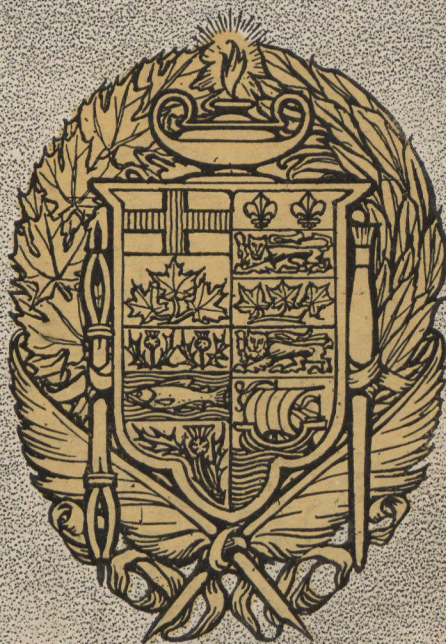


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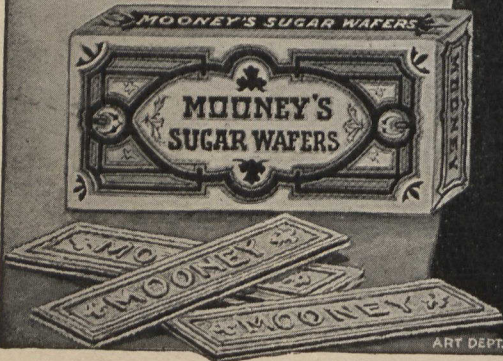


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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLI.

Contents, June, 1913

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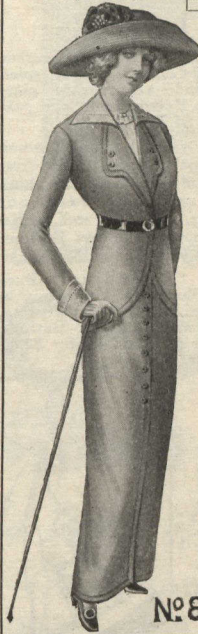
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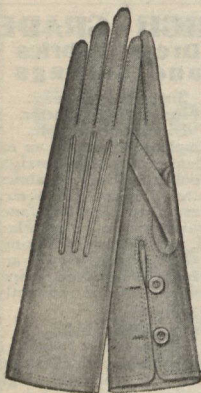
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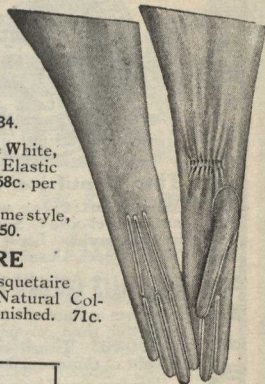
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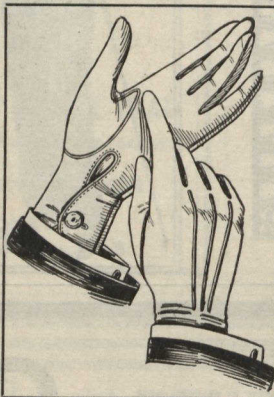
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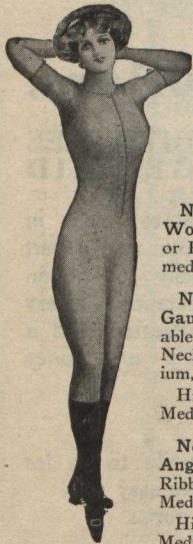
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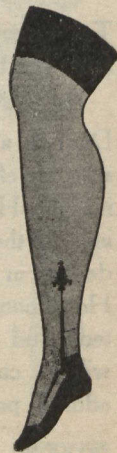
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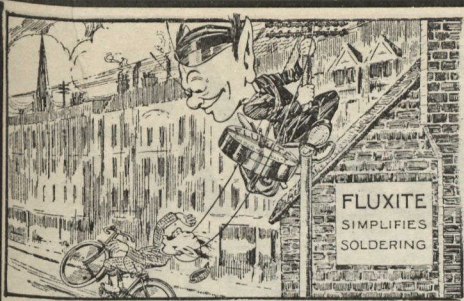
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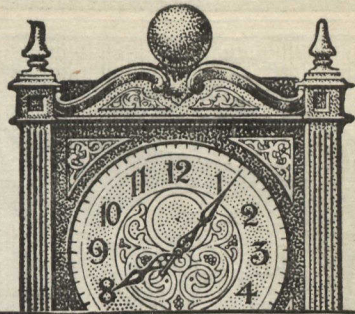
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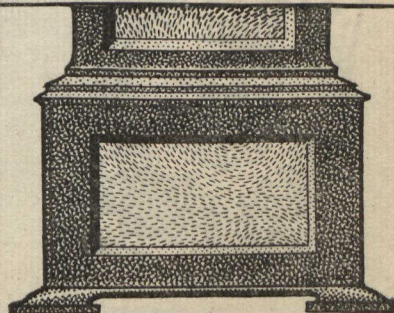
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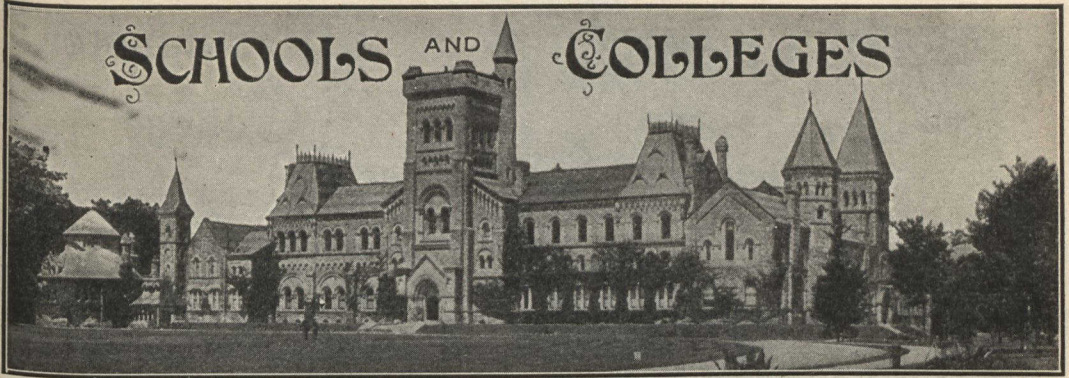
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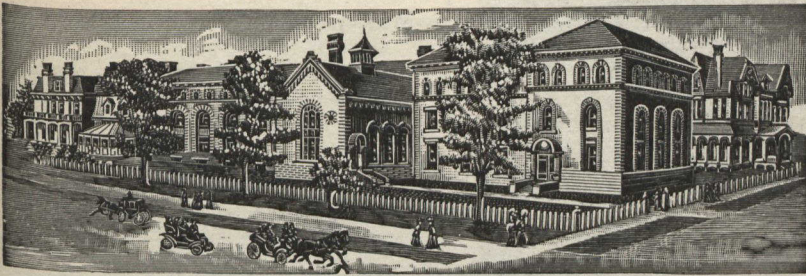
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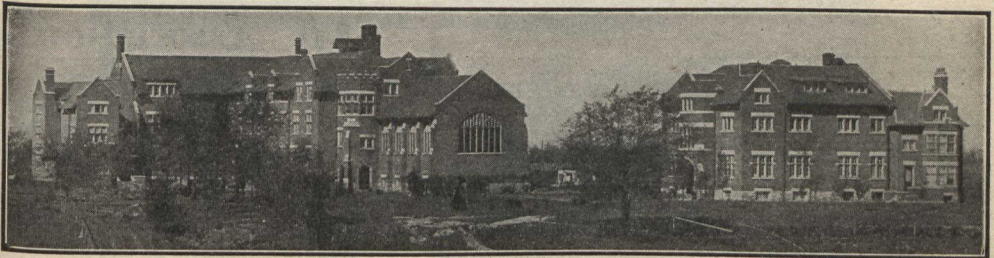
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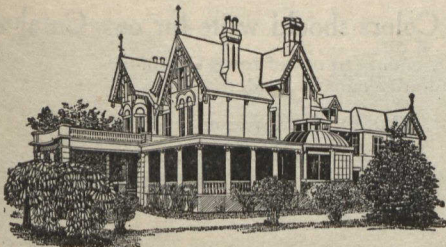
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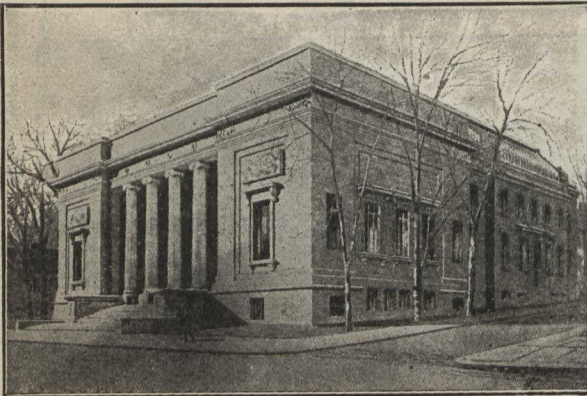
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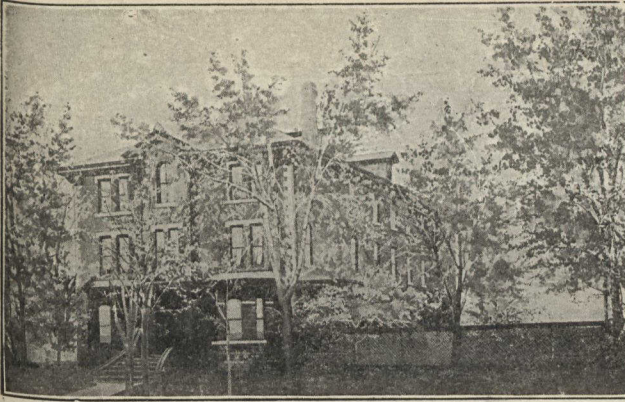
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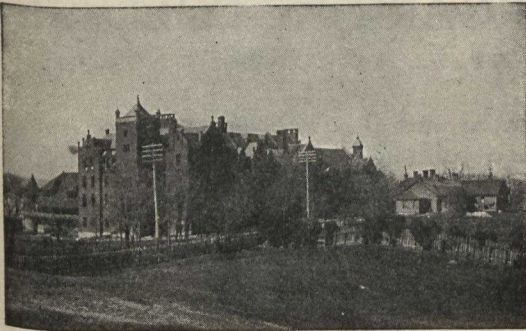
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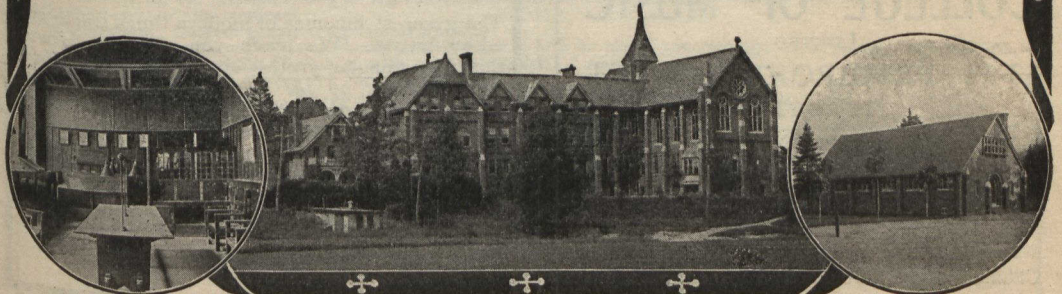
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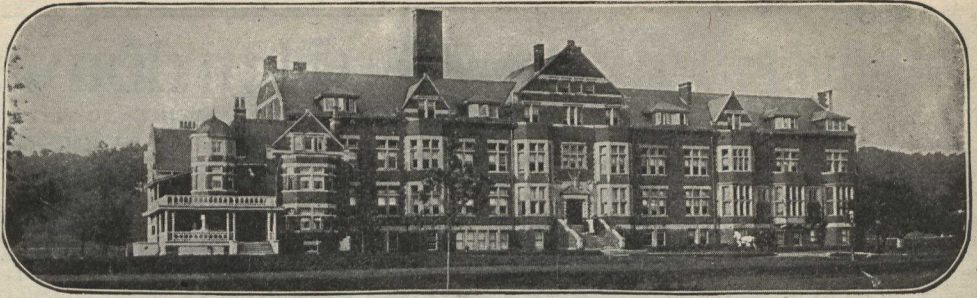
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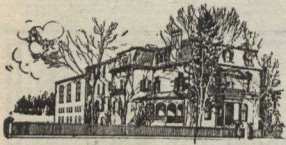






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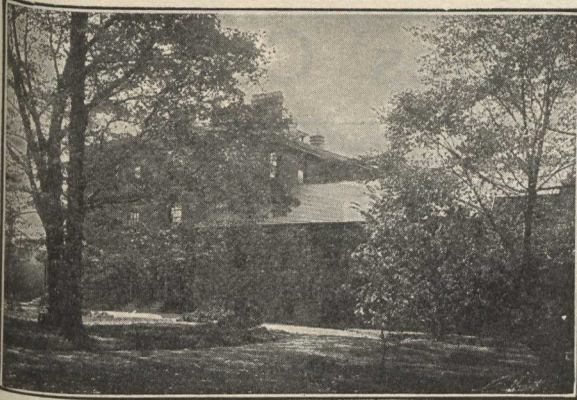
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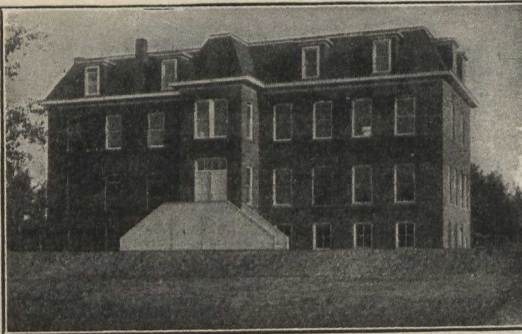
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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

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Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

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1912

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**Life Assurance  
Co. of Canada**

**HEAD OFFICE**  
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**JOHN MILNE**  
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The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

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Conservative methods and steady progress have arrived at the goal—SUCCESS.

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THE FIGURES TELL THE STORY:

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Policies in Force - - -	49,469,581	45,849,515	3,620,066
Assets - - - - -	13,224,159	12,313,108	911,051
Net Surplus - - - -	1,576,046	1,300,784	275,262
Cash Income - - - -	2,404,757	2,295,177	109,580
Total Payments to Policyholders - - -	1,116,908	988,313	128,595
Profits Paid to Policyholders - - -	166,368	148,135	18,233

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In insuring with the North American Life. It is a Company of proven worth. In the past ten years it has distributed \$1,165,388 by way of profits among its policyholders. In 1912 disbursements of profits to policyholders amounted to over \$166,000.

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First Vice-President and  
Managing Director

EDWARD GURNEY  
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Established 1855



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RESERVE FUND \$12,500,000

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HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

RESERVE AND UNDI-

VIDED PROFITS ... 3,750,000

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 \$6,750,000
 

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TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL,  
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**DOUBLE YOUR INSURANCE**

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ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE,

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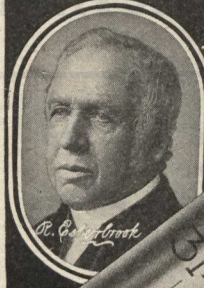
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Have you  
provided for those  
who are depend-  
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Good intentions or  
good resolutions  
will not count for  
much when your  
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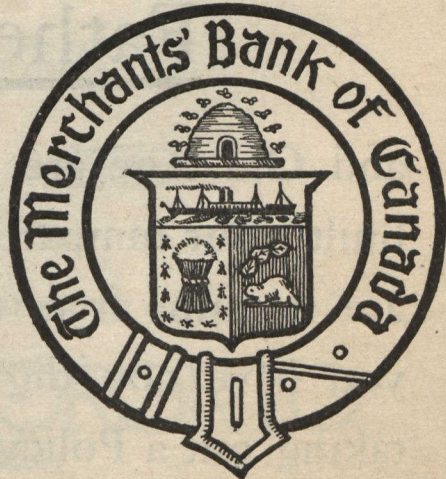
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THE  
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INCORPORATED 1855

Head Office:  
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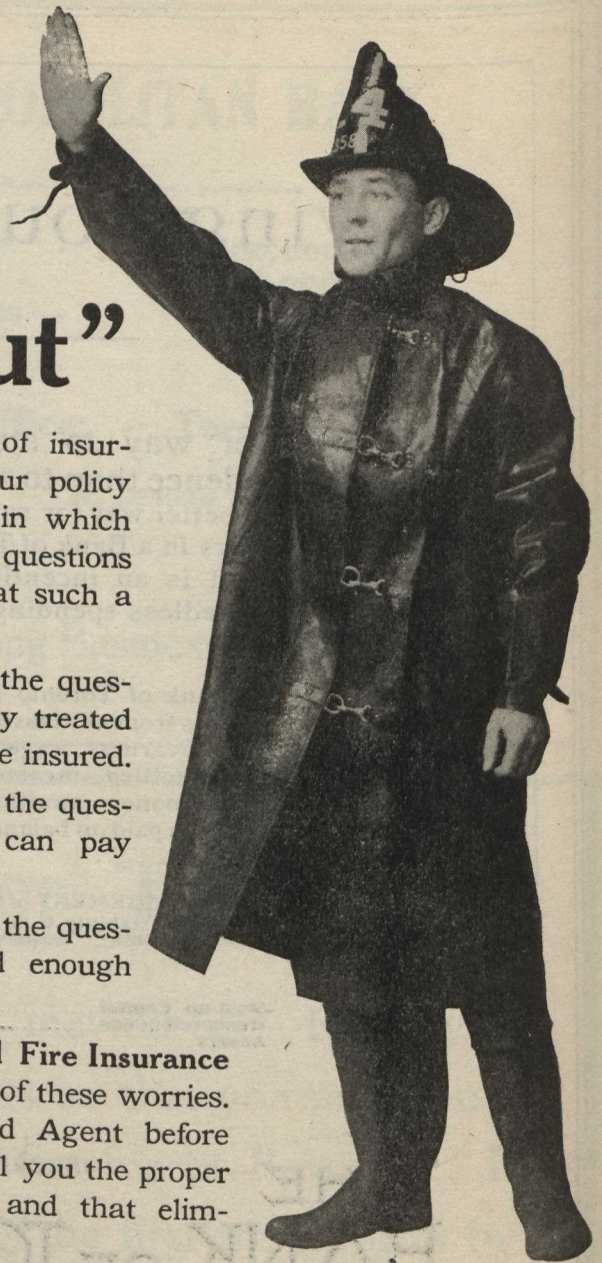
You should not be worried by the question of whether you will be fairly treated by the company in which you are insured.

You should not be worried over the question of whether the company can pay the loss.

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The evident thing to do before the fire in order to eliminate worry is to be insured in the right kind of company.



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Her mind is broad. Her waste is slim.  
Her pots and pans are never dim.  
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The grinding gives your tins a dull, "frosted" finish. In time it wears off the tin surface.

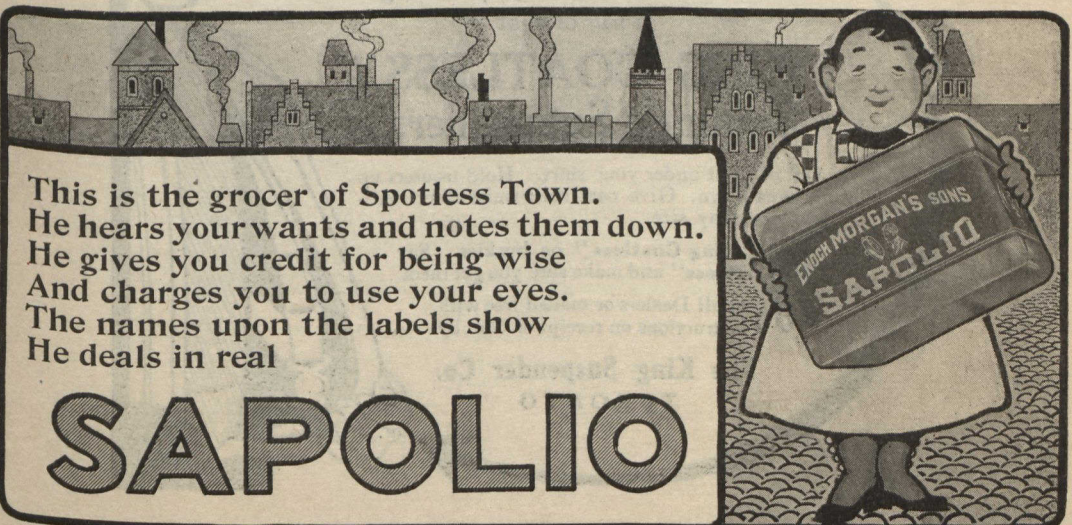
Then rusting starts.

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Rub a damp cloth on a cake of Sapolio. You then have a quick, economical cleaner for tin-ware, enamel-ware, kitchen knives and forks, pots and kettles, dishes, woodwork and marble.

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He hears your wants and notes them down.  
He gives you credit for being wise  
And charges you to use your eyes.  
The names upon the labels show  
He deals in real

# SAPOLIO



# 100% PURE

IT is our proudest boast that every article carrying the well-known "E.D.S." Trade Mark is absolutely pure, no coloring matter or preservatives of any kind being used. But don't accept our unsupported statement. Send to the Department of Inland Revenue for Bulletin 194 which tells how

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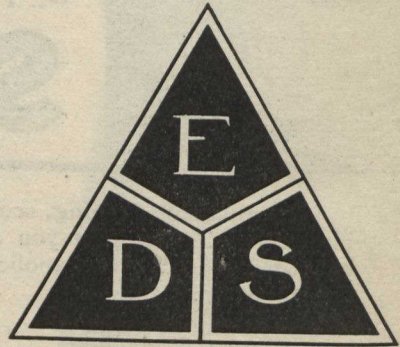
under the most exhaustive tests, have proved to be of unvarying purity.

Here are a few "E.D.S." leading lines which all good grocers handle:

**"E.D.S." BRAND** JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE  
CATSUP AND GRAPE JUICE

INSIST ON GETTING "E.D.S." GOODS

E. D. SMITH - WINONA, ONT.



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comfortable and dressy by wearing  
a pair of light

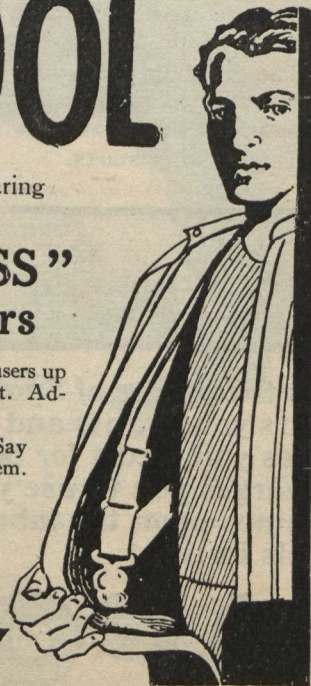
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TORONTO











THE MANDOLIN PLAYER

From the Painting by Laura Muntz. Exhibited by the Montreal Art Association





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, JUNE, 1913

No. 2

THE NEW STUDY OF THE  
OLD BOOK

1.—THE MEANING OF CRITICISM

BY THE REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

MANY years ago, no matter when, at a public gathering, no matter where, I heard a minister, no matter who, declare with complacency, "I don't know anything about Higher criticism, and I don't know anyone who does." The speaker, who was a person of some prominence, seemed to glory in his ignorance. I could have told him something about it, had an opportunity been afforded; but, as the occasion was not suitable for telling him and as he did not seem desirous of being told, I kept my seat and held my peace.

Now the time has come for a thorough discussion of the subject, so far as its meaning and object are concerned. Reading people are not merely thinking of it and inquiring about it, but multitudes of them are eager to understand it. So I have been requested by the editor of this magazine to write a series of articles on the Higher criticism, or the crit-

ical study of the sacred Scriptures; for, while the expression may be used of any kind of literature, it is specially or technically used of the literature of the Bible. In this paper I intend to deal with the meaning of the term.

According to a common usage, criticism is fault-finding; but, according to its etymology, it is judging. It comes from the Greek *kritikos*, able to discern, and is cognate with the Latin *cernere*, to sift or separate. The root of the word means to separate or divide, and from its literal meaning the idea of judging or deciding was developed. Hence, a critic is a judge; and, broadly speaking, criticism is an act of judgment. It is the act of passing judgment on a person, on a production, or on a performance. Since to criticise is to pass judgment on something, all men are critics in a sense, because they all judge freely of the character of



things, and so indulge in criticism of some kind.

Strictly speaking, however, the word implies scrutiny, and denotes the act of judging with propriety; so that true criticism is an impartial judgment of a subject after a careful examination of it. A hasty judgment does not count for anything, and cannot properly be called criticism. A competent critic does not judge without full information, nor does he publish his decision without due deliberation. Moreover, such a person looks for beauties as well as blemishes; for excellences, no less than defects; and a critic who will not weigh both merits and demerits is not worthy of the name. To criticise fairly, therefore, is to judge favourably as well as unfavourably, if one find worthy qualities in the object scrutinized.

It seems important to emphasize that fact, I think, because so many critics dwell mainly on imperfections and deal chiefly with defects. I think it is important also to emphasize that fact, because so many people expect a critic to judge harshly or unfavourably, as if they considered his office was rather to blame than to praise, or as if they thought his work consisted in detecting errors and exposing faults. There are many such critics, of course; too many, indeed; but, as a rule, their criticism shows prejudice, and is generally unjust. "Just criticism demands," as Warton says, "not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellences and faults be accurately ascertained."

By distinction criticism signifies a judgment in literary matters, or the art of judging literature in conformity with an acknowledged standard. With this limited signification the term is generally used at the present time. In this restricted sense each branch of learning has its appropriate criticism, that is, a recognised

criterion by which it should be judged. As a department of literature, criticism consists in examining any writing, either ancient or modern, in order to ascertain its characteristics and estimate its qualities. Such criticism is synonymous with neither praise or blame. It is merely an examination of a literary document with a view of judging of its character and contents.

The criticism to be discussed in this paper is a section of General criticism, and has two definite phases, or two separate spheres. These are called the Higher criticism and the Lower criticism. Though the distinction between them is familiar to scholars and students, most persons who are professedly opposed to a critical study of the Scriptures do not know the meaning of these phrases. Many who distrust criticism and denounce critics are utterly uninformed in this respect. Some ridiculous misuses of the terms "higher" and "lower" in connection with critics and criticism have come under my notice, or, at least, they would have been laughable, had they not been painful; for it is painful to hear men speak contemptuously of something of which they are ignorant, or to find them using incorrectly phrases which they should, but do not, understand.

Without stopping to give examples, I may say that Higher criticism has been supposed to be a presumptuous kind of criticism by one who arrogates to himself superior learning, and that Lower criticism has been supposed to be an inferior kind of criticism by one who has no title to learning at all; so that to the uninstructed the former has stood for arrogance and the latter for ignorance. But these were only popular misconceptions. The adjectives "higher" and "lower" are here used conventionally. Hence, in the ordinary sense of the words, the former is not superior to the latter, nor is the latter inferior to the former, but both kinds of criticism are equally



scientific and equally important. In each of these phrases the adjective is a technical term, and in neither phrase does it mean what it has so often seemed to the uninitiated to imply.

The Higher criticism is the critical study of the Bible, or any part of it, as literature, and the Lower criticism is the critical study of the text of any of its books. The one deals with its literary features, the other with its textual forms. Hence the first is Literary criticism, and the second Textual criticism. By these two adjectives they have sometimes been designated, and each of them is less ambiguous than either "higher" or "lower"; but Literary criticism is a broader term than Higher criticism, the latter being only a department of the former. Much confusion might have been avoided, possibly, had the adjectives "literary" and "textual" been used instead of "higher" and "lower"; but the use of them would not have prevented prejudice against critics and criticism, partly because some of the pioneers in Biblical criticism were sceptical-minded men, and partly because some of the results of such criticism are subversive of traditional views.

The way in which the terms "higher" and "lower" came to be employed deserves a few remarks. Criticism of the Scriptures is not a new, but an old, practice. It extends far back into pre-Christian times, and there have been Biblical critics down through the centuries. But, as a science, Biblical criticism is a comparatively modern thing, having commenced with the Reformation, which was essentially a critical movement. For a good while, however, the critical study of the Bible was of a rather general character, and was largely devoted to the text of Scripture. But, about a century and a quarter ago, when Biblical criticism had come mostly to mean Textual criticism, Professor J. G. Eichhorn,

of Germany, began to employ the term Higher criticism in connection with Biblical literature. The term was used by him to denote the study of the contents of Scripture in contrast with the study of the text, which, because it deals with the ground-work, so to speak, was called Lower criticism, it being fundamental to the other.

Thus the adjective "higher" must not be understood in the ordinary sense, much less in an invidious sense. Like the correlative "lower," it is, as was previously stated, a technical term. These terms are used correlatively to indicate a reciprocal relation between the literary and the textual study of the books of the Bible. But, inasmuch as the Higher criticism has to deal with a more difficult class of problems, and inasmuch as the contents of a book may be considered a higher study than that of the words in which they are expressed, the adjective "higher," though not selected for either reason, is suggestive of each fact. Such is the actual relation between these two terms, and such is the true distinction between these two branches of criticism.

The Higher criticism is concerned with the date, the origin and the structure of a literary production. When employed in the study of the Bible, it inquires into the age, the authorship and the literary characteristics of any book of Scripture. Some persons make it include a consideration of the credibility and value of a writing, but such a consideration is the work of a historical rather than a higher critic. The Lower criticism is concerned with the text of a literary production. Its province in the study of Scripture is to ascertain, so far as possible, the exact words which the writer used. By collating old manuscripts, by comparing ancient versions, by examining early quotations, by sifting conflicting testimony and by weighing complicated evidence, it



seeks to determine the probable reading of every doubtful passage.

Each of these branches of criticism has its recognised canons or rules; and these canons or rules are neither arbitrary nor capricious, but rational and scientific, having been formed in accordance with the laws of human language and of logical thought. Since the purpose of this paper is to deal with the first of these branches of criticism, I need say no more at present about the second branch. I should observe, however, that as the Higher criticism has to do with the literary features of a book or writing, its principles are applicable to any kind of literature. It makes no difference whether the writing to be examined is sacred or profane, the same general principles must be applied. Hence there is a Higher criticism of the Classics, as well as one of the Old and New Testaments. Indeed, the term Higher criticism was originally used of Classical literature.

The proper application of these principles requires a special equipment on the part of a critic. He should have excellent judgment, thorough scholarship and careful training. The work of a critic has often been vitiated by his lack of one or other of those qualifications. No matter what his scholarship may be, no matter what his training may have been, if he have not a balanced and sober judgment, his conclusions will be questionable, and they may be false. Many a critical conclusion that has startled Christian people has been owing to a hasty judgment on the part of an impulsive critic. All criticism should be sober; but, because of its sacred character, all criticism of Scripture should be both sober and reverent. Sobriety and reverence are indispensable to a thoroughly furnished critic of the Bible.

The function of the Higher criticism is to deal with the Scriptures as a body of literature (as a body of religious literature, of course) con-

taining spiritual or inspired ideas. Its office is to examine, to analyse, to dissect. It endeavours to ascertain when each book of the Bible was written, by whom it was written, and what its literary features are. It inquires also whether the subject-matter is to be taken literally or figuratively; that is, whether the record is history or allegory, prophecy or parable, poetry or prose. These questions must be answered before we can intelligently expound a writing of any kind; and, in answering these questions, let me remind the reader, critics apply the same literary canons that are applicable to profane or irreligious literature.

Throughout the inquiry the Higher criticism seeks to discover whether the writing is the product of one author, or of more than one; to ascertain whether any part of it has been modified or not in the course of its history, and to indicate the relation of one part to another, and of each part to the whole. Such an inquiry furnishes the key to the historical situation, and is preliminary to the work of exposition; because, until we know the date or origin of a document, or, at least, until we know the circumstances under which it was written, some portions of the exegesis must remain obscure. Thus the work of the critic is fundamental to the true interpretation of any book in the Bible. It may now be seen that the Higher criticism is the basal part, so to speak, of a scientific process whereby each section of Scripture is to be properly interpreted.

Such criticism, therefore, is merely a method of study. Being a method of study, it becomes a method of knowledge, by helping us to learn what we should not otherwise know, and what those who lived in earlier ages did not know. As it is concerned with ancient writings or literature belonging to the past, it is really a historical method, and it may properly be described as such. We



must be careful, however, not to identify the Higher criticism with either Literary or Historical criticism; for, while it has much in common with both of these kinds of criticism, it is different from either, and should be distinguished from each. Literary criticism is concerned with all the known qualities that pertain to a piece of writing, and Historical criticism is concerned with all the supposed facts connected with its history; whereas the Higher criticism concerns itself solely with its date, its origin and its structure. Because of having affinities with each of the other two kinds, the Higher criticism has been happily called "Historico-literary criticism."

Still, while the Higher criticism must not be identified with historical criticism, it is a truly historical method. As such, to borrow and adapt a figure, it is a kind of torch, whose light conducts us in the obscure tracts of antiquity, and enables us to distinguish the genuine from the spurious, the probable from the improbable, the true from the false. For want of a proper method our fathers fell into many an error with regard to the Scriptures. Most of their mistakes respecting them were owing to that lack. But by means of the historical method, which is a thoroughly scientific method, we are enabled to detect and rectify their errors, and in so doing to disengage ourselves from them.

The Bible records a historical literary development, just as the rocks record a historical physical development, so that there is a perfect analogy between the two records with respect to their growth. The book of Scripture, like the book of Nature, came gradually into its present form. Those facts are now known and acknowledged by men of every school of thought. To obtain an accurate understanding of either book, therefore, we must study it in the order in which its separate parts arose. The character of the record

in each case requires it to be studied in the light of its own history. That way of studying is the only proper way to get a clear understanding of anything that has a history. Hence the historical method of knowledge is based on the divine method of working, and, for that reason, may be called God's method of complete knowledge for mankind.

It was this method that led to the evolution of Biblical science, for Biblical criticism is a science, no less than botany, biology, or geology, in the sense that it is a mode of knowledge that is governed by appropriate rules, and leads to assured results. It was this method which enabled men to evolve astronomy, or the science of the stars, from the absurdities of astrology; and chemistry, or the science of matter, from the superstitions of alchemy; and physics, or the science of energy, from the simple mechanical contrivances of the lever and the pulley. It was this method, moreover, which enabled them to penetrate the mysteries of surrounding objects, by investigating their constitution and ascertaining their elements.

Thus the science of criticism was an outcome of the modern spirit of inquiry. Like each of the other sciences mentioned, it was a natural and necessary development. As Biblical criticism had to begin, so it is bound to continue. We can no more stop it than we can keep the sun from shining or the grass from growing. Having once commenced, the movement had to take its natural course; and having become a science, it is certain to go forward. To quote a sane religious writer, "It is useless, as it is insincere, to try to check this devout study of the Scriptures, or to brand it as something wrong. It will go on, for it is God's purpose that it go on." The sooner that fact is recognised by Christian people, the better for the cause of truth.



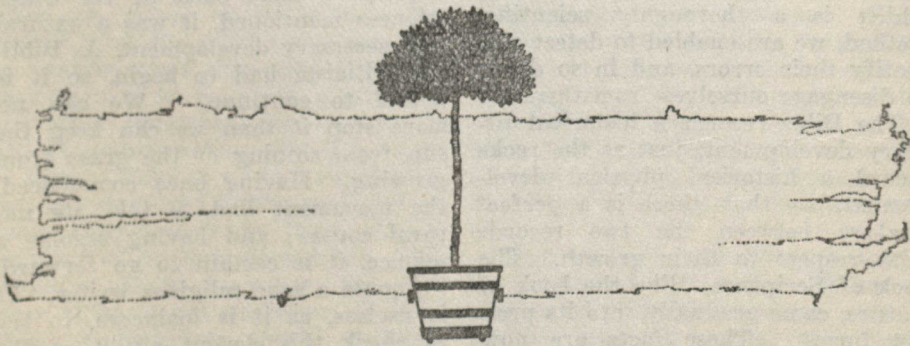
And, when Christians in general become acquainted with Biblical criticism, they will not desire to check it. The method is so rational and its results are so important that it needs only to be understood to be appreciated. Were its importance universally recognised by the leaders of religious thought, antagonism towards the movement would immediately cease. But its importance is becoming recognised more widely every year, and an increasing number of religious leaders are coming to see that rational faith can be maintained in the Church only by the aid of reverent criticism. As far back as 1897, the Bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference, London, stated in their encyclical letter that year that "the critical study of the Bible by competent scholars is essential to the maintenance in the Church of a healthy faith."

Without dwelling longer on the

importance of Biblical criticism, I may conclude this paper by saying that, as men did not understand the construction of the universe or the formation of the earth till they began to adopt the historical method, so they did not understand the Bible till they began to study it historically. But for this method of knowledge, we should still be as ignorant of both Nature and Scripture as those who lived in the Middle Ages. Only during the last century, however, did this method become general among Biblical scholars, and then only among a small number in certain countries; so that the late Professor Franz Delitzsch, the most venerated Old Testament exegete of his day, was undoubtedly right when he declared that the historical spirit, by which he meant in particular the historical method of studying the Bible, was the special charism, or gift of God, to the Church of Christ in the nineteenth century.

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"The Object of Criticism" is the title of Dr. Workman's paper for the July Number.





# AUTOGRAPHS OF RULERS IN CANADA

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

THERE is something so intimately personal in an autograph that frequently it prompts the same flash of ready recognition as we experience on hearing the tone of a familiar voice or the sight of a familiar face. It speaks to us so vividly of the man and his personality that oftentimes we would fain read something of his character in the mere flourishes of the pen. Indeed the autograph hunter, pursuing poet or actor or other notable persons, believes that with each signature he has acquired something far more precious than the mere name. A printed or typewritten name is a soulless thing, he reasons, but the signatures have something of the personal essence or aroma of the men and women themselves. So, too, it may be that we ourselves, guarding some letter of the dear dead, believe we still retain a relic that binds us closely to them, makes them more real and charges us to keep their memory green.

With such feelings I have garnered here a few of the most prominent signatures of the men who discovered, ruled or made Canada what she is today. And it seems to me as I look at them now that I have brought together a kind of graphological history of the Dominion.\* For all these signatures mean a great deal to Canada.

Here is he, who years ago, in 1534, came sailing with weather-beaten sails from the bleak coasts of New Foundland into a copper-green bay of limped waters devoid of reef or shoal, with occasional green isles asleep on its sleepy tide. And as Cartier stood in the prow he was amazed to find such a summer sea after the tempestuous Atlantic with its fogs and raw winds. Looking at the quaint, involved, flamboyant writing of the old Breton sailor, as rich in flourishes as the curves of his poop and quaint top-sails, do we not feel him the closer to us across the gray dividing centuries?

Of course, whether or not we can infer the character of a man from his signature is a graphological question that hardly worries the majority of autographical hunters. It has been said by the famous French savant Dr. Binet, of the Paris Institute of Psychology, that such a presumption is without scientific foundation. Persons of indecision in character, for instance, he remarks, often write with a firm hand, while to attach significance as to character or intelligence in the flourishes is a ridiculous criterion. Indeed one famous graphologist decided that Rénan, the author of the famous French life of Jesus, in his handwriting showed a "small and narrow mind," and one "prone to over credu-

\*At the time I wrote this I had not read a very interesting article on the same theme in French by Francis Y. Audet, of the Archives Department, Ottawa, entitled "Administrateurs du Canada," and read before the Royal Society of Canada, 1908.



JACQUES CARTIER  
First visited Canada in 1534.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN  
Founded Quebec in 1612.

MAISONNEUVE  
Laid the foundation of Montreal in 1642.

COMTE DE FROTENAC  
Erected Fort near present site of Kingston about 1762.

LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE  
Explorer in North America, 1686 to 1697.

CHAUSSEGROS DE LÉRY  
Made Plans for Canadian Fortifications from 1716 to 1750.

lity"! However, it is admitted that the kind of education given to any individual may often be safely inferred. For lawyers write one kind of hand, artists another and soldiers a third. Graphology may not be able to determine at all exactly the sex, age, intelligence or character of a writer; but its error is one of deduction, for in each hand there is undeniable data from which to work. But our deductions are oftentimes too sweeping as that common one that fickle women write in the most beautiful manner. The error, indeed, like that of all intuitive sciences, rests with the capaci-

ty of the particular deducer. Yet its amazing popularity to-day, as shown in the columns of the newspapers, makes it evident that it is a belief, at once wide-spread and founded on a certain general suspicion, that everyone leaves a trace of himself and none other behind on everything he performs. And, perhaps, it is not a fond fallacy to say, to employ one of our examples here, that much of Champlain's simplicity of purpose and credulity of heart may be seen in his childlike signature. Again there is a irascible note, a fierceness and arrogance in the penning of Frontenac.



LORD AMHERST  
Appointed Commander-in-Chief and Governor, 1761.

JAMES MURRAY  
Governor of Canada, 1763-6.

SIR GUY CARLTON  
Organiser of the first Canadian Navy.

SIR FREDERICK HALDIMAND  
Governor of Canada, 1778.

ROBERT PRESCOTT  
Governor of Canada, 1796.

SIR JAMES CRAIG  
Governor of Canada, 1807-11.

Both have the mark of genius in their well-defined strokes, with curious inequalities; that of alert intelligence, for they are clear, simple and uneven. Largeness of the writing, a graphical

friend of mine has pointed out, reveals imagination — the imagination that in the case of Champlain dreamt of converting the whole world to the faith of Christendom and brooded



over voyages to far Cathay; while, in the other, we have an imagination dreaming of a court à la Versailles in old Quebec. My readers can amuse themselves here by reading a character for each of these great men and then turning to the page of history to test his veracity.

All I purpose to do here is to recall a few events in the lives of the least known of these Canadian heroes and rulers. For some like Frontenac or Guy Carleton, the Clive of Canada, played during their lives such picturesque rôles that we shall never forget them, nor will the historian, who dearly loves a vivid page, ever allow us to. There is, too, a pathetic charm in examining the signatures of many of those figures who only half appear in the full light of our Canadian history; the hand of de Léry, for instance, who built early fortifications at Quebec, at Detroit, and other places in Canada; or, again, of Sir James Henry Craig, who saw fighting on every corner of the world, laid the foundations of British supremacy in South Africa, and then, sick and old, became one of Canada's most hated governors. One is reminded of the quartrain:

"The moving finger writes; and having writ

Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

For these men not only wrote their names with their fists, shipboard or forestward, 'mid battle or at the judgment table, but they also wrote with their deeds the history of Canada. Maisonneuve, a fanatic that no unknown land or Iroquois terror could daunt, lives to-day in the pride of Montreal, the child of his daring. Le Moyne d'Iberville, not inaptly described as the Drake of France, was born and bred in Canada and roved the seas in the true filibustering fashion that delights every boy's heart.

Those who have read of his exploration of the Mississippi, which he ascended in 1699 with his brother, Le

Moyne de Bienville, a Franciscan, who had been a companion of La Salle, and forty-eight men in two barges, with provisions for a fortnight, will remember his adventures far better than those others who only pass through Iberville Junction from Montreal on their way to the Eastern townships. Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Maisonneuve, Le Moyne d'Iberville and Lévis belong to that old régime that has passed away, the heroic period of Canadian history, when the white silk banner with its golden fleur-de-lys bravely flaunted over the Chateau St. Louis at Quebec. And of their company was Jean Bourdon, the first engineer and surveyor to behold Canada's great stores of white fuel.

After these came the English governors. In my collection of signatures they turn out in full force from Amherst (1760) down to Sir Edmund Head (1861)—a century of rule and administration prior to the modern governor-general. What men they were too—for the most part honest soldiers vainly safeguarding the infant colony in a civilian mode when their instincts and their training called them to war's alarms.

Amherst, who ruled the land in the interregnum before the French had gone or the English had come, was in reality a military governor. His successor, James Murray, who like so many of these later governors only lives a year or two in Canadian history, distinguished himself at the sieges of Louisburg and Quebec and was consequently appointed to this unenviable post, and harassed beyond endurance in retaining the loyalty of good King George's new French subjects and satisfying the exorbitant demands of the conquering English. Sir Guy Carleton, who followed, is one of the most golden of all names in our annals. No other man but Carleton could have done what Carleton did. Fortunately justice has been done him in the monograph on his life in the splendid "Makers of Canada" series.



SIR JOHN SHERBROOKE  
Governor of Canada, 1816.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND  
Governor of Canada, 1818-19.

DALHOUSIE  
Governor of Canada, 1819-25.

LORD AYLMER  
Governor of Canada, 1830-35.

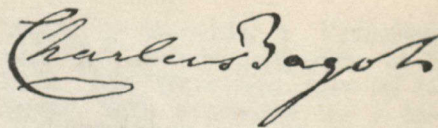
EARL OF GOSFORD  
Governor of Canada, 1835-38.

SIR JOHN COLBORNE  
Lieutenant-Governor, 1837-8.

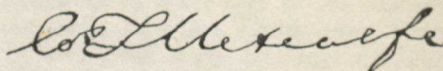
LORD SYDENHAM  
Governor of Canada, 1839-41.



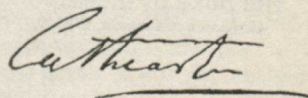
CHARLES BAGOT  
Governor of Canada, 1841-3.



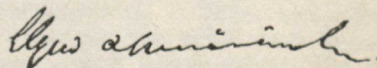
CHARLES METCALFE  
Governor of Canada, 1846-5.



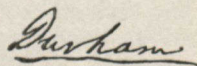
CHARLES CATHEART  
Governor of Canada, 1846-7.



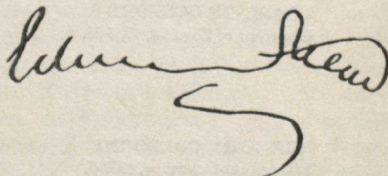
LORD ELGIN  
Governor of Canada, 1847-54.



LORD DURHAM  
Came to Canada to Report Conditions, 1838.



SIR EDMUND HEAD  
Governor of Canada, 1854-61



Haldimand was a Swiss, one of those strange soldiers of fortune who carved his way to fame with his bare sword. Robert Prescott, besides ruling Canada, conquered and held for the British Crown the Island of

Martinique. Sir James Henry Craig fought everywhere from the Low Countries to India, from Cape Colony to Italy and Sicily. His name French-Canadian historians have particularly delighted to besmirch, but the Empire



owes him a debt larger than the sin of a few years of unsatisfactory Canadian administration can annul, since he won for the British Crown Cape Colony, the beginning of the South African Commonwealth.

Sir George Prevost was, like Haldimand, a Swiss by birth, and ruled and fought in many of the West Indies Islands under the British flag. It will be noticed that I do not speak of his or the services of the others in Canada. My object is rather to point out that, besides ruling here, they had won laurels in other fields and parts of the Empire, which brought on them their selection. For it has often been supposed that the English Government sent men here hap-hazard, without careful discrimination. Nothing is further from the truth. One example must suffice here to substantiate my contention. Murray, Carleton, Haldimand, Prescott, and Prevost were coming to a land where the majority was French, and they were all excellent French linguists. Indeed in those days French was a far more common language among the English coming to Canada than it is now, and the necessity of its knowledge was greater.

However, to proceed in chronological order, Sir John Coape Sherbrooke was one of Wellington's assistant generals in the Peninsular war. Charles, Duke of Richmond, was hardly a success. The French-Canadian historian Garneau says: "Before coming to Canada he had made such a muddle of his rule in Ireland that he was obliged to travel on from one land to another so that he might recoup a fortune his luxury and extravagances has dissipated." He died of hydrophobia in August, 1819, near the village of Richmond (called after him) in Ontario.

Dalhousie, who was present at the battle of Waterloo, as every Canadian

school-boy knows, seems to have succeeded by a natural perverseness in arousing the Canadian feeling of indignation to a fever heat. Lord Aylmer fought everywhere, serving at one time under Sherbrooke. Lord Gosford's only adventure beyond the seas was his Canadian administration. Lord Durham, who stayed the shortest time of all, by means of his report will be perhaps the always most discussed of them all, and is too well known in history to justify further attention here. On the other hand who was in command under Wellington at Waterloo and crushed the rebellion in Lower Canada in 1837-8; of Charles Edward Poulett Thompson (Lord Syderham) who united Upper and Lower Canada and died at Kingston from injuries received in falling from his horse. Sir Charles Bagot also died at Kingston in 1843. Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe served most of his life in India and left little impression on Canadian history. His name, indeed, most likely will be remembered in connection with the famous Metcalfe Street of Ottawa. Lord Cathcart, besides governing Canada, among other things discovered the mineral "Greenockite." Elgin's name is worthy of comparison with Carleton. Indeed the work of these two men in Canada stands out far above the others. With Elgin our modern life and government begin in Canada. For Head, indeed, is only the tail of the old system, before the present office of governor-general was created under Monck.

"The moving finger writes and, having writ, moves on." But it would be unjust to forget that all these men, each in his own way, helped to make Canada, even if they have not all attained the Valhalla of Canadian fame. Their hands have written her history and their names worthily adorn our statutes.



# THE CITY THAT WAS BORN LUCKY

BY SAMUEL BRISTOL

OUT in Sunny Southern Alberta, where the sun prolongs the day in order to make the prairies and the wheatfields golden, where the keen winds gradually give way to the all-conquering chinook — in this mild prairie land there was an insignificant and unassuming town that for twenty years had suffered under the unfortunate name of Medicine Hat. It is the only place of that name under the sun, but, unlike most hats, this one was upturned upon the prairie, so that it seems to catch in its broad crown more of the glittering sun rays than any of the conventional hats of the West.

But Medicine Hat had a bad name; there is no doubt about it. When Eastern people heard the name they shuddered, for they had heard of Medicine Hat, "the place where the weather comes from," and so strong was the illusion in their minds that the chill had pervaded their very systems like an ague. So great was the dread of that frigid place that mothers were in the habit of quieting their babes with the threat of sending them to Medicine Hat to freeze to death.

The opprobrium of the name must have arisen from the fact that the weather man stopped at the "Hat" a few years ago and decided to establish a weather station there. As it was the most northerly point in the sphere of that tyrannical genius, some

of his satellites became imbued with the idea that all the wheather which he made, up in the Yukon, in Alaska, and the Hudson Bay, got its frigidity from that town with the queer-sounding name. Like an epidemic the notion spread and grew, and before long Medicine Hat was doomed to Arctic loneliness—so far as they were concerned.

Fortunately, however, for Medicine Hat, there were some brave spirits who forswore their allegiance to the weather man, who left the homes of their childhood, and, going boldly north to the land of dread, they were surprised and delighted with the reception they received. Here were days and days of sunshine, and miles and miles of grassy prairie, with thousands of cattle grazing upon the thick mats of buffalo grass or drinking from the streams and resting in the long coulées. They found also immense beds of coal in the banks of the rivers, lying in veins seven feet deep, coal that burned hot and kept off the chill of winter. But, more wonderful still, they found that their wells gave up not only water but also a gas that burned forever and kept their lights blazing night and day. All of these things were the lot of men who would not believe and who dared to think—men from Ontario, and Indiana, as well as Missouri.

Years have passed since these pioneers went to Medicine Hat, and a



city is now growing up on the prairies of Alberta, covering the face of the plains with the works of man. Thousands went during last year to this city and thousands more are going. The secret of their going is not, as might be supposed, the Alberta sunshine nor the rich prairies; nor is it the chinook wind, which makes the blast from the north subside into a murmur. It is none of these that has brought the thousands to Medicine Hat, for the kind chinooks have been blowing since the Orient began sending her warm breath across the Pacific ages ago, and the sun has been shining as brightly in Southern Alberta, for aught we know, since the world began.

The secret lies deeper in mother earth, and the unfolding of the secret has awakened the world to another of the marvels of her great empire. Gas flows from the bosom of the earth in quantities so vast, and with a force so great, that it seems that the very earth had become impregnated with everlasting power, sufficient to solve the problems of heat, light and energy for all the generations that are to come.

Thirty years have passed since gas was discovered in Medicine Hat and for more than twenty years natural gas has been the principal source of energy, heat, and light for that city, but the flow continues with exactly the same force that it had when the first pipe pierced the cover of earth and opened the vast cavern of ceaseless and inexhaustible energy. Seldom has the world witnessed such a wonderful gift of nature. For years the street lights have been burning constantly in Medicine Hat, like the fires of the Parsees, but no attendants are needed for these fires and no one thinks of turning out the lights, not even when the sun in summer travels

three-fourths of the way around the horizon before passing towards midnight below the skyline for a few short hours.

Winter is not a dreaded name in Medicine Hat, for although the mercury drops low in the thermometer during some of the winter months, there is a wealth of bright sunshine and the knowledge that the warm chinook is never far away. Even in the months of January and February, when the midland cities are held fast in the grip of the frost king, Medicine Hat and Sunny Alberta often for weeks are tempered by mellow sunlight\*

The world was slow in awakening to the importance of Medicine Hat's resources, but since the awakening there has been so remarkable an industrial activity that the city has been transformed within a period of two or three years into a maze of factories and mills. Five hundred men are busy converting the clay, which they take from the nearby cutbanks, into tile, brick, and pottery. Two hundred toil daily in the iron and steel mills, making the products that will find their way into every part of Canada. Two large cement mills are being built, which with their five hundred operators will convert the ores of the earth into material for the further conquest and subjugation of the whole West, with great concrete bridges across the rivers and colossal buildings for the cities. Four flour mills with a capacity of twenty thousand barrels daily will be grinding wheat from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. Glass factories, crayon factories, linseed oil mills and a score of others are turning out their products with the power that comes unaided from the depths of the earth.

The sleepy little town that for twenty years was offered no more ex-

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\*If any skeptical reader should wish to verify these facts about the climate of Medicine Hat he should consult the handbook given out by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which says, among other things, regarding that city: "The snowfall here is lighter and the winter shorter than anywhere else in Canada east of the Rocky Mountains."



citing entertainment than that afforded by the cow-punchers who came periodically to the "Hat" to buy their provisions and have their sprees awoke one day to find herself grown famous. The town that, according to Rudyard Kipling "was born lucky," was finally coming into her own, for the secret was out. Manufacturers were flocking to Medicine Hat and building their factories beside the gas wells, and new wells were being added. Men and women were talking about the wonderful "Gas City," and every month brought its hundreds of arrivals. In one year the population grew from five thousand to twelve thousand. The hotels were crowded to overflowing and people lived in tents and hastily-constructed shacks. Builders came in by the hundred, and the town spread out over the prairie, with rows of houses marking out new streets in every direction.

The amount of building permits increased in one year from seven hundred thousand dollars to nearly three million, and yet there were not enough houses for the new-comers. A score of business blocks were erected in the summer of 1912, modern five-storey and six-storey structures that transformed the prairie town into a modern city. Not since the days of the Forty-Niners in California had there been such a remarkable exhibition of city building.

It was Rudyard Kipling, the inventor of unique ideas, who christened Medicine Hat "The City that was Born Lucky," and a more fitting name could not have been found. Yet the luckiest thing about this lucky city was not its gas wells, nor its surrounding rich prairies, but rather its government.

The guiding of Medicine Hat to its present position as an important manufacturing city was by some good fortune placed in the hands of conscientious and capable men who have given the city a remarkably good administration. Their policy of giving free

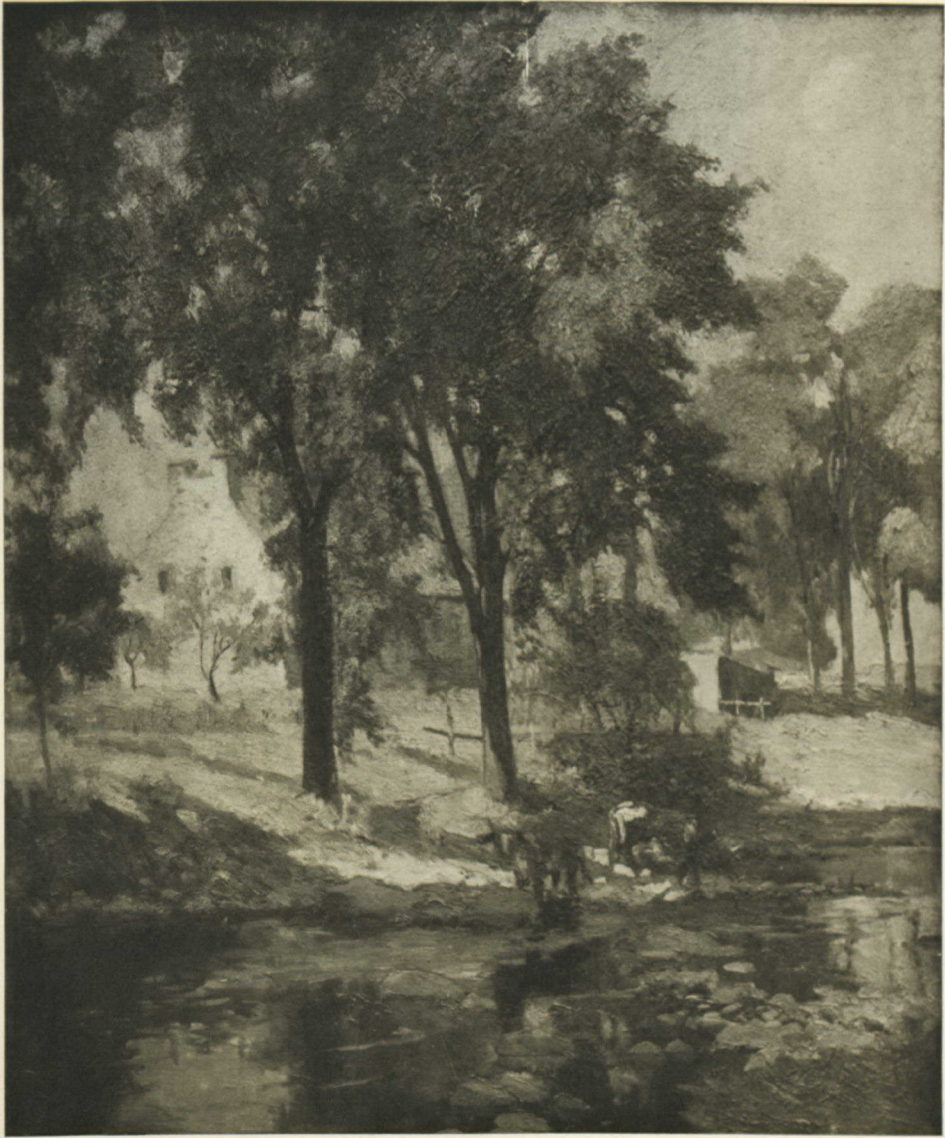
leases of land to manufacturers has brought to Medicine Hat many of her leading industries, while adoption of the single-tax system at the same time encouraged improvements instead of levying a tribute upon them. The Council have been responsible for providing the city with what is regarded as the best system of water and sewerage in Western Canada. By openness and fairness to all they have developed a most efficient police force, which has made Medicine Hat one of the most orderly cities on the continent. What is of still greater importance, they have encouraged the building of schools, churches, and parks, in order that the city may have its foundation in the better social conditions among the people.

A large number of cities in Western Canada have been the stock in trade of the boomsters who have fed to the eager and credulous investors the almost romantic stories of the fabulous wealth of these cities and the remarkable opportunities which they offered for "getting rich quick." In the face of these precedents the record of Medicine Hat in 1911 and 1912 would appear like an Englishman's joke.

But in terms of actual work—the development of resources and the building of a city, the perfecting of good municipal government, and the preparation for the future needs of her people—in this work Medicine Hat has a record that is not surpassed by any of her Western neighbours.

But it should be clearly understood that Medicine Hat is not now "The Metropolis of the Prairies," not the "Pittsburg of Canada," but just Medicine Hat, and the only one in the world. It is a busy, rapidly growing town of fifteen thousand people, and with resources which if utilised will support a manufacturing city whose trade would radiate for thousands of miles in every direction and whose population would not be limited by tens of thousands.





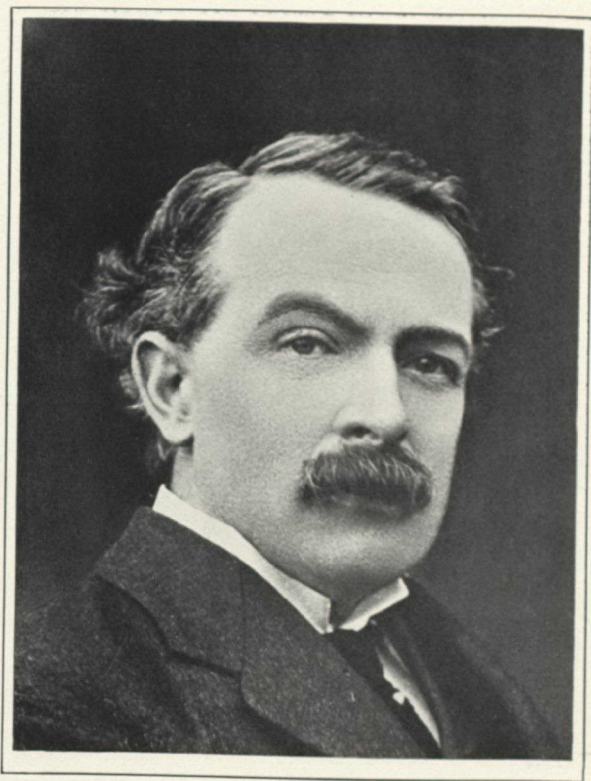
THE OLD HOMESTEAD

From the painting by Maurice Cullen. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE





THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

## THE MAGNIFICENT INSISTENCE OF LLOYD GEORGE

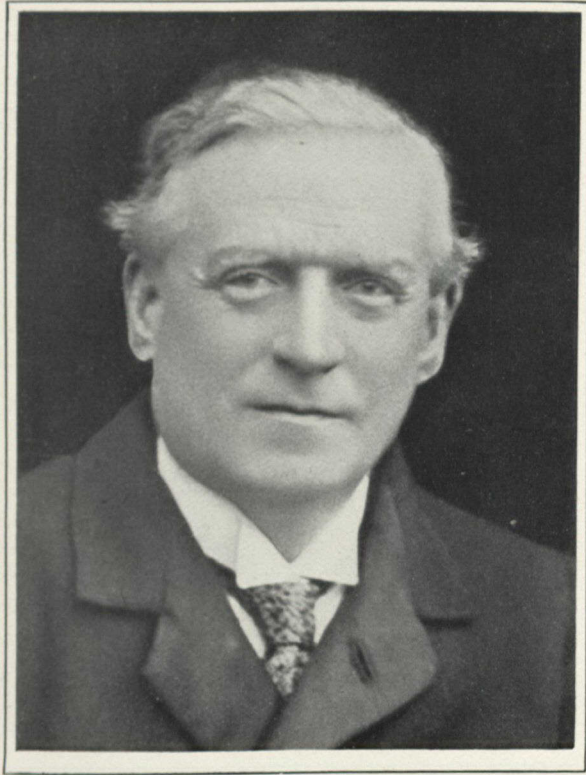
BY W. A. BARR

IT is the mark of a little negligible legislator to be applauded uniformly by the state at large. When, on the contrary, he is hailed by one portion of the community as heaven's own messenger, and railed upon by the other part as a man possessed of a devil, it is safe to say that he must contain at any rate some parts of greatness. Such a man was Joseph

Chamberlain, and such a man is the Right Honourable David Lloyd George.

Broadness of mind again, however admirable in itself, however indispensable to the statesman, is by no means an asset to the politician who would achieve results. You cannot split a log with a mallet. It is too broad-minded. You must use an axe.





THE RIGHT HONOURABLE H. H. ASQUITH,

Leader of the British House of Commons.

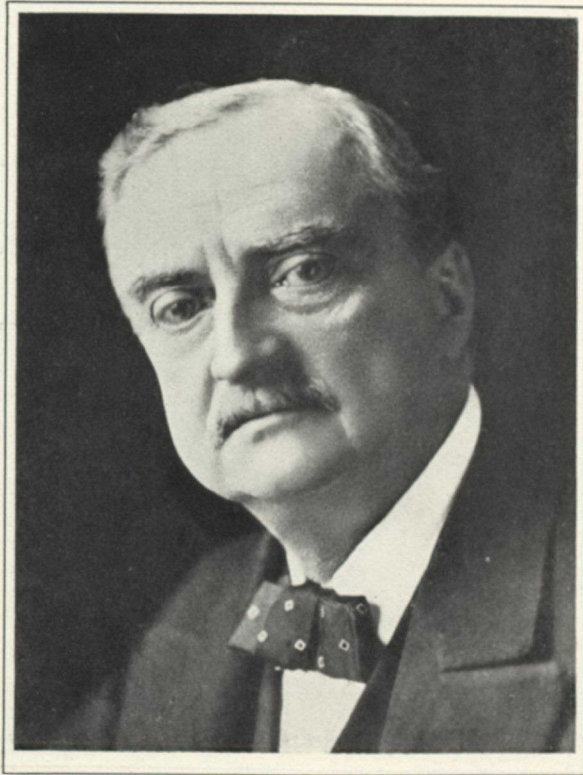
The similarity of Mr. George's intellect to an axe is closely paralleled by the resemblance between Great Britain's political mentality and a log. This is no insult to either party—in point of fact, the greatness of this man and of this people is intimately associated with these very qualities.

By the first of January, 1906, Mr. Arthur James Balfour—universally beloved—had completely lost the confidence of the great British Log, simply and solely on account of his breadth of mind. Balfour has a constitutional weakness for studying the other man's point of view side by side with his own; he is, in fact, one of nature's ambassadors, and not a politician at all. Never in the whole of his political career has Mr. Balfour made an enemy, and never has

he lost his temper. On the other hand, Lloyd George has never yet failed to do either when circumstances have seemed to call for it, nor has the Right Honourable David yet thought it worth his while to consider seriously an opponent's point of view unless the latter has appeared to govern the swing of a considerable number of votes.

I compare these two men, not as the figureheads of their respective parties, but rather as the past type and the future type of British premier. For Balfour has gone. He is now winning well-earned victories on the tennis-courts at Cannes. And Lloyd George is coming. He may succeed Mr. Asquith at any moment; for all practical purposes he has succeeded him already, and with his ad-





JOHN REDMOND

Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party in the British House of Commons.

vent British political history has entered upon an entirely new phase.

As to the present Premier, he resembles Old Caspar in that his work is done; it was done while he held the post now occupied by Lloyd George, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; and big, efficient work it was, nothing less than the total re-organisation of the country's finances and the readjustment of the basis of taxation.

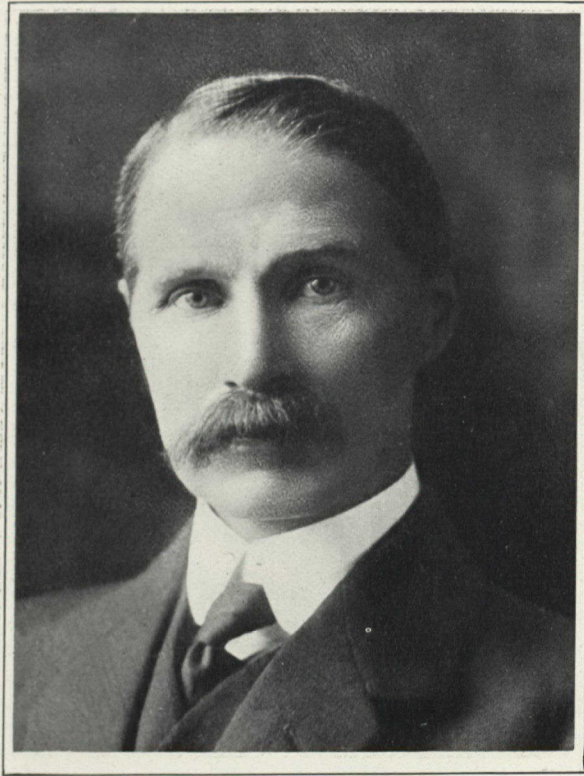
Of the forty million pounds of additional annual taxation which the Tories had been forced to levy between the years 1896 and 1905, no less than 36% represented taxes upon foodstuffs and coal, a burden which fell without distinction upon rich and poor, while nearly 50% consisted of undifferentiated income tax.

Mr. Asquith, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, altered all this, so that by the time the great Budget of 1909 was submitted to the House of Commons, some relief had already been afforded to possessors of small incomes, while coal and food were very nearly tax-free—though it is to be noted that prices, so far from decreasing, betrayed a tendency to rise.

But money had to be found for the Old-age Pensions, a measure of Lloyd George's devising, though passed during Asquith's Chancellorship; and in the method of finding this money lay the cause of the first great controversy.

"The weight of the burden," runs the paternal Liberal doctrine, "must be adjusted to the strength of the bearer."





MR. BONAR LAW

Dark Horse from Canada, new Leader of the Tory Party.

Now the spirit which animates the Tory party is utterly out of sympathy with this principle. The Tory party consists mainly of two classes; people who, having inherited such wealth as they possess, have no working knowledge of want, and people who have hewn their way unaided to success, and so enjoy that contempt for poverty which is commonly bred with the belief that work and determination will scatter all obstacles. This man's god is Darwin. The survival of the fittest is his creed. That, he says, is the root and trunk of a state's well-being, which, again, is the sum of its individuals' success. But to penalise success for the benefit of incompetence is to put a premium on poverty: that is, his icy interpretation of the Liberal doctrine. Your

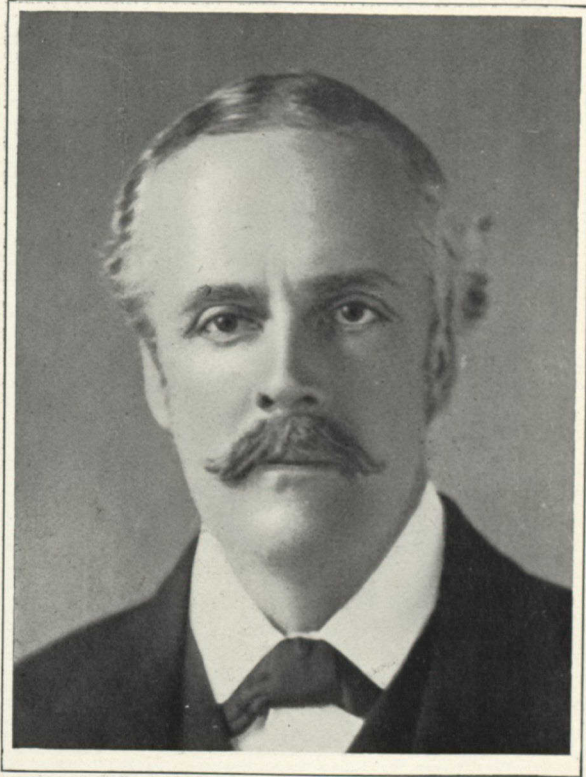
ideal Liberal is the good shepherd, ever thoughtful of the weak. Your true Tory is the Viking, the man who survived because he was fit; he would make his people as fit as himself—at the lash if need be, but never by doles. The Spartans were Tories to a man.

I quote from a typical *Spectator* article:

“Old-age Pensions, it is true, have brought pecuniary relief to many poor people, but, like all other forms of poor relief, they do not destroy poverty, they only assuage it. So far from removing the causes which make people poor, such measures rather tend to encourage the relaxation of effort, and thus to increase poverty.”

But an unimaginative, unambitious, unbrilliant and possibly improvident





THE RIGHT HONOURABLE A. J. BALFOUR

Who still is regarded as the real leader of the Tory Party.

mechanic who has laboured stolidly at his craft for forty hard years and finds himself at the end earning an income which dwindles in merciless time to the tune of his failing dexterity, thinks along quite a different line. Such a man's idea is that the attainment of success is as much a matter of luck as of worth. He holds that he is of the nation's backbone every whit as much as is that former comrade of his who has become his employer.

So thinks Lloyd George, his shepherd.

Viking and Shepherd: both types are fine in their purity. I wonder which type is capable of sinking to the lower depth under the demoralising influence of party politics?

As to the Tories; at the election of

1895 they pledged themselves—in spite of their essential antagonism—to devise a scheme of Old-age Pensions. During ten years of power they got as far as a Royal Commission and two Committees of Inquiry—whose reports they shelved. This was, to say the least, immoral.

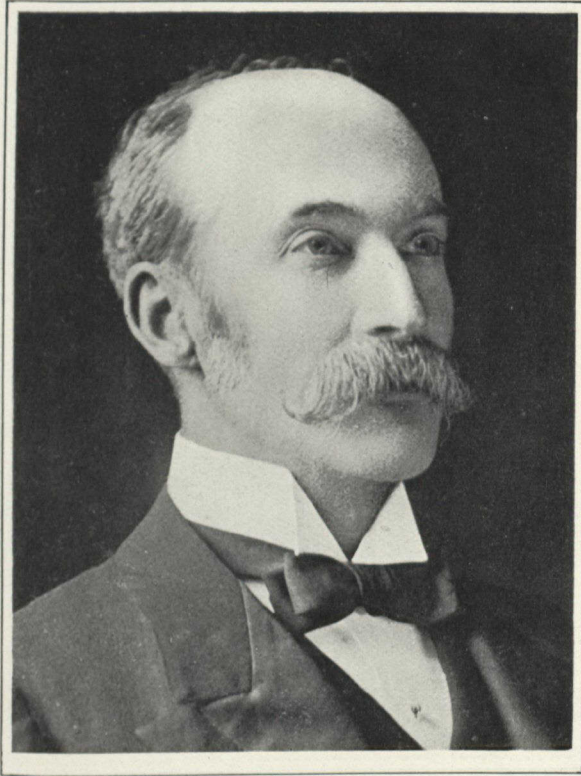
As to the Liberal record: we are coming to that.

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The youth and upbringing of David Lloyd George form an illuminating commentary upon his political views—that right honourable gentleman did not achieve success unaided.

His father existed as an unsuccessful schoolmaster, and expired as an unsuccessful farmer in Wales. His death occurred when David was





LORD LANSDOWNE

Who gave way to the threat to create a new contingent of Peers.

something more than two years old. It left his widow practically penniless. Little Master George on this occasion made his first recorded stand against the tyranny of want, for he and his small sister piled stones in the gateway to prevent the removal of his mother's furniture at the compulsory sale.

His maternal uncle, an obscure cobbler in the village of Criccieth, an elder of a rigid Non-Conformist sect, took the bereft family under his wing and exhausted the meagre savings of his lifetime in educating his nephew for the law.

Later on, when young George had built himself a practice and had taken his younger brother into partnership, the brother assumed entire charge of

the little provincial office and supported Lloyd George through the initial—and unremunerative—stages of his parliamentary career. Which facts, if they do not inspire any great confidence in the "Little Welsh Attorney's" grasp of Imperial finance, show, at any rate, what stuff these Georges are made of; incidentally they go far to justify his steadfast adherence to the Liberal doctrine of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. He has seen a good deal of this shorn lamb business at close range.

Up to the time of the triumphant Liberal return in 1906, Lloyd George's fame rested solely upon his skill at words. Few British orators have surpassed him in his magnificent use and





THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

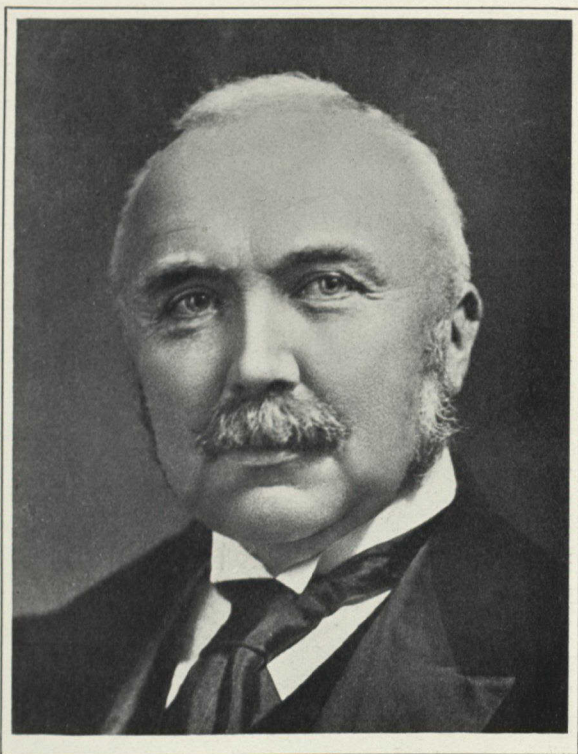
The Tiger of "Brum" out of action.

abuse of his alien tongue; as to his speeches in the pure Cymric (which language, he maintains, will survive our bastard English *patois* unchanged, even as it has survived the tongue of the conquering Roman), the Welsh, a nation of critical poets, are almost ecstatic in their enthusiasm. In English he is eloquent, lucid, piquant, vivid, convincing; carefully humorous when occasion permits. The scintillating rapier of repartee, the whip of virulent sarcasm, the flour-bag of ridicule—all these weapons are at his skilful command; and more, the man seems able to create whatever emotional atmosphere he pleases. Last year he reduced a London audience to tears! Londoners do not weep freely. He can lose his head, too, with admirable discretion. He can

storm and beat upon his adversaries with a violent and seemingly abandoned ferocity of vituperation that has goaded even that cunning old tiger Joe Chamberlain till he, leaping to his feet in furious rage, has delivered the very words for which the Welshman had been angling! For all that, Mr. Chamberlain, whose command of gall and vitriol is every bit as fierce as his own, has more than once chastised Our Hero cruelly.

In 1906 the people knew well enough that Lloyd George had the gift of tongues, but few even of his most ardent supporters suspected that he could administer almost as well as he could curse. When, therefore, he was appointed to the presidency of the Board of Trade, there was a universal holding of breath to wait for





THE LATE SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

Former Prime Minister of England.

the inevitable crash—which did not arrive.

“Well, what can I do for trade?” is said to have been his complacent remark on entering that office for the first time.

He soon ferreted out an answer, and casting off for the time his rant-er’s guise, he set to and reorganised the whole of his antiquated department, from roof to foundation. The work, though not spectacular, was important and ably performed. The biggest single item was the passage of the Port of London Act, which took the ownership of the docks out of un-enterprising private hands, and, in brief, transformed the administration of the world’s greatest port for the first time into a really efficient and progressive machine. His phenomenal

success in this department, coupled with his unusual moderation before the public, led people to believe that Lloyd George had settled down, a re-formed character; for the most part they viewed without alarm his translation to the Treasury on Campbell-Bannerman’s death and Asquith’s elevation to the Premiership. Again they were wrong.

“Now, listen,” said the new Prime Minister to the new Chancellor, “I have cheapened on the armaments; I have eased taxation from the shoulders of the poor; we have between us endowed them with their long-promised Old-age Pensions, and some seven hundred thousand persons over seventy years of age are in receipt of weekly sums varying from two to five shillings—I may mention that the



average is nearer the five—and that number is going to increase. There is the key of the safe. There is the nation.”

So Lloyd George rose in his might and produced the epoch-marking Budget of 1909.

In the preamble of his introductory speech he pointed out that the two main streams of expenditure for which he had to provide, and which made the total of all other outgoings look like “thirty cents,” were the Pensions and the Navy. He did not mention that those swollen naval estimates were the direct result of Liberal legislation during the two previous years.

The sceptical press of Germany has again been asking us to manifest our vaunted good-will by deeds rather than by words. That has been tried. During the whole of his premiership that benevolent old optimist, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, invited Germany to cut down her naval expenditure. The form of his invitation was a “deed,” if ever there was one, namely, the severe curtailment of our own naval expenditure. Germany accepted the invitation—but not quite in the sense predicted by Liberal seers. Not only did she increase her sea programme, but she “set a nigger on the safety-valve” and sped up her rate of construction to a maximum that revealed an astonishing and unsuspected efficiency on the part of German shipyards. Eight years ago this would have meant little enough, but the advent of the *Dreadnought* battleship had compelled what amounted to a fresh start in the struggle for sea-power, having transformed the previous bone and muscle of the world’s fleets into something very like scrap-iron. Germany’s spurt bade fair to bring her navy neck and neck with our own. When these facts became known, public opinion asserted itself. Some unknown Wordsworth uttered a couplet which went through the press with the speed of a scandal in high life:

“WE WANT EIGHT, AND WE WON’T WAIT.”

A poor enough effort considered as literature, but it “caught on.” London was plastered with it in all sizes of type. Comedians said it in music-halls and made their eternal reputations. Crowds chanted it staccato in the streets, stamping their feet in time. A Tory paper came out with a bill, just one large “8,” which tickled the people mightily.

Well, “we” got our eight *Dreadnoughts*, and the sea balance was restored at unnecessarily high potential and at the further cost of irritation, both in Germany and in Britain.

It was at the beginning of this popular movement that Lloyd George made his introductory Budget. He passed lightly over the naval situation and proceeded to describe his proposed taxation. First came motor vehicles: the scale began at £1 per annum for motor-cycle and ended at forty guineas per annum for the car of sixty horse-power and over, doctors’ cars to pay half-rate. This represented a large increase. Three-pence a gallon was to be levied upon motor-spirit. Both these taxes were to go entirely to road improvement.

Next came the reorganisation of the Income Tax. Mr. Asquith had already ameliorated the condition of the under-wealthy man, but Lloyd George went further and allowed £10 of his income to stand tax-free for every child under sixteen years of age that he could produce. The £2,000 man was to pay 9d. in the pound, as before; the man from £2,000 to £3,000, 1s.; the man above that, 1s. 2d., but the man of £5,000 and over was to suffer a further “super-tax” of 6d. in the pound on the amount by which his income exceeded £3,000—the heavy burden for the broad back, in fact.

Stamp duties were to be increased, likewise the duties on stock transfers, bonds to bearer, etc. Then came the historic liquor licenses, and the Tory handbill: “Not for Revenue.”



The alleged "revenge" was for the destruction of the Lords of Mr. Asquith's "Licensing Bill" of the previous year. The avowed object of that bill was two-fold: to diminish the number of public-houses and to give the state some effective control over the sale of intoxicating liquors. The trade's attitude revealed a certain absence of enthusiasm which surprised no one but Mr. Asquith. The method he proposed was the compulsory purchase by the Government, upon reasonable terms, of the licences involved. During the keen controversy which followed, the brewers, distillers, and publicans—well represented in Parliament—were at great pains to show the extraordinary value to which licences had attained, in that they amounted to absolute monopolies, forfeited only upon misconduct. They assessed the total value at something like 150,000,000 pounds, and they backed their argument with convincing evidence. When the Lords killed the measure, Lloyd George was observed to smile that fascinating smile of his. The brewers had, in fact, proved his case for him, right up to the hilt.

"What is the State getting?" he now asked, "in return for this 150,000,000-pound concession? A miserable 1.2%! What capitalist, what landowner, what business man would put up with that paltry rate of interest?"

So he proposed to improve it by charging very much more for the licences.

The brewers and company had not a leg to stand on. Their former exposition had been altogether too masterly and complete.

Spirit and tobacco duties also came in for an increase, and finally came the greatest affair of all, Taxation of the Land.

I quote from the actual Budget speech:

"In order to do justice he (a Chancellor of the Exchequer) must draw a broad distinction between land whose value is

purely agricultural in its character and composition, and land which has a special value attached to it, owing either to the fact of its covering marketable mineral deposits or because of its proximity to any concentration of people."

There is the nub of the Unearned Increment idea.

It will be easy, no doubt, to cite specific cases where the issue is perfectly clear, to find, for instance, in some city a plot of ground which has been left undeveloped by a selfish owner for the mere purpose of increasing its value without cost to himself. It will be easy to select some particular landlord who takes heavy mining royalties while incurring no personal risk or liability, and such a man may be taxed without difficulty so that he may, according to one of the Chancellor's most characteristic utterances:

"Help to pay the large sum needed to make provision for social needs, for the aged and for those who have been engaged in digging out mining royalties all their lives."

But for every such case there are a thousand others, each a tangle of intricate and peculiar difficulties which, to unravel with equity, will cost the State more money than the tax will yield, as well as time, which represents more money still.

The bill was denounced in the Lords as ill-advised, crude and unfinished. That opinion was subsequently borne out by fact that "Form IV," the first set of questions addressed to landowners, has been proved at law to contain illegal demands and to threaten illegal penalties, and so may be torn up by the recipient. Of this form something like ten millions have been circulated in England alone.

Lord Lansdowne's final motion was as follows:

"That this House is not justified in giving its consent to this bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the people."

Then ensued the elections of January, 1910. The Liberal majority fell from 132 above the combined forces of all other parties to *minus* 120 be-



low that sum. And yet the Liberals remained in power!

With that crash ended the greatness of Mr. Asquith, of whom his former chief, Campbell-Bannerman, used to say when force was needed in debate:

“Fetch me the sledge-hammer.”

An immovable rock was Asquith as Chancellor; as Premier, a feather in the wind.

The Liberal members now totalled 275; the Tories, two less; the remainder, Irish and Labour members, came to 122.

Secret commissions in business are against a Liberal law of 1906, but a parallel morality in political administration, it would seem, is not esteemed essential by the present Government; at any rate, they proceeded to bargain with the Irish members for their immediate support in exchange for a Home Rule Bill to be passed later on.

The Irish did not conceal their dislike of the Budget, but the prospect of Home Rule was too alluring, and so the Budget became the “Finance Act,” and the dominant figures in British Legislature became Redmond, the Irishman, the holder of the Government’s word, with ability at any moment to turn them out; and Lloyd George the Welshman, who had worked all the havoc.

And now a word regarding some of the events that followed the passage of this measure.

On June 8, 1911, the Birkbeck Bank suspended payment. It was called the “People’s Bank.” Its assets consisted mainly of gilt-edged and Government securities, and land. Its depositors and shareholders were mainly of the artisan class, thrifty folk, the pick of their kind, the very class of people that Lloyd George was aiming to encourage and benefit. The bank was ably conducted and had a popular and well-founded reputation resembling that of the Bank of England. The failure was attributed mainly to a rapid slump in the value of land and of Government securities;

for during the same year “Consols,” which have been called the barometer of British finance, sank to the lowest figure they have ever touched. Other “sound” home securities, Government and otherwise, have followed suit; a fact which has hit the Post-Office Savings Bank very hard indeed. Lloyd George, in his city speech of February 3rd, this year, has promised an “inquiry” (whatever that may signify) into this matter of Government securities—or insecurities.

Our attention being focused upon this unusual Welshman, we must pass over the year of the Parliament Bill—interesting though it was—and the subsequent election of December, 1910, which left the various parties in much the same position, except for a slight increase in the Tory return sufficient to make them actually the strongest party in the House—a hollow victory so long as the Liberal-Irish party compact remains in force.

The wings of the Lords were severely trimmed, and Lloyd George, having regained his breath, set to work once more.

Meanwhile a remarkable change was taking place in the spirit of the governors and the attitude of their minions toward the public. It is a truism to say that the duty of a Government is to administer impartially all existing laws, no matter to what party they may owe their origin. If the law is offensive to them, they may present a Bill of Repeal. Incidents have occurred where the present Government has actually contravened the existing law in respect of certain educational grants. Further, there lie before me as I write the accounts of five cases of legal action, taken by private persons and bodies against public administrators on matters of administration, in each of which the Government official has been quite properly defeated. For such a cause of action to originate reveals ignorance on the part of the administrator, which is perhaps forgivable. For him to allow the case to come to trial



shows pigheaded, domineering truculence in a public servant. But both these faults pale to insignificance before the attempt practised by one defendant, no less a person than the Attorney-General himself, to prevent the trial *ab inconvenienti* on the ground that such a case, if it lay, would hamper the administration of the law. To suppress justice, that illegality might reign! The plea was disallowed in the Court of Appeal, and Lords Justice Farwell and Moulton spoke somewhat strongly upon the subject of a citizen's right of trial. This, by the way, was the case that concerned the legality of "Form IV."

In the midst of this burning British Rome our little Welsh Nero tuned up his fiddle and began again. As usual, his motive was excellent and his basic principle sound:

"Workers shall be insured against sickness, invalidity and unemployment. They won't do it of their own accord, so they shall be compelled. The employer shall contribute, the employee shall contribute, and the State shall contribute."

On May 4, 1911, he waved his magic wand, and lo! there was the Insurance Bill complete in every detail—well, hardly. Completeness was certainly the first impression one received, but a very superficial examination sufficed to lay bare a host of imperfections. The Bill started its parliamentary career with eighty-seven clauses, covering seventy-eight printed pages. During a hurried and inadequate discussion it grew to nearly double that bulk, and at this state its development was arrested and it was sent up to the Lords on December 11, not because it was ready, but because the session was drawing to a close. The Lords passed it without discussion; they had learned a thing or two. Such was the ill-omened start of the Insurance Act.

Now, the Germans, who are still knocking their insurance laws into shape, and upon whose system our own is supposed to be founded, de-

voted three whole years to careful research before they even framed their original measure. Conditions, both financial and social, are so fundamentally different in the two countries that it is almost inebelic to argue that the designers of the British Act have obtained any reliable aid from German experience and statistics—even had time permitted their careful study, which it certainly had not. Time did not even permit any thorough investigation into the working of the many flourishing friendly societies whose lodges are established throughout Great Britain; such as the Foresters, the Oddfellows, the Hearts of Oak; which societies might well have been made the starting-point of the whole scheme, instead of being merely involved and made subject, as they will be by the Government's raw and revolutionary proposals. But no: patience is not among Mr. George's virtues; nor is he a man that will brook assistance when he considers himself equal—as he usually does—to the matter in hand. Headlong he hurls himself upon the thing, sparing nobody, least of all himself; resistless, he forces it along against all opposition, knowing no moderation, utilising the most extraordinary means, so that he may achieve his end.

On this occasion his attitude was: "For heaven's sake, let's get the thing moving; perfection doesn't matter; we can beat it into shape by subsequent legislation, but while we are droning away here, thousands, nay millions, of our fellow-citizens are under the hobnailed heel of circumstances."

One cannot withhold momentary admiration from this headstrong Celt, with his fiery, emotional heart, so certain that he is right, so unswerving in his aim. One's mind flashes back to the poor Welsh farmer, dying, ruined; to his penniless widow; to that pathetic picture of two babies piling stones in the gateway to save their mother's furniture.



Well, the Insurance thing is started now. You must understand that this measure, as it has passed the Commons and Lords, is utterly chaotic. Everyone is asking questions that nobody seems able to answer. And how should they? The man in the British street looks to Parliamentary discussion to elucidate the working of an Act. In this case there has been no discussion whatever in the Lords and very little in the Commons.

The way of a Bill through Parliament is this: The "First Reading" is its introduction; the passage of the "Second Reading" indicates that the House, or at any rate a majority of it, is favourable to the measure in principle. The Bill then goes through the "Committee Stage," during which the veriest details of the bill are subjected to minute scrutiny and exhaustive analysis. In this stage of the Insurance Bill most of the clauses were only partially discussed; thirteen were passed without a word of debate, and eighteen new clauses were added without a chance of discussion. The next, or "Report Stage" (which is supposed to be a second clause-by-clause examination), no less than ninety-three of the 115 clauses were passed under the "guillotine" without debate, while 470 Government amendments were added in the same fashion. The "guillotine," or, as it is officially called, "closure by compartment," is a system under which a Bill is divided into a number of sections, to each of which a certain limited time is allotted for discussion. At the end of that time, down comes the knife—perhaps in the middle of a speech—and the members troop out and troop in again through the "aye" and "no" lobbies, thus passing or rejecting the whole section. Needless to say, this drastic device, containing as it does the seeds of absolute despotism, was originally intended for use only under abnormal stress. The

Tories, during sixteen years of power, used it five times. The present Government in six years have used it fourteen times!

The three readings of this Act in the House of Lords were purely formal, for the Lords could no more hope to amend it than a modeller could "amend" the shape of a pot of molten wax; the thing was not even plastic.

I shall not attempt here to explain the intricacies of the Bill, but let us clear our minds, for the moment, of all disturbing thoughts of poverty and sickness, and look over Lloyd George's latest exhibition in the cold light of reason. Fourteen millions of workers are expected to be dealt with under the Health scheme. Of these, four and a half millions are known to be already insured in the large friendly societies; but apart from these institutions the country is honeycombed with small, unobtrusive local societies whose combined membership at least equals the figures totalled by the larger societies. Of the remaining five millions, many have savings invested—though the fate of the Birkbeck makes one tremble for their security—while numerous others (including the majority of the three-and-a-half million women involved) are engaged upon terms that provide sick pay, and often full pay, during any ordinary period of illness.

I say these things not to minimise the intrinsic importance of the scheme, but to show the folly of Lloyd George's frantic haste, which is his magnificent weakness. There was no antagonism. Both sides of the House were with him. The labouring community, as I have indicated, was not abnormally distressed. The country, having waited so long, could well have afforded two more years of uninsurance in exchange for a better-digested scheme, with a little less of the "as shall be prescribed" element in it, and a good deal less of interference with the thriving societies.



# MUSICAL TENDENCIES IN CANADA

A REVIEW AND A FORECAST

BY J. D. LOGAN

WITHIN the past year several events, some negative, some positive, in portent and in effect, have occurred in the musical life of Canada. These events seem to mark the close of an epoch in the history of musical taste and art in the Dominion—to define the quality of the musical taste of the Canadian people, to delimit the range of their musical appreciations and to disclose certain characteristic tendencies of taste that serve to determine which forms of the tonal art will, in the future, most naturally thrive in Canada, and ought, therefore, specially to be cultivated in the musical centres of the Dominion.

Moreover, during the past year both the masses and the classes in Canada appeared to be perturbed by a sort of awakened musical conscience. They exercised themselves with opinings, some confident, some wistful, as to the status of musical taste in the Dominion, and as to the future direction and scope of musical culture in a country in which some forms of the tonal art were indigenous growths, or were, so to speak, thoroughly naturalised, and other forms seemed incapable of becoming naturalised.

Finally: the last twelve years witnessed the rise of the Mendelssohn Choir to world-wide reputation in

choral music, the rise and continuous growth of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to permanent organisation, respectable musicianship and classical repertoire in orchestral music, and the rise of the Toronto String Quartette to permanent organisation and to a name in this country for exquisite chamber music relatively equal to the reputation of the Kneisel and the Flonzaley Quartettes. This period is fairly to be regarded as the first *systematic* period of successful cultivation of musical taste and performance in Canada—providing, of course, that Toronto is justly styled, as it too often uncritically is styled, the musical centre, and, therefore, the criterion by which to judge the musical status, of Canada. At any rate, from the permanent reorganisation of the Mendelssohn Choir in 1900 to the seventh season of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and of the Toronto String Quartette (1913), in which music in three forms has been systematically cultivated with great success and with marked effect on the art itself and on the diffusion of musical taste, is a constructive period in the musical history of the Dominion, and, as we shall see, a period whose foundational work has been completed. A new epoch, as we shall also see, will begin in 1914.

The preceding considerations, then,



justify the writing of an essay which, while duly chronicling the most significant musical events of the past season (the last year of the twelve-year period) in Canada, will concern itself primarily with a critical review of conditions, experiments, and tendencies in music in the Dominion, and with a forecast of the lines along which musical art and taste will develop in the next decade of social evolution in Canada. At the outset it must be thoroughly understood that in a summary essay which has such a philosophical conspectus as the present article, men with ideals will be considered and treated as more significant than organisations and institutions; tendencies or movements as more significant than special events; and fine artistic achievements, even if seemingly wasted or unappreciated, as more significant than public curiosity and popular acclaim. I am forced to utter this warning, because if I treat one man or organisation as paramount, I shall be considered to be animadverting against another man or organisation whose idolisers think him or it equally as paramount as the others. But genuine criticism, as distinguished from private appreciations, must concern itself, not with detailing personal likes and dislikes, but with discovering in the actual the envisagement and progressive realisation of the ideal, and with showing how if there be in a city or a country one or two men who love and promote the ideal, the people of that city or country shall be saved.

The past season is noteworthy for the death of one species of choral music and for the moribund condition of other choral species. The fact is a signal proof of the importance of men with constructive ideals in the field of music. In the first place, in the city in which the great choral-dramas of Haendel and Haydn have had yearly performances for many seasons, and were the first forms of the tonal art to have a marked influence on musical taste in Canada,

oratorio is dead. No oratorios of genuine beauty and æsthetic dignity were sung in Toronto in the past year. This was due directly to the resignation of Dr. F. H. Torrington from the conductorship of the long existent and competent Festival Chorus of Toronto, and to the consequent passing of this organisation as a positive influence in musical taste and in perpetuating a noble form of choral performance. We might as well face the fact. When, at the close of the last concert of the old Festival Chorus in Massey Hall in 1912, as those who attended it will remember, Dr. Torrington bowed to the audience and turned and laid down the baton which he had wielded for many years, what happened was not the mere retiring of a mighty warrior from the field of music but the demise of the "soul" of a long-established and influential musical organisation. True, a new conductor was immediately appointed, and the old Festival Chorus was renamed the St. Cecilia Society. But the baptism was not from on high; and after a few gurglings in the press as to what the members of the old Festival Chorus, under its new name and conductor, would accomplish, the organisation turned its back to the public, shut its eyes for the inevitable end—and died. And so ended a vital period and form of music in a community where Oratorio was performed so finely as to have earned a continental reputation for high standard of excellence and to have given Canada a name for finished singing of that species of choral art.

In passing, let me add some significant historical facts on this matter. When Dr. Torrington retired in 1912 from the conductorship of the Festival Chorus, the press signalised the event by remarking his activities in music in Canada, chiefly Toronto, during a period covering nearly forty years, and referred to him as a pioneer in the field in this country. The writers on the press, however, used the



term pioneer in its popular meaning, namely, in the sense of first in the field. Dr. Torrington was a long way from being a pioneer in music, even in Canada, in this meaning of the term. Probably the first man to organise and conduct musical societies in Canada was Antoine Dessane, whose activities in this direction began in Quebec about 1849. Some, however, would give the distinction to a gentleman named Fowler, who is said to have organised the Philharmonic Society of Montreal in 1848. Nor must it be forgotten that a vice-president of this society, Mr. Joseph Gould, in 1864, organised the Mendelssohn Choir of Montreal and directed its affairs with such splendid success that the Choir during the thirty years of its activities attained a distinction at home and abroad somewhat comparable to the reputation which the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto has gained under the direction of Dr. A. S. Vogt. Again: some would give the credit for pioneer work in founding the first musical society in Canada to Rev. Dr. McCaul, President of University College, Toronto, who, with a Mr. John Ellis, established in 1846 a choral organisation called the Philharmonic Society, which existed for five years, and was then superseded by the Toronto Vocal Society. The Philharmonic Society was reorganised in 1857, and in December of that year sang "The Messiah," under the conductorship of Mr. John Carter. In 1861 Mr. Carter and Mr. Onions founded respectively the Toronto Musical Union and the Metropolitan Choral Society, both of which sang the classical Oratorios.

In 1872 the Philharmonic Society again underwent reorganisation; and in 1873 Mr. F. H. Torrington was appointed conductor of the Society. He continued in that position till 1894 when a merger took place between the Philharmonic Society and other independent Choruses in Toronto, and the new organisation was named the Toronto Festival Chorus. Under this

name the Festival Chorus flourished until 1912, when Dr. Torrington resigned the conductorship, and, on Dr. Dickinson assuming the directorship, the old Festival Chorus was renamed the St. Cecilia Society.

It is not, then, as the first to take the field in choral music in Canada that Dr. Torrington is to be regarded as a pioneer in the tonal art in this country but as one who, in the etymological sense of the term, kept on during thirty-nine years, 1873-1912, "breaking the way" for the æsthetic appreciation and the artistic performance of choral music in Canada. If Toronto is justly styled "the choral centre of Canada," and if the conspicuous number of choral societies in the city has been remarked by the critics of other countries as a phenomenon in itself, this distinction is due mainly to the long-continued and successful systematic efforts of Dr. Torrington to create a taste not only for choral music but also for the fine performance of it, and to the incitement which his efforts and success stirred in others to found new societies which would carry on choral music in forms ranging from part-songs *a cappella* to the great masses and requiems of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Gounod and Verdi and to the ultra-modern "concert music-drama," such as Wolf-Ferrari's ethereal "Vita Nuova," for chorus, soli, and orchestra. The foundational constructive work of this justly celebrated pioneer in choral music came to its inevitable end in 1912. Oratorio has been superseded forever in Canada by the other forms of choral music. No doubt there will be later performances of the oratorios of Haendel and Haydn. But modern taste and modern conditions demand the performance of the more diversified and more æsthetically winning choral forms—the species which afford the listener exquisite sensations, refined nuances in tone-colour, dynamics, and emotion, communion with pure beauty, imaginative transports



which carry one away from vulgar existence to the hills of spiritual ecstasy or peace

There is but one man in Canada who has the genius, the experience, the ideals, and the constructive energy to achieve this æsthetic end. Much older, more experienced, more learned critics than myself have said that if the world is to see choral music in the finer forms brought to absolute perfection, the consummation will be perfected either in Canada by Dr. A. S. Vogt with the Mendelssohn Choir, or in Germany by Siegfried Ochs with his Philharmonischer Chor of Berlin. I am not now, however, interested in forecasting the developments in choral excellences which Dr. Vogt may (or will) effect in 1914 and onwards. I wish to signalise an extraordinary and significant fact, namely, that during Dr. Vogt's recently completed sojourn in Europe (1912-13), and the consequent absence of the annual series of concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir, there was not only an abatement of public interest in choral music in Canada, but also signs of a moribund condition amongst the various choral organisations in Toronto; while, on the other hand, there was an increase in the public interest in orchestral and chamber music, and a distinct show of fresh vigour and enthusiasm in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Toronto String Quartette.

Lest I be supposed unjustly to be animadverting against the National Chorus, the Schubert Choir, the St. Cecilia, and the Oratoria Society, let me state the facts. As soon as it was known that, with no concerts by the Mendelssohn Choir in 1912-13, these choral organisations would have the field clear of formidable competition, it was only natural that they would announce, in the press and otherwise, magnificent plans for the forthcoming season (1913), and it was only reasonable to believe that the public would look forward to the season with expectations of hear-

ing finer performances than these choirs had ever hitherto given. The announcements appeared surely enough. The St. Cecilia Society, the Schubert Choir, the Oratorio Society, and the National Chorus told the public what magnificent programmes each would present in the coming season for the people's delight and exaltation. It all looked splendid and convincing on paper. But was the public overjoyed? No, no. Letters appeared in the press, and articles in the magazines, either stating that choral music was being overdone in Toronto or speculating whether there were not too many choral organisations in the city and in Canada and whether those which already did appear to be "going concerns" would not do better to aim at technical excellence and not so much at programmes which would stagger even the Mendelssohn Choir. That is to say, when the people and the critics realised what a hiatus in the career of the Mendelssohn Choir meant to them in the way of positive loss and, indirectly, in the way of abortive performances by other choirs, their musical conscience was awakened and they were mightily perturbed over the situation.

That is one side. Here is the other. Neither in voluntary (that is, as it is called, "unpapered") attendance nor in finesse or beauty of performances were the concerts in the past season (1913) by these choral organisations as successful as in preceding years. The Oratorio Society, with the assistance of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, did indeed, musically viewed, give two really fine concerts, but they were most wretchedly attended. The Schubert Choir concerts fell below the standard of æsthetic excellence and the attendance of past years,—the tone quality was poor, unanimity amongst the sections was absent, precision in attack also was absent, and the nuancing was little better than that of an ordinary city church choir. The National



Chorus seemingly had taken on a new lease of life. But it must be remembered, first, that the Chorus had the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra, both to accompany and to furnish independent instrumental programmes, and, second, that only as compared with the concerts given in 1912, which were *a cappella*, can those given in 1913 be said to be better—more virile, more interesting. Again: if there was an increased attendance over that of the season of 1912, it was not due to anticipations of perfect choral artistry by the choir but to the fine orchestral programmes furnished by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Mr. Walter Damrosch.

The facts, as I interpret them, then, are that in Toronto, "the choral centre of Canada," Oratorio has died, that public interest in the finer forms of choral music is moribund, and that the cause, in the one case, is that the pioneer work in Oratorio has been completed, and that the cause, in the second case, is the critical taste which the Mendelssohn Choir has cultivated in the people, so that they will be satisfied only with—and consequently will only support—choral singing which measures up to the standard of the one Choir which has compelled the admiration of the most cultured audiences and critics in the metropolitan centres of the continent.

Still another negative event must be reported, namely the failure of grand opera, a really exotic form of music so far as Canada is concerned, to become naturalised in the Dominion. Colonel Frank S. Meighen and his musical *confrères*, who were the backers of the Montreal Opera Company, a splendidly efficient organisation, have been compelled to disband the company, having failed, it is said, to get adequate support, during two years of experimenting, from the Canadian people. The company gave eight weeks of opera in Montreal, and three weeks in Toronto, in 1913. In the latter city the op-

eras seemed to be well attended and certainly were greatly appreciated. Yet I have been told on good authority that the weekly deficit was \$6,000, or a total of about \$20,000 for the entire repertoire. But, according to the statement of the directors of the Montreal Company, as given out by Colonel Meighen, the Royal City was astoundingly delinquent in supporting grand opera during the eight weeks the company sang there. The statement reads:

"The directors of the Montreal Opera Company have decided not to give a season of grand opera next winter, but, as the company is an incorporated body, the organisation will be kept in existence, with the expectation of going on again in the future.

"The reasons for discontinuing are insufficient support from the public, and the unfitness of the stage of the present theatre for opera purposes.

"At the seventy-two performances in Montreal there were only twenty-four full houses, and, granted that some of the operas given failed to please, the proportion of full houses was nevertheless too small. The lack of a sufficiently large and well-equipped stage for grand opera also made the productions of the past season very difficult and expensive.

"As regards the prospects for grand opera next winter, there are rumours that sort of travelling offshoot of the Boston Company may visit Montreal for a short season, but as yet there is nothing definite known, and in any case it would have no connection whatever with the Montreal Opera Company, and could not sing under the name of the Montreal Opera."

No comment is needed, except to summarise the *a fortiori* argument in the premises:—If grand opera, sung chiefly in the French tongue, was refused adequate support in the French-Canadian capital, how much less might it be expected to gain support in Canadian cities, such as Ot-



tawa and Toronto, where the prevailing language is English. The fact is that the Canadian people, while they may, for all sorts of reasons, have said that they wanted grand opera, really did not support it, else they would gladly have paid to see it. Surely it is a psychological law of economics that what a man really wants, and, by hook or crook, can manage to purchase, he will willingly buy. All the more will he gladly buy if the object he sincerely wants possesses supreme excellence. The performances of the Montreal Opera Company were indubitably very fine. I shall not indulge any private appreciations, but only summarily signalise those operas and rôles which evoked the fullest admiration of the Toronto audiences and critics.

Happily the greatest "triumph," as the critics' slang phrases it, went to a Canadian diva, namely, Mme. Louise Edvina, who in Puccini's "Tosca" and in Charpentier's "Louise" thrallled her audiences with acting as dramatic and pervasive as her singing was golden and transporting. The final scene in "Louise," between Mme. Edvina and M. Albert Huberty (as Père), was a compelling piece of intense, convincing dramatism and a profoundly impressive spiritual experience—altogether memorable. For it was a memorable experience to see an actress realise the ideal, and Mme. Edvina sustained her reputation as the only ideal Louise. M. Huberty was, of course, in "Faust," the finest of all those who have essayed the rôle of Mephisto—subtle in acting and artistic in singing; and another Canadian, Mme. Beatrice La Palme, blonde and petite, again elicited sincere admiration for her winning interpretation of the rôle of Marguerite and for her brilliant coloratura in the Jewel Song, in which she attained a purity of tone, beauty of phrasing, and emotional nuance that rivalled Mme. Melba's silvery warblings in her best days in the same rôle.

Following Mme. Edvina in order of success came Mme. Carmen Melis as Thaïs in Massenet's opera of that name, Mme. Elizabeth Amsden as Salome in Massenet's "Herodiade," Mme. Maria Gay as Carmen in Bizet's opera of that name, and Mme. Alice Neilsen as Cio-Cio-San (Butterfly) in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." The lovely dark beauty of the Latin type which made Mme. Melis a joy to the sense of sight was enhanced by her fine acting and the dulcet mellowness of her singing tones. Never once did she fail to conform to the highest ideal of pure beauty, moral as well as æsthetic, and the scene of the "Unveiling of Venus," which would have become in another of lower ideals a sensual display, she transformed into a vision of the divinity of the human female form. She was superb throughout and made her role spiritually exalting. Much the same praise may be given Mme. Amsden as Salome. Mme. Neilsen's interpretation of the rôle of forsaken, innocent Butterfly was subtle, refined, and extraordinarily saddening; but the rôle has no possibilities of genuinely moving emotions. Contrasting with all these was the wonderful art of Mme. Maria Gay as Carmen. She threw tradition to the winds, and presented a realistic Carmen, quite away from the merely coquettish styles of Calve and Minnie Hauck. She was devilish, impish, wayward as a spoiled child, elementally human, with a woman's heart for love and romance, vulgar, fiery, and even brutal—a most complex character, repelling at one moment and captivating at another. In short, Mme. Gay presented her audience with a subtle psychological analysis of "untamed womanhood," and with such a display of fine dramatism that her interpretation of the rôle of Carmen was at once original, startling and unique. In other words, it was all great dramatic art. M. Jean Riddez was the Escamillo, and he too paralleled Mme. Gay in brilliant acting, while his resonant, can-



table baritone dispensed delicious sensation in his bravura singing of the Toreador's Song. I merely wait to give honourable mention, though more is deserved, to M. Leon Lafitte, tenor, and M. James Goddard, basso, who in voice rivalled M. Huberty.

Let it, then, be remarked that while the performances of the Montreal Opera Company were highly satisfying and while many of them will long be remembered, still the fact is that they might have been better attended, and that the only opera which paid in receipts was Verdi's melodramatic "Il Trovatore," which, in aesthetic value, so far as lyric music is concerned, is about equal to the Sunday soloist's delight, "The Palms" or "The Holy City." On the side, then, of negative tendencies in music in Canada, the result is this—grand opera is dead, oratorio is dead, and public interest in the finer, more diversified forms of choral music is moribund.

We need not, however, feel discouraged. From one point of view musical conditions in Canada are as they ought to be. Further: on the side of instrumental music the past season was very successful and is auspicious of the future. Three of the great American Orchestras were heard in Massey Hall, namely, the New York Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, and, finest of all, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The first two came as assisting orchestras, but they were the "star attractions" at the concerts of the National Chorus and of the Oratorio Society, and considerably augmented the attendance. The Boston Symphony came to Massey Hall on its own initiative, and though one critic found fault with the fact that Toronto was not as generous in turning out to hear this famous and impeccable orchestra as the people of Boston were in attending the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir in that city, still there was a large audience present and the orchestra was pleased enough to arrange for another visit in 1914.

In March, 1913, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, now augmented to sixty members, closed its seventh season, with a record of having had the most successful season since it was placed on a permanent basis. The orchestra gave seventeen concerts, of which six were of fine symphonic grade and eleven were of the best popular order, several of the latter being given in the more important cities and towns of Ontario. The orchestral concerts of the fine symphonic grade brought to the city, as assisting soloists, five distinguished artists, possessing international fame, of which the most celebrated was M. Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violin virtuoso. He received unprecedented welcome, the stage of Massey Hall having to be used in order to accommodate the immense audience. "Not an available seat was left unsold, and men and women had to be turned away," was the authentic report of the management. I mention this fact particularly as proof that popular taste in Canada, during the season of 1912-13, tended more to the appreciation and support of instrumental music than of choral forms. But all the concerts of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra were largely attended. Public sympathy and interest centered last season in instrumental music, and showed signs of increasing amongst the masses as well as the classes. Again: the Toronto String Quartette, which relatively to experience and public support stands well up with the Kneisel and the Flonzaley Quartettes in fine performance of Chamber Music, also closed, in April, 1913, its seventh, and most successful, season. In short, last year instrumental music flourished, much more than choral art, even in the city which is said to be the choral centre of Canada.

What, then, of the future of music in Canada? I am not going to prophesy the inevitable, but only to signalise tendencies. The chief choral organisations of Toronto had their



opportunity to show that they were more than popularisers of this form of music. They failed to do so, and the critical taste cultivated in the people for only the very best in choral music will in the future tend to turn more and more to the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. Dr. Vogt has come back from Europe with new ideals of performance and a broadened repertoire. Obviously, with the Mendelssohn Choir freshly reorganised, as it recently was, to carry out Dr. Vogt's ideals of personnel, repertoire and technical finish, a new era in choral music in Canada will begin in 1914. While the other choral organisations will continue, chiefly, as it seems to me, in popular and educational singing, the progressive realisation of the ideal will be the work of the one man and the one choral organisation that have already made Canada famous for extraordinary achievements in that species of the tonal art. That is to say, the tendency will be for the Mendelssohn Choir to achieve further perfection, and for the other choral societies to be satisfied with respectable perform-

ance of traditional programmes, no doubt orchestrally accompanied, as well as a *cappella*. In any case, the position and aims of the latter will be secondary hereafter.

Beginning next year, the outstanding events in music will be the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, and the programmes of the visiting symphonic orchestras. Assuming that the New York Symphony will be re-engaged by the National Chorus, the New York Philharmonic by the Oratorio Society, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra by the Mendelssohn Choir, and the Boston Symphony, as probable, by the management of Massey Hall, then, if we include the Toronto Symphony, next season will be a year supreme in the history of orchestral music in Canada, and will have a marked effect on the musical taste and culture of the country. At any rate, next season will be the beginning of an era of new ideals in musical culture and art in the Dominion. Choral music is native and permanently assured of growth, and orchestral music shows signs of becoming at least thoroughly "naturalised."

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## SPRING

By BEATRICE REDPATH

IF chance I now should sleep  
 Beneath the sun-warmed ground,  
 While heavy years would creep  
 Above me without sound,  
 It is enough for me  
 That I have one time seen  
 The lilac-burdened tree  
 The daffodil's slim green;  
 It is enough for me,  
 If I should pass away,  
 That I had once loved thee  
 Upon a mad spring day.



# THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIFFS

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

WERE I a preacher I should preach once a year—sometime in September for the benefit of June brides—a sermon on the philosophy of tiffs. I had it in mind to say the philosophy of quarrels, but “quarrels” is too serious a word, and my title might, therefore, have been misleading. The bride’s mother imparts to the bride lore of women-kind concerning cookery, household economics and simple rules for successfully subjugating the head of the house. The bridegroom’s friends furnish him with mock sympathy and jokes calculated to lighten the gloom of the occasion. Both bride and groom have more or less common sense and ideas of decent conduct towards those they love and those they do not love. But of the tiff too little is said, for too little is known. Many a man and wife have gone through life without realising that the most important moment of their lives was a certain quarrel in the first year of their companionship.

I am a believer in the first quarrel, but not in the second. I believe the first quarrel is unavoidable, necessary and advantageous. If by the end of the first year the man and the woman have not encountered this episode, then they are too long in getting to know one another. It would be vulgar to promote disputes. It is foolish to look for them. And yet a wise husband and a wise wife will be more contented after the first quarrel than before. They are not really married until the quarrel has come—and gone.

It must come, but it must also go, otherwise it is the last, not the first.

There must come moments in your life, when it is clear to both of you that you differ in your viewpoint of certain matters, in your conception of facts, or in the deduction you make from a given group of facts. On such an occasion you may get angry. You may speak out of pique or jealousy or irritation. But if you can be content to say: “We differ, Tom.” And if Tom will say: “Yes, my dear, we differ.” And if you can let the matter rest there, without bitterness, without lingering irritation, you shall have done well.

The first difference is the first real measuring up of the womanhood of the one against the manhood of the other. You have up to this time been lovers, swimming in a rare atmosphere high above the cloud-darkened earth. You have talked of books, and agreed—your tastes were similar. You have discussed persons and found your intuitions and preferences alike. You have admired sunsets, flowers, old ruins and plays, side by side, probably with furtive looks of understanding between you. In short you have been lovers. Now you must make the supreme test of your love and see if each of you can be himself and herself without feeling any constraint of companionship. In your first difference of opinion you have descended from the clouds where you dwelt alone together, and are surrounded, if not indeed oppressed, with mundane things. The



ship of matrimony is now out of the stage of water-colour prints and exquisite designs. It is launched. It floats. It makes headway. Can you keep it together?

I admire a little sentiment, but too much is worse than too much wine. I appreciate a little poetry, but more than that is dangerously extravagant. I love those who have ideals, who try to live up to them, but I tremble before idealists. So in matrimony; a little sentiment, a little poetry, a little idealism, are excellent ingredients, but in the bottom of the dish I like to see that vulgar but rare element called common-sense, that noble quality "humanness," and that great thing—the ability to let other people differ from you, without yearning to turn missionary and win them to the gospel of your own convictions.

And this, is where the first quarrel is such a great moment in both lives. If either of you is vulgar (or if both are) the hideous fact will emerge from hiding and shame you. If either of you is unjust or narrow or petty, the fact will now become clear. For the first time since your husband and you began the pleasant occupation of telling each other of your perfections, you really get down to a basis of truth. Your two minds stand forth unclothed, looking at each other. The limitations of both are uncovered. Your sentiment, your poetry, your idealism take flight. The treasure you have held in your heart vanishes. You are broken.

That is—unless you are both sensible, or unless one of you is. In that case you will not have been intoxicated by too much sentiment, poetry or idealism. You recognise each the limitations of the other. You measure each other's mental capacity, and you judge how best to get on together. And you love one another the more for knowing your imperfections.

There is nothing more insipid than perfection. It is all very well that

all the world, or nearly all, thinks when it marries it is marrying the one person, the ideal, the dream of perfection. But it is imperative that it should discover the imperfections. It is by our imperfections that we are lovable. I am sure, had I married a paragon, I should have died of *ennui*.

Just the other day a woman said to me: "My husband was a somewhat lazy man, a man who was apt to forget to be punctual. He was slovenly about his person and quick to make promises out of good-will, which he had to break because they were impossible of fulfilment. But these qualities endeared him to me, as much as his virtues, which were many. A perfect man, punctual, precise, reliable, would have bored one to death unless I had set down his sheer perfections for a fault and loved him for that."

Men and women are like fine blends of tea, or fine woods, or fruits. I like that man who has in his character a flavour of his own, a personality of his own. I like a mellow man, or a man who will grow to be mellow, which your perfect man never does. For to be perfect is to conform to a standard and to have no individuality: and to be individual is more necessary, really, than you dream.

In your first encounters you will begin to discover your husband or your wife. You can judge the strength of the enemy by its fire, by its intensity, by its range and accuracy. You can judge his judgment, his power of self-control, his strategic ability, his mastery of himself—not all at one time I warrant, but from time to time. And if the husband is a man and the wife a woman, admire one another for their respective tactics and for the spirit of the enemy's defence. Love the enemy for his intention to champion *his* ideals.

But if you have idealised your companion and wrapped him or her round and round with a sort of swaddling clothes of idealism—what then? Tragedy. Never embalm your hus-



band or your wife in your ideals of manhood or womanhood, for to win you, they play to your ideals and find themselves dressed in clothes that are not their own, forced to say words that are not their words, compelled to be what they are not. An ideal husband is a fraud and a fake. The good husband or the good wife has an individuality of his own or her own. Do not blind yourself to that by draping it in a description from some foolish novel you have read or some composite hero or heroine your own brain has evolved since your were seventeen. Let that individuality within abound, flourish. See to it that it grows, and that you both grow and develop the best that is in you.

Finally I believe in frankness, and

condour. Be brutal rather than tactful, but if you can, be just sweetly convincing. If you have a headache and long to pick a quarrel or behave in a peevish manner, say so—and smile. Say: "Tom, I'm out of sorts. I don't know why, but I *want* to be irritable." If Tom is what I think he is, he will say, "Go ahead, my dear," and get out of your way.

Be good-naturedly ready for your first difference. Don't put off the day. It is a good day. Stand up for your beliefs and state them as well as you can. Don't underestimate your enemy, because he is arguing against you; don't underestimate your own case because the enemy is your husband or wife. Cross swords, fence, thrust and parry—and shake hands. Love grows deeper that way.

## WE WILL REMEMBER

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

TRUE there will be tears for to-day,  
 For to-day men see only the pity;  
 To-morrow the glory shall come,  
 It shall come from the sea to the city.  
 For the men of the sea shall be first  
 (They being more closely your brothers),  
 And what things unto them are made plain  
 They shall make plain to the others.

Men shall remember with joy  
 And pride that shall drive out sorrow,  
 Through the length of the toil of to-day,  
 In the face of the looming to-morrow,  
 The words ye have written in pain  
 And in strife without any complaining.  
 And these shall remain in our hearts  
 And shall greaten our hearts in remaining.  
 Thus shall arise from your graves,  
 Though the winds and the snows shall efface them,  
 Monuments greater than stone;  
 And hearts and not hands shall replace them.  
 Our children not born shall be taught  
 The tale of your valour. The glory  
 Shall not diminish with years,  
 Nor your greatness be dropped from the story.





THE TIFF

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle in the Ontario Government Collection



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# AMBITION REALISED

BY VINCENT BASEVI

“TO strive hopefully is better than to succeed.”

Muriel Gream quoted Stevenson as she looked up from the wash tub and gazed sulkily over a plain of ripening corn. Behind her was a shack built of rough timber and containing two rooms. On one side of this there was a small vegetable garden. Beyond lay a stable and cow house, and all the rest of the world in sight was corn—growing corn just turning to full ripeness under a scorching sun. The drone of insects filled the air. Nature at her best was smiling on those to whom she had borne a generous harvest. Muriel seemed unconscious of the beauty all around. After standing up straight, hands on hips, to ease her back, she stooped once more over the washtub and muttered: “I walked nearly a hundred miles to do this!”

Her voice betokened self-contempt and sullen despair, yet she was a bride of three weeks. A pretty face, spoiled for the time by sulky looks, was crowned by a mass of dark, wavy hair which was in sad disorder. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, showing arms burned by the sun, red, sore and blistered. Her hands bore marks of unaccustomed toil. A torn skirt carelessly put on gave to her appearance the finishing touch of utter distress.

She gave the clothes in the tub a perfunctory rinse and then hung them up on a line near by. They did not look very clean in spite of the washing. Picking up the soap

and scrubbing board, Muriel turned and walked slowly to the shack without one glance at the brightness and signs of promise all around. The interior of the house bore evidence of work done grudgingly. A pile of dirty dishes stood on an upturned packing case. The table was littered with old papers and magazines. Clothes in need of mending were lying about in heaps. Through a half-open door the bed could be seen with the clothes lying in a tumbled mass as they had been thrown when she rose that morning. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon. Some embers were still glowing in the stove.

Muriel piled up a few sticks of wood and then threw on some paraffin. In a few minutes she had a bright blaze with which to boil some water. Taking a cup and the teapot from the pile of dirty dishes, she rinsed these and then made tea. With a cup in one hand and a magazine in the other she went out on the doorstep and sat down, sipping her tea and reading, and now and again looking out across the radiant sea of golden corn. Poor little cockney! She was overwhelmed with the vastness of her surroundings, and horrified at the nature of her work.

Three months ago she had been equally discontented in her father's house near London. The youngest daughter of a poor professional man, Muriel's whole life had been a struggle to keep up appearances. She was conscious of being a gentlewoman, of having to look like a gentlewoman,



and of her social superiority over most other people. Now nobody seemed to care who she was or where she came from. The spur which had kept her smart in the past, pride of social rank, had been stripped from her. A world without social distinctions was beyond her power of comprehension. She did not understand people who could hear unmoved that she was cousin to a baronet. Her little suburban soul seemed incapable of appreciating its emancipation from the drab monotony of respectable poverty in a city.

Three of her sisters were trained nurses, and the fourth was a governess. They all helped to support the home in London. But Muriel, the youngest and prettiest of all had stayed at home. She had known only one ambition—to be married. There was no Prince Charming in her dreams. She had no standard of beauty or wealth by which her husband was to be gauged. Simply she wished to be married. On her twenty-fourth birthday when she was beginning to feel really old, and fearing that her chances of matrimony were diminishing, a letter arrived from an old friend who had married and settled down in Alberta. The friend invited Muriel to pay her a visit and stay as long as she liked. There was a post-script saying that any girl who went to those parts was sure to be married within a month. This was meant for a joke, but Muriel took it seriously, and indeed it was the afterthought in the letter which aroused her interest. It she could only get to Alberta she would certainly be married. This was the thought uppermost in her mind for the next few days. By a skilful process of suggestion she got her father to propose that she should emigrate to Canada. There followed a few weeks of preparation, and then the awful journey at the thought of which she still shuddered. There was but little money to spare, so Muriel had to travel steerage. She was well

supplied with warm clothing, for all her friends had heard about the bitter cold in Canada. It was cold enough crossing the ocean, but as soon as the St. Lawrence was entered, Muriel experienced greater heat than she had ever known. There followed the long, tiresome journey across the continent in a colonist car. At last she alighted at a wayside station where she was met by her friend's husband. Then a hundred miles of prairie trail had to be traversed in a Red River cart. After the first few miles, Muriel decided to walk. The jolting was too much for one who had never experienced anything less comfortable than a London County Council tramcar. She faced the long tramp boldly enough, for probably the journey was leading to the goal of her ambition—a husband. Five days were spent getting to the farm. Her friends had been three years in the district and had built for themselves a substantial homestead. For the next few days Muriel lived in comfort, and she found some interest in the novelty of her surroundings. Then Jack Graem rode over from his farm to spend a week-end with Muriel's hosts.

He was of the best type of young Canadian farmers. Enterprising, hard-working, honest and strong, he stood over six feet high, was straight, lithe and active. A rather stern face was relieved by kindly gray eyes, and small wrinkles near the mouth showed that he knew how to laugh. Jack Graem was in the mood to fall in love with any girl. He had been out on the prairies in his lonely shack for several years, without going nearer to civilisation than the township from which his grain was sent to the markets of the world. Of course he fell in love with Muriel, and of course she accepted his prompt proposal of marriage. It was for this she had come to Canada. Three weeks later they were married. And now Muriel was sitting on the doorstep of her shack, a torn magazine in one hand and a



chipped cup containing tea in the other, her ambition had been realised, there seemed nothing else to hope for, and the fruit for which she had yearned proved to be bitter.

The magazine contained a story of life on a Western Canadian farm. The scene might have been taken from her own homestead, yet there was something so very different between her life and that of the heroine in the story. Her life was so lonely, disappointing and sombre. That of the woman in the story was one gay song from morning to night. She read the tale a second time and then tossed the magazine aside. "All lies," she muttered as she rose and went into the house.

Muriel took a half dirty cloth off the window sill and spread it on the table. Then a few cups and plates were rinsed. The fire was coaxed into a blaze and a kettleful of water was put on to boil. Jack would return soon, so supper had to be prepared. Going outside to a lean-to, Muriel unwound a cloth from the carcass of a sheep and tried to cut off a couple of chops. She was not very successful. A distaste for the touch of raw meat caused her to approach the task gingerly. In the end a piece of bone and two scraggy pieces of meat came away. With these Muriel returned to the house and began to prepare supper. A piece of fat and the results of her operation on the sheep were put in the frying pan and this was placed on the fire. Suddenly Muriel remembered that the bed had not been made. Rushing to the bedroom she pulled the clothes up, punched the pillows and started to smooth out the sheets. Then the kettle boiled over, and she had to rush back to the kitchen. After making the tea, Muriel went on the door step to wait for her husband.

Ten minutes later he rode into the yard, a handsome, manly figure on a horse fully equal to his weight. The pair presented a fine picture of physical strength. Waving to Muriel, he

rode straight to the stable, watered the horse and then rubbed him down and gave him a good feed. Then he crossed to the lean-to, where he found a granite basin, a towel and a piece of soap. There followed a tremendous spluttering and scrubbing, and Jack came round the corner to where Muriel was sitting, tapping impatiently with her foot.

"Well, darling," he said, "what sort of a day have you had?"

He stooped and kissed her.

"The same as all other days," Muriel snapped in reply. "Loneliness, work and discomfort are all one gets in this part of the world."

"I have had plenty of work to-day, and I am ravenously hungry. I can smell supper. I do believe it is burning."

"How like you to start complaining before you have even tasted your meal?"

Muriel marched into the house followed by her large but meek husband. He was tired and inclined to be fractious himself, but he realised that the strangeness of life on the prairie must be very trying to his bride, and he determined to make every allowance for her.

Supper was a dismal affair. The chops were burned to cinders. The tea had been made much too long and tasted of nothing but tannin. The bread was resilient. A pretence was made at eating. Now and again Jack attempted cheerful conversation only to be answered with snubs. His kindness made Muriel more angry. A quarrel was needed to clear the air. Jack rose from the table and went outside to smoke his evening pipe. He did not complain about the meal. This forbearance hurt Muriel more than abuse would have done. She knew the meal was uneatable. Deep down in her heart she knew her conduct was atrocious, and she could not understand Jack's silence. Adding the dishes from the table to the pile of dirty plates, Muriel removed the crumbs by the simple process of



shaking the cloth, and then joined Jack on the doorstep. There followed an hour of abject misery for both of them. If Jack spoke, Muriel snubbed him. When he remained silent, she made stabbing little remarks. He was tired, hungry and depressed. With difficulty he was keeping his temper under control.

Jack went indoors to read a week-old newspaper borrowed from a neighbour who had just returned from the railway siding. He lit the lamp. It was badly trimmed. If he turned it up it smoked. When he turned it down again it gave but a dim glimmer and made an abominable smell. Then he committed the fatal blunder of losing his temper over a trifle.

"I say, Muriel, this is the last straw," he called out.

"What is the matter now?" she replied quite pleasantly.

"This beastly lamp. Surely you can find time to trim it. First there was the supper. Then—"

"What was wrong with the supper?" Muriel was beginning to enjoy herself. This was a quarrel and she was master of the situation.

"Wrong with the supper? Everything! The chops were burned to cinders, the tea tasted as if it had been stewed for hours, and the bread was so tough that I could not get my teeth into it."

"Why ever didn't you say so at the time? It would not have taken ten minutes to cook more chops, and fresh tea could have been made in two minutes."

When a man loses his temper, is proved to be in the wrong and knows he is in the right, usually he blusters. Jack did this. He stormed up and down the room. His speech was a mirror held up for Muriel to see all her faults reflected. Had he found his wife penitent, he would have said he was sorry for being cross, that it did not matter, and then he would have done a lot of household work for her. But to be made miserably

uncomfortable for a fortnight, to be baited into a temper, and then to be asked what was the matter; this was more than he could stand. His oration on Muriel's shortcomings did not err on the side of leniency, but most of what he said was true.

When he paused for breath, Muriel said gently, "I think you made a mistake when you married me."

"I did not say that," Jack replied with the accent on the fourth word.

"Oh I think you made a mistake," Muriel continued. "It must have been a servant, not a wife you wanted. Just let us go over my daily duties and see if this is not the case. I rise at four o'clock in the morning and do the rooms. Then I milk the cow. Ugh! Horrid job! Then I get breakfast for my lord and master. After breakfast there are the dishes to wash. All the housework has to be done. There is the washing to do, the vegetable garden to look after, my own meals to get and your supper to prepare. Twice a week I have to bake. Then in my spare time, my spare time mind you, I have to do the mending. There is wood to chop for the stove and there are a hundred and one odd jobs about the house which ought to be done by a man. And I walked nearly a hundred miles to do all this for you. Of course, it was a servant you wanted. But no servant would stay in a place like this. Instead of engaging me as your general servant and losing me at the end of the week, you married me to ensure permanent service. I walked nearly a hundred miles to be your servant."

A battle royal followed, and Muriel out-generalled her husband at all points. Every now and again she would throw in the remark:

"I walked a hundred miles to do this for you."

When Jack was thoroughly worsted, he went out on the doorstep again. Muriel trimmed the lamps carefully, a work of supererrogation as it was bed time. Then she washed the



dishes. Usually this task was postponed until morning, put off again until the afternoon, and partly done before supper. But on this evening Muriel was determined that her husband should know how hard she had to work. Finally she went to bed and started to cry herself to sleep.

Jack finished his pipe and then crossed to the stable to bed down the horse and give him his feed. When this was done he strolled over to the fence, loaded his pipe once more and puffed away, enjoying the smoke and the cool quiet of the night. Gradually his anger subsided. He felt he had been rather hard on Muriel. Poor little girl! All this rough work and the loneliness of prairie life must be very strange to her, and very trying. He would have to be more patient. The gentle drone of insect life, the feeling of vastness which cannot be described, but which can be felt on the prairies, and also the tobacco soothed his nerves. Jack was getting on very well. Each year his farm was yielding greater profits. In another twelve months the railway would reach a point within a mile of his homestead. He would be able to give Muriel a good time then. Possibly they could take a trip to Europe. Not that Jack wanted to go there. His farm was his home, and all his interest was taken up by his work. There are not many men suited to such a life. The mind of a poet is needed to appreciate the Canadian prairies, the African veldt or the Australian bush. The ordinary man is liable to be conscious only of monotony and hard, uninteresting work. It requires peculiar characteristics to rest content with the glories of nature, and to take pleasure day by day in seeing the earth, pregnant with a world's harvest, yield to mankind the wondrous product of her labours. Jack had capacity for patient toil equalled only by that of a peasant, and he had also the instinct of poetry which enabled him to drink in pleasure from his surroundings.

While under the influence of the calm night he felt ashamed of himself for having been so small and irritable, and for bullying his wife. Full of remorse he returned to the shack, meaning to apologise, to comfort the lonely little girl and to promise her a trip to Europe if she would try to be patient for a couple of years.

All his good intentions vanished when he entered the room. He was tired with his day's work. The untidiness and discomfort of the place jarred on his nerves. The hero of romance who never loses his temper, never suffers with moods and is never hasty or unkind does not exist. Jack sat down to think things over. He remembered how in imagination he had painted a picture of the home as it would be after marriage. The clean severity of his bachelor den was to be turned into a veritable paradise by the hundred and one little feminine touches of which one reads in all good story books. A dirty, crumpled cloth set crooked on the table, a pile of half-washed dishes on a packing case, crumbs on the floor and a bundle of unattended garments on the only easy chair; these were the feminine touches in Jack Graem's home. Twice he rose to go and make it up with Muriel. Each time he sat down again. The dismal, comfortless room brought back to his mind vividly the miserable scene of the evening. A good meal would have done him good, though he was not conscious of hunger. Dull resentment filled his brain. The more he thought over the situation, the more angry he became.

Acting on sudden impulse, he took a piece of paper and wrote, "I am walking nearly a hundred miles away from this." Then he left the house, turning from his yard into the trail, and tramped in the direction of the railway.

Jack stumbled along the track for some time, he did not know how long, and then he sat down on a log. Overworked and hungry, his brain was



not working clearly. The real meaning of his action did not dawn upon him. He did not realise that he was leaving alone on the prairie a young girl, quite unused to pioneer life, and one whom but a few weeks before he had sworn to love and cherish. He had a grievance. He did not know exactly what it was. A shadowy picture of Muriel was associated in his mind with a jumble of thought which left only a sense of injury. Also there was a sub-conscious feeling that he had done something shabby. He could not think what it could be. This irritated him, but not for long. Overcome by sheer exhaustion, he slipped from the log and fell asleep on the hard ground.

In the meantime Muriel was finding that a bed was a delightful place in which to nurse a grievance. But if one is feeling drowsy, the grievance has a tendency to dissolve. This was Muriel's experience. Gradually the sobs died away. Then the tears ceased to flow. She nestled close to the pillows and thought that perhaps she had been rather hard on Jack. She would be forgiving, but not penitent. She would try to do her work a little better in future. Certainly that was a horrible meal to offer the poor boy after a long day's work. These and similar thoughts passed through her mind as she lay in bed, dozing off now and again for a few minutes, and then waking with a start. After some time she felt that Jack must be taking longer than usual to feed the horse. Muriel listened for him. Then she decided to go out and offer help. She could not be of any use, but it would please Jack to see that he was forgiven, and that his wife was anxious to be a real help to him. Jumping out of bed and slipping on a dressing gown, Muriel ran out of the house and across the yard to the stable. It was in darkness. She looked round the yard. There was no sign of Jack. No answer came to her repeated calls. Muriel was frightened. The

great, lonely prairie appalled her. She ran back to the house and sat down by the table. Jack must have gone for a stroll to get over his temper. Really it was too bad of him. He might have known that she would be frightened to find herself all alone. He would get a good dressing-down when he returned.

What was the time? Muriel looked up at a watch hanging on a nail. It was after two o'clock. Unconsciously she was twisting and untwisting a piece of paper in her fingers. Muriel smoothed out the paper, and her eyes followed the words written on it, though her mind did not take in the meaning at the moment. She was thinking of something else; rehearsing a scene for Jack's return. Jack! surely his name was on the paper. Then her mind took in the full meaning of the message.

"I am walking nearly a hundred miles away from this."

Jack had deserted her; left her on the lonely prairie. With the shock of this discovery there came the consciousness of a wonderful and beautiful sensation. She really loved Jack. Rather would she live with him in the loneliest place on earth, than be without him in the heart of London. He was more to her than wealth or gaiety or position; yes, more than social position. She could work her fingers to the bone for him and do it cheerfully now that she knew what love meant.

It was a new Muriel who walked across the yard, lamp in hand, to the stable. The horse was there. Jack had gone on foot as his note intimated. Usually Muriel was nervous of all animals, and particularly of horses. There was no sign of this now. She took down the saddle and put it on the horse as she had seen Jack do it. Then the girths were fastened. At this point of the proceedings she remembered the bridle. There was some difficulty about adjusting it, but fortunately the old horse was patient. Muriel did not

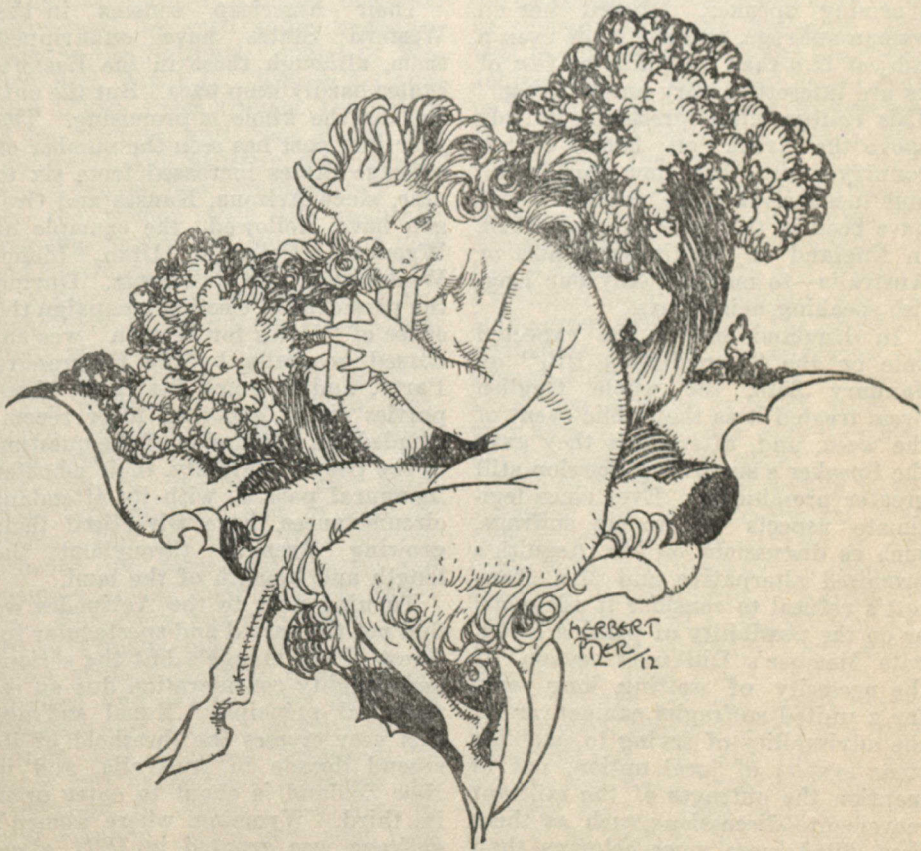


hurry or fuss about her work. She was too much in earnest. In a few minutes she led the horse to a chopping block, mounted with the help of this and cantered out of the yard and along the track in the direction of the railway. This was her second chase after a husband. Like the first one, it proved successful. After half an hour's ride, she saw the figure of her husband against the sky line. She cantered on, and in a few minutes she was able to see that he was walking towards her.

The cockney brain works quickly. In a flash Muriel realised that by turning homeward Jack had given her all the trump cards. She almost drew rein in preparation for the

glories of victory, and then the generous impulses born of love got the upper hand. Muriel urged her horse into a gallop, pulled up short on reaching Jack's side, and then slid to the ground and nestled into his arms.

Two hours later when Jack went into the house for breakfast, he found the place looking bright and clean. A new cloth was spread on the table. The cool morning breeze blew in through the windows and played with Muriel's hair as she stood by the stove cooking a tempting meal. Feminine touches had turned his home into fairyland. For the ordinary scenes of life are beautiful when seen through happy eyes.





# CANADIAN WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE

BY ISABEL SKELTON

A FEW weeks ago I heard the president of a college women's society say when announcing a lecture by a popular speaker: "Yes, I have no hesitation in assuring you she is a charming speaker. I heard her on woman suffrage, and she made even a subject like that, in which so few of us are interested, very entertaining." This college club president naïvely spoke the truth on behalf of her countrywomen, but how antiquated and inconceivable the remark would have been in this year of grace 1913, in England or the United States or Australia—to mention only our English-speaking neighbours.

In England before the expected vote on the "Conciliation Bill" on January 25th, the whole English press treated it as the public event of the week, and, afterwards they gave the Speaker's surprising decision still greater prominence. Ever since legitimate aspects of woman suffrage, such as discussions on Mr. Asquith's promised alternative and Mrs. Fawcett's refusal to consider it adequate, or on the possibility of passing a Private Member's Bill next session, or the necessity of waiting long years for a united suffragist cabinet, or on the advisability of trying to establish some system of local option, not to mention the outrages of the militant movement—discussions such as these have filled more news columns than the Irish and Welsh Bills and the

Scottish Temperance Bill put together. Although British women are still far from their goal they have achieved for their cause predominance in home affairs.

Their American cousins in the Western States have outstripped them, although those in the Eastern States hardly keep pace. But the outlook on the whole is promising. The year just past has seen the number of suffrage States increased from six to nine, since Arizona, Kansas and Oregon have followed the example of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and California. During the presidential election campaign the cause of "Votes for Women" was endorsed generally by the Progressive Party, and in some States all three parties either endorsed it or recommended the submission of the question to the people. Finally, their monster inaugural parade, with its attendant circumstances, have advertised their growing strength throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Turning next to the Antipodes we find not the varied and spectacular interest of the struggle but the serious and weighty consideration due an established principle. Equal suffrage this year crosses the threshold of its second decade in Australia, and in New Zealand is about to enter upon its third. Wyoming, where women's suffrage was granted in 1869, alone surpasses New Zealand in age, for she



shares with Colorado and South Australia the year 1893 and second place in the world's lists.

In the face of our neighbours' lively sympathy, agitation and achievement, how is it that, to quote Dr. Anna Shaw's recent Washington speech, "the Dominion must be prodced into purposefulness?"

It is not because Canadian women lack natural endowments for such work. Their "capacities, moral, intellectual, and actual," when turned to channels where their interests lie, work out as satisfactory results as do those of English, American, or Australian women. Looking at what has been accomplished along the lines of patriotism, education, temperance, public health, philanthropy, settlement work, care for immigrants, and many other allied branches of social betterment, by such active organisations as the National Council of Women and W.C.T.U., Women's Canadian Clubs, Press Unions, Daughters of the Empire, and Poor Relief and Children's Aid Societies, and remembering besides how comparatively few are the women with the necessary training, money and leisure in a new and dominantly agricultural country, it is quickly and emphatically borne home, even to the dubious, that Canadian womanhood suffers from no dearth of ability or of public spirit.

The reasons must be sought elsewhere. And first, taking one thing with another, Canadian women feel few positive disabilities and hardships through their lack of political power. For one thing they are not crowded and forced into public and business life as their English sisters are. For every hundred males there are in Canada only eighty-eight females, while in England there are one hundred and seven. This makes in England and Wales a surplus of one million two hundred thousand females and enormously increases the proportion of women who must be wage earners. This fact alone goes far to explain the force, the intense

and often bitter keenness of the English movement, and also the comparative inertia of the Canadian women. Again, according to the latest available figures, twenty-five per cent. of all English women work for wages and only sixteen per cent. of Canada's female population between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five are so employed. Now, in so far as women want votes for tangible legislative benefits for themselves, once the laws of the country give them justice in regard to property rights, marriage and divorce and the guardianship of their children, it is for the women in factories, in offices, in business, in professions and in all walks of public life where they come into competition with men that the battle is being waged.

At first glance it would seem that the Canadian situation must have more in common with the American and that in comparison with the American achievement it would not be so easy to construe our manifest listlessness. In the United States the East is divided against the West, and the East can hardly be said to surpass Canada in positive results. In contrasting the accomplishment and enthusiasm of the Western States with our Western Provinces, the first thing our Western is the great difference in the length of settlement. When the advocates of woman suffrage in British Columbia have been working as many years as they have in California, may they not, too, have as much to show?

Governor Hoyt of Wyoming is responsible for the explanation that woman suffrage was carried in his State in the first place simply through the clever manipulating of a Republican Governor and a Democratic Assembly by one legislator whose heart was in the right place. Others explain that the bill was passed partly as a Western joke and partly as a good advertisement. At any rate, it was not the result of a broad and concerted fight for the issue such as would have to be made to-day. Chance conferred the suffrage on Wyoming wo-



men, and the Populist party on Colorado.

The history and the traditional political doctrines of the United States have beyond question helped the women's cause in a way unknown in Canada. At the very beginning of their national career the people of the Republic explicitly adopted a broad creed of political equality, based on assertion of natural and inalienable rights. The abolition of slavery and the subsequent gift of the franchise to the negroes gave added weight to women's claims. On what ground could a nation built on the Declaration of Independence grant political power to ignorant negroes and withhold it from educated women paying taxes on property? This method of reasoning had special weight with the Populist party so strong in the Western States in the eighties and nineties, and to-day it equally appeals to socialists and labour organisations.

In Canada, on the contrary, we have rarely committed ourselves to broad and sweeping doctrines of political equality. Nearly every Canadian believes in democracy, but, for better or for worse, he has not formulated his creed in as explicit and rigid terms as his southern neighbour. Our struggle for political freedom was not as spectacular as in the United States, and it has not left as lasting and as vivid an impression on the rank and file of the people. "Of course, women have as good a right to vote as men have," is the answer of ninety-nine out of every hundred Canadians, "but what good will it do them?" is in ninety-eight cases the return question.

We are a sober, unemotional people, practical, we boast; living too much from hand to mouth in intellectual matters, a critic might say. Anything we want we want for a reason—a definite, sensible, concrete reason—and until recently even our serious-minded women have seen none such for demanding the franchise. We possess already many of the rights and privi-

leges women in other lands hope to gain with political freedom. Unmarried women with property have the right to vote at municipal and school board elections throughout the Dominion. This small end of the wedge will, when driven home a little farther, give them an adequate voice in the two fields where their largest civic interests are at stake, the public house-keeping and housecleaning of their immediate neighbourhood and the education of their children. In all the Provinces but Quebec women enjoy full rights of property and inheritance together with legal and social equality. The law protects a woman the same as a man, and in case of wrongdoing seems almost inclined to be more lenient towards her. Our marriage and divorce laws do not discriminate in favour of men. Women have free access to higher education at our universities, and with the exception of the ministry and the bar they are almost as unhampered in choosing a career as their brothers.

From the beginning sentiment and purely personal reasons have been obstacles in Canada. To plead for woman suffrage, especially by ladies of leisure, until quite recently, has been considered bad form. It has been hopelessly unfashionable; indeed, its early advocates, much to the detriment of their cause, were inclined to err in the other extreme of rather freakish and masculine tastes in dress and manner. It lacked attractiveness for the leisure class and the other class lacked the leisure to consider it. An English lady writing recently on "Feminism and Education," says: "To a vast number of women a little housework, intelligently done, would be an incalculable boon." Canadian women, high and low, rich and poor, have always had this inestimable privilege. May be part of the price we have paid for it is a too individualistic conception of our life and work. In a land where thousands of new homes are founded monthly, and families, new and old, are all intensely



on the make, political and civic interests do not loom large on the horizon of the majority. However, one of the planks in the platform of the National Council of Women at present is to gain for women equal rights with men to hold homesteads in the West. No matter how wrapped up we are in our private work and prosperity a time comes when we realise we must be alive to the problems pressing on us from without.

Theoretically Canadian women believe this and vaguely desire the suffrage to remedy such things, but their practical need is somehow not crying enough to make their demands imperative. The Canadian Suffrage Association has issued a statement that it represents through the National Council of Women and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, over one million Canadian women who desire the franchise. In the majority of members, however, this desire must be quiescent or the requests for such modest extensions of the franchise as have been so peremptorily denied this winter at Fredericton, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Victoria, would have created throughout the country more disappointed stir and effort.

Canadian backwardness may also be traced to other sources. Leaders for such a movement are from the size and geography of our country inevitably isolated and far apart. It would have been hard for the two or three at Fredericton to uphold the hands of their Winnipeg sisters, or for them in return to extend their friendship and stretch their enthusiasm to Victoria. A couple of inspiring emissaries at times of special rally is the utmost of intercourse and good fellowship that may be enjoyed. But every year lessens this difficulty; as our cities grow and our country is filled, centres of propaganda widen and multiply so that very soon hands may be clasped between them and the warming contagion transmitted directly from one to another.

But with the growing facilities for

propaganda, the economic necessity for political power will also grow. The larger our cities and the denser and more evenly balanced our population the greater will be the proportion of our women who must be self-supporting. Just as their sisters to-day feel themselves unjustly discriminated against by the homestead laws so they will discover, with each step forward in industrial and commercial life, new fetters and difficulties which, if not to be entirely solved by a vote, might at least be helpfully illuminated. Such a question as the desirability for equal wages for men and women doing the same work would come under this head. Besides protecting their own interests women want a vote for the good that they may do. This is for many the most attractive reason. To-day the cause of Prohibition might be cited here as it is probably the strongest factor in gaining supporters for woman suffrage. The question of restricting or prohibiting the sale of intoxicants always makes a strong appeal to women, so the men fighting this campaign usually try to augment their numbers by giving votes to women. But to base our claims for suffrage on the good we shall do is a little risky. We may easily be carried away by the warmth of our passion to paint too idealised pictures of the future which would be a source of disappointment and loss of support when the time and not the full promise matured. It is always well to remember Mrs. Poyser's words: "God Almighty made some of 'em foolish to match the men." All women will not always vote as our ideal woman would. But herein lies one more reason why women should have the right to vote—to make mistakes and to profit by them. The large degree of education and public interest that goes hand in hand with the right to vote may be easily ascertained by talking over some present-day national issue with the mother and daughters and then with the father and sons in any ordinary representative household.



# ARE WE DEVELOPING A SIXTH SENSE?

AN ARTICLE DEALING WITH THE PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SIDES  
OF MENTAL TELEPATHY.

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

IS it really possible for people to transmit thoughts across space without words or signs? Is it really possible for one person to be able to read the mind of another, and is a time coming when the post-office and telegraph will be but memories of the clumsy age before mankind awoke to the tremendous discovery of the sixth sense and each individual commence to operate a "wireless" system peculiarly his own? These questions today are presenting themselves to the minds of many ordinary men who never look at a scientific textbook or bother with experimental psychology.

Significantly, too, one of the most successful of recent dramas, Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour" was concerned throughout in its plot and counterplot with the various phases of telementative phenomena. In the story, Jack Brookfield, a professional gambler of refined tastes, discovers by chance that he possesses telepathic power, and that what he had previously called his luck in anticipating a rival's play is really a gift for mind-reading. Satisfied of the unfair advantage it gives him over his rivals, he renounces his profession, much to the disgust of a certain Kentucky colonel who shakes his head doubtfully and makes the sage remark, "To think that God Al-

mighty gives a man a gift like that, and he refuses to make use of it." But Brookfield does make good use of his gift after all. By it he is enabled to explain the strange mania which had driven young Clay Whipple to kill a man who haunted a cat's eye pin in his face. He not only secures the acquittal of the boy, but cures him of his strange antipathy. Incidentally he suggests how many strange manias such as unreasoning fear of the dark, abnormal lack of self-confidence, and other inherited fears and aversions may be cured.

Few writers of fiction who rely on scientific phenomena for a place in their story have showed the close intimacy with their subject that Mr. Thomas shows. This is explained by the fact that Mr. Thomas has been for many years a genuine student of all phenomena related to the dynamic side of thought. Twenty years ago he foresaw the possibilities of a play on this theme, and — as a one-act playlet—he wrote "The Witching Hour" for the late J. H. Stoddart and Mrs. Agnes Booth. The play was not produced, because the author was fearful that the public would not understand it. Its appearance and success so many years later shows, as Mr. Thomas himself has said: "the



awakening and growth of interest in those themes which the play exploits." The original playlet, for the benefit of the curious be it said, now forms the second act of the play.

One of the things which the newly awakened interest in psychic phenomena has made reasonably clear is that lucky gamblers and every man or woman who wins a place of leadership among his or her fellows, possess in degree, either consciously or unconsciously, the faculty of telementation.\* To be sure it is never called by so technical a term. Usually it is referred to as "insight into men's characters," "ability to anticipate events," "personal magnetism," etc. Invariably the possessor is conscious of his authority over others, and sometimes appears to be awed by the mystery of it.

"It is Destiny," said Napoleon, as he beheld his wonderful authority over men and empires.

"It is God who is with me," is the explanation advanced by at least one pious American plutocrat.

Yet the fact appears that moral worth does not enter into the matter at all. The blustering, graft-hunting political boss, equally with a gentle Saint Francis receives the gift, and each equally according to his light misunderstands it. Nor does academic culture seem to be any more a *sine qua non* than moral worth, for the majority of the men and women who display marked psychic gifts come from the ranks of the academically uncultured.

But an even more startling fact has been uncovered. Telementation which at first had been thought a new power in the world is seen to be as old as the world itself. It is inchoate in the lowest organisms, and is the law among inorganic atoms. Instead of being peculiarly the flower and crown

of the human mind's most noble endeavour, this mysterious quality of mind-power is seen to be more elementary than consciousness. Tiny forms from the slime of the ocean bed, mere drops of glue, cells without a nucleus, so low in the scale of life as to be devoid of rudimentary sense-organs, by the operation of this power are made aware of the approach of other creatures and of the location of food. Without any organs of motion they are able to glide from place to place at will, and apparently by the force of pure will.

Plants similarly exhibit a knowledge of what is happening across space, as is shown in many experiments similar to that of the school-boy's trick in placing a pencil a few inches away from the stem of a *cobaeas scandens* or other creeping vine. The speed and skill with which the plant will send out a tendril and twine round the pencil while not an example of telementation, shows mind-power actively at work where we have ground for believing that consciousness has not arrived.

Some experiments with ants suggest that these tiny creatures may be able to teach more than the sluggard. A cage containing female ants was deposited inside a barn, fifteen-inch stone walls separating the cage from the place where the male ants were let loose outside. The male ants at once attacked the mortar joints in the stonework. The cage was then removed to another portion of the barn. The ant army at once moved away till it came to a spot opposite to where the cage was placed. So often as the cage was moved, so often did the energetic band on the outside of the stonework move also. To say that the wonderful sex-call which could penetrate through stone walls is an example of "instinct" is not help-

\*I have used the word telementation in preference to the word telepathy because the latter is open to objection on etymological grounds. It is used in the sense of "mental activity at a distance," from the Greek *tele*, meaning "far off," and the Latin, *mentis*, "the mind." The word was, I believe, first used by Mr. William Walker in his "Law of Dynamic Mentation."



ful. The "instinct" is an example of mind-power operating through space and through solid matter, finally registering itself as a specific message on the brain of the ant army.

The well-known phenomenon of a flock of birds or a shoal of fish turning instantly and abruptly as if in obedience to a common impulse is as full of interest to us as the study of a political caucus at nomination time, or a crowd of French race-track spectators suddenly smitten with the riot fever must be to the birds if they happen to be interested in the study of telementation.

Mental fascination is practised also among the animals and reptiles, in the former principally for the all-compelling purposes of sex, and in the latter for the not less compelling appetite for food. Judging from the descriptions given by persons who have come within the charm of a snake's fascination the mode and sensation is not unlike that method of fascination for hypnosis practised in some of the famous clinics of Europe. A typical case is that of a man walking in his garden coming face to face unexpectedly with a snake, whose eyes gleamed in a peculiar manner. As he looked, the reptile's eyes seemed to grow till he could think of nothing else. Then they changed into seas of glorious colour which riveted his attention and made his feel dizzy. At this moment his wife arrived and threw her arms around him breaking the spell. There are many similar cases on record, and they suggest something of what happens to the luckless bird or rabbit which falls within the serpent's spell.

This mysterious quality of telementative power is not denied the human race, though it is largely the monopoly of Eastern races. By its aid, the Hindu magicians perform those wonderful feats which mystify the Western mind and defy all the laws of Nature. The unhypnotisable camera reveals nothing at these wonder-producing entertainments but the magi-

cian sitting down at one side of the circle with an amused grin on his face. In this connection a curious circumstance has been noted by an educated observer imbued with the scientific spirit. During the performance of the rope-disappearing feat (in which a rope is thrown up into the air, and the magician's assistant climbs upwards out of sight into the clouds, returning by the same route a few minutes later) and other tricks, he noted that if he stepped back out of the crowd for a few steps he could see nothing but the magician, all the magical happenings completely disappearing, and only returning to view when he rejoined the crowd. A similar result was reached when he stepped forward inside the circle of observers, leading him to the conclusion that the mental powers of illusionment put to use by the magician were only potent within the inner and outer edges of the ring, and that the potency was probably assisted by the contagion of the other minds.

Among the Hindus this power comes only as the reward of many years of effort. The magician starts as a youth to practice visualisation. He uses his will in an effort to form a clear and distinct mental impression of simple objects. How rare this seemingly ordinary feat is can be gauged by the difficulty which besets most of us when we attempt to draw from memory a simple object of every day use—the paternal on your breakfast saucer, or the pattern of the check suit in your wardrobe. We cannot draw them because we cannot visualise them. Few persons can by a mental effort obtain a clearly defined presentment of their friends. Some portrait painters have the gift which no doubt aids them in their work considerably. The magicians by years of practice develop their imagination and will so that they can visualise the sights they show in their feats, and then project these mental images upon the minds of their audiences. Their feats are examples



of induced imagination, highly manifested, and they supply some of the strongest evidences for the theory that mankind has lying dormant within itself powers of the most tremendous potentiality.

For the reasons indicated it is only to be expected that the most wonderful stories of telementation should come from India. Unfortunately these suffer from the disability of being incapable of easy investigation, and to treat the phenomena of telementation in any but a strictly scientific spirit would not be wise. No phenomenon should be accepted without strict and impartial investigation as to its verity, and no super-sensual explanation should be permitted where a rational explanation is at all possible.

Fortunately the records of the Society for Psychical Research and other reliable and critical sources contain many well-authenticated instances of telementation occurring in England and America, while many families can supply stories which are pertinent enough to deserve investigation. In the writer's own family, in the cases of my grandfather, father and elder brother, all of whom met unexpected and unnatural deaths abroad, their deaths were intimated at the time to other members of the family long before the news arrived by the ordinary channels.

In the case of my grandfather, a major in the Wiltshire Regiment, who while still a young man met sudden death in action at the taking of Sebastopol. His young wife was awakened early in the dark morning by the spectacle of her husband in his uniform pulling aside the curtains of the old-fashioned four-poster bedstead in which she slept. He looked at her with great yearning in his look for a moment, held out his arms as if in farewell, saying "Good-bye, Lizzie," and then faded from view. The spectacle was so real and convincing that the young woman wakened up my mother, then a child of

seven years, and told her she was fatherless. Together they spent the remainder of the night in mourning. Two weeks later the despatches arrived telling of my grandfather's death. When the campaign was over and his brother officers returned with fuller particulars of his death, my grandmother learned that her husband had expired at approximately the very time he had appeared before her, and that he had died with her name on his lips. At the time of the occurrence she had no fears but that her husband would return safely, for in his letters he had purposely made light of the risks of war, and no intimation had been received in England of the proposed storming of the fortress. The incident made a vivid and lasting impression on my grandmother's mind. Half a century after, when she had grown into a venerable old dame, she would recount with great emotion the events of that night.

In the case of my father's death—he was a sea-captain, his vessel the *S.S. Marie*, foundering with all hands off the Cornish coast in March, 1893—my mother and elder sister both dreamed of his loss on the night of the disaster, though the first news did not reach home till two days later. In the case of my brother, who died in a South African hospital during the War, my mother and sister again simultaneously dreamed of his death, but the arrival of several Christmas presents and a cheerful letter from him during breakfast next morning while the dreams were being discussed gravely, resulted in the family laughter putting the dreams and the dreamers quite out of court. But events showed that the dreamers were correct. Two weeks later a letter from my brother's comrades arrived telling of his death fifteen days before.

It is unfortunate that the three examples quoted are all concerned with the coming of death, for it quite unjustly tends to invest telementation with a portent which is not deserved.



Telementation demands among other things a supreme effort of will-power, and it merely happens that many persons accidentally discover this power in their dying moments in a supreme effort to communicate with loved ones who are far away. The same results might have been obtained had the same amount of will-power and mental effort been exerted during health for some cheerful purpose.

Anyone may demonstrate the power of telementation in a minor degree by focusing the mind upon some stranger in the street or place of congregation and willing that he turn round. The uneasiness some people evince without knowing the cause is something more than amusing at times. A very desirable place to practise in is a departmental store where the clerks are either very busy or very dilatory. Try fastening your mind-power upon one of the clerks, and be surprised at the result.

In looking at the person focus the eyes at a point beyond, so that you get the impression that you are gazing through him or her. By an accommodation of the eye this gaze is less tiring than the ordinary gaze, and for some unexplained reason is much more powerful for telementative purposes. Having got your subject within the range of your focus then give the mental command. The operator must "so force his soul to his own conceits," as Hamlet phrases it, that he can anticipate the subject's response with a mental picture of him obeying the command. The successful operator can feel the struggle and knows when the subject will obey, while the unsuspecting subject is at a loss to explain he obeys.

But, it may be asked, what has science to say about this? Has any reasonable theory or explanation been advanced in respect to telementation? There is a widely accepted theory that telementation is propagated by brain waves, or as Sir Wm. Crookes has phrased it, by "ether-

waves of smaller amplitude and greater frequency than those which carry X-rays." Such waves are supposed to be sent out by the vibrational activity of certain minds and when received by other minds set up an excitation or image similar to that in the mind of the sender. Indeed the belief is something more than a theory since Charcot, Janet and others have asserted that "the existence of an aura of spirit-force surrounding the body like an atmosphere, in some cases at all events, can be proved as a physical fact."

All force has been demonstrated to be manifestations of ether vibrating at widely different velocities. The voice of the nightingale sending out vibrations registerable on the drum of the human ear: the electrical energy drawn from the tumbling "white coal" of Niagara, which lights whole cities and drives thousands of factory wheels; the inconceivably rapid vibrations which are registerable as light and colour on the eye's retina; higher still the vibrations of the X-ray which penetrates through solid matter unhindered; still higher in the scale of vibrational activity the wonderful N-ray and the radio-activities of radium—all are strange and varied manifestations of that elusive, immaterial super-physical postulate of modern science, ether.

"The limits of our spectrum," said the late F. W. H. Myers, "do not inhere in the sun that shines, but in the eye that marks his shining." May it not be that the fragments which men are patiently gathering and examining to-day in their efforts to find out the laws of telementation, are evidences also of the unquenchable force of evolution. May not mankind's next great significant step attend the discovery of the sixth sense? That mankind has a potential sixth sense which now shows signs of bursting into life many of the calmest, sanest and most comprehensive of the world's thinkers now believe.





A STUDY IN MAUVE

From the Painting by Dorothy Stevens. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE FIRING ON THE FLANK

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

THE staccato notes of the "Halt" came from the centre of the column, and the swirling clouds of light gray dust died down, as with the crashing of rifle-butts and champing of bits the long line of panting infantrymen and sweating battery horses came to rest.

A sharp command or two, and the men with delighted oaths threw themselves on the grassy roadside, while the guns, tottering forward, clumped and clanked into the ditch and up the far side into the commons.

From up wind came the tantalising odours of the field-kitchens, and the men smacked their lips in anticipation or crammed gingerly loads of man's greatest consolation into well-blackened pipes as with quip and jest they commented on the morning's fight.

The manoeuvres were at an end. The old bill had been attacked and defended in the same way it had been every Thanksgiving Day for years, and the staff were still just as puzzled to decide whether the Red or the Blue force was victorious. The verdict would undoubtedly be the old one: "The O. C. Brigade desires to express his satisfaction with the way in which both sides carried out their duties."

This, while very nice on an official report, would hardly satisfy the readers of the afternoon papers, so I sought out my old friend Peterson to hear his view of the affair. A sham fight is necessarily scattered, but

knowing Peterson as I did, I felt if anything unusual had occurred he would have seen or been mixed up in it.

I found him stretched leisurely in the shade of a bush, imploring heaven or anyone else to supply a match. I supplied the missing article and commented on an old soldier's helplessness in such matters as outfitting himself. Al snorted.

"I knew a chap like you," he said, "who used to wear twelve yards of quarter-inch manilla for a belt in case of fire, he ended up by hanging himself, so the rope came in useful after all. We had a chap like that with us in the Mounted Rifles. Used to carry a whole outfit, in case he got lost. He wound up by getting shot in the back from the window of a harmless-looking farm-house."

"What made me change into the infantry? Well, I just concluded that this prancing charger business was all right in time of peace, but any fight that I can't walk into on my own two feet I don't care to be in.

"Why, out there they thought more of a horse than a man. Our own officers weren't so bad, but those English Johnnies! I remember one day we were broiling out on the veldt for two hours without a speck of cover. A hundred yards or so back a ridge sheltered our mounts. One of our majors complained to a staff officer. He replied: 'Your horses are under cover. What more do you blasted colonials want?' I could see the



colour rising in our major's neck. 'But my men,' he objected. 'The h—l with your men, we can get lots of them.'

"Our chap looked at him and then worked his way back into the line with us and told us about it, and just before he was knocked over himself, he said, 'Don't blame me, boys.'

"One or two of us swore we would get that chap, but he was shifted to another brigade and saved us the trouble. That was the last heavy engagement we were in, the only one counting for a clasp.

"The rest of our campaign was police work, chasing up a bunch of rebels, destroying their arms and paroling them. In those days a week's growth of beard saved many a man, for if we suspected a man of taking up arms again, and had any reasonable proof, he got short shrift.

"Pretty rough justice, you think? Well, I don't know. We always gave the man the benefit of the doubt, and we had to do something or they would have all been shooting us in the backs. Besides, War is war, and I never heard of anyone playing it with gloves on.

"Hoffman was one of that type himself, although he was too cute for us to catch him. He had been paroled once, and we suspected he was mixed up in more than one of these little affairs, but could not prove it. Whenever we rode up to his shack we would always find him sitting there with his long clay pipe thrust in his tangled and filthy beard. He was young, though, in spite of the beard, and had a young wife. She was good-looking, too, which is something most of the Dutch women aren't, and she smiled on Jimmy Phelan, and that's what started the trouble.

"When we were trying to get information out of Hoffman at the stoop, Jimmy would be around by the oven buying bread. Four bobs a loaf, she used to charge for it, and we were glad to get it at that. Jimmy

was one of these rollicking lads that couldn't keep his eyes off a good-looking girl if he tried. Homesick, too, he used to drift around there a good bit oftener than was healthy, but there was no use warning him.

"I think he takes the whip to her,' he said one day.

"Who?' I asked, as though I didn't know.

"Hoffman,' he says through his teeth.

"She's his wife,' said I.

"She's a woman,' said he. And I saw he was past arguing with.

"Then one day, when talking to Hoffman, he suddenly led the way to the back of the house. I caught the sergeant's eye as I followed in the rear of him, and I knew we both prayed that Jimmy would not be there. As we opened the door, I saw the two. She was standing with her back to the table, her head tilted back and her eyes half shut, and poor foolish Jimmy was looking down into those same deceitful eyes.

"But when she saw Hoffman's figure with us, she struck the lad savagely across the face, and dropping her hands, she clutched the table behind her and her whole face showed hatred. The change might have deceived the Boer, but we had seen her wearing her demon smile.

"The lad's face blanched slightly as he read his fate in the man's expressionless face, and he stooping and raising the child that had been playing at his feet, and setting it on the table and then mechanically crossing the room.

"So we finished our business with Hoffman and rode away, not saying a word. And as we rode a rifle cracked from the farm-house, and Phelan paid for his stolen kiss. Then we rode back after Hoffman. He came without a fight, and in half an hour he had followed Phelan.

"I used to wonder what it must be like to be in a firing squad, and I used to think if it ever fell to my lot I would palm off the cartridge or aim



high or try in some way to shift the responsibility on someone else. But did I? There was not one of us but thought of Jimmy as we felt the stocks burning against our cheeks; and when we rolled the body over the ace of spades would have covered all six bullets. That is the kind of campaigning we had, and they call that war!"

Peterson paused and glanced down at his pipe. Instinctively my eyes followed his. Now Peterson is a habitual smoker, and in all the years I have known him I have only seen this happen twice—his pipe had gone out.

He laughed nervously, like one caught doing something of which he was ashamed, and proceeded to scrape out the old dottle. I ignored the action and asked what became of the woman.

"That's you every time," he muttered. "Always asking about the end of a story before I'm finished telling it. How do I know what happened to her? We didn't want anything more to do with her, did we? She might have married some other Boer and been sjamboked to death for making sheep's-eyes at some other young chap like Phelan. But she didn't.

"She stayed there on the farm with a couple of Kaffirs, and except for the two little mounds, the one outlined with bits of exploded shell and spent cartridges where Phelan slept, the other unmarked at all, the whole affair might never have occurred. We had reached that stage where the loss of another comrade was marked down as a casualty, and, except by the men of his own section, forgotten in a few days.

"However, we were glad to be moved up country a few weeks later in search of more rebels. It was early dawn when we trotted across the veldt, the sergeant and I, as part of the vanguard. We were right on the beaten path towards the little clump of bush where Jimmy's body lay and

where he had so often picketed his horse. The sergeant had dropped back, and we were riding thigh to thigh, when suddenly he clutched my sleeve. It was the woman, hair loose and flying, as disturbed suddenly by the rattle of the hoofs on the stones she rose from one of the graves. And then she started to speak, calling down eternal judgment on our heads.

"It was awful. The sergeant sat as though dazed until she had finished, and then we swung into the trail and down into the dried water-course and up the other side. And as we rode he muttered: 'Crazy, clean crazy,' as though trying to convince himself. That memory haunted us for days, for a woman's curses are not easily forgotten.

"Inside three days we were coming back that same trail for the last time, and as we neared the spot the same feeling came over us again as when we had sat there listening to the woman, mad or not as she might have been, when the flat crack of a rifle broke the silence. We tumbled out of our saddles, Hogan, the sergeant, clutching at his breast and spitting scarlet froth. 'Remember Phelan,' he muttered thickly as I passed him, and another bullet kicked up the dust beside us. I fired two shots at a clump of rock, got my range and settled down to await events. From the rear, the pom-pom galloped forward and took up a position across the water-course. Again the rifle spoke, and the gun dropped a shell or two into Hoffman's house. Then I saw an arm near another rock, and again I fired. And thus we lay for the best part of an hour. The marksman, there was evidently but one, answered our fire, shot for shot, but never exposed his person. Meanwhile the staff was fuming and demanding why the advance was held up. The pom-pom trotted closer and began to rake up the ground here and there. Then a lucky shot threw up the earth around the rock at which I was firing, and as I gazed



along the sights I saw the man rise and deliberately show himself. My finger curled around the trigger, but as I watched my chance a rifle on my left cracked. The figure outlined against the skyline collapsed, and the head falling back drew the shirt tight across the chest, revealing the sickening fact that it was a woman."

Peterson paused as if he expected me to explain the whole story, and then, since I said nothing, he inquir-

ed: "What do you think of it?"

I countered with another question.

"Whose grave did you say you saw that woman on?"

He smiled as he answered:

"I knew you'd ask that. It was Phelan's."

And then he crowded his pipe hurriedly into his pocket, but not before I had glanced down and noticed that again it had gone out.

## JUNE

By EWYN BRUCE MACKINNON

TO-NIGHT the stars breathe but the one soft word,  
 And my heart is full of the warm meaning moon,  
 As to her arms is lured  
 The dancing silver-spangled sea;  
 All, all is love in harmony,  
 For this is June.

Yes, this is June, my love, of all the year  
 The month that lingers most and goes too soon;  
 For now thou seem'st more near.  
 The roses decked you for my bride,  
 And roses strewed you when you died—  
 And this is June!





# THE CROSSING

BY W. H. OGILVIE

MORE than forty years ago, when bridges were not so numerous on Australian rivers as they are today, most of the stock-routes which led from the north crossed the Murray River independently, wherever the banks were sound and not too steep and the river-bed was clear of snags and quicksands. At a crossing place such as this lived Barney Allen, well-known to all the drovers who brought cattle to Melbourne by that particular route. Barney's modest hut stood on the Victorian side of the river, half-hidden in the tall gum timber, and Barney made a living by assisting the drovers to cross their stock by swimming. He was practically amphibian. A strong and resolute swimmer, he had grown to accept the rushing waters of the Murray as his home. With a couple of clever horses which swam as well as he did himself, he made himself simply indispensable to the drovers, many of whom were but poor hands in the water, and were apt to lose their heads when the river ran strongly and the frightened cattle began to bellow and circle, and refused to make a straight course from bank to bank. Then it was that Barney, swimming out on his famous gray horse, or scarcely less famous brown mare, straightened up the swerving irresolute leaders and drove them to the landing place in spite of themselves.

Reckless, gallant, cheery, and a master in his own particular class of work, Barney was one of the most

popular figures between Melbourne and the Gulf Country, and was the friend of every drover on the road. He had a wife and one child, and one night when the wind was roaring down the Murray flats and the river was thundering past the hut in tawny tossing flood his wife died and left him with a little five-year-old girl to cherish and work for. Allen reverently buried his help-mate on the low sandhill, fenced her grave with a square of white railing, and went back to his work; and Lassie, the baby girl, planted bush flowers on the grave, and cried bitterly — and forgot.

As the slow Bush seasons came and passed these two became wholly sufficient to each other. Lassie kept the little hut tidy and clean for her father, cooked his meals for him, and rode bare-backed to the nearest township for provisions when her father was busily employed with the cattle at the river.

With plenty of time and opportunity for practice the girl became an expert swimmer, and thoroughly at home in the water with or without a horse. Even before her mother died she had crossed the river on a swimming horse in the crook of her father's arm, and at seven years of age she could cross alone on either of the horses and guide the cattle to the water.

Before she was twelve she had become indispensable to her father as assistant and understudy as well as in the capacity of housekeeper and cook.



Intrepid, clear-headed and alert, and sitting astride upon her bare-necked horse she swam the river with the crossing mobs and guided one wing of the cattle while her father looked after the other. She was the apple of his eye, his pride and admiration, and eagerly he drank in every word of praise which the drovers bestowed upon her. She was a merry, light-hearted little witch, beloved of all who knew her, content with her humble employment, and unstirred by any desire for the great unknown life that lay behind the purple fringe of the mallee.

It was Leonard Murray, the Rockhampton drover, who broke up at last the idyllic, careless, boyish existence which had been thrust upon her by circumstance and environment. Murray was a married man with a wife and two grown-up daughters in Rockhampton. He earned good money in his profession, lived in a large house in the suburbs, and had his girls educated at one of the best schools in the city. He talked to Barney one day at the river-side, as the last steer of two thousand crept dripping up the paddled bank and trailed away across the sandhill. "You should send that girl to school, Barney—she's getting too big for this game now. You can well afford it. It's only fair to the woman she will be. A handsome girl and a good one. Send her to school."

"Oh! I can afford it right enough," said Allen, "and I know she oughten be wastin' her time like this, up here; but, bless yer heart, Len, I couldn't *never* live here without her. Yer see ever since her mother died she and me's never been parted. If she went to school for a year or two she'd maybe forget her old daddy and then it would never be the same again for me. It would break her heart, too, leaving the horses and the swmimin' and the river an' all. Come here, Lassie, my girl!"

The strangely garbed little figure, seated on a dead log, rose and came

towards them. The wide blue dungaree trousers, wet and clinging, outlined the delicate roundness of the limbs. The face was piquant, pretty, and mischievous. The long hair was coiled tightly and pinned to a blue handkerchief tied round the brows turban fashion. The loose white shirt clung closely to wrist and arm and bosom. Already, seen thus at infinite disadvantage, there loomed in this childish figure the possibilities of a rich and glorious womanhood. She stood in front of the men without a trace of shyness, legs apart, hands clasped behind her on the bridle rein of the old gray horse. "Would you like to go to school in Sydney, Lass?" asked her father.

She pouted prettily. "And leave *you*, Dad? And old Flying Fish, and Wild Duck? And the clashing horns when the cattle crowd, and the rush of the water when the river's big, and the sunsets, and the white cranes and—no, no, Daddy, I'd rather stay here with you!"

"You're a young woman, now, Lassie," said Murray kindly, "you can't run about like a boy all your life. You must learn to dance and play the piano and do fancy needlework and be a lady like the rest of them. Then you'll meet some nice young Sydney fellow and get married."

The girl laughed merrily, "I'm happy here with Dad," she said simply, "I can read and write and cook and bake and darn and swim and ride. I'm all the lady I want to be." A faint note of yearning crept into her last words, and Murray, quick in his knowledge of human nature, detected it, and was glad.

Barney, less sensitive, heard only the sentiments expressed. "She don't care for them things," he said.

But Murray's interest was awakened, and it was mainly through his efforts, and on account of his having won the girl's confidence and given her some good advice, that she allowed herself to be sent away shortly



afterwards to a boarding-school in the capital, and Barney piloted the mobs alone.

Those were dreary days in the little hut on the sandhill. At first he could hardly bear the separation, but, as the days went by, and the autumn brought it's usual busy period, Allen found peace in hard work and in the satisfaction of a voluntary martyrdom in the interests of his daughter. Letters came to him from Sydney, long letters at first full of homesickness and weariness, detailing hatred of the city and the people and the school and the dull and deadly routine of it all. Then came letters that showed a waking interest in the new life, letters describing dances and picnics and moonlit trips across the harbour; then letters reticent, distant, district; letters strangely out of touch with the old life; letters that forgot to ask about the floods and the horses, and the river steamers and the drovers.

Three years went by, and the time of her exile was fulfilled, and still Lassie lingered in Sydney. She could get work, she said, in the city. She told of many situations that had been offered to her; and expressed a fear that she could never settle in the Bush again. And always there were requests for money, money, money. Allen was fairly well off for a man in his position. For many years he had been able to save something from the money he made at the river, but this constant strain was telling on his bank account. At last he was obliged to shorten the supplies, and at last the daughter whom he had not seen for three and a half years agreed to return to the hut by the Murray. Allen was delighted. He went whistling about the place like a boy, set the hut in apple-pie order—he was always a tidy man—and made ready with loving care the little bedroom with its humble fittings and lined log walls. He gave the pots and pans a special cleaning and spent hours in polishing the snaffle bit on the bridle

which had always been Lassie's particular property. His was a secret that his favourites, the horses, must share.

"Lassie's coming home on Monday," he whispered into the gray ear of Flying Fish as he swam him over to meet Jim Mutrie with his two thousand steers from the Warrego, "Lassie's coming back," and the old horse as he heard the words seemed to put fresh power into his shoulders as he buffeted the brown water and blew through his great red nostrils, forging onward to the northern bank.

On the appointed day Allen borrowed a waggonette from his nearest neighbour, Hamilton the selector, and drove into Albury to meet his daughter. When the Sydney train drew up alongside the platform he searched the windows in vain for a glimpse of Lassie. The people began to alight, and he scanned wistfully each female figure with a great sorrow of disappointment gripping at his heart. In the horde of well-dressed travellers he failed to find the girl whom he sought. While he paused irresolute, and the hurrying, chattering throng swept past him, a tall, good-looking, but rather flashily dressed young woman tapped him on the shoulder with a sudden "Hulloa, Dad!" He turned and saw his daughter. Those three and a half years had changed her out of all knowledge. Certainly it was Lassie, and yet—and yet!—

"My girl!" was all he could say, as he threw his strong arm round her.

"Don't, Dad; don't crush my frock—your hands are so dirty, too!"

A couple of girls, passing, sniggered and looked back over their shoulders, and, suddenly ashamed, the bushman looked down at his rough red hands, innocent of cuffs, engrained with the dark contact of the river mud, and freshly smudged now with the black grease of the harness. For many months he had dreamed of this meeting, his loyal heart beating in anticipation to the thrill of its coming rapture, and now the hour had come



and had brought some strange sense of disappointment. It was his Lassie, grown to splendid womanhood, but somehow different from the witching, happy girl he had loved and lost.

"My word, you're a swell now, Lass, in your fine clothes," he said, rather shamefacedly; "yer wouldn't have minded a streak o' black on yer blue dungarees once on a time. Well, well, never mind! Where's yer bag?"

"Bag!" she said scornfully, "I've two boxes and a hat box and a dressing case in the van. O, do let go my hand. It looks so silly!" She swung away from him, and challenged boldly with her eyes a broad shouldered young fellow who was standing near, watching her with unconcealed admiration.

Allen walked unsteadily towards the van, where people were claiming their luggage. Realising it as yet but dimly, he was, nevertheless, stricken to the heart. Busying himself with the luggage and strapping it securely on the back of the waggonette, he soon grew more cheery, and helping his daughter up to the high front seat—she would have made light of the effort in the olden days—he sprang up beside her, and soon the sturdy Bush horses had drawn them through the town and were tossing up the gray dust in clouds upon the river road.

"Now, tell me all about what yer bin doin', Lass! I've been longin' and longin' to see yer, till I thought I could bear it no longer and I'd have to come down and fetch yer home. Old Flying Fish 'll just go off his head wi' joy when he gets you aboard again. Burnett's gived notice fer tomorrow—fifteen hunder' fats—and the river's big. I've got the old togs out an' aired 'em fer yer. He glanced with a smile at her dainty city clothes. "Yer'll be spoilin', fer a swim agen, eh! Lass?"

She looked across to where a glimpse of brown betrayed the old river surging down bank high beyond the

gum-trees on their right. "Ugh, how I hate it all," she said, "the dust and the dead gum leaves and the rotten dying sheep and the blistering sun and all. I wish I'd never come. Do put the whip on those crawling brutes and let's get on into the timber!"

"Crawling brutes? Why, Lassie, woman, that's the best horse on the Murray River," he said, laying his whip gently on the quarter of the near horse, a long low bay with a swinging earnest step and a bold high-carried head. "Jim Hamilton wouldn't take a hunder' pound for that feller—only lent him to me to-day because it was a sort of special occasion—your coming home, Lassie!"

The girl winced at the word *home*. "You've never put up a decent house yet, I suppose," she said, pouting, "the same old tumble-down, is it?"

"Well, Lassie, it ain't much of a place, certainly," he said slowly, "but I've never wanted no other, nor your mother didn't neither, nor you when we was so happy there together. It'll surely do us two for all we want." He spoke cheerily, but his heart was heavy. How was this dainty, over-dressed girl to live in the poor place that he knew as home. He wished he had mended the broken shutter before he left and nailed a bit of calico over that torn patch near the window—yes, he wished he had thought about that bit of calico.

For miles they drove in silence. The girl would not talk about Sydney nor would she let herself be interested in the river and the horses and the mobs that had lately crossed. She cared nothing about what the neighbours were doing, nor that the Wandarra woolshed had been burnt down, nor that Murray's fine old roan camp horse had been drowned the last time he crossed with cattle. All these things were outside the world in which she now lived, and very sadly her father at last recognised the fact. Hurt and disappointed he relapsed



into a meditative silence. "It's not Lassie — not *my* Lassie, at all," he kept saying over and over to himself with pathetic insistence. He looked down at his rough grimy hands, and wondered if it was he who had changed; grown careless perhaps as he had grown older. And so in the shadows of a bitter disillusionment on both sides Barney Allen brought his daughter home.

He watched her anxiously next morning as, in a long blue wrapper, she toyed with the uninviting chops and damper of the Bush breakfast. "You'll be coming to help me cross the cattle," he suggested rather doubtfully.

"What *do* you take me for?" she asked, with withering scorn. "Don't you see I *hate* your cattle and your drovers and your wretched monotonous life. Dad, I'm going back to Sydney; I can't stay here."

Her father paused with half a chop on his fork, and his jaw fell.

"Your're—going—back—to—Sydney!"

"Yes! I couldn't stop here. Dad, can't you see it's impossible? You don't understand—this life—it's impossible to me—this hut—the desperate loneliness——" She stopped suddenly, for the man's face had grown ashen pale, and he reeled as he stood up. "Do yer mean it?" he asked in a low earnest voice, "ye're going back?"

"Yes! I must go back," she said.

He rose from the table without another word and, taking his bridle from the verandah, went to catch his horse, and over the river came the ringing cee-ee of the drover waiting to have his cattle crossed.

The river was running deep and brown as Allen led old Flying Fish down to the edge of it. Without hesitation he leapt on to the horse, bare-backed, and urged him into the tawny angry tide. On the opposite bank the drover's men, in a group, watched his progress with anxious eyes. The gray horse was caught by the strong-

running tide and carried swiftly down stream but, swimming determinedly with his head lying low on the water, he gradually forged across, and, with his master floating lightly above him with one hand on his mane he eventually landed safely and scrambled up the sloping bank, snorting and tossing his gallant head.

Burnett rode forward from the group. "By heaven, Barney, that's a ripping horse in the water—I never saw anything to beat him yet. She's running big to-day. Can we cross 'em?"

"Sure thing," said Allen, "I've crossed when it was four feet higher, but we'll have to put 'em in above the island to allow for the swing of her, and of course we'll have to watch for trees coming down."

"Right," said the drover, "I don't want to stop on this side if I can help it. We'll put a hundred in first and see how they get on." He sent a couple of his men back to bring up the leading bullocks.

Allen stood by his horse. His shirt and trousers clung to him, and the drip of the water darkened the sand where he stood. He was strangely silent and forbore to laugh and jest as was his wont on these occasions. Now and again he patted the gray horse on the neck or stroked his wet ears. Presently the bullocks came up, big-horned, wild-eyed, ringing and frightened.

"Gently there!" said Burnett, steadying the great nervy creatures down to the water. There they checked and tried to turn, but the little band of men pressed them down the bank, and presently, lowing with a low moaning note, they took the water in a bunch.

Burnett and one of his men swam their horses on the top side of them; Allen, as was his usual custom took the dangerous position on the lower side, and with it the main responsibility and burden of the crossing. With a confidence born of years of practice he set the gray into the wat-



er, and the old horse, well broken to the work, started swimming quietly without fuss or fret. For twenty yards or so the bullocks swam steadily, then the full force of the current caught them; they began to waver and ring round, and try to turn back to land. Allen urged his horse forward and swung the stock whip which he always carried. It would have been a dangerous moment for any man less practiced in his work than Barney Allen, but he knew every move in the game, and so did his horse, and veering upward in the strong current they straightened the leaders and compelled the bunch to swim forward. Presently they seemed to catch sight of the farther shore, and ploughing steadily on with horns clashing and heads low in the water they made straight for the landing place. Behind them the three men floated above their strongly swimming horses, and though carried swiftly down stream seemed in no imminent danger. Allen, looking forward over the gray ears of his favourite horse saw, far off in the gum-trees, the glitter of a white dress. A low groan escaped him and was lost in the thunder of the angry waters. Then a strange thing happened. This man who had crossed many hundreds of thousands of cattle and had swum his horse over the flooded Murray waters times out of number, who

knew every move of his dangerous trade, suddenly seemed to lose his head, dropped his weight upon his horse and pulled like a tyro at the bridle.

The gray plunged and snorted as the current pressed him and he found himself helpless to resist it. Vainly he fought for his head; his master seemed to be suddenly bereft of his senses, he tugged and hauled at the reins; and turned the gray completely round. For a moment there was a whirling struggle with the tide, and then both went under, to re-appear—apart—forty yards farther down.

Burnett's man was the first to land. "Good God!" he cried, as he slipped from his dripping mare, "Barney's gone—what made his horse turn over like that — I never knew that gray horse fail him before."

Burnett splashed past him through the trodden slush of the landing place. "There was nothing wrong with that gray," he said, "it was Allen himself—he pulled him over—I don't know why—but he pulled him over!"

A couple of hundred yards farther down the cruel river flung up on a bank of sand — dead — those two strong swimmers, horse and man; and only the girl in the white dress guessed why Barney Allen had chosen that crossing for his last.





# THE STOLEN RING

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

OUTSIDE Victoria Station a young old lady who had twisted her ankle and was obviously in pain, tried vainly to attract the attention of porter, policeman or cab-driver. She carried a dressing-bag and a sheaf of roses—suggesting the return from a week-end visit, and she used her umbrella for a support to her dragging foot. An attractive woman, though in her forties, with a refined face, dreamy, myopic eyes of limpid blue, dark lashes and brows, a delicate complexion and cloudy grayish hair, the hue of wood-ashes. A gray gauze veil, twisted round her toque, framed the sweet face becomingly; her slim, almost girlish figure showed to advantage in a gray tailor-made dress, a little shabby but of admirable cut.

Miss Rose Arminell showed the indefinable stamp of an unmarried woman who had had a love-tragedy. Sensitive, appealing, strangely sad, childishly innocent, yet with the look in her eyes of having groped in dark places and of having seen shadows of dreadful things, she did not seem fitted to battle with an unsympathetic world. Now, despairing of assistance, she signalled to a shoe-black near by, and, in a gentle voice, asked him to call a four-wheeler. The boy shook his head. For at that moment two young gentlemen in serge suits and straw hats, each with a rose in his button-hole, hurried up, the elder of whom pushed the younger forward and bade the shoe-black clean his boots and look as sharp as possible.

The elder might have been twenty

—a fair, smooth-faced, school-boyish person with a jaunty air; the younger looked about sixteen—a dark lad with a sullen face and slouching yet defiant carriage, but having an indefinable something about him that affected Miss Arminell curiously. She started, blushed, and gave the boy a long searching look as if she were trying to trace a likeness to someone she knew. Then her eyes fell; she looked disappointed, having failed to find what she expected.

It seemed unaccountable that flashing association taking her back nearly twenty years. For the lover of her youth, of whom for an instant the dark youth had reminded her, had been of quite a different type.

The elder of the youths who was the fair one took off his hat to Miss Arminell, and said in a frank school-boy manner:

“Didn’t you want a four-wheeler? I’ll get you one while my friend is having his boots blacked,” and he was off and hailing a cab-driver before Miss Arminell could make any answer.

While the driver he secured was getting down luggage and disputing over the fare, Miss Arminell thanked the young gentleman, and when he asked her if he could see after her luggage, told him she had only her dressing-bag and begged him not to let her detain him.

“Oh, that doesn’t matter. W’ere only just up from Hampshire—came by the same train as you—I saw you getting out and was nearly coming



up to see if I could do anything. Haven't you hurt your foot?" Miss Arminell explained that she had twisted her ankle on her way to the station that morning and that it was just beginning to pain her a little.

"Bad luck!" said the youth. "Please let me put you into the cab. . . . Oh, we're not in any hurry," as she waived aside his offer. "Fact is, an old uncle of mine gave me a cheque for a week's spree in London, and I've brought my friend there to cheer him up a bit. He's failed in an exam, and had a row with his people, and he has got the hump in consequence. We're regular country bumpkins both of us, and he's having a shine put on his boots before going to the Exhibition."

The dark lad with his boot on the shoe-block shot a resentful glance at his friend, "Oh, shut up, will you?"

"All right, old chap," returned the fair one cheerfully and whispered confidentially to Miss Arminell, "I told you he'd got the hump."

Miss Arminell murmured sympathetically that she hoped he'd enjoy himself and forget his trouble; and just then the four-wheeler signalled to them, another cab being in the way.

The young man held out his arm, but she refused it.

"Oh, no, thank you." Then, as he persisted, "But you may take my bag if you like."

He relieved her of the dressing-bag and of the bunch of roses. Leaning heavily on her umbrella Miss Arminell hobbled to the four-wheeler. At the door the youth hesitated and leaning towards her with his hand on the fastening and his eyes fixed on her face, exclaimed impulsively,

"Excuse me, but I'm pretty positive we've met before—don't you remember—at Wray Lodge—a garden party—last summer?"

"I don't know any Wray Lodge. You are mistaken."

"Oh, surely, I couldn't mistake your face. You're Miss Ffolliot?"

"Indeed I am not. My name is Arminell,"

He looked at her amazedly.

"You astonish me. The resemblance is quite extraordinary. Ah! Allow me!" for she put her hand on the door. He helped her into the cab with great care, placing the bag and the flowers on the seat beside her, and asking where he should bid the man drive.

"Near Addison Road Station."

The young man hesitated again and said awkwardly.

"I say, I don't like your going off alone with your foot hurting you—it *does* hurt?"

She admitted the fact with a wan smile.

"Do let me help you home?"

Miss Arminell stiffened. "You're very kind, but I couldn't think of troubling you."

"Honour bright it's no trouble. Fact is, I'm used to looking after a sister who's lame—an accident—her spine, you know—and I can't get over the notion that you're Miss Ffolliot. If you won't let me see you home, mayn't I call to-morrow and ask if you're all right?"

"You are very kind," repeated Miss Arminell; "but I shouldn't dream of troubling you."

"I'd love to come and make sure you're all right. *Do* let me?"

The face was so boyish, the interest so frank that Miss Arminell relaxed, and gave a weak little laugh.

"Well—really! Are you in the habit, may I ask, of making friends with unprotected ladies at railway stations?"

He protested.

"Never did such a thing in my life—But you—seemed as if I knew you—And I thought of my poor sister. Look here, I'd like to tell you—" he proceeded jerkily. "My old dad's a clergyman. He's Rector of Kingswear, near Southampton, Ronald Harrison's my name, and my friend over there—well *his* dad's a bit of a Tartar—Westmacott his is—"



"Westmacott!" Miss Arminell echoed the name. "No, I don't know him."

"You can look my dad up in the clergy list," urged Harrison.

"Oh, I shouldn't think of doubting what you say."

"Then I may call—both of us—tomorrow—just to ask, you know?"

Miss Arminell fairly gave way.

"I can't imagine what pleasure it could be to come and see an old maid in a West Kensington flat," she said, "but if you'd really like to call, come and have tea to-morrow about half-past four."

Harrison thanked her as if she had conferred on him an inestimable favour.

"Right you are! We'll turn up, you may be sure, shan't we, Westmacott?" for the other lad had come up shyly and now responded to the invitation rather sulkily, Miss Arminell thought.

"He's as shy as a rabbit poking out of a warren," said Harrison. "Now don't you scowl, old chap. We'll be there, Miss Arminell—half-past four—59, Grace Court, near Addison Road Station. Thank you, Miss Arminell—All right, cabby."

He flourished his straw hat. The dark lad took off his more quietly. The cab rattled off, and Miss Arminell reflected that she had done an unheard of thing in asking two absolutely strange young men to tea. She excused herself to herself.

"But they're not men—only two lonely country lads. And, besides—" She sighed under her breath, "I can't think what it was in the dark one that reminded me of *him*."

She forgot the increasing pain of her foot during the rest of the drive, thinking of *him*—the man whom, at twenty-two, she was to have married; whom she had adored and who had jilted her, broken her heart and for several years driven her insane.

That was the tragedy of Rose Arminell's life.

He had been an Australian squat-

ter, who had wooed her in England and had gone back on the understanding that she was to come out and marry him a year later. The week before she was to start a cablegram informed her that he had married another woman.

The shock drove her mad. When they let her out of the sanitarium, cured, she was a prematurely aged woman of thirty-one, entirely alone in the world. Since the day that the blow had fallen, she had heard nothing of James Goring.

Miss Arminell's flat was in a block that had no lift and a merely nominal porter. It was quite a pretty doll's house, with a corner bow window, Virginia creeper, a nice view and a few rather valuable odds and ends of furniture and bric-a-brac inherited from her mother. She had a woman in who usually left soon after mid-day dinner, Miss Arminell preparing her own tea and frugal supper. Next day, however, she kept the woman to make and bring in tea, and she also thought it well to invite Miss Ripley from the next block to meet her two visitors.

She sat waiting for them behind the tea-tray, her sprained foot bound up and resting on a footstool; her sweet, elderly face worn after a night of pain. But the doctor had dressed the sprain that morning with soothing lotions, so that it was now comparatively easy. Punctually at four-thirty the young gentlemen appeared, wearing the same serge suits and each with a flower in his button-hole. Both seemed in high spirits. Harrison, the elder, full of boyish fun and prettily solicitous for his hostess, whom he reproached for not letting him come home with her and call the doctor sooner. He made friends at once with Miss Ripley, who observed that only *nice* country lads would see any fun in taking tea with two old maids in a West Kensington flat, at which Harrison laughed uproariously. He showed an immense interest in all the domestic arrangements and seemed to



regard the who proceeding as a delightful joke. Westmacott, the younger boy, laughed and chattered likewise, but Miss Arminell felt that his gaiety was rather forced, and attributed the air of surly defiance and of embarrassment underlying it to shyness and discomfort over his recent failure in his examination. This boy at once attracted and repelled her, and she was again thrilled by that indefinable flash of expression which reminded her of the tragedy of her youth.

Harrison chaffed Westmacott for his country appetite and manners and told absurd stories against themselves of their misadventures at the Exhibition the previous evening. They ate quantities of bread and butter and huge chunks of cake, and not till he had satisfied his hunger did Harrison begin prowling about the room looking at the curios and examining Miss Arminell's Chippendale chairs and settee.

He appeared to know something about such things. His invalid sister, he said, had her room filled with "crocks" and his old dad was always abusing "the mater" for her bargains in old oak and china. The Rectory was just chock full of "pots and pans," he told them, so that even the lumber-room overflowed into jumble sales. He talked on with engaging candour as he moved about inspecting Miss Arminell's little treasures. She had some fine Japanese ivories and bits of *cloisonné* picked up by a seafaring uncle, a quaint old silver clock on the mantel-piece and, almost hidden by the array of roses, two lovely Cosway miniatures of dead Arminell ladies, set in fine old paste which glittered against a faded red velvet background.

"You really ought to have some willow-pattern plates up there," said Harrison, pointing to the empty upper shelf of a three-cornered cabinet. "That's all that's wanted to make it perfect."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Arminell;

"but I haven't any blue plates."

"I'll tell you what," cried the lad eagerly. "When I go back, I'll look over the old blue crocks in our lumber-room and send you half a dozen."

"Indeed, I couldn't think of accepting such a present from a stranger," replied Miss Arminell stiffly.

"Oh, now you *are* unkind!—After I have eaten such a lot of your cake and drunk three cups of your tea, to call me a stranger! I shall make the mater send you her paste-board all the way from Hampshire and pave the way for the plates."

"I should, of course, be charmed to make your mother's acquaintance," said Miss Arminell; "but I beg you will not send the plates, for I should only return them immediately."

Harrison seemed really hurt. He said he felt afraid now to ask if he might look at the view from some of the other windows. He should like to tell his mater all about the flat.

Her view was Miss Arminell's weak point. The dining-room window looked over to the Exhibition grounds, and, on fine days, she could see from her bedroom the towers of the Crystal Palace. Finally she deputed Miss Ripley to act as show-woman to the young men.

Westmacott wanted to remain with his lame hostess, but Harrison spoke to him quite sharply, Miss Ripley thought, bidding him remember his promise not to be a shy duffer and neglect opportunities. Whereat Westmacott gave a queer laugh and followed the two.

He disappeared when they were in the dining-room, and Miss Ripley returning along the passage surprised him standing by the dressing-table in Miss Arminell's bedroom, the door of which was open. He turned with a violent start at her bantering inquiry what he was doing there, said he had mistaken the door, and had stopped to look at the view. Miss Ripley was a trustful and unobservant old maid, yet the thought struck her that it was careless of Miss Arminell



to leave her trinkets about on the dressing-table. A chain, a brooch or two and her rings lay there, and one or two of these Miss Ripley knew were valuable.

She took Westmacott to the drawing-room, where Harrison by the mantel-piece, was now discoursing fluently to Miss Arminell, fingering the roses as he did so, and fidgetting with the vases. He chaffed Westmacott unmercifully when Miss Ripley told how the boy had strayed into Miss Arminell's room; so much so that Westmacott turned crimson and cried out.

"I say, we ought to be going."

"Right you are, old chap! I've been enjoying myself so awfully that I forgot the time. Do you mind your servant calling us a taxi?" he asked Miss Arminell.

They never stopped thanking the ladies while the taxi was being fetched; then hurriedly took their leave, Harrison talking noisily, while they went down, to Miss Ripley, who watched them from the landing.

At the hall door, they flourished their hats and presently the taxi whizzed off, Miss Ripley was recalled to the parlour by a cry of dismay. She found her friend tottering towards the mantel-piece.

"My clock! Oh, they have taken my clock!"

Sure enough the little silver clock was gone; likewise the Cosway miniatures. Miss Arminell swept away the disarranged roses which had covered the theft.

"The ivories?" she exclaimed apprehensively.

The ivories, the bits of *cloisonné*—all had disappeared.

"Stop the thieves!" shrieked Miss Arminell struggling frantically towards the door. Miss Ripley and the charwoman flew downstairs on to the pavement and caught a last glimpse of the taxi turning down a distant street.

"No hope of catching them now," said a policeman who came up at their

cries. "Better go in and see what more is missing before lodging a description of the stolen articles."

Miss Ripley found Miss Arminell at her dressing-table, weeping bitterly.

"My watch has gone and my rings," she wailed. "I meant to put them on and didn't. My mother's diamond and ruby ring, and my name-ring that I value more than all the rest." Her voice broke. "Ruby, opal, sapphire, emerald, for 'Rose'—O—oh!" moaned the poor lady, "I can't bear to lose *that*."

It had been her engagement ring, put away during those dark years at the sanatorium. Afterwards she had no address to which to send it. So she had kept and worn the ring, foolishly fancying that it might attract back to her the man for whom she cherished an undying love.

Miss Arminell sat alone in her parlour the morning after the theft. The worry had set up inflammation in her foot; it ached horribly, and so did her heart.

Someone rang the door-bell. She heard the charwoman answer it and a man's voice ask for her by name.

At the sound of that voice, the poor woman's heart seemed to stop beating. Voices do not change greatly with the years. She heard the charwoman say, "Miss Arminell is in here, sir," and the parlour door was opened and closed again behind a tall, lean man—bronzed, strong featured with a grizzled moustache and frosted hair—a man who looked as if he had worked and thought and suffered, though he was well tailored and prosperous enough so far as outward appearance went.

He advanced a few steps and stood dumbly gazing at Miss Arminell. She rose, clutching the arm of her chair for support. A hoarse sound came from her lips, but she could speak no word; she could only stare at the man as if he were a ghost.

His brown eyes stared, too, into her blue ones, still clear enough to be



the eyes of a young girl—stared with a wild brightness—the wildness of a great longing.

And to her it had truly been death in life. She knew this now. Even when the black curtain of existence in the sanatorium had been lifted, she had lived in a gray twilight as of dimly lighted vaults. And now, in a moment, there had been let in a flood of dazzling daylight. Once again, she felt young, vital, her pulses thrilling anew to her heart's desire.

"My dear, my dear—what can I say? What right have I to speak to you of my love? I can only kneel at your feet and pray to you for forgiveness and mercy."

He was kneeling now, kissing her hands, his lean body quivering with emotion, his gray head bent over her lap. There was something infinitely pathetic in that bent gray head. Miss Arminell stooped and touched with her lips one silvery curl thinning away from the temple, a tender little caress that had been peculiar to herself in the old, sweet days.

He looked up, his eyes wet, his lips twitching in his agitation.

"You—you remember even that?"

"I have never forgotten."

"You did not hate me! Rose. Oh my best beloved—I can't explain. She has been dead two years. It was all a hideous, hopeless tangle—I had compromised her—meaning no harm. Her father forced the situation. But I was never really untrue to you, my dear. Believe that. Weak, but not wholly false. I loved you with all my heart and soul as I loved you in the beginning, as I love you at this moment."

"It is enough. I don't want you to talk of—of what came between. We are together at last," she answered brokenly. And truly, there was no need for further words.

Their arms went round each other; their hearts beat within breasts that touched in a close embrace. The by-gone misery melted away in that long kiss of reunion. The two lost souls

and found their home at last.

At length suddenly releasing her, and rising to his feet he said grimly, "I must tell you of the painful circumstances which brought me here."

She echoed his words bewilderedly. "The painful circumstances—?"

"I came to restore to you part of the property that was stolen from you yesterday and to implore your mercy for one of the criminals—my son."

"Your son!—Ah!" She understood now the flashing likeness. "The younger one—Westmacott—?"

"Ralph Westmacott Goring—to my shame and his. I pray Heaven this may be a lesson he will never forget. He—it is a long story. I need not give details—he has not been a good boy—oh, this is the first time he has committed theft—but he was expelled from school, and it led to great bitterness between us. He ran away, meaning to work his way to America, got into the clutches of a gang of gentlemanly thieves—the fellow he was with is noted for his ingenious methods of getting into flats. He persuaded the boy into doing what he did. Thank God when it was done, Ralph felt so horrified that he came straight to me and made a clean breast of the whole thing. He gave me these, and I have brought them back to you—You will understand that I recognised this ring."

"I do not mind about the rest," she said, "now that I have got this back."

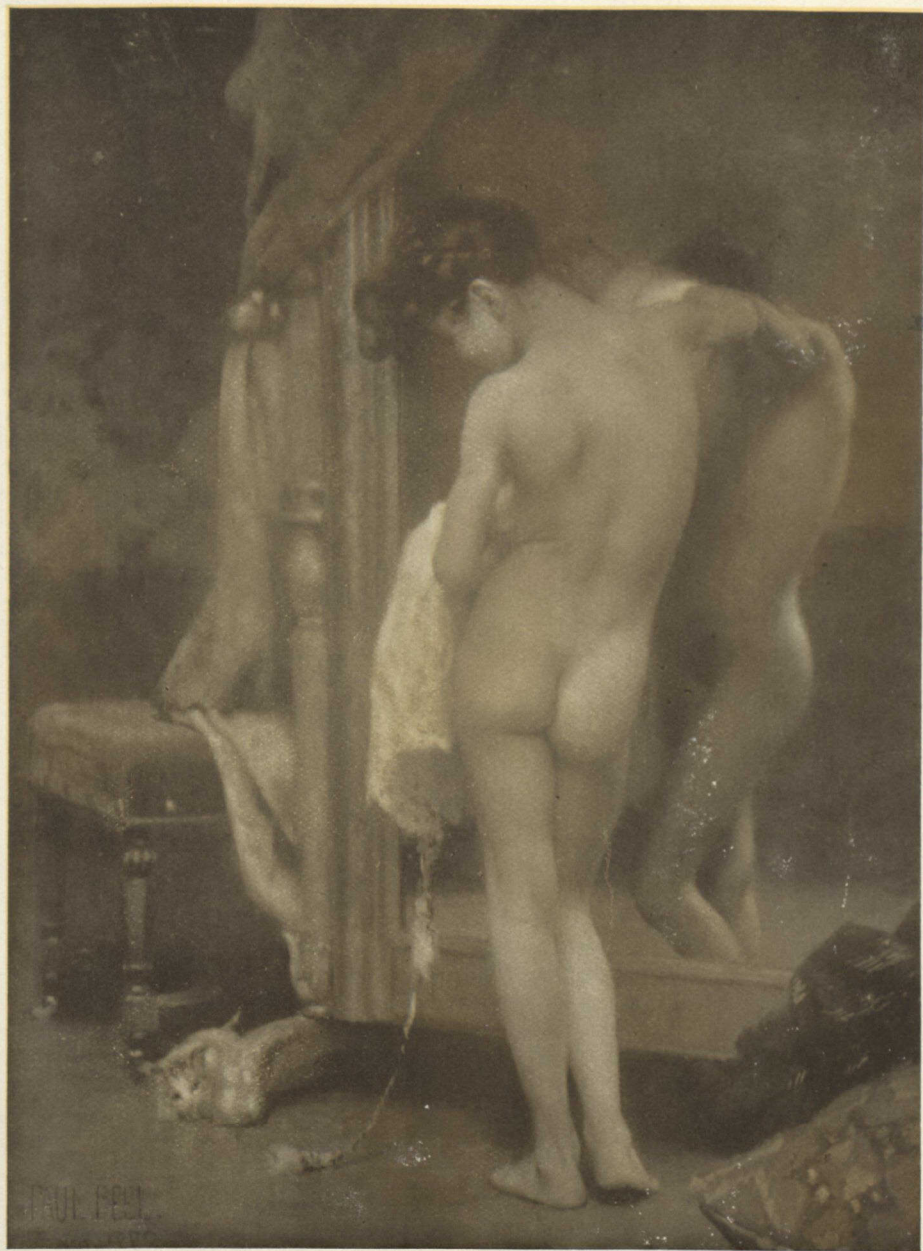
He was intensely moved.

"Rose, will you be merciful and forgive my poor boy for the sake of what that ring meant to us—and—" he spoke chokily, "for what, Heaven grant, it may mean again?"

She smiled seraphically. "I forgive him with my whole heart—Let us think only that it is he who in this strange way has given us back to each other."

He took the ring from her and solemnly put it on the third finger of her left hand.





MODEL RESTING

From the Painting by Paul Peel in the Canadian National Gallery



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# THE GARDEN GATE

BY E. F. BENSON

MISS ELIZABETH COURTNEY was delightfully young in everything but years and of a very agreeable age with regard to those poisoners of peace. Moreover she did not make the smallest secret about the number of them, and if ever the date of some occurrence, not quite recent, came socially in question, she would say in a manner both natural and accurate: "I remember I was just fifteen when it happened, so it must have been twenty years ago. Fancy!" This gave rise in the minds of those who were not "quite nice" on the subject of Miss Courtney to very disagreeable conclusions, and Mrs. Rawlins for instance, who had two grown-up daughters, said several times, directly afterwards, that she happened to know that the event in question took place "twenty-five years ago at least, my dear." Thereby libelling Miss Courtney.

There were not, however, many of Miss Courtney's neighbours and acquaintances who showed so scratching a disposition, for there was no one of the residents in the pleasant country town where she lived more justly popular. Of course she had her weaknesses, and it was not to be expected that due discussion should not be held over them, but sensitiveness with regard to her age did not happen to be one of them. But it was pleasant to look young, to preserve, as she did, that moderate (but adequate) allowance of comeliness which she had when a girl, and to find that at the garden-parties, which formed the staple of the social festivities during

the summer months at Coleton, and the tea-parties with Bridge afterwards which took their place when dusk was early and winds were shrill, she still ranked among the more active lawn-tennis players, and was not yet relegated to the staid tables at Bridge. On the conclusion of these winter entertainments Miss Courtney's maid was always announced, who took her down home, perhaps, a hundred yards of well-lit road, and Mrs. Rawlins would wonder, sometimes to herself, sometimes to others, at what age an active woman might hope to be able to take care of herself. Mrs. Rawlins observed also with undeniable accuracy that during the winter just before which Elizabeth had bought a fur-coat, she usually found that she had left behind in the drawing-room her handkerchief or purse, and returned with that famous garment not yet buttoned, so as to show that it was fur-lined throughout, but without her goloshes, about which there was no striking feature (except, said Mrs. Rawlins, their size). A residue of truth lurked there, for undeniably Elizabeth liked pretty clothes. And in excuse for Mrs. Rawlins it must be urged again that she had two daughters about whom also there was nothing remarkable except their size, who had long been of marriageable age, and had wizen little giraffe-faces at the tops of their long thin necks.

Miss Courtney was one of those women with regard to whose continued spinsterhood all that can be said is that it was an unfortunate accident. She had all the qualities that go to



make lovable wives and mothers; simply the conjunction of the right man and the right moment had not occurred. The right man had indeed occurred, but he had occurred at the wrong moment, many years ago, when marriage for him was out of the question, since he, like she, was barely out of his teens, and the matter of his livelihood was a question that required provision. Harry Sugden was the son of one of the partners in an eminent firm of solicitors which had its headquarters in London and a branch office down here in Coleton, and just when matters were beginning to be a-quiver between him and Elizabeth, his father had been moved to take charge of the central office in London. That was fourteen years ago and Elizabeth, though she had not seen Harry since, kept the warmest corner in her heart for him. To her he had remained that slim shy youth, whose brown eyes looked always as if they had some special communication for her, while she confusedly felt that she had some secret answer for him. But the ripening had never come, and it seemed that Elizabeth's tree of love, like so many others, was of the sort that bear one fruit only, and that had remained green and unplucked on her tree. How keenly Harry had desired to be its gatherer, she did not know, and, since this subject was hardly a maidenly one, she forbore to conjecture. Twice since those days, had the wrong man approached her, but never another right one, and now, as seemed more than probable (especially to Mrs. Rawlins) the right time had passed by her and the shadow of irrevocable celibacy begun to lengthen over her unvisited garden.

Her mother had died some ten years ago and she lived with a kind dull father and an orphaned niece, in a comfortable ugly house with a charming garden, in what was known as the residential quarter of Coleton, where life flowed with so deady a regularity and monotony that it was almost miraculous that Elizabeth had

retained so vivid and eager an interest in life. Her father read the morning paper every day, except Sunday, until half-past twelve, when he walked very slowly down the road away from the town till one. At one o'clock he turned and thus reached "The Evergreens" at half-past. At half-past three he again set forth, and arrived at the County Club at four. There he took a cup of tea and some buttered toast, and played Bridge till half-past six. He ate an excellent dinner at home at half-past seven, and played Patience till half-past ten. Up till four years ago he had played a round of golf every afternoon, and since then had never played another, though the family still took their summer holiday at Westward Ho, and strolled on the links. Finally if it rained he sat indoors instead of going out at half-past twelve, and drove to the County Club in a closed fly, instead of walking there. He had retired from business ten years before, and there seemed no reason why he should not live for ever, except that he was in a chronic state of slight anxiety about his health, which was admirable.

Marian, Elizabeth's niece, was an extraordinarily pretty girl just over twenty, whose mind, unlike Elizabeth's, had succumbed under the deathly narcotic of the residential quarter, and might be said to be non-existent. She was always occupied, never interested, and slept like a top for nine hours every night. She played practically interminable finger-exercises on the piano most of the morning, stopping suddenly when all prospect of her doing so appeared to have vanished, and embarked on a sonata of Beethoven's which under her fingers sounded like a finger exercise also. She walked in the afternoon, and did absolutely interminable needlework all evening. She was never in the least bored, for her inherent dullness protected her like chain-armour from the assaults of ennui.

Garden-party season had begun,



but the year was backward, and it was doubtful whether the strawberry beds at the "Eeverygreen's" would furnish sufficient fruit to supply the wants of Miss Courtney's guests.

"But it's no use," said Elizabeth in answer to a depressing suggestion from Marian that they should eat no strawberries themselves until the garden-party was over, "it's no use in not having as many as we want in the interval. At least, dear, I should be very sorry to offer to our guests on Thursday week the strawberries which are ripe to-day."

Mr. Courtney poured himself out his first glass of port. He had two every evening, the first while the ladies were eating dessert, the second after they had gone to the drawing-room.

"They are chiefly not very ripe to-day," he said. "I should be afraid to eat many of them. I should not advise you to eat them too freely Marian, nor you Elizabeth."

"I have only eaten five," said Marian with her usual accuracy, having counted the stalks, "and I have but three more."

"Well, take my advice, and let five be sufficient."

"I've eaten more than I should like to count, Daddy," said Elizabeth, "as well as some before dinner."

"Dear me, if I ate strawberries before dinner, I should suffer for it," said Mr. Courtney. "Besides I should spoil my dinner. But you always had an excellent digestion, "my dear."

"Yes, thank goodness, and I'm greedy too," said Elizabeth. "How did your Bridge go this evening, Daddy?"

"I won two rubbers and lost two," said Mr. Courtney, after a moment's thought. "Those that I won were not so big as those I lost."

"That always happens, doesn't it?"

Marian could not let this pass.

"No, Aunt Elizabeth," she said, "for Uncle Edward's adversaries must therefore have won more in the

rubbers they won, than they lost in the rubbers they lost."

"And I held four aces when it was not my deal," added Mr. Courtney.

"That always happens any how," said Elizabeth.

Marian did not feel sure of that, but the conversation being unusually brisk this evening, she did not have time to question it.

"By the way, there was a new face in the card-room to-night," said Mr. Courtney. "Mr. Harry Sugden. Perhaps you remember him, Elizabeth. He said he remembered you. He has come to take charge of the firm's office here. Dear me, it must be ten years since he went away."

"Fourteen," said Elizabeth. "I was just twenty-one at the time."

"Fancy your remembering that," said Marian, without malicious intention, but as a matter of fair comment.

"He asked if he might call to-morrow," continued Mr. Courtney, "and I proposed that he should come into lunch, so that we can walk up to the club together afterwards."

"Or drive up together if it is wet," said Marian.

Elizabeth longed to ask further questions, but fearing more fair comment, preferred to be silent. She told herself that Harry Sugden's return was a matter that could not interest her any more than it could interest any other middle-aged woman in Coleton, but her heart refused to acquiesce in this unsentimental truth. She wanted to know what he looked like, whether he was married or not, ("as if," said common-sense, "that could possibly matter,") whether he was bald or stout, whether his eyes would still seem to have a question waiting behind them. Yet it was almost certain that he was not married; otherwise renewed intercourse would have taken the form of calling on his wife.

And then she pulled herself up short. It was all fourteen years ago, and as Marian said, it was strange that she remembered anything about



him. But she was conscious of remembering far more than was convenient; remembrance tugged at her heart-strings, and it was of the fourteen intervening years that she seemed to remember so little.

Elizabeth passed a somewhat wakeful night, her mind alternating between memories of days long dead yet never buried, and prolonged indecisions as to what she would wear to-morrow. There was a new frock, lately come home, which she had ordered for the garden-party, white with cherry ribands; a bleached straw-hat with a bow to match the ribands "went" with it . . . it was rather daring. Then she remembered that she had not said her prayers, and got out of bed to perform this duty. Instead, the clear moonlight poured on to the blind of her window caught her attention, and she looked out. The moon was nearly full, and the white sexless light illuminated the garden. How the shrubs had grown up during the last fourteen years; the garden-gate over which he had vaulted when he went away was quite hidden even from those upper windows, and she had then seen him vault it while she stood on the tennis lawn. Everything else had grown-up too, she among the rest. . . . Certainly cherry-coloured ribbons and white were a little audacious, but she had chosen them long before she knew he was coming back. Of course, if it was a cold gray day she could not wear them, but otherwise if it was warm . . . she would be out in the garden at lunch-time; the sweet-peas actually did want picking. . . . And then she got back to bed again, oblivious of her neglected devotions.

Poor Elizabeth's plans went strangely awry. The morning was fine but rather chilly, and at breakfast Marian remarked that she wondered Elizabeth did not feel cold in that thin dress. As a matter of fact Elizabeth did, but trusted that the exercise of picking sweet-peas would warm her. She heard the lunch-bell

ring, but lingered among the garden beds, expecting that the others would join her, till the parlour-maid came out, and told her that they had sat down ten minutes ago. She went into the drawing-room, and a total stranger gravely shook hands with her. Then she sat down—Marian had taken the bottom of the table in her absence, and a grove of flowers cut her off from all sight of him.

They talked about the next inevitable elections, and suddenly in the middle of some commonplace of Mr. Sugden's familiar tone, an odd little crack in his voice arrested her. It made her heart leap; it was like suddenly coming face to face with an old friend.

Marian was in great form. She had evidently read the political leader in the morning paper, after Mr. Courtney had finished with it, and so had Mr. Sugden. Each capped the appropriate comments of the other, and he seemed interested.

Mr. Sugden manœuvred his head round the flowers in the centre of the table.

"And are you as keen a politician as your niece?" he asked Elizabeth.

"No, I am afraid I am still indifferent," she said.

"I remember you used to be," he said, and that was the only reference made to the past.

Afterwards Marian played a slow movement of one of the much-practised sonatas, and he complimented Elizabeth on the pianist's touch. The movement was somewhat long, and soon after it was finished he and his host strolled up to the club. But he promised to repeat his visit, indeed he asked if he was allowed to. And it was Marian who said they would all be delighted. Then as he shook hands with Elizabeth, once again her heart leapt, for looking out from the stranger's face were eyes that she knew.

For the next few weeks his visits were frequent at the "Evergreens," and Elizabeth slowly sickened with



the noble malady of love. Once fourteen years before had she felt its premonitory symptoms, but it had passed off. Now it came to her later in a form both aggravated and suppressed by age, like some ailment common among the young infecting someone of maturer years. All that had been strange in him to her at their first meeting became confused with her earlier recollections of him, so that to her mind, he was no longer the shy, slim youth who had so nimbly vaulted out the garden-gate, but this spare shy man who said so little, and gradually began to mean so much to her. And now the malady was suppressed: it could not leap to the surface as it would have done in her youth, in the unconcealed eager pleasure that his presence obviously gave her. They could not romp and laugh together over silly trifles, and for the first time she became conscious of her age, conscious, too, of how curiously and inconveniently the tale of her years was at variance with the essential youthfulness of her heart. She had to control and master herself: it would never do if she let him see . . . she must not let herself be ridiculous.

His visits to them were frequent, and some five weeks after his reappearance in Coletton, he came to dine with them on a hot evening in July. They had sat out on the verandah facing the lawn to drink their coffee, and then Marian had gone back into the drawing-room to play the latest acquired of the sonatas to them, while Mr. Courtney laid out a new and exasperating Patience. Harry Sugden after a little time had followed Marian indoors, and quite suddenly a new light broke on Elizabeth that explained in a flash the frequency of his visits, and immediately afterwards, overwhelmed her, as by answering thunder, in shame at her blindness. It was Marian he wanted, and indeed there was little to wonder at: she was young, she was charmingly pretty, and from the first he had admired her. But for more than a month Elizabeth

had not seen it. All the time she had been thinking about herself.

But here the essential youthfulness of her heart, which in some respects was so awkward at the age of thirty-five came to her aid in an impulse of vigorous courage, and that night when she had gone to her room, she sat and steadfastly readjusted her attitude. She had to cry a little at first, because the malady was strong within her, but soon, because she was womanly and unselfish, she accepted and welcomed what she had been so long in seeing. But did Marian care for him? It seemed impossible that she should not, and yet Marian was not very enthusiastic about him. Only that day she had said in a tone of impartial statement, "That makes the fourth time he has come here in the last ten days," when Mr. Courtney had announced that he was to be their guest at dinner. Or—Marian was rather secretive—was this impartiality assumed? Elizabeth had, she most sincerely hoped, entirely concealed her own emotional pressure, and it was not to be expected that Marian, who held herself so much more firmly in control, should betray anything. If Marian did not care for him . . . but Elizabeth was bound to hope that she did. His happiness was her paramount need.

Meantime, there were endless little corrections to be made in her own behaviour. She must give them more opportunities of being alone together, must suggest that Marian should show him the new fountain at the far end of the garden . . . countless little facilities (she was not good at imagining them) would present themselves. And then Elizabeth had to cry a little more on her own account, and said her prayers.

It was a little disconcerting, when all her resolution was so eagerly enlisted, to find that after this dinner, day after day went by, and no sign of any kind came from Mr. Sugden. Certainly he was neither ill nor away, for he played bridge, so said Mr.



Courtney, every afternoon at the County Club, but for the next fortnight his visits ceased altogether. But during the interval, assiduous practice on the part of Marian had rendered presentable another movement of the interminable sonatas, and Elizabeth had given her for her birthday, the most delicious new hat, which suited her admirably, so that the "Evergreens" were ready for him, whenever he pleased to return there. But July broiled itself into August, and it was not till the eve of their departure for Westward Ho, that he came.

Elizabeth was out in the garden in the grass walk that led to the gate over which he had vaulted: the drawing-room windows were open and the sounds of the new movement came out into the still air with great precision. Then suddenly she looked up and saw him at the gate.

"I heard you were going away tomorrow for your holiday," he said, "and I wondered if I might come and say good-bye."

"But surely," she said. "It is nice of you to come. We—we haven't seen you for a long time. Marian is indoors. Will you go in? I will join you when I have finished—"

He looked at her for a moment; then back at the gate through which he had come.

"That was the gate I went out at when we said good-bye years ago. At least I went over it."

"Yes you vaulted it," said she desperately wishing that he had not mentioned that. But she managed to laugh. "Fancy you remembering that," she added.

They walked a few yards in silence; then he stopped.

"I wanted to see you again before you went away," he said. "And ask you if . . . I kept away you see because I thought you didn't particularly care whether I came or not. And . . . And . . ."

Marian executed a hard accurate run, and made three great thumps on the piano. But they did not go in to join Marian.





# THE MATE OF THE "PARAWAN"

BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

HUNTER'S HOTEL consisted of a large and grimy room and a number of small and equally grimy cubicles on the first floor of an old Spanish house in the Calle Pizarro, one of the back streets of Manila. You could get nothing to eat in "Hunter's," and nothing to drink, except iced water; but on the ground floor there was a German bar, where questionable liquor was retailed at cut-throat prices; whilst, across the street, next to Ah Lung's "Select Sanitation Laundry," was the "American Eagle Restuarant," in which a New York Jew supplied meals of a sort at half a dollar Mex each, or twelve for five dollars Mex if you paid in advance. Ah Lung was the only man in the Calle Pizarro who gave any credit; but then his customers lived in a very different part of the town. Had he depended on the guests in the hotel, it would hardly have paid him to bribe the immigration officer to admit those three new assistants of his.

The sitting-room in "Hunter's" was always gloomy, for the houses on the other side of the narrow cobbled street shut out all the direct sunlight. Its furniture was simple, consisting merely of half-a-dozen rough tables and a score or so of chairs; whilst in place of pictures, there were framed copies of the rules, which began and ended with the statement that beds must be paid for when booked. In one corner lay a pile of soiled magazines and papers, and littered about the tables were shabby draught boards and battered chessmen.

"Hunter's" guests were generally in keeping with the room. They were mostly men down on their luck, ex-soldiers and sailors, out-of-work teamsters and contractors' clerks, representatives of the crowd of adventurers which had come out with the Army and had been left stranded when the war was over. As a rule, they stayed indoors during the day, for Manila is a suburb of the Inferno, and they had all learnt the folly of raising a thirst when you lack the means of satisfying it; so some lay on their beds in the stuffy little cubicles and gasped, whilst the others squabbled languidly over games of draughts, or turned the ragged pages of those ancient magazines and growled at the dulness of their contents.

Mr. John Page, the former mate of the "Parawan," sat at the window of "Hunter's," sucking an empty pipe and gloomily watching Ah Lung's assistants plying their irons. He was not in a pleasant temper, and his expression grew, if possible, even less amiable when he saw his late skipper come down the Calle Pizarro and turn into the doorway of the hotel.

"Well," he growled, as the other dropped into a chair beside him, "is there anything fresh?"

The skipper drew a newspaper out of his pocket, unfolded it, and pointed to a paragraph marked in blue pencil.

"Yes," he said grimly. "There is something fresh. There's that."

The mate grunted. "Let's see," he said, holding out his hand; then his lips tightened a little as he read:



"Captain Wilson of the Hong Kong salvage steamer 'Grappler,' reports that on his way up from San Bernadino he passed the wreck of the 'Parawan,' and that, contrary to expectations, she has not broken up; and he considers that, now the monsoon has changed it will be possible to salvage her. Our readers will remember that the 'Parawan,' one of the new four-hundred-ton coastguard steamers, was wrecked on the coast of Palapog a few weeks ago. The officers and crew took to the boats, and were picked up soon afterwards by the transport 'General Sherman.' Palapog is an uninhabited island forming the most easterly outlier of the archipelago. We understand that Captain Wilson's news has led to a further postponement of the inquiry into the loss of the vessel. Captain Tomlinson and Mr. Page, the mate, are still in Manila, awaiting the finding of the court."

The mate folded the paper, and crammed it into the pocket of his soiled white jacket.

"Here's one who isn't going to wait," he said. "I'm off to Hong Kong."

The skipper laughed harshly. "Do you think they would let you go? Don't be a fool, man. If you try and bolt, they'll clap us both in goal, and," he lowered his voice, "you know whether we should be likely to get out when they had salvaged her. It would be a good deal more than a court of inquiry then."

The mate had gone very cold, but there were big beads of perspiration on his forehead. "We could slip aboard a tramp without their knowing," he muttered.

Tomlinson shook his head. "They watch the water-front too closely. They don't suspect us yet, I'm sure of that; but they would if we tried to leave. They won't mind us taking a trip to one of the Island ports, though—Catbalogan, for instance."

"What do you mean?" demanded the mate.

The skipper leaned forward. "I mean to get on board the wreck first. It's our one chance. We can go down to Catbalogan and run on to Palapog in a native sailing boat."

The mate frowned. "Won't they stop us there, too?"

Tomlinson shook his head. "I think not. I think not, because—" he paused whilst an artilleryman lurched past, "because the Governor at Catbalogan is a native, and he is in this business himself."

"Then why in blazes can't he see to it?" exclaimed Page. "It's their concern to get the wreck chased out."

The skipper's lip curled. "Would you trust your neck, or at any rate your liberty, to a Filipino's punctuality? He means to do it, I know; but there will be a saint's day or a cockfight or some other fooling to keep him putting it off until the salvage people get there. And then—" he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Where's the money coming from to take us down?" asked the mate roughly. "All my gear is in pawn, and I haven't had a smoke to-day, let alone a drink. You might offer me a cheroot. I see you've some in your pocket, so I suppose you've raised the wind."

Tomlinson handed him a couple of cigars. "Don't lose your temper, Page," he said, "it won't help us. . . Yes, I worried some cash out of Carlos Dagujob, who got us to go in for this in the first case. He didn't like parting, but I put the screw on him.

Of course, as he hasn't broken up, there's a chance we'll pull through after all, and get the whole of our money."

Mr. John Page laughed scornfully. "A precious poor chance. I was a fool ever to agree to help you."

"And I was a fool to ship a drunken brute as mate," retorted the skipper. "You piled her up there, you can't deny that."

"And you abandoned her, instead of standing by an' burning her, or getting rid of the evidence some other



way," growled the mate. "You said she was sure to go to pieces."

"So I thought she would, until I read that to-day. Then I went to the Coastguard Bureau, and saw the chief. He says she seems to have lifted right on top of the reef, and to have settled down in the soft coral, almost on an even keel. He was most civil, and says if they get her off, he'll see we don't lose our tickets," and he laughed mirthlessly.

The mate grunted. "I don't see what you find to laugh about. Did you tell him we wanted to go to Catbalogan?"

"Yes, I said old Don Pedro, who owns the 'Cervantes,' had told us we could put in our time aboard her if we liked; and the chief said he didn't mind, so long as we were here for the next sitting of the court. He knows there's no fear of our getting out of the archipelago. . . . The 'Cervantes' sails to-morrow. With any luck she will be in Catbalogan on the 15th, and we ought to be aboard the wreck by the 18th. I suppose you can be ready in the morning?"

"I suppose I can," answered the mate, sulkily, then he held out a rather uncleanly hand, "Give me some of that money . . . What, twenty pisos! That won't even get my gear out of pawn. Give me fifty, at least."

The skipper sighed. "We shall have to go carefully on it."

"I thought you said we should get the whole lot, after all," retorted the mate, whose confidence had returned at the touch of the bank-notes. "Why, we've lots of time. The 'Grappler' is the only salvage boat in port, and Wilson has got another job on, that collier in the Straits. I don't mind if they take away my beastly Yankee ticket, so long as we get the money. I should go home and take a pub I know of in Weymouth, down where those Jersey boats lie."

The skipper sighed again. "I shall be content to scrape out of it any way, just to dump the stuff overboard and clear."

Mr. John Page sneered, "Bah! you've lost your nerve."

That same evening, Captain Wilson of the salvage steamer, 'Grappler,' was sitting with his agent's managing clerk, at one of the little tables in the Orpheum, the music hall of Manila, where the Army and Navy and Mercantile marine congregate nightly to drink weak beer of local manufacture and listen to six-month-old songs from the lips of sprightly ladies, who have been imported at great expense, though apparently with only half their wardrobes, from Australia and the China coast.

"I'm glad we got it fixed," Wilson said during the lull following a song on the seemingly inexhaustible subject of Maisie. "I suppose there are no insurgents or ladrones or similar hard characters who are likely to interfere with me?"

The other shook his head. "No. The place is quite uninhabited, and, anyway, the insurrectos—the insurgents, you know—are lying very low just now. The Americans have given them a good deal of what they asked. Half the governors of the islands are Filipinos. Still, I should never trust them. They are all brigands by nature, and are never really happy unless they have their bolos, those abominable two-foot-long knives, in their hands. . . . Of course, a party might come over to loot the 'Parawan,' now the monsoon has changed, so I should lose no time, if I were you."

A half-caste at the next table, who had been watching some acrobats on the stage very attentively, leaned forward slightly, apparently to get a better view.

"I shan't waste any time," Wilson answered. "I shall leave the other job and do this one first. I can get out the day after to-morrow, and be down at Palapog on the 17th or 18th."

The half-caste dropped his cigarette into the ash tray and lighted a



fresh one with a rather shaky hand, then he applauded the acrobats so vigorously that Wilson's companion turned around.

"Hullo, Senor Dagujob, I didn't expect to see you here! A grave government official like yourself should have other things to do."

Carlos Dagujob got up with a laugh, "I can't be at work all the time, senor. I came in to-night to see these acrobats, as I was told they were so clever," he spoke in the stilted English of one to whom the language was not very familiar. "But now I must go back. The rest will not interest me, I fear," He raised his hat, and turned towards the door.

"Who was that?" asked Wilson.

The other man shrugged his shoulders, "One of their new native officials, the Registrar of the High Court, a half-breed, a mistizo so we call them here. . . Well, is there any fresh gear you will want?" and they began to talk again of professional matters.

Meanwhile, Senor Dagujob had made his way to the bar, where he gulped down an absinthe as if he needed the stimulant; then he glanced round the place, and his eye fell on Mr. John Page, who was scowling at the company in general from behind a huge stein of beer. The half-caste walked over to him, and took a chair at the same table.

"Do you know where to find Captain Tomlinson?" he asked hurriedly.

Mr. Page shook his head. "Don't know where he's lodging now," he answered surlily.

Dagujob ran his hand nervously through his lank hair. "But you are going with him to-morrow? Well, then, will you tell him that he must hasten, hasten, for the 'Grappler' will be sailing for the wreck in one or two days."

The mate put down his stein suddenly, and stared at his informant.

"Of course, I'll tell him," he growled at last. "It touches us both pretty closely—and you, too."

The half-caste fumbled with his packet of cigarettes. "I only just found out, and I cannot see him myself in the morning."

"I'm not likely to forget it," said Mr. Page grimly.

The half-caste got up. "Good-bye and good luck."

The mate grunted. "Precious little luck about this business," then he called to the bar-boy for another stein of beer, over which he sat for a full half-hour, evidently deep in thought.

Suddenly he heard his own name spoken, and glancing up, saw Wilson standing in front of him.

"Hullo, Page," said the skipper of the "Grappler." "You look as if you had been cut off with a shilling by a rich uncle. Going to have a drink? I'm away in a few days to try and get that old hooker of yours off the bed you found for her."

Mr. Page growled something inaudible, and pushed his empty stein over to the waiting bar-boy.

"What are you doing now?" continued Wilson. "Nothing, eh? Well, you had better come along with me. I want some assistance, bossing up the niggers and that sort of thing. They're not going to finish your inquiry till I get back, and give 'em a chart of the reef. Dilatory beggars these Yanks, almost as slow as Dagos over anything judicial."

The mate stared at his boots for a minute, then he looked up. "All right," he said, "I'll come. I'm too broke to pick and choose."

So, when the "Cervantes" steamed out on the following morning, her only passenger was Captain Tomlinson, who had gone abroad at the last moment, after a hurried search round "Hunter's" and similar resorts had failed to furnish any clue to Mr. John Page's whereabouts.

"I suppose he got drunk and was run in," muttered Tomlinson. "I was a fool to give him so much money. Still, I should have plenty of time to get through by myself."



The "Grappler" was a day late in leaving Manila, and she lost another two days through having to put into a small port to remedy some boiler troubles. Captain Wilson cursed at the delay, and his mates followed his example; but Mr. John Page accepted it very philosophically. He had no duty to do yet, for an unsympathetic court in Singapore had deprived him of his British ticket a couple of years previously; and since then he had been working on an American ticket, procured through a police-captain for twenty dollars, United States currency. He had smuggled a case of whisky aboard with him, and he had made it last fairly well; but on the morning of the 20th he awoke painfully sober, to which trouble was added the even greater one of knowing that before midnight Wilson would be aboard the "Parawan."

The "Grappler" was brought to an anchor half a mile off the reef, and a boat was lowered at once.

"You had better come, Page," the skipper said. "You know your way about her."

Mr. Page descended into the boat without a word. He was outwardly calm; but anyone who had been sufficiently interested to watch him would have noticed that he was chewing fiercely on an unlighted cigar.

The wreck appeared very battered when viewed closely. Her white wooden sides were streaked with red lines of rust from stanchions and rivets, and the varnish had already blistered off the little mahogany deck houses. One of the stumpy topmasts had broken at the cap, leaving a jagged end, and all the loose gear had been swept from her decks. The funnel was white with crusted salt, and the falls from the davits were hanging just above the water, swaying mournfully in the breeze.

Her late mate ran his eye over her critically, then, suddenly, he gave a start of surprise, and bit clean through his cigar. "She's been loot-

ed," he said hoarsely. "Look, the Gatling off the boat deck, and the two one-pounders which were abaft the charthouse have gone."

Wilson gave a low whistle. "Pleasant for the Yanks. They'll start a new insurrection on the strength of those."

Mr. John Page laughed almost pleasantly, and carefully lighted a cigar. "Ye are just too late, sir," he remarked, but there was no regret in his voice.

The scene on deck bore out the promise of the rust-streaked hull. The engineer's cabin, the first into which they looked, was typical of the rest. There were bunk curtains, mouldy and discoloured hanging in front of a pile of sodden bedding; on the floor, a pool of black, stinking bilge water with a pair of boots and a pyjama jacket rotting in it; two or three photographs on the partition, almost unrecognisable, peeling from their mounts; half a dozen pipes with tarnished mounts in a fretwork rack, and a cigar box jammed behind the water-bottle; a suit of mildewed oilskins on a peg and a sea-chest with a broken lid.

"You people went in a deuce of a hurry," remarked the skipper.

Mr. Page laughed again, then pointed to the sea-chest. "This was looted only a day or two ago, sir. See, it's dry inside. I expect they got my kit, too," he said resignedly, and did not even add an oath.

They went round the main deck cabins, and found everything of value gone; then Wilson led the way on to the upper deck, opened the chart-house door—and jumped back with a cry of horror.

"Oh, my God! What's this?"

Mr. Page looked in, too, then swayed with a sudden faintness, "It's Tomlinson," he muttered. "Tomlinson. Is he dead?"

Wilson gave a half-hysterical laugh, "Dead! Why, he's been bolloed. His head's almost off."

It was only too true. The late



skipper of the "Parawan" lay in the middle of a sticky red stain with an appalling gash on his neck. In one of his hands was a broken bolo, whilst the other held a fragment of a white native shirt.

Wilson stared at the body a moment, then he closed the door again and went over to Page, who was leaning against the rail, deadly white.

"What do you make of it?" he asked sternly. "You said he was in Manila."

Mr. Page licked his lips before answering, "So he was. I left him just before I met you in the Orpheum. — I know nothing about it."

Wilson gave him a searching look; then, without another word, went down the companion to the main deck, whence he descended by the iron ladder into the little hold. It was a quarter of an hour later when he clambered out again, with a very grave face and with half a dozen small pieces of stout board under his arm.

"Go down and have a look," he said to his second mate who was waiting for him. "We can easily patch her up." then he tossed the bits of wood overboard, and watched the tide sweep them away.

That evening, when they ran a mile out to sea and buried what had once been Tomlinson; then the skipper sent for Mr. Page. He was waiting at his desk when the ex-mate came in. "Shut the door, and help yourself to a whisky," he said without looking up. "Funny business this, isn't it?" Then he swung round in his chair, "How many guns did you have in that lot?"

Mr. Page started to his feet. "What do you mean?" he began. The skipper laughed gently, and taking out half-a-dozen German-made martini cartridges from his pocket arranged them carefully in a circle round his tumbler, "Sit down, Page. There's no evidence left. I chucked the pieces of

the broken ammunition case overboard, and these cartridges were the only other things—beside Tomlinson.

"I worried the whole story out of him," said Wilson, when he was telling the story in Hong Kong some years later. "It seems old Tomlinson got in tow with some of those new native officials the Americans had made, and agreed to run in a cargo of guns, so that they could start a fresh insurrection against their benefactors, true Filipino style. Well Page piled up the 'Parawan,' and they thought she must go to pieces, but when they found she could be salvaged with the guns still on board, they were in an unholy funk. Tomlinson arranged to hurry down and get the guns away in native boats, and Page was going with him, but backed out when he found I might be there first, he himself went with me, as he thought it would look as though he were innocent, and didn't know the stuff was on board. Cunning skunk! How did I come to suspect? Oh, Page's own manner first, and then the discovery of a broken German ammunition case and some German cartridges. Poor old Tomlinson must have worked like the very deuce to clear the wreck, and, undoubtedly the natives bolloed him at the finish to save the wretch of paying him. But they had to pay with interest after all," he laughed softly. "I got all their names from Page, and I put the screw on them, the whole crowd of conspirators, including two judges, a public prosecutor and a registrar. I could do it, you see, because I had nothing to fear."

"And what happened to that rotter of a mate?" asked the man to whom he was telling the story.

"Mr. John Page? Oh, he lost his certificate, of course; but I gave him a share of the plunder, and now he's keeping a pub at Weymouth. He has done with the East, he says—which is perhaps, a good thing."



## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE tension in the Balkans has been sensibly relieved by the abandonment of Scutari by Montenegro, which the Powers have decided to incorporate in the new autonomous Albania. There is also a determination on the part of the Great Powers to sink their differences. Russia and Austria-Hungary have exhibited a praiseworthy desire for mutual toleration and self-restraint, and there seems now a likelihood that the Balkan States will cease from troubling Europe and submit their disputes regarding the distribution of the spoils to a conference of the Powers. One potent factor making for peace is the shortage of supplies and the general stringency prevailing in the money markets. The Balkan States are exhausted by the prolonged fight made by the Turks, and there is little disposition in any quarter to provide money unless there is some guarantee that peace will be assured.

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One of the most remarkable inquiries of recent years is drawing to a close. The investigation by a committee of the British House of Commons of the traffic in American Marconi shares, following the conclusion of a contract between the British Marconi Co. and the Government, has excited widespread interest and is still agitating the British press. Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General, Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the former Chief Liberal whip, now Lord Murray, are

the Ministers concerned, and the investigation has been searching and prolonged. Political animus has played an extraordinary part in this unpleasant affair, and the vitriolic attacks of *The National Review* and other partizan publications on Mr. Lloyd George have defeated their purpose and caused a reaction in favour of the accused Ministers.

One of the most discreditable features of the campaign against the Liberal Cabinet is the attempt to stir up an anti-Semitic feeling in England and to ascribe all the ills of the country to "the Hebrew clutch upon the Radical party, the spread of Hebrew power and Hebrew ideals in Parliament, in the press, finance and society." Sir Rufus Isaacs, his brother who is at the head of the Marconi Company, the Postmaster-General, and his brother, Sir Stuart Samuel, who was unseated for participation through his firm in a government contract, are all Hebrews, but it is a political obsession to assume that these men exercise a sinister influence on the policies and principles of the Liberal party, or that the political controversy between parties in England "is the old struggle between men and money." If money speaks at all in British politics, and it still carries weight, it is through the Tory party it becomes articulate in the life of the nation. The Liberal record of the past five years is one associated with a levelling-up policy and with legislation designed to strengthen that section of the people least able



to speak in terms of money value at election times.

The latest Lloyd George budget has come as a great surprise. Lloyd-Georgian finance is the despair of the critics. No new taxes, no fresh burdens, but an unbounded confidence that the expenditure required for all the needs of the country will be provided out of the taxes already levied. It is a personal triumph for the nimble-witted Chancellor of the Exchequer, that his much-disputed Budget of 1909 has justified the claim then put forward on its behalf—that as an alternative to Tariff Reform and food taxes it would prove equal to every demand made upon it. It was prophesied at the time that British capital would flee the country, that industry would be paralysed, the navy starved for want of money, and that the last state of the country would be worse than the first. These predictions have been falsified by the increasing trade and wealth of the country, the provision of more money for defence, and an expanding revenue from the new taxes imposed four years ago.

While Liberal principles of finance have been so splendidly justified by the marvellous growth of trade and a general rise in the tide of prosperity, the Unionist party is still floundering in the Serbonian bog of Tariff Reform, hoping against hope for some disaster to overtake the Asquith Government. The Marconi episode is the only crumb of comfort that has fallen from the Asquith table.

Failing the advantage hoped for from this perfectly honourable but regrettable transaction, the Unionists are once more turning their attention to the Irish Home Rule Bill, which has now come up for a second time under the provisions of the Parliament Bill. Lord Curzon assures the country that Ireland is steadily drifting into civil war and this trump card of the Unionist party will be played with all the old-time vigour and unscrupulous disregard for truth. Home

Rule will triumph, not so much through the tact and skill of the Liberal party as through the hopeless inability of the Unionists to convince the country of the sincerity of their opposition. It is not forgotten how when there seemed a possibility of averting the assault on the House of Lords the Unionist leaders at the celebrated Veto Conference were, with one or two exceptions, prepared to buy off the Parliament Bill, the price to be their support of a Home Rule Bill on federal lines. Compromise is once more in the air, and while a show of hostility is being made to the measure before Parliament the general conviction is seizing hold of the public mind that some compromise will be effected and Home Rule by general consent be realised.

Several reasons may be assigned for this change in public opinion. To a much greater extent than is generally supposed the Unionist party stands committed to drastic changes in the government of Ireland. The knowledge of this has broken down British prejudices, and there is absolute indifference on the question throughout England, where in Gladstone's time religious and racial feelings were deeply stirred. But a still more remarkable fact is the indifference of the Irish people themselves. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the Home Rule Bill is a compromise. It does not satisfy national sentiment in the fullest sense. It does not stir the enthusiasm of young Ireland; it makes no appeal to the imagination of the people. At the best it is an improved form of local government, handicapped by financial stringency that may eventuate in more taxation, facts which do not enthuse the farmers who foresee the rise in more aggravated form of the old lines of cleavage between town and country and increasing expenditure on social reforms from which the agricultural community will reap few benefits. Conservative by instinct, the farmers under an Irish



Parliament will be the bulwark of the Irish Conservative party that will come into being.

The landed gentry, the Church, the Protestant Ascendancy leaders, the linen manufacturers and the farmers will eventually line up in opposition to the Labour and Radical forces of the cities and towns. Between these two forces, and holding the balance of power, will be a rejuvenated Nationalist party comprising the intellectuals. They will draw their main strength from the Gaelic League and young Protestant Ulster. The opening of the Irish Parliament will witness a resumption of the struggle for Irish nationality as Thomas Davis and other worthies of the past understood it—"Peace with England; alliance with England; to some extent and under certain circumstances, confederation with England; but an Irish ambition, Irish hopes, strength, virtues and rewards for the Irish."

The defeat of the present Bill would strengthen this Nationalist influence in Ireland and drive Redmond from the leadership. The Irish party is a moderating force at the present time, and to substitute for it the uncomprising adherents of the old National cause would not be to the advantage of the British Tory party were it to return to power. There is on foot, accordingly, a movement to effect a compromise between the two parties, the only difficulty being the attitude of Ulster. How far it may be possible for responsible leaders to go it is difficult at the moment to say, but the question of the Irish customs and proportional representation are some of the matters that may leave room for negotiation. Were the Bill recast to admit of the immediate application of Home Rule all round there is reason to believe that it would attract the support of the many who are unable to give a hearty "aye" or a hearty "no" to the Asquith proposals.

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The German statistical department

has shattered one popular delusion as to the superiority of the German race over those of other European nations. The population of the German Empire is rapidly increasing, but in Berlin and other towns modern degeneracy is affecting the birth-rate to a rather serious extent. The low birth-rate in France is notorious, but the canker is beginning to eat at the vitals of the Teuton nation.

In Shoneberg, a large suburb of Berlin, for instance, the birth-rate has fallen from 26.5 to 13.7 per thousand and inhabitants in the last ten years. In another suburb, Wilmersdorf, the birth-rate is only 13.9 per thousand. In Neukölln, a working-class district, the rate has fallen in one year from 25.9 to 23.7. From a number of provincial towns a similar decline is reported. The growth of night-life in the German capital is generally accepted as the primary cause of this decline. The stolid, studious Prussian now vies with the Parisian in his love of gaiety and dissipation. Cafés and bars remain open till four o'clock in the morning, and these resorts and the streets generally present almost as busy an appearance in the small hours of the morning as in the afternoon. Berlin, in fact, is beginning to ape the manners of older capitals, and the traditional ideas of the sober-minded Teuton of Bismark's days are undergoing serious changes.

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Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have long exercised a profound influence upon modern thought in the British Isles through the Fabian Society, their books, and in other ways. They are among the most prominent exponents of State Socialism, and the Liberal social legislation of the past five years has been influenced in a marked degree by their propaganda. For a time, at least, Mr. Lloyd George sat at the feet of these Gamaliels and imbibed their doctrines in relation to social and industrial problems. Mr.



and Mrs. Webb now desire to make a still wider appeal to the public and have founded a sixpenny weekly, *The New Statesman*. Among the brilliant contributors to this new weekly are George Bernard Shaw, and the first number, it is said, contains more than one unsigned editorial from his pen. In style and appearance it conforms rigidly to the make-up of *The Spectator* and *The Saturday Review*.

The new journal is an expression of the revolt now so apparent in other countries as well as in Great Britain against government by mere politicians and partizans. Statesmen, not politicians, is the great need in every country, and *The New Statesman* opens with some scathing and satirical comments on the attitude of Ministers towards the feminist movement. Even the Labour party comes in for some hard knocks for sinking its identity in Liberalism and losing its freedom of action. The Labourites are warned that "if the appearance of unity with Liberalism becomes too insistent, the whole Labour right to ask for the progressive vote or to contest three-cornered elections at all will necessarily have disappeared; the voters will see no more reason why they should not simply elect Liberals, and Labour members will retain their seats on Liberal sufferance." The keenest shafts of the brilliant writers of *The New Statesman* are reserved for the Government and for the Irish party. Frankly espousing the woman suffrage cause it criticises Mr. McKenna's bill in regard to "forcible feeding"—"Cat and Mouse Bill"—and declares that "everybody knows—except those who never know anything beforehand—that the women are going to get the vote. That is what makes all this mischief so exasperating."

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Woman suffrage has again received a setback by the defeat of the bill in the British Commons by 266 to 219

votes. Mr. Asquith spoke during the debate and declared that the bill would enfranchise six million new electors and that it had never been approved by the existing electorate. If no legislation were introduced until the electors had been directly consulted or had given their assent, there are many measures now on the statute book which would not be found there. Mr. Asquith's arguments were not very convincing and Sir Edward Grey and Lord Robert Cecil had no difficulty in showing that a large section of the women had made it clear by constitutional methods that they desired the vote. In 1832, 1867 and 1884 statesmen gave ear not to the electors so much as to the inherent rights and claims of the men who were clamouring for admission to the franchise. Mr. F. E. Smith, the brilliant young Tory member from Liverpool, and who is certain to be in the next Tory Cabinet, made the remarkable admission that it was not until 1906, when militancy began, that a single member of the British House took the movement seriously.

Following on the heels of this temporary defeat comes a suggestion from Mr. R. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., which points to a probable solution of the woman suffrage question, as well as that of Home Rule. The idea is that by the devolution to local Parliaments of local matters the door would be open for the introduction of woman to a wider sphere of political activity without interfering with the supreme control of the Imperial Parliament in international affairs. Mr. Munro-Ferguson's suggestion is to give manhood suffrage at twenty-five years of age for the Imperial Parliament and the same suffrage to women for domestic legislatures in the several parts of the United Kingdom. The urgency for devolution or Home Rule all round renders the solution of the franchise problem on the lines suggested a practical one.





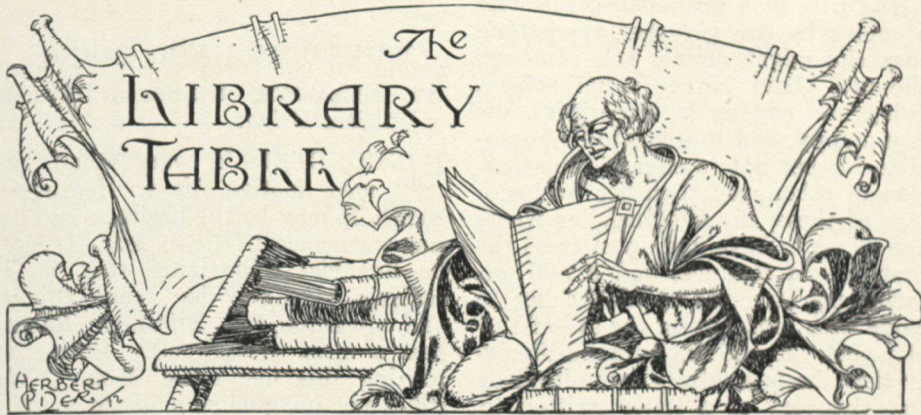
GARRICK AND HIS WIFE

From the Painting by William Hogarth, in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE





### THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER. Toronto:  
The Copp, Clark Company.

IT would be difficult to find a better example of the well-constructed English novel of the present day than this that is cast upon a huge canvas, that show the hand of the master-craftsman, and yet withal that does not depart far from tradition, that does not arouse any new emotions, that does not introduce but one new character, and that a minor one, that does not wander from well-beaten paths—a novel, indeed, that possesses many qualities whose greatness is diminished because of their prevalence in scores of other novels. While it is in some respects a greater novel than the same author's recent story entitled "The Weavers," it is more conventional, and in construction more as if made by rule. In it one moves amongst the social life of London at the time immediately preceding the Jameson raid, and the attention of the reader is adroitly shifted from time to time from England to

South Africa. The characters are taken mostly from London social circles. We have the heroine, Jasmine, a young woman of unusual beauty and cleverness, a society butterfly, who, notwithstanding inherent qualities for better things, is constantly endangering her reputation and her character by seemingly useless and frivolous encounters with the men of her immediate circle. We have Rudyard Byng, a millionaire miner from South Africa, who attracts Jasmine because of his manliness and other qualities not usually encountered amongst the men of her acquaintances. Jasmine marries Byng, notwithstanding her professed preference for another man of her circle, Ian Stafford, who comes of excellent family and possesses an admirable character. The other characters are Adrian Fellowes, Byng's private secretary, with whom Jasmine becomes entangled; a prima donna Al'mah, who is the mistress of Fellowes; Lady Tynemouth, a friend of Stafford; and a South African half-caste, named Krool, who appears in



the capacity of Byng's serving-man. Although Krool plays a minor part, he is the most original character in the book and one who lives longest in the reader's mind. The best parts are those to which he, as a character, contributes. Jarmine, although she is the wife of a millionaire, the wife of one who can give her everything that she might desire, and although she flits about in her social sphere, going and coming as she wishes, she is unhappy, and it seems to be impossible for her not to engage the attention of other men than her husband. One of these, Ian Stafford, for whom she seems to have had, even from the first, a real fondness and a real attachment, attempts to induce her to elope with him, but on the eve of the elopement he and the husband discover that she is woefully committed by the discovery of a letter written to her by Adrian Fellowes. While this domestic embroglio is being enacted, the war breaks out in South Africa. All the leading characters determine to take part in the struggle—all except Adrian Fellowes, who is mysteriously murdered, or at least whose dead body is found in his apartment. The other men go to South Africa to fight and the women go as nurses, and there on the South African veldt, under the levelling influence of war, many of the difficulties under which these people laboured are straightened out. It is made known that Jasmine and Byng, over whom some suspicion was cast, were innocent of the death of Fellowes, and that in reality he was murdered by Al'mah. Stafford is killed on the field on battle, and the way is therefore opened for a reconciliation between Jasmine and her husband. To the reader, however, the reconciliation does not seem to be satisfactory, and although war has been used many times as a vehicle for the novelist to bring estranged lovers together it does not, in this instance at least, seem to do its work well. If the field of battle is intended to symbolise "The Judgment

House," one accepts the symbol but doubts the conclusion. However, this novel will be read with profound interest, and although it is not an historical novel it is based on history. It is big, but one hesitates before pronouncing it great.

\*

#### WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS. Toronto:  
William Briggs.

UNDOUBTEDLY every writer has some motive for writing every book. It may be the desire to see his name attached to the fly leaf. It may be financial importance that he is seeking. It may be many things, and undoubtedly Elizabeth Robins had a most praiseworthy motive in writing this her latest book. We could not imagine so brilliant a writer doing anything without giving careful consideration to the motive. But whatever her desire in this instance she has more than fulfilled it. The grace, the ease, the delivery, and subtlety of expression are all so refreshing, after many of the modern novels which seem to be turned out of the mechanical mill of book-making that one involuntarily thinks more optimistic thoughts about modern literary achievements in general. In style the book represents Marguerite Audoux. Its very simplicity is an art in itself, its short, meaningful sentences proving very delightful after the numerous, cumbersome sentences of the ultra-smart type which characterise much of recent fiction.

The story concerns two girls, sisters, who were brought up, in great exclusiveness in an English country home. Their mother shielded them from all knowledge of worldly affairs and was always careful that their conversations should be of the most conventional type. One of these girls, the younger, was very pretty, piquant and somewhat of a coquette. The other was more of a prude and possessed the foresight which her young



sister lacked. Naturally they could not remain forever shut up in their hothouse shell. People came amongst them, the younger, being the more vivacious of the two, was much sought after. She desired to see more of life than the quiet country afforded. They had an aunt living in London. They wrote to her, and were invited to stay with her for such a length of time as would prove profitable in finding them husbands. The remainder of the book has to do with their adventures in the great city which they did not know.

A very careful distinction is drawn between the characteristics of the two girls and the inevitable result of a certain side of London life on their different natures. As mentioned above, the book was written with a motive—a warning perhaps to all young girls who are unacquainted with the city. And it is beautifully written with all that charm and delicacy which alone make for interest among those whose tastes demand the best in literature.

\*

#### THE TRAITOR

BY F. CLIFFORD SMITH. Toronto:  
William Briggs.

**T**HIS volume contains seven short stories by an accomplished Canadian writer. Mr. Clifford Smith's work as a novelist has been before the reading public for some years, but, so far as we know, this is the first collection of his short stories to appear in this form. Many readers will recall "A Lover in Homespun," "A Daughter of Patricians," "The Rift Within the Lute," and "The Sword of Damocles," and therefore a volume of short stories by the same author will be a welcome addition to this interesting library. "The Traitor," which is the first story in the book, gives title to the whole collection. It has much more plot than is usual in present-day short stories, and it contains several first-rate character sketches

Some of the other titles are: "The Fencing-Master," "Not Alone by Appearance," "The Unclaimed Reward," and all are written by one who well understands the construction of the short story and the importance of plot and action.

\*

#### THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY JEFFREY FARNOL. Toronto: The  
Musson Book Company.

**O**NE could scarcely say too much in praise of this book, for it possesses most of the qualities that go towards the make-up of a first-class entertainment. A wholesome collection of humour, enough pathos to give it contrast, enough dare-devil love-making to give it spice, enough manliness to give it character, enough philosophy to give it variety, and a happy ending to make it worth while. Jeffrey Farnol always manages to make his gentlemen either dashingly gentlemanly or villainously villainous, and his women supremely virtuous or supremely bedevilling. These characteristics we encountered in "The Broad Highway." We failed to find them again in "The Moneymoon," by the same author, but they have reappeared in still greater abundance in "The Amateur Gentleman." This, in brief, is the story of a young man, the son of a country inn-keeper, who suddenly inherits a fortune. With this fortune at his back, the young man determines to set out for London to become a gentleman. His friends and associates warn him that he will never be anything but a bogus gentleman, and, at best, an amateur. But, nothing daunted, he sets out, and of course his way is full of adventure. First of all, he falls in love, which for one of his type, and one of Jeffrey Farnol's heroes, is a very natural thing for him to do. His love-making is quite in keeping with his temperament, and although the lady of his desire is not quite of his calibre of attractiveness, she nevertheless



serves well to display his ardour and recklessness. Be it enough to say that he succeeds in the rôle of gentleman, and in due course of time he is accepted as a gentleman among gentlemen. Of course he has had to affect the dress of a dandy, become a sport, and to take part in all the games and adventures which during the time of the Georges occupied the men of leisure in London. It so happened, however, that during a meeting of some of the dandies of the time, amongst whom was our hero, the old father, the inn-keeper, comes to town to discover his son. He discovers him and claims him, but, noting the change and the surroundings, he acknowledges his mistake and withdraws. The son, however, follows him and taking him by the arm and turning to his associates, says: "My Lords, gentlemen! I have the honour to introduce to you John Barton, sometimes known as 'Glorious John,' ex-champion of England and landlord of the Coursing Hound Inn—my father." In that act he proved himself to be not only a gentleman, but as well a man.

\*

#### THE MATING OF LYDIA

BY MRS. HUMPHREY WARD. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

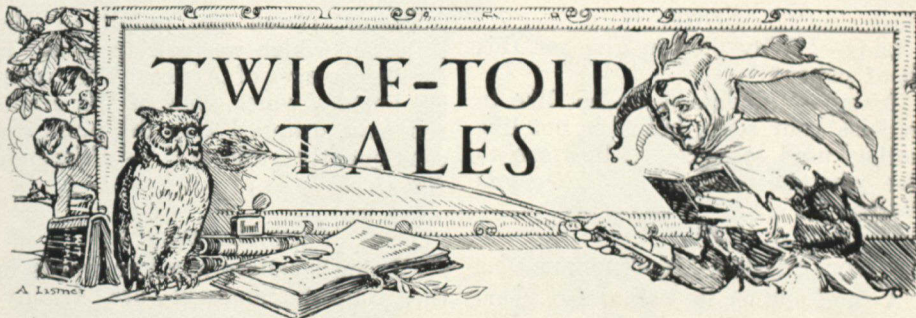
**T**H**E**RE are penalties attached to every kind of success, and not the least is the penalty of being expected to live up to one's own high standard. One cannot read, for instance, a new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward with the same indulgence which one would extend to a new and untried writer. All Mrs. Ward's previous work rises up and challenges comparison, and it is by this measure of excellence that we are delighted or disappointed. This may be hard on the author, yet it is inevitable; and wise indeed the teller-of-tales who knows when his best has been given and is content to rest there. Could one look upon "The Mating of Lydia" as a first book, the pronouncement would be distinctly promising.

but being compelled to consider it as successor to a long line of good novels counting among their number such a masterpiece as "The History of David Grieve," one is forced to disappointment. The new book is a commonplace story, without special distinction of style or conception. A young girl-artist, Lydia Penfold, and the two men who love her, centre the interest of the tale, but the heroine is unremarkable, the heroes unsatisfying, and the interest loosely held. The one unusual character is Edmund Melrose, a millionaire collector who devotes his immense income to the purchasing of art treasures, while his estate is uncared for, his tenants die in hovels, and his wife and child become homeless wanderers. This Mephisto tempts Claude Faversham, the principal hero, to lend himself to his infamous purposes on promise of being made his heir, and Claude succumbs, only to be overtaken later by remorse for his rash decision. Pressed too hard, he at last rebels, and only the opportune murder of the eccentric millionaire prevents his disinheritance. As it is, he finds himself half suspected of being the murderer, but is speedily cleared of the suspicion while his prompt restitution of the old madman's money to his defrauded daughter completely rehabilitates him in public opinion and renders him a fit mate for the incomparable Lydia.

\*

**T**H**E** training of boys will be to the fond parent always a problem of the gravest character, and it is because of that fact that William A. McKeever, Professor of Philosophy at the Kansas State Agricultural Society, has written his book entitled "Training the Boy." The purpose of the volume is to show how to train and develop the whole boy, not a part of him. It suggests a practical method for rounding out the boyish capabilities, and emphasises all forces, not merely some of them. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)





### SERIOUS BLUNDER

Newport was aroused last month over a story that J. Pierpont Morgan told at a luncheon at the Fishing club.

"They talk of the high cost of living," Mr. Morgan said, "but it's just as bad abroad. You all know what Trouville is like in the season.

"An American took in Trouville's grande semaine last year. When his bill was sent up he paused in his breakfast and studied it with a sarcastic smile. Then he sent for the hotel clerk.

"See here," he said, "you've made a mistake in this bill."

"Oh, no, monsieur. Oh, no!" cried the clerk.

"Yes you have," said the American, and with a sneer he pointed to the total. "I've got more money than that," he said."—*St. Louis Dispatch*.

\*

### MODERN

"Show me one of these old robber castles of the Rhine," commanded the tourist.

"Robber castles?" echoed the puzzled guide. "Does the gentleman mean a garage?"—*Washington Herald*.

### A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

"I hear your three daughters have become engaged this summer."

"Well, not precisely. It is only the youngest, but she has been engaged three times."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.



THE NEW JUNIOR PARTNER: Well, I've succeeded in settling that Arnold case, dad.

THE SENIOR PARTNER: What! Goodness, boy, why I gave you that case as an annuity.

—*The Tatler*



## ON THE LEVEL

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"

"No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."—*Baltimore American*.

\*

## NERVE

Lady—"Why do you give me this bit of paper?"

Tramp—"Madam, I do not like to criticise your soup, but it is not like mother used to make. Allow me to give you her receipt." — *Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

## WOULD CAUSE LESS TROUBLE

A fond mother in Valparaiso, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend in the country, so that they might escape it. In a few days' time she received a note from the friend, saying:

"Take your boys away and send along the earthquake."—*Judge*.

## ENCOURAGING CHOLLY

"I'm doing my best to get ahead," asserted Chollie. "Well, heaven knows you need one," assented Dollie. — *Toledo Blade*.

\*

## UNNECESSARY

Pastor (from the pulpit)—"The collection which we took up to-day is for the savages of Africa. The trousers buttons which some of the brethren have dropped into the plate are consequently useless." — *Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

## SOME DIFFERENCE

"I don't believe any two words in the English language are synonymous."

"Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with 'raise' and 'lift'?"

"There's a big difference. I 'raise' chickens and have a neighbour who has been known to 'lift' them." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.



"Master, Master, the kitchen's a-fire!"

"Oh dear, oh dear, Cook, will you *never* learn the happy medium? Look at these cutlets, they are positively raw!" — *Punch*





HARASSED HOSTESS. "Do you dance, or are you a walnut?"

—Punch

## A GENTLE HINT

A miserable-sinner-looking clergyman sought advice of an experienced preacher, and was told, among other things, "If you are preaching of hell, your ordinary expression of countenance will do; but if you preach of heaven, I should try and look a little more cheerful."—*Christian Register*.

\*

## BROTHERS-IN-LAW

In an English town a gentleman and a countryman approached a cage in the travelling zoo from opposite directions. This cage contained a very fierce-looking kangaroo. The countryman gazed at the wild animal for a few minutes with mouth and eyes both open, and then, turning to the gentleman, he asked, "What kind of animal is that?"

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

The countryman covered his eyes with his hands as he exclaimed in horror, "Well, well! my sister married one of them!"—*Judge*.

## A TANK AT RADCLIFFE

To the list of famous misprints should be added that ascribed to Miss Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, who was made to say in an annual report that the new swimming tank at Radcliffe had a capacity of 20,000 gals.—*Christian Register*.

\*

## DEAD GAME

Bricklayer (to mate, who had just had a hodful of bricks fall on his feet)—"Dropt 'em on yer toe! That's nothin'. Why, I seen a bloke get killed stone dead, an' 'e never made such a bloomin' fuss as you're doin'."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

## LOOKED SUSPICIOUS

The Stranger—"Are you quite sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month?"

The Official—"Of course! What's the matter?"

The Stranger—"I've lived a dog's life ever since."—*Philadelphia Times*.



## PERFECTLY SAFE

"I should think you'd be afraid to let your boys run your automobile?"

"Oh, no; I have it insured."—*Home Herald.*

\*

## MUSIC HATH POWER

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?"

"You bet! I bought the houses on either side of us at half their value."—*Judge.*

\*

## NOT SELFISH

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, after the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something."—*Tit-Bits.*

\*

## UNTIMELY TOMMY

Mother — "Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner."

Visitor—"Why is that, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Cos we don't have no pie no other time."—*New York Evening Mail.*

\*

## DIFFERENT

Madame Lillian Nordica returned to Farmington, Maine, her old home, after an absence of thirty years, and sang "Home, Sweet Home" to her former friends. She and her audience were very much affected, but maybe Madame Nordica would not have felt that way if she had had to stay there for the thirty years.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

\*

## ANSWERED

"You, there, in the overalls," shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," retorted the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."—*The Housekeeper.*

## NO SHOW

Jones—"Do you think the horse will survive the automobile?"

Brown—"Not if it gets in its way."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

\*

## AN AIR-PUMP

"I must brush the cobwebs from my brain."

"Then you ought to get a vacuum cleaner."—*Baltimore American.*

\*

## PETRIFYING

She—"Oh, professor! I saw such a funny old fossil in the museum to-day. I thought of you at once."—*Judge.*

\*

## CUTTING CAPERS

Mrs. Nuwed—"Mary, for dinner I think we'll have boiled mutton with caper sauce. Are there any capers in the house?"

Mary—"No, ma'am."

Mrs. Nuwed—"Then go out in the garden and cut some."—*Harvard Lampoon.*



Boy, to motorist who has stopped his car in order to compensate his victim: Garn! I didn't touch your old motor car, guv'nor.

—*Tatler*



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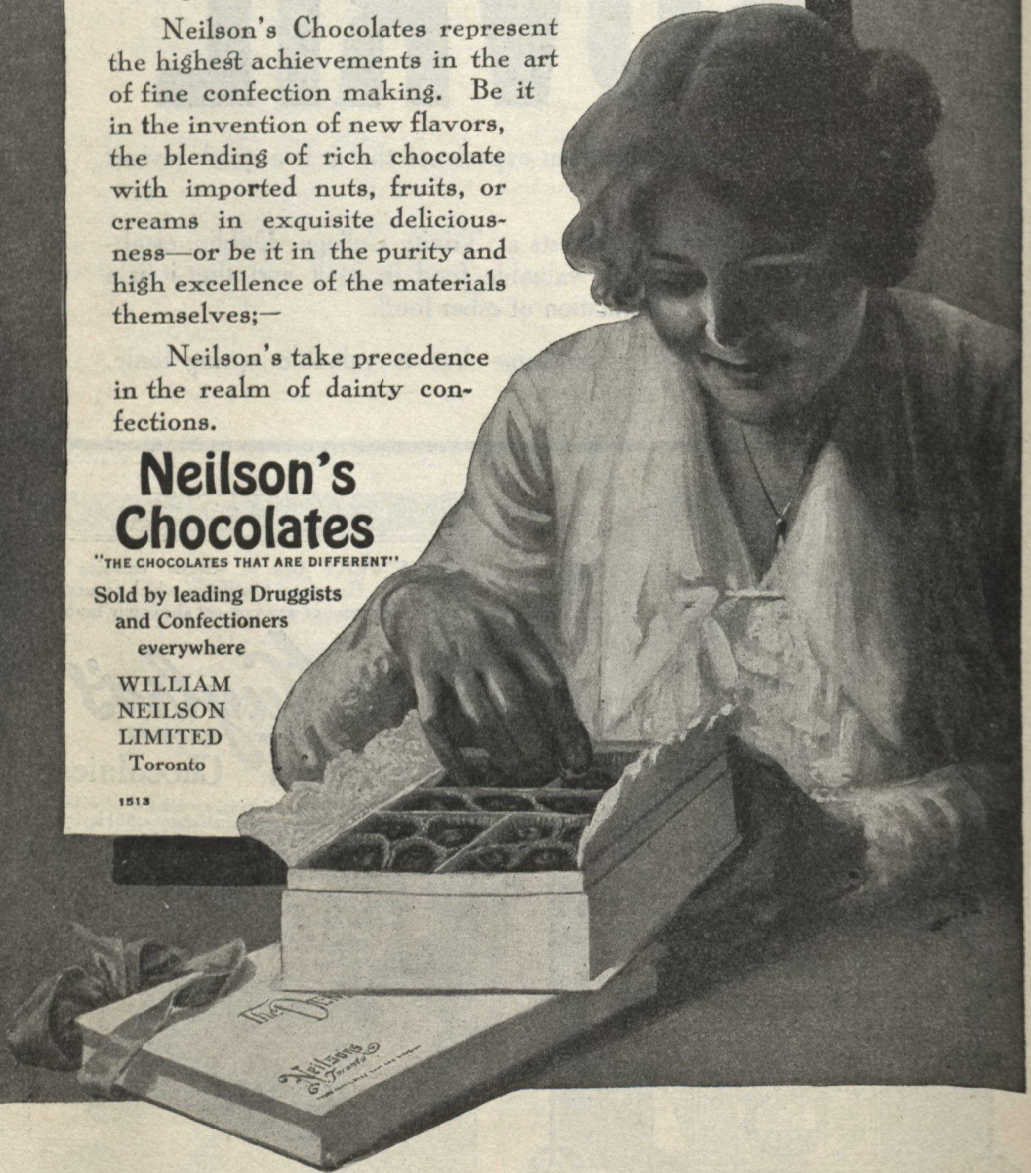
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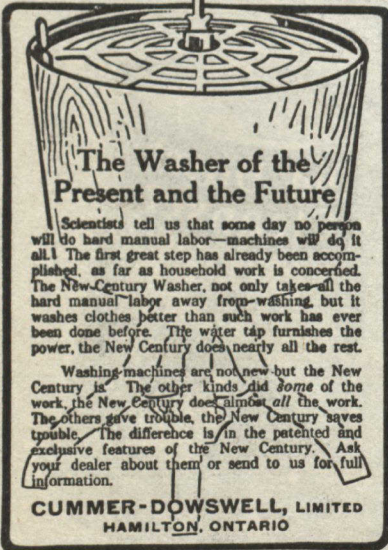
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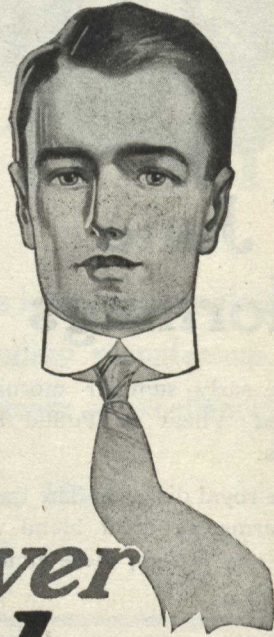
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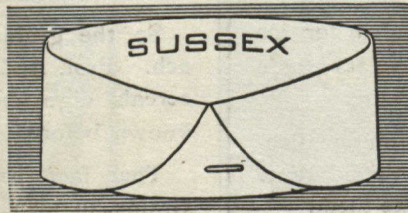
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Of course there are plenty other lawnmowers made in Canada, as well as the several kinds that are imported.

Still for all that Taylor-Forbes is the name you will most likely find on your neighbor's lawnmower, because there are more of that kind in use in Canada than any other.

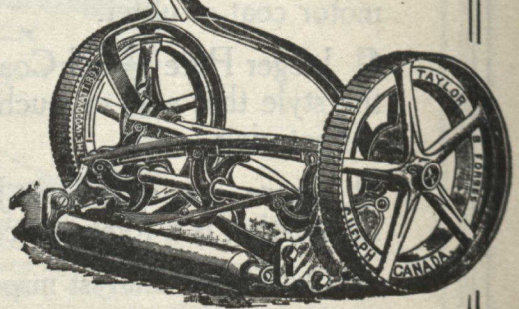
A great many more.

If your Hardware Dealer has not a Taylor-Forbes Lawnmower in the size, and at the price you consider right for a good-working machine, drop us a post card and we will tell you who the Dealer is in your town who has a complete stock of our lawnmowers for you to select from.

These lawnmowers are perfection in their way. There is 40 years experience built into every machine. They are thoroughly guaranteed. Made in a variety of styles, the best known being

“Adanac”  
“Woodyatt”  
“Empress”

The “Adanac” cuts a swath 17 to 21 inches wide. It is made to excel the most expensive of the imported lawnmowers.



MADE BY

**TAYLOR-FORBES** Company,  
Limited, Guelph

Sold by Hardware Dealers everywhere in Canada.





The  
War on  
Flies

## Call on Tanglefoot For Help

Spread a sheet of Tanglefoot when you see the first fly. For these winter survivors may breed countless armies later.

Tanglefoot will save you from untold annoyance from flies this summer. No other method has proved half so effective.

### 300,000,000 Sheets Used Yearly

A mighty army of Tanglefoot is ready to help you. Each sheet can destroy 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that DESTROYS THE GERM as well as the fly.

So Tanglefoot is a double protection. Now after 30 years, hardly a household in America would be without it.

### Don't Risk Poisons

Every summer fatalities are reported from their use. In several states the sale of poison is forbidden except by registered pharmacists.

The poison does not kill the germ on the fly. Poisoned flies drop into your food, into baby's milk, are ground to dust in the carpet.

Fly traps, too, are unsanitary and disgusting to care for.

### Tanglefoot the Safe Way

You take no chances when you use Tanglefoot. It is the non-poisonous, sanitary way of fighting flies. In sections bothered by fleas, too, it is a veritable boon.

Don't be without Tanglefoot this summer, if you want to enjoy freedom from these pests.

### Preferred for 30 Years



The original Tanglefoot always bears this trademark. It contains one-third more sticky compound, hence lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper or sticky fly-paper. Ask your grocer or druggist for Tanglefoot for this season's war on flies.

**Made Only by The O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Michigan**

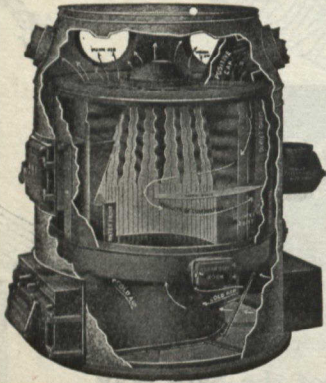
*A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.*

[14]



# 20 to 30% Less Coal

On account of its distinctive construction the Kelsey Warm Air Generator saves 20 to 30 per cent of coal bills.



A Kelsey has 61 square feet of radiating surface to one square foot of grate.

This large radiating surface is provided for in a battery of heavy, cast iron, Zig Zag tubes that surround the fire grate.

These heavy tubes store up heat and radiate it evenly.

All the heat from the coal is concentrated in these Zig Zag tubes which are right up against the fire. And because of their immense weight they retain the heat for hours after the fire gets low, making constant "firing up" unnecessary.

That is why the Kelsey is the most economical of all heating systems. It saves from 20 to 30% of coal bills.

*Our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation", tells all about this economical heating system. Send for it.*

**THE JAS. SMART MANUFACTURING CO., Limited**  
Brockville, Ontario. Winnipeg, Manitoba

## FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

# MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.**

**Dept. D.**

**MILTON, ONTARIO.**

*Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

Toronto Office

50 Adelaide St. W.



# New Hose Free

Send for six pairs of Cotton or Cashmere Holeproof Hose. Six pairs guaranteed to wear six months. If any wear, tear or break a thread in six months, you get new hose Free! Light, medium, and the heavier weights. All guaranteed.

## Six guarantee coupons with every six pairs.

More than a million people in the United States and Canada now buy their hose from us in this way. They save all the darning they formerly had to do. They never wear darned hose now. They save money, too, for twelve pairs a year keep their hose whole forever. Six pairs for men cost \$1.50 to \$3 a box. Six pairs for women cost from \$2 to \$3 a box. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, cost \$1.

### Think What It Means!

Think what such hose—at the price of common hose—save in time, trouble and money. Forget the darning. Forget hurtful darned places that make the feet sore. Forget the whole question of hosiery by simply buying two boxes a year!

### Our 13th Year

We have been selling fine hose in this manner for the past thirteen years. In that short time we have come to be the largest house of our kind in existence. Our success is due solely to making the hose that the most people prefer. The same people buy them again and again because of their wonderful quality. In all our experience, 95% of our output has outlasted the six months' guarantee. That amounts to 24,700,000 pairs.



### Our \$60,000 Inspection

insures this quality on every stitch. We pay that amount in salaries to inspectors yearly. They examine each pair twice over, carefully, to see that it lacks every possible flaw. We do this to protect ourselves as well as to insure the wear to our customers. There is no better way that we know to make hosiery, and there are no better hose to be had. Don't you think that our million customers prove it?

The figures above refer to our business in both Canada and the United States.

### Send the Coupon

Send today for six pairs of these hose to try. See what they save. Note the comfort they give. Send the money in any convenient way. Mark the grade, size and color plainly. Send the coupon below, or a post card or letter. Do it right now, while you're thinking about it. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the wear.

**Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.**  
279 Bond Street, London, Canada.

**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd. 279 Bond Street, London, Canada.	(432)
Gentleman: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children). Size..... Color.....	
Weight..... Name.....	
..... Street.....	
City..... Province.....	

***“Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend”***



**Now then  
take care  
how you  
make that  
soup.**



A jolly good soup is Edwards' Soup—but, as you know, even the best of soups can easily be spoilt if you don't make them in the proper way.

This is how to make Edwards' Soup (Brown or Tomato variety) :—

*Put a pint of cold water in a saucepan, add one packet of Edwards' Desiccated Soup (Brown or Tomato variety), boil for thirty minutes, stir frequently, salt and pepper to taste and—there you are!*

# EDWARDS'

DESICCATED

# SOUPS

There's no bother of peeling vegetables and cutting up meat. Buy a few packets of Edwards' Soup to-day and—take care how you make that soup!

**5c. per packet.**

*Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.*

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.



# Do You Know?

That for a good all round serviceable suit of clothes there is nothing to equal a Blue Serge or Cheviot, and when you are getting one, get the best—

**VICKERMAN'S**  
BLUE SERGES  
and CHEVIOTS

**Are The Best  
Manufactured.**  
**They Never Fade**



The makers name along the Selvage every 3 yards.

Let us know if your own tailor does not handle them. We can tell you who does.

**Nisbet & Auld, Limited**  
**Toronto.**

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.



## **MATCHLESS LIQUID GLOSS**

The best polish made for furniture and other finished surfaces. Restores and preserves the original lustre.

Use it in dusting. It cleans and disinfects as well as polishes.

*Hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere. Get a trial can today.*

**THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited**  
Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax



# Just two ways of hearing all the Music of all the World



The Columbia Grafonola is the one incomparable instrument of music. This new Columbia "Grand" has made the very words "talking machine" obsolete. Its tone is beyond compare. No winding—it runs by electric motor. It stops automatically at the end of each record. Ask your dealer for the Book of the Columbia "Grand"—or write us.

Columbia Grafonolas now range from **\$65 to \$650**. Catalogs on request.

### Important Notice

All Columbia records can be played on Victor talking machines. Likewise all Columbia instruments will play Victor records.

**Columbia Grand \$650**  
Grafonola



PHOTOS  
© MISHKIN  
MATZENS  
DU PONT

# Columbia

Canadian Factory and Headquarters  
365 Spadina Avenue - - - - - Toronto



Has  
Character

**Coca-Cola**  
TRADE MARK  
REGISTERED

This is no ordinary "drink-it-just-to-be-drinking-something" beverage. Coca-Cola has distinctive, individual qualities that you will recognize. Just to look at a glass of it tells the story—bright, sparkling, clear.

Delightfully refreshing—completely thirst-quenching—absolutely wholesome. It's worth repeating.

**Delicious—Refreshing  
Thirst-Quenching**

Demand the Genuine—  
Refuse Substitutes.

Send for our  
free Booklet.

Whenever  
you see an  
Arrow think  
of Coca-Cola.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.





There is  
**AN ATMOSPHERE  
 OF REFINEMENT**  
 Gentle, Restful and  
 Wholesome, in the  
 Warmth from a  
**GOOD CHEER**  
**WARM AIR FURNACE**

Such a delightful indoor  
 Climate is made possible  
 by the adequate **HUMIDITY**  
 from its big  
**CIRCLE WATERPAN**

The James  
 Stewart  
**Manufacturing  
 Company Limited**

WOODSTOCK, ONT.  
 WINNIPEG, MAN.

**FURNACE CATALOGUE  
 MAILED ON REQUEST**





## Let Elastica Protect and Beautify Your Floors

Use it as a safeguard against the wear and tear to which floors are constantly subjected.

**TRADE**  
**ELASTICA**  
**MARK**  
**FLOOR FINISH**

on hard wood or soft, on linoleum or oilcloth—will endure for months and remain beautiful and lustrous, unmarred and unscratched—free from stains and water spots.

ELASTICA is pre-eminently the floor varnish. It is easily applied and dries hard over night.

Send for Book No. 84

"How to Finish Floors"—Home Edition. It contains complete information about the proper care of floors.

**INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.**  
**LIMITED**

**TORONTO** - **WINNIPEG**  
Canadian Factory of Standard Varnish Works,  
New York, Chicago, London, Berlin,  
Brussels, Melbourne  
Largest in the world and first to establish  
definite standards of quality.

## Floor Coverings That Satisfy

We have been trying for years to protect you against substituted imitations of wire-grass floor coverings.

CREX—the original and genuine—now has the name woven (almost invisibly) in the side binding on the rounded edge, as shown in illustration.

Before you buy, look closely for CREX on rug or runner—it's your protection and stands for HIGHEST QUALITY.

CREX coverings are sanitary and durable—do not hold dust or dirt—are reversible and easy to keep clean.

They are suitable for all-year-round use in any home—indoors or out. Not affected by rain or dampness—they lie flat—never curl.

Most dealers carry a varied assortment. It will pay you to look at the many beautiful and artistic designs. The low prices will astonish you.

To introduce CREX in your home we are making a special size sample rug 12 x 30 inches which we will send, postage prepaid, on receipt of 35 cents in stamps or coin. State preference of color—green, red, blue or brown.

"The Story of CREX" and catalogue of numerous patterns in natural colors, mailed on request.

**CREX CARPET COMPANY**

Dept. N.4 377 Broadway, New York  
Originators of Wire-Grass  
Floor Coverings





# CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

*PLAIN SAUCE, CHILI SAUCE, TOMATO SAUCE*

An appetising, nourishing, and satisfying meal provided for the housewife with the minimum of preparation and the maximum of comfort.

Is it not worth while to know that you can obtain the most carefully selected beans cooked thoroughly and whole by a process which is unsurpassed, and which retains the full mealy flavour of the beans, blended with the most delicate sauces, giving you no trouble beyond heating for a few moments?

**That is what Clark gives you**

*ORDER CLARKS' FROM YOUR GROCER*

W. CLARK

MONTREAL



**O**UR METAL LOCKERS are one of the necessary features of the equipment of Modern Business Establishments and Public Institutions. They are fireproof. They provide absolute security against theft, and promote order, system and tidiness wherever used. They do not harbor germs, odors or insects; they save time, money, trouble and contents, and economise space. Each Locker bears a distinct number with the correspondingly numbered key, so that any Locker can be easily located, and confusion, mixing or loss of clothing and personal effects is rendered impossible.

**DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS CO.**  
LONDON, ONT. . . . . CANADA



# WILLIAMS'

## TALCUM POWDER



All three  
for 20 cents



After a warm bath, when a delicate skin is most easily irritated, there is nothing that soothes and safeguards quite so effectively as the free use of Williams' Talc Powder.

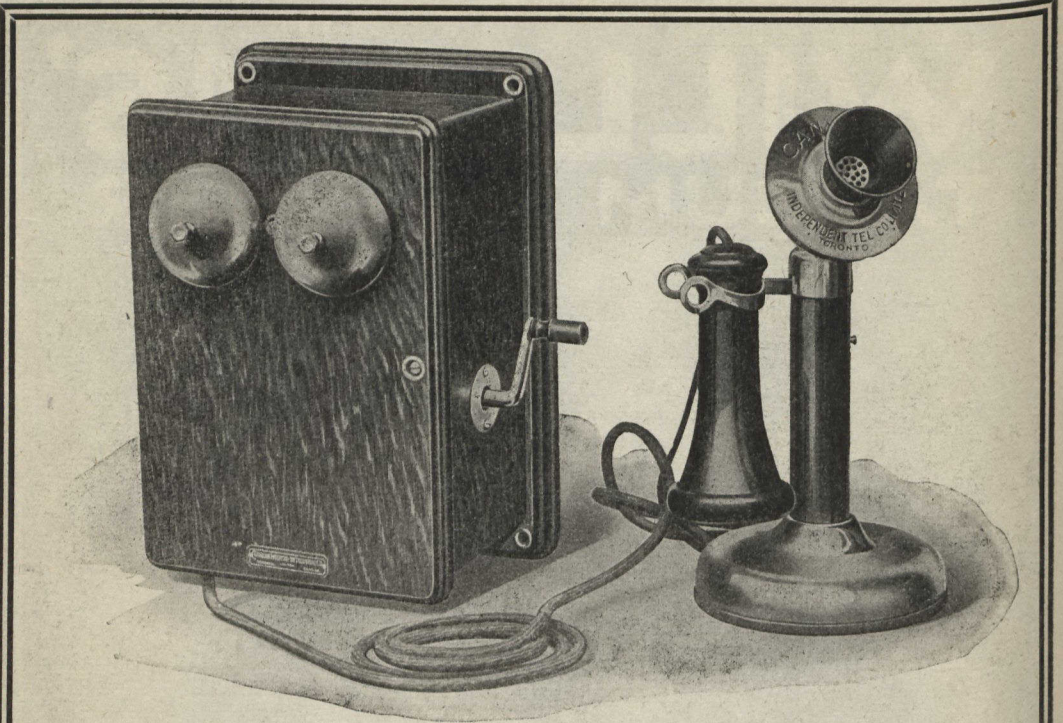
Four odors—Violet, Carnation, Karsi and Rose

### AN ATTRACTIVE OFFER

For Users of Williams' Talc we have had manufactured a charming little Vanity Box, heavily silver-plated, containing a French powder puff and a concentrating mirror. We will gladly send it with a sample can of Williams' Violet Talc Powder and a tube of Williams' Dental Cream, trial size, on receipt of 20 cents in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, P. O. Drawer 235, Glastonbury, Conn.





## A TELEPHONE TALK

There are over 500 rural telephone systems owned locally in Ontario. When one remembers that only a few years ago there was but one telephone company, and, comparatively speaking, no rural telephones in Ontario, the development has been nothing short of marvellous.

### Have You A Telephone?

If not, write us and we will tell you how to proceed in order to secure telephones for your locality. We have been actively identified with the starting of the majority of municipal and local systems and are in a position to supply accurate and reliable information.

### Are You Operating A Line?

If so, and you are not using our telephones, ask about our FREE TRIAL OFFER. We claim our telephones are superior in design, material and workmanship to any others on the market, and are prepared to let you prove it on your own lines.

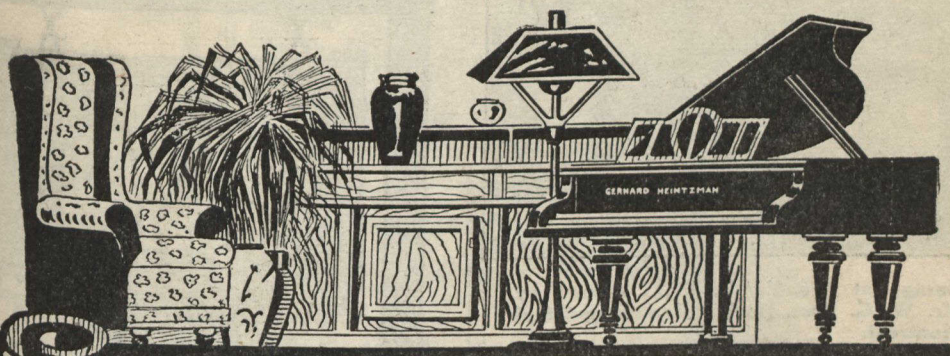
**No. 4 Bulletin**—Latest telephone book published, free on request.

**Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Ltd.**

18-20 DUNCAN STREET

TORONTO, CANADA





# GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

## GERHARD HEINTZMAN Is The Piano for ENDURANCE

You are buying your piano for a great many years of service. Only a piano that will endure will satisfy you in the end.

Thousands of owners of Gerhard Heintzman Pianos, who have had them so long and used them so hard that they seem to simply have to write about their lasting qualities.

They see the results but we see the reasons. This piano is built right. Its material and construction are not sacrificed for any consideration whatsoever; it involves the cost of his investment to the owner, but it involves a life-time's reputation to us who have made the

## GERHARD HEINTZMAN

Canada's Greatest Piano.

Send for our beautiful book describing the piano fully, whether Self Player, Grand or Upright.

Your present instrument taken as part payment at a fair valuation.

**GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited**

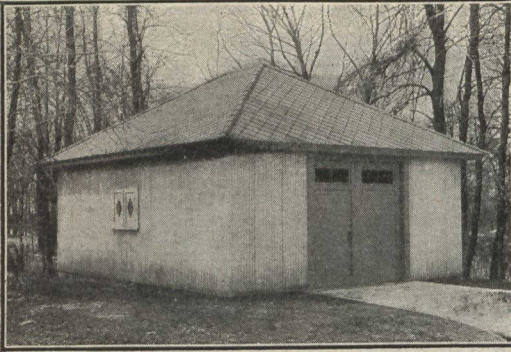
41-43 Queen Street W., - TORONTO

(Opposite City Hall)  
New Hamilton Salesrooms  
(next to Post Office.)

0-95







Garage at Woodlands, P.Q., owned by Mr. W. G. Ross, Harbor Commissioner of Montreal.

## A Garage of Asbestocement

The walls of this Garage are of **Asbestos Corrugated Sheathing**. The strips run from roof to ground without a break.

The roof is of

### *ASBESTOSLATE* Cement Shingles

laid in the diagonal or French style, finished with our regular Ridge Roll.

The advantages of this type of construction are many.

So far as the exterior is concerned the Garage is fireproof.

Walls and roof never need paint. The beautiful Newport Grey is absolutely permanent, and so are the Indian Red and Blue Black in which Asbestoslate Shingles are also made. The building is permanently weather-proof. The Asbestocement hardens and toughens with age.

The light-colored, non-conducting Asbestocement "sheds" the sun's heat and prevents extremes of temperature within. This is important.

The cost is less than that of any other permanent construction.

For Booklet C.M. giving full information about Asbestocement building material, write

**Asbestos Manufacturing Co., Limited**

Address :

**E. T. Bank Bldg., 263 St. James Street,  
MONTREAL**

Factory at Lachine, P.Q. (near Montreal)



## —Vigor

and action mark the successful man or woman.

Heavy uncomfortable underclothing hampers the movements and saps the energy.

### CEETEE PURE WOOL, UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

for Spring and Summer is light in weight, but because of the pureness and quality of wool used, it absorbs all the perspiration.

Free action of the limbs and body is rendered easy by shaping the garment during the process of knitting.

All joins are knitted not sewn. Made in sizes to fit all the family.

Worn by the Best People,  
Sold by the Best Dealers.

Manufactured by

**The C. TURNBULL CO. of Galt, Limited**

### CEETEE UNDERWEAR

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's High-class Ribbed underwear for Ladies and Children. Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.





**You want just a small compact file**  
 which can be conveniently placed beside the desk, so  
 that records which are needed most frequently can be  
 kept handy for reference.

Office Specialty Half Sections are admirably adapted  
 for this purpose. They occupy a small space and fill  
 a great need.

See them at our showrooms, or discuss your filing  
 requirements with one of our representatives.

Head Office and Toronto Showrooms:  
 97 Wellington St. West

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 TORONTO (head office), WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON,  
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MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS  
**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
 LIMITED  
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD  
 CANADA



## Eventually you will visit Medicine Hat, and Invest in some Property.

Why not make up your mind to do it now before prices get too high for your means, and turn this increase into a profit for yourself?

Our long experience in the Real Estate business in MEDICINE HAT enables us to give our Customers the best purchases on the market.

We are also the FARM LAND COMPANY of Southern Alberta, and have over 250,000 acres to select from.

Ask any "Ginther Customer" and he will tell you about our standing—we have thousands of satisfied customers—and we WANT YOU.

*CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.*

**F. M. Ginther Land Company, Limited**  
 Hull Block ("We sell the earth") Medicine Hat, Alberta

## The Western Engineering Company

SUPERVISING  
 CONSULTING  
 CONTRACTING  
 ENGINEERS  
 SURVEYORS

**Medicine Hat . . . . . Canada**



# MEDICINE HAT

Western Canada's Manufacturing Centre and the Heart  
of the World's Greatest Gas Field, Offers

## REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITIES

to live manufacturers

Medicine Hat's Natural Gas Franchise is owned by the  
City and successfully used for Industrial Purposes.

Domestic Rate, 13½ cents per M feet

Manufacturing Rate, 5 cents per M feet.

Magnificent Water Supply, Good Schools, Excellent  
Churches, Best Climate in Western Canada, Expanding  
Markets, Wealth of Raw Materials, Ample Distribution  
Facilities, and Single Tax make Medicine Hat an

## IDEAL LOCATION FOR FACTORIES

Free Sites and Trackage. Free Natural Gas. Forty  
Industries Now Located—Others Coming in at the Rate  
of One or More Monthly. Write:

SECY.-COMMISSIONER

BOARD OF TRADE AND INDUSTRIAL BUREAU  
MEDICINE HAT - ALBERTA

Factory men by filling out and mailing this coupon to-day can  
secure a panoramic photograph of Industrial Medicine Hat.

Secy.-Commissioner,  
Board of Trade and Industrial Bureau,  
Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Please send me full information about Medicine Hat and  
its unrivalled advantages for the Western Canada Trade.

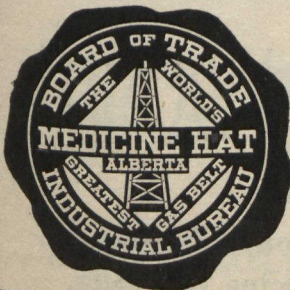
I am interested in .....

Name .....

Concern .....

City or Town .....

Province or State .....





# Medicine Hat Real Estate

During the past half year we have been dealing almost exclusively in Medicine Hat properties.

Following are some of the many big deals transacted through our offices.

Read carefully and notice the large percentage of profit accumulated during the past 6 to 8 months.

In every case below mentioned our clients took and depended on our judgment for a rapid rise in value, and in each case it has been greater than we anticipated.

320 acres, W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , Section 17. 3 miles from post office. Cost our clients \$100,000. Present valuation, \$350,000. Now known as Industrial Centre, and selling up to \$200 per 25 foot lot.

3 lots Toronto Street, opposite Assiniboia Hotel, Cost \$85,000. Present valuation \$150,000. Offer of \$125,000 refused.

250 feet frontage Esplanade. Cost \$87,500. Present valuation \$115,000.

Pruett Block—now Church Block. Cost \$65,000. Now worth \$110,000.

50 feet Main Street north. Cost \$4,500. Present valuation \$20,000

300 acres 2 miles from post office. \$133,000 cost to syndicate, organized by us. Now held at one million dollars.

Are not these good substantial profits ?

Do you not desire to participate with us and our clients in like profits if you are assured that they will actually be made ?

Look us up when you come to Medicine Hat, or better still, write us now.

Our syndicates and our mode of doing big business will interest you.

## E. C. METZNER

211 Alberta Loan Block  
Calgary, Alta.

224 South Railway St.  
Medicine Hat, Alta.



# MEDICINE HAT

has 50 established industries all using

## NATURAL GAS

at 5 cents per 1,000 cu. ft. Workers, Manufacturers, Builders, Investors write us for information about the Gas City.

---

The **A. P. DAY INVESTMENT**

COMPANY, LIMITED

Hull Block . . . Medicine Hat, Alta.



# MEDICINE HAT

The City of Natural Gas

## THE MILNE PRICE AGENCY

GET THE LITTLE BOOK  
IT TELLS YOU EVERYTHING

The  
Milne Price  
Agency  
Med. Hat

*Kindly send Booklet  
and information on Medicine  
Hat.*

SUITE 20 HULL BLOCK

MED. HAT.

Name .....

Address .....

D. B. NIBLOCK  
W. N. HARRISON

G. F. TULL  
T. R. HARRISON

## NIBLOCK & TULL, Limited

Medicine Hat, Alberta

Head Office CALGARY

THE FINANCIAL BROKERS

REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS

OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS

INSURANCE—FIRE, LIABILITY, Etc.

CONTRACTOR'S BONDS

ESTATE EXECUTORS

RENTAL AGENTS

*Agents for all Ocean Steamship Lines and The Grand Trunk  
Pacific Railway.*

Reliable quotations furnished gratis on valuation of Medicine Hat,  
Redcliff and Dunmore properties.

Original Sale Agents for the Townsite of Dunmore.

WRITE FOR MAPS AND PRICE LISTS

## NIBLOCK & TULL, Limited

Box 1040

Medicine Hat, Alberta



# Kenilworth

## Redcliff (South)

KENILWORTH adjoins the original townsite of Redcliff and during April was added to the town limits, it also adjoins the 80 acres of Industrial Sites purchased by the Town Council of Redcliff. It is situated in Sec. 4, 13, 6, which section embraces the Industrial Sites. It lies between Medicine Hat and Redcliff, south of the C. P. R. track, the proposed C. N. R. route goes directly through it. The proprietors of KENILWORTH at present are negotiating with 3 large industries who owing to the liberal terms offered and its unique position are about to locate on the River Saskatchewan, which bounds KENILWORTH on its southern border. A large furniture manufactory has bought heavily for sites for its work people. All the property is high, dry and level, every lot guaranteed. Price \$250. and \$200. per lot. Terms: ¼ cash, balance 6, 12 and 18 months.

References: Royal Bank of Canada.

PHONE 1055.

**W. KEITH BELL & SONS,**  
Medicine Hat - - - Alta.

## Medicine Hat

The City where Industrial Plants are of more importance than Real Estate.

Write us or come and see us. As we are in a position to give advice, having been here for seven years in Real Estate.

**MATTHEWS, MURRAY & JORDAN**

Established 1906

Agents Hudson's Bay Lands. 381 MAIN ST.

### FORTUNES IN SUCCESSFUL SONGS I'VE PAID THOUSANDS

in Royalties

Send your song poems or musical compositions to me for acceptance. I'll publish under a 50 per cent. royalty contract. I composed and published "Wedding of the Winds" waltzes. Million copies sold. Dozens of my publications are "FAMOUS HITS." Established 16 years. DON'T FAIL TO SECURE MY FREE BOOKLET.

JOHN T. HALL, 27 Columbus Circle, New York

## A TOILET TREASURE

Murray & Lanman's  
**FLORIDA WATER**



Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

**I**N the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful: after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!



Washburne's Pat. "O.K." Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home. Made of Brass and nickel-plated Steel, three sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100 each. Your Stationer, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free. YEARLY SALE NOW 100 MILLION. THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

## WANTED—SALEMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address Dept. 278.

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION**

806 Kent Building

Toronto, Ontario

**BE A VENTRILOQUIST** Earn from \$30.00 to \$500.00 a week, you can do it, I will tell you the secret, best paying profession in the world. Ventriloquists are always in demand, send stamp for particulars to B. J. Murfin, Box 222, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

# "GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

*There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"*

**CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - - MONTREAL**



# PEASE ECONOMY

## HOT WATER BOILERS



### THE NEW GOWN

To Smith the winter had been a miserable one—cold, cheerless rooms—uncomfortable both day and night—Wife and children ill with colds and La Grippe—coal bills bigger than ever, and he was very discouraged.

One evening his wife remarked on the new gown that Mrs. George Jones was wearing. He said, "I don't see how that Jones chap can afford it." His wife replied, "Well, Mrs. Jones was telling me that they had put in a new boiler a couple of years ago.—At the end of the first winter, Mr. Jones in going over his coal bills found that notwithstanding the higher price of coal, they had spent much less in cash than in previous years and laughingly gave Mrs. Jones the difference, saying 'You can buy a dress with that—So every year since, she buys a dress with 'Coal Money.'"

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**SHE SAID**—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby"

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Tan, sunburn, redness and chapping are relieved by its use, and dry or sagging tissues are toned and strengthened.

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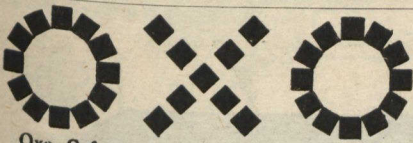
- No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere, 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, ox-blood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
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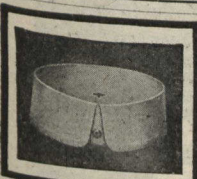
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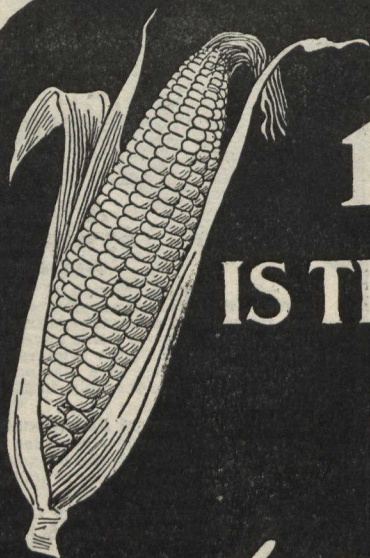
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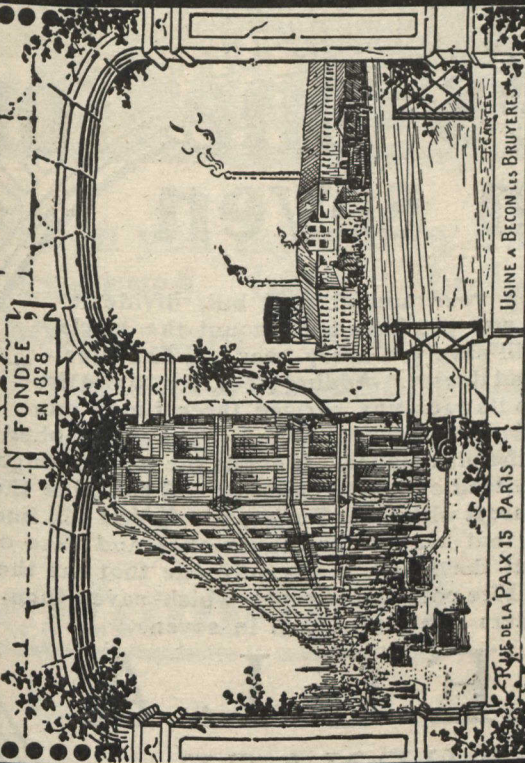
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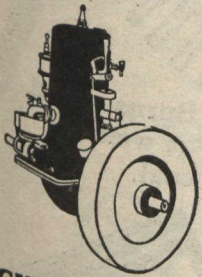
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showing ribs  
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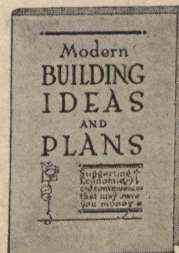
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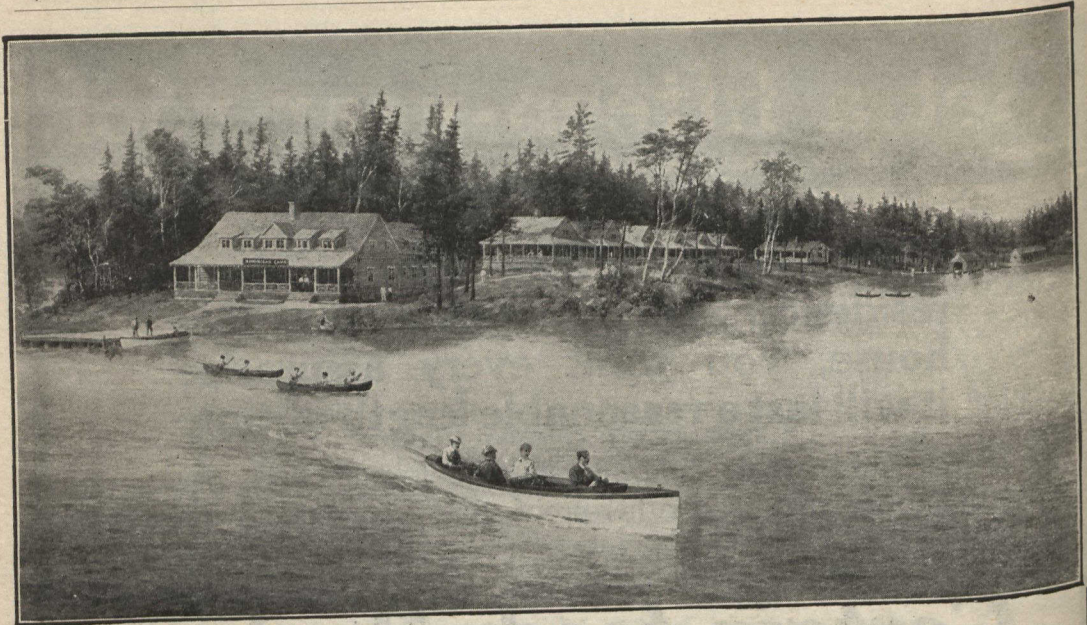
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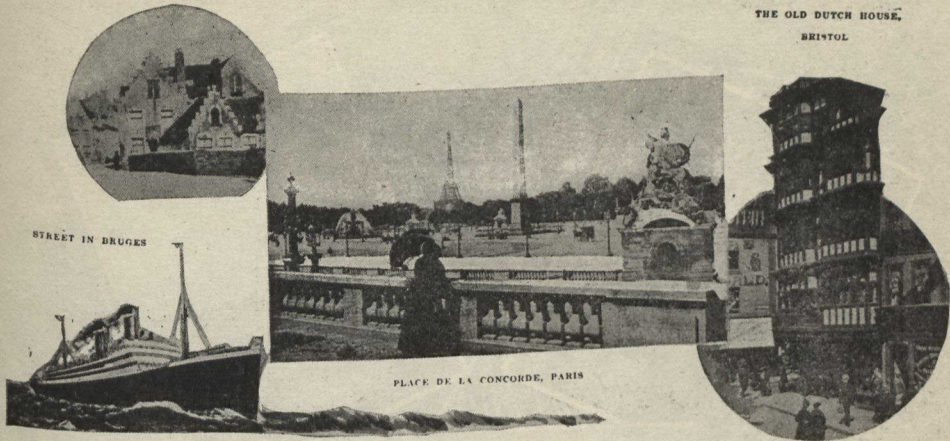
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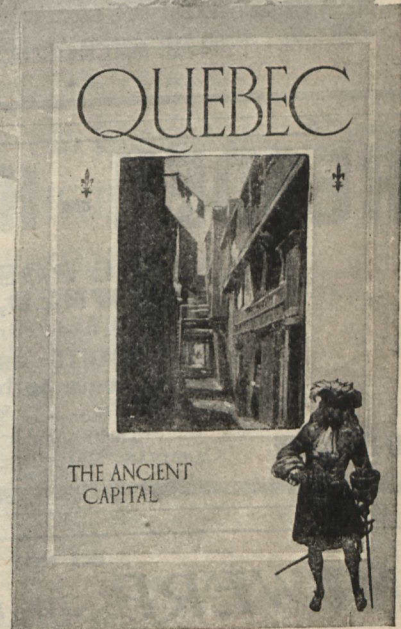
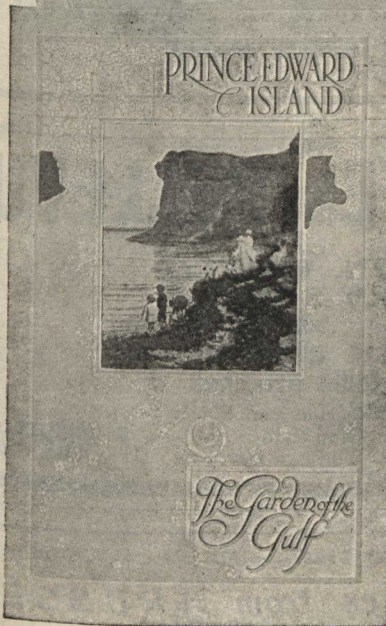
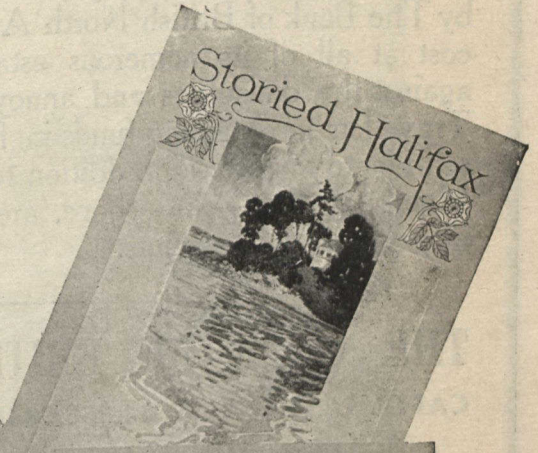
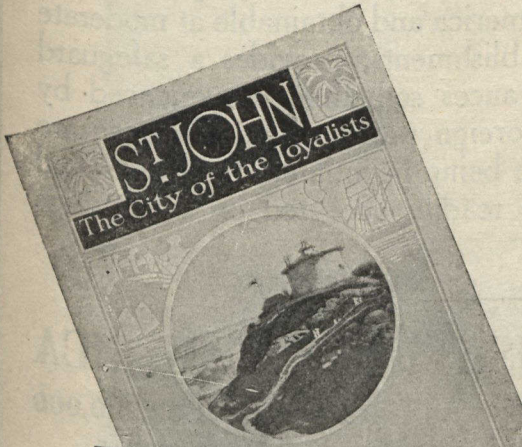
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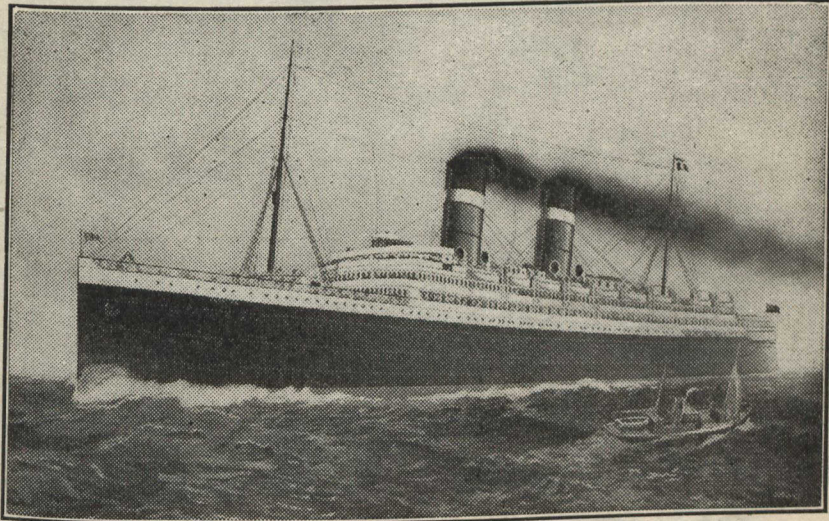
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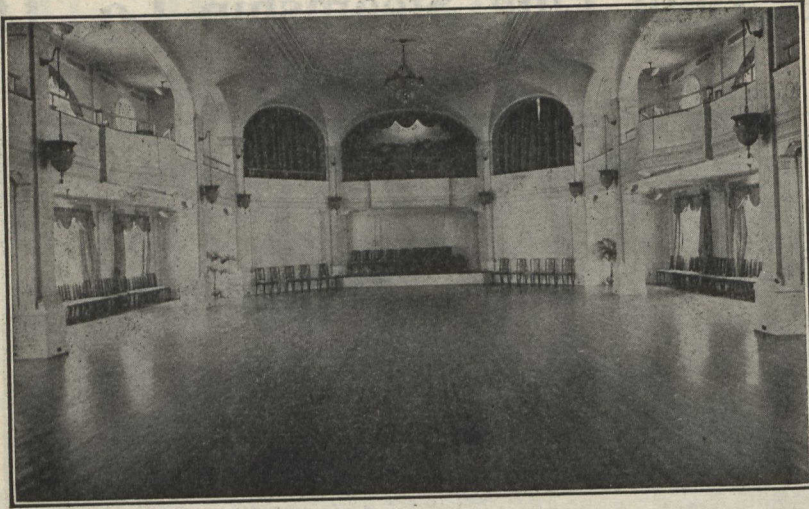
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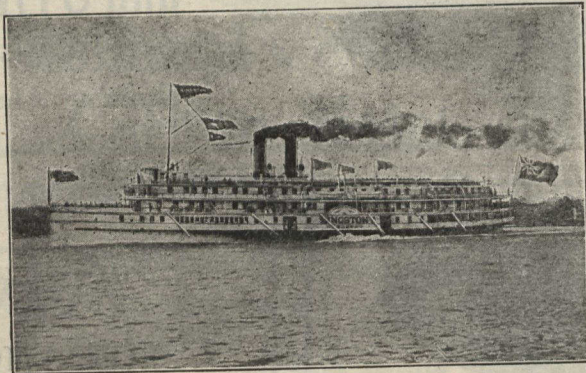
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Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50 cent box is sufficient for druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 402 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Also at 19 St. Bride St., London, Eng., Montreal New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

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Attractive Tours by All Routes, including Tours *de Luxe* and Vacation Tours, escorted or independent as preferred. Widest choice; inclusive fares; best tour-leaders; small groups. Uniformed interpreters at stations and ports, and other exclusive facilities for independent travellers.

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Send us your work we can make money for you, write to-day. Murfin Music Co., Box 222, Guelph, Ont., Canada.

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No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



## "JULIAN SALE" For Fine Leather Goods



## LADIES DRESSING BAGS

MAKE HANDSOME AND USEFUL WEDDING PRESENTS

These Dressing Bags are made from the finest of black hard grain English Morocco Leather—lined with very fine quality of green silk—fitted with very fine toilet fittings in Ebony and Parisian Ivory—with cut glass toilet bottles. These Bags contain Hair Brush, Bonnet Brush, Cloth Brush, Mirror, Soap Box, Talcum Box, Perfume Bottle, Powder Box, Hair Pin Case, Nail Buffer, Hook, File, Comb, Scissors and Address Book. 16 in. size.

With Ebony Fittings **\$45**      With Parisian Ivory Fittings **\$50**

If you cannot buy "JULIAN SALE" Leather Goods from your dealer write for Catalogue No. 30.

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Ltd.**  
105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.





# ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

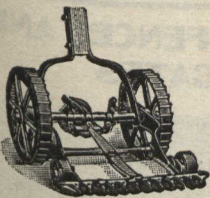
gets the credit for the health,  
of this family of eleven. . .

**MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL**

## Read what this Mother says :

"I am the mother of eleven children, and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,  
12 Mount Ash Road,  
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,  
London, England



## What is Killing Your Lawn?

Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.

The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.

Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the

grass until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. *WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.*

**Clipper Lawn Mower Company**  
Dixon - - - - - Illinois

## A Razor is only as Good as its Steel

When you buy a razor with a Barrel Trade Mark you get razor perfection and the Barrel Mark is its guarantee—made of the finest tempered steel to keep your temper.

Sold where quality is demanded.

**GREEFF-BREDT & Co.,**  
**TORONTO**  
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**"That's what the Chief is looking for."**

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**PEERLESS**  
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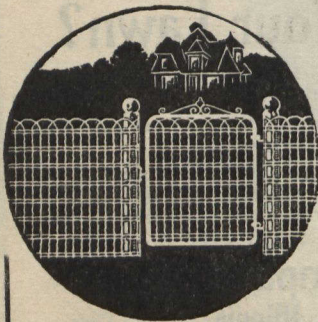
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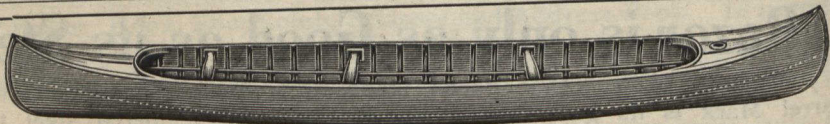
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**LAWN FENCES AND GATES**

Any height from 2 to 8 feet. They are decidedly ornamental but are strong, keep their shape and do duty for years. Gates are from 3 to 14 feet in length, single or double. The self-acting latch is like the gate itself. *Satisfactory in every way.*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET 144.

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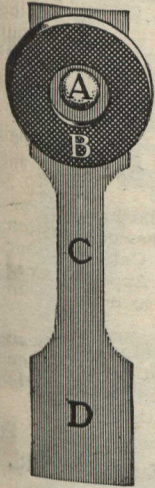
**Wm. English "CANOES"**

Are known the world over for their Strength, Beauty and Durability. They are absolutely unsurpassed in quality and are reasonable in price. We have a model for every requirement. Write for Catalogue.

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Established 1861.



# No Corns Next Week



Would you like to think that your oldest corns would be ended forever next week?

They can be ended in a simple way. A million corns monthly are ended in this way.

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster. That ends the pain, and from that time on you simply forget the corn.

In 48 hours take the plaster off. Then lift out the corn. There will be no pain or soreness.

The B & B wax gently loosens the corn so it comes out root and all.

And that corn won't come back. Another corn may come if you still pinch your feet, but the corn that comes out is ended.

Millions believe this because they have done it. Millions of others still putter with corns. Please, for your own sake, make a test of this scientist's invention.

- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(316)

**IRRESISTIBLE**

**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**





ASK FOR  
**"LOGWOOD"**  
 3 for 50  
 A Comfortable Collar and Correct  
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## SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

A remedy which has no equal for  
**DIABETES**

No Diabetic should fail to give this perfectly harmless and efficacious remedy a trial. It never fails to effect wonderful results. It has the unrestricted approval of prominent physicians. Price **\$2.00** per bottle.

### SANOL

is a Reliable Cure for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Bladder Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price **\$1.50**.

### SANOL'S BLOOD SALT (Sal Sanguinis)

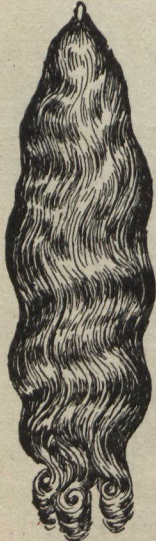
This salt is an excellent and absolutely harmless remedy for any disturbances of digestion such as Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, etc., and as an aid to digestion in wasting and nervous diseases.

The preparations of the originator have been awarded First Prize Medal at the Hygiene Didactical Exposition by the University of Lemberg. Price **50c.** per bottle.

LITERATURE ON REQUEST.

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## CANADA'S HAIR FASHION STORE



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GLENN-CHARLES have the largest Stock in strictly Best Quality Hair Goods at very reasonable prices.

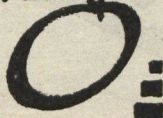
If you are intending to purchase a beautiful Natural Wavy Switch, Psyche Coil, Front, Transformation, or a Men's Toupee or Wig, write us for price quotations.

Send small Sample of Hair and by Return Mail we will forward the Goods required. If not suitable return at our expense.

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**Selection  
& Science in  
Roasting**



*Have helped*

**SEAL  
BRAND  
COFFEE**

*to stand the  
long test*

*The Favorite  
for 50 Years*

**CHASE &  
SANBORN  
MONTREAL -**



**ORIENTAL  
CREAM**

A skin like the softness of velvet, clear and pearly white, is the perfection of beauty. The regular use of

**GOURAUD'S**

**Oriental  
Cream**

will render a complexion that will be the envy of every one.

The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of it having been in actual use for nearly **three quarters of a century.**

It cannot be surpassed for the relief of tan, pimples, freckles and other blemishes of the complexion.

**50c. and \$1.50 per Bottle**

At Druggists and Department Stores, or direct on receipt of price.

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They are a dainty little booklet of perfumed powder leaves, always ready for an emergency. 10c. by mail will bring them.

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**NEW YORK.**



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 All Dealers

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 Sole Prop's.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



## "3 Grizzlies in under 1 Minute"

3 Black Bear

4 Grizzlies

2 Goat

2 Cariboo

2 Moose



Feb. 10, 1913—Writing to tell you how pleased I am with the .280 Ross. Last season in Cassiar, B.C., I went after 13 head and bagged the lot, at ranges varying from 60 to 500 yards, in 27 shots. My bag consisted of 3 Black Bear, 4 Grizzlies, 2 Goat, 2 Cariboo, 2 Moose. In my estimation **there is no rifle to compare with the "Ross .280."**

The balance is perfect, the action fast and smooth while the flatness of trajectory quite does away with the judging of distances.

**I shot a goat at over 500 yards with exactly same sight** that I take at 100 yards. The 3 grizzlies were killed in under one minute, Cluny C. Luke, Alberni, B.C. (Extract letter to Ross Rifle Co.)

**\$55.00** The "Ross" .280 High Velocity is now retailed at \$55.00 and the Ross .280 Ammunition, with copper tube expanding bullet, patented, specially adapted for it, at \$7.50 per 100.

Get one NOW for your next trip. If your dealer cannot show one write for illustrated catalogue.

**ROSS RIFLE CO. - QUEBEC, Canada**





## FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND HAMS and BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but 'Star Brand' Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

**F. W. FEARMAN  
CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON**



# KNOX GELATINE

*Quality Quantity Sure Results*

From one package you can make a delicious dessert, also a tempting salad like the above.

Use either package—Plain or Acidulated. The latter contains an envelope of concentrated lemon juice, saving the expense of lemons for flavoring. Each package contains tablet for coloring.

*Try this delicious*  
**KNOX LUNCHEON SALAD**

Soak 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in 1½ cups boiling water. Add juice of 3 lemons if you use the Plain package (or use part of the Concentrated Lemon Juice in the Acidulated package soaked in ½ cup water) and ½ cup sugar. When jelly is beginning to set put in 1 cup celery cut fine, ½ cup nut meats, small pieces of apples, oranges, bananas or other fruits, pimentos or green peppers, cut up, if desired. Put in large or individual molds and serve on lettuce or endive leaves with a mayonnaise dressing and garnish with marshmallows or nut meats.

### Knox Recipe Book FREE

A book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent free for grocer's name.

*Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.*

**CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY**  
499 Knox Avenue  
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Branch Factory:  
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*Either package makes  
2 full quarts of Jelly.*



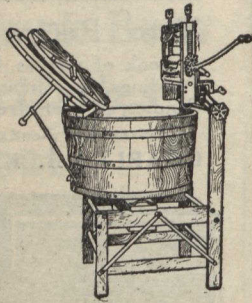
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For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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will be a broad one when you throw out that old wash board and install the Connor Ball Bearing Washer. Blue Monday drudgery will be banished, for the Connor Ball Bearing almost runs itself. Makes play of washing clothes. No sloppy floors, either. The lid fits down tight when closed. And when opened the water drains back into the tub. And unlike ordinary washers there's no centre post in the tub of the Connor. Nor any other obstruction around which clothes might wind and become torn. You'll be delighted with the speed in which the



## Connor Ball Bearing Washer

does the work, with the beautiful appearance of the clothes, and with the gentle, kindly manner in which it treats your delicate laces, insertions, etc. Soon pays for itself in the time, labor and wear-on-clothes that it saves. Write for descriptive booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SON, Limited  
OTTAWA, CANADA



## When In Doubt

Always ask for UPTON'S  
which represents the best  
in

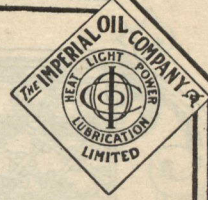
## JAMS and JELLIES

made from the purest of  
fruits under the most hy-  
gienic conditions—the nat-  
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Try an order of UPTON'S  
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Hamilton, Ontario.





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## New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

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Furnished with 1, 2 and 3 burners, with shelf and racks for keeping food hot, and indicator on oil tank. For best results use Royalite oil. Stock carried at all chief points.

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**EVERY LOVER**

*of beautiful Silver Plate will appreciate the new styles and designs of our creations for 1913.*

***The Purity, the Style, the Goodness***  
of the Silver Plate which bears the brand of this factory entitles it to the name of

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as distinctive and leading among all makers of High-class Goods.

**PURITY** marks the character of the designs, as it does of the material which enters into the manufacturing of the goods.

**DURABILITY** is combined with purity always giving the shopper the assurance of a Silver Plate which will wear and wear and wear.

Wisdom says: “Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for ‘Standard’ Silver Plate.”

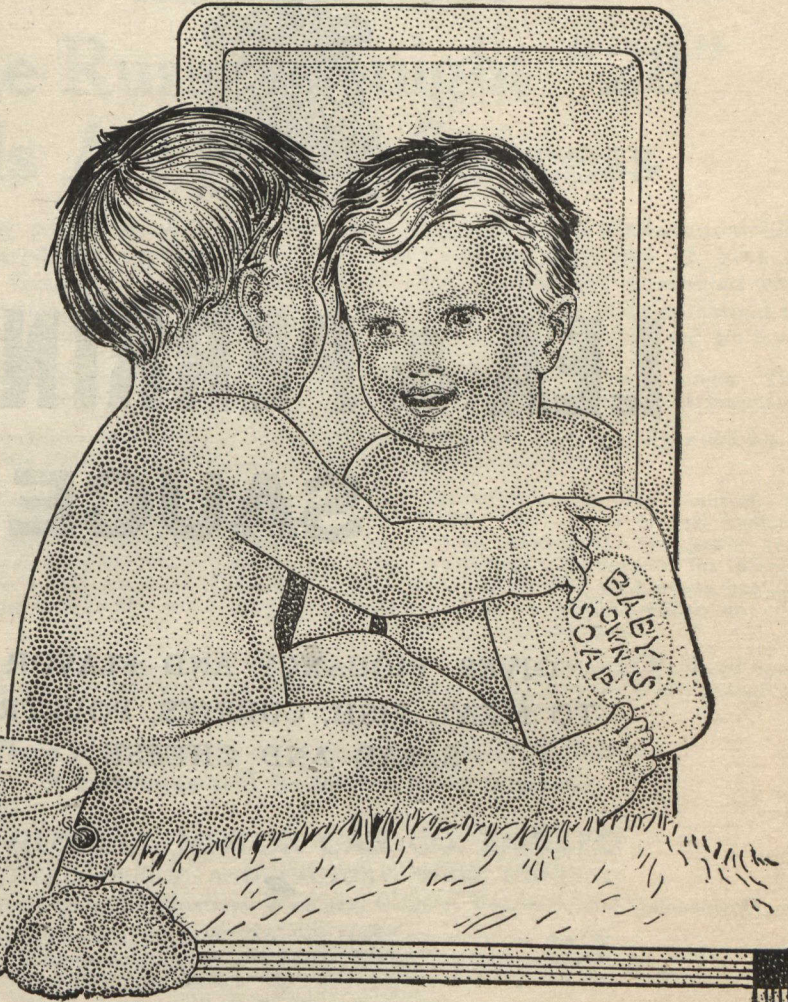
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Manufactured and guaranteed by  
**Standard Silver Co., Limited**  
Toronto



# Baby's Own Soap

Best  
for  
Baby  
Best  
for  
You



**T**HE particles of pure vegetable oil which are rubbed into the open pores of the skin with the creamy fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap renew the life of the skin, help nature along. It assures a soft, white, healthy skin, and its use delights both young and old. Baby's own Soap is for sale almost everywhere. †

**Albert Soaps, Limited, Manufacturers, Montreal**





BY APPOINTMENT

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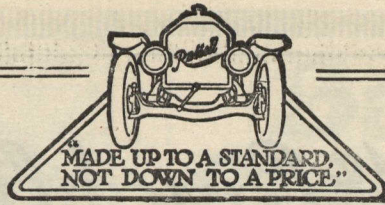
GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR  
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,  
SALAD AND CHEESE



THE ORIGINAL  
AND GENUINE  
WORCESTERSHIRE

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.





## The Russell-Knight "28" Is A Proved Success

An engineering corps which has never been equalled in the whole automobile world has passed and approved this car. The foremost engineers of France, England and Germany, under the headship of Mr. Knight, and associated with our own engineering staff, manned by men of wide experience, have combined to produce a motor efficient to a degree equalled by none and approached by few.

The Knight engine's reputation for economy and power is upheld in this latest model. The efficient, long-stroke motor (5½ inch stroke) guarantees maximum power from the fuel consumed.

Canadian road conditions have been anticipated and successfully met in design, power and wheel base. The lines are pleasing, the body and chassis are in perfect harmony.

The Russell Model "28" combines an electric starting and lighting system of the fly-wheel type, with left hand drive and centre control. This gives complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat, a feature that will commend itself at once to the experienced motorist.

Other conveniences of note combine to make Model "28" a car of real comfort. The tonneau windshield, the power tire pump, the perfect oiling system for the engine, demountable rims, the tonneau heating system, all mean comfort either on city streets or country roads.

The efficiency of a Russell-Knight "28" far exceeds any requirement that may be placed upon it. All fair trials will convince you of its superiority. The car may be seen at any branch of the company.

**Place your order at once to ensure early delivery.  
A catalogue will be mailed upon request.**

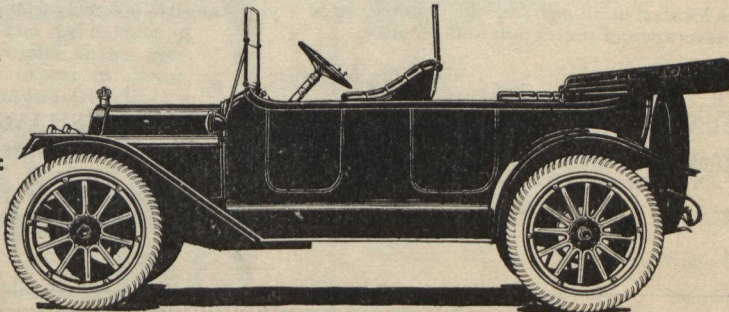
### RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY, WEST TORONTO

Branches at: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Melbourne, Aust.

Russell-Knight "28" Touring Model.....	\$3,250
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F. O. B. West Toronto





# McLaughlin



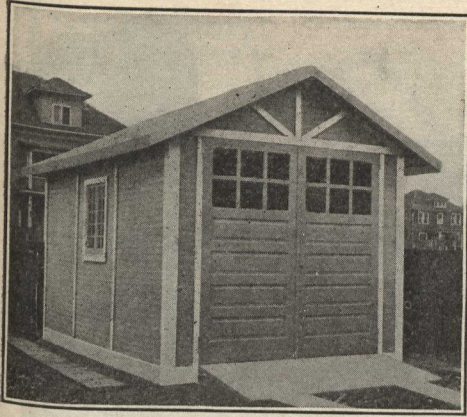
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**A** MOTOR CAR should partake of the nature of an investment. It should pay dividends in pleasure and usefulness every minute of the day. When you are busy at the office, your wife may use it while shopping or calling, if it is a reliable car—one that is never out of commission. Such a car is the "McLaughlin." The owner of a McLaughlin car need never forego the benefits of such ownership even for a single day. While it is true that you may never need to make use of the McLaughlin Service which is maintained for the purpose of giving quick, adequate and economical aid to McLaughlin owners, through its depots located in all parts of the country, it is a very tangible asset as well as an assurance of protection and security.

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### The Canadian Sectional Garage

It's the Garage worth while and the one you should buy. The price is easy too. \$125.00 will buy one large enough for a small touring car. The bigger sizes cost a little more and are worth it. Metal walls and roof, fine panelled doors, casement windows, brass finished hardware, handy fitments, everything complete. We shall be glad to send you photograph and specification sheet C2.

**GENERAL SECTIONAL CONSTRUCTION CO.**  
WINDSOR, ONT.

**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of  
Stewart Hartshorn on label.  
Get "Improved," no tacks required.  
**Wood Rollers Tin Rollers**

**Fish Bite** Like hungry wolves any time of the year if you use **Magic Fish-Lure**. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.  
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**FOR FLAVORING CAKES**  
Pies, Puddings, Sauces and Ice Creams try Shirriff's True Vanilla. The real extract of Mexican Vanilla Beans. Surpasses all others in flavor, bouquet and strength. <sup>26</sup>

**Shirriff's  
True Vanilla**

# Baker Electrics



The new Baker coupe is the reigning success in Electrics—combining all popular features of beauty and luxury with mechanical excellence which has kept the Baker in the lead for fourteen years.

More room ; longer wheel base ; easier riding ; dignified, low hung lines ; genuine limousine body, luxuriously upholstered and introducing the hit of the year—Revolving Front Seats, permitting occupants either to face forward or turn about as they wish.

The Baker holds the record for economy of up-keep and for mileage secured from one battery charge—the strongest proof that it is **Built Right**.

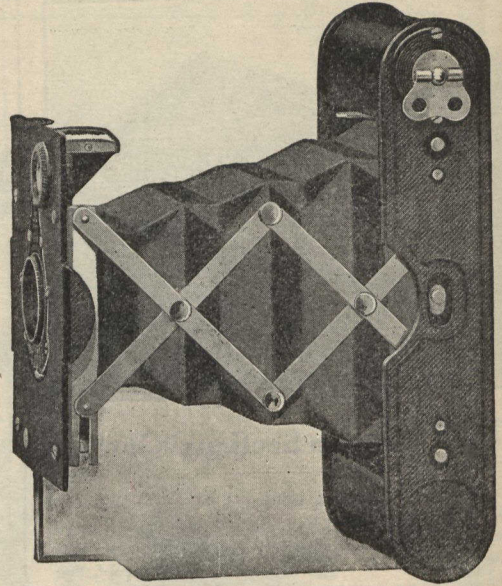
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The  
Vest  
Pocket



# KODAK

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Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus achromatic lens, Autotime scale and brilliant reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. A fixed focus makes it always ready for quick work. Lustrous black metal finish.

Pictures,  $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

Price, \$7.00

*Catalogue at your dealers' on request. Free.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED

TORONTO





*Taylor's*  
**INFANTS-  
 DELIGHT  
 TOILET SOAP**

**F**ILTERED oils of  
 Cocoanut and Olive  
 ---these form the  
 basis of Infants-Delight  
 Toilet Soap.

Can you imagine any-  
 thing purer, more delight-  
 fully cleansing, or better  
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Even the perfume is  
 antiseptic and healing.

Ask your dealer for a  
 cake --- It's 10c. every-  
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*John Taylor & Co., Ltd., Toronto*  
 Oldest and Largest Perfumers  
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It is now the sensible practice of many  
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**ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

in their country homes. For quality,  
 style, finish and wear there is no silver  
 plate equal to this well-known brand.

Our new pattern, Old Colony, illus-  
 trated here, is ideal for Colonial and Old  
 English dining rooms, and will appeal  
 to all lovers of simplicity in silverware.

You can make no mistake in buying  
**1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware. Our  
 process of finishing closes the pores of  
 the silver so that it is worked into a  
 firm, hard surface that will stand  
 years of the severest kind of wear.

Guaranteed by the largest  
 makers in the world. For sale  
 by leading dealers. Visit the  
 store of your local dealer and  
 see for yourself the beauty  
 of this famous silverware.  
 Write for illustrated cata-  
 logue. "T-14," showing  
 many of the newest patterns.

**Meriden Britannia Company**  
**HAMILTON, CAN.**  
 Meriden, Conn. New York  
 Chicago San Francisco







Send me another  
case of  
**O'Keefe's**  
PILSENER LAGER


**"The Beer That is Always O.K."**

The best health-drink for the whole family. Aids digestion and nourishes the body as it quenches thirst. Relieves fatigue, and invigorates tired nerves and muscles, as it delights the palate.

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is the mildest of stimulating liquid food—the purest and most delicious of beers.

ORDER A CASE FROM YOUR DEALER.

**"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"**




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The housekeeper who would make wash-day easier,  
can do so by using

## EDDY'S WARES

Eddy's Indurated Tubs allow the water to retain heat longer and never rust. Being made in one seamless piece cannot splinter, and so the danger of snagged fingers and torn clothes is eliminated. Used in conjunction with

**EDDY'S WASHBOARDS**

wash-day loses half its terrors. :: :: :: ::

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# How You in your daily washing can work complexion wonders



Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually being rebuilt. Every day, in washing you rub off dead skin, and new skin forms in its place. *This is your opportunity.* Follow the directions for using Woodbury's Facial Soap given below and make your washing a continual aid to nature's persistent efforts to make this skin what you want it to be.

## Five ways of Washing

**1st. For very tender skins.** Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap in the usual way, rinsing the lather off after a very short time.

**2nd. For oily skins.** Rub Woodbury's lather into your skin, leave it on for several minutes and then wipe it off with a dry towel.

**3rd. For very sluggish skins.** Rub a thick lather of Woodbury's into the skin and leave it on all night.

**4th. For hard, dry skins.** Rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then while it is still damp, cover it with rubber tissue or other water-proof material.

**5th. For users of cold creams.** Apply a thick lather of Woodbury's and massage it into the skin, finally rubbing it off with a dry towel.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use persistently the treatment above best suited to your skin and your complexion will gradually take on that finer texture and healthy color so much admired.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

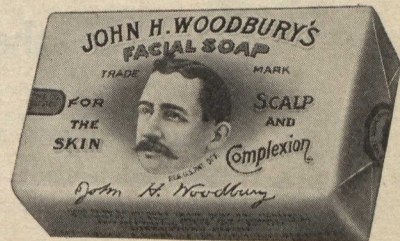
Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment tonight.

# Woodbury's Facial Soap

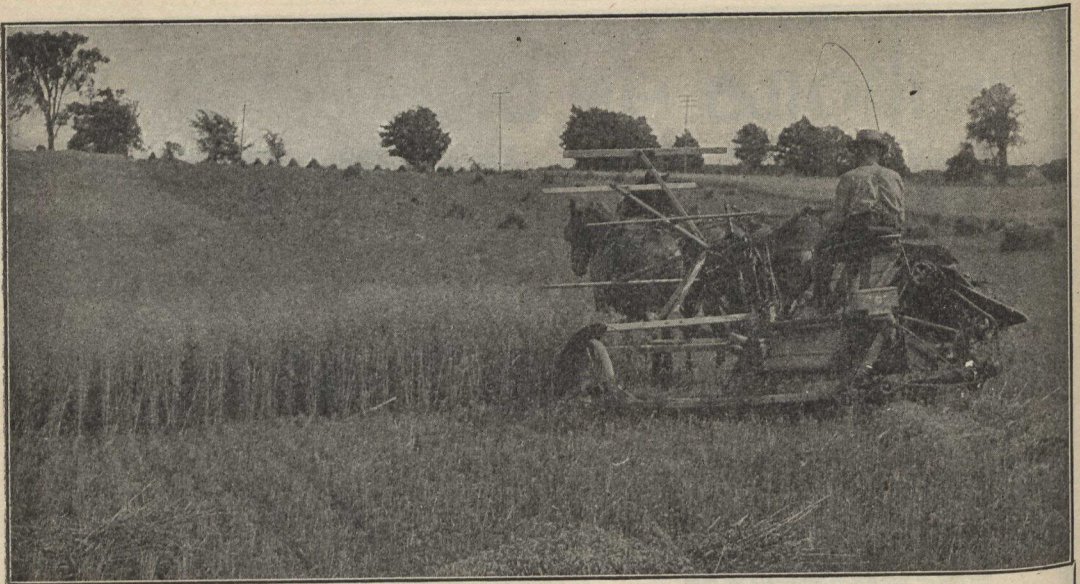
For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

Write today to the Woodbury  
Canadian factory for Samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 209-E, Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.







**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF  
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS  
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE  
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes  
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD  
for SETTLEMENT?*

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and  
Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a  
country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of  
whose farms thousands are growing rich.

**Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest  
in the WORLD.**

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or  
J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.



# P. A. for pipe grouches



*"Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A."*

never get a tingle on your tongue or a dry spot in your throat. According to Hoyle, that's *going some!* And there's just one way to prove it. You be game enough to buy P. A. in the tidy full 2-oz. red tin. Then you'll know for yourself why Prince Albert is King of 'em all. There's a lot of ragtime con talk about "just as good as P. A.," "just like P. A." *Get this:* No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because the patented process is owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. P. A. wasn't born twins and has no brothers or sisters. Remember that!!

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy full 2-oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston Salem, N. C., U.S.A.

Everybody's mighty strong for Prince Albert, because it's tobacco with a smile. Sort of turns on the sunshine—and every time you fire-up a jimmy pipe or roll a cigarette say to yourself, "Old Man, here goes for another joy smoke."

Thousands of men who never smoked a pipe or rolled a cigarette have been "led to it" by P. A., because it's so good, so sweet and fragrant and so fresh.

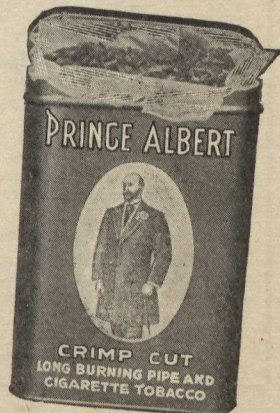
## PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*

is tobacco *without a bite* and it won't parch your throat.

You see, P. A. is made by a patented process that cuts out the bite. Why, you can keep fired-up all the time and

**P. A.**  
in the tidy  
full 2-oz tin





## These New Spring Gowns Were Made With Diamond Dyes

"Any bright woman can be as successful as I have been in making pretty clothes, if she will select models that suit her, get the patterns, and use Diamond Dyes according to directions. This new spring dress of mine I made over from a pink crepe de chine which I dyed dark green, and selected the model from the——Fashion Book."

LAURA M. TIFFANY

"I am glad to send you a photograph of my latest Diamond Dyes Dress. I made this over from some pale yellow messaline material which I had in a dress last spring. I dyed it brown. Isn't it stylish?"

ETHEL L. DE MOTTE.



Pink crepe de chine  
dyed green

You, too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not hesitate to dye your most costly garments.

Perhaps you have some last season's dresses that are too good to throw away. Perhaps they are a little soiled or faded, or the color is out of style.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. They are as easy to use as soap.

It's as easy as washing a handkerchief to give them handsome new shades with Diamond Dyes. And Diamond Dyes will make them look like new, too.

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes today. It will cost but 10c at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor any fabric.

## Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk come in **Blue** envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come in **White** envelopes.

### Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**. **Wool and Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or "**Mixed**" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

### Do not be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

**REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes** manufactured especially for **Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods**.

**AND REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes** manufactured especially for **Wool or Silk**.

*Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.*

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, QUE.



Yellow messaline  
dyed brown



# Libby's



## Food Products

Have you ever noticed how much more delicious everything seems to taste at a picnic? There's a tang—a piquancy—a satisfying "smack" that only out-o'-doors seems able to give.

And that's just the taste that has won for *Libby's Ready-to-Serve Foods* the wonderful popularity they have. For *Libby* chefs know just how to get that out-o'-doors spiciness into every food they cook.

Getting ready for picnics or cooking in camp, is no end of fun when you use *Libby's Foods*. And the cooking for the family becomes infinitely easier, too.

For the variety of *Libby's Foods* enables you to have many charming menus. And the convenience of serving them, just as they come from the cans, does away with the long, disagreeable hours in a hot kitchen.



- Veal Loaf
- Boneless Chicken
- Dried Beef
- Olives
- Deviled Meats
- Pickles

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



# Mental Activity

is dependent for its success-making results, upon the way the brain cells are fed.

Right food turns "mental activity" into pleasure and profit.

The natural, wholesome food elements, such as Albumen, Phosphate of Potash, etc., from field grains, scientifically combined in **GRAPE-NUTS**, are quickly taken up by the human machinery for rebuilding worn-out brain cells.

The practical demonstration of this scientific proposition may be proven by use of

# Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

The Advantages of Drinking

# BAKER'S C O C O A



Registered  
Trade-Mark

*The Cocoa of  
High Quality*

lie in its absolute purity and wholesomeness, its delicious natural flavor, and its perfect assimilation by the digestive organs.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Can.

Dorchester, Mass.

The very soul of the flowers is caught and held captive in this exquisite perfume of

*Taylor's*

—the first perfumers of Canada, and the creators of distinctive perfumes that rival the choicest of the old world.

**PANDORA**  
PERFUME

is a fascinating fragrance—alluring, subtle and thoroughly feminine. The Perfume, par excellence, for dainty women.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD. - TORONTO

**WE GUARANTEE** that our Mennen's Shaving Cream will give the same thick, creamy lather and comfortable shave, whether used with hot, cold, fresh or salt water.

This is not a mere statement — it is a guarantee.

Send for Free Sample tube and be convinced.

**GERHARD MENNEN  
COMPANY**

Newark New Jersey

