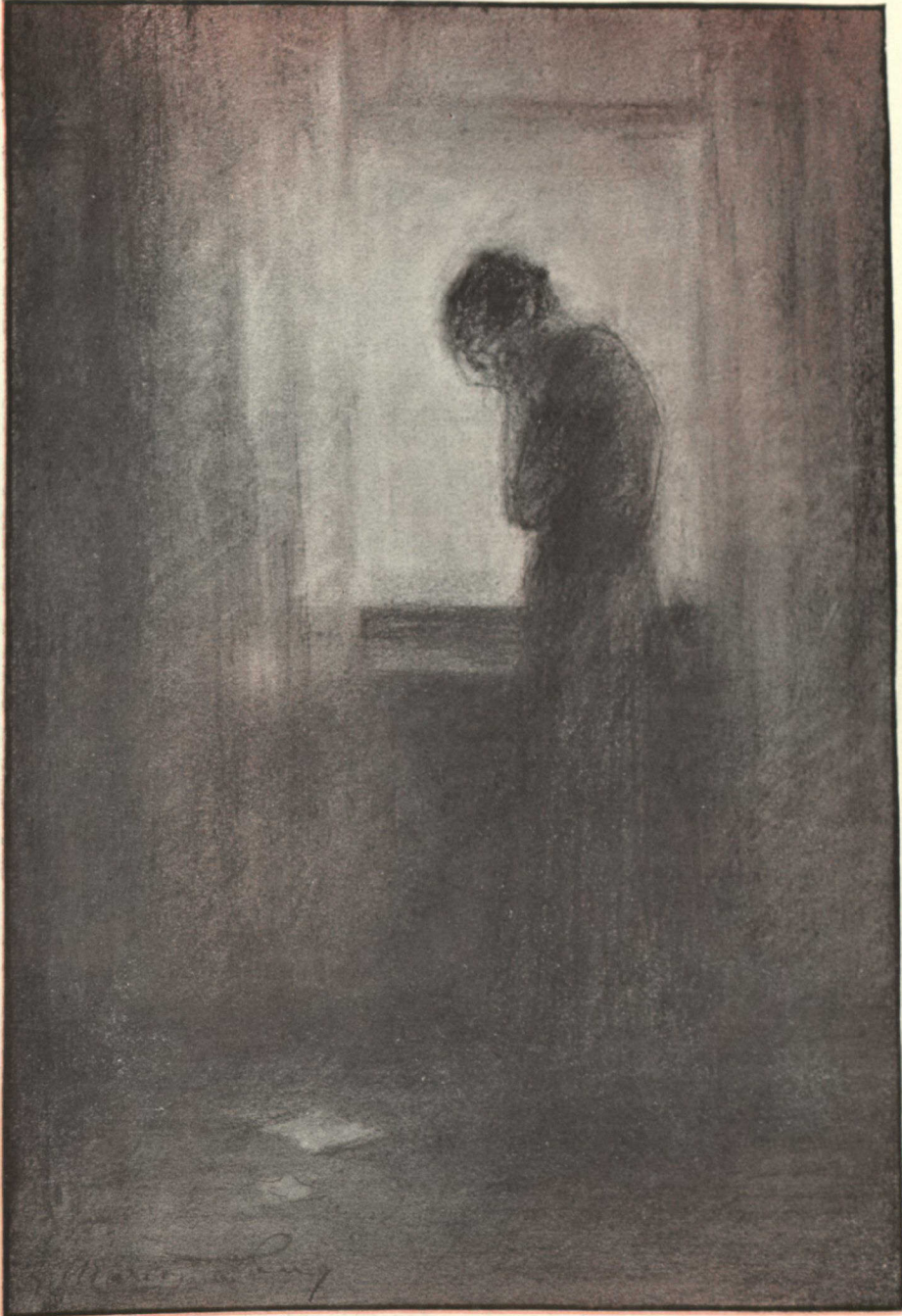
LOOKING AT THE WAR PICTURES



Drawing by Marion Long

HOME ON FURLOUGH





Drawing by Marion Long

# OGAMA'S LAST RAID

BY REG. G. BAKER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HUBERT BEYNON

HE wandered up and down the hard, stone-paved street of the city. His moccasined feet ached, and his legs throbbed as a result of continuous contact with the unyielding surface, so different was it from the muskeg and pine needles of his usual haunts. He was tired; but his one excursion into a big store had convinced him that there was no place for an Indian to rest in that feverishly busy resort of richly-dressed women and hurrying men. As a matter of fact, Ogama the red-skin was not wanted in that vast emporium. He had seen emblazoned over the portal the crest of "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," just as he had seen it above the little doorway of the "Post" at which he was in the habit of trading and entering without any hesitation. "The company always glad see Old Ogama" he had assured himself: but—well, no person had paid the slightest attention to the roughly clad Indian; and, sensitive with the keen sensitiveness of his race, he had issued forth to continue his walking about the hard streets until evening, for his train would not leave until after dark.

This Indian had long promised himself a trip to the big city. Twenty-three years had elapsed since his last visit to the capital of the Province, and he had frequently listened to the stories of its wonders as related by some of the young men of

the tribe; and always, at the conclusion of one of these narrations, he had told himself that the young "bucks" were lying: some day he would go and see for himself, and, oh, how he would scold those fellows on his return from that journey which should have given him proof of their falsity! Two weeks ago he had unearthed and captured a pair of black foxes, which he had disposed of to "the Company" for eight hundred dollars—a white man would have experienced no difficulty in obtaining at least three times as much,—and after settling certain matters at home, had travelled four days' journey to the nearest railway station, and thence by train to the city. He had seen many wonderful things since his arrival early that morning, and his poor old brain had at times fairly seethed under the stress of new and very awe-inspiring impressions. Motor cars; street tramways; electric lights in store windows; each fresh marvel had worked its own particular spell upon him; whilst a huge electric crane at work on a building in course of erection had held him speechless for an hour or more. Hours ago he had felt the pangs of hunger, but where could he eat? The cafés and dining-rooms were obviously not for such as he, and his pride had warned him against the possibility of a repetition of that cool reception which had been his in the Hudson's Bay Store.



Drawing by J. Hubert Beynon

"Firmly grasping his imaginary tomahawk, the red man walked slowly down the aisle"

During each of his passages up and down the main street of the city he had passed a brilliantly decorated building which, although not a store, nevertheless displayed a number of highly coloured pictures depicting all manner of thrilling episodes. An almost continuous stream of people, young and old, well and ill-clad, entered by one door, whilst a lesser stream issued from another: before entering, it seemed that there was necessity to pay something to a gaily dressed damsel who sat in state with-

in a beautiful glass box. Timidly Ogama approached the goddess and tendered a quarter: to his surprise he received a slip of paste-board and a ten-cent piece in exchange. In a few seconds he found himself in a large hall, dark as a moonless summer night; he felt rather than saw that there were countless chairs, the majority of which were occupied; but the one immediately to his left was vacant, and with a fervent hope that he would be allowed to remain undisturbed for awhile, he seated himself.

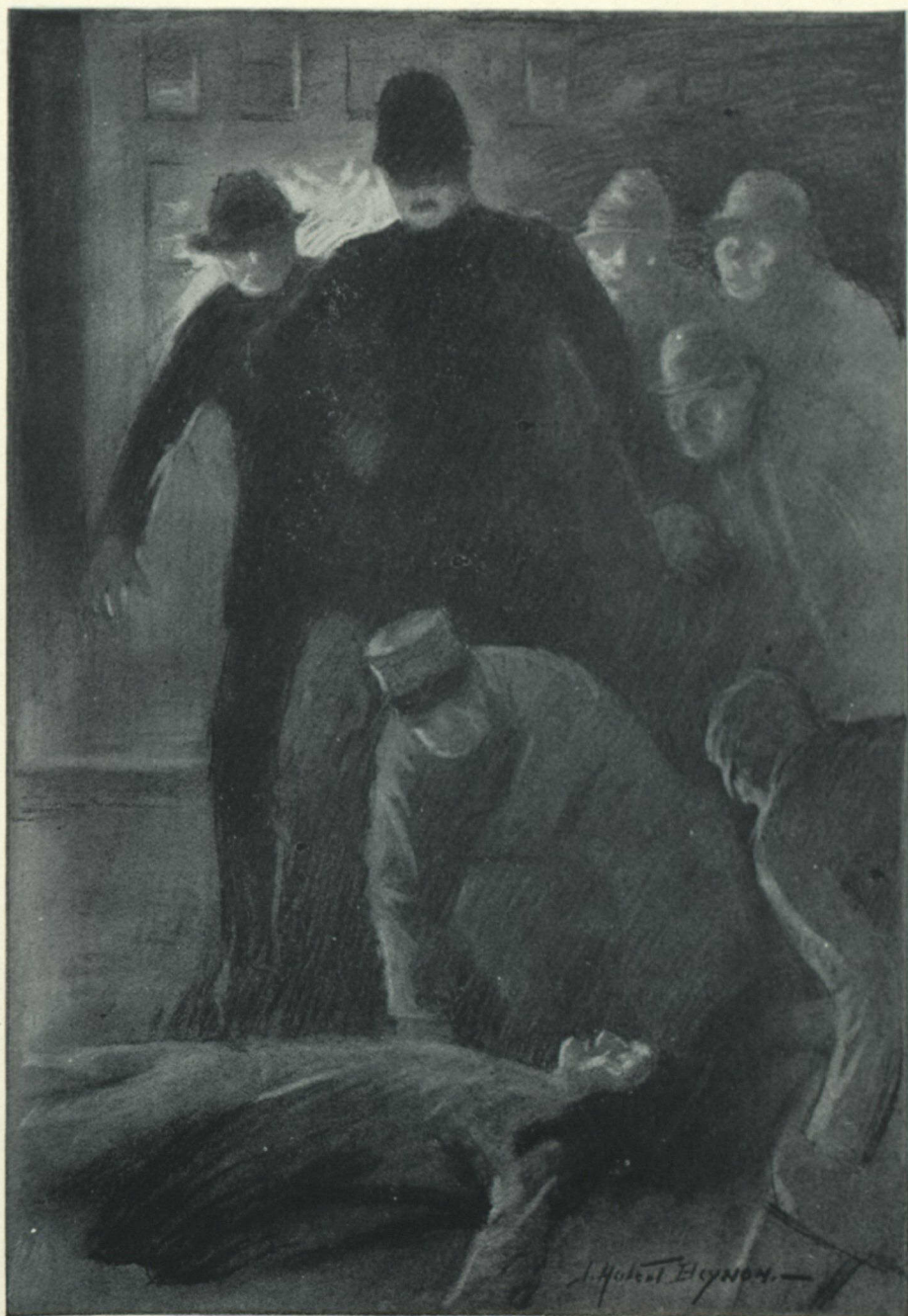
Far away at the end of the hall—the largest “room” Ogama had ever entered—a piano was being vigorously pounded: but it was no appeal to the sense of hearing that had suddenly gripped him. With eyes starting almost from their sockets, with mouth open, and nostrils dilated, the redskin watched men and women ride across open country: he heard the sound of hoof beats, and it was apparent to him that those men and women were fleeing for their lives. He could not understand it, nor could he see any reason for their very evident alarm. With dramatic suddenness the prairie vanished. Gone were the riders, and the sound of their flight had ceased. Sunlight, open country, bush, and scrub had given place to a framed space in which were some letters of the white man’s tongue. Had Minnehoona, his daughter, been with him, she could have informed him that those letters spelt out the legend, “Overtaken by the Indians—The fight”, for Minnehoona had attended the mission school at the Reservation. Being alone and unlettered, Ogama knew not what the “reading” was, and in a few seconds it disappeared, leaving him as ignorant as ever. Then, with a delirious thrill, he saw advancing from over the crest of a rise some two miles away, a band of Indians riding in all the glories of war-paint and head-dress. Also he saw that the whites had halted and were devoting themselves to hostile preparations.

The old redskin flushed and quivered as his mind leaped back to the days when under Big Bear at Frog Lake, near Fort Pitt, he had been a member of the victorious Indian army; and again when, with Poundmaker as his chief at Cutknife Creek, he had done his part in repelling the whites with heavy losses. Scalps, and prisoners—women only—had been plentiful in those days of incessant warfare against the invading punitive hosts, and his eyes gleamed again, and his whole being took on an

unaccustomed feeling of youth and vigour as he watched the magnificently mounted Indians draw closer and closer. Hardly had wonderment at the slowness of their manœuvres had time to form itself within his brain ’ere the braves, with rifles held loosely across their saddles, and with tomahawks hanging by thongs from their wrists, commenced the encircling ride. Oh, how eagerly Ogama watched them; and with what an intense glee he saw the leader of the band, whilst riding at speed, send a well-directed bullet into the head of one of the defenders! What mattered it that the shouting of the braves and the reports of their firearms did not assail his ears? He felt rather than heard them, and his savage old soul swelled and struggled within him.

No longer was he the aged Indian trapper. Young again, his limbs felt the smooth flanks of his good horse; his hands held rifle and tomahawk; in his belt hung a scalping-knife; from his brow there arose a head-dress of eagle feathers; and his great chest heaved as he rushed his steed madly ahead in that death-ride.

Round and round they raced in an ever-lessening circle: defenders fell, as also did some of his companions. But what of that? The happy hunting-grounds were always ready with a welcome for the brave who fell in combat; and scalps and spoils would be the more plentiful for the survivors. A few minutes later but two of the whites remained in active fight: the women and girls moved here and there attending to the wounded and the dying. What foolishness! And Ogama grunted viciously as he thought of the additional scalping which would result from these ministrations; for a good Indian never scalped the dead, only the living. How those two fools fought! Would they never cease that hail of leaden messengers? The ride continued, and the lust of battle glinted fiercely from the sunken eyes set above those



From the Drawing by J. Hubert Beyon

"A moment later the crowd was bending over him"

The Canadian Magazine

high cheek bones. Ah!—at last the thing was to be ended: the braves had dismounted and were stealthily advancing from all points, regardless of the fact that ever and anon one of their number would plunge heavily forward, biting and clutching at the hard earth.

Tossing his head backward in order to throw into place his head-dress, and firmly grasping his imaginary tomahawk, the red man walked down the aisle. So quiet and cat-like were his movements that the occupants of the end seats failed to notice him as he wended his blood-thirsty way towards that little group of grimly determined whites. The sweat poured from his forehead, and his old limbs shook and trembled beneath him, but the rejuvenated heart and will of him urged onward. Already the scalping-knife seemed to be between his lips, and he grated his teeth upon it, so intent was he upon the scene in which he, Ogama the fearless, was once again to take part. Unmolested and unheeding, he passed the pianist, nor did the upturned gaze of those in the front row of seats include him.

For full sixty seconds he had been so filled with the battle-lust that his eyes had not looked upon the conflict, and during that brief period a second curtain had been shown. Minnehoona would have translated its inscription into the Indian equivalent of "The Rescue."

Suddenly, and with an intensely painful brain-snap, the old fellow realized that naught but a dark wooden structure fronted him. Bewildered, he stood up; and immediately, so close that a couple of paces would

have covered the distance between him and it, yet so high as to be on a level with his own head, a fresh scene was being enacted. From all parts of the house came shouts of "sit down!" and before the mystified old Indian could fully appreciate the fact he was bundled unceremoniously into a seat mid-way up the aisle he had so recently traversed.

Still there were those figures before him; still did the Indians advance slowly, but (and so strongly did the thing appeal to him that, for a moment he could not, dared not move) a large party of whites was even now pouring a deadly stream of bullets at the erstwhile victorious redskins, who, surprised and greatly outnumbered, broke and fled. And with them, disgraced, mortified, and utterly routed, fled Ogama, the fearless.

Out through the swinging door and into the comparative glare of approaching eventide he sped, a quaking, terrified figure. Moving rapidly, with body bent parallel to the ground, and with eyes staring madly, he made his way across the sidewalk and out into the roadway.

"He's run amok!" shouted a policeman as he dashed off in pursuit.

There was a grating of brakes and a harsh grinding of wheels against rails, and a moment later the crowd was bending over him.

At the morgue Ogama lay peacefully.

Surely the spirits of his compatriots luxuriating on the broad sunlit plains of the Indian's Valhalla cannot have declined the company of such as he, for he died, as in days long past he had lived, in combat with the white man's civilization.

# THE DEFENCE OF CANADA

BY THE HONOURABLE L. G. POWER

TO prevent any mistake, it may be stated at the outset that the subject of this paper is the matter set forth in its title, "only this and nothing more". The forces spoken of would be raised and organized for the purpose of defending Canada from attack. Whatever lovers of peace may have to say against the Dominion's taking part in foreign war, none of them will go so far as to say that we should be content to see our country invaded and overrun and perhaps permanently subjugated for want of timely and effective steps to render such a consummation improbable. It is as true now as it was two thousand years ago that "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things which he possesseth are in peace".

Canada has been singularly favoured by Providence. She has vast tracts of fertile land, great and varied mineral deposits, productive fisheries, and most valuable forests. She has developed many of her resources and, in the matter of public and quasi-public works, need not fear comparison with any other country. Her population, of some eight millions, take it altogether, averages highly in wealth, intelligence and morality. There is no country in the world that enjoys greater liberty or greater powers of self-government. She is then a country that offers great temptations to any aggressive power, and one that claims and deserves the most earnest and generous efforts on the part of her citizens to preserve the

blessings she now enjoys. Therefore, under existing conditions and until wars cease upon earth, it is the duty of the people of Canada, through their Government and Parliament to make effective provision for the defence of the country, so that this and succeeding generations may be able to say that she

Never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

How is this duty being discharged at the present time? There are between two and three thousand regulars, members of what is known as the permanent force, who are probably equal to almost any troops in the world; and there are about 50,000 militiamen who are trained for twelve days in a year. If the same men were trained year after year, this comparatively small force would be, as far as it went, fairly effective; but, as can be seen from the reports of the Inspector-General, in many parts of the Dominion, particularly in the rural districts, not more than fifty or sixty per cent. of the men drilled in any one year undergo the next yearly training. There being no regular organization of the militia and no definite scheme for filling our units to war establishment or for reserves in the military sense, Canada, as against any formidable force, is practically undefended. Our men are excellent material for soldiers; but, except the regulars and those who are now at the front or who are preparing to go there, and except a portion of the



active militia, they may be described as an unarmed and undisciplined multitude, incapable of offering serious resistance to an attack even by a second-rate power. To bring this fact home, one has only to think of what would have been the result if, in the present war, Japan had sided with Germany instead of with Britain. Victoria, Vancouver, and all the towns and settled portions of British Columbia would have passed out of our hands within two months after the opening of hostilities; and we might deem ourselves fortunate if the tide of invasion did not flow into the region east of the Rocky Mountains. This impression is confirmed by experience in the present war which, while it has shown the superlative excellence of trained Canadian soldiers, has also shown that this country is quite unready to deal with any sudden emergency. The men who have volunteered for service abroad are largely men who have had no previous military training, and consequently the members of each contingent have had to spend not less than three months in preparing to embark for England, where they have had to put in as long a time in being got ready for the actual work of war.

The people of countries much less favoured than Canada feel compelled to put forth great and continued efforts to place and keep themselves in a position to resist attempts to seize their territory or destroy their independence; and, although Providence has singularly favoured us since 1867, we cannot build upon the presumption that the favours will be continued. Providence helps those who help themselves; and no people have a right to expect that they will in some almost miraculous way escape the natural consequences of supineness and neglect.

It is clear that we have not now an effective and sufficient provision for defence, and also clear that it is our duty to make such provision. The

question naturally arises, What kind of system should be adopted? It should be one that would give us a reasonable assurance that we should be able to defend ourselves against attack from any quarter, and that would not impose an undue burden upon our people, either in the way of direct spending of money or in the way of interference with farming, or other industrial or business pursuits.

There are many systems from which we might choose, if we waived the two conditions just mentioned. If those conditions are insisted upon, the field of choice is much limited. All the continental nations now at war or on the verge of it must be excluded. We shall take three countries where the military element is not predominant and where the conditions are somewhat like our own. In Europe there is in operation one system which seems to meet with general approval, the Swiss. "Switzerland," says "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1915, "depends for defence upon a *national militia*. Service in this force is compulsory and universal, with few exemptions, except for physical disability. . . . The initial training of the Swiss militia soldier is carried out in recruits' schools, and the periods are sixty-five days for infantry, engineers, and foot artillery, seventy-five days for field artillery, and ninety days for cavalry. The subsequent trainings, called 'repetition courses', are eleven days *annually*; but, after going through seven courses, (eight in the case of cavalry) further attendance is excused for all under the rank of sergeant. The Landwehr men are only called out once for training, also of eleven days."

With a population, in 1912, of 3,831,220, Switzerland could put in the field a force of 214,000 men. The yearly expenditure for military purposes is about \$8,860,000.

Turning to South America, we find that, with a population of about seven millions and a half, Argentina has a standing army of 24,000 men, with a

reserve of 174,000. Besides this, there is a national militia embracing all men between the ages of twenty and forty-five. The military budget was about \$13,067,680. Chile had in 1912 a population of 3,505,317. The military budget for 1913 was about \$9,120,000. The peace establishment for 1913 was fixed at 114,693. Every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five is obliged to serve with the militia.

It will be seen that in each of the three countries here spoken of the defence force is much larger than in our Dominion, and that the people get a much greater return for the money appropriated for military purposes than we do in Canada.

It is not, however, necessary to go to the outside world in search of a system that would give us, at a moderate cost, a fighting force proportionately as large as that of any country on earth. One may be allowed to repeat here what was written more than thirteen years ago:

"Without going beyond our own country, we have the fact that at the time of the Union of the Provinces there was in operation in Nova Scotia a law under which the active militia, for whom the Government undertook to furnish rifles and artillery, included the whole male population between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, while the reserve included all men between forty-five and sixty.

If this had been continued, there would now (1915) be as many active militia in Nova Scotia as there are in the whole Dominion. All the militiamen were enrolled, and those of the first class, the active militia, were drilled for five days every year. The officers were obliged to undergo a fairly long course of instruction and to pass examinations on their duties; and the men were drilled by sergeants qualified as instructors. Substantially, the active militia were not inferior to the present comparatively small force known by the same name. The

privates did not, as a rule, wear uniforms; and, with the exception of the headquarters' staff, the adjutants and the drill sergeants, none of the force were directly paid. The yearly training was not looked upon as a burden or a grievance. In fact, it was regarded rather in the light of an annual picnic. It appears from the returns of 1867 that the total number of men enrolled in the active militia in 1866 was over 58,000, of whom 45,767 were actually drilled, while the cost of the militia for the last mentioned year was \$114,460, of which amount \$36,561 was of an extraordinary character, arising out of the "Fenian Scare," so called. This trifling expenditure covered besides small grants in aid of the volunteers, who were required to undergo twelve days' drill in each year, to wear uniform, and to put in a certain amount of target practice, and who numbered in 1866 something over eleven hundred.

The total expenditure on the militia in Nova Scotia under the system in operation at the time of the Union was considerably less than two dollars for each man actually drilled, or than a dollar and a half for each man enrolled in the active class. These figures seem absurdly small to us now; but they are taken from the public accounts of the Province and from the report of the Adjutant-General, which also shows as already stated that about one-sixth of the whole population was enrolled and that nearly one-seventh actually underwent military training. It is the writer's honest belief that the Nova Scotia system as it existed in 1867 was the best and cheapest in the world. Its direct cost was, as we have seen, almost incredibly small, and the interference with the industry of the Province was most trifling, while it supplied a force of over fifty thousand men well organized and officered, which in a month after a call to arms would have been prepared to do credit to the Province and would not

have been unworthy to be associated with the British regulars.

This system was organized under Chapter 9 of the Statutes for 1862. This Act was repealed and re-enacted with amendments by Chapter 29 of the Revised Statutes passed in 1864, which was in its turn amended and re-enacted by Chapter 16 of the Acts of 1865, entitled "An Act in Reference to the Militia," the law in force at the time of the Union. This Act was made up of 163 sections and set forth in a clear, practical and comprehensive way all the provisions necessary for the maintenance and operation of the militia.

How the Nova Scotia law worked can be gathered from the report of the Adjutant-General, dated 19th October, 1866, made to the Lieutenant-Governor, who was also Commander-in-Chief:

"I have the honour to state that the five days' annual drill of all the men of martial age, *i.e.*, between sixteen and forty-five years of age, having now had the effect of forming a thorough organization by regiments, with nearly a full complement of well-trained, examined, and passed officers (with inconsequential exceptions), the militia forces of this Province by last year's returns, consisting of 59,379 of all ranks, are now well in hand, and capable of carrying out any orders they may receive from your Excellency, commanding-in-chief, with the object of further progress."

Lest it should be thought that the Adjutant-General of 1866 took too roseate a view of the force which had grown up under his control, it may be well to give two extracts from the "Report of the Board of Inquiry relating to the Claims of Applicants for Fenian Raid Volunteer Bounty in the Province of Nova Scotia," made in January, 1914:

"It is undoubtedly the fact that the whole Provincial militia was then (in March, 1866) in a splendid state of organization, extending to the remot-

est sections of the Province, and was capable of being mustered at the shortest notice.

"A school of instruction was established at headquarters in Halifax, which was attended by a considerable number of officers from every country in the Province in the years 1865 and 1866.

"By March, 1866, there were 113 regiments of militia efficiently organized and under training, as well as five brigades of artillery and eleven volunteer corps. The 113 regimental districts covered every foot of territory in the Province. Artillery and volunteer corps were located at various points around the coast."

The reader will perhaps have noticed that the Lieutenant-Governor was the Commander-in-Chief of the militia of Nova Scotia and may have thought that this title was merely honorary or formal. Such was not the case. The Lieutenant-Governor was the actual head of the militia department and was under no obligation to consult any member of the Provincial Administration. No doubt, he usually adopted the recommendations of the Adjutant-General; but with such an officer as the Province had at the time, that was a wise course. The marked efficiency and economy of the Militia Department were, it may be assumed, largely due to the fact that party politics did not enter into its administration. There are no doubt persons who think that, if the Governor-General of Canada, whose commission constitutes him commander-in-chief, discharged the same functions as to the Dominion as did the Lieutenant-Governor with respect to the Province, the record of our Militia Department might be even better than it is. However, neither of our great parties has advocated such a change, and there is no object in devoting space to what is a mere pious opinion.

In an article on "Militia and Defence" which appeared in *The Can-*

*adian Magazine* for January, 1902, a sketch was given of the military system in operation in Nova Scotia at the time of the Union of the Provinces; and the opinion was expressed that that system or a modification of it could with great advantage be applied to the Dominion of to-day.

Credit for the excellence of the Nova Scotia system was given to Lieutenant-Colonel R. Bligh Sinclair, the Adjutant-General of Militia for the Province in those days. The whole truth was not, however, told about that able, painstaking and devoted public servant. Before the date of the Union, he submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor a "Report on advancing the State of the Nova Scotia Militia by a New Classification," which embodied an improved scheme for the organization of the provincial defence forces. The Report bears date the 19th of October, 1866, and will be found in the Third Appendix to the Journals of the House of Assembly for 1867. It shows that the Adjutant-General had made himself familiar with the German and Swiss systems and with that in operation in the Channel Islands, and explains his "design to divide the Local Forces into:

First Men for effective training,

First Service Men, and

Successive reserves, with graduated, lessening training and duty in peace."

The plan recommended that one-fifth of the whole force should be composed of the young men under the age of twenty-one, who should undergo twenty-eight days' training each year, one-fifth of First Service men to be trained for fourteen days, and the remaining three-fifths of First, Second and Third Reservists, the First with five days' training, the Second with five days' training up to thirty years of age, and then muster and review only with the Third up to forty-five. "The residue being Final Reserves, the equivalent of the Prussian Landsturm, consisting of men

over forty-five capable of bearing arms."

In an official letter covering the report, Lieutenant-Colonel Sinclair pointed out that the new plan would give a large number of men ready for the field, and that the First Service men would be nearly all unmarried. Scale D, a table based upon the Provincial census of 1861, showed "that under twenty years of age there are but thirty-one married men; between twenty and thirty, out of 27,998 men, only 7,022 were married; whilst from thirty to forty years of age as many as 13,514 were married, and 284 in addition were widowers, out of only 17,477; those from forty to forty-five will be nearly all married with families." He proceeded: "In considering the matter as a State affair, quite apart from natural feelings, the loss of the father of a large family is a much more serious concern from every national point than that of a person less encumbered; the State may provide liberal pensions for widows and children, but they, deprived of their natural protector, will run a sad chance of having to contend with the pressing needs of life too early in years."

Let us now consider what we should have in Canada, if the principles laid down by Colonel Sinclair were adopted.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that he dealt only with volunteers and militia, which were auxiliary forces. The British regulars formed the back bone of the Nova Scotia system and also supplied instructors and staff. At the present time in Canada, the Permanent Force would take the place of the British regulars and should constitute the nuclei of the various arms of the service, besides supplying staff and instructors for at least the First Training and the First Service Men.

The Canadian Regulars should be picked men and should constitute a

model force. They should, like the men of the Mounted Police, have at least an elementary education, and—for the discharge of their necessary duties—should be much more numerous than now.

Apart from the necessity to provide for such arms of the service as engineers, army service men, and others which, like artillery, cannot be hastily improvised, the great increase in the body of the militia to be trained would involve a considerable, if not altogether corresponding increase in the number of regular troops, which it is submitted should not be less than 5,000.

The Militia, or to be more accurate, the Territorial Militia, would be liable for service only within the Dominion; although there would be nothing to hinder any member of the force from volunteering to serve elsewhere.

Reference to the census returns will show that in April, 1911, there were in Canada about 1,730,000 men between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, and that if the Nova Scotia law of 1865 were adopted, nearly that number of men would be available for the active force, while the reserve of men between forty-five and sixty would, according to the same returns, be about 440,000. These are large and apparently impossible figures; but they are only in proportion to those furnished by actual experience in Nova Scotia.

If we assume Colonel Sinclair's scheme—as outlined in his report of 1866 as referred to—to be adopted with certain slight modifications, we shall get the numbers in the following table as those of the men available for the several classes of the Territorial Militia.

1. First training or recruit class, composed of young men between seventeen and twenty-one, to be trained for twenty-eight days each year .....	280,000
2. First service men, between twenty-one and twenty-five, to be trained for fourteen days..	310,000

3. First reserve, between twenty-five and thirty, to be trained for five days .....	370,000
4. Second reserve, between thirty and thirty-five, to attend muster and review, one day .....	310,000
5. Third reserve, between thirty-five and forty, muster and review one day .....	250,000
6. Fourth reserve, between forty and forty-five, muster and review one day .....	210,000
7. Final reserve, between forty-five and sixty .....	440,000
	<hr/>
	2,170,000

It is only right to state that the presence in Canada of a large number of non-naturalized aliens would somewhat lessen the figures given for each class.

In an emergency—war, invasion or insurrection—the First Service men would be called out first. These men would have gone through four years' training of twenty-eight days in the year in the class of recruits, together, in the majority of cases, with additional training in their own class, would be twice as numerous as the men whom it is hoped to get by putting our present force on a war establishment, would be much better officered, organized and trained, and could be put in the field without any delay or difficulty. Next after the First Service men might go the Recruit class or the First Reserve, as the Statute or Regulations might determine, and so on, to the Final Reserve men, who would not be expected to serve beyond their respective provinces.

The Recruits, except the Staff—adjutants and instructors, who would be drawn in a great measure from the Regulars—would not be paid; although in certain cases rations and transportation might have to be supplied. Nor would the training without pay be looked upon as a grievance. The Recruit Class would be young, unmarried men, with—as a rule—no families depending upon them; and the training could be held at the season of the

year when it would least interfere with the business of the district.

The same decision, as to the non-payment of militiamen, might be adopted as to other classes, if Parliament thought well. The obligation of the citizen to do his share towards defending his country is at least as strong as that to serve on juries or to pay school or road tax; and militia duty, when universally enforced, would be cheerfully performed without pay. In Nova Scotia, the yearly training was generally looked upon as a kind of picnic.

Each Military District should be divided into Regimental Districts. A regimental district would contain as nearly as practicable 1,000 men, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, qualified to serve in the Second Class or First Service men of the Militia. There would be a battalion of recruits between seventeen and twenty-one, and five battalions of reservists, each including the men of one class. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the First Service Battalion would naturally be the commanding officer of the regimental district. Each battalion might include such number of each arm of the service, infantry, artillery, mounted infantry, cavalry, army service men, grenadiers, machine gun men, etc., as might be deemed desirable, considering the natural features of the district. In Nova Scotia, for instance, there would not seem to be much occasion for any large number of mounted men, while in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, they would be proportionally numerous. In the cases of cities, the regimental districts might contain a larger number of men than that just mentioned.

The First Service Battalion would be uniformed as to all ranks; while, as to the remaining battalions, the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, should wear uniforms; and the question of supplying them to the privates might properly be left to

the discretion of the Government.

Arrangements such as those suggested by Colonel Sinclair in another report might be made, especially as to the classes of the militia other than the Recruits, so as to provide that the necessary time might be devoted to training without serious interference with the men's daily avocations. "There is a remedy for this (non-attendance at drill): In summer the drill parade could be formed so early in the morning as to allow of drill before breakfast. This, with one hour at noon, and two hours after business hours, should put no one to really serious inconvenience, nor the country to serious expense."

The rough and imperfect outline just given of the proposed militia system will show that under it, if an emergency arose, Canada could place in the field at the shortest notice a well-organized and fairly trained force of 300,000 men, and would have behind that large force organized reserves amounting in the whole to not less than a million and a half.

The effect of military drill upon the physique of those who undergo it is markedly beneficial; and the effect of training in the way of instilling love of order and the spirit of discipline and obedience would be of almost incalculable value.

Apart from the cost of additional arms and of such uniforms as it might be decided to supply, all this could be secured without appreciable expense beyond that involved in the maintenance of our present small and imperfectly trained and organized active militia.

What serious obstacle stands in the way of our having such a system as that here indicated? None that I can see. Objections are heard; but in my humble opinion they are based upon misapprehension and not well-founded. One arises from the dread that Canada might fall under the control of that spirit of militarism which dominates the greater part of

Continental Europe. But a territorial force made up of citizens whose yearly training is as short as is proposed for the Canadian militia and who so soon pass into the reserves, cannot be held to be a help to militarism, especially when there is no large, permanent army behind it.

The spirit of militarism prevails where the whole nation is a vast permanent camp or where there is a strong military class which feels itself to be apart from and above the mass of the population. No one speaks of Switzerland as being dominated by militarism. Then, it is alleged that compulsory training is conscription under another name, and that conscription is not consistent with our ideas of freedom. It is granted that there are serious objections to what is generally meant by conscription, that system under which the young men of a country are taken away from their homes and occupations and compelled to serve for two or three years in the regular army; but the same objections cannot be urged against a plan under which the youth of the country devote a few days in each year to learning, in the neighbourhood of their homes, the elements of military training, so as to be qualified for the defence of their own land. That this moderate amount of training would be enough for the purpose can be presumed from the readiness of our people to acquire military knowledge and from the results that flowed from the exceedingly limited amount of yearly drill called for by the old law of Nova Scotia.

One advantage of the system advocated would be that, as the rank and file would be furnished by the operation of law, and as the officers would have nothing to do with recruiting them, the relations between officers and men would be much more in accordance with correct ideas of dis-

cipline than those which often exist, more particularly in the case of rural corps, under the present practice. In the case of an extension of the present system, the evil would probably be increased. Again, under the Territorial system, neighbours would serve together, which is looked upon as an important consideration.

While this article deals only with the subject of defence, attention may be called to the fact that the system recommended would have beneficial effects in the case of a foreign war. There would be no need for a recruiting staff nor for recruiting meetings. The officers of each battalion would simply call for volunteers for service abroad, and from what we know of our countrymen the call would be promptly answered. It is well known that men who have had some military training are much more likely to enlist than those who have not; and those who did enlist would not be raw material needing a long preparation before they were fit to embark.

It is to be hoped that the Government will introduce, and have passed at the next session of Parliament, a bill which, if not on the lines here indicated, will make satisfactory provision for the defence of Canada. Prompt action is desirable, because our people are now keenly alive to the risks that they have run, while after a year or two of peace they would have gone back into the state of fancied security out of which the present war has awakened them.

There may be a long period of peace after the close of the vast conflict now raging. On the other hand there may not. We have the highest authority for believing that, to the end, there will be wars and rumours of wars; and the best way of preventing any attack on our country is to be prepared to resist it, no matter how sudden or unexpected it may be.

# THE PRESS CENSORSHIP

BY WILLIAM BANKS

**I**N the earlier months of the war Canadian newspapermen found in the vagaries of the press censorship enforced in Britain much to amuse or sharply criticize. They laughed at some of its anomalies, and they also nobly backed up their British brethren of the pen in consigning the censorship to a place where according to circumstantial evidence newspapers, or any other kind of paper, would not last one second after being thrown in the doorway. They helped to spread abroad the stories told to illustrate the mental status of the men engaged in applying the censorship, as, for instance, the holding back for several days of a cable despatch giving a championship tennis match score, on the ground that the figures might contain a code wherein was hidden information of importance to the enemy.

And now the Canadian newspapers, for the first time in their history, have at Ottawa a censorship of their own; or rather a censorship that is applicable to them all, magazines included. It is backed up by Federal legislation and orders-in-council. Newspapermen do not regard it as "a thing of beauty" or "a joy forever," and none of them have been known to propose a toast to it. If any has done so, the fact has been carefully suppressed by the chief censor and his minions.

As to the post-office censorship, which is just now bothering many people in addition to those engaged in newspaper work, it is not intended

to discuss that here. If the authorities could devise some scheme whereby this phase of the censorship could be extended to put a stop forever to the influx of masses of useless circulars, particularly from the United States, they would be accomplishing a useful work. If the post-office censorship could be still further extended to put a stop to the annoying habit that some people have of sending out their accounts by mail, many other people would rise up and call it blessed.

Reverting to the press censorship, it must be admitted that the staff of every newspaper is quite heartily in favour of its application—to other newspapers. The problem that has confronted the chief censor, the general Major Ernest Chambers, of Ottawa, is to find a working basis which would be applicable to all newspapers, with the least possible amount of annoyance and inconvenience.

An invariable result of a censorship is the spread by word of mouth of wild stories, generally of disasters. The strictness of the British censorship last year was responsible for many of these. You remember the day when General French, Commander-in-Chief of the British armies in France, was captured, and when Prince Louis of Battenburg was shot in the tower of London as a traitor! Nor have you forgotten the shock to your already harassed and perplexed mind produced by the news that seven British Dreadnoughts had been sunk at the mouth of the Thames by an



invisible enemy, and that King George had been assassinated. Perhaps you were among the thousands who demanded of the various newspapers—usually over the telephone—immediate confirmation or official denial of these and other stories, the recollection of which makes you smile now.

Having read and heard a great deal that was condemnatory of the British press censorship, you may have attributed the non-publication of reports of disasters to British arms to the extension of censorship to Canada. Perhaps you had visions of pale-faced newspapermen going about their tasks under the watchful eyes of armed military guards, ready to blow out editorial brains or stick a bayonet into reportorial vitals on the slightest sign of an attempt to publish any one of these reports.

There was then no censorship of the Canadian newspapers such as is in force to-day. The newspapermen exercised their own discretion in respect to all these reports. Occasionally they received requests from the naval or military authorities at Ottawa asking that certain items be not published until a set date, or not at all. But none of them related to the stories of disasters to British arms. It is not the way of British governments to hide disasters, the mystery as to the mishap to the dreadnought *Audacious* notwithstanding.

I first heard the story that General French had been captured at a chance meeting with four or five business men. One of them asked if the others did not think it remarkable that no word regarding General French had been published for some time. The others agreed.

"Well," said he who had propounded the query, "I've been talking to a man who arrived from England yesterday, and he was told by a man who is in touch with the military authorities over there that General French and several members of his staff were captured weeks ago."

"Do you honestly believe that the British authorities could hide an occurrence like that even if they wanted to?" I asked.

The opinion of the group was against me. Such a calamity could be hidden, they argued.

Then I told a true story of the Boer war to illustrate my contention that it was unwise to place reliance on rumours of disasters and victories. During the days when General Buller's first advance for the relief of Ladysmith was under way, there were many rumours of British successes but no confirmation. One evening a young and enthusiastic telegraph editor on a Toronto newspaper, his face glowing with happiness, entered the office of the managing editor, waving a cable sheet.

"Victory for Buller!" he cried, in tones loud enough to be heard all over the editorial flat. All the members of the staff who were on duty that night rushed to the spot.

The "Chief" took the cable from the telegraph editor and read it aloud. It was from the London, England, representative of the newspaper, and stated that he had it from a man in close touch with the War Office that Buller had won a striking victory. The War Office, with the sanction of the Government, had, however, decided that no details should be given until the victorious army joined hands with Sir George White's force in beleaguered Ladysmith. It was decided by the managing editor that the story be published as received. Three hours later there arrived in the same newspaper office—in common with others—the text of the report issued by the War Office announcing the defeat of General Buller at Colenso, with the loss of eleven guns. The story of Colenso would have been frankly told by the British authorities had there been a censorship as in the present war. There is no doubt that much that was at the least indiscreet was allowed to go over the cable and telegraph wires of the world during the

Boer War, and that the enemy, in the earlier periods of the campaign particularly, profited by it. No such mistake has been made this time.

Of course, the censorship, both in Britain and Canada, is still hotly criticized. In many of its phases the British censorship in particular deserves all the harsh things that have been said of it and more. On the other hand, a great deal of information that would be of invaluable assistance to the enemy has been kept back for precious days, sometimes for weeks, and sometimes altogether, because of the censorship, a most essential thing in view of the wonderful system of espionage that all the world knows is conducted by the Germans.

The extension and application of the censorship in its present form in this country has been gradual. It covers matters both of an Imperial and national character. The wish of the Imperial authorities has become tolerably well known to those at Ottawa through the constant interchange of communications. Because of our own military activities due to direct participation in the war, there are many things occurring in the Dominion every day in regard to which it is desirable that little, if anything, should be made public, and the Canadian censorship is really a combination of some features of that in Britain and of regulations that experience is showing are essential to this country.

The newspapers of this country are infallible. No one knows that better than themselves. Some of them, in response to a general invitation, assisted the chief censor and the military authorities, at a conference held in Ottawa, to draw up a set of regulations for the guidance of the Canadian newspapers. Their success was remarkable. Reading the regulations one might be pardoned for the immediate conclusion that they prohibit the publication of anything and everything but notable successes for the allied arms, and that even then

care should be taken to omit names of places at which the victories were won in order to keep the enemy in profound ignorance of the localities. Let me anticipate some one who might rise at this moment to suggest that perhaps the enemy knows the names of those places, by stating at once that perhaps he does not. Wouldn't it be a pretty smart thing on the part of the Allies to allow the enemy to believe that he lost a terrific battle at a certain place, when as a matter of fact it had been fought in the suburbs of a point twenty miles away? The moral effect on the exact Teutonic mind on subsequently finding itself guilty of such a greivous error would be incalculable. As a matter of fact, however, there are saving clauses in the regulations which allow of some latitude to the newspapers, and which call for the continuous exercise of the discretion that all newspapermen are known to possess.

The greatest trial of the Canadian newspapermen to-day arises from the proximity of the United States, to the newspapers of which the censorship is not applicable. Even the pro-Ally papers of that country, and happily they are in the majority, are full of stories that would be prohibited by the censorship in Britain or Canada. All of them are not based on fact; a number of them are, and of the latter it is safe to say that the most were known in Canadian newspaper offices before they appeared in print across the border. United States newspapers come into Canada in great quantities, and their readers here not infrequently clip out stories which come under the ban in this country and send them to Canadian newspapers; sometimes with marginal notes that make the recipients see red. Having once appeared in an American paper, a story is no longer taboo for those of Canada unless it is manifestly untrue or utterly disloyal. But that is cold comfort to the news-gatherers of the Dominion.

You might as an illustration ima-

gine the feelings of Canadian newspapers, many of whom knew that it was coming off, when a New York newspaper first published the story of a number of submarines built in Montreal, safely making the journey across the Atlantic under convoy and being assigned to various units of the British fleet. But you could not in the widest flights of your imagination begin to do justice to the feelings of the newspapermen who were informed from Ottawa, even as they read it, "that the story re submarines published in New York is O.K. and may be published by newspapers in Canada."

There have been very few stories of greater interest than those connected with the arrival in Halifax of British war vessels carrying huge amounts of gold and securities for deposit in New York in connection with the purchase of war supplies for the Allies. In the offices of the larger daily newspapers, in Canada at any rate, the approximate date of the arrival of these treasure ships was known, and later the routes that the trains carrying the treasure would take were also well known, but the press, at the request of the censor, refrained from publishing these and many other facts until it was reasonably certain that the gold and the securities had reached New York.

No blame could have attached to the Canadian press had anything happened to one of these rich cargoes en route. The New York papers played up the stories, however, from a period extending over a day or two before the cargoes were landed until their arrival in the United States metropolis.

Of course, it would not be wise or proper to enlighten the public on all the rules and regulations that the censorship provides for the guidance of the newspapermen.

One instance, however, might be cited: the regulation prohibiting information on the location of muni-

tions factories. In the past publicity has been freely given to these, because the establishment of a new industry in the smaller cities and towns of the country is a matter of real concern to the respective communities. But the censorship—rather late in the day, to be sure—says that such information should not be published, and the attempts that have already been made to blow up or burn down several workshops and factories where munitions and military equipment are being made shows the necessity for some check on announcements as to where these establishments are situated.

It would be incorrect to say that even since the appointment of the censor and the adoption of a real censorship system no Canadian newspapers have deviated from the regulations. There have been some breaks, but it is certain that these have not been the result of deliberate intent to flout the censorship or to give information to the enemy. In the work of getting a newspaper to press, especially a daily newspaper, a great many stories have to be handled at top speed, and occasionally a story gets by that would not have a chance had it been read over two or three times. But of this every reader may be certain—neither the Imperial or Canadian authorities would ask the press of the Empire to suppress news of disasters to the Allies' cause. If they did the censorship would end at once, because the newspapers would refuse to be bound by it, and it would be impossible to jail all the editors or stop all the presses.

When news of disasters is not given in the newspapers it is because disasters have not occurred. When the long-hoped-for big Allied "push" begins, and the Teuton trek back to the Fatherland starts, it will be the beginning of the end for the censorship; *Kultur* and the censorship will both crumble up at just about the same time.

# THE REAL STRATHCONA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

## VI.—THE GOLDEN SPIKE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

TO the writer whose public life in Western Canada was almost coincident with that of Donald A. Smith in his wonderful Canadian career from 1871 to 1914 the conception, origination, construction and development of the Canadian Pacific Railway seem to constitute a great chronometer marking the rise and achievements of at least the Western Canada of to-day. Despite the vapourings of jaundiced minds, political critics, aggrieved rivals, or soured and embittered scribblers, who disregarding the old proverb "Speak noth- but good of the dead," have written what they dared not when he lived, Donald A. Smith must be admitted to have been the main spring of that great enterprise which has marked Canada's growth from childhood into the strong young manhood of to-day.

As the veteran J. J. Hill this year remarked to the writer: "It was the men of the syndicate of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway of 1879 who built the Canadian Pacific." Those men who did it were Stephen, Angus, Hill, Kittson and Donald A. Smith—all born or reared in Canada.

The infancy and childhood of the first transcontinental railway had been marked by weakness, feverishness, and even symptoms of dissolution. The attempts, in democratic communities, of governments to build great expensive public works have very often failed. They lack the

power of concentration, economic management and singleness of aim that an autocrat or an organized company, with self interest, is seen to possess.

It will be recalled that a Pacific Railway Bill had passed in the Dominion Parliament in 1872, but it was inoperative on account of the Pacific scandal and fell to the ground. The Mackenzie Government, instead of giving the contract to a company, intended to build it gradually in sections, as a government work. On the defeat of the Mackenzie Government in 1878 the Macdonald Government in 1880 returned to their policy of giving over the building and management of the railway to a private company. It is our duty to point out the rising and falling tides of their great undertaking. As agreed on in 1880 the new company was to take over the railway already built and the material belonging to the government, receive \$25,000,000 in money and 50,000,000 acres of land, complete the building of the line within ten years and then to possess and run the railway for all time. It is to be noted that afterward the Canadian Pacific sold half of their land grant back to the government.

Where in all these steps in the complicated evolution of the Canadian Pacific Railway does Donald A. Smith appear? All the world knows that on account of the political independence of Donald A., he was not

a "persona grata" to the men whom he had opposed and defied—Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper. Nevertheless, as we shall show, Donald A. Smith was the mainspring of the whole railway enterprise. It was marvellous how for the success of the undertaking and to avoid arousing further antipathies of a political kind he calmly and effectually suppressed himself in the early Canadian Pacific Railway days. Little did it distress him, so long as he gained final supremacy. In this was his greatness. Penny-a-liners have spoken of Donald A.'s humiliation in this matter. Some of his friends have even sought to show that every effort was made to keep the knowledge from Premier Macdonald that Donald A. was a member of the syndicate. This is all nonsense, as shown by Sir Charles Tupper in his "Recollections of Sixty Years" published last year (1914). On page 141 Sir Charles says distinctly: "The names of Mr. Smith and Mr. J. J. Hill did not appear in the agreement, their interest being held by other parties." These names were omitted to please in one case the enemies of Donald A. and in the other the so far dreadfully unpalatable fact of having an American citizen as director in the Canadian syndicate. The whole body of Parliament knew where Donald A. stood.

For the whole time the silent, working mainspring of the enterprise was continually in its place, giving power and direction. For six long years—1881 to 1887—Donald A. in his freedom from the cares of parliamentary life and with his ready adaptability in meeting the crisis of the Railway Company was of invaluable assistance to Canada.

The first important step taken by the syndicate was in building the railway through a wilderness of 2,550 miles of which it was declared that there were in the rocky cliffs on the north shore of Lake Superior, to quote the words afterward uttered by their master-builder, "200 miles of

engineering impossibilities." The writer can support this apparent paradox as to the "north shore" as it was familiarly called. On a special steamer chartered for the trip in 1869 he saw this stretch of two hundred miles of serried cliffs of seemingly impassable primitive rocks. All Canadians admitted that they were impregnable. Further, the writer in the middle of "the Seventies" saw the blasting operations on contract fifteen of continuous rocks between Selkirk and Rat Portage. He saw on one occasion at that period a train of freight cars filled with dynamite explosives opposite the city of Winnipeg, which so alarmed the citizens that they gave no rest till the combustibles were hurried by wagon down the Dawson Road to the Lake of the Woods. It was generally admitted that in the course of years a line of some 450 miles might be built from the prairie capital to Fort William, but every one declared that a railway along the north shore of Lake Superior was chimerical if not absurd.

It was on February 15, 1881, that the first sod of the new Canadian Railway was turned. As the building was westward from Winnipeg over the open prairie good headway was made in that year—162 miles of railway track. Over this line the Marquess of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, passed on a trip followed afterward by wagon 800 miles to the Rocky Mountains. The critics of the railway, in Parliament and out of it, maintained that the line east of Winnipeg—if at all—could not be built in ten years, the time required by the contract. But the two invisible partners—Donald A. Smith and J. J. Hill—found the man who could work wonders. This railway magician was a young man, thirty-eight years of age, who had risen from being a telegraph boy at the age of fourteen, to pass from railway to railway till in 1880 he became general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Rail-

road—then the largest railway in the United States. This railway builder was William Van Horne. In a few weeks he proved himself the man for the enterprise. When knowing critics declared that the Lake Superior section could not be built, he openly undertook to build it at once. Of this discouraging region, a writer said: "This country to be crossed was a waste of forest, rock and muskeg out of which almost every mile was hewn, blasted or filled up, and in places the filling up of muskeg proved to be a most difficult task." How was this done? The answer has been given: "Twelve hundred railway labourers and from 1,500 to 2,000 teams of horses were set to work involving the use of a dozen steamers for the transport of materials and provisions." The problem boldly faced by the new general manager was one which well might daunt the most venturesome and daring spirit. Van Horne was constantly in sore vexation. There were moments during the work when even William Van Horne's stout heart almost failed him. Discouraging reports from surveyors and engineers, the discovery of unexpected obstacles, the varied phases of weather, rain following rain, and flood following rain, made the task hard beyond the comprehension of ordinary man. It is to be remembered that there were stretches for scores and scores of miles of unbroken forest and rockland without a settler. This may suffice to "sing the man and the hero"! But severe criticism, political enmity, transatlantic ignorance of Canadian conditions, the sensitiveness of the British money market, and the reputation of many "wild cat" American schemes all contributed to make the path of the syndicate one of thorns and briars.

When a prominent parliamentarian declared that in the mountain region of British Columbia the railway would never "pay for axle grease," when a most notable financial collapse had just taken place (1881-2) in the

new city of Winnipeg which was to be chief centre of the new railway, and while immigration agents in the Western States were constantly influencing immigrants who passed through their borders from going to what they represented as "a land of ice and perpetual snow," it was a wonder that the syndicate and its employees did not give up their work in despair. But the "Canadian Pacific" builders had "hearts of oak." In their distress they turned naturally to the Canadian Government for help. Sir George Stephen and his cousin Donald A. Smith "from behind the curtain" had already pledged their whole private means to maintain the credit of the railway. The stock of the company fell to 35¾ cents on the dollar. The situation became desperate. The story of deliverance has been often told, and fortunately there seems about it to be no dispute, among the many differences of opinion which prevailed at this time in Canada. Donald A. Smith's greatest enemy said: "The only member of the syndicate who never became pessimistic or who never lost his nerve was Donald A. Smith."

A wealthy, public-spirited member of the Cabinet, a prominent Roman Catholic, and one of Toronto's richest and most influential men—Senator Frank Smith—took up the case of the infant and sorely afflicted railway. He had become persuaded that it was a child of promise. The Canadian Pacific and the credit of the country were at stake, but on the other hand nothing less than the enormous sum of \$30,000,000 would carry the Canadian Pacific Company through. The Government was the only agency strong enough to obtain this vast amount. Friends of George Stephen—now Lord Mount-Stephen—have told the writer of the absolute despair into which he fell. He went hurriedly back and forward from Montreal to Ottawa. Bankruptcy after a most successful mercantile career stared Stephen in the face. Friends attend-



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

From the Charcoal Drawing by  
Kathleen Shackleton

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ed closely to him in his fearful distress. But Sir John Macdonald was hard to convince. He was an old and far-seeing politician. He expected to go to the country in a year or sooner. He knew agricultural Ontario on which his return depended. He had strong opponents in Blake, Mackenzie, Cartwright, and Charlton. He knew that the Ontario farmers were blaming the government policy in Lanark, Huron, Bruce, Wellington and many other counties for leading their farmers to the Northwest by way of Chicago and St. Paul. Thus farms and loans were less in value. The Premier feared a political storm. Dislike to Donald A. Smith was but a trifling matter compared with the possible debacle which might ensue. The Premier remembered the overthrow of 1872. Any one can see that Sir John was right in his stand as a politician and party leader. Yet the stars in their courses were fighting against the Siseras who warred against western development and the future of Canada. Parliament passed the legislation for the loan of thirty million dollars, which was floated in England. The credit of the company was saved. By granting the loan Canada received the concession that the syndicate would finish the railway from ocean to ocean in five years. This promise was fulfilled within the time agreed upon, and what was quite as creditable the large loan with interest at four per cent. was paid by the railroad when it came due. In all the anxiety, pressure and flurry in the whole circle of Canadian Pacific influence the moving spirit was Donald A. Smith. Those who have studied out the motives that actuated the broad-minded Senator Frank Smith in his heroic stand for the Canadian Pacific Railway have little difficulty in seeing as a writer has shown that "he was blessed with that large-hearted Irish characteristic of sympathy for friends and foes alike."

The keen party politician cannot

easily understand Frank Smith subscribing toward the election expenses of a political opponent; but any student of honest human nature can see that Frank Smith was of the same type of mind as Donald A. Smith and his cousin George Stephen, viz., to be not a strong partisan but one in whom both the views of Whig and Tory could agree. It is a benevolent arrangement of Providence that there are minds of perfectly honest intent which can look beyond the seemingly impenetrable skin of the political pachyderm and see high motive and perfectly honest intent in the men who sit on the political middle benches. All honour to the trio Frank Smith, Donald A. Smith, and George Stephen. The career of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from a business standpoint, has been one of high ideals. Its officials have almost always been men of honour and unblemished character. William Van Horne became a thorough-going Canadian, and he not only reached the position of President of the Company but became a thorough British subject and received the honour of Knighthood from his sovereign. One of the men of high character and remarkable influence in the company (afterward western manager of the Canadian Pacific) was Sir William Whyte, who had passed through the various grades of railway life and was prominent in almost every noble and charitable enterprise in Western Canada. He left around every stage of his career an aroma of goodness. The cosmopolitan character of the Canadian Pacific Railway was also seen in the rise to its highest position of manager of an American of Irish descent who fills at present the highest place in the company, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy still in the vigour of life as a useful citizen in Montreal.

These men and others in this service have left a legacy of benevolence, uprightness, considerateness and high character which have reflected honour on the great railway organization to

which they belonged, and in the honesty and shrewdness by which its affairs were managed along with a keen business sense and capacity in dealing with the interests of their shareholders. That Lord Strathcona as a leading influence in the Canadian Pacific Railway showed a constant regard for the interests of the clientelle of the railway cannot be disputed, but that he was a hard, unreasonable or greedy Shylock is most strenuously denied by all of his business associates and by his most intimate friends. Of his great generosity mention will be made in another chapter. It is quite true that the busy tongue of criticism, innuendo and even of open slander attacked him and charged him with being deep, self-seeking and disingenuous in hiding his desire for fame or for having the plaudits of the multitude. As an intimate friend the writer knows that Donald A. Smith waived many prominences that many other men would have sought eagerly. A well-known friend of Lord Strathcona said to the writer, "Oh well, you know Strathcona liked to sit on the front seat." Well perhaps that is human. The wisest man the world ever knew did say, "before honour is humility," yet he also held up for admiration the man, "who is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land". Another mutual friend also said to the writer, "Did you ever know Donald A. Smith to resign anything or give up anything?" My answer was, "Many a time and oft we have known him to set aside what would have given him greater prominence." That he did like notice by the late King Edward he candidly admitted to the writer, but again the same greatest wise man said that it was worth while "to stand before kings," and said that the diligent in business should so stand, and not before obscure men.

Lord Strathcona was proud of the "Canadian Pacific"—not forgetting

the magnificent fleet of merchant ships of the *Empress* type and other ocean monsters. Who could grudge him that pleasure? Was he not like Drake "ploughing a furrow around the world"? His own company on the completion of the Canadian Pacific main line from ocean to ocean saw no rival for him. Then the time came for driving in the last spike at the little town where the junction was made between east and west, to which they gave the name in the motto of his clan ancestors. Thus they recognized his tremendous courage, stability, resource, and confidence in standing by the national highway in its darkest days.

Colonel, now General, Steele, who was an eye-witness of the driving of the spike, lately writes in his interesting book of Reminiscences, "Forty Years in Canada": "The principal directors in Canada and the leading men of the staff arrived from the east by a special train, passed through Revelstoke in the morning of Nov. 7th, 1886, picking up several of us who had the privilege of proceeding with them. There were two well-filled trains of excursionists, and when they arrived at the place Mr. Donald Smith raised the heavy sledge hammer provided for the occasion, and with vigorous strokes drove the spike which united the great Dominion from ocean to ocean. Among those present were Mr. James Ross, Manager of Construction, Mr. W. C. Van Horne, Manager of the C.P.R., Mr. Sandford Fleming, Mr. James Dickie, Dominion Government Engineer, Mr. John M. Egan, Superintendent of the lines west of Fort William, Mr. John McTavish, Land Commissioner of the Company, and many others.

"The trains now continued on their way passing over the last laid rails and the place, which is now named 'Craigellachie,' the significant motto of the Clan Grant, and speeded on their way to the Pacific."

# CANADA'S MIGHTY GAINS FROM THE WAR

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

WHEN the majestic trump that shall herald the Long Peace sounds over the world, what is going to happen to Canada?

We are living a poignant, ecstatic, artificial life now. Spiritually we are buoyed up—with great hopes centred in Europe. Industrially we are keeping triumphantly afloat—with war orders that more than total in volume the whole value of our western wheat crop.

This artificial life is coming to a sudden end. The cables that flash the word "peace" will the next moment be ticking off the cancellation of war orders. The Magnificat that sends to Heaven our joy over hopes fulfilled will leave us confronted by a to-morrow lacking something vital that was in our yesterday.

What is going to happen to Canada?

This much is certain: We are not going to resume where we left off. The Canada of the pre-war days belongs to an era that has passed away for ever. It is as much a part of history as is the Canada of the nineteenth century. We do not realize that now, but we shall realize it when war activity ceases and we face the new conditions. We shall then discover that many of the props which supported our Tower of Success have gone. It will be necessary to find others to help us preserve the perpendicular.

Can we do it? Well, let us look the situation squarely in the face.

On the negative side here is what will confront us:

War orders cancelled.

No likelihood of railway building or other constructive work for development purposes taking their places.

Manufacturing plants, capitalized and equipped to carry the peak load of boom times, consequently far ahead of domestic requirements.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers with first claim on our sympathies returning and flooding the labour market.

Huge sums in interest to be paid on the vast capital borrowed by federal and provincial governments, municipalities, railways and industrial concerns generally.

No likelihood of immigration getting into its stride until the latter end of a year from the declaration of peace.

All this looks serious. But there is a positive side to the picture. That side is represented by the mighty gains which the war is bringing and will bring to Canada.

The first of these gains is that Canada has been enabled through the war to demonstrate to the world that she is in the front rank as a manufacturing country. Of course we knew all about this before. But the world did not. To the world we

were a nation of farmers. The world could not be blamed for that. We were so busy manufacturing for a population the growth of which was artificially stimulated by the expenditure of millions upon millions of money on constructive works that we had no time or inducement to send any appreciable portion of our manufactures abroad.

When the war came the army that we sent over to Europe made a great impression. But the really astounding moment came when the Empire was officially informed that Canada was making more shells than all the private plants in Great Britain put together! There was another spasm of surprise when Sir Thomas Shaughnessy landed in England and told the public there that although Canada was doing this, she could easily increase her shell output ten-fold, and begged to be allowed a bite of the business to that extent. Lloyd George despatched his munitions organizer, D. A. Thomas, over to Canada right away. Mr. Thomas confessed to surprise at the extent and capacity of our industrial plants, and declared that in one of our great steel works he saw a double forging turned out in a manner superior to anything of the kind he had witnessed.

While all this was going on, difficulty arose over an order for submarines that Great Britain had placed in the United States. Mr. Bryan considered that to deliver such submarines complete and ready for use to Great Britain would be a breach of neutrality. Possibly it would, for if the States could deliver them to one power it could deliver them to another, and doubtless Germany would be glad of the delivery of a few submarines ready for use on this side of the Atlantic. This diplomatic difficulty was a stroke of luck for Canada. It resulted in the discovery of a splendidly-equipped and up-to-the-minute shipbuilding plant in Montreal. To Montreal, therefore,

the order was transferred. Montreal broke all records in speed of construction. In a comparatively short time she had turned out a whole flotilla of submarines—submarines of such capacity and endurance that they were able to cross the Atlantic under their own power—the first submarines ever to accomplish such a feat. Another magnificent advertisement for Canada's manufacturing capacity.

Still another advertisement came when one of our steel magnates dropped across to Russia and came back with an \$85,000,000 order from that country, with more millions to follow.

All this is gratifying, because it gives Canada a flying start in the export trade on a grand scale. It is, too, a magnificent help to Canada in the transition period from a constructive to a productive era, upon which, just before the war she was beginning to enter. In the constructive era which was rapidly drawing to a close we had, under our National Policy, built up the most astoundingly-extensive manufacturing industries that any young nation had ever evolved. We had contrived to secure to ourselves not only the major portion of the manufacturing business involved in the expenditure of fabulous sums on the building and equipment of vast railway systems and Government and municipal works, but also the major portion of the manufactures consumed by the great army of engineers, mechanics and labourers brought to Canada to carry on this temporary and not immediately productive work.

Well, as has been said, the abnormal activity consequent on providing Canada in a few years with an equipment that no other country has ever got in less than a hundred years was departing. It was leaving us with a manufacturing capacity far beyond our immediate requirements, and with little prospect of getting into the foreign markets to

the extent necessary to keep those manufacturing plants working at anything near their capacity.

The war has provided the way out. It wrote an abrupt "Finis" to our constructive era, but it has given us a start on our productive era, and infinite possibilities and opportunities for extending that start. The first outstanding gain that the war has brought to Canada, then, is that her manufacturers have got a flying start in the export trade such as would have taken half a century to develop by other means. As an indication of this, the Government returns show that the export of manufactures from Canada for the first six months of this year amounted to \$71,452,528, against \$31,776,496, an increase of \$39,676,032, or considerably more than 100 per cent. And they have increased at an even faster rate since.

Clap on to this outstanding consideration the fact that Germany, the great price-cutter of the nations, is put out of the running in world trade, and will be too financially demoralized to resume Government-subsidized business grabbing.

Clap on to that the fact that Canada and the British Empire will face a world whose friendship for them will show an unprecedented unanimity and even enthusiasm.

Clap on to that the immediate requirements arising out of the reconstruction of devastated Europe, and the development that will come as a result of the emancipation of Europe for ever from the threatened thralldom of Germany.

There are other considerations that may be clapped on, but these will suffice for the time being to indicate what a mighty business gain will be Canada's.

Do we realize the possibilities of the new conditions? Are our Government and our industrial and commercial leaders alive to the opportunities? Because if we are to reap the full benefits of the new era

which the war is opening for us, we must begin now to prepare for the great world-trade that will be open to us. Already overseas friends are knocking at our doors. India has sent inquiries for manufactures of metal. Australasia is looking for an extension of reciprocal trading. Russia is ready to extend in her enormous empire the trade we have begun with her, as is shown by the following despatch:

Ottawa, August 23.—Russian banks are interested greatly in Canada's determination to enter the Russian market, according to a further report received by the Department of Trade and Commerce from Mr. C. F. Just, special Canadian trade commissioner. Mr. Just gives an extended list of articles which could be made the basis of a large trade between this country and Russia.

Russia needs the light type of agricultural machinery and the trade, says the commissioner, is capable of indefinite extension. A Canadian forwarding agency in Russia is recommended. Mr. Just states that the forwarding business has been in German hands, and that "it has been attended with disagreeable surprises since the war began."

The end of the war will see for Canada big opportunities in friendly markets that would not have come but for the war.

Then again: At the date of writing the war orders placed in Canada by Great Britain amounted, according to an official statement by D. A. Thomas, to at least \$230,000,000. The Allies have also placed orders, bringing the total to more than \$300,000,000. Added to this as a more or less immediate gain from the war must be the enormous impetus given to our agricultural development—a hundred per cent. increase in our wheat crop compared with last year being one of the items. Put together, these two factors—war orders and a crop that under war stimulus reaches a record in quantity and value—will mean the bringing of much ready money into Canada, and money not in the form of loans but in payment for value received.

Canada should also gain greatly in

bone-fide agricultural settlement as a result of the war. The vast upheaval caused among the populations of Europe, and the unsettling conditions to which they have been subjected, will surely cause them to look with longing eyes to Canada as a land of hope and fortune. The pick of the young men of Europe have been shaken out of their grooves, and many of them will not feel like settling back into those grooves again. They have gone through a splendid physical training. Their campaigning experiences will have given them a love for the open. The wanderlust will be upon them after the first joy of their return has worn off. There will be a huge emigration of those who return to Great Britain after the war.

Another consideration that will make for emigration from Europe may be mentioned. The war is raging in the most densely-populated portions of the continent. For instance, Belgium had a population of nearly eight millions packed into a strip of country only a little more than half the size of Nova Scotia. A dense population can live on a narrow strip of ground when it grows there. But once disturbed, it is difficult to get it back. It will be many years before Belgium is in a condition to support the same number of people as it maintained before the war. It may be added that the Quebec Government is already making plans for establishing colonies of Belgians in the Province of Quebec. With their methods of intensive farming, they should add a valuable element to the population. Their industry and thrift are well known.

What has been said of Belgium will be true of large portions of Europe. And it must be remembered that the proportion of killed in battle to the total population will be very small. Great Britain alone could easily spare 1,000,000 emigrants from her 50,000,000 population. With Canada looming brighter than ever on the horizon as a land of

hope and opportunity, and with Canada now provided as she is by her vast new railway systems with the machinery necessary for settlement on a colossal scale, we shall doubtless witness a vast tide of immigration from war-haunted Europe.

In connection with this great tide of immigration which will surely come, we should be preparing now for a reconstruction of our land-settlement policy. There is no doubt that we were going wrong in this connection prior to the war, and were allowing conditions to grow up which tended to drive *bona fide* settlers off the land. In fact, so wrong were we going that I am convinced Canada was heading straight for calamity, from which the war saved us. I do not think that anyone who has mastered the rudiments of political economy can doubt this. Prosperity had turned the heads of the people. Speculation that was nothing short of downright gambling was rife from one end of the country to the other. Real estate was boomed and boosted out of all proportion to its correct value. Scarcely a city, scarcely a town, scarcely a village, scarcely even a stopping-place in the most uninhabited part of the newly-accessible regions of all this wide domain of ours that was not being exploited by real estate brokers of the get-rich-quick order.

The speculative fever was spreading like wildfire among all classes of our population. Thousands and thousands of men were withdrawing from productive industries to become mere traffickers in land. In the cities real estate was boomed to such values that legitimate business was fast becoming overburdened by ever-mounting rentals both on the stores and on the dwellings of the workers. Around the outskirts of our cities for miles in every direction fertile farms and market gardens were thrown out of cultivation to form subdivisions of building lots for the homes of visionary millions.

Worse than this was the townsite evil in the West. At every spot where it was decided to place a station on any of the new railways that have been carried across the uninhabited portions of the prairies miles of land were bought up by syndicates of speculators and cut up into building lots, as though each station were immediately about to become a city. The evil in this case was two-fold. First it resulted in a lot of money being sunk in non-productive speculation. Secondly it kept *bona fide* settlers, the real producers of wealth, off the land. When a settler went into this country to take up land he found that he could not get land anywhere within five miles of a railway station, unless he first paid a staggering fine to a real estate speculator for the privilege. That is what it amounted to. Instead, therefore, of a thriving little farming community springing up around each station, with a compact little village in its centre and transportation close at hand, such farmers as went in were sent off to the outside of the five-mile ring, where they were isolated from each other, had no little village community of their own, and were far from railway transportation. In other words, farming in the new country was made as dreary and as difficult as possible.

There is no need to enlarge further upon the evils of the real estate boom or of other aspects of the speculative fever that was raging. Everybody now can see plainly enough what it was leading to. The marvel of it all is this, that the whole thing has been brought to a stop without a national calamity. And the war has done it. For a year before the war broke out the shadow of strife was darkening over the world. The effect in Canada was a tightening up of the strings and a gradual but persistent withdrawal of capital from speculative enterprise. There was no crashing burst of the speculative boom. It gradually oozed

away, and when the war broke out it found Canada once more economically sound and in its right mind. If the whole thing had been arranged by a special dispensation of Providence, Canada could not have been more gently headed off from national discredit and disaster than she was by the war. Here, then, is another of the gains of the war for us. We have been saved from a calamity and a shaking of public confidence in us that would have set the country back for a decade. There will be no repetition of that folly in this generation. The lesson of it only remains.

Many people feel a good deal of anxiety on the subject of future supplies of capital for the development of our country. The general idea is that war will exhaust all available sources of capital, and thus leave nothing for Canadian needs. Sir George Paish, the eminent financial expert called in by the British Government at the beginning of the war, stated, at the conclusion of a year of war, that Great Britain "in one year has merely consumed the annual income of her wealth, and, through savings to be made, will weather the coming year at half the first year's expenditure—that is, organized on a new economical basis, she will spend but half her annual income, and no capital, even after making loans to her Allies." The idea that Great Britain, and consequently the British Empire, will emerge from the war financially exhausted, is, therefore, preposterous. Another consideration is this: Great Britain is hardly likely to sustain any property destruction worth consideration. In this respect, therefore, there will be no need for the withdrawal of her capital to the work of repair, as was the experience of France after 1870. She will be able to pay all her attention to absolutely productive work—to take full advantage of the great new world-wide opportunities for trade that will be offering. Canada will feel the reflected benefit of this trade

expansion, for Great Britain is Canada's best customer.

Again, the war will not necessarily be followed by the grinding poverty that came in the wake of wars of former days. Our modern productive powers are too great for that. Industrial invention has placed at our disposal productive powers many hundred fold greater than the people of even twenty-five years ago possessed. In normal times the employment of these powers is not very great, but a large general wastage like that of the war will stimulate them to full activity.

Now let us see how Canada will gain in this respect from the war. The Boer War lasted three years, and cost Great Britain \$1,125,000,000. In the year when the war broke out—an exceptionally good trade year—the exports of British goods were \$1,320,000,000. But the close of the war saw the beginning of the greatest period of trade prosperity Great Britain has ever known, the exports rising by leaps and bounds, until in 1913 they about doubled, for they amounted to no less a sum than \$2,625,000,000. Also, the close of the war saw the beginning a period of prosperity in Canada without parallel among the nations of the world—a reflection of British trade expansion. The wastage of the Boer war stimulated productive industries in the British Empire, and as practically all Canada's industries are productive rather than luxury-producing, they were the ones to feel the full effects of the stimulus. The same experience should be repeated on a larger scale after the present war.

Canada will gain also from the fact that the war will demonstrate her basic soundness and her stability as the premier Dominion of the British Empire. People will feel confidence in putting their money into enterprises in this country, because she is first among the children of a Mother Country whose strength has

been renewed and whose dominion of the sea has been re-asserted beyond all possibility of challenge.

European experiences will also point it out as a safe and desirable country to live in. There will be less of that tendency to get a competency in the country and skip out. Farmers who have taken up land in the West, with the idea of mining the soil for wheat and getting out will more largely conduct their farming with a view to the establishment of permanent homes in a land singularly free and happy compared with so many European countries. Canada will figure more largely as a land to live in as well as a land in which to work.

Coming to larger issues, perhaps the outstanding consideration is the remarkable revelation which the war has caused of the strategic importance of Canada in the British Empire. Canada has often been spoken of as the granary of the British Empire, but never before has it been brought home so vividly to the people of Great Britain as it has been by the supply of foodstuffs which has poured out in such an unending flood from Canada to the Old Country since the war began. Then there is the dominant position which Canada gives as a base for sea power, and last but not least, the importance of the Canadian nation as the connecting link between Great Britain and the great English-speaking nation to the south of us. These considerations will compel a still more intimate interest in furthering Canadian development on the part of the capitalists in the heart of the Empire.

Another gain is that the war will sweep away the abnormal conditions which caused such a lamentable division in Canada on the question of this country's participation in the defence of the Empire. We shall now be able to consider this matter coolly and sanely and on a permanent basis. Without going into the political aspect of the question, I think it can



safely be said that we now have a clearer idea in regard to the defensive necessities of the Dominion itself, and the bearing of those defences in regard to the larger matter of Empire. It would seem also that the necessity of building here in Canada such modern implements of defence as submarines and aeroplanes, and training forces in the use of them, has clearly been demonstrated. On the big implements of the Empire's sea power I will not touch, since we cannot view this question yet in its proper perspective.

There are also certain great spiritual gains which Canada will share in common with the rest of the world. The foremost of these is that the war will have demonstrated not the breakdown of civilization and Christianity, but the triumph of them. This war is concerned almost entirely with spiritual things. It is a war against a brute despotism that has deliberately and methodically let loose forces of barbarity and wickedness in order to attain its goal. Its end will be a re-assertion of the unconditioned supremacy of moral values, of the eternal truth that the laws of morality and justice are just as binding on the strong as on the weak. That "scrap of paper" incident, when the whole British Empire was placed at stake to protect the sanctity of the written word, will have all the creative force of a new idea. Those who have studied the phenomena of telepathy declare that the great waves of popular opinion which periodically spread over the world, sometimes for good, sometimes for ill, are the result of telepathy. Thus it is that the work of a few thinkers in any given period spreads so marvelously that historians can speak of "the spirit of the age". Thus it is that even the ignorant and stupid are found to be acting in the spirit of

ideas they have never consciously apprehended. Such a wave is now spreading from the vigorous influence of that "scrap of paper" incident. It will purify every relation of national and business life, and make for higher and sounder standards all round.

Finally it may fairly be expected that another general gain will be the prevention of widespread strife between capital and labour. The war will have emphasized the unity of the national family, the importance, each in his own sphere, of the man with the brain and the man with the brawn, the forces of capital and the forces of labour. A new tolerance should spring up between all classes, and a new feeling of patriotism not only to the national flag but to the national family. Everywhere this tolerance and this national family patriotism are now in evidence. Can we not hope that after the war is over they will still continue, and make for better relations between all classes, and particularly between capital and labour?

Estimating the future not by the losses the war has brought us, but by the gains that it will bring, is there any justification for pessimism? Most assuredly not. Canada will gain immensely from it, and any losses that we may sustain, and temporary setbacks that have come, ought to be borne cheerfully for the glorious privilege of living in a time when the conscience and faith of the world have been shocked into an eager life again; in a time when the future of the world is to be made. We ought to feel with Sir John Jellicoe that "it is good to be a Briton in these days". I hope I have shown that we have special reason to add that it is good also to be a Canadian, for a new birth-song for Canada is already filling the sky.

# OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE

THE SECOND OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE NEW CONSERVATION

BY FRANCIS MILLS TURNER, JUNIOR

THE new conservation is essentially the utilization of scientific research, especially chemical research, to suggest new materials and new uses for already known materials, thus relieving the consumption of substances that are annually becoming rarer and more costly. It also includes new processes for the making of these substances from materials now going to waste, a proceeding which is often talked about, without being well understood, under the term "utilization of by-products." An American writer has said, "To the average citizen conservation means something about forests several thousand miles away", and there is without any doubt a great deal of truth in this statement. Without in any way undervaluing the importance of the older type of conservation which urges us to abate wastefulness in the use of our natural resources this article will deal chiefly with the more novel phases of conservation work which have been classified above as "the new conservation."

There is something so picturesque about a forest, something so fascinating to our romantic instincts, that a certain sentimental interest has attached to statistics regarding the deforestation of the country, and as a consequence more serious attention has been given to this phase of the subject than to equally or perhaps greater waste in other directions. The

annual national waste caused by the imperfection of our treatment of mineral ores is several times that due to the forest fires and wasteful use of timber. The greater part of this inefficiency in treating minerals is due to failure to make use of what chemistry has discovered in the last twenty years. In this connection a quotation from the report of the Twelfth United States Census is of interest: "The measure of a country's appreciation of the value of chemistry in its industrial development and the extent to which it utilizes the science in its industries, generally measure quite accurately to the industrial progress and prosperity of that country. In no other country in the world has the value of chemistry to industry been so thoroughly understood and appreciated as in Germany. And in no other country of similar size and endowment have such remarkable advances in industrial development been recorded; this, too, with steadily increasing economy in the utilization of natural resources.

"In 1907 [in the United States] over 40,000,000 tons of coke, valued at nearly \$112,000,000, were produced from about 62,000,000 tons of coal. Only 5,500,000 tons of this, or less than fourteen per cent., was obtained in by-product ovens. About 54,500,000 tons of coal were coked in beehive ovens (the old wasteful type). This involved a waste of 148,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas, worth \$22,000,-

000; 540,000 tons of ammonium sulphate, worth a similar amount, and nearly 400,000,000 gallons of tar, worth \$9,000,000.

"We [the United States] are therefore wasting enough power to establish a great manufacturing centre, enough ammonium sulphate to fertilize thousands of acres, enough creosote to preserve our lumber, and enough pitch and tar to roof all our houses and briquette our slag and waste coal. Lignites have been found to give not only an excellent yield of gas, but also tar, oils, paraffin, and other valuable by-products. It has recently been found that one ton of dried peat can be made to yield one hundred and sixty-two litres of pure alcohol and about sixty-six pounds of pure ammonium sulphate."

When the law does step in for some reason and compel the utilization of a by-product it is invariably found to be a great source of revenue to the industry concerned. When legislation was introduced to compel the copper smelters of Tennessee to cease allowing their sulphur fumes to escape into the air, destroying all neighbouring vegetation and endangering human life, vigorous opposition was aroused and a serious setback to the smelting industry was prophesied. Far from any such result, it has been shown that the acid derived from the fumes is one of the chief sources of profit to the concern, and under the stimulus of cheap acid a considerable chemical industry has grown up in the immediate vicinity in connection with the enormous phosphate deposits of the region which required just this cheap and abundant acid for their working. Similar conditions prevail at Sudbury, but at present a like remedy is not possible since owing to freight rates the acid produced would not find a market. The solution of this problem rests with the establishment in that district of chemical industries using large amounts of crude acid at nearby points. This is only a specific case of the general pro-

position that for the most economical conditions the chemical industry should keep pace with the metallurgical development of a region. If by-products are to be utilized to their fullest extent such a co-operation is absolutely essential and the failure to heed this fact has led to great and unnecessary losses in the United States and Canada. At the present time Canada is obliged to import almost all her fine and heavy chemicals, every one of which could be manufactured in the Dominion. Possibly alterations in the tariff of the United States which permit more convenient exportation of some of these articles to the large centres of industry of the Atlantic States will gradually mend matters, but in the main it is a chemical and not an economic problem. The benefits due to equal growth of the chemical and metallurgical industries are well shown by figures regarding the by-product coke production of various countries. Coke, which is so essential to the steel industry, is made by the incomplete combustion of certain types of coal, large amount of gaseous and liquid by-products being produced, which because of ignorance of their value and lack of suitable apparatus for collecting them, were allowed until recently to escape into the air. The greatest coke-making area of the world is that of western Pennsylvania where thousands of tons of coal are daily converted into coke with no attempt at all to save the by-products. The statistics quoted above from the United States Census show the enormous loss this causes. The chief reason, apart from prejudice, for the failure to utilize these by-products to a larger extent, is the loss that would be occasioned by discarding the present plant and equipment, and the expense of installing new equipment and by-product plants to manufacture saleable substances from the waste and the realization that there is not at the present time a sufficient American chemical industry to utilize

the scores of synthetic substances that could be made from them. This condition is a striking illustration of the injury resulting from the chemical industry falling behind the metallurgical in its development. In Germany and in Belgium, where there are great chemical industries, over sixty per cent. of the coke is made in by-product plants; in England, where the chemical industry is smaller and less highly developed, about twenty per cent. of all the coke is made in by-product plants, and the remainder by the old wasteful methods but in America, where in proportion to the other industries of the country the chemical industry is almost insignificant, only a little over 10 per cent. of the coke is made in by-product ovens! Much the same condition prevails in the destructive distillation of wood, and it is much to the credit of the budding Canadian chemical industry that one of the most modern plants for this purpose in the world is owned and operated in Canada by a Canadian corporation.

It should not be inferred from these statements that the failure to utilize by-products in America is due to any lack of alertness on the part of those who have developed the industries of this continent. Nothing but actual experience will reveal the difficulty of utilizing waste products. Economic as well as engineering questions have to be considered, and in putting any substance now made from a former waste on the market the whole equilibrium of that industry is disturbed and a new one has to be set up. Waste is often not only excusable, but actually commendable. The methods of the early copper smelters in Arizona were wasteful in the extreme, but nothing else was possible, and had not these extravagant methods of working been indulged in we would not now have the great industry that has made a busy mining community out of a desert. But remember that this would not excuse those wasteful

methods to-day were they in practice. It was at one time very fashionable to poke fun at the railroads of our continent with their wooden bridges, rough roadbeds, and lack of finish in detail. European, and especially English, engineers were very prone to make invidious comparisons between our lines and those of their own countries, with their splendid roadbeds, stone bridges, and viaducts and multitude of safety devices. They seldom seemed capable of understanding that if railroads were to be built at all in America they must pay at least a moderate interest on capital invested, and that, owing to the enormous distances and light traffic, flimsy construction was, for the time being, absolutely unavoidable. With the growth of the country these conditions have been improved until American railroads are by common consent the finest in the world, both as to roadbed and equipment. Make-shift methods are more often justified than is popularly believed.

The collector of rags, bones, and bottles, who is almost omnipresent in our large cities, is a great conservationist; he is the first step in the transformation of things that are not merely useless and ugly but even sources of danger to the health of the community into products of genuine value. The prevention of waste is a fascinating subject, but at present the scanty presentment of it here given will have to suffice, for the second aspect of the subject is at present less thought about and therefore more in need of explanation.

According to the chemist the material universe is made up of about eighty kinds of material. Some of these materials, such as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, iron, silicon, and aluminium are present in very large amounts and make up the water, the air, the rocks, and the living things of the earth. Others, such as copper, zinc, gold, and silver, and sulphur, while not so widely distributed, are still substances of common

occurrence and used daily for many purposes. Many others, such as tungsten, vanadium, iridium, and cobalt, are only known to those involved in the few industries into which they enter and to chemists who study their properties from a scientific point of view. Finally there are some, like tellurium, selenium, radium, helium, and palladium, which have no industrial applications of consequence, are never heard of outside the laboratories of science and occur in very small quantities or in such combinations that their extraction is a matter of great difficulty and expense. The finding of uses for some elements, which at present have none, and of more uses for those that now have but limited application is one of the great fields of the chemical engineer and the research chemist.

Cobalt is a hard magnetic metal similar to iron and nickel and is produced in large quantities in the form of oxide of cobalt when the ores of Northern Ontario are treated to produce silver. At present its applications are very limited. The Dominion School of Mines, at Kingston, Ontario, has studied the possibilities of this metal with the aid of a Government grant, and the work which has been done seems to indicate that cobalt will largely replace nickel as a plating material, and it is also useful in alloys with iron and copper. There is still room for many more uses ere the demand for the metal will come anywhere near its production. Another metal existing in large quantities in Canada is molybdenum. It is very useful in certain steels for armour-plate and for magnets. At present it is very expensive, owing to the small production, which is kept low because of the lack of a good process for concentrating. There are at present in existence processes which would yield molybdenum ore in large quantities if a sufficient consumption could be created by the development of new uses to warrant their profitable operation.

It is very significant that exceedingly small uses will create a great demand. The rare element vanadium is used to improve the quality of steel. When it is added to steel in proportions considerably less than one per cent. it gives a large increase in tensile strength, elasticity, and resistance to fatigue. Twenty years ago there was not enough vanadium on the market to make a lump the size of a baseball; to-day it is a common material in every special-steel works, and hundreds of tons are produced annually. One of the largest automobile manufacturers in America is able to make his cars one-third lighter and correspondingly cheaper by the use of vanadium steel. Yet this industry, involving an annual profit of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is based on the use of a fraction of one per cent. of an element that, though known to the chemist since 1804, was nothing but a laboratory curiosity till about ten years ago.

Tungsten is a very heavy metal that exists in large quantities in British Columbia and Nova Scotia, and probably in Quebec and Ontario. Its use in the making of tungsten incandescent lamps is well known and is due to its high melting point (3,000° C.), the highest of all known metals. Yet only about 4,000 tons of tungsten ore are mined annually in America, and if new uses were worked out they would afford the basis for another metal industry in Canada.

Tellurium, cadmium, and selenium are all rare metals that are now produced by the ton in the metallurgy of copper, gold, and tin. The finding of uses for these metals would mean a saving of millions of dollars every year. Calcium is one of the commonest elements in its compounds, limestone and calcite, but only recently has it been possible to isolate it in commercial quantities by an electro-chemical process. A reward awaits the man who can invent uses for calcium. From its properties it seems

likely that for some purposes it could replace sodium, potassium, and magnesium.

Canada imported about \$150,000,000 worth of iron and steel from Great Britain, the United States, and other foreign countries in one year recently. All this could economically be made in Canada if the electric smelting of steel could be made a little more profitable. This industry is now carried on in a large way at Trolhaettan, in Sweden, where the great waterfalls supply cheap electric power right at a good shipping point. We have identically similar conditions in the fjords of the British Columbia coast, on the Saguenay, and at many other points. Although there have been some splendid pioneers in this work in Canada, such as Haanel, Stansfield, and Evans, there is still room for an army of workers.

In the production of zinc the ores are mixed with carbon and heated in retorts. The carbon unites with the oxygen of the ore, thus setting free the pure metal. Owing to the low boiling-point of zinc it vaporizes, and the vapour is condensed in another chamber. When this smelting is done with external heat the vapour condenses into a liquid, which is tapped off and sold in bars. When electric fuel is employed the zinc usually condenses in the form of a useless powder. Anyone who can find an explanation of this phenomenon and a way to avoid it will do much to further the establishment of an electric zinc industry in British Columbia, where there is an abundance of both ore and power. (This problem is now being studied at McGill University under Dr. Stansfield).

All the opportunities, however, are not concerned with metals, and the great lumber industry of Canada affords a chance to make use of bark, sawdust, and other by-products. Dr. Redman, a graduate of the University of Toronto, has invented a method at the University of Kansas for giving a finish to wood that preserves all its

beauty and is many times as hard as varnish. Closely related to this is the problem of forestry, which is too vast a subject to even touch on here. Then there is the pulp and paper industry. Millions of dollars' worth of alcohol goes to waste annually in the waste liquor from the pulp-mills, and it only requires the touch of chemical genius to save it. The development of the cement industry will probably do more than any other factor to prevent the demolition of our forests. Cement is already replacing wood in hundreds of cases, but only the man connected with the cement industry knows how many problems there await the industrial chemist. Canada has unrivalled resources of clays for brick manufacture. In this field the chemist could be of untold value. Brick-making, although one of the oldest industries of the world, has many unsolved problems, especially when we enter the domain of refractory bricks, on proper supplies of which the metallurgical industries are so dependent.

We cannot do more than suggest the problems that agriculture stands ready to turn over to the chemist for solution. The country is gradually beginning to see that much of the sympathy accorded the mortgage-laden farmer has been misplaced, and that while a hard-working fellow he has been in many cases a fool. Hundreds of farmers, after impoverishing the rich soil of Ontario in one generation or two at most, after stripping it of its forest wealth and allowing water to erode its fertile top-soil, have betaken themselves to the Northwest or to the great cities. Agricultural science now teaches that soil fertility need not decrease, but may increase with the passage of generations. That a little more headwork by the farmer will not only save him manual labour but will add to the wealth of the nation is becoming more clearly seen. The chemist can show how to use fertilizers and how to analyze soils so as to make the

best use of them; the botanist can produce new wheats and other grains by breeding, and if any of these new grains ripen even a few days earlier they will open up an enormous area of fertile soil in northern Canada at present incapable of profitable use.

The further multiplication of examples, while fascinating, is not necessary. The value of the work to the nation has been well demonstrated. The vital matter for us is, how are we to attain its accomplishment? The primary necessity is men, and to procure the men we must look to our educational system. Figures for Canada are unobtainable, but in the United States there are over 100,000 lawyers, a much larger number of physicians, and only 10,000 chemists to carry on a work vastly more important than that of the lawyer and quite co-ordinate with that of the physician. The proportion for Canada is probably even smaller. A beginning can be made by teaching chemistry in a common-sense way in the elementary schools. The mediæval doctrines of the text-books of chemistry at present in use in Ontario are of about equal value with the writings of Livy as incentives to look forward to science as a life-work, while they lack entirely the literary charm of the work of that venerable Roman.

The great number of scientific men who have worked to advance the industrial condition of the European countries is due largely to the high regard shown in those countries for technical experience and expert technical knowledge. To quote from an American writer on the subject: "In the United States an expert in any line is too apt to be regarded either as a book-worm or a crank of some kind; while he may be supposed to have an ample fund of expert knowledge, he is too often assumed to be lacking in judgment, a quality more or less monopolized by the 'business man', a term which variously embraces the banker, the promoter, the merchant, and the administrator of

commercial and manufacturing enterprises.

"The 'business man' in the United States occupies the centre of the stage, which in Europe is held by the man of technical knowledge, the engineer, and the chemist. From Emperor William down, the greatest interest is taken in Germany in the work of engineers, architects, chemists, and other trained experts, and credit and other rewards are freely rendered them. The 'business man' is much less heard of over there, and the 'tired business man', who rules the theatre in America in his insistence on pieces which demand little thought and supply much diversion, is entirely unknown."

Of course, matters are continually improving in this regard in America, but so far the improvement has been more rapid in the United States than in Canada. It is pleasing to note that there are a few communities now, such as the circle of scientific experts at Washington and the throng of brilliant scientific and technical men at Pittsburgh, where technical ability and scientific genius establishes rank rather than ability to "put big deals through."

But in order to establish this condition in this country it will be necessary occasionally to send an engineer or a scientist to Parliament or the Legislature. This will be made the more difficult on account of the disinclination of men of this type, busy with useful work, to dabble in politics, but the presence in a legislative body of a few men more given to learning and applying the laws of nature than arguing and quibbling about the laws of man, would exert a very sane and healthful influence.

Moreover, these industrial advances are entirely dependent on research in pure science. The theories of one day are the formulæ on which the industries of the next are based. The only manner in which science can achieve its destiny is by being extended in every possible direction.

and any attempt to limit investigation to those directions where profit seems likely is futile. Who would have supposed that the abstract mathematical researches of Willard Gibbs and Clausius would have given us the phase rule, which, serving as a tool in the hands of men of science, has done more to improve our knowledge of metallurgy and clear up complex chemical mysteries than any other generalizations since the law of constant proportions? When we are tempted to limit research to so-called "practical" investigations, let us remember, as Dr. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology aptly remarked in an address on industrial chemistry, that there is a scientific application of the fact that although Solomon asked only for wisdom, both power and riches were added unto him.

Wordsworth's ideal of low living and high thinking is a most beautiful one, but it is absolutely contradicted by facts. It is only when the material prosperity of a nation is so great that the pinch of want is not felt that there is any remarkable development of art and literature. The day is coming, and the rapidity of its approach depends solely on the advance of science, pure and applied, when the prevention of unnecessary waste material, energy, and life, and the development of our natural resources to their fullest extent under the chemist and the engineers will have so improved our economic condition that there will be time and opportunity for the beauties of the "humanities" to receive the attention they deserve, and until that day comes, the function of the classical and literary scholar is as plain as that of the scientist—to preserve to the world this inheritance of beauty that in due time we may enjoy it. And when that day comes science will not be regarded as a thing apart from the common-life, but as part of the life of all, and the name of "scientist"

will be largely lost, for everyone will be a scientist in the true meaning of the word—a lover and a seeker of truth.

Society now suffers because of the large numbers who lack opportunity. Here is a work for the state that gives an opportunity to all, and it is a proper function of the state to so educate men that they can meet these opportunities. Not the leaders alone, for scientific research demands an army of skilled mechanics. Technical schools, by placing at the hands of inventors of processes an army of trained technical men to carry them out, will do much to facilitate progress. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that technical training is not scientific training. Technical knowledge enables us to deal with things that have occurred and been done before, scientific knowledge enables us to provide for what has never occurred before. At the head of great advance of science has been one single great mind, and until Canada has scientific minds that can rank with Faraday, Newton, Darwin, Helmholtz, and Willard Gibbs, she will not be a great scientific nation. Sir George Gabriel Stokes said that the chief instrument of scientific research is mind. The preparation and the sharpening of this instrument is largely in the hands of our universities, and in direct ratio to their efficiency will be the rapidity of the progress towards the goal alluded to here. It will be the purpose of the next, and final, article of this series to describe the most efficient scheme ever devised for bringing the scientific talent of the universities into touch with the industrial world, that is the system of Industrial Fellowships, invented by Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, a distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto, who established the Mellon Institute at Pittsburgh. It will be shown how this system is being inaugurated in Canada, and what may be expected from it.

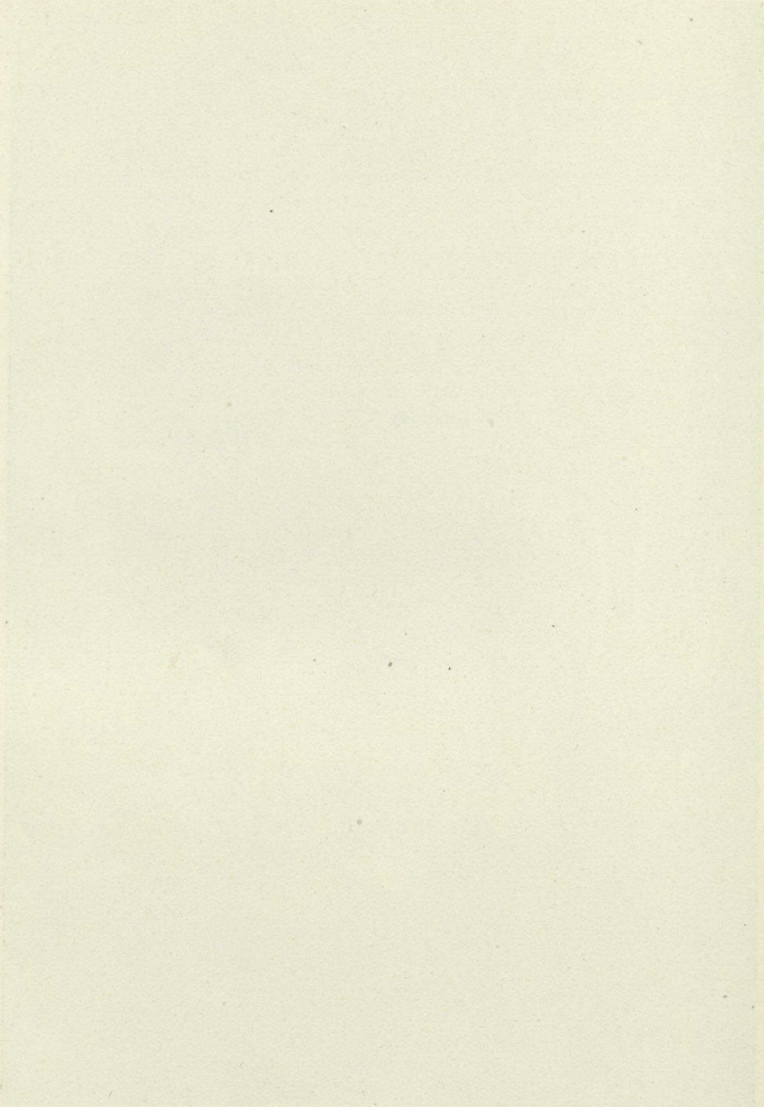




SUNDOWN

From the Painting by  
Archibald Browne

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# BOB AND BUNTY: PRIVATES

BY ELEANOR M. SANDERSON

BOB came down to the Armouries late on that strange, rainy, heart-broken, glory-misted Saturday in October when the 48th Highlanders and the Queen's Own and the Royal Grenadiers went marching off to the war. His mother and his aunt brought him down, long after the other men had assembled, and he walked in between them, an overgrown boy of eighteen, towering above the two women, but by both of them mentally led by the hands and still quite a baby. At the doorway of the Armouries he tried to assert his manhood and had the triumph of leading them to his place in the line. Here he found that all his comrades had eaten their lunch, and here at a stern command of the officer his mother and his aunt at last found that they had reached the point of physical leave-taking of Bob.

They were Aberdeen fold, and Bob's mother straightened his belt and kissed his cheek quietly, while his aunt stroked his hand and told him aye to fear the Lord in a' things and to fear nae Germans. Then Bob was left alone to face being a man in a stern world of men.

He looked around the big hall and saw the galleries a white mass of human faces watching him, so he blushed. Then he straightened out his long back in its childishly short khaki jacket and put his chin forward until his jaw-bones ached. He hadn't all of his uniform yet, so he wore the long trousers of tartan which are a Sassenach insult to the Highland

heart. His chin was very round, but the lines of his weak mouth never left off striving to overtake the yearning of his eyes.

"Eyes Front!" came the hoarse shout, and after a tramping of feet on the cement, a scurrying of mothers and sweethearts back from the doorway, they were all swinging along Queen Street in the rain. Then the long train pulled out from an avenue of faces; mostly girls, it seemed to Bob. But he didn't look into any of them because he was eighteen and very stern, and for another thing he never had liked girls, and for the last thing, his heart was very sore for his own mother whom he had never left before.

"Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it," screamed out a mouth-organ at his ear, and Bob turned, black as a thunder cloud, to find his seat mate puffing out the music with rounded cheeks and winking at him over his hands.

"Aw cheer up, ye silly little blighter." said the musician, taking breath to thump his organ on the arm of the seat to clear the keys. "Wait till ye see the rain over 'ome. Wait till ye see the Kaiser's 'orde before ye pull a fyce like that."

"I sincerely hope you don't think I am nervous or in any way regretting that I am going to fight for my country," answered Bob, just like that. For you see Bob was the only son of his mother, who was a widow, and she and Aunt Reba had brought him up all by themselves. So he tried

to always use good English, and to feel inside of him the way all those noble men his mother and Aunt Reba had told him of must have felt at all times. Bob was always patient with those who had not had similar advantages, and so he was patient with Bunty Hawes, the ex-English reservist and mouth-organ artist who was his seat-mate, called Bunty because he had to breathe deep and hold up his head to graze the army measurements, and his legs bowed most ungracefully from much riding.

"He was up north in a lumber camp when war was declared," Bob had explained to his mother the week before, "and he heard his country's call and came down by tramping miles to the station and boarding a freight train. He is rough, but he had good qualities."

"Wanted to get in the bloomin' scrap," was Bunty's explanation.

"I was not worrying about my personal comfort," went on Bob as the train lurched past a curve of the Don and a hysterical youngster sprawled across the aisle. "It is those left behind that are to be thought of."

The reservist's mouth had just opened for another taunting verse of musical slang, but it closed helplessly, his hand dropped and he stared in several tones of voice at Bob. Then a kinder look came somewhere in the back of his eyes and he chuckled gently.

"Ye're all right, kid," he said. "You stick by me and I'll see no Germans get you. Why, you won't know yourself when you get back home again."

Roughly speaking, this was the beginning of their friendship. Hawes was the only man in the contingent who would listen to Bob talking of his ideas, and Bob telling other folks what was to be done in life for the betterment of us all, was the happiest of human beings. When he was bored Hawes would draw on the unflinching mouth-organ and make his listeners writhe with the silly piercingsness of "Jest A-wearyin' for You," and

"Tenting To-night," or dance crazy tangoes to Tipperary. So they whiled away the strenuous days of being photographed and given socks to and drilling and buying jam down at Salisbury, and Bob and Bunty bunked together on the big liner that scurried across the Atlantic with them.

One night when all the abuse and laughter, strenuous training and noise of the day had melted slowly away with the sunset, and the velvet black night had closed all the world into a small space of water shot with the silver of the moon and broken into splashes of blackness and gleams where the darkened ship plunged through, the two curled up on some ropes at the back of the deck. Hawes played his mouth-organ softly until he couldn't think of anything but "Home Sweet Home," and at the third repetition someone from the darkness told him luridly to shut up. So they watched the stars.

"After all," quoth Bob, "the same spirit inspires us to-day, doesn't it? *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*."

Bunty stared through the darkness.

"Have a Chicklet," he offered. "You'll feel better."

"Thanks, no," returned Bob with a semi-tone in his sensitive voice. "You remember that," he went on as he concluded to still be patient with Bunty, "It is a sweet and noble thing to die for one's country.' Horace said it."

"Did he?" mused Bunty. "Well for myself I ain't too anxious to go exploring before I have to. He may have been mighty sure of heaven, but I'll hang on to this little old ball till I'm properly shoved off. I ain't looking for a bullet, young man, let me tell you that. I'll lie low and I'll fight behind trenches, and I'll turn tail for the rear just when the whistle blows noon. I seen enough of this game down in Africa, and it's too slim a chance between the Victoria Cross an' a wood cross with a dozen or so of you piled in so the angel

won't know which is you or a German on the last day. I'm fightin' for my pay, and I'm goin' home again to spend it. Don't worry too much about glory, son. You'll get all the glory that's coming to you and then some."

Bob was silent for a while, watching the pearl of the moon that shimmered gray and dissolved in the black before it had completed its circle. Then he rose in his eighteen-year-old might and rent Bunty asunder with every noble thought that had ever struggled through the brain cells of man. The turn-in call had come as he was finishing with:

"The only spirit that will defeat the enemies of our Empire is the white hot flame of pure patriotism. The man who loves his country and who loves liberty will endure every danger and sickness and will never know fear. His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. If we were fighting for filthy lucre I would turn back now, for our country would not be worth saving. Thank heaven, our English hearts are true to the ideals of our forefathers."

"Who's tykin' up the collection?" inquired an anxious voice from over his shoulder. Then it went on: "Ere you've been and talked Bunt Hawes to sleep, and he'll be cross as blazes to have to wake up an' climb down below."

They were out of the trenches at last, a long series of groups of men in twos and threes reconnoitering along the wide plains, shielding themselves warily after the manner of wild animals behind clumps of gray-brown trees and underbrush which melted into the gray-brown of their uniforms. Under their feet the snow had sogged away with the early spring sun and now was a sodden mass of dead leaves and clay-like mud. So far not a shot had startled the air, and only a low-toned order and the crackling of twigs broke the silence.

"Keep under cover, ye silly little blighter," growled the heavy voice of

Hawes as the six-foot form of his boyish protégé suddenly stood out against the landscape in an effort to stretch his aching back. "Don't go lookin' for trouble. Hide low like I do."

"When you think of it," philosophized the boy, whose eyes were wide as with the excitement of a Rugby game, "our ancestors didn't fight like this. They stood up to each other like men."

"Our ancestors be blowed," snorted Hawes. "They're all dead, ain't they? That's all they got for their trouble. What's that movin'?"

"Br-rack!" came the terrifying shock of sudden rifles, then with a deafening crackle bullets whizzed past and over and under, turning the air to a leaden death. Bob's heart stood still and was sick. He was eighteen and just a child, and suddenly he could feel bullets and death all over his body. He felt their plunge into his heart, his lungs, his brain, and his face, and blind terror turned the shining world black before his eyes. He turned and ran.

"Come back, ye fool!" roared Hawes. "They've sounded the retreat. We've been ambushed. Ye're goin' the wrong way."

But the animal in Bob was shrieking for safety, and he stumbled on until something struck his head, and he fell.

Bunty Hawes was retreating in the skilful way learned in many encounters, the way of replying ever and anon when a bullet would serve, and keeping under cover at all times, to live to fight again when there was a possible chance. Then he forgot his skill and stood up. He forgot the yell of the man nearest him, and he said to himself, "The silly little blighter."

So he ran as quickly as he could out onto the field of death where the puffs of smoke were coming nearer. He grabbed Bob's belt, and by stooping and straining and lifting he drew the long, slim form up onto his back.

Then he stumbled off towards the place he had slept in the night before.

"His mother hadn't half grown him up yet. She'll be wantin' to finish him," he grinned to himself under the mud and powder on his face. "Hullo! Someone comin'."

The line of his regiment had turned, and behind them were new men coming rapidly on horseback. The puffs of smoke from the enemy were being returned viciously. He turned to look, and a sharp blow struck the side of his head. He stumbled on to the nearest clump of trees and awoke upon a stretcher which was bobbing along behind the back of an orderly. He groaned heavily, and his bearers stopped. Black shapes passed unceasingly before his eyes, and when he passed his hand over them he found that his forehead was bound with a wet bandage. An orderly leaned down over him and then patted his shoulder pityingly.

"You'll get the cross, old man, or you ought to," he smiled down. "Carried that kid back half a field in the middle of the fire. They passed over after, and he'd have been finished sure. Hold on and we'll get you back all right."

But his heart had commenced to stop with awful lapses and then thud on with the gallop of a terrified horse. The black shapes were melting into a band of blackness that passed clear around his head and was fastened with a ball of throbbing fire at one side.

"Damnfool trick," said Bunt. One side of his mouth grinned. His eyelids were tired so he closed them—and slept.

In May a six-foot youngster with a very white face lay out on the verandah at the side of a Toronto home and watched his mother weaving endless gray stitches that reminded him of powder smoke.

"You don't feel strong enough to tell us all about that terrible battle, do you, dear?" she asked.

Bob squirmed his long limbs and turned his face, while tears of weakness filled his eyes.

"No," he answered after a long time. "I'm too busy thinking about it. It's going to be a long time before I'm strong enough to tell you all about it, but I'll get there some day."

The evening paper was thrust under the verandah rail by the passing newsboy, and the knitting was dropped as all the day's burden of war news was scanned and read aloud to the invalid. With some inches of silver in his skull and a frame of skin and bones, Bob was recovering under chapters of orders and directions from doctors and nurses, but already his eyes gleamed as he heard of the war. Only at odd times, and scantily, did he hear of his own regiment, and it was with curiosity only that he asked:

"What picture is that in the corner?"

"That is the cross put up by the men over—why, Bob, your name is mentioned. Did you know a man named Charles Hawes? Did he—lie down this minute, Bob. Whatever do you mean by trying to lift your head around like that!"

When quiet had been restored and Bob firmly tucked back in position, he closed his eyes and listened as the newspaper in a brief cable despatch sealed the last chapter in the life of the man who had been his friend.

"This is the rough wooden cross erected by his companions in Co. F. over the grave of Private Charles Hawes, who was killed in the charge at \_\_\_\_\_ while carrying from the field of battle his wounded friend, Robert Glasgow. Private Hawes would probably have received the Victoria Cross had he lived, as he returned to the field in face of full fire from the enemy and following an order given to retreat."

Over this paragraph was the picture of a small wooden cross with Hawes's name, age, and regiment carefully written therein in indelible pencil. Beside the picture was another paragraph:

"In memory of Private Charles Hawes, who was killed at the front in an effort to save the life of a wounded friend, a memorial service was held on Sunday last at his home church in the little village of Chedding, England. The chief mourner was his mother, who had been supported by her son for some years past. A tablet will be erected in the church to his memory by friends in the village."

Bob's mother crumpled the paper up and stared at the maple tree in the corner of the garden. Then she clutched her knitting and gray wool-

len strands circled about the flashing needles until one tear escaped and fell to disappear in the ball of gray wool.

"I have my boy," she murmured. "Poor mother! I will write to her."

"I will go and see her—when I go back," said Bob in a low voice with a man's eyes turned to his mother's face. She took his hand, and they were silent, as the gray of evening drifted down and the noises of the street died away.

## THE WIND

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ONOWEE, the Wind's voice,  
Singing through the heather.

Purple is the line that blends  
Sky and earth together.

Onowee, a sprite is he,  
Playing in the heather.

Onowee, the Wind's voice,  
Whisp'ring to the flowers.

On a lover's art depends  
All a lover's powers.

Onowee, a wooer, he  
When among the flowers.

Onowee, the Wind's voice,  
Calling through sea-spaces,  
Sharp with salt and wet with spray,  
Buffeting our faces!

Onowee, a tyrant, he,  
Lord of great sea-spaces.

Onowee, the Wind's voice,  
Sighing, sighing, sighing.

Is it for a flower dead,  
Or a summer dying?

Onowee, a child is he,  
Crying, crying, crying.

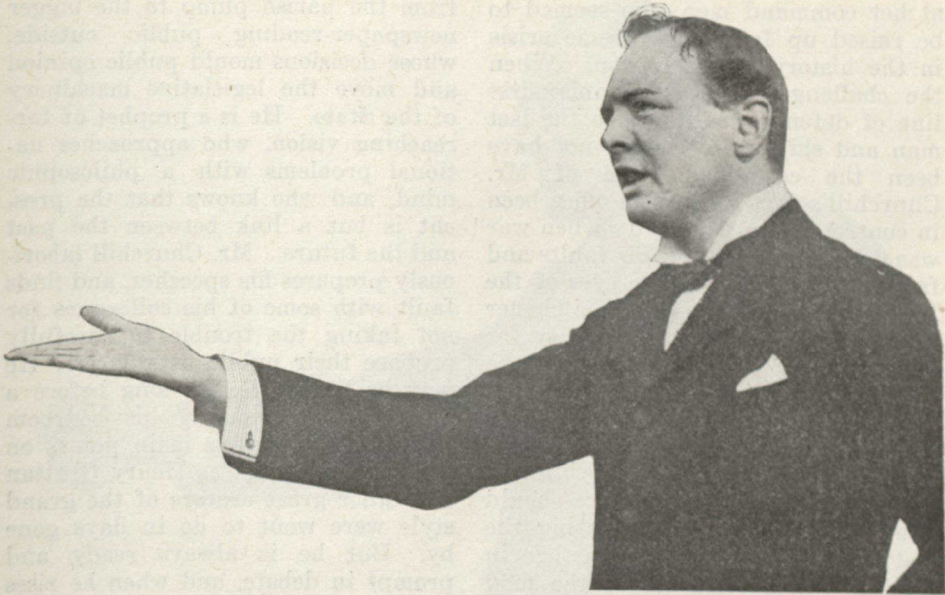
## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

NOTHING decisive has yet taken place in any of the fighting zones. The *impasse* still continues on the western front, but in the east there are indications that the Russians are once more gaining the upper hand, due to the withdrawal of German forces for the operations in Serbia and the levelling up of Russian munition supplies. The treachery of Bulgaria and the continued intriguing of King Constantine of Greece were overshadowed for a time in Great Britain by the necessity imposed upon the Government of taking the nation more fully into its confidence regarding the campaign as a whole. Mr. Asquith's statement in the House cleared the air. Sir Edward Carson's explanation, which followed his resignation from the Cabinet, confirmed the impression regarding the practical unanimity of the Cabinet on all the essential questions relating to the war. The resignation of Sir Edward Carson has not strengthened his position as a statesman, although it is generally conceded that he acted from the highest motives. That Sir Edward Carson alone, of all the Conservative members of the Coalition Government, should consider it necessary to resign is accepted by the man in the street as *prima facie* evidence that the Cabinet in the main was justified in the policy it has pursued in the Balkans. Those who know Sir Edward Carson were not at all surprised that he found it impossible to remain in the Government. A man of uncompromising

character, his position in a Coalition Government that depends for its existence upon reasonable compromise was bound, sooner or later, to become irksome. Temperamentally, Sir Edward Carson makes an excellent leader in any position where he can assume autocratic powers. It was his fierce uncompromising disposition and the exercise of dictatorial powers as leader that gave him such a commanding position during the Ulster revolt against Home Rule. The political instinct of the British nation finds expression in compromise, and to this fact is due the remarkable progress in social reforms which in other countries are attained only by revolutionary methods. A striking example of the inability of Sir Edward Carson to play the game of politics according to British ideas was evidenced, in 1900, when he led the Unionist cabal against Mr. Balfour's Irish policy. Supported by the late Marquis of Londonderry and the late Lord Ardilaun, Sir Edward Carson fiercely attacked his own leaders and secured for the time being the defeat of Mr. Balfour's policy in Ireland. Sir Horace Plunkett was driven out of Parliament, and Mr. Balfour's brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, had to withdraw from Ireland, where he was Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, as a result of Sir Edward Carson's campaign against the policy of "Balfourian amelioration". The inclusion of Sir Edward Carson in the Coalition Government was by many regarded as a mistake, as it was





THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

"We are sure we shall do much more for the children who come after us, and who, when their turn comes, will look back to us with gratitude when they find they have to tread a smoother, a less stony and a less adverse road."

obviously impossible for such a dominant personality to accept without demur his exclusion from the inner ring of the Cabinet.

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Another resignation that has caused some excitement has been that of Mr. Winston Churchill, who has announced his intention of joining his regiment at the front. His exclusion from the War Council was the immediate cause. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the leader of the Boy Scouts, tells a characteristic story about Mr. Churchill in a recent book of reminiscences. When an officer in the Fourth Hussars, Mr. Churchill took part in a polo inter-regimental tournament at Meerut, India. At the dinner which followed, Mr. Churchill insisted, in spite of vigorous protests, in giving the history of polo. At the conclusion of the speech, one in authority rose and said, "We have had enough of Winston for one evening". The hint was quickly taken by some mischiev-

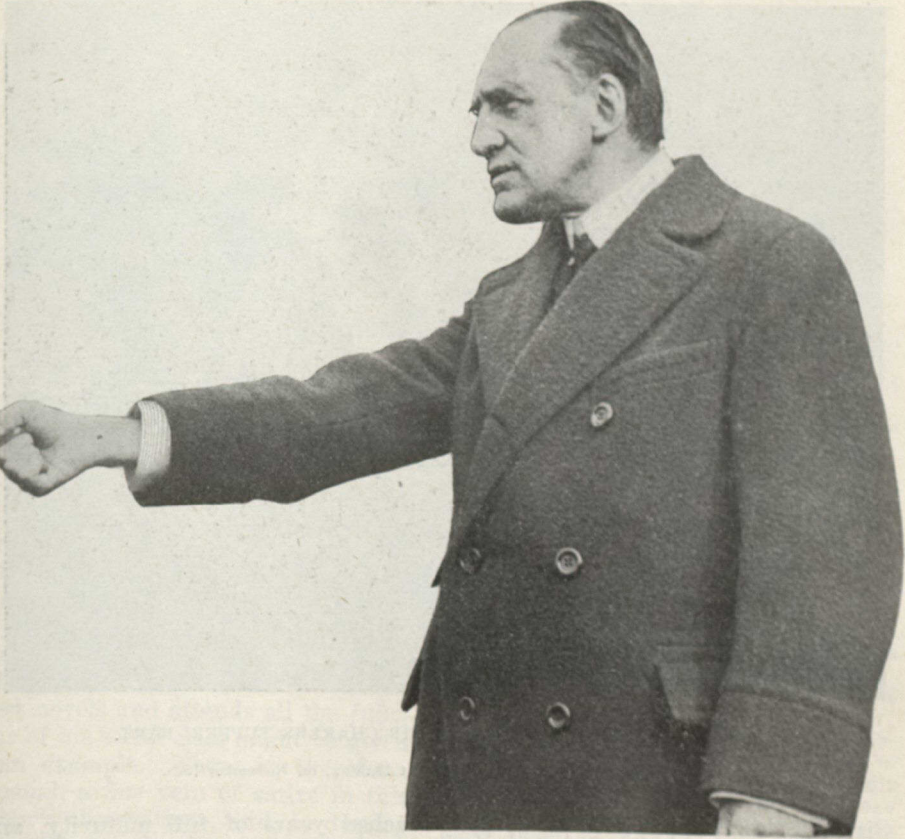
ous subalterns, who pushed Churchill under an over-turned sofa, on which they then sat, determined to keep him a prisoner for the rest of the evening. Suddenly, from an angle of the sofa, the lithe form of the irrepressible Churchill appeared. "You need not try to sit upon me, boys," was his smiling comment, "I am too much like India rubber." The story is characteristic of the man. No one for a moment believes that Mr. Churchill's political career is closed. Sir Edward Carson's power in politics is largely due to the absolute control he wields over the Orange democracy in Ireland. Mr. Winston Churchill has power not only to sway the masses of the people, but also a genius, which Sir Edward does not possess, for parliamentary life. More perhaps than any other member of his family, Mr. Winston Churchill possesses the outstanding qualities of the first Marlborough. When the hour of destiny struck, Great Britain had once again the good fortune to have

at her command men who seemed to be raised up for this supreme crisis in the history of the nation. When the challenge came, Britain's first line of defence was ready to the last man and ship. This might not have been the case had some of Mr. Churchill's predecessors in office been in control of the Admiralty when war was declared. With all his faults and failings, Churchill, in the eyes of the British people, ranks with Kitchener in his thoroughness and capacity for hard work. He also possesses the bulldog tenacity and courage that appeal to a fighting race. Three years ago, in conversation with a British member of Parliament, Churchill laid down the dictum that a man should fight for the day, not counting the cost or risk. He has studied life in four continents and tasted the mad joys of frenzied war in three, and yet he spoke of war recently, at Dundee, as a "business in which, whoever wins, both sides lose."

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Young, bold, and audacious, Mr. Winston Churchill is the Rupert of debate, and has all the *flair* and talent of his brilliant father, combined with a mastery of detail and a genius for taking infinite pains in which Lord Randolph Churchill was conspicuously lacking. With natural defects of speech that would deter the average man from embarking on a political career, Mr. Winston Churchill, handicapped on every side, stands to-day in the front ranks as a debater and platform orator. His speeches at the last two general elections, covering the two contests in which he was engaged, at Manchester and Dundee, were not only masterpieces in lucidity and style, but in point of constructive statesmanship and definition of political dogmas ranked with the palmiest days of grand oratory when Disraeli and Gladstone were protagonists. To Winston Churchill the issues are always "grand issues," and he ever appeals

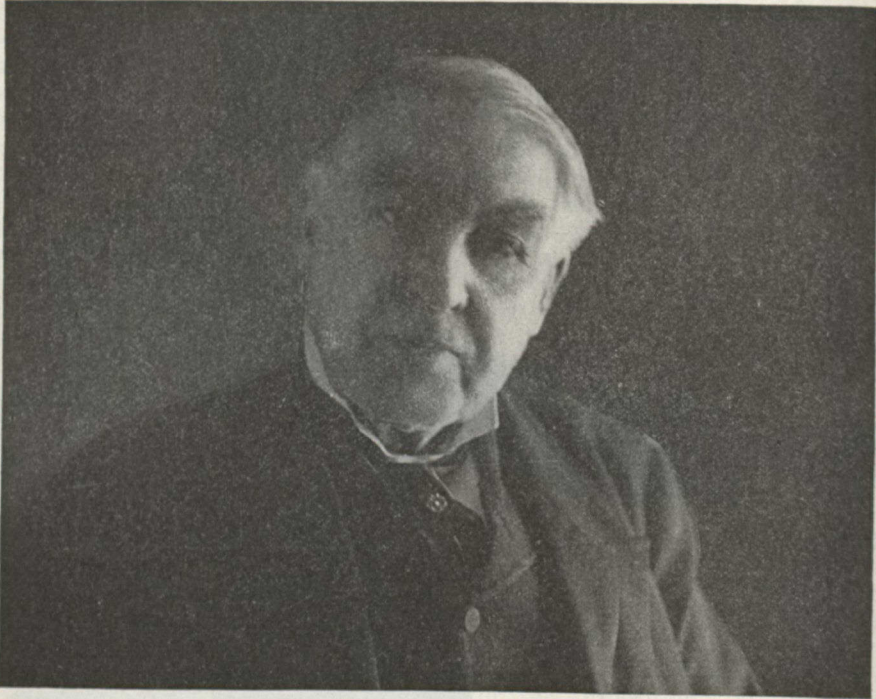
from the parish pump to the bigger newspaper-reading public outside, whose decisions mould public opinion and move the legislative machinery of the State. He is a prophet of far-reaching vision, who approaches national problems with a philosophic mind, and who knows that the present is but a link between the past and the future. Mr. Churchill laboriously prepares his speeches, and finds fault with some of his colleagues for not taking the trouble to carefully prepare their public utterances. He may be heard all day long before a big meeting tramping his bedroom and emphasizing his main points on the furniture, just as Henry Grattan and other great orators of the grand style were wont to do in days gone by. But he is always ready and prompt in debate, and when he rises to address the House of Commons members flock in, knowing that when Churchill is up things will be lively for the Opposition. His acquisitive mind enables him to assimilate quickly all that has been said upon a subject and to give it out again in a condensed and strikingly original form. Like the late Edward Blake, he exhausts every subject he approaches, but, unlike the great Canadian statesman, Churchill wields a magnetic influence over his audience and never reveals the intricate workings of his mind. He deals in conclusions rather than arguments and holds his hearers by his forceful personality and the spell of oratory. His halting, stammering, prefatory sentences soon give way to rapier-like thrusts and the scintillations of a genius which cannot be repressed and which flashes more brightly in the face of obstruction. Unlike his father, he is too wise to rely on his natural gifts for success, and works with the same energy and enthusiasm that he displayed in the Cuban war, at Omdurman (when he charged through the Dervish ambush with the gallant 21st Lancers); in South Africa, when he fought, rifle in hand, to a finish when



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR EDWARD CARSON, K.C., M.P.

the Boers wrecked the armoured train, and at Antwerp, where he was in the trenches with the naval brigade. His greatest crime has been his youth, and doubtless it is to lend age to his matured wisdom that he affects a modification of the Gladstone collar, and appeared at his own wedding, in the heart of fashionable London, the worst dressed man at the function. It has been truly said of him that his school was the barrack-room and his university the battlefield. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was one of the earliest apostles of Tory

democracy. Mr. Winston Churchill, more than any of his colleagues, has the fire and passion of a democratic leader, but he lacks the stability of character inseparable from a great and trusted leader of a party. If he has staying powers, if those brilliant gifts do not burn up the earthly shrine, and if the latent instincts of the dashing, reckless Churchills do not weaken his faith in the common people, Winston Churchill will yet aid in bringing the race into the promised land toward which he is ever beckoning it.



THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

For whom a State Funeral was held at Halifax, on November 15th.

Sir Charles Tupper was the last survivor of the men who planned and carried out the federation of the Canadian Provinces. His death at the great age of ninety-four, after a public career of three score years tends to bring to the Dominion that sense of consciousness of maturity to which nations, like individuals, must awaken. The Dominion is no longer young. Some of the glowing predictions and hopes of its founders have been more than fulfilled, for in material wealth there was a vast heritage impatiently awaiting possessors. Perhaps in the passing of a life of long and tireless activity in political development and party contests there are suggestions as to the wisdom of seeking the fulfillment of hopes deeper in significance. The Dominion has

reached years of full maturity, and can no longer with safety indulge in reckless irresponsibilities of youth. Sir Charles Tupper leaves the deeper problems of political development and economic stability, which have baffled older nations and will baffle, no nearer a solution than when he first essayed the guidance of public affairs. This is not stated with any suggestion of disparagement. His wonderfully prolonged career pointedly emphasizes the persistent and unrelieved pressure of the problems he now hands on to others. It also suggests the need of devoting the best energy and deepest thought to the designing of improvements on the systems under which Empires have crumbled throughout the course of history.

# The Library Table

## MOONBEAMS FROM THE LARGER LUNACY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE author of "Literary Lapses" and "Behind the Beyond" has struck a new vein in this his interpretation of what most persons do not regard as madness. Some persons are afflicted with lunacy and yet are never set apart as lunatics. Professor Leacock would call them "larger lunatics". The one who reads the latest novels and attends all the *functions* of his social class might be given as an example. There is, therefore, as usual, a fine vein of satire in this author's observations, and, to display it, we have only to reprint the few paragraphs that follow:

Somehow as they sat together on the deck of the great steamer in the afterglow of the sunken sun, listening to the throbbing of the propeller, a rare sound which neither of them, of course, had ever heard before, de Vere felt he must speak to her. Something of the mystery of the girl fascinated him. What was she doing here alone with no one but her mother and her maid, on the bosom on the Atlantic? Why was she here? Why was she not somewhere else? The thing puzzled, perplexed him. It would not let him alone. It fastened upon his brain. Somehow he felt that if he tried to drive it away, it might nip him in the ankle.

In the end he spoke.

"And you, too," he said, leaning over her deck-chair, "are going to America?"

He had suspected this ever since the boat left Liverpool. Now at length he framed his growing conviction into words.

"Yes," she assented, and then timidly, "it is 3,213 miles wide, is it not?"

"Yes," he said, "and 1,781 miles deep!

It reaches from the forty-ninth parallel to the Gulf of Mexico."

"Oh," cried the girl, "what a vivid picture! I seem to see it."

"Its major axis," he went on, his voice sinking almost to a caress, "is formed by the Rocky Mountains, which are practically a prolongation of the Cordilleran Range. It is drained," he continued—

"How splendid!" said the girl.

"Yes, is it not? It is drained by the Mississippi, by the St. Lawrence, and—dare I say it?—by the Upper Colorado."

Somehow his hand had found hers in the half gloaming, but she did not check him.

"Go on," she said very simply; "I think I ought to hear it."

"The great central plain of the interior," he continued, "is formed by a vast alluvial deposit carried down as silt by the Mississippi. East of this the range of the Alleghanies, nowhere more than eight thousand feet in height, forms a secondary or subordinate axis from which the watershed falls to the Atlantic."

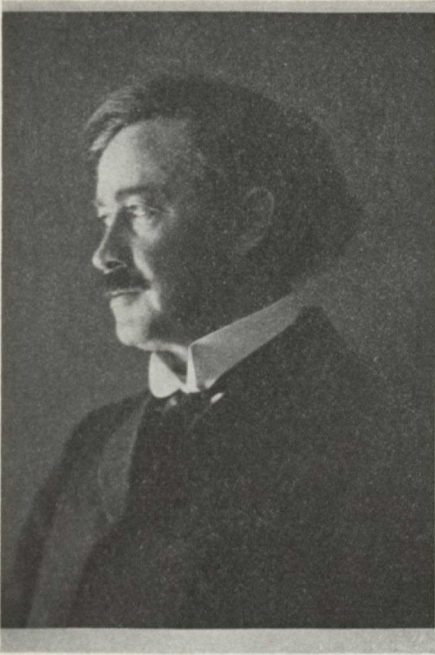
He was speaking very quietly but earnestly. No man had ever spoken to her like this before.

\*

## IN PASTURES GREEN

BY PETER MCARTHUR. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE many readers of Mr. McArthur's delightful weekly letters from his farm at "Ekfrid" will be glad to know that they can now obtain these letters collected in one volume. Mr. McArthur is precisely what he pretends to be—a farmer. But he is not one of these college-bred, scientific agriculturists, for he introduces into farm life a seasoning of philosophy and a fine vein of humour. He sees the picturesque and



MR. PETER McARTHUR

Canadian humorist-philosopher, author of  
"In Pastures Green"

humorous sides of farming. His farm is in the Province of Ontario, not far from London. Here is a portion of one of his letters:

We are a hopelessly unromantic people. We go about even the most delightful of our affairs in a sadly hum-drum way. Take the opening of an apple-pit in winter, for instance. If the "well-greaved Greeks" had anything like this in their lives they would have approached the task with appropriate songs and ceremonial dances. They would have done justice to the winter-ripened apple,

"That hath been  
Cooled a long ago in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance and provencal song and sunburnt  
mirth."

Now notice how prosaically the Canadian farmer undertakes the work. After the women folks have been nagging him for a couple of weeks, he begins to feel apple-hungry himself, and some fine morning he takes the long-handled shovel and an old axe and proceeds to open the pit. The snow is first carefully shovelled away from the little treasure-house of autumn

fruitfulness, and then the covering of frozen earth is chopped away. This uncovers the protecting layer of straw, which is removed, laying bare the apples. What a gush of perfume burdens the frosty air! Spies, Baldwins, Russets, and Pippins give their savour aright, and if a man had a touch of poetry in his soul he would begin at once to fashion lyrics. But there is no poetry. He simply remarks to himself that they have kept well, fills a bag, stuffs back the straw and piles on the earth and snow to keep out the frost. He then carries the bag to the kitchen and announces that he expects to have "apple-sass" for dinner. Possibly he wipes an apple on his sleeve and eats it while going to the barn to finish his chores, but on the whole he treats the event as if it were an ordinary part of the day's work.

It is a pleasure to be able to record the passing of the dried apple. It was the precursor of the prune as a boarding-house dish, and was once widely used as a substitute for food. They used to have paring-bees, where the young people peeled, quartered, and cored the apples, and then threaded them like beads to be strung up over the stove to dry. While drying they served as "a murmurous haunt of flies." Every farm-house once had its apple-screen, made of laths, which was hung over the stove with the pipe going through it for the purpose of drying apples. Its contents were also popular with the flies, and, as screen-doors were unknown then, you can guess how plentiful the flies were. Dried apples were once an article of commerce, but it is long since I have seen any or have been insulted by having them offered to me at the table. I am told that, although the farmers no longer dry apples, there are factories where apples are desiccated—desecrated, one woman explained—and that they may be found wherever prunes and dried apricots are offered for sale. It may be so; I do not know, and do not want to know. I am sure that dried apples by any other name would taste as leathery and unpalatable. I am content to know that they are no longer used in the country. Sound apples, fresh from the pit, are good enough for me.

\*

## OF WALKS AND WALKING TOURS

By ARNOLD HAULTAIN. London: T.  
Werner Laurie, Limited.

THIS is a collection of those charming essays that have made the author's name count for something in any just consideration of literature

in Canada. It embodies his "Two Country Walks in Canada", as well as rambles, philosophically treated, in other parts of the world. The essay is a difficult form of writing to review. All, therefore, that we shall attempt here is the selection of a paragraph that may give some fore-taste of what is within the volume:

Then in the silence of night I heard the soundless voice of that Spirit of Eternal Things: that Mystery, impenetrable as the dark, impalpable; revealing itself as one with the shapes it took and one with the impulse they obeyed; in the grass-blade and the leaf, and in the wind to which they swayed; in the ponderous earth that, darkling, reels through space, and in the subtle mind that holds this earth in fee. The vast and the far-off were embraced in the vision, for from the remotest star came rays that united me with it. The minute and the trivial were summoned from their hiding to prove themselves near and akin. Magnitude and proportion were swallowed up in unity; number and computation disappeared in a stupendous integer. Not a leaf shook, not a bud burst, but was moved to motion and to life by forces infinite and remote, antedating sun or star, one with sun and star, older than the Milky Way, vaster than the limits of vision. For in each leaflet of the boscage ran a sap ancient as ocean, and but yesterday, in the history of Time, that whole assemblage was something far other than it is. Bud and leaf were but manifestations of a something supreme—a Force, a Spirit, a God; a mysterious Thing that took hold of dew and sunshine and soil and transformed them into shape and perfume. And sunshine and dew and soil were in turn themselves but mutations of things, chemical elements or movements of molecules; and these again but mutations of things more subtle still—atoms or electros, infinitesimal and in-nominate particles; till ultimately, surely, we arrive at something immense, immutable. Something there must be behind all change; behind all appearances Something that Appears. And the last appearance, and the sum-total of appearances, must be potential in the first, as in the acorn is contained a potential forest.

\*

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT  
BY H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**B**ENHAM, the principal character in this novel, is the antithesis of the same author's other admirable

character—Bealby. For Bealby is lovable; Benham, anything but lovable. Yet Benham loved himself, so much so that he could live apart from his wife. But his wife was so extraordinary a person that many readers would think that one would have to hate oneself pretty thoroughly before one could force oneself to live with her. Benham went about with the idea that he had been born for the precise purpose of living a noble life. His appreciation of nobility, however, was not common. He tried to make at least himself believe that he was fearless. Unarmed and in the dead of night he took a stroll in the depths of an Indian jungle. With dramatic opportuneness he found himself standing face to face with a tiger. And a real live tiger, too, "uncaged, uncontrolled". He advanced. He lifted a hand. "I am Man," he said. "The Thought of the world." Whether overcome by Benham's capitals or from a fear that a closer acquaintance with the young man might prove boring, the monster promptly vanished. Not writing for students of natural history, but merely for the guileless public, Mr. Wells must have enjoyed himself while describing that episode. But there are other episodes equally amusing, and others again, particularly the escapades of the don Prothero, quite unsavoury.

\*

### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE MARKET OF EUROPE

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL.  
(Catherine Kolb-Danvin). Toronto: Cassell and Company.

**T**HERE is an intimacy about this book that is at once attractive and convincing. The author writes as if she had personal knowledge of the ones about whom she writes. There is, therefore, that much in addition to the extraordinary interest of the subject itself. At one time royal marriages were regarded as the most im-

portant events in the political world, and their negotiation was entrusted generally to the ablest diplomats of the day. National advantage took precedence before private advantage, with the result that many strange and romantic marriages have taken place in the royal households of Europe. The outlook just now, as the author of this volume points to, is extremely interesting and uncertain, for the war has aroused animosities and estranged many marriageable persons who cluster round the various thrones. The probability is that royalty will become more democratic, perhaps not so much from choice as from force of circumstances. Princess Radziwill reviews the situation, and her remarks on some of the royal courtships compose a series of unusually interesting chapters. She deals with the House of Habsburg, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs, the last of the Nassaus; Luxemburg and Belgium; Italy and Servia; Greece and Roumania, and Bulgaria; Spain and Portugal; Denmark and its alliances; Saxony and other German courts, the royal house of Sweden, the Bourbon and Orleans dynasty, and the English royal marriages.

\*

### THE SPELL OF FLANDERS

BY EDWARD NEVILLE VOSE. Boston: The Page Company.

**T**HIS is a very sumptuous book of travel, profusely illustrated, and handsomely printed and bound. It comes very timely just now, for the eyes of the world are and have been for many months attracted to that unhappy territory. The book is dedicated to King Albert of Belgium. Flanders, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, "has been trodden by the feet and watered by the blood of countless generations of British soldiers". How well his words are borne out to-day! Flanders, it seems almost needless to say, is to-day, precisely, the northern portion of Belgium. It possesses, or

at least until recently it possessed, many artistic and architectural monuments. Mr. Vose's book is a pen-picture of this interesting country as it was when the great war broke loose upon it.

\*

### LITTLE MISS GROUCH

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. Toronto: William Briggs.

**P**ERHAPS this is an amusing love story. At any rate it is the tale of a young woman who disguises herself as a maid, sails for Europe, and is pursued by an ardent admirer. The girl is the kind of beauty that takes one "off one's feet". As a sample of the style of the book we make this quotation:

"But it's not alone for your beaux yeux," he explained to her. "I'm acting for a client."

"How exciting! But you're not going to browbeat me as you did poor papa when you had him on the stand!" said Miss Wayne, exploring the gnarled old face with soft eyes.

"Browbeat the court!" cried the legal light—who had frequently done that very thing. "You're the tribunal of highest jurisdiction in this case."

"Then I must look very solemn and judicial." Which she proceeded to do with such ravishing effect that three young men approaching from the opposite direction lost all control of their steering-gear and were precipitated into the scuppers by the slow tilt of a languid ground-swell.

\*

### THE NAVAL CROWN

BY C. FOX-SMITH. London: Elkin Matthews.

**T**HESE are ballads and songs of the war in a vein similar to that which distinguished the same author's "Songs in Sail" and "Sea Songs and Ballads". Here is a stanza of the poem that gives title to the book:

I've sailed in 'ookers plenty since first I  
went to sea—  
An' sail or steam, an' good or bad, was  
all alike to me;  
There's some 'ave tried to starve me, an'  
some 'ave tried to drown—  
But I never met the equal of the "East-  
ern Crown."



## POEMS

BY ALFRED GORDON. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

IT is not often that Canadian publishers have the distinction of placing their imprint upon a volume of poetry as meritorious as this. Mr. Gordon has the poet's ear and the poet's eye. We quote from "Easter Ode, 1915", which was written for the Easter service of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal:

O Spring! To whom the poets of all time  
Have made sweet rhyme;  
And unto lovers, above all, most dear!  
How shall they hymn thee in this latter  
year,  
When death, not life, doth ripen to his  
prime?

What pulse shall quicken, or what eye  
grow bright,  
With love's delight,  
Now sleepeth not the bridegroom with the  
bride?  
What flowers shall cover, or what grasses  
hide  
The miles of mounds that thrust upon our  
sight?

April's light showers, that made the sun  
more sweet,  
Seem now to beat  
In constant hoding of the nations' tears:  
Across the pastures, to each mother's ears,  
The lambs and ewes more piteously bleat.  
The fledglings fallen from the nest awake,  
In hearts that break,  
A new compassion for their fluttering:  
The brown, soft eyes of every furry thing  
Seem doubly tender for our sorrow's sake.

The complete Ode is a very fine composition, and it is followed by "Ode for Dominion Day, 1915," in which we read:

Thou hast waxed fat like Jeshurun, but,  
in soul grown lean,

Hast sold  
Thy dreams for gold,  
Pricing the priceless, making all things  
mean.

This lament is offset, however, in later stanzas, where it is written:

For lo! Thy blood is mingled with a  
martyred land's—  
Her pains  
Have loosed thy chains:  
Free, now and henceforth, thy freed spirit  
stands!

We should like to quote more freely from this volume, which in form as well as in content is much above the average.

\*

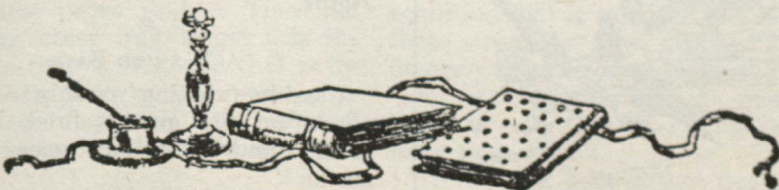
## SUNDOWN SLIM

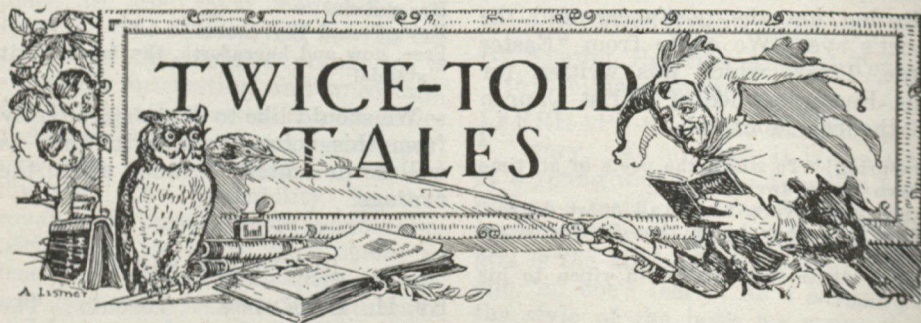
BY H. H. KNIBBS. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

HERE we have a very likable hobo turning first to cowboy and then to rancher. He finds himself in Arizona, where for some time he has been the butt of cowboys and ranch owners, but his pristine worth at length asserts itself, and he marries and settles down. While it is a western story, perhaps not altogether new, it is happily not besmirched with the kind of gush that usually is written about cowboys and cowboy life.

\*

—The new volume of biography, "The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal," on which Mr. Beckles Willson has been working for more than a year, will be published this month by Cassell and Company. It will be the authorized "life" of this great Canadian statesman.





#### IT WASN'T RESPECT

Sir Thomas Lipton has been telling a very good Scotch story.

Some time ago he visited Scotland, when he met an old friend whom he had not seen since they were at school together.

They got to discussing old times, and Sir Thomas suddenly asked:

"And how's George?" referring to an old school friend known to both of them.

"Oh," was the answer, "he's dead long ago, and I shall never cease to

regret him greatly as long as I live."

"I never knew you had so much respect for him as all that," said Sir Thomas in surprise.

"No, na, you're wrang there," answered his friend. "It weren't the respec' I had for him, na that; but, you see, I married his widow!"

\*

#### ESCAPED

Tom: "He certainly rose from the ranks."

Jerry: "So?"

Tom: "Yes, he used to be a cigar-maker."—*California Pelican.*

\*

#### ENOUGH, ANYWAY

Mary: "The doctor says this illness of mine is caused by a germ."

Agnes: "What did he call it?"

Mary: "I don't remember. I caught the disease, but not the name."—*Judge.*

\*

#### A WAY TO SAVE

Cassidy (visiting warship)—"Ivry time that big gun is fired, Dinny, sivin hundred dollars goes up in smoke."

Conley—"Glory be! Why don't they use smokeless powder?"—*Puck.*



Our Turn Next  
—*De Telegraaf (Amsterdam)*

# WHAT IS AN INTERNAL BATH?

BY W. R. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favour of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have

almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference, or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection" and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely?

Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would present the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

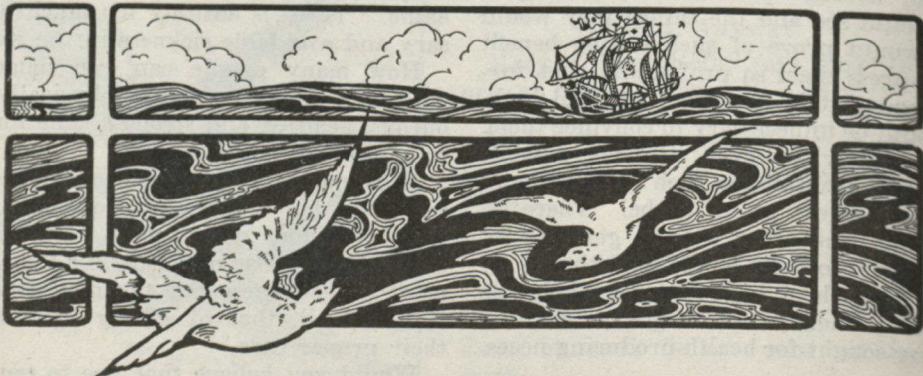
If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigour of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY, OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent

authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 215, 257 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Magazine, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well!



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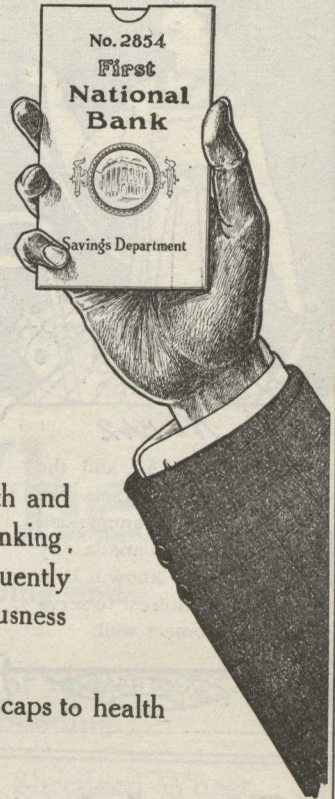
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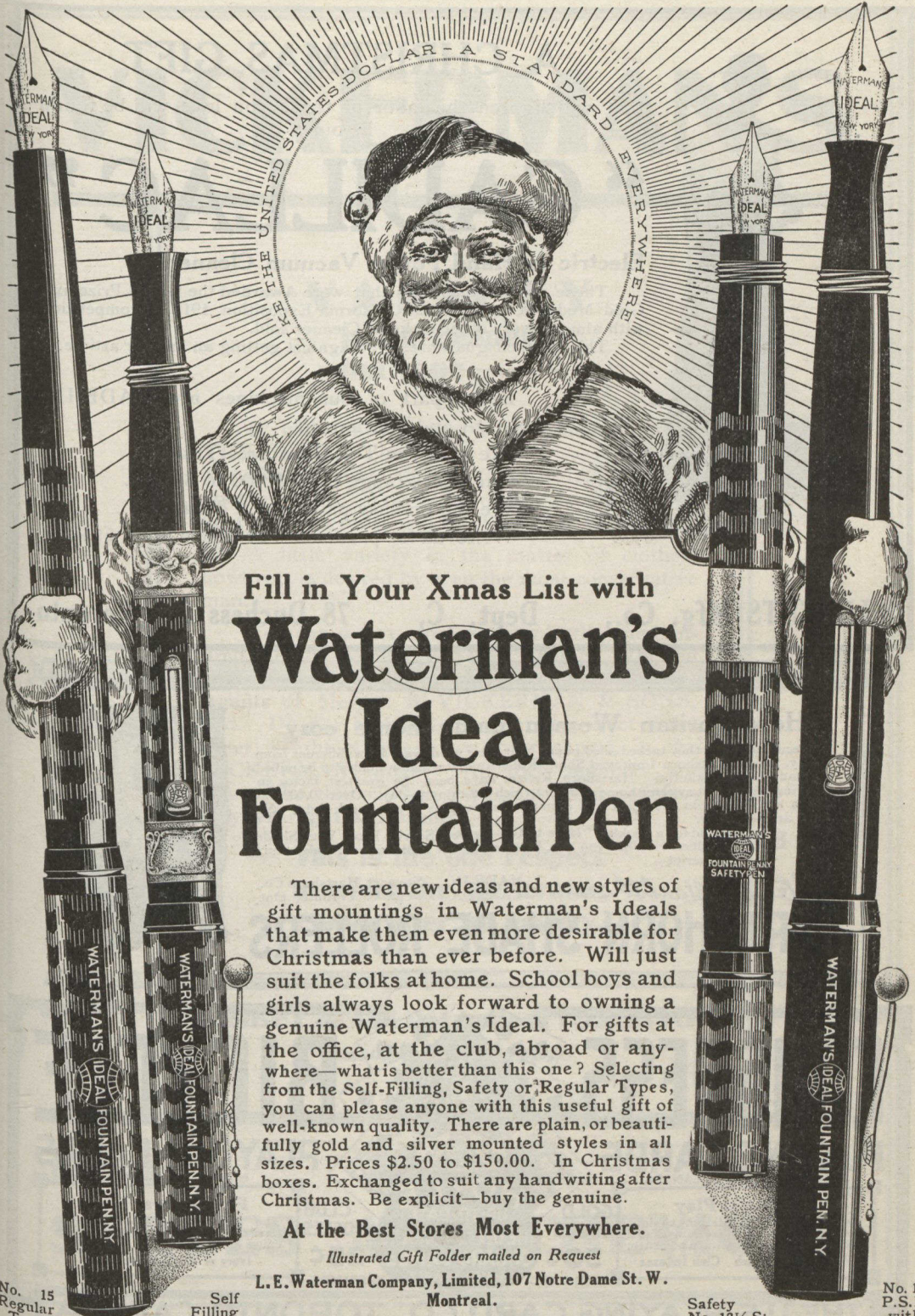
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**L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, 107 Notre Dame St. W.  
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"Pen Corner," Kingsway, London. Calle Lima, 480, Buenos Aires.  
 173 Broadway, N.Y. 24 School Street, Boston.  
 115 So. Clark St., Chicago. 17 Stockton St., San Francisco.

No. 15  
 Regular  
 Type  
 Chased  
 \$5.00

Self  
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 No. 12 PSF  
 Gold Bands  
 Clip-on-Cap \$3.75

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 No. 12 1/2 S  
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No. 12  
 P.S.F.  
 with  
 Clip  
 Self-Filling. \$2.75



# A CHRISTMAS GIFT

that will lighten the labor of those you love will be found in our

# “CADILLAC”

**Electric or Hand Power Vacuum Cleaners.**

These are the machines that were Awarded the Grand Prize and Gold Medal at the Panama California Exposition, 1915, in competition with almost every other make of Cleaner sold.

This in itself guarantees you against getting an inferior article.

Every part of our machines are MADE-IN-CANADA and guaranteed.

We give you Ten Days Free Trial.

Our prices range from \$8.00 to \$45.00.

We sell on easy payments if desired.

Write us for particulars or phone Main 6148.

**CLEMENTS Mfg. Co., Dept. C, 78 Duchess St., Toronto**

## How Puritan Women made home cosy

To secure privacy, they tacked oiled paper over their windows. How different from to-day, when Hartshorn Improved Shade Rollers allow window shades to be pulled up and down instantly! Hartshorn Rollers have been the greatest factor in bringing about the sweeter home privacy, which we enjoy to-day. Over 10,000,000 are in use. They do not crack and crumple shades; they always work right. No tacks are necessary.

**FREE**—Send for a booklet, “How to Get the Best Service From Your Shade Rollers.” When you buy, be sure that the roller bears this signature in script—

*Stewart Hartshorn*

MADE IN CANADA

Stewart Hartshorn Co., Dept. 5, Toronto, Ont.

# HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS



# CONGRESS

## PLAYING CARDS

SELLING AGENTS IN CANADA

### For Social Play

Congress Cards are a delight to sight and touch. The backs are gems of art. The finish makes dealing a pleasure.

Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

GOLD EDGES

50¢

SEND 15¢



HOYLE

UP-TO-DATE

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES

ISSUED YEARLY

CLUB INDEXES

25¢

IN STAMPS

# BICYCLE

## PLAYING CARDS

MADE IN CANADA

### For General Play

The sun never sets on Bicycle Cards. Used the world over because of their quality.

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

**THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.**

# VICKERMAN'S

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## VARIETY in all respects but one—

If you are wearing a suit made from a VICKERMAN cloth it is fair to assume that it is giving satisfaction—VICKERMAN'S cloths always please. You will probably decide that the next suit you order will be "just like this one."

A little variety in the matter of clothes, however, is desired by even the most conservative man.

You can secure ample variety in the one hundred and fifty numbers of Serge, Cheviot, Worsted and Vicuna carried in stock by the Canadian Agents of Messrs. B. VICKERMAN & SONS, Ltd. Do not hesitate, therefore, to select some other weight or weave or color shown in the VICKERMAN range. All their numbers are "just like this one" in the essentials of satisfactory wear and appearance.

**This is the one respect  
in which the Vickerman  
Cloths offer no variety.**

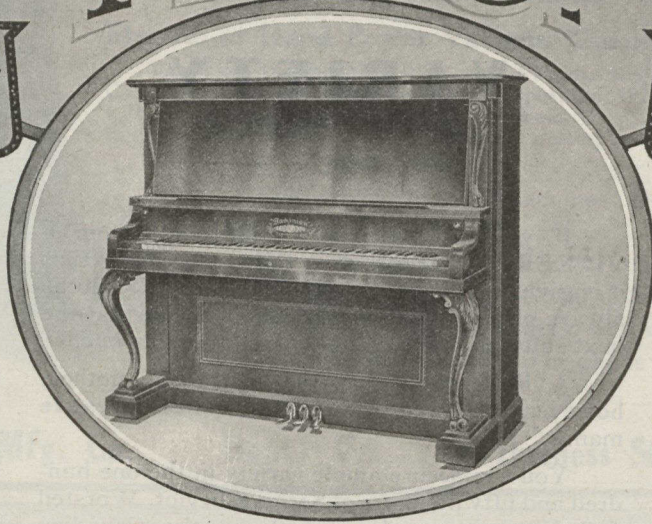
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**NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO**  
Canadian Selling Agents

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**BLUE                      BLACK                      GREY**  
**SERGES      AND      CHEVIOTS**

# The DOMINION PIANO



SOLD IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE  
BRITISH EMPIRE

80,000 satisfied users.

Think of it! Eighty thousand Dominion Pianos, and every one giving satisfaction.

Why? you ask—Because the Dominion Piano is built for lasting service—not merely to sell.

The Dominion Piano is all value. We put our money into buying the best materials and workmanship for the instrument, not into buying a lot of "puffs" from artists who will recommend one piano this year and an entirely different instrument next year, because they are paid a higher price to do it.

The Dominion Piano costs at least \$100.00 less than a professionally commercialized instrument of equal merit. Do not place your order for any piano until you have seen our catalogue.

Write for a copy now and see how much money you will save by purchasing from us.

**Established Nearly Half a Century**

**The Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Limited**

(Makers of Pianos, Organs and Player-Pianos)

BOWMANVILLE, CANADA.

# Make this a Wonderful Christmas—Give a Gerhard Heintzman Piano

Can you imagine the delight of your family in finding THIS gift Christmas morning? Many Christmases will come and go before the first joy in your Gerhard Heintzman piano will abate in the slightest.

A Gerhard Heintzman piano is the gift of gifts for the home. It will be the greatest gift of a life-time—the treasured possession of mother and daughter.

## SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRICES ON THE CANADA'S BEST PIANOS

You will not find it hard to make the Gerhard Heintzman your gift this year. Special Christmas prices mean extraordinary value—and the easy terms place a Gerhard Heintzman within the reach of all. Call and see them—or write for complete list and special prices.

### GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

Salesrooms in Hamilton  
NEXT POST OFFICE

41 WEST QUEEN ST.  
Opposite City Hall

TORONTO

# This £50 Prize Baby was fed on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley



Physically, this boy is as nearly perfect as a child can be. In a competition organized by the "Daily Sketch" of London, England, this baby, in competition with a large number of other children, won the first prize of £50. His mother, Mrs. Ethel Hodge of Trafalgar Crescent, Bridlington, Yorks, writes as follows, "He is a fine, healthy and strong boy, as shown by the photo, having been entirely fed on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and milk from three months old."

Thousands of babies that have been unable to retain any other food, have been strengthened and nourished on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The fact that Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is prescribed by nurses and physicians is its strongest endorsement.

Our booklet, "Advice to Mothers" is indispensable to every mother and will be sent free upon request.

191 St. Paul St. W.  
Montreal

MAGOR, SON & Co., Limited  
Sole Agents for Canada

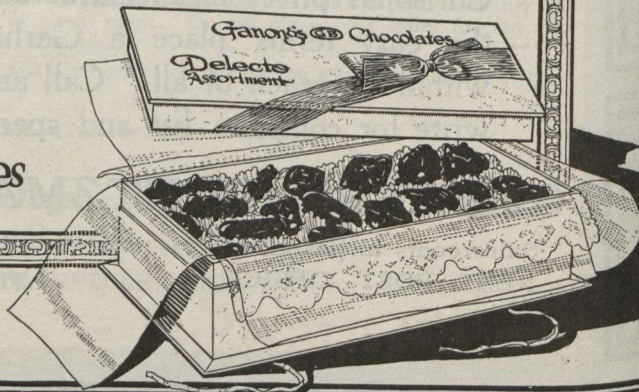
30 Church St.  
Toronto

## Delecto Assortment

The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the center.

An unusually delightful  
assortment.

Ganong's   
Chocolates





“My baby was so sick that both she and I were almost dead—my mother prevailed on me to use your—

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

MRS. LUELLA KELLIHER,  
Woodland, California.

**Mrs. Winslow's  
Soothing Syrup  
For Children Teething**

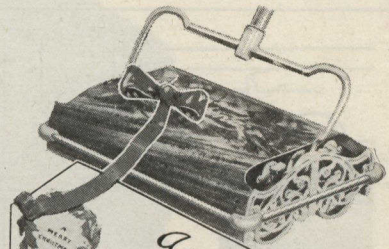
SOLD EVERYWHERE



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**



*A gift you  
can use  
Every Day*

Let your friends give you pretty trifles, but request that a *Bissell's Carpet Sweeper* head the family's gifts. If you already own this famous sweeper, tell them you want a *Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper*.

Then you will be equipped with the most efficient cleaning apparatus that can be installed in any home—*Bissell's Carpet Sweeper* for daily sweeping and a *Bissell's Vacuum Machine* for suction cleaning and general renovation.

**BISSELL'S  
Carpet or Vacuum  
Sweeper**

sell at moderate prices and make a "*Bissell's*" an economical gift. *Bissell's Carpet Sweepers* are \$3.00 to \$4.50; the *Vacuum Cleaner* (without brush) in most of Canada is \$10.00. *Vacuum Sweeper* (with brush) \$11.50. Prices are slightly higher in Western Provinces. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**  
Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet  
Sweeping Devices in the World.

Dept. 114, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Made in Canada, too (240)



**DRAWING FOR MONEY**

Are you fond of Drawing? Fondness means talent. Turn your talent into money-earning channels by learning how to illustrate.

A few months of your spare time will fit you for this profitable work.

Our courses were prepared by 6 of the ablest Artists on the continent.

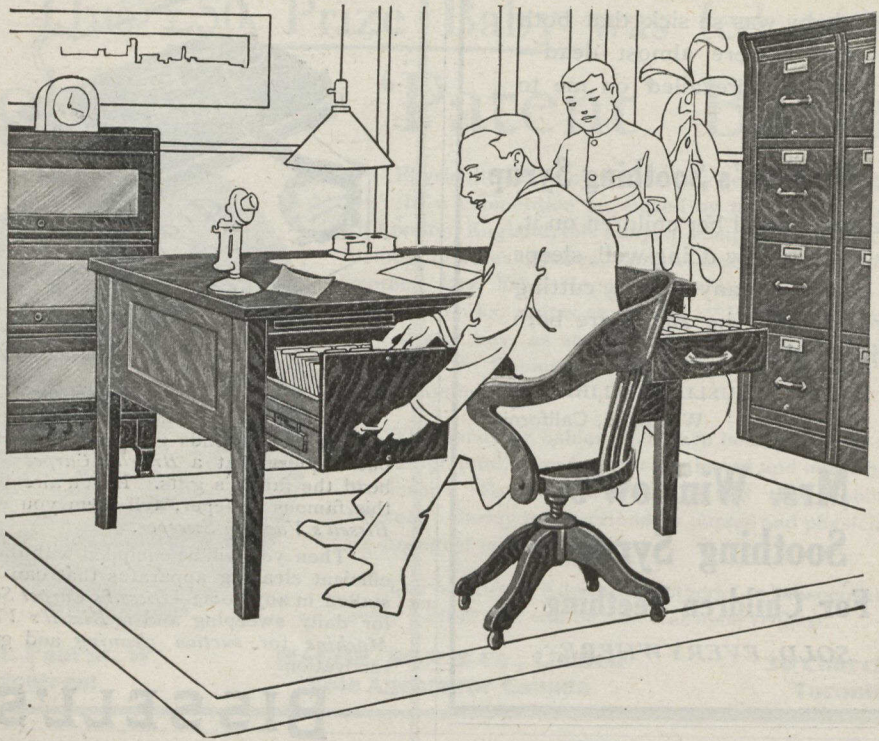
We have successful graduates everywhere. One of our recent graduates in Fashion Drawing was placed in an excellent position at a good salary.

We can do the same for you—fill in name and address—cut out this Ad. and mail today.

Name.....

Address.....

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393 YONGE ST., TORONTO.**



## DON'T BE CONFUSED

WORK AT A CLEAR DESK

Get rid of the miscellaneous piles of papers that are held pending later attention. Have only present moment matters before you for clear, definite decision.

### The "OSCO" System Desk

makes this possible as no other desk can. It has file drawers to hold letters and card records.

The "OSCO" System Desk is a REAL helper to the busy man. You should see it. Look up our nearest store—or ask us to send you particulars.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS  

**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
 LIMITED  
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD  
**CANADA**

*Largest Makers of Filing Devices in the British Empire*

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# OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
tobacco smoked  
in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES  
"OLD CHUM"



# THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT




## *A New Scale Williams*

**T**he 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.

*Our handsome Portfolio sent on request.*

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO. Limited  
DEPT. C.M. OSHAWA, ONTARIO.



“Perfect  
Seal”  
Quart  
Jar.



Three  
Pounds  
of  
Syrup.

## In 3 pound Glass Jars

Your Grocer has “Crown Brand” Syrup in these new glass jars—or will get it for you. And be sure and save these jars for preserving.

“Crown Brand” is also sold in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

143

**The Canada Starch Co., Limited, Montreal.**

## Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT

(à la Quina du Pérou)

is a rational preparation that has the hearty support of the modern physician. It is a superb brain and nerve tonic that successfully combats the depressing effects of sudden and unseasonal changes in temperature which exhaust the most robust unaided organism.

Prepared from the rich juice of selected Oporto grapes and extract of Peruvian Cinchona Bark.

**Absolutely no alcohol or other ingredients are added.**

BIG BOTTLE

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALL DRUGGISTS



255

88

Pieces of Christmas decorations including Post-cards, Folders, Seals, Cut-outs, Stickers, etc., beautiful assortment for every Holiday use. Regular price 25c. Our special offer only 10c. 3 for 25c. Agents Wanted. Big Profits. SIMON NOVELTY HOUSE, Dept. B, 213 E. 11th St., New York.

10c

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Canadians Have Reason  
to be Very Proud of  
"CEETEE Underclothing"

# "CEETEE" UNDERCLOTHING

ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE  
MEANS ECONOMY PLUS COMFORT

**N**OT only is it manufactured by a firm who established themselves in Canada over 56 years ago—but a firm who have succeeded in producing woollen underclothing (CEETEE) that is not surpassed *anywhere in the world*—not even in the old country—so famous for the high quality of its woollen goods.

When the British Government came to Canada looking for army underwear, ours was the only firm in Canada that had the necessary machines to produce the garments according to the samples which they brought with them. Therefore, they were compelled to change their specifications so that other knitting companies could be given some work immediately.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is all made on these special machines, from only the finest Australian merino wool obtainable. This wool is combed and combed until every possible particle of foreign matter is taken out, and it is washed until it is as clean as human ingenuity can make it. The yarn is then *knitted* to fit the human form. This is why it sets so neatly over the body, making the outer clothing fit as perfectly as possible.

**Worn by the Best People—Sold by the Best Dealers**

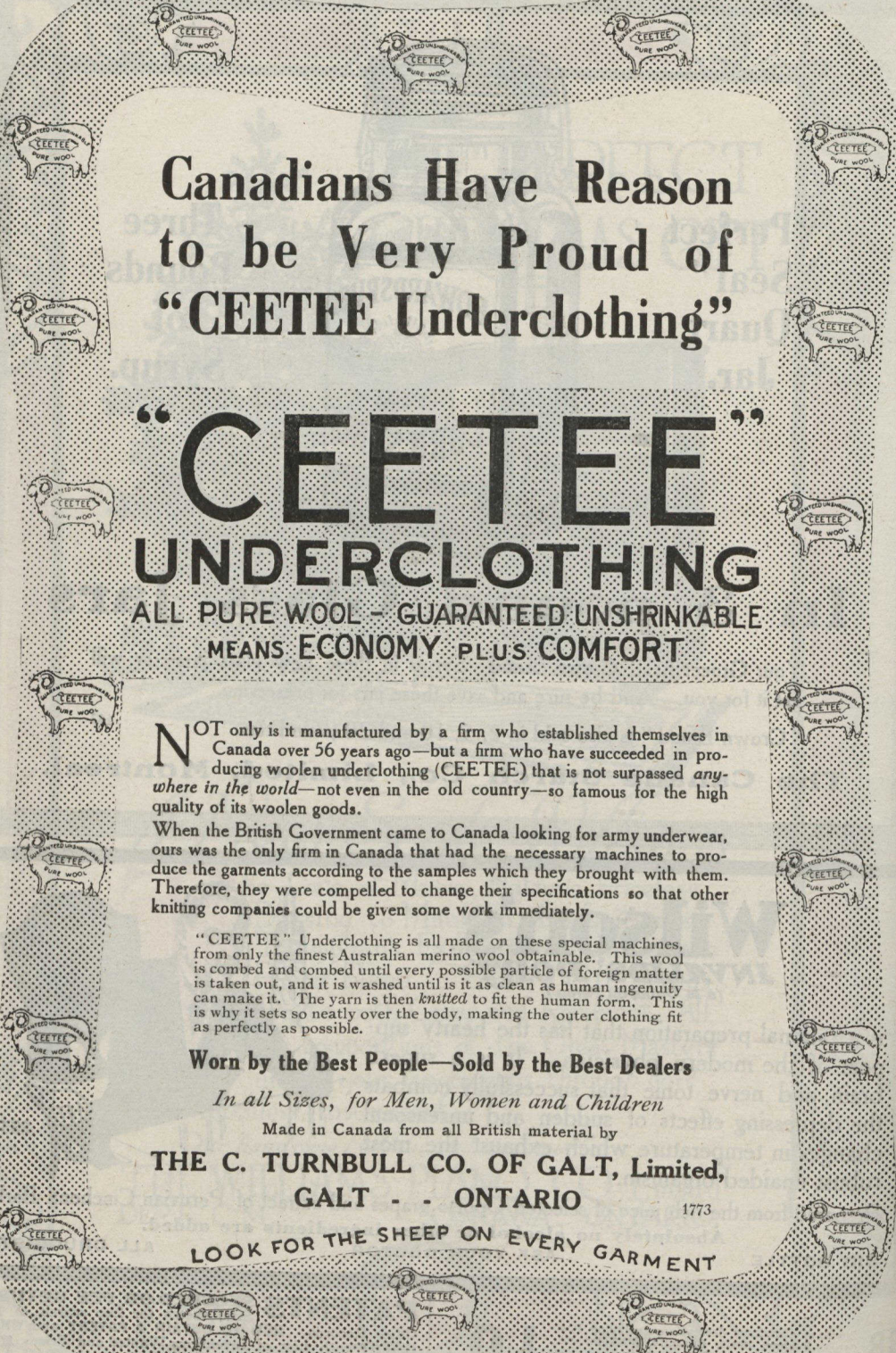
*In all Sizes, for Men, Women and Children*

Made in Canada from all British material by

**THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited,  
GALT - - ONTARIO**

1773

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT



# Business is booming!



Toronto, Ont.

Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming. Farmers have had a record crop, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports. Factories are busy, a great many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

Canada has, in proportion to population, greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any other country in the world.

Millions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

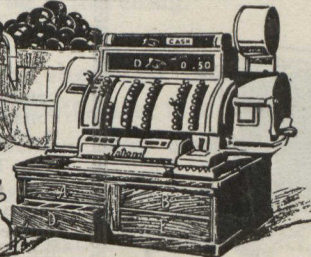
The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits. Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

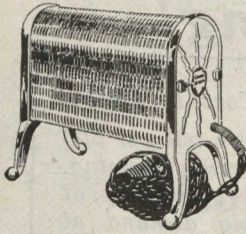
Last month the N. C. R. in Canada had the largest sales of any month in the past seventeen.

President of [Signed] The National Cash Register Co. *John H. Patterson*



Write for booklet to

The National Cash Register Company,  
350 Christie Street, Toronto, Ont.  
Agents in every city.



1

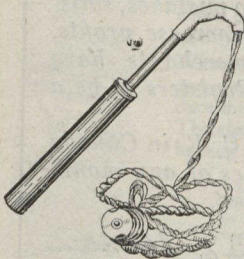


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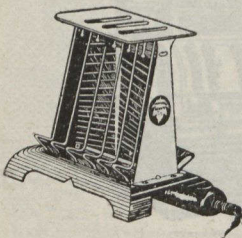


NOTE HOW BACK REST  
REVERSED FORMS STAND  
CONVERTING IRON INTO  
STOVE

3



4



5

# A Christmas Gift that will LIVE

No matter to whom you are giving, you will give a heaping measure of comfort and pleasure if you make this Christmas a Canadian Beauty Electric Christmas.

## Canadian Beauty

Electric Appliances  
QUALITY - UTILITY

The Canadian Beauty Appliances are outstanding in quality of material and construction and in beauty and usefulness of design.

### See Your Dealer To-Day

In your vicinity is a merchant who is showing Canadian Beauty Christmas Gifts. See him before making up your list, or write us for catalogue.

**Renfrew Electric Mfg. Co.**  
LIMITED  
RENFREW, - ONT.



1 The Air Warmer—a great comfort for chilly rooms—well constructed and guaranteed. Reasonably priced.

2. The housewife will find that perfect coffee is easy to make with this wonderfully efficient Canadian Beauty Coffee Percolator.

5. The Toaster—a fine upstanding table servant that will give you splendid service at reasonable cost.

3. The sturdiest, most economical iron yet built. A splendid gift for mother or wife. Guaranteed.

4. Immersion Water Heater—heats water for shaving, washing, etc., very quickly. Costs little to buy and little to run.



*Tied with Ribbon and Holly*



## The Gillette "Bulldog" Razor brings a Smile on Christmas Morning

What better thing can you do for a young man than to put within his reach—FREE—every day, the finest shave in the world?

*That's* what the gift of a Gillette means!

The new "Bulldog", with its stocky grip and splendid balance, makes a strong appeal to the young man. Or perhaps he'd like an "Aristocrat" or a Pocket Edition.

Gillette "Bulldog", \$5.00—  
"Aristocrat" \$5.00—Standard  
Set, \$5.00—Pocket Editions,  
\$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination  
Sets, \$6.50 up.

Christmas also gives you a chance to put Father or Uncle in touch with real shaving luxury in the form of a Gillette Combination Set.

If he has never had a Gillette, its velvet shave will be a revelation and a daily delight.

If he already has a Gillette, the Combination feature will be an added convenience, particularly when he is travelling.

About the finest "little gift" for a Gillette user is a Packet of Blades—50c. and \$1.00.

*Any live Dealer will show you a good selection.*

**Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited,**

GILLETTE BUILDING, . . . MONTREAL.

87



*The always welcome gift—*

## A KODAK

The gift that keeps the picture story of every youthful interest — School days and sports, the winter and summer outings, the city boy's trip to the country and the country boy's trip to the city. In all these there is fun in the picture taking and afterwards both fun and satisfaction in possession.

*Catalog of Kodaks and Brownies, free at your dealers' or by mail.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto.



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.**



**For Your  
Home Made  
Xmas Candy**

French Dainties, Marshmallows, Turkish Delight — these and many other wholesome candies make delightful Christmas gifts.

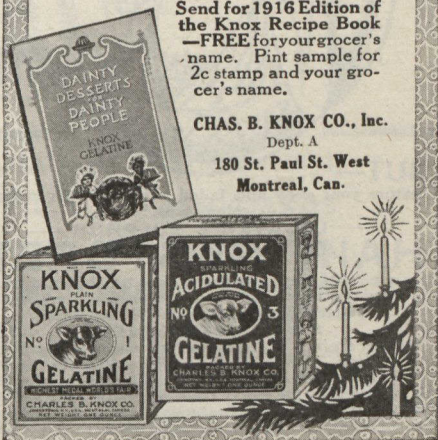
**This recipe is for  
KNOX YULETIDE DAINTIES**

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

**KNOX**  
**SPARKLING GELATINE**  
(Granulated)

Send for 1916 Edition of the Knox Recipe Book —FREE for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2c stamp and your grocer's name.

**CHAS. B. KNOX CO., Inc.**  
Dept. A  
180 St. Paul St. West  
Montreal, Can.





*"Used while you sleep"*

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once. It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diptheria.

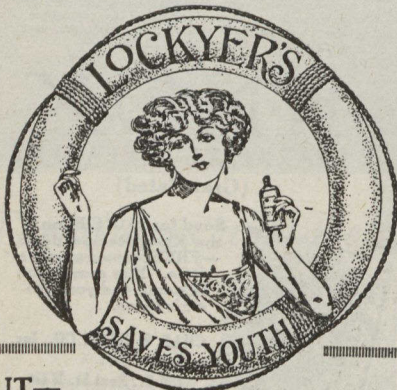
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

**For Sale by all Druggists.**

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice-sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

**The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,**  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

**DON'T LOOK OLD!**



**BUT—**

restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

**LOCKYER'S SULPHUR**

**HAIR RESTORER**

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

5c. SOLD EVERYWHERE 75c.

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing. This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained from any chemists and stores throughout the world. Wholesale, Lyman Bros., Toronto.

**The Wise  
Order Their Xmas  
Presents Early**

Expensive presents for this year's giving will naturally not be the vague.

One years subscription to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is the most appropriate gift you can possibly make, it will be a welcome visitor and a kindly remembrance during the whole year.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is the literary standard of Canada, the historical articles appearing from month to month alone, being worth the subscription price, and it should be in every Canadian home.

Send your order early and commence with the handsome Christmas Number. If requested we will send a card to the recipient giving the name of the person sending.

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**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**Florida Water**

if you would send your friend a delightful

**CHRISTMAS GIFT**



Ladies consider it quite indispensable for the  
**Handkerchief, Dressing-table or Bath**

Invigorating and bracing as a rub-down after exercise.  
 Gentlemen declare it the best thing to use after shaving.

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!**

**LANMAN & KEMP, New York and Montreal**

**THREE SCORE AND FOUR**

64 YEARS IS A LONG TIME. A PRODUCT THAT CAN  
 HOLD THE POPULARITY OF AN ENTIRE DOMINION  
 FOR 64 YEARS MUST BE MERITORIOUS—DEPENDABLE

**EDDY'S MATCHES**

HAVE BEEN THE SAME GOOD MATCHES SINCE 1851.  
 LIKE EDDY'S FIBREWARE AND EDDY'S WASHBOARDS,  
 THEY ARE CONSIDERED STANDARD BY ALL LOYAL  
 CANADIANS UNDER THE "MADE-IN-CANADA" BANNER.



HOT WATER



STEAM



STOVE



KELSEY WARM AIR

## A SCORE OF HONORABLE YEARS

For twenty years the Kelsey warm air generator has been on the Canadian market. Its production solved the problem of house heating economically and satisfactorily.

The Kelsey is a warm air generator and is constructed entirely differently to ordinary hot air furnaces.

By patented fuel saving devices the Kelsey will save you 30% of your coal bills, thus paying for itself in a few years.

Twenty-five years ago in Cortland, New York, this generator was first used, and the results were so satisfactory that it rapidly came before the public and five years later the manufacture of it was started in Canada.

It is admittedly superior in every way to hot air furnaces.

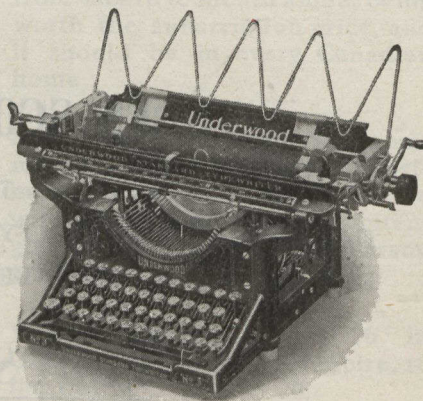
Before installing your heating apparatus, let us submit facts to you to prove that the Kelsey will save you money and that it is superior to the hot air furnace.

**THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited**  
BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO.

**T**HERE are thirty models of the UNDERWOOD for every purpose of recording, accounting, or statistical work.

**C**oncerning one of these special purpose UNDERWOODS a manufacturer says:

“The condensed Billing Typewriter which you installed for us has saved its cost every three months. We consider it the best investment we ever made.”



**United Typewriter Company, Limited**  
Underwood Building  
135 Victoria Street, Toronto

# Lathe's and Attachments

for

the manufacture of

**6", 8, 9.2**

**High Explosive  
Shells**

*EARLY DELIVERY*

This Equipment is all  
**NEW, MODERN, HEAVY**

*Write or Wire our nearest office  
for particulars.*

**The John Bertram & Sons Co.**

LIMITED

Dundas, Ontario, Canada



MONTREAL  
723 Drummond Bldg.

VANCOUVER  
609 Ottawa Bldg.

WINNIPEG  
1205 McArthur Bldg.



# The three vital features of your Christmas Grafonola

For, of course, your new instrument will be a Columbia, if it is a question of musical quality — of certainty of lasting enjoyment. Judge the superiority of the Columbia Grafonola, first of all, upon its superb tone.

## *Tone:*

Tone perfection depends fully as much upon the scientific exactness of the reproducing mechanism of the instrument itself as upon the original recording process. The perfected reproducer and tone-arm of the Columbia Grafonola is the crowning achievement in this branch of the art.

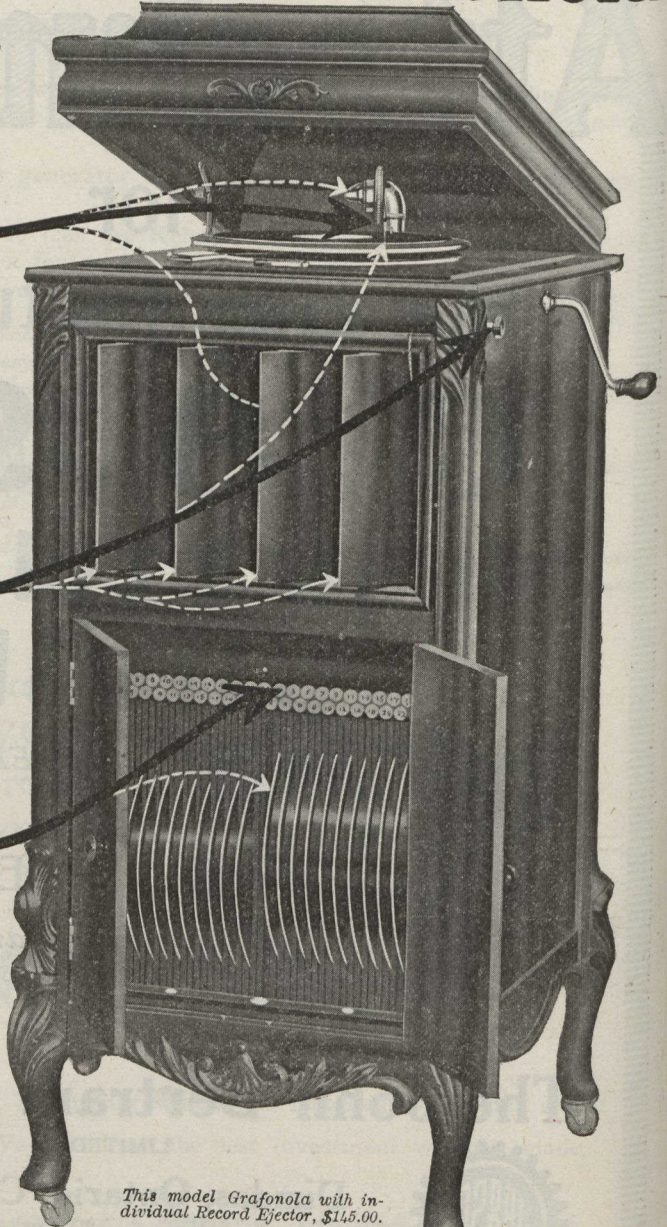
Once you realize the tone possibilities of the Columbia Grafonola, playing Columbia Records or any other records, we believe you will never again be satisfied with any tone less full and true, less brilliant and round and natural.

## *Tone control:*

With the Columbia you have every possible gradation of tone at your command. The tone-control leaves, built on the one right principle of controlling tone-volume, and the wide variety of needles available, give you any and all degrees of tone-volume, from the lightest pianissimo to the resounding fortissimo to fill the largest auditorium.

## *Convenience:*

Your Grafonola, equipped with the individual record ejectors, an exclusive Columbia feature, is ideal in its convenience. Your records are racked individually in velvet-lined slots that automatically clean them and protect them against breaking and scratching. A numbered push-button controls each record — a push of the button brings any record forward to be taken between the thumb and fingers.



*This model Grafonola with individual Record Ejector, \$145.00.*



**COLUMBIA**  
GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY  
TORONTO, ONT.

# COLUMBIA





Recognized in all professions and walks of life, as the leading coffee in the best grocery stores of Canada.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



## Bran is Nature's Way

Drug laxatives are artificial, and some are habit-forming. Bran is a vital part of wheat.

The most effective form is bran flakes—unground bran. That's what you get in Pettijohn's. And you get it hidden in luscious soft wheat flakes.

This morning dainty brightens every day it starts. Everyone will welcome its taste and its effect.

A week of Pettijohn's will show you that bright living requires bran. Prove it now.

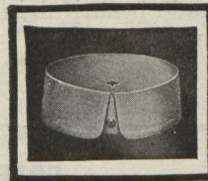
# Pettijohn's

*Rolled Wheat with Bran Flakes*

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY  
East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.  
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1154



### CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO.  
of Canada, Ltd.

58 FRAZER AVENUE  
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## WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

# Quick Beauty from Purer Blood

**All Pimples, Blackheads, Boils and Impurities  
Leave Quickly by Using the Greatest Blood  
Purifier, Stuart's Calcium Wafers**

The action of Stuart's Calcium Wafers is wonderful indeed. The causes of nearly all poor complexions are the impurities in the blood, and which show through the outer skin tissue. The blood is constantly in motion, so that no complexion can ever be beautified unless the entire blood stream is purified. This is why face creams and cosmetics utterly fail to give real beauty.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are the most powerful blood purifiers which science has ever discovered. They at once begin their work and in a few days the result is seen in the quick disappearance of all pimples, red spots, boils, muddy complexion, rash, tetter and skin discolorations.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are harmless, very pleasant to the taste, are put up in convenient form to carry, and can be obtained at any drug store, at 50 cents a box.

Follow the example of hundreds upon thousands of women who have been made beautiful in this way. Send coupon below to-day for free sample package.

## FREE TRIAL COUPON

**F. A. STUART CO., 313 Stuart Bldg., MARSHALL, Mich.** Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....Prov.....



**GENUINE  
DIAMONDS  
AND WATCHES  
ON CREDIT**

**TERMS—20% Down, \$1-2-3 Weekly**

The Jacobs Credit system enables you to make beautiful Christmas presents without the outlay of much money. A Diamond constantly increases in value and lasts forever.

**Great Bargains in Ladies and Mens Watches for Christmas Gifts**

Write to-day for Catalogue it is FREE

We send Diamonds or Watches to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or Monthly. We trust any honest person.

**JACOBS BROS., 15 Toronto Arcade  
Toronto, Canada**



**What's in a name**

*The General says :*

A name is of great importance to the large manufacturer who sells his goods under a well established trade-mark. To succeed that name must stand for fair dealing, high quality, honesty of purpose and full value for every dollar. Ask your dealer to tell you what our name stands for on a roll of

**Certain-teed**

**Roofing**

We guarantee *Certain-teed* Roofing 5, 10 or 15 years, according to whether the thickness is 1, 2 or 3-ply respectively and we stand behind this guarantee with the most enormous Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the World. *Certain-teed* gives a more satisfactory service than metal roofing, wood shingles and many other types of roofing—and its price is less.

Your local dealer will be pleased to quote you prices and give you any further information about our goods.

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*World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers*

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Let us send you two clever card tricks—puzzling to your audience, yet easy to do. Also booklets illustrating

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**The Purest & Best Beer**  
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**O'Keefe's  
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**The Light Beer in the Light Bottle**

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The Name behind the Goods is your Guarantee for the Quality.

## Fine Leather Goods



### Practical and Useful for Presentation and Gift Giving

By the time you are reading this it will be high time to be giving some thought to gift giving and as such a stock as the "Julian Sale" fine leather goods presents so many opportunities for suggestion of the practical and useful, it is timely to make mention of it—and it matters not whether your giving must be of the most modest in price, or may be selected without regard to the cost of them the "Julian Sale" assortments will meet every demand for man or woman, and every article chosen be something useful—sensible—serviceable—attractive and practical.

Trunks, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Club Bags, Kit Bags, Fitted Dressing Bags, English Morocco Dressing Cases, Folding and Roll-up Dressing Cases, Ladies Hand Bags, Letter Cases, Writing Cases, Music Holders, Military Brushes in Leather Cases, Parisian Ivory Goods in Manicure and Toilet Requirements, Collar Bags, Glove Boxes, Sewing Bags and Baskets, Jewel Cases, Cigarette and Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Purses, Wallets, Bill Folds and a host of other things in Leather.

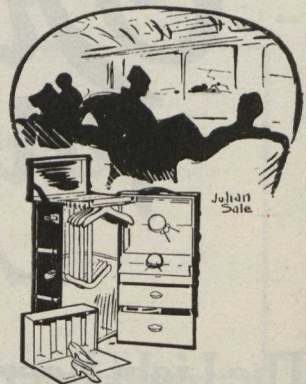
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The "Rite-hite" Wardrobe Trunks \$33 to \$75  
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Write for Special Catalogue and Wardrobe Trunk Booklet

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“The Canadian Pacific own and operate a line of palatial hotels along the Railway from Atlantic to Pacific, thus affording their patrons every possible comfort.”

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The  
DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

Service  
Safety  
Speed

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# WINTER TOURS

TO

## CALIFORNIA

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## Pacific Coast Points

Florida, Texas, New Orleans, etc.

Winter Tour Tickets now on Sale. Stop-over privilege allowed.

## The NEW WAY WEST

Via the Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway affords new scenery, new interests. Write to any agent of the Company for advertising matter, rates and all particulars.

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## Coast to Coast Service Toronto to Vancouver

Via PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM, SASKATOON AND EDMONTON

Connections at Winnipeg Union Station for Calgary, Prince  
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and all important points in Western Canada and the Pacific Coast.

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ALL MODERN EQUIPMENT

RELIABLE EXPRESS SERVICE

Through tickets to all points, and berth reservations from Local Agent or write to General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. East, Toronto, Ontario, or Union Station, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"MADE IN CANADA"

## COSGRAVE'S—The Health-Food

MILD (CHILL-PROOF)

### PALE ALE

You like snap and life to the ale you drink—yet you want it low in alcoholic percentage—then order Cosgrave's.

The quality of Cosgrave's is assured by selecting the best materials, and by providing a modern, sanitary brewery to make it in.



As light as Lager,  
but better for you.

At most hotels, cafes and dealers. Bottled only at the Brewery. Phone or postal to your dealer; order a case sent home.

# High Praise

*from the front*

Headquarters, 1st. Canadian Division,  
British Expeditionary Force,  
September 2, 1915.

Dear Sirs,

We, the undersigned, having had six months' experience at the front with 28 H.P. Russell Knight Cars, wish to send you a little testimonial of the excellent performance of these cars under very adverse conditions.

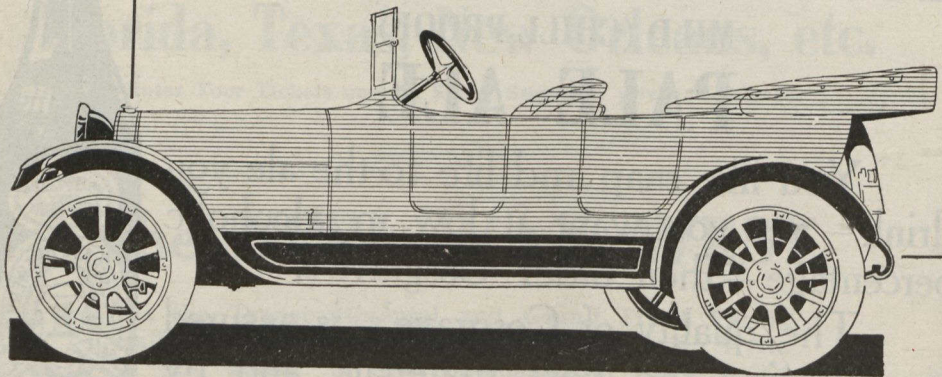
These cars came out to France early in February, after four months of the hardest work any cars have ever been put to, on Salisbury Plain, England. They came through everything with colors flying. The only real trouble we have experienced has been with the front springs, which, after all, is not to be wondered at, when one considers the terrible roads over which they have been driven. A certain amount of trouble was experienced with the clutch on one or two, but this was really on account of the lack of spare parts which was the greatest drawback to the successful running of these cars. The electrical system throughout was entirely satisfactory, not one, to our knowledge, having failed at any time. These cars were in constant demand during the whole period that they were under our care, and were known to be the most comfortable cars on any road.

In conclusion, we have been more than pleased with them in every way, and wish to convey to you our congratulations on making a car, which, in our opinion is second to none.

We are, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

LORNE A. ARNOLD, Sergt.	H. D. BROWN, Sergt.
L. R. REESE, Sergt.	HUGH D. ROBERTS, S.M.
H. O. MOTHERSILL, Sergt.	HERBERT R. RAIMES, S.M.



## RUSSELL "Light Six" \$1475

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED

Executive Offices and Works

West Toronto

Branches: Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Sole Canadian Licensees Knight Motor.





**MCLAUGHLIN**

# McLaughlin Motor Ambulances doing noble work

### Surgeon-General Ryerson

Head of the Red Cross Society in Canada recently received a cable from the British Red Cross Society saying they needed 50 motor ambulances immediately.

General Ryerson also stated in a recent speech that in his opinion *no more useful donation to the cause could be made than a motor ambulance.*

### Comments from the Front on McLaughlin-Buick Ambulances

Col. Birkett, O.C., No. 3 Canadian General Hospital in France writes as follows: "As I have already written to the Montreal office, our ambulances have been very much admired, and show superiority over all others in use on active service here."

Lieut.-Col. G. S. Rennie, writing from Shorncliffe, England says in part: "It has been running almost day and night since it arrived, and has proved perfectly satisfactory. When we came here we had no ambulance at all, excepting those brought by me from Canada, and I really do not know what I should have done without them."

From One of the Chaffeurs, Shorncliffe, England; "We have at this hospital nine ambulances: one Wolsley and eight McLaughlin-Buicks. They are standing up fine, and have given no trouble as yet. Their average drive is about 120 miles per day."

Realizing the important condition of the continental roads at certain seasons, and the importance of having an ample supply of repair parts available for immediate delivery, we arranged some months ago to carry a large supply of extra parts with the General Motors Co. of Europe, located in London, England. This feature is very important, and is being amply taken care of by us.

In the ambulance illustrated herewith is combined the very latest improvements and suggestions of the British and French War Offices, and possesses some refinements and conveniences that we have worked out over the previous models.

They will accommodate four men lying down, two lying down and five sitting, or ten sitting, in addition to the driver and orderly.

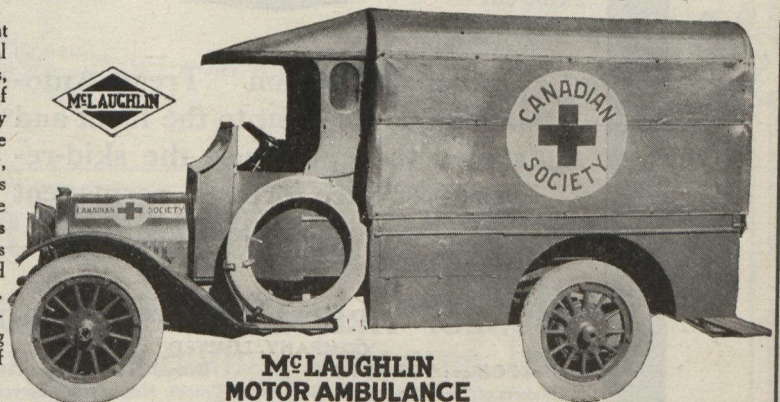
The motor is the famous McLaughlin-Buick valve-in-head type, 37 H.P., complete with electric starter, electric lights, 880 x 135 m.m. tires.

The equipment of the ambulance is most complete. The lockers having been adopted for carrying extra stretchers, three days' rations, bandages, medical supplies, medicines, tools, etc.

Over sixty of these ambulances have been purchased by leading citizens, organizations and societies throughout Canada, and early delivery is assured.

A folder illustrating and describing this ambulance in detail has been prepared, and will be gladly mailed, along with a list of the donors of these ambulances.

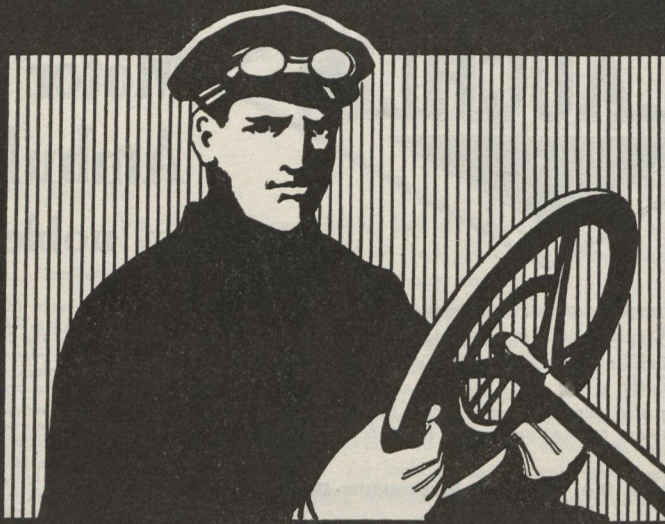
The Special price of \$1,575.00 f.o.b. Oshawa includes boxing for export.



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MOTOR AMBULANCE**

**MCLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO. LIMITED.**  
Head Office & Factories  
**OSHAWA, ONTARIO.**

Branches at ST. JOHN, MONTREAL, BELLEVILLE, TORONTO, HAMILTON  
LONDON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, EDMONTON, CALGARY and VANCOUVER



*Never  
Did  
Rim-cut*

*Only  
Real  
Anti-skid*

Dunlop "Traction" Tread Automobile Tires went to the front and stayed there, because the skid-resisting surface forms a permanent part of the tire.

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COMPANY, LIMITED**

**Head Office: TORONTO**      **Branches in Leading Cities**  
 Makers of Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles,  
 and Carriages, Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling, and  
 General Rubber Specialties. T106B

# BABY'S OWN SOAP



*Best  
for  
Baby  
Best  
for  
You*

## ITS FRAGRANCE IS PLEASANT

but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin

*A Baby's Own Soap Baby is not only "kissable" but seldom suffers from chafing or other skin troubles.*

DOCTORS AND NURSES RECOMMEND BABY'S OWN SOAP  
Albert Soaps, Limited, Mfrs., Montreal

2815

Sold everywhere

None of its many imitations has all its merits



## CANADA

### Put Your Hand To The Plow!

Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watchword of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

**W. D. SCOTT, Esq.,** Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

or

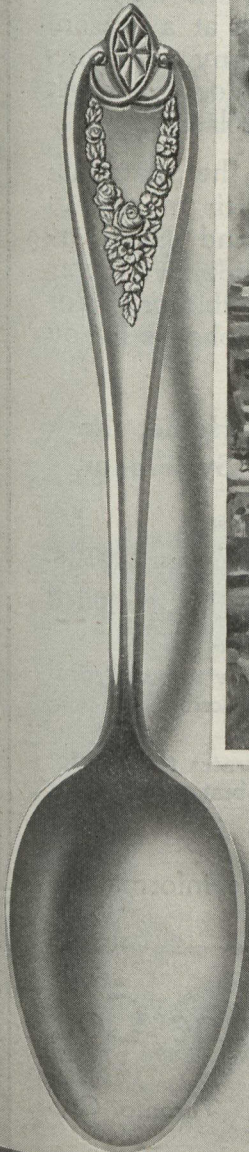
**J. OBED SMITH, Esq.,** Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,  
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# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

Old Colony



The place of honor among wedding gifts is accorded 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate. Its reputation insures appreciation - its quality assures long service.

Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

*At leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "F-20."*

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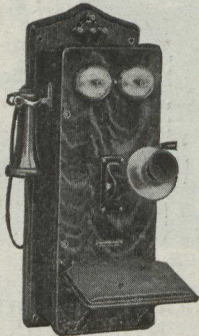
*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate*

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# Telephones



Presto-Phone Desk Telephone



Best Bridging Telephone Made

**W**E make Telephone Equipment for any Service, and we make it for any person at a reasonable price, and without any conditions attached except that if it does not work satisfactorily we will replace it.

Why not support the manufacturers who invested their money in the telephone business and made service better, telephone equipment lower in price and made it possible for you or anyone else to buy telephones if you wanted to use them.

**Telephones for the Home, the Factory, the Rural System or the Town and City.**

We can take care of your wants.

Information will be supplied promptly.

No. 3 Bulletin tells how to build rural systems No. 4 Bulletin describes the telephones for such systems.

No. 5 Bulletin illustrates the Presto-Phone, the latest and best system for private service.

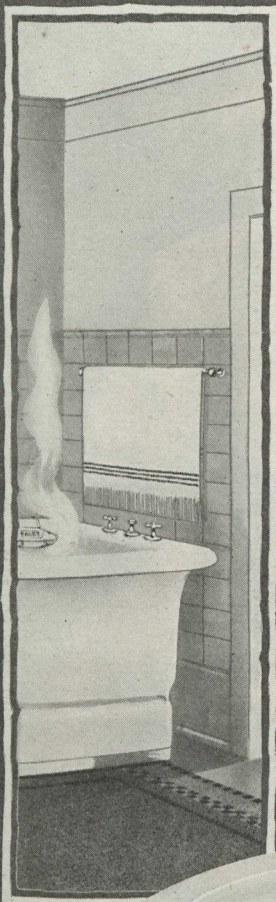
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Canadian Independent Telephone Co.,

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For toilet and bath

Fairy Soap is refreshing because of its purity and pleasing cleansing quality.

Skilled soapmaking experts use only the choicest materials in making it.

Fairy soap is as pure as its whiteness suggests. Each cake is kept clean and sweet by the dainty tissue wrapper and the individual box in which it is enclosed.

*The white oval cake fits the hand.*

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
LIMITED  
MONTREAL



"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

# Hygienic and Thorough

Quickly  
Cleans and  
Polishes

# Cooking Utensils



It's Free  
From  
Caustics  
and  
Acids  
Which are  
Dangerous  
In the  
Kitchen

MADE IN CANADA



# Big Ben

Made in LaSalle and  
Peru, Ill. by Westclox



## A Crackerjack of a Christmas Present

**W**HEN all the tinsel is on the tree, and the last sprig of holly hung—then tiptoe Big Ben into each one's room, set to ring the first glad greeting.

Then in the morning when he says, "Merry Christmas, I'm Big Ben, come to wish you many of them," listen for shouts of pleased surprise, "Is he for me? Isn't that fine!"

So do your Big Ben shopping early. He's a tiptop present for

anyone—stands seven inches tall in his clocking feet—massive, well poised, triple plated. He is easy to read, easy to wind, pleasing to hear.

He calls just when you want and either way you want, steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten, stops short in either call if you wish.

You will find him at your dealer's. \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.00 in Canada. If your dealer doesn't stock him, a money order addressed to Western Clock Co., La Salle, Illinois, will send him in a special Christmas package, your card enclosed, charges paid, wherever and whenever you say.

**Clear Skin  
Clear Eyes  
Clear Brain**

**Superb Health  
and Mental Poise.**

# Grape-Nuts

is a crisp, delicious food,  
made of whole wheat and  
barley — for those who  
want to feel the glow of  
Health, Vigor and Energy.

**“There’s a Reason”**



*Taylor's*

**TOOTH PASTE**

**Delightful — Refreshing  
Cleansing — Antiseptic**

MEDALS 38 AWARDS  
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.  
TORONTO**

## BROCK'S BIRD SEED



**To all Lovers  
of Birds**

We invite you to send  
for a generous size pack-  
age of Brock's Bird Seed  
— a cake of our special  
Bird Treat (a fine tonic for your bird) and  
Brock's Book of Birds, a book you should  
have. All this will be sent postpaid for twenty  
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Give Dick this treat and he will sing  
his thanks.



*Send to-day and mention the  
Canadian Magazine.*

**NICHOLSON & BROCK**  
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*Taylor's*

**VALLEY VIOLET  
PERFUME**

DISTILLED IN CANADA

**A FEW DROPS—THE  
SUBTLE VIOLET  
FRAGRANCE  
LINGERS**

MEDALS 38 AWARDS

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