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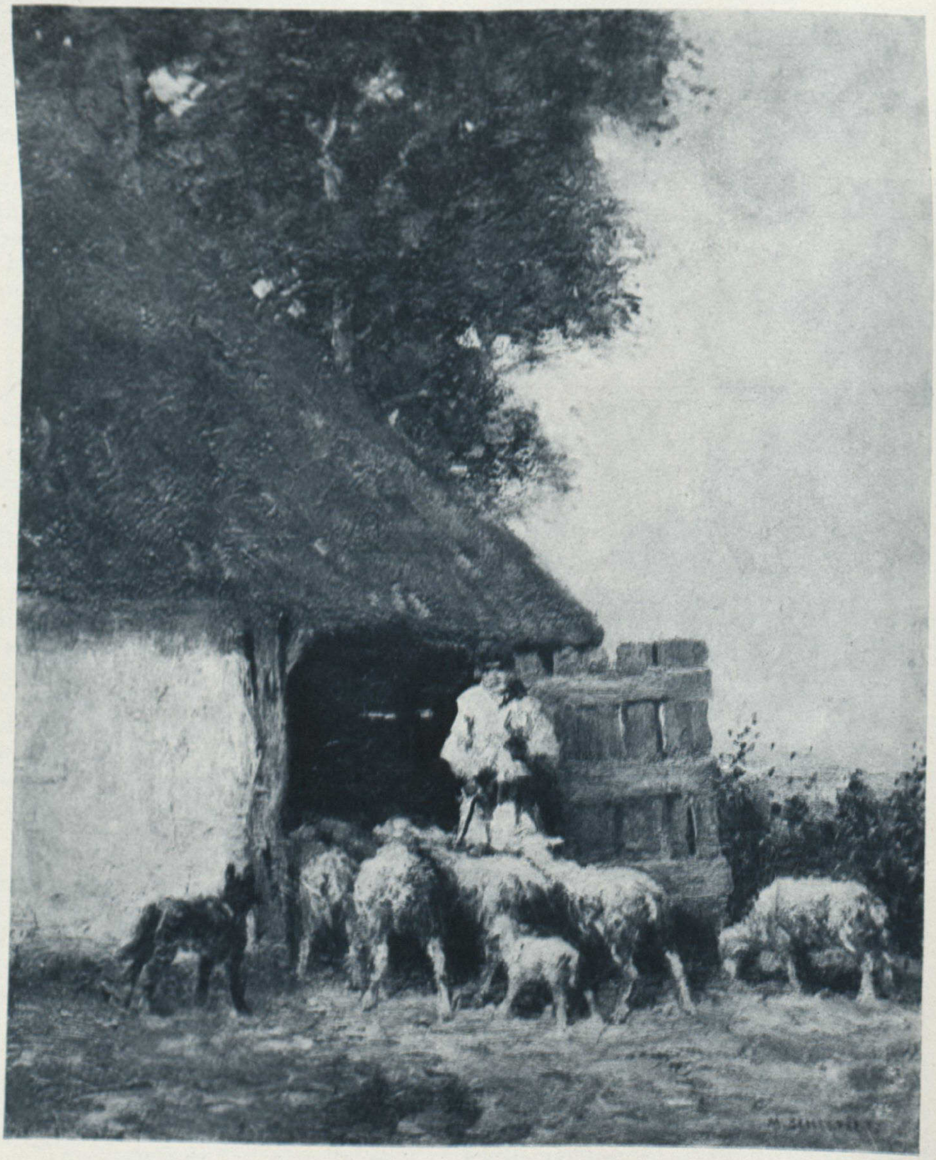

M. SCHEEPERS

SHEEPFOLD IN FLANDERS

From the Painting by
M. Scheepers.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LIV. TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1920 No. 4

THE BIGGEST BUSINESS IN CANADA

BY FRANK YEIGH

THINK of a business that has fifteen thousand branches or factories, each with a manager, a staff and a large working force—a volunteer force, be it remembered, serving for the love of it and for the most part not looking for or expecting any reward, financial or otherwise. Of no other business in the world can this be said. Then think of more than a million shareholders in this biggest business, all drawing dividends, even in a poor year, and with something placed to the rest account.

Next, consider the industry this business represents. It takes material, more or less raw, and works it over by a series of moulding, polishing and refining processes until there is a more or less finished product. It is however, a product that varies in its finish. It is, moreover, a product that is in special demand in many another country, and for which orders are almost always booked ahead.

This biggest business in all Canada is the Church.

What! the Church? Come the interrogations from many quarters.

Yes, the Church—in the widest, deepest and broadest meaning of the word and the institution; wider than any sectarian boundaries, broader than any one creed or set of rules.

"I thought the Church was virtually dead," frankly asserts one man. I think he's sometimes called "the man-on-the-street", who is supposed to be a depository of wisdom beyond the ordinary and an unerring judge of other men, events, institutions and movements. "In fact, I've understood the Church *is* dead," continues this typical observer, "and only awaits burial; that it has ceased to function; that it repells rather than attracts discerning people, and that the only use for a parson is to marry a couple according to law (for a modest fee that keeps his wife in pin money), or

Rev. E. E. Braithwaite

National Organizer, the Canadian United National Campaign

to read the funeral service over the dead as a sort of religious fetish."

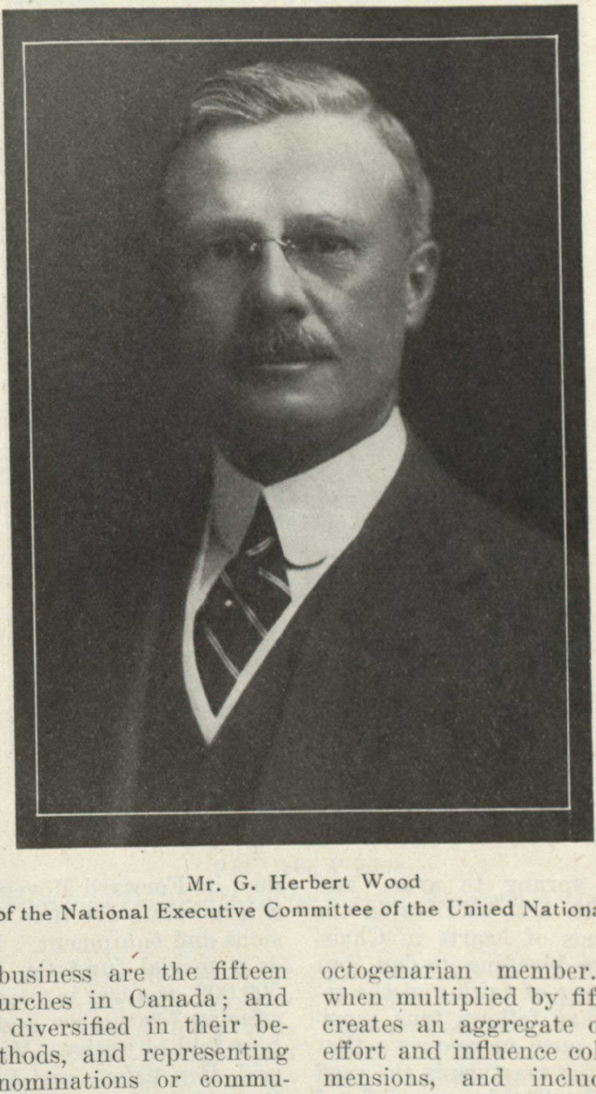
"I gather," remarks another, "from my visits to the theatre and the movies that the average clergyman is a simpering, limp, anaemic brother, barely tolerated by men of the red-blooded type, and only accepted by less discerning folks of the feminine persuasion as a desirable adjunct at afternoon social functions.

And yet a third confesses to an opinion that the church is made up of an aggregation of hypocrites, who. while toadying to the rich parishioner, places the poor in the back pew under the gallery; or that the membership is composed of "joy-killers" and "uplifters" and "restrainers of personal liberty".

That the biggest business in Canada is the Church is the challenge and the answer to the critic.

It is not only the biggest business but the one most worth while, worth vastly more than wheat and fish and minerals and timber put together and added up on a monetary basis—because its chief and only basis is the "Christian faith"—an old-fashioned phrase that some timid people are afraid of, and yet that has stood the test of centuries.

The fifteen thousand branches of

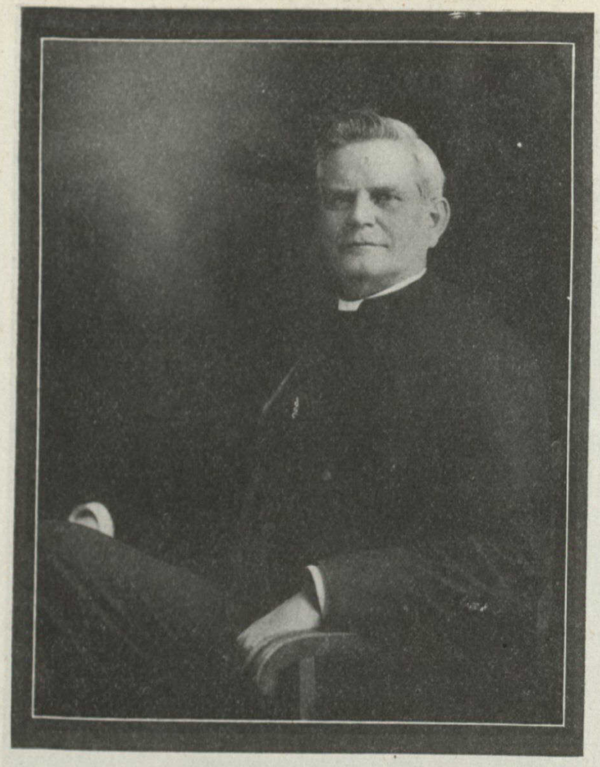


Mr. G. Herbert Wood
Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the United National Campaign

this biggest business are the fifteen thousand Churches in Canada; and while widely diversified in their beliefs and methods, and representing scores of denominations or communions, yet they constitute as a whole the most important factor in the life of the Dominion.

If there were space to outline the programme and activities of an individual Church, it would add materially to the evidence. Each congregation constitutes a microcosm of the Church at large. Each enlists the interests and touches the lives, through its varied activities, of a hundred, a half-thousand or a thousand people, ranging through all the seven ages of man, from the cradle roll baby to the octogenarian member. This total, when multiplied by fifteen thousand, creates an aggregate of interest and effort and influence colossal in its dimensions, and including probably ninety per cent. of the eight-million population of the Dominion.

Moreover, this biggest business in Canada is doing or planning to do a bigger business to-day than ever before. It is going in for Reconstruction. Talk about the Church being dead! Talk about its having been put out of business by the war! On the contrary, it has been stimulated and revived, for its basic ideals of fraternity and service were identical with those fought for by the Allied nations. And so thousands of its



Rev. Dr. Chown
Head of the Methodist Campaign

choicest sons sprang to arms, and were among the best soldiers in the field. Hundreds of hearts in Christian homes are bleeding to-day, but with the keen eye of faith and the reconsecration that follows true sacrifice, they will once more prove that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church". The honour rolls of the 15,000 churches of Canada would make a mighty list that would forever silence the slanderer of the Church as an effeminate factor in the national life under the test of war or any other call to the heroic.

Most, if not all, of the Canadian religious bodies have decided upon greatly enlarged programmes. One of the first communions in Canada to formulate a Forward Movement was the Church of England. Being alive to the needs and demands of a new day, its Forward Movement will be on a large scale for new work in extensions and equipment. It will include as a special fund the raising of $2,500,000, as a war memorial and thank-offering for victory and peace with a four-fold objective—Missionary, General, Beneficiary and Local Diocesan. One-third of the amount will be devoted to missionary work among the Indians and Eskimos of Western and Northern Canada (which, for more than a century has been of high grade and has shown most beneficial results), and to their no less successful foreign work in Japan, China and India, and among the Orientals in Canada.

Large sums will also be asked for such praiseworthy objects as the denominational Sunday School Commission and Council for Social Service and War Service Commission, and for

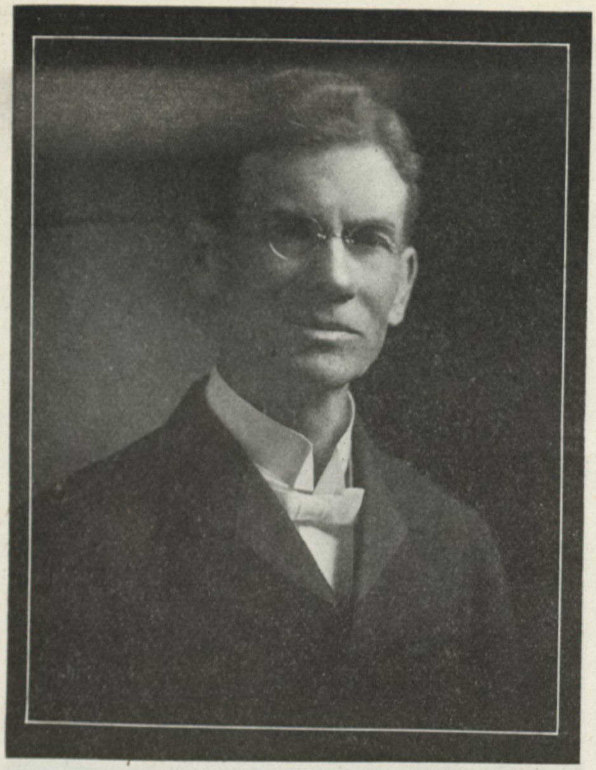
Rev. John Pringle

Presbyterian Propagandist of the Forward Movement in Canada

the establishment of a capital fund for general supervision, through the Executive Committee of the General Synod. Adequate central headquarters are also among the needs of this denomination, as well as the putting of the beneficiary funds of the Chruch, on behalf of widows and orphans and superannuated ministers, on a proper actuarial basis, while a variety of diocesan social needs will be provided for.

Among the further aims set forth in their literature besides an immediate survey of the total financial needs of the Church is the insistent reassertion of the spiritual values and issues of life; the enlistment of men in the ministry and both men and women for other forms of active Christian service, and the necessity of the hour for the awakening of the spirit and practice of Christian giving in stewardship. This historic and influential denomination, so vitally connected with the life of English-speaking Canada from its foundation, was never so energetic and aggressive as now, proof of which is afforded by the launching of such a far-reaching enterprise.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada inaugurated its Forward Movement in June, 1918, when a resolution with the following suggestive preamble was passed:



Rev. M. Kelly
President of the Congregational Union of Canada

"The General Assembly, profoundly convinced that the hope of the World lies in the awakening of a Christian consciousness powerful enough to dominate all other forces and enlist them in the service of humanity, and that the hour has come when the Church should awaken to a new sense of her responsibility and take action worthy of the impressive times in which we live, has, through the Forward Movement, issued a call to prayer and to such individual consecration of wealth and life as will serve to conserve and perpetuate in the service of Christ, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion so nobly exemplified during the war."

A Committee of Fifty, clergy and laymen, representing the entire Dominion, was appointed to carry out the programme. With characteristic Presbyterian thoroughness, the Movement was first made the chief subject of discussion at scores of Synodical and Presbytery meetings, followed by gatherings in individual congregations or local communities, covering the country from ocean to ocean. The financial objective includes the doubling of the Church revenues in five years, or approximately from one to two millions, and the raising of an extension and equipment fund of $4,000,000.

This great National Campaign of the Presbyterian Church is well under way and gives full promise, judging by the earnestness with which it has been taken up, of reaching its objectives, which are a quickening of the spiritual life of the Church, issuing in a more aggressive evangelism at home and abroad; reinforcing missionary enterprises in Canada, India, China, Korea, Formosa, Trinidad, British Guiana; training of children and youth in home, school and Church for Christ and the world; recruits for the ministry and other workers to meet the new demands of a new era; stewardship obligations of time, wealth, personality and life; and a financial objective of $4,000,000 as a Peace Thank-Offering for an equipment and extension fund, and the doubling of the annual revenue for the maintenance of the work in the next five years.

The great Canadian Methodist Church of a million members and adherents is also in this progressive procession, as she was bound to be unless denying all her traditions. It is called "The Methodist National Campaign", with objectives on a broad basis. On the spiritual side, they include 100,000 additions to Church membership; 100,000 new Sunday School scholars; 50,000 new members of Young People's Societies; 200,000 enrolled Intercessors; 200,000 enrolled Personal Workers; 100,000 enrolled Christian Stewards; and 5,000 Volunteers for Life Service.

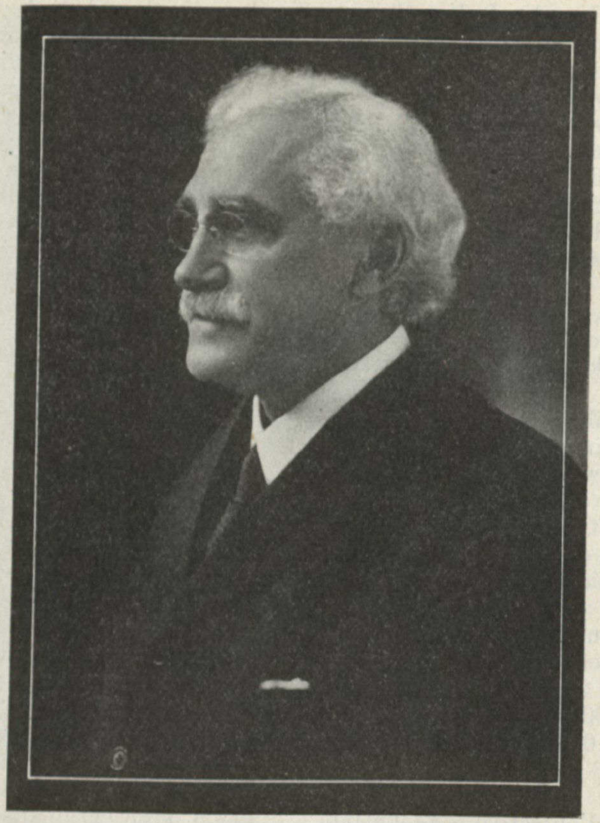
The financial objective is $4,000,000 (in addition to the usual current revenues of all Church funds), viz., Missions: Equipment and Extension Fund, $1,500,000; Superannuation: Endowment Fund, 1,500,000; Educational Society: College Debts and New Buildings, $75,000; Special Fund, for Current Revenue, $250,000.

They also term this new movement "The Call of the Cross". "We are called, in this critical hour, to a new committal to the cause of Christ," runs their manifesto; "to confront in His Name, non-Christian assumptions and principles with a calm but determined assertion of His supremacy; to awaken a new and passionate loyalty in the hearts of our young people to their Lord, so that His standard may be carried by their strong hands into every department of life—political, social, commercial, domestic. The Church should begin this Forward Movement by burning the bridges behind, and should look back gladly upon the towering pillars of smoke. We want a faith reckless in its daring, full of venture and enterprise in the cause of the Kingdom. Our rallying-cry should be that of the warrior-monks of old, "Christus Imperator".

The Baptists of Canada have also definitely linked themselves to the Forward Movement, and their objective reaches out in several directions such as a new stress upon evangelism and inspiration, a new emphasis on stewardship, a call for recruits for active Christian service, and the raising of $700,000 for denominational enterprises. Of this amount, $300,000 is to be raised by the Ontario and Quebec Convention, as decided at their recent meeting. This is designated among the various enterprises as follows: Foreign missions, $110,000; home missions, $60,000; education, $60,000; Grand Ligne Mission, 40,000; Sunday Schools, $10,000; ministerial superannuation, $10,000; Western Canadian missions, $10,000. This objective by the way is a larger one relatively than that attempted by any of the other denominations.

The Congregationalists of Canada are enthusiastic as well over a forward movement for their own denominational development along every line, and especially the enlargement of their already excellent missionary work in British West Africa; in fact, it sent out in 1918 despite the war, the largest reinforcements it has ever sent to this distant field.

The Salvation Army in Canada is no less active among the religious bodies; in fact, it has a perpetual Forward Movement programme, with its round thousand staff and field officers, its 350 corps, its 125 outposts, and its thousands of Loyal and enthusiastic followers. It is a religious organization that thrives on activity. Included in their after-the-war objectives in an increase of their Sunday Schools, life-saving Guards and Scouts, and Corps-Cadets classes, with a view to training for Army service, both at home and abroad. Their



Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, D.D., LL.D.
Head of the Baptist Campaign

military programme includes hostels for returned soldiers, maternity hospitals, and various other forms of social service. In the realm of foreign missions, the Army is now one of the great missionary societies of the world, having recently added China to its list.

While the plans for the foregoing Church bodies are specifically mentioned, there is equal reason to believe that other communions in Canada—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and other faiths— have similar objectives, cast in a different mould and using different terminology, but with similar aims.

There is also to be recorded the equally significant signs of co-operation among many church bodies in the Dominion. One of the most marked is that taken by five Protestant denominations, viz:—Presbyterian, Methodist, Anglican, Baptist and Congregational—co-operation in a great Inter-Church Movement known as the United National Campaign.

The first steps toward this promising united, simultaneous effort have already been taken. Each branch of the co-operating communions will work out its own programme and administer its own funds, but, acting together in the same spirit and for the same ends, each will be helped by the others. Such a widespread effort will gather to itself new sympathies and forces that will greatly enrich the life of the Nation and the work of the Kingdom. A culminating feature will be a great nationwide simultaneous drive for $12,000,000 to be held in February, 1920.

This quintette of communions came together on the following basis:

"As there are phases of the National and World task which cannot be effectively carried through by the denominations acting separately, and as all are actuated by the same spirit and working for the same great end, there ought to be a simultaneous and co-operative campaign in which the whole Church will be faced with its whole task and a definite effort made to utilize for constructive Christian effort the readiness to give and serve and suffer for a great cause which the War has revealed.

"The unifying force within this Movement is the desire in the hearts of Christians of different types and temperaments to re-establish the Canadian Church in new spiritual power in the life of the individual, the family, the nation and the world. Its aims are distinctly spiritual. They include the revival of personal religion, a new emphasis on religious education, and the training of the young for life service, the enlistment of young men of the highest type for the Christian Ministry, and the creating of a new sense of the stewardship of money as well as of life."

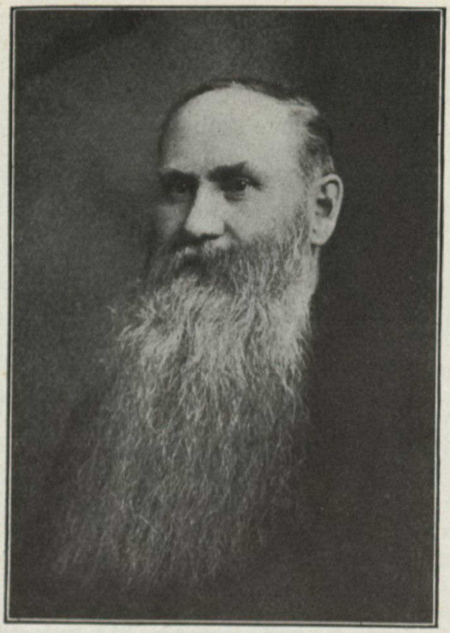
But there is a larger programme yet. Beyond the plans of individual United National Campaign, there has come into existence the Inter-Church World Movement of North America, which is by far the most stupendous combined religious undertaking ever known. Already, this union of the Christian forces of Canada and the United States bids fair to be an epochal one. It means the combination of several millions of Protestant Church members, including scores of faiths, so that a unified programme of Christian service may be presented. It will also serve to unite the Protestant Churches of North America in the performance of their common task, thus making available the values of spiritual power which come from unity and co-ordinated Christian effort.

This sweeping programme, remarkable in its scope and audacity, includes a scientific survey of the home and foreign missionary fields of the world, to be followed with a powerful educational movement to acquaint the people of North America with the facts of the case. Succeeding this step, a field campaign will be inaugurated to sound anew and with new power the message that the time has come for the Church of Jesus Christ to take its central place in the matter of international as well as national and home relationships.

Believing that the child of to-day will determine the church and the nation of to-morrow, all the denominations stress the importance of the Sunday School as the only existing system of religious education, and these fifteen thousand Canadian "Junior life factories" are to be included in the assets and activities of the Church. Not only is each denomination including an extensive programme of advance in this department, but the Sunday School Associations of the Dominion are co-operating to the same end.

It is interesting to note in this connection that The Religious Education Council of Canada is yet another co-operative religious movement on the part of most of the Protestant Churches. It has been recently set up to advance the work of Religious Education by conferring and advising on matters of common interest; by giving expression to common views and decisions; and by co-operating in matters common to all, each co-operating body retaining complete supervision of its own work. It is already dealing with training for leadership, teacher training, religious education in the home, and kindred objects.

So it is evident that there is still some life in the Church. Many of the current criticisms to which it is being subjected will not stand the test. The reiterated assertion, for example, that



Most Reverend S. P. Matheson, D.D., D.C.L.
Primate, Church of England in Canada

there is a complete cleavage between the church and the working-man is far from true. In many of the 15,000 churches of Canada the toilers not only predominate but constitute the entire membership. Every industrial centre has its quota of churches, supported and conducted by its dwellers, and they are among the most aggressive and successful ones in the entire land, carrying on fine programmes of applied Christianity at home and abroad. The church is, in fact, largely supported by the so-called artisan, and if the farmer is to be included as a toiler, and his churches included in the total, it would provide yet another denial to the charge of alienation between church and worker, in the sweeping terms sometimes used.

The foreign missionary enterprises of the Canadian Churches is another phase of this big Church business that should be remembered. Whatever the non-churchman may say in criticism of missionary propaganda, and regardless of the current sneer or joke at its expense, it is a striking fact that the majority of the denominations thoroughly believe in this department of their work and back up their belief by contributing millions in the aggregate to its support. Hundreds of Canadians of both sexes are engaged in the work, touching every continent and scores of foreign countries—not only along definite religious lines, but as doctors, teachers, industrial experts and social workers. Many varied types of the human family are thus helpfully reached, from the Chinaman, Japanese and East Indian of Asia, to the aborigines of Africa, the Indians of Peru and the Eskimos of the Arctic Circle.

Every missionary Church believes, as has been said, that it is part of the marching orders to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, in the challenging words of Christ; and, so far from receding from that position, every one is planning more vigorous campaigns for the future and is calling for more recruits than ever before for the work.

"It is easy to criticize the missionaries, to say humourous things and to see the ridiculous, but their work is good," says Dr. Morrison, the correspondent of *The Times* (London) in China. "Whenever I hear anyone abusing missionaries and saying that their work is valueless, I set him down as a fool. He simply does not know what he is talking about. One cannot travel a week in any direction, even in the remotest corners of China, and not run upon a mission. These places are sources of good, and only of good. They are the greatest forces for the uplift of this country."

Equally strong evidence could be produced to prove the value of the Empire missionary in relation to the war, not merely that hundreds served with distinction, but chiefly in the impress they have made during the years on native tribes which in turn led to loyal attachment to the flag despite all the intrigues of Germany.

The story of Mission work in Canada itself is also a thrilling one. It is definitely religious in its motive and aim, but, as in the foreign field of missionary effort, is also truly national and patriotic. The Canadianizing influence of the Church, through its missionary programme, would alone justify its existence and the expenditure of time and money and human effort involved.

Or yet again, few realize the contribution of the Canadian Churches to philanthropy and education. What does a Church missionary hospital (to which patients come for hundreds of miles) mean to a sparsely settled region in the Canadian West, for example? What does a Church "School Home" mean to the scores of Ukrainian boys who are its pupils and inmates? What did it mean, through the recent "flu" epidemic, to have doctors, missionaries, nurses, and deaconesses serving in the name of Christianity all over the Dominion?—not a few making the supreme sacrifice in so doing. It meant at least scores if not hundreds of lives saved. Or, abundant evidence might be produced of what a Redemptive Home, or a Social Centre, or a City Settlement, or a Fresh-Air Camp, means to its beneficiaries—and all these alleviating agencies are the direct by-products of the Church and are a part of its big business.

When the wide range of benefactions to all kinds of "good works" are considered—war, patriotic, Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. campaigns, Hospital and Home Funds, and all the varied calls upon the charity and generosity of a community, no one will dispute the assertion that these same "Church people," these psalm-singing, go-to-meeting folks, at least hold their own and do their part—if not more!

So much for a mere outline of the Biggest Business in Canada. The writer ventures to think the claim is justified and the title to it proven. The Church, individually or corporately, is far from perfect, but even Governments and Councils and Secret Societies and unions of Capital or Labour have not attained unto the desired goal. It is no doubt true that the Church is a reservoir of unused powers, of unreleased influence, and that it has too many silent partners.

But admitting all this, and much more, and after making all allowance for human frailty, unworthy motives and deep-seated selfishness on the part of some Church members, the assertion is confidently repeated that it is not only the biggest, but the most important business in Canada; that it is not only the largest, but the determining factor in the higher life of the nation; that the influence of a Church in a community no matter how circumscribed, is a more definite and vitalizing influence for good than any other organized expression of life; that the Church in Canada was never more alive, that Christianity was never a more dominating force, and that Religion was never such a vital necessity as to-day—critics, sneerers, and *antis* to the contrary.

THE WEDDING FEAST

BY F. ST. MARS

EVEN far up in the heart of the great prickly furze thickets on the white-mantled, still, calm hills the wild folk could hear the pealing of the bells.

The rabbits, in their gambols on the open spaces, stopped to listen. The hares, moving downhill to their night feeding-grounds, paused in their finicking canter to wonder. The foxes, trotting along on their own private and secret affairs, checked to sniff or sit down and hear the rising and falling sounds that marked the joy of men.

One fox in particular there was, a very red fellow with very black muzzle and feet, and a thick brush that any fox could be proud of, who, as he poked his sharp head from the furze on his way down hill, fetched up, all standing and alert, to gaze out over the wooded lowlands stretched calm in the cold, moonlit haze.

He, this cunning one, had three quests on hand this night; water, food, and a wife. The first was hard to find, for nearly all was frozen; the second was harder, for, times being hard, only the most cunning quarry had survived; and the third was hardest of all, for, though foxes swarmed on the downs, there were not enough ladies to go round; and even if there had been, a vixen is a vixen all the world over, and not every fellow's spoil.

First, our red friend trotted to the dew-pond near by; but where only last week he had drunk, he could walk now — or, at least, he could slide. Then, he too, headed down-hill.

All the world seemed to be heading down-hill this night towards the dim lowlands and the magic church-bells. He overtook a badger, a slow-moving low gray daub in the pale light, and farther on another fox, at whom he snarled and parted from, and farther on still a hare and two rabbits—all three of whom saw him first, however. All the world was, in fact, hungry, and closing in down-hill to raid the land and abodes of men.

Then, quite suddenly, just after he had passed through the lowest hawthorn thicket and crossed the first hedgerow, he came upon actually all three of his quests at once. It *was* a surprise!

Firstly, there was a bubbling, gurgling chalk stream; secondly, on its bank was a wood-cock; and, thirdly, lying flat, but quite visible in the little cover she could find, was the sleekest, neatest, smartest-looking vixen that ever you did see. She wasn't smart enough for the wood-cock, though, for he wasn't there so to speak, when she pounced on him. He had removed on quick wings just a fraction of a second before.

Our friend threw back his head, pointed his nose to the moon, and announced his presence. It was rather like the yap of a terrier, but more weird, and with a peculiarly yearning, guttural ending.

The vixen drank, unmoved.

Our friend might never have spoken at all, for all the notice he received. He might, indeed, have been off the earth. But he didn't appear to care. He went and drank also instead, and, waiting motionless till each had finished, the two whipped round at each other and at the same instant, and met with lifted lips displaying glistening fangs, and with a snarl. For a moment they remained thus, apparently more than likely to fly at each other's throat, and then, pivoting about, the vixen trotted off.

It did not appear to be a case of love at first sight, anyhow, but the ways of the wild creatures are strange, and—one never knows!

The dog-fox, anyway, seemed of this view. He waited a minute or so to scratch his right ear, then jumped off at a gallop on the trail of the vixen.

In a few seconds he could see her dim, slim form crossing the white expanse of the field in front, and then he beheld her turn all at once right-handed, and begin to "work" the hedge that bounded the field. She hunted it along diligently, our friend following, and alertly watching and waiting for anything to bolt out. Nothing did, but the vixen persevered, and hunted the next hedgerow, and the next, and the next. Twice she gave chase to a hare, which is usually a fool's trick as far as foxes go, and once she lost a rabbit through over-eagerness by letting it see her too soon and get to its burrow. Once she turned, and glared at the dog-fox with eyes so fierce and so alight with blood-thirstiness that even he drew off a little.

And then, I think, it was that the truth dawned upon him. The vixen, this wild-eyed, gaunt beast, was starving; was nearly mad with hunger, in short, and would, I verily believe, have almost eaten *him* if she had at that moment got the chance. *He* took jolly good care not to let her get the chance, however, but he saw that it was *his* chance, and he took it. At least, one presumes from his subsequent actions that he did.

From that instant he ceased to follow, and took the lead. He trotted along rapidly, dog fashion, tongue hanging, his breath steaming up, passed the vixen rapidly, stopped about twenty yards in front of her, looked round, swung off again with a wave of his brush, and hurried on. And the "King's English" itself could not have conveyed his meaning more plainly. The vixen watched him go, then followed. She would have followed anything in that hour, I think, that promised a meal.

Our fox, however, was no inexpert wanderer of the wilds driven in to the haunts of man by stress of weather. He knew his work. His ancestors had played the game for hundreds of generations.

He moved, therefore, straight to the nearest farmyard, but neither you nor I would have seen him go. First of all, he nonchalantly sauntered into the nearest hedgerow, and from that time to the moment of his arrival at his destination, though it was over half a mile, vanished. The glimpse, only half guessed at, of a thick brush vanishing across a gateway, the momentary gleam of green eyes staring out from the pall-like blackness of some thicket, were the only indications of the possible existence of the two beasts at all.

Nevertheless, forty minutes later a careful examination of the snow round the farmhouse and yards would have revealed the fact that a fox and a vixen had encircled the place twice, making quite sure that all was safe.

The buildings lay deadly still in the snow and the cold moonlight and the biting wind. There had come no sound save the squeaking and scuffling of the rats and mice in the cornstacks and barn, yet the foxes were there, all right enough—two crouching, deeper shadows in the deep shadow of the cornstack.

At last they crept out. You saw them, like phantom shapes, gliding low over the snow—they would not have crossed the open if they could have helped it—to the fowlhouse. They were extraordinarily hard to see even then, and seemed to melt into every shadow they passed. Moreover, they were amazingly alert; the sharp, moist muzzles were all the time thrust round this way and that; the big prick ears were turning ceaselessly, now back, now forward, their whole demeanour suggestive far rather of a very highly strung, highly intelligent nervousness than of that bold, cunning bloodthirstiness for which men have given them the name. It seemed, here and now, in this cold, silent, grim place, that the fox in print and the fox in fact were, if you properly understood them, somewhat different characters.

The fowlhouse was gained, truly, but not yet entered. It took them about five minutes to examine it from every point of view—even to jumping on the roof, and trying to scratch a way in there—but very little was to be seen of them in the progress. And the five minutes included one bolt to cover, and one statuesque period of motionlessness, caused by the rattling of a bull's chain in the cow-house (they thought it was a dog's), also a quick survey of the place, a hurried snuffing at every crack, a swift endeavour to force back the door with paw and muzzle, and a lightning but abortive attempt to dig under the wooden wall.

Then the bull's horns hit the wall of the wooden cow-shed with a whack that made the whole big edifice—it stalled fifty cows—shudder, and—the foxes were gone.

In a minute, however, they were back again, hunting like terriers in and out around the cornstacks for rats and mice (an act for which, one fears, the farmer never gave them credit), but the rodents had already been much alarmed by an owl that night, not to mention a farm cat, and kept to their fastnesses in token thereof. Still even so, I fancy they must have been successful among the well-strawed pens, sheltered behind the stackyard and the line of stately elms towering aloft into the blue-black sky. Some early lambing ewes had been placed here, and our friend the dog-fox discovered the fact rather cleverly with his nose, while a good hundred yards away.

There were two young lambs that they knew of. They could see them between the straw-padded hurdles. There was no one about, and in the then lull of the wind the night was as still as it is in a well. You will remember also, that the vixen was starving.

All at once though, in the silence, both distinctly heard another fox bark in the fir-belt across the road opposite; he also sought a love.

This does not sound much, but if it had been a blast from the very hunting-horn itself it could scarcely have had a more lively effect.

Instantly, from three different parts of the yard and house, came the rattle of dog-chains in kennels, followed by the furious clamour of dogs threatening the red dog of the wild, bark challenging bark, until in a second the uproar was astonishing. But our foxes were not there to hear it. The dog-fox had faded out like a puff of smoke, the vixen had leapt back into the shadows and nowhere, and before you could wink there was nothing but the calm moon, the spotless carpet of white, and the tell-tale footprints.

Fully a field away our foxes were trotting down along the leeward side of the hedge. It was almost as though they had flown there, so speedily had they removed from the danger zone. But our friend the dog-fox was no longer happy. He had failed to provide the starving vixen with food, as in every action he had as good as staked his honour as a hunter to do, and she had heard the weird and guttural challenge of the other fellow in the fir-belt.

Our friend had been tried and been found wanting. Wherefore, the vixen no longer followed; she edged in a long detour towards the fir-belt, and anyone could see what that meant.

Our fox fairly danced with vexation. He bobbed, he gambolled, he tore forward and back, and in every possible action he said, plainly as words could speak:

"My dear, I swear by my brush and fangs, which I hold most dear, that this time, if you will just follow me once more, I will find you a meal for *certs.*"

But the vixen, she only set back her thin, shrewish ears, and snarled her thin, vicious snarl, and held her course.

Reynard seized and worried the lower rung of a gate in his mortification.

Then, in a flash, he had leapt to "attention".

Now, the vixen's course down the hedgerow, towards the fir-belt took her across the wind, and the wind had again risen, and was blowing steadily from the other side of the hedge. The fox was close to her, and both were crossing a gateway in the hedge, when he had paused to worry the rail in his anger. The wind, blowing through the gateway, caught him, whirling his fur up in little puckers, his brush to one side, but that was not what had electrified him to erect motionlessness. It was the scent borne on the lap of the wind—the scent of a hare, unmistakable to his keen nose, of course.

The vixen had gone on, seemingly heedless, but her swift sidelong look as he checked, her dead stop as his brush, dragging low almost on the snow, vanished through the gateway were tell-tale. In an instant she was back at the gateway herself, peering, hungry-eyed, through.

The field on the far side was unshaven and rough, the tussocks in it standing well above the snow. It ran down to the left into a point, the opposite hedge being some hundred and fifty yards away, and out there on the snow, about fifty yards distant, she beheld the fox standing "frozen".

He was quite motionless, that dog-fox—a sight to gladden the eye of a master-sculptor. Rigid as a figure carved out of red rock, head and tail thrust out, so that from nose-top to tail-tip he was one straight line, one forepaw upraised, the other three paws anchored tense, he made a beautiful picture of a beast on the dazzling carpet of snow. This you may see a well-trained pointer or setter dog do any day out in the shooting-field when "pointing" by scent at game. He was "pointing" at game as perfectly as the best-trained dog that ever stepped; and, indeed, the vixen could see the game—a truly enormous hare—sitting motionless between two tussocks some forty-five yards off.

The hare had his back towards them, but the vixen knew that that was no advantage to *them,* hares possessing, as they do, eyes which, no doubt from their bulging position, can see well behind them. There was therefore no hope at all of catching "Puss," so far as she could see. Nevertheless, she crept up behind the fox, and backed him up, "pointing" rigidly, just as he did.

The fox, however, with a quicker wit than hers, saw a way, apparently, for, turning his head, he glanced quickly over his shoulder to see if the vixen was there—he seemed to expect, apparently by some line of reasoning of his own, that she would be there—and then, crouching, walking slowly and stiffly, like one upon thin ice, he edged off, not towards the hare, but away to the right.

The vixen never moved, but stood stiffly and staunchly rigid, her nose pointing straight at the smudged, squat blob on the snow that represented the hare. A first prize, most perfectly trained pointer dog could have done no better. And all the time the dog-fox continued his slow, crouching, mincing creep, circling gradually round the hare at some distance, his eyes fixed on the quarry, whose gaze was also fixed upon him.

Now, up till that moment the foxes had never had the slightest chance, or hope of a chance, of catching that hare, for he had not only seen them first, but was sufficiently far from them to get clear away easily if they tried to rush him. Moreover, a long, stern chase by scent alone against such a hare on such a night was out of the question. Therefore, till the dog-fox began this strange manoeuvre of his, things looked hopeless.

I don't know how long it took Rufus to work right round his victim till he reached the hedge on the far side, but it certainly seemed like hours; and all the time, in the wonderful stilly lulls between the gusts, the vixen could hear that other dog-fox barking his doleful challenge to fight for a mate in the deep gloom of the fir-tree belt only just across the road. But this time she took no notice—for the moment at any rate. Her heart was in the work on hand, and, though neither beast had spoken, she must have been a party to our dog-fox's plan. She could attend to the other dog-fox if this one failed this time, she seemed to think.

Then the fox, which had finally reached the hedge, walked straight through it and went from sight. The spot where he went in was about fifty yards up the hedge to the right of the hare, but about ten yards down the hedge to the left of the hare was a well-worn gap, which "Puss" had no doubt used many times. The hunted one brought his great eyes, with their permanent look of foolish terror, round to the vixen, and solemnly regarded her for the next two minutes, and it is possible by then that he had forgotten friend fox. Anyway, the vixen did her best to help him to forget him.

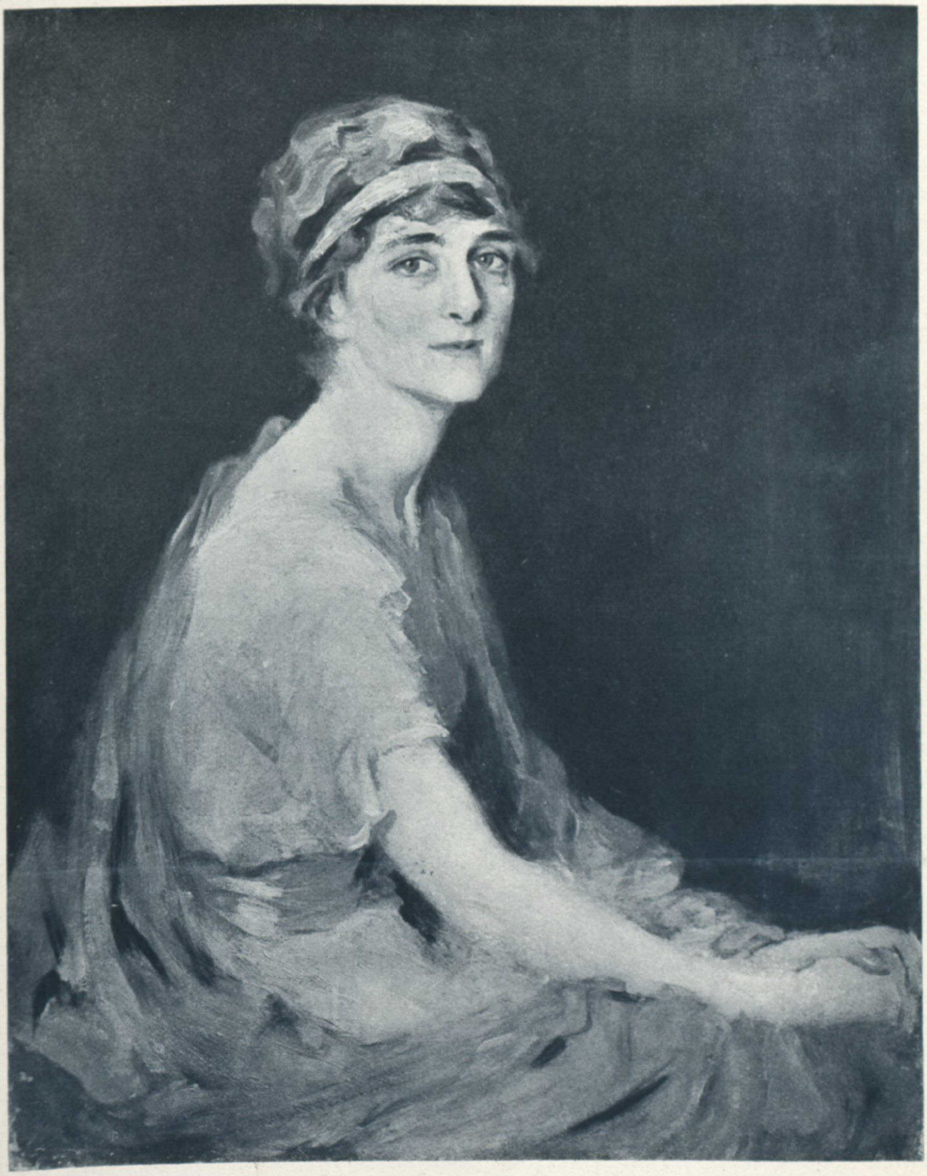
At the end of two minutes, with all the suddenness and unexpectedness and every atom of speed of which she was capable, she hurled herself at the hare, the snow fairly flying in a cloud behind her as she kicked off at the start. She knew she could not catch that swift beast, but that was of no account. Her game was to startle him, hustle him, terrify him into that blind, mad flight which is the hare's weak point.

And she did. Holding slightly to the right, she had covered fifteen yards before "Puss" realized what she was "at". Then he went, whipped into the night on the legs of sudden panic, going only as a hare can—straight to the gap in the hedge. He looked like simply a brown line swiftly drawn across the snow, and—

The dog-fox must have been lying right flat on the ground in the runway on the other side of the gap, and —it was a hair-raising sight. As the hare fairly whizzed through the gap, it seemed as if a reddish streak flashed up under his very feet. The two shot straight up into the air, locked, it seemed, together, and, falling apart, came down with a thud, sprawling. Quick as thought, and grunting loudly, the hare had scratched himself up to his feet again; but, quicker still, the red fox had rolled over, and even as he lay on his back his neck stretched out, his fangs flashed in the moonlight, there was a loud snap and a high, thin, piercing scream as the hare struggled and bounded madly upwards—caught by one hind leg.

Then, before you could wink, another red form shot at full gallop through the gap, fairly on top of them. There followed a second gleam of fangs, a second snap, the scream was switched off like an electric light, and the vixen was rolling over and over on the snow, all mixed up with the fox and the hare together.

Then, all alone in the hedge-ditch, far too busy to speak or make love, but content, quite, quite, content, the two made their wedding feast off the giant hare—whose weight, by the way, must have been certainly 9lb, 9 oz. And the other fox, who was still yapping in the fir-plantation, could go hang for a wife, so far as that one vixen was concerned. *She* wasn't going to leave a husband who could use his brains as our dog-fox had done his, and could snatch a meal from the very lap of Fate through sheer, almost human reasoning.



PORTRAIT

From the Painting by
Gertrude Des Clayes.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

The Canadian Magazine

FROM BAGDAD TO BABYLON

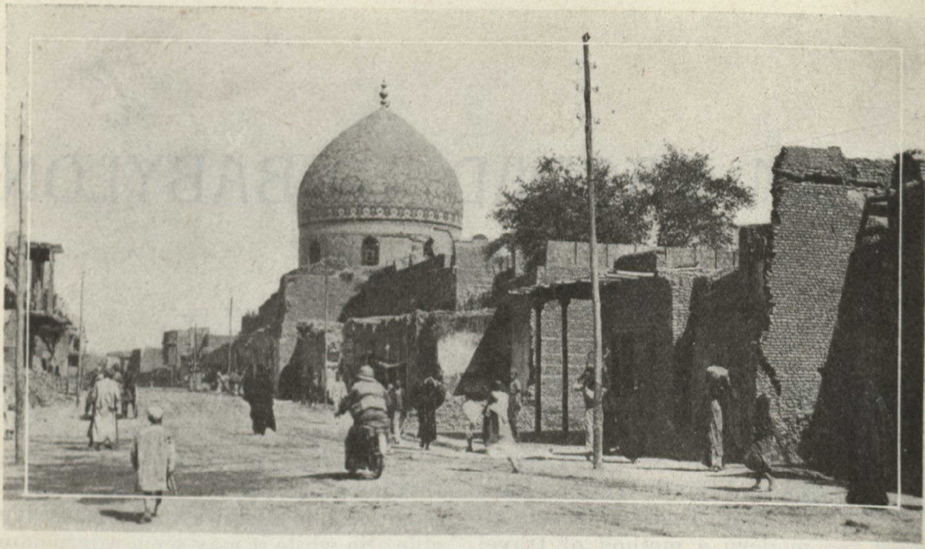
BY R. A. MacLEAN

''The moving finger writes and having writ moves on.''

AN excursion from Bagdad to Babylon in a hospital train drawn by an engine of the London and South Western Railway, England, seems almost too modern a method of travel to put one into a frame of mind suitable to enter into the spirit of the past, or to visualize the scenes of ancient days. Add to this the fact that on this hospital train there were in addition to some few officers as honoured guests, a party of seventy-five nursing sisters from the Officers' Hospital, Bagdad, and No. 23 Military Hospital, and an observer might conclude that we were out for a picnic with no other interest in the world but the enjoyment of one another's company in a day's escape from the weary round of life in a hospital—weary, if you are a nurse and perhaps more so, if, like myself, you happen to be a patient.

But before proceeding further perhaps I should remark that it was the 25th of November, 1918; the armistice for which we had all been looking had at last been signed, and the feverish strain and stifling heat, which during four long years had almost wrecked body and mind of many a faithful nurse in Bagdad, was at last relaxed by a privilege graciously extended by G.H.Q. of spending a day amid the ruins of ancient Babylon. And lest my readers may conclude too prematurely that such an excursion, with all its romantic possibilities, was devoid of archæological interest,I might state that among the officers present, there were two well-known students of Babylon history, and among the sisters there was at least one whose knowledge of the East was not inconsiderable. So while it may seem ungracious of me to pass over all mention of the charms of those who graced our company, or to omit to dwell upon the lighter side of life which a mixed company usually brings into prominence, I can only plead this ungallant defense, that our company, delightful as it was, was only of secondary interest to the object of our expedition. I trust that this explanation may not materially lessen the interest in what follows.

At half-past seven on the morning of the 25th of November we left Bagdad, and before long the golden towers of Kazimain and the tall minarets of the City of the Caliphs faded in the distance. We were in the desert. Here was silence all about. There was nothing to gaze upon but an interminable featureless expanse. As far as the eye could see there was no natural feature to relieve the monotony of the plain. The desert was wrapped in the stifling dust of a west wind, the heat rose in waves from the sun-baked ground, and the mirage in the west like the margin of that untravelled world, seemed to fade forever and forever as we moved. A little farther on a jackal, or, in the more picturesque language of the East, "a son of retreat", leaped forth from a nullah,

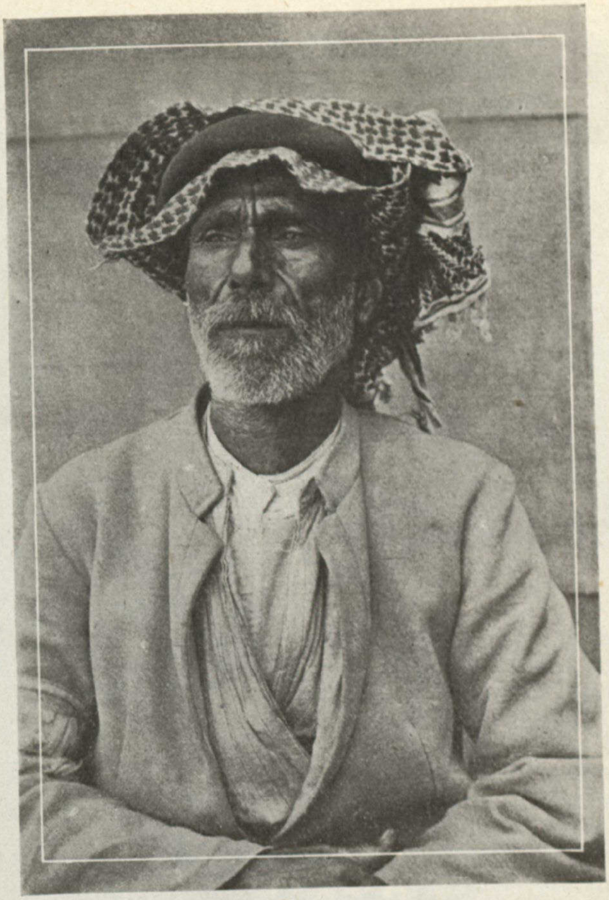


A Street in Bagdad

and some sand grouse swept the ground before us. This was the only animal life which met our view in the whole distance of some sixty miles from Bagdad to Babylon. After we had gone half the journey we could mark the vestiges of a former civilization in rows of "tells" or mounds which dotted the desert. Some few of these showed signs of having been excavated, but the majority looked the same as when they had been constructed some thousands of years ago. Far off in the ditsance almost imperceptible to the naked eye, there loomed on the horizon what appeared to be a grove of trees, and on our right, growing up seemingly out of the arid desert there appeared one solitary palm "unwoo'd of Summer wind". On nearer view the grove turned out to be a palm plantation on the banks of the Euphrates, and we began to realize that in a few minutes, we would be amid the ruins of one of the most famous cities of the past.

At half-past ten we alighted from the train right in the midst of neglected watercourses and a perfect sea of mounds and ruins. I stood dazed, hardly able to speak or to move. Here had been the culmination of an Empire's dream, and here its downfall. In the palace whose ruins lay almost at our feet Nebuchadnezzar had lived, and Alexander the Great had died. In this same palace, too, was the banqueting hall where Belshazzar made his feast, and all round about were memorials of civilizations long since passed into oblivion. It seemed as though the flood-gates of history had suddenly been opened, and through them there were passing in review, the hosts of Assyria and of Babylonia, the Army of Cyrus, the troops of Alexander the Great, and all the men of civilization past and gone. I fell into a reverie in which the past floated before my eyes, but I awoke to see in some wandering Arabs the rise of Islam, and, in our own party, the representatives of a power soon to be a potent factor in the history of the East.

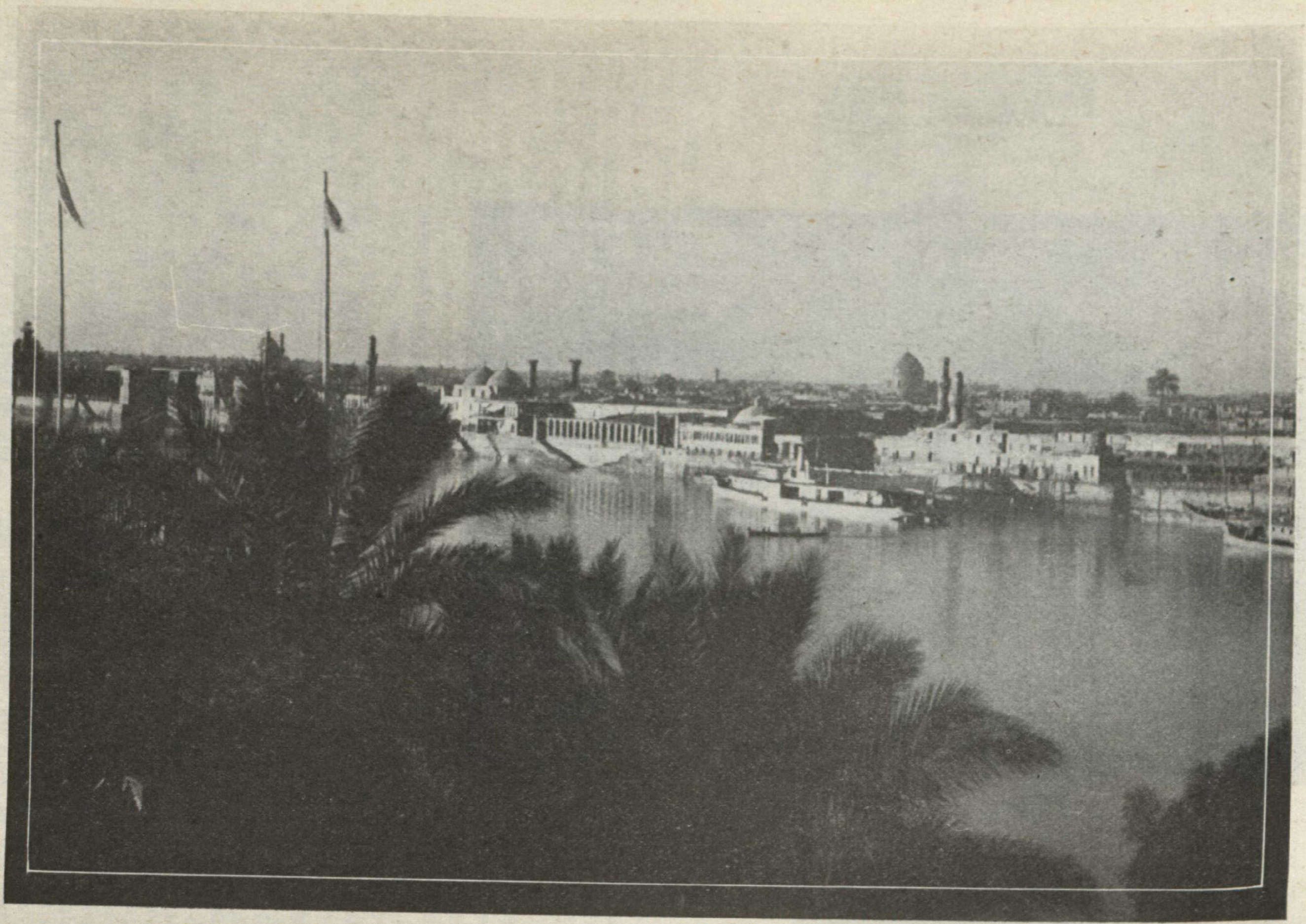
As I stood there I felt creeping over me something of the spirit which haunted that charming writer, Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell, when in similar surroundings she gave expression to her feelings in these words:



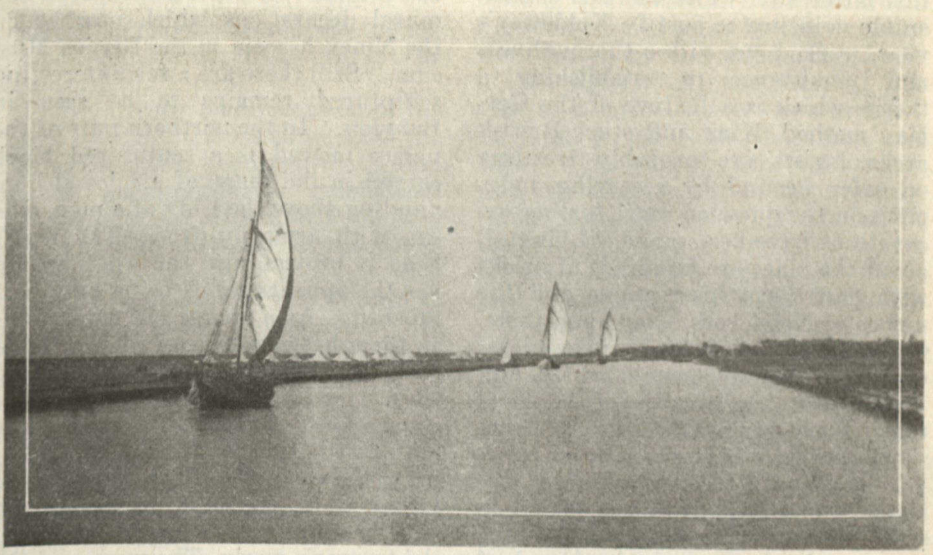
An Arab of the Plains between Bagdad and Babylon

"Most of us who have had opportunity to become familiar with some site that has once been the theatre of a vanished civilization have passed through hours of vain imaginings during which the thoughts labour to recapture the aspect of street and market, church or temple enclosure, of which the evidences lie strewn over the surface of the earth. And ever as a thousand unanswerable problems surge up against the realization of that empty hope, I have found myself longing for an hour out of a remote century wherein I might look my fill upon the walls that have fallen and stamp the image of a dead world indelibly upon my mind."— (Amurath to Amurath P. 143).

But to pass from these reflections to a more or less detailed account of the site of Babylon as its looks to-day. A general impression as I have already indicated is that of a confusion of mounds, ruins, dried canals and irrigation ditches spread over an area of about four miles in length and one and a half miles in breadth on the left bank of the Euphrates some four miles north of the modern Hilleh. If you look for a city such as Herodotus described, in magnitude some sixty miles in circumference, and in grandeur— with bronze gates and hanging gardens—one of the wonders of the world, you will be greatly disappointed, as there is little evidence to prove that the city was as large as Herodotus claims, and as to its glory and magnificence, all traces of these have long since been obliterated But on



Bagdad from across the River

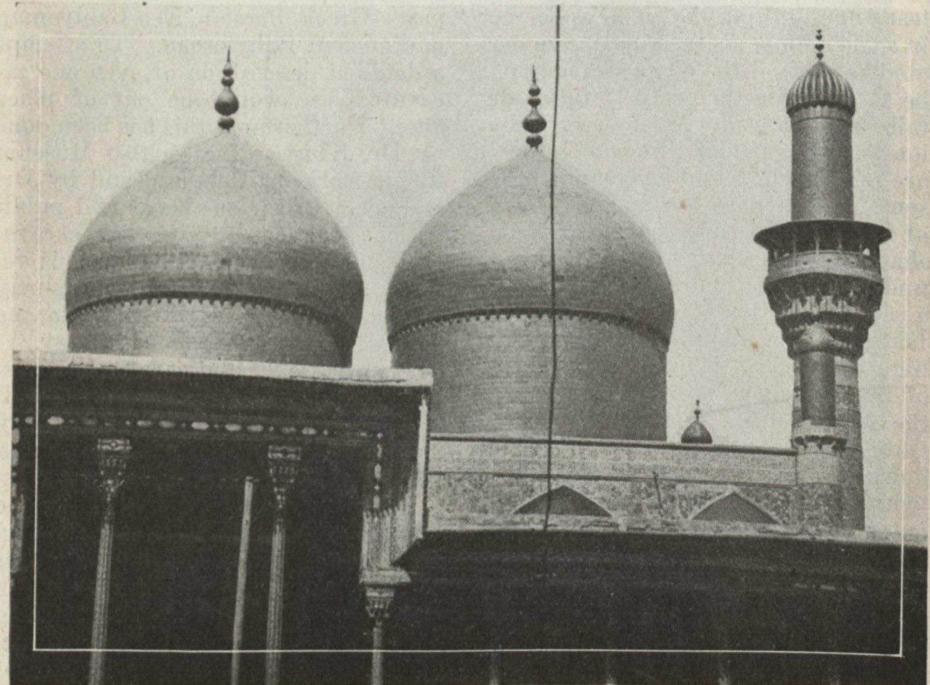


A Scene on the Tigr

the other hand, even a hasty examination of the outer city-walls fully corroborates the Greek historian's account of their enormous width, and leads one to think that if he is correct in some details his seemingly exaggerated account of the city's size may not be so far from the truth if fuller details were known. As one sees Babylon to-day the chief things of interest are the Babel Mound on the north, by some identified as the ancient Tower of Babel, the Kasr or palace of Nebuchadnezzar, excavated by the Germans under the direction of Dr. Koldewey; a sculptured lion of colossal size; the Ishtar gate, with its walls forty feet high adorned with sculptured figures of lions, dragons and bulls in relief; the Sacra Via, leading from the Ishtar Gate past the Ishtar Temple, and down into the heart of the city to the temple of the city's god, the inner and outer city walls, the remains of a Greek theatre which retains in the popular nomenclature the name of Alexander the Great, and in addition scores of other unidentified ruins. And when you have seen all this you can look beyond and see acres and acres of mounds still untouched by the excavator's spade. In one place a hole has been dug some sixty feet deep, and here through successive layers, may be traced the civilizations of the past—Greek, Persian, Neo-Bablyonian and ancient Babylonian. To attempt a detailed description of even one excavated site would be out of place here. Furthermore this has been done by Dr. King of the British Museum in his work on Babylon, and by Dr. Koldewey in various books and publications connected with his excavations, and to these the reader is referred. But perhaps a few notes may be acceptable with reference to the ruined palace of Nebuchadnezzar.

With patience and care characteristically German and worthy of all praise, Koldewey almost completely uncovered the foundation rooms and walls of the palace, and it is now possible to see its three large courts, the Kings Throne Room, two private portions of the building, several wells more than fifty feet deep, a labyrinth of rooms and passage-ways resembling the Minoan Palace in Crete, and, according to Dr. Koldewey, the site of the famous "Hanging Gardens" in the north-east corner of the palace. As to this latter site, while there is considerable evidence to justify Koldewey's view, worked out with a thoroughness and persistence in establishing a thesis, which is a feature of the German method, King and other British archæologists are probably treading on safer ground by reserving judgment on the question until further excavations have been made. Lying all about the place are hundreds of bricks with cuneiform inscriptions and the names of Nebuchadnezzar upon them, while bits of pottery and broken pieces of enamel are as common as the dirt itself. But the wealth of material taken from the palace falls far from short of what was removed from Nineveh by Layard in the middle of the last century. The reason is not far to seek. Being without the stone which the quarries in the neighbourhood of Nineveh supplied, the Babylonians built almost entirely of sun-dried or kiln-burnt bricks. These, of course, were not suitable for sculpturing or constructing huge monuments such as the colossal winged bulls or even the mural decorations which now adorn the Nineveh room in the British Museum. Still there are a few interesting sculptured remains to be seen in Babylon. In the northern part of the palace mound is a sculptured block carved in the shape of a colossal lion, standing above the body of a man, who lies with arms uplifted. The man's head is broken, and the whole group has the appearance of being only half finished. As a writer has said, "it is as though the workmen of the Great King had fashioned an image of Destiny, treading relentlessly over the generations of mankind, before they too passed into its clutches".

On the east side of the palace is the Ishtar Gate, the best preserved and most magnificent memorial of Nebuchadnezzar's works. The towers of the Gate, as they present themselves today, after being excavated, consist of solid brick masonry, some forty feet in height. They are decorated with alternate rows of bulls and



The Golden Towers of Kazamain

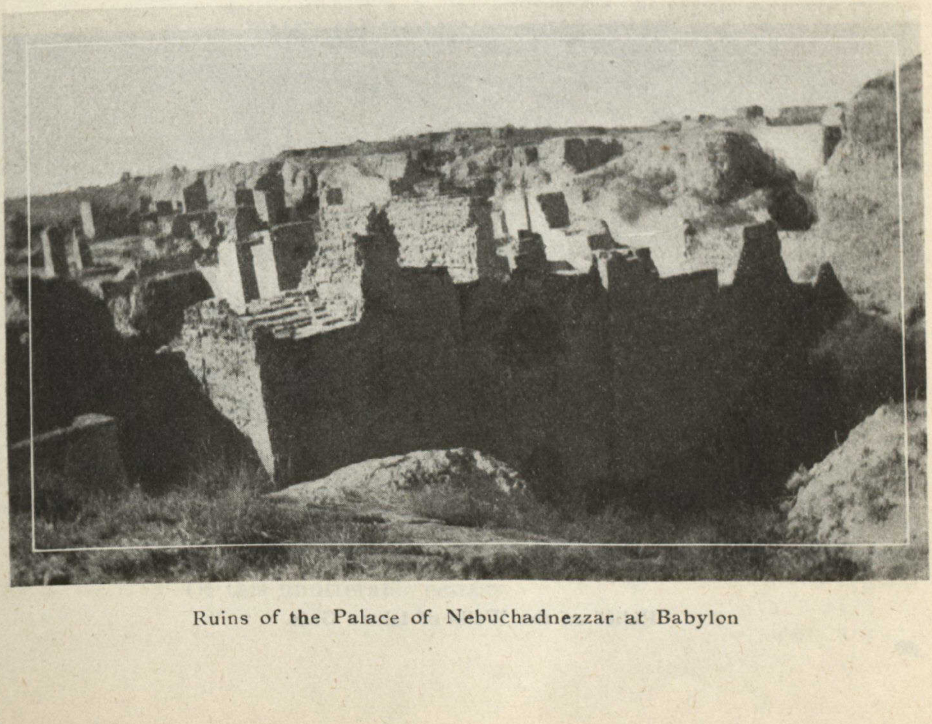
dragons cast in relief on the brick and the workmanship and skill of the designer as may be seen from the accompanying illustrations is of no mean order.

I have already made mention of the Greek theatre. Its ruins lie near the city walls, but it requires some effort of the imagination to reconstruct that home of the arts which followed everywhere in the wake of the Greek civilization.

On the right bank of the Euphrates opposite the palace mound, there are remains of the City's outer wall, while some miles away to the south-west, in the heart of the desert is Birs Nimrud, where a temple pyramid, of zigurrat constructions, rears its graceful outlines to the sky. This is believed by many to be the famous Tower of Babel.

Of the treasures discovered by Dr. Koldewey and his assistants in the course of their excavations at Babylon some few still remain in the Museum built by him on the banks of the Euphrates. But the war came as a great shock to this zealous body of workers at Babylon. Between the time of Dr. Koldewey's retirement and the British occupation of Babylon most of the Museum treasures which were not carried away by the Germans were looted by the wandering Arabs of the desert. At the time of our visit to Babylon, there was a guard—an Arab guard—over the ruins, and signs were placed here and there warning visitors not to remove anything from the ruins. But visitors, unfortunately, have very often too little respect for the memorials of the past, and Arab guards can be bought too easily with a little baksheesh. The inevitable result ensues. But I am told that the ruins are now very carefully protected, and as a British director of excavations has recently gone to Mesopotamia to supervise the work, no doubt the various archæological sites will receive the protection which their importance demands.

As to the work of excavation in Mesopotamia much remains to be done. The entire Mesopotamian valley from Bagdad south to the Persian Gulf is a vast cemetery of buried cities. Mounds, scattered over the plain, mark ancient sites. Some of the oldest of these mounds in the South cover the cities of the Sumerians and Babylonians,

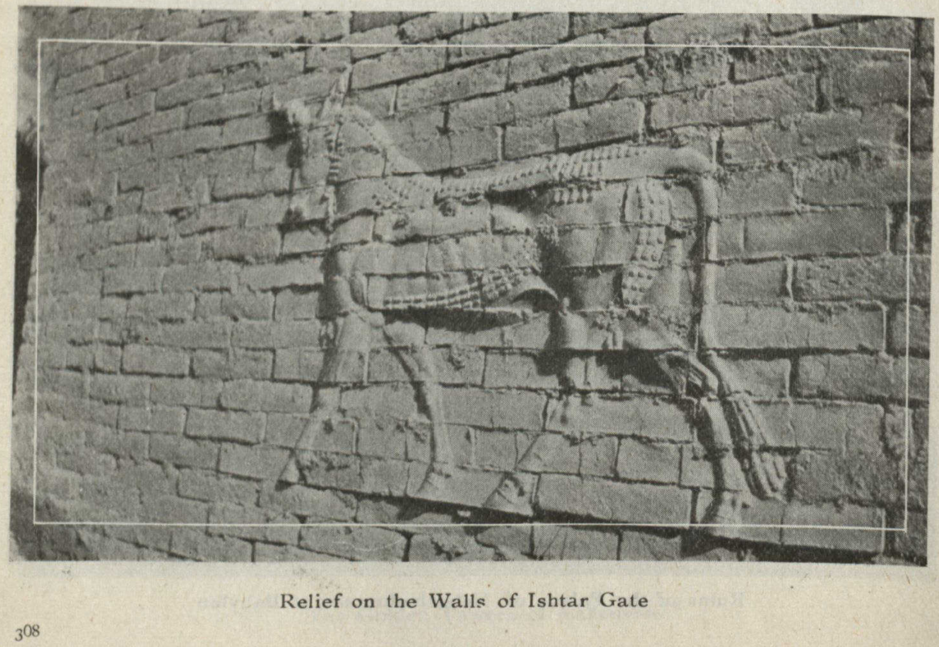


Ruins of the Palace of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon

Throne Room in Palace of Nebuchadnezzar

others belong to Persian, Greek or Arab times.

But to return to Babylon. The hot dusty day was drawing to a close and our party were assembling for the return trip to Bagdad. I was reluctant to leave Babylon, but glad to get away from the flies which seem to delight in haunting ancient ruins. While battling with them there came to my mind that delightful passage from Lord Dufferin's Letters from Iceland, in which he speaks of a certain German entomologist, a "doctor philosophiæ"



Relief on the Walls of Ishtar Gate

who went to Iceland to catch gnats. Afterwards he passed several years catching gnats in Spain, "the privacy of Spanish gnats, it appears, not having been hitherto invaded". He further related the intensity of the Professor's joy when perhaps days and nights of fruitless labours were at last rewarded by the discovery of some unknown fly, and how this same man in the pursuit of the objects of his study was evidently prepared to approach hardships and dangers with the serenity that would not have been unworthy of the apostle of a new religion. While reflecting on this, it occurred to me that if this exponent of German culture and research has not passed into the Great Beyond, he might well find a fruitful field for his labours amid the ruins of ancient Babylon. There among the shades of Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander he might live a life of noble obscurity collecting and classifying gnats, and die at last content with the consciousness of having added one more stone to the tower of knowledge.

But this is a digression. At five-thirty P.M. our engine puffed a signal for our departure. A jackal, unaccustomed to this weird noise, bounded forth from a dried irrigation canal. The dust storm which had been raging passed by, and, as we moved slowly away, we looked from the window of the car and saw for the last time the wide expanse that was Babylon, encircled now as of old by the murmuring waters of the Euphrates, and the silence of the great embracing desert.

THE HARMONY OF LOVE

BY FLORENCE B. S. O'CONNOR

ERE Love had come to me I sang of him,
As children will who, catching but a word
That once has pleased them, on the instant brim
With all that they have fancied or have heard.
With careful hand, fearing I should betray
I knew not what, I seemed to know,
Yet with audacious touch did I array
My want of knowledge in the likeliest show.

And then came Love and smote upon my lyre
And, with desire to knowledge fully grown,
I pensive stand, filled with the glorious fire,
Holding the harp's heart close upon my own
Lest I should miss by some unhappy chance
Some single note of the great harmony,
Some shadowy chord, some hidden resonance,
Of this unutterable ecstasy.

THREE NAMELESS GRAVES

BY M. LA TOUCH THOMPSON

IN the very heart of the city of Saint John, New Brunswick, lies the "Old Burial ground", the resting-place of many of those sturdy Loyalists who sailed from New England after the American Revolutionary War and founded the city. It is a lovely old God's acre, situated on a gently sloping hillside, shaded by many fine trees, beautified by well-kept beds of flowers, and made musical by the plash of fountains. There is no jarring note anywhere about it, for no interment has been made for many years, and time has treated the gravestones with a kindly, mellowing hand.

When I took up my abode in Saint John some years ago it was my good fortune to secure lodgings in a house overlooking this lovely old spot, and I traversed its broad walks every day in going to and fro between house and office. Often in the late afternoon I would stroll amongst the graves, deciphering the inscriptions on the lichen-covered stones, and finding much food for thought in the story of those uncompromising old Britishers, who lived up to their convictions if ever men did.

But my chief interest centered around three graves over which no stone had been raised. My attention was drawn to them by the fact that almost every afternoon, when the weather was fine, an old gentleman well past three score and ten was to be seen seated on a bench beside them. He was always alone; and the gentle, sensitive old face under the old-fashioned wide-awake hat was one that I soon grew to look for, and missed it on the rare occasions of its absence. I soon noticed that he never strolled about the grounds as others did; he invariably came straight to the three graves, sat over them in quiet contemplation for some time, and then slowly climbed the slope and disappeared along the street leading into the eastern part of the city.

I should have been more than human had my curiosity not been aroused, and for some time I watched in vain for an opportunity of gratifying it. It came one day when the old man dropped a glove as he began his homeward walk. Fortunately I was just behind him at the time, and in a moment I had restored the glove and was making the most of my chance of winning his acquaintance. A reserve that I soon found was due chiefly to shyness soon wore off, and I was quickly won by the dear old fellow's sweetness of manner and fine old-fashioned courtesy.

Thereafter we always exchanged greetings whenever I passed him in his accustomed seat, and sometimes he would rise and join me when I was coming home and would accompany me as far as my door. But he always declined my invitation to enter, and I began to despair of ever gaining sufficient intimacy with him to warrant my asking him for the story of those three graves. That there was a story I was sure: I felt instinctively that here was something decidedly out of the common.

Then came an interruption in the form of a hurried summons to the Pacific Coast on business, and I was away from Saint John for two months. When I returned I looked for the familiar figure the first afternoon I passed his bench, but he was not there. Several days passed, and still he did not appear. On Sunday I dropped into the rectory for a pipe after evensong, and in the course of conversation I mentioned the old man and asked the rector if he knew anything of him. Then I learned that the old fellow was very ill; the rector had been told of him by the doctor, and had been visiting him frequently since his attack. At the parson's suggestion I myself called the following day, and during the remaining two months of the old man's life I was his constant visitor. He lived in a small house in a side street, and an old negro manservant was his sole attendant. He did not suffer any pain, and his mental faculties were unimpaired. He always seemed glad to see me; and I can never forget the wistful sweetness of his smile nor the gentle courtesy of his manner, a courtesy that was part and parcel of the man himself.

We talked often and long and of many things, and by degrees he gave me more and more of his confidence. But weeks passed before he made any reference to those three graves on the hill-side, and I had again begun to despair, for he was not of those whose confidence can be forced. But my patience—if I may call it so—was at last rewarded. One evening, after an hour's talk, we had fallen into one of those silences which are the test and proof of true communion between friends. We had been talking of the delicate adjustment so often necessary to preserve the proper relations between parent and child. Suddenly he turned to me and said, "You must often have wondered about those three graves over which I so constantly sat when I was able to go about; I am going to tell you the story of them, for it bears very closely upon the subject we have just been discussing." And then he told me the following tale, which, as nearly as I can remember, I give in his own words.

"In order to begin at the very beginning I must go back to a time some years before my own entry into the story. Just seventy years ago a gentleman who lived some two days' ride from Dublin, having fallen heir to a substantial legacy, undertook some extensive alterations and enlargements in connection with his house and outbuildings. For the execution of the work he secured the services of a well-known Dublin architect and builder, who sent out a young man of twenty-five, an apprentice, to carry out the preliminary work of clearing the ground and making the necessary excavations.

"Now, this gentleman had been twice married, and his second wife was still living. By his first wife he had two daughters, the elder of whom had married a Dublin tea merchant. The latter was a lovely girl, just past her seventeenth birthday, and of a most amiable disposition. In after years I heard not a little of how the village folk and peasantry worshipped her; how she ministered to them, young as she was, in the many sorrows of their lot, and shared with a full heart in their simple joys. It was among the people that she found a field for the exercise of those qualities of sympathy and kindliness which, unfortunately, she was given no opportunity of expressing at home. For her father thought only of his stables and kennels, while her stepmother had been hard and cold towards her from the first—in marked distinction to her attitude of lavishly indulgent affection towards her own offspring.

"Why is it that in such circumstances women so frequently fail to rise to their opportunity, and criminally neglect their responsibility? When a woman marries a widower with children surely she assumes responsibility for the exercise of maternal care for the children but little less than that of wifely care for the father! One would think that all that is highest and best in a woman's nature would respond to the appeal inherent in such a situation; but it is far too frequently not so.

"The case we are considering is a case in point. And the young girl had reached a period when experienced and sympathetic guidance is so vitally important; for she stood on the threshold of womanhood, swayed by new impulses which she could not understand, in a holy ignorance fraught with the gravest danger to herself, danger from which she could be safeguarded only, humanly speaking, by the understanding sympathy and guidance of an older woman.

"The architect's assistant was a youth of handsome appearance and good address, and he very quickly captured the interest of the inexperienced and impressionable girl. It did not require much skill on his part to convert that interest into affection, and in time he won her consent to a runaway marriage. As he himself was practically penniless and had absolutely no prospects he knew only too well how the father would entertain a request for his daughter's hand; but he believed that, the marriage an accomplished fact, the father would bow to the inevitable and provide for him as his daughter's husband. The young people succeeded in reaching a neighbouring town without their object being discovered; they were married, and the following day presented themselves at the paternal door. But instead of pardon and acceptance, if not welcome, they met with violent abuse and rejection; the poor girl was upbraided as an undutiful daughter, and her father's house forever closed to her.

"Her romantic dream was soon rudely dispelled. Her husband was summarily dismissed from his situation as soon as tidings of his misconduct reached his employer, and he found it impossible to obtain steady work elsewhere. The failure of his schemes embittered him, and constant indulgence in strong drink did not tend to improve his temper or make him a more desirable companion. Before long he began to look upon his wife as the cause of all his misfortunes, and when in his cups he not infrequently ill-treated her savagely. In six months' time the situation had become intolerable, her husband's cruelty endangering not only her own life but that of her unborn child as well.

"The architect, who had learned of her plight in the course of his occasional visits of inspection, and vainly endeavoured to secure her re-admittance to her father's home, at length advised her to leave her inhuman husband and go to her married sister in Dublin. The district had no stage coach connection with Dublin at the time, and the question of transportation appeared to be a difficult one to solve, more especially as the matter must needs be arranged and carried out without the knowledge of the husband. But a solution presently appeared in the person of a young Englishman, who had been on a visit to a neighbouring farm. He was riding back to Dublin, and the good architect, who had met him and been much prepossessed in his favour, readily secured his sympathy on behalf of his fair young protégée and his consent to her riding on a pillion behind him. The better to conceal her movements, and also as a means for the avoidance of possible embarassments while travelling together, he assumed the role of her brother, and she that of his widowed sister.

"The journey was accomplished without incident, and the weary but thankful girl presented herself at her sister's door, sure that she had found a safe and welcoming haven. But the unnatural sister, who had seen her approach from a window, met her on the threshold, not with the arms of love but with the mien of a fury, and slammed the door in her face.

"And so here was the poor runaway, penniless, in a strange city, her only protector a young man who was neither relative nor connection! In a state of woeful perplexity the young people returned to the posting inn where they had left the horse, That evening they chanced to get into conversation with an American sea captain and his wife, who were also lodging there. The subject of America and its budding advantages was most alluringly portrayed by the captain, who in the end, touched by the beauty and apparent early bereavement of the supposed widow, offered them both a free passage—they to provide themselves with provisions and other necessaries for the voyage. He also assured them of his interest and assistance when they at last reached the hospitable shores of the Delaware.

"The young people considered the situation carefully in all its bearings. Richards (to give him the name by which I knew him in later life), had no family ties and no settled occupation. He was a typical product of an English public school, clean in mind and body, manly, chivalrous, and honourable. He strongly advised that the offer be accepted, and gave the unfortunate girl his solemn undertaking to accompany her and protect her as though he were in very truth her brother. There appeared to be no choice for her but to accept; there was simply nothing else for her to do. And though the situation was a most delicate one for her and fraught with no inconsiderable danger to them both in their youth and inexperience, I for one cannot think that they did wrong. Strict moralists may not agree with me; but, I ask, what other course was open to them? At any rate they embarked on their great adventure; and never once, by word or deed, did her protector give her cause to regret her trust in him.

"In course of time they reached their destination, and a few months afterwards she gave birth to a daughter. Richards supported them both by his industry as a house carpenter, for working in wood had always been with him a hobby which he was now able to turn to a good account.

"But soon the beauty and charm of the young mother attracted no little attention, and brought her more than one flattering offer of marriage. As she posed as a widow she could offer no reasonable excuse, and the situation became so embarassing that finally they removed to Boston, where, in order to prevent the recurrence of such perplexity, they concluded that it would be wise to adopt another name and to pass as husband and wife. This they did; but in no manner did they relax that virtuous distance and decorum always so faithfully maintained between them.

"Years passed by. The talent, industry, and patience of Richards added daily to their reputation and wealth; he was known as one of the most capable and trustworthy contractors in the State. And the respect in which he was universally held was fully shared by his companion; for her benevolence and charity, her unfailing sympathy and kindliness of both word and act, won her a place in the public esteem that but few mortals may hope to attain. And yet real happiness was never hers, for the shadow of reproach for her youthful error and all its estranging consequences was never absent from her. She had written repeatedly to her father and sister, pleading for forgiveness, but they ignored her every effort towards reconciliation. Her child was from the first taught to address Mr. Richards as 'father'; no suspicion of the true relation in which the three stood to each other was ever allowed to come near her.

"It was here that I came on the scene. I was twenty-five years old, and had been employed in a shipping office in Baltimore, my home town; now I was promoted to an excellent position in the head office of the firm, in Boston. Not long after my arrival I met Mrs. Richards at a garden party that had been organized for the support of a certain charity and that was held on the lawns of the senior partner of our firm. Mr. and Mrs. Richards were prominent among those who had promoted the enterprise, and on the day itself were doing everything possible to ensure its success. I was presented to Mrs. Richards early in the afternoon, and never since the death of my own mother, five years earlier, had I been so drawn to any woman. There was strength there, and sweetness; and that beautiful, saintly face, still young, under its crown of snow white hair, affected me with a feeling of reverence that I cannot describe. It was plain to see that she was of those who have come through great tribulation and learned the purifying lesson of adversity. In her gentle way she drew me out, knowing me for a stranger in Boston, and soon I had told her of my mother's death and the blank it had left in my life. We were not allowed many minutes together, for soon she was called to some duty connected with the fête; but before leaving me she asked me to come to tea on the following Sunday. I did so, and there I met my fate in the person of her daughter Mary.

"Many years have passed, but I have only to close my eyes to see, as though it had been yesterday, that pure and lovely face and girlish form as she came down the steps of the verandah and crossed the lawn to where her mother and I were seated. She was then just past her eighteenth birthday, on the threshold of a perfect womanhood, possessing a winsomeness and charm that were as exceptional as was her beauty. I was not impressionable as most young men are; never before had my fancy been touched by any girl; but even while she was crossing the lawn I yielded the whole love of my life to Mary Richards. I became a constant visitor at her home, making no attempt to conceal the strong attraction she had for me; and the quiet, affectionate smile with which Mrs. Richards always welcomed me gave me to hope that in her I should find no obstacle to the fulfilment of my great desire. And though no word of love passed between Mary and me I knew by many little tokens that she cared for me. O those happy, happy weeks, when we love and believe we are loved in return, and yet postpone the moment of avowal, being loath to end the strangely sweet uncertainty of the present!

"All this time Mr. Richards was absent from home, having gone to New York for an extended business visit. At length word came of his intended return, and when I bade Mrs. Richards good-night the evening before he was expected I could not refrain from referring with shy impulsiveness to my desire to interview him 'on a matter of very great importance'. In the smile with which she answered me there was understanding and the assurance of support; and the world held no happier soul than mine as I trod the moonlit streets to my lodgings.

"But alas for all my hopes of happiness! The following evening when I presented myself at the door I was informed by the servant that Mrs. Richards had given instructions that I was to be taken to her immediately. I was conducted to her boudoir, where I was alarmed to find her in a state of extreme agitation and showing unmistakable signs of some terrible grief. For some time she could not speak; and then, with her arms about me and in a voice shaken with emotion, she told me that something terrible had happened which made marriage between Mary and me utterly impossible. She could give no reasons, but pleaded with me to trust her when she said that there was absolutely no way out but the way she was taking. She promised that she would send for me at once if it should ever be possible for me to come to Mary, but meanwhile exacted my promise that I would make no attempt to communicate with any member of the family for one week.

"The door that I had entered so buoyantly and hopefully an hour earlier I went forth from a broken and half-crazed man. How or where I spent the hours of that long night I never knew; dawn found me sitting, spent, by the roadside some miles outside Boston. A kindly market-gardener gave me a lift back to town, and through that day and the succeeding six I dragged myself like a man in a dream. The seventh day brought a letter from Mrs. Richards, and you may imagine the eagerness with which I tore it open. It contained the crushing information that the Richards home and furniture had been disposed of and that the family had left for some unknown destination. The writer's protestation of love and grief for me was unmistakably genuine; but I was adjured by the love I bore her daughter and my desire for that daughter's happiness to make no effort to trace them or communicate with them in any way.

"What could I do but submit? But only God knows what it cost me. Around and around in a circle of fruitless speculation my brain would go; I often wondered that it did not give way, and as often hoped that it would. But gradually there emerged two clearly defined things: my belief in Mary's love for me, and my determination to be ready and fit to obey her call if she should ever need me and send for me.

"Two years passed. No tidings had come from the Richards', and the public had ceased to speculate over the mystery of their sudden disappearance. And then one day the summons came that I had for so long instinctively expected; I received from Mr. Richards a short note dated from Saint John, N.B., asking me to come to them immediately. One of our fastest schooners was sailing for Saint John, in ballast, that very evening, and I had but little difficulty in obtaining leave of absence and arranging for my passage. Two evenings later I sat in this very room, listening to the whole story from the lips of Mr. Richards himself; and surely no man ever listened to a stranger tale. First he told me what I began by telling you—of the true relations existing between 'Mrs. Richards' and himself, and the parentage of Mary. But the sequel! You must hear that.

"It appeared that, since Mary had been a mere child, Mr. Richards had never been absent from home for more than a day at a time until that fatal three months' visit to New York. It needed but a week of his absence to disclose to him the fact that what he had considered a paternal affection for the young girl who had been brought up to love him as her father had been displaced by an absorbing passion that nothing but marriage could satisfy. Throughout the remaining weeks of his absence his resolve grew daily stronger. It seems strange that the man who for so many years had set self aside and devoted himself so whole-heartedly to the welfare and happiness of others should now allow selfishness to dominate all other feelings. It is true, of course, that he had no knowledge that Mary had formed any attachment, for Mrs. Richards had made no mention of the matter in her letters. He had for so long sought the happiness of herself and her daughter that she never doubted that he would rejoice in this crowning joy that had come into Mary's life, and she withheld the news to be a happy surprise to him on his return.

"I cannot, without a feeling of horror, contemplate what happened on his return. He told Mrs. Richards of the discovery he had made regarding his feelings towards her daughter; he demanded that Mary be told the story of her parentage; and he pleaded his long years of single-hearted devotion to the interests of mother and daughter and claimed the daughter's hand in marriage as his reward.

"What could the poor mother do? She and her child owed everything to their protector and this was the only call he had ever made upon their gratitude. The interview between mother and daughter is too sacred to dwell upon; suffice it to say that after a night of grief and prayer the poor girl agreed to sacrifice her love on the altar of her mother's and her own gratitude. It was decided that Mr.

Richards should know nothing concerning the attachment formed between Mary and me.

"But now a new difficulty arose; how was it possible to carry out their plans without dragging their whole private history before the public gaze? For this and for other reasons a change of scene was decided upon, and a new home was established near Saint John. Mr. Richards bought a place on the river a few miles from town, and there he took his bride.

"And so the new life began. But from the first poor Mary drooped like a stricken lily. She was surrounded with every evidence of the most devoted affection on the part of her husband, and her mother, too, strove by every means in her power to lighten the burden, but with little success. Three months before I was sent for Mary's child was born, a frail little life that came and went like an early snowflake. It lived but a month. And now Mary herself was near to joining her child; in the room above her young life was slowly ebbing away. When Mrs. Richards became convinced of this she could keep silence no longer, and told Mr. Richards of the love between Mary and me and how near we had been to avowal and betrothal. At once all the fineness of the man's character asserted itself, and without an hour's delay he sent for me. And now, when he had made everything clear to me, he proposed to step aside and let me take the place at my Mary's bedside that was due to me as the man to whom she had given her heart and who had loved her from the first.

"I cannot speak of the fortnight that followed; daily—almost hourly—I was with her, and she passed away at last, painlessly and peacefully, in my arms. She was laid to rest beside her babe, in the second of those three graves over which you so often saw me sitting. And for me the light went out of life from that day.

"But soon again the sod was broken, and the third grave dug and filled. The strain of the last two years had told heavily upon Mrs. Richards, and she did not long survive her daughter. She took much blame to herself for all the sorrow that had fallen, seeing in each succeeding trial a further consequence of her own self-will and setting aside of parental authority. But I, for one, hold her blameless, and I believe the good God does, too; at the door of her father and stepmother the blame should lie.

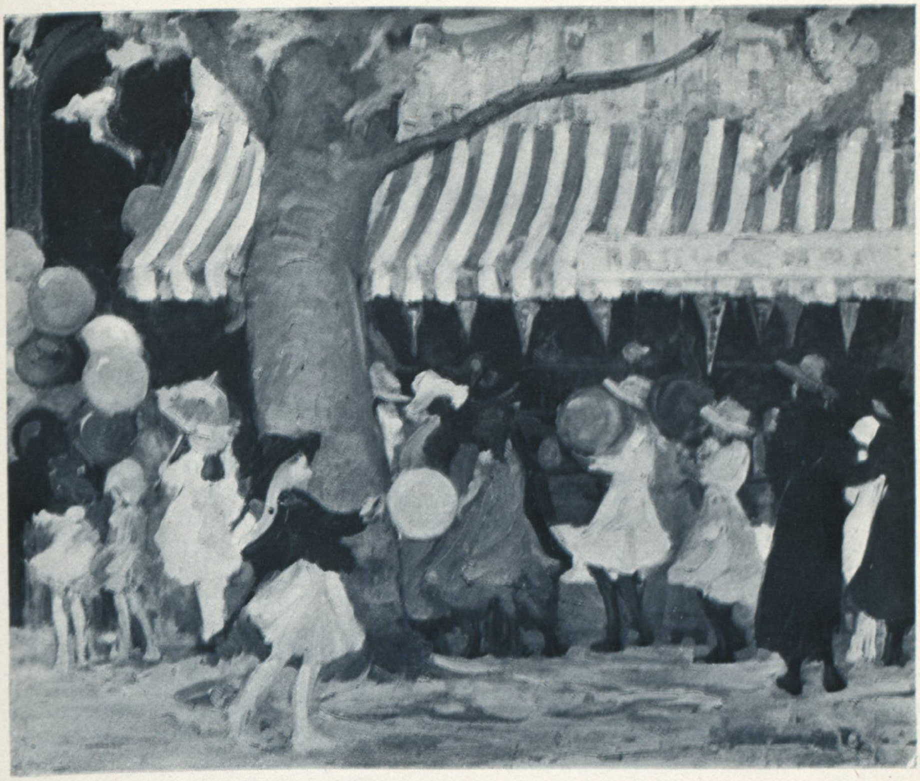
"Mr. Richards immediately disposed of everything and sailed for England. He never reached there, for his vessel was lost at sea. I bought this house as it stood and placed it in the hands of an old family servant, once a slave, whom I brought from Baltimore for the purpose. When old Martha died her son Tom, my present attendant, succeeded her.

"For myself, I returned to Boston for a time, but soon secured an exchange back to Baltimore, where I took up what was left of life and by God's help made it not unuseful. All through the years this house awaited the time when my working days would be over and I could settle down here to a quiet waiting for the day when my Mary would come to fetch me. A year ago I came, and I shall not have much longer to wait. If God wills I shall breathe my last in the room above, where Death, who parted us, shall re-unite us."

* * *

The tired voice ceased, and silence again reigned in the old room. An hour later I myself performed the servant's usual office and assisted my old friend up the stairs to the room above. And it was his last journey thither; in the morning his faithful man found him lifeless, a smile of ineffable tenderness on his dear old face. His faith and his patience had found their reward.

And so I learned the story of the three nameless graves. And ever, when I pass them by, I seem to see that familiar figure upon the old gray bench, keeping his patient and faithful watch over the beloved dust beneath.



AT THE FAIR

From the Painting by
Vivien Logan.
Exhibited by the
Ontario Society of Artists.

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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

CHAPTER XIV

THE storm passed away with the night. David woke to find a new-washed sun sparkling through the window upon the white sheets which covered his work table and hung from the mirror like unfamiliar ghosts. For a moment he wondered what these fantastic draperies might mean. Then came recollection, a rueful smile or two and a quickening of the pulses as he realised that to-day was not quite as yesterday.

He sat up and reflected. The memories of the night were curiously flattened and unreal in the sunlight. He had gone to sleep feeling worried, he woke feeling inclined to laugh. It was as if the darkness had dressed up a bogie to frighten him just as Mrs. Carr had shrouded the mirror in sheets. Both seemed absurd now that daylight had come!

What a silly old thing Mrs. Carr was, anyway! Fancy trying to do the tragic over such an entirely simple affair! The storm must have upset the old lady's nerves. She was probably feeling properly foolish this morning. Well, she deserved to feel foolish. She had come very nearly making things ugly for that nice girl down the hall. If it hadn't been for the keen wit of the girl herself there might have been a regular scene!

David smiled admiringly as he thought of how smartly Miss Sims had saved the situation. Women, he reflected, must understand each other extraordinarily well, else how could Clara have hit upon the one thing which had so completely routed the enemy? And all on the impulse of the moment! David himself would never have thought of it. He smiled again at the memory of the statue of justice suddenly transforming itself into an ordinary and somewhat apologetic landlady. And all because Miss Sims had told that white fib about their being engaged. David hoped that he had played the game and not allowed his amazement at the announcement to appear too plainly.

Having shot her bolt, Miss Sims, under cover of a downcast look, had gracefully retired, leaving the situation and the landlady in his hands. He congratulated himself on having managed both quite cleverly. Without protest he had allowed Mrs. Carr to divest herself of the sheet in favour of his mirror and had even offered another sheet to shroud the table where various bright things glittered.

Lightning, Mrs. Carr declared, always "made for" bright objects. David agreed. Under the circumstances he would have agreed to anything. So perfect was his attitude in fact that Mrs. Carr had relaxed her rigid front to the extent of explaining her previous attitude.

"Not that I wish ever to be hard on any one, Mr. Greig," she had assured him, "but you know what it is, keeping a select house like this. It isn't easy, not in a city. One never knows. And it is impossible to be too careful.

I assure you—the merest breath! And what with seeing you two come in late and Miss Sims so flustered and all and then in the dead of night to open a door—and I still think, Mr. Greig, that she might have waited to put on a wrapper—it was enough to give any one a turn. Not that I ever think evil, on principle. As it is, I am sure I congratulate you both on your engagement. Although I must say you are rather young to be thinking of so serious a step as marriage; younger, Mr. Greig, than she is, if I am any judge."

"Thanks," said David, "I—er—you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"Certainly not," promised Mrs. Carr with fervour. David's present freedom from worry was largely owing to the fact that he believed her.

Now that morning had come, all these recollections seemed quite amusing. His main interest in them seemed to be a growing curiosity as to how that clever Miss Sims, having got them into the present situation so neatly, would get them out of it again. She had probably already thought of some simple way. To his own masculine mind the simplest of all would be just to tell Mrs. Carr the truth. Last night she had been excited and unreasonable but to-day she could certainly be made to understand.

David's one real terror was lest Billy Fish should hear of the occurence! That would indeed be frightful. David shivered as he thought of the endless ragging which would then be his inevitable portion. Funny as the affair was he had no desire to have it contribute to the gaiety of nations.

He was early at breakfast. In his heart he expected his partner in the conspiracy to be early also. They might seize a moment to arrange the gentle undeceiving of Mrs. Carr. He knew that he would feel a little better when that was done. But Miss Sims was late. When finally she did slip into her seat, the table had filled up and there was no chance of a private word.

She looked very pretty this morning, and, perhaps, a little more fragile, worrying, no doubt! It was a shame that she should have to worry. He, David, must be ready to help her to any extent in his power.

"It's a lovely morning," he said as he rose. "If you don't mind, I'll wait for you and we can walk down to the car together?"

Clara glanced quickly up and down again. This look was peculiar to Clara. It was her substitute for a blush, and really did quite as well. Even the cleverest of us cannot blush when we want to.

"That will be very nice," she said demurely.

David waited on the verandah. He thanked his stars that Silly Billy was sleeping in, disturbed no doubt by having his mirror done up in sheets. It seemed particularly fortunate, anyway, and he said as much to Miss Sims when she joined him. Miss Sims looked surprised.

"Why?" she asked, "I thought you liked Mr. Fish?"

"So I do. Billy's an idiot but he's one of the best. All the same he has an uncanny way of guessing things. We don't want him guessing at our little comedy, he would enjoy it far too much!"

"Comedy?" Miss Sims looked pained. So palpably pained did she look that even David couldn't help seeing it. He felt that he had blundered again.

"Not that there's any chance of him doing it," he assured her hastily. "Or any one else. Thank heaven, there was no grandstand."

Clara's face was hidden now by the wide brim of her hat. She was drawing on her gloves.

"It was fortunately an entirely private performance," went on David cheerfully, "but we did it well, didn't we? All the credit is yours, of course. I'd have stood there all night and never have thought of such a thing."

The hat brim drooped still lower. There was something in the droop of which affected David like one of Clara's own half-said sentences.

"What's the matter?" he inquired uneasily.

The hat brim lifted. For a second he saw her eyes, and there were tears in them.

"Good gracious!" eclaimed David in alarm, "what a silly clown I am. Of course you feel this thing more than I do. That's only natural. I shouldn't have let it go this far. I'll go right back and explain the whole thing to Mrs. Carr. She'll see reason by daylight."

"Oh no!" Clara's small but firm hand restrained him. "Don't do that!"

"But I must. I can't have you feeling this way about it."

"I—it's not *her*," said Clara in a low voice.

"Who then? Has Billy——"

"Oh no."

"Well, then, why are you crying?"

Miss Sims denied that she was crying. But if she had been crying it wouldn't have been on account of Mrs. Carr. She didn't care a bit about Mrs. Carr and she didn't care about Mr. Fisher either. "But it wasn't very pleasant—to be laughed at—to be felt ashamed of—to be made to feel ——" the remarks were disjointed and not very definite but it was plain enough that it had been David himself who was the cause of Clara's tears.

"But my dear girl!" the bewilderment of the unconscious culprit may be imagined, "whatever do you mean? I assure you I am horribly sorry if I have blundered in any way. If I laughed it was because I did not realize how serious the matter might seem to you. To me it appeared to be just a joke. But of course I see now that to a nice girl the position is intolerable."

"It isn't that," Clara's voice was small and trembly. "It's the way you look at it. It's hard to have to go on with it when you mind it so much."

"Me? Mind it? Why, great heaven, I don't mind it at all."

"It's the same thing!" The tremble was slightly more pronounced now.

"Oh, the devil!" said David, but not out loud. He took off his hat and rumpled his hair.

"You hate it, you know you do," said Clara pathetically. "You don't want Mr. Fish to know. You are ashamed of it. But it won't be long. I'll look out for another boarding-house to-day."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. The idea! That would be exceedingly foolish."

"Yes, I know. But even that would be better than having you feel as you do about it."

"But I don't feel any way about it, except that I do not like to have you in a false position. The whole thing is dashed unfortunate. What I say is that we must not let Mrs. Carr frighten us. She's a good sort, really. I'm sure if we go in and explain quietly——"

Clara interrupted with a little gasp which David, for all his experience, knew threatened hysterics.

"Oh no," she cried. "I couldn't! I won't! I won't explain anything to her. I'll go away. I'll do anything rather than that."

"But you didn't do anything wrong, or even foolish."

Yes, of course, Miss Sims knew this. But all the same she couldn't and she wouldn't have anything more to say to Mrs. Carr. And as they were nearing the corner where she caught her car, it was clear that a compromise was advisable.

"Well then," said David comfortingly, "let's say nothing about it at all. Let's go ahead for a day or two. Mrs. Carr promised to say nothing about the engagement to anybody and in the meantime we can fix a way out. That ought to be simple enough. You're excited, you know. There's nothing to it. We'll just sit tight."

This seemed to strike the right note. Clara's drooping hat straightened itself. Clara's dark eyes smiled a pathetic little smile. Clara's damp handkerchief was patted down into its place in her handbag.

"We'll just sit tight," she muttered.

"Certainly," hastily.

"And you told Mrs. Carr it was a secret?"

"Yes, I did."

"I'm so glad!"

Clara, knowing Mrs. Carr, knew exactly how that secret would be kept!

When he had handed her into the car a thoughtful silence descended upon David. This little episode was taking on a character which he had not dreamed possible.

How very strange women were; what in thunder did that girl mean by going all to pieces at the mere suggestion of the one straightforward way out of their rather silly difficulty. Why was she frightened of Mrs. Carr? Why had she seemed so frightened last night? Reviewing the scene, soberly now, David could not see why she hadn't spoken up in the first place instead of stammering and looking scared to death. He supposed there was some good reason for it, as between women, but for the life of him he couldn't see any. Well, what was done was done and perhaps the girl was right in not wishing to make more of the affair. Better to say nothing, just to let the matter drop. Anyway, his hands were tied. He couldn't go back on the girl's story until he had her permission. He couldn't stand for her turning out of her boarding-house under such circumstances. A masterly inactivity on his part was clearly indicated.

This much decided, the affair began again to dwindle in importance. His step grew brisk and springy, the whistle came back to his lips. He had a long day of good work before him, why worry over trifles?

As he turned into Arbutus Street a telegraph messenger shot past him on a bicycle. The boy stopped at Mrs. Carr's and was ringing the bell as David came up the steps.

"Message for Mr. David Greig," said the telegraph boy, "sign here."

Mrs. Carr handed the envelope to David who with a quick fear at his heart, tore it open and read the few words the yellow slip contained.

There was a moment, then, when the world seemed to stand still. When it moved again it seemed to move to a slower rhythm. Miss Sims and the silly affair of the night before had faded right out of it. Even his cherished diagrams upon the table upstairs seemed remote and without interest. The telegram said that Angus Greig was dying.

XV.

Angus Greig lived only two days after David's hurried return to Milhampton. Unlike a certain king, he did not take "an unconsionable time a'dying". Even death perhaps, knew that he was a man who hated to be kept waiting.

To David, the margin of notice given, seemed cruelly short. There were so many things he had wanted all his life to say and now there was no time to say them. But to all his reproaches for not being told earlier Miss Mattie had only one answer, "Angus did not wish it". Her devotion to the dying man was as unquestioning as it was absolute.

"But he must have wanted to see me?" said David with youthful egotism.

Miss Mattie shook her head. "He knew that you would pity him—to see him failing so! Angus could never do with pity.'

"But why more then than now?"

"It is different now. There is a dignity in dying."

There was indeed, as David learned, a dignity in dying. He had never come near to death before. He had read about it; he had talked about it. He could remember supposedly clever things which he and others had said; things which, at the time, he had thought "hit it off" rather neatly; things such as "death is dramatic only to the onlooker". His own favourite remark in these discussions had been "Personally I think we make too great a fuss about death". It had sounded very modern and philosophic.

Well, Angus at least was making

no fuss. Neither did his dying appear dramatic, even to the onlooker. But, to David, death had suddenly ceased to provide opportunity for epigram. He was face to face with a stark reality. Angus was dying, what had a well-turned phrase to do with that? At best it was but a circle around a void. One moment the well loved presence would be there, beside him, responsive to his thought, sensible of his devotion, the next a veil would have swept between them—silence, blankness, mystery.

This was the dignity at the heart of death, this going out alone into the unknown. No life so tawdry or so vain but had this marvel at its end. David felt his pulse quicken and his wonder grow. Even to his happy youth the great adventure beckoned until he could almost find it in his heart to envy one who so soon would know all that the world of living men could never know until they followed him. A wonderful dignity, indeed, in dying!

Angus had never taken to his bed. That would have been a bitter thing to ask of one so little used to softness. His excuse was that he could not rest well lying down; so instead he sat in his great arm chair, and the chair itself sat, not in the big bare bedroom upstairs, but in the homely, dusty workshop where he had asked to have it taken. David had found him there with the sun and the open door and all the familiar things around. There had been no sense of shock. Weakness and wasting had not really changed the carpenter. The steady look from the deep eyes, the half reluctant, half humorous turn of the firm lips were hearteningly the same. David knew then, and never again doubted, that death is an accident of the body, an accident which frees, but cannot change, the soul.

They had one long talk. Angus had questioned and David had responded eagerly, all his reserve gone. He knew only a keen desire to give back something for all that the other man had given. It was easy now to speak of the joy of his chosen work, of the thrill of first successes, of the certainty of more success in store and of the Great Dream—the Great Dream that was no less than the empire of the air.

Angus listened and liked the boy for the confidence. Perhaps his eyes, touched already with an inner light, saw even farther and clearer than the eyes of youth. Perhaps he saw David, even more surely than he saw himself, a conqueror of the air. As the enthusiasm of the young inventor poured itself into words, it seemed to both of them that out through the open door in the calm, blue sky above the tree tops a vision shaped itself, a fairy, birdlike thing, winged and wonderful—the new marvel which the future, and David, would give to an earthweary world.

"It may take a lifetime," said David, "we are all only just at the beginning but some day the roads of the air will be open. This engine that I am working on——"

Angus listened to the tale of the engine and it did not tire him as Miss Mattie feared it might. Or was it that with rest so near mere tiredness had ceased to matter?

He was especially interested in the means which David had found for managing the necessary experimental work.

"You can't do much but dream in a boarding-house bedroom," he said with his close-clipped smile.

"No, of course not," agreed David, "but you know I've written you about John Baird."

"Aye. It's John Baird that I want to hear about."

"He's little bit like you," said David slowly, and then in quick surprise at his own words, "why did I say that? For of course he isn't like you at all except that he is about your age. But he has been exceptionally generous to me—perhaps that was what I meant. He is a little man, grim and silent, almost a recluse. But he is wonderful. His workshop is a place of miracles and he lets me work there.

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I am free of everything. I often wonder," thoughtfully, "why he does it?"

"Perhaps he likes you," said Angus as one who mentions a possibility.

"I don't think John Baird likes anybody."

"There's few so small as that, David."

"Oh, he isn't small. But he loves things, not people. The work of his hands—that is his one affection."

Angus looked down at his own hands, now so hopelessly idle, and sighed. But he knew that the love of one's work is a clean and wholesome thing and perhaps he was not altogether sorry that this new influence in David's life held little of sentiment.

"There's one thing," he said when David paused. "You will not need to think of money for a long time yet. You may give to your work for a while before you make it give to you. I am not rich but there will be enough for you and Mattie. It is not your father's money. Of that I know nothing. Probably his wife's people have it. He married again, within the year, you know. Or did I ever tell you that?"

"No, I have never wished to hear of him."

"I know. I know." Angus sat silent for a moment and then went on as one who knows that he must hasten.

"David, I'm not sure I was altogether right about him. I hated him. Hate is seldom just. I couldn't forgive him for hurting her, I can't now. She had a spirit sweet as the west wind—no, I can't forgive him! I must go with that on my soul—but you—to turn a son against his father ——"

"I never had a father, only you!"

"Well, it's done." With a great effort the dying man tore his mind from the thought of his heart's tragedy. "We must just leave it! But hate is a poor thing, David. Remember that, when hate is near you. It is a strong, terrible thing, and hard to lose. Maybe I'll lose it—somewhere — somewhere on the road."

He spoke very little after this, sleeping and waking in his chair and refusing the medicine which the doctor admitted would help but little in any case. They sat beside him through the next day, a perfect day of Autumn. For the most part he seemed to sleep, but toward evening he opened his eyes and looked at them in his usual grave and kindly way.

Neither of them knew just when he slipped away.

* * *

"Davy, dear," said Miss Mattie, some two weeks after the funeral, "when are you going back to Toronto?"

"When are you coming with me?" asked David lazily.

The Autumn had turned suddenly cold and the two were seated before a bright fire in the sitting-room.

"I'm not coming at all," said Miss Mattie. Then hastily, before he could answer, "Davy, I don't want to go. I want to stay here just as long as I can."

"Alone?"

"Oh, Davy, as if any one could be alone in Milhampton "

David smiled. "It's not exactly an abode of hermits," he acknowledged. "Mattie, do you feel like talking about things?"

"I should like to Davy."

Instantly she laid down her work and took off her spectacles. David found himself marvelling, as he had often marvelled during the last two weeks, at her serene composure. Her face in the firelight looked tired and sad but there was no trace of that listless, hopeless grief which so often chills and stupefies.

"I think you are wonderful!" said the boy impulsively. "I wonder if there are many women like you."

"There are many, many women," she said with a faint smile, "and they are all like me."

"Not that you could notice!" confidently. "But what I wanted to say was this: why need we sell this place at all?"

Watching her closely he felt sure it was not the fire-light which caused that sudden lighting of her face! It told him more surely than any words what he wanted to know.

"It's this way," he went on, "I want to finish my year, of course, and take my degree but after that I am going to settle down to my own work. I shall need a place to work in. I can't use John Baird's place indefinitely. Later on I shall need a rather big place. You can't build aeroplanes and things on city lots. Why shouldn't I locate here? Instead of selling, why not buy? We have a fairly large space of our own and that empty corner lot can be bought for a reasonable sum. I saw old Tom Bolton, who owns it, yesterday. I don't think I could do better. As for a workshop, there is the carving shop all ready to hand, for a beginning. Why should we move when we don't need to?"

David had purposely made this speech rather long but even at that it was a moment before Miss Mattie answered. There were tears in her eyes which she could not wink away. David saw one fall on her folded hands.

"I'm afraid," she said at last, "that it's me you're thinking of, Davy dear. And you mustn't do that. Places do not matter as much as people, and you are the one who must be considered now. Angus would wish it."

"Certainly," replied David with guile. "That's why I'm telling you what I should like before I've found out what you would like yourself. Of course I don't want to be selfish. If you would like a change——"

"Oh, Davy, you know I wouldn't,—Davy, you're sitting on my handkerchief!"

"It's odd," mused David, "how often people do not know what other people want."

"Some people never know because they don't care, Davy. But you were never that kind. All the same, if you were doing this for me, because I might be a bit hard to uproot, I shouldn't like it. Milhampton is a quiet town for a young man to settle down in. You might not mind it for a while but in a year or so you might feel cramped, or when you marry."

"In the bright lexicon of (progressive) youth," quoted David reprovingly, "there is no such word as 'marry.' It's been taken out. Didn't you know?"

Miss Mattie waved this away with such disdain that he felt compelled to continue. "There's absolutely no danger of that, Mattie. I never think of girls, except you."

"That's why I sometimes fear for you, Davy. If you would think of girls more you'd be safer—more prepared like."

David grinned. "Well, I haven't noticed any sweet young things coming to blows about me yet. But when I do I'll let you know. It might be a case for the exercise of tact."

Miss Mattie looked up suspiciously. "Are you making fun of tact, Davy? As for noticing — you would never notice anything! You're just plain foolish. I think I had better come to Toronto. When you talk like that you are tempting fate or perhaps," with shy sarcasm, "the word 'fate' has been taken out of the dictionary also!"

"A man makes his own fate," he replied.

"Davy dear, please don't be silly!"

"I'm being sensible. If a man who has work and health can't steer clear of silly complications——" David paused suddenly and began to poke the fire. The words "silly complications" had brought an embarrassing memory. When he began again his voice was a degree less confident. "Love," said David, "is greatly overrated. As a factor in a man's life it has its place, but it isn't first place, perhaps not even second. Normal men marry, I admit, somewhat too soon as a rule, but the tendency to wait and get on with one's work first is growing. Not that I disapprove of marriage as marriage."

"Oh!" said Miss Mattie.

David dropped the poker. Another

and more unpleasant memory had startled him.

"Mattie," he said, "what do women mean when they say 'oh'—like that?"

Miss Mattie considered. "I suppose," she said, smiling a little, "that they mean more than they care to say. Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

"What I meant when I said it was that you didn't know what you were talking about. It's rather funny, you see, to hear a young man say of the greatest force in earth or heaven that it is 'over-rated.' Davy dear, I'm just superstitious enough to warn you to touch wood!"

David laughed and shook his head. "Love in the abstract," he admitted, "is, of course, one of the greatest forces of life. But the old idea of its absolute supremacy, the grand passion idea, is fading. We are becoming more sane. Think of the lives which have been ruined through mere riotous emotion! Surely it is a waste?"

"You are thinking of Angus? You think his love for your mother wasted? Perhaps. I don't know. And anyway our thought about it makes no difference. Only you may be sure of one thing. Angus never thought it a waste. And he was the sanest man I ever knew."

"Yes. Yet he never spoke to me of love or marriage. If he had wished them for me, he would surely have said so."

"He would not," said Miss Mattie, "he had too much sense. But if you want to know what his hopes were—there's something he left for you, Davy. Come and I'll show it to you."

Taking the lamp from the table she led him into the workshop, now so quiet and cold and full of shadow. There, in a far corner, she moved aside a dusty screen behind which stood the carver's legacy. It was a beautiful thing; a great chest carved and fashioned by a master hand, a miracle of lovely line and exquisite workmanship. The lamplight sank softly into its dark richness.

"Do you know what it is, Davy? It is a bride's chest. It was begun for your mother and finished for your bride. He worked on nothing else for the last months of his life. But it was begun long ago. It was to have been his wedding gift to her."

David said nothing. Perhaps he would not have found speaking easy just then. Miss Mattie's soft voice went on.

"She saw it once—after she came to us, before you were born. She was restless, never still, wandering everywhere. One day when he was out she came into his workshop, not this one but the one he had before, and saw it. She knew what it was at once, and guessed at its meaning. Poor girl, she broke down then. I never saw her cry but that once. She just bent over the unfinished work and wept her tired heart out. I think it did her good. She seemed less restless after that."

"Mattie, do you think she cared for Angus at the last?"

"No, not in that way. Not as he cared for her. Most people can only love like that once and she had given all she had to the other. You would say that that was a waste, too? But how can we be sure. They are very strange, the ways of love!"

"They seem to be, indeed," David's forefinger idly followed the lovely tracing of the chest's cover. He was thinking that of love's strangeness Miss Mattie was well qualified to speak. What had it given her? Another woman's lover to tend, another woman's child to mother!

"Mattie," said David impulsively, "if we've got to fall in love, why don't we manage to love the right person?"

"We do," said she dryly.

"Oh, you know what I mean! Why don't we use a little common sense?"

"How would you go about it, Davy dear?"

"Well, it ought to be easy. For instance a man might be careful to know a little about a girl before being much in her company. It sounds caddish but it isn't, for it's as much for her happiness as for his. In a world full of charming girls it seems sheer bad management to pick the wrong one."

"It does," agreed Miss Mattie. "But suppose that carefully chosen one should have the bad taste to prefer some one else?"

"Why, so she might! I never thought of that," said David naïvely. "The thing is really dangerous. For my part I'll not take the risk. I think I'll let you choose the lady, Mattie. Just show her my photo first and if she is still game stand her up beside this chest. The lass who measures up to its requirements is the proper lass for me—but I don't think she's born yet," he added.

" You like it then?"

"Like is a poor word. It is a treasure a king might envy."

"Davy—did you ever see it before?" David wrinkled his brows.

"Why—yes," slowly, "it does seem half-familiar. But it must have been long ago when it was quite rough. Didn't it use to stand in the far corner over there, covered up?"

Miss Mattie nodded. "Yes, it was there when you were very small. But it wasn't always covered. Do you remember anything else about it?"

"No."

She looked disappointed.

"You were too young, I suppose. But once when you were a little lad you were sent out here at dusk to bring me a handful of shavings. When you came back you were quite excited and wanted to know who the lovely lady was, the lady bending over the big box. She looked all 'light and shiny,' you said, when I asked how you could see her so plainly in the dusk. I turned back with you but of course there was no one there."

"That's odd! I mean it's odd that your telling me of it should make it all come back to me. Why, yes," with growing assurance. "I remember it quite well. It was at supper time and you were lighting the fire. I can see it all like a picture. The chest stood there," pointing, "in the shadow by the window. I was stooping for the shavings just here when I looked up and saw the lady. She was leaning over the chest with the lid raised, looking in. The illusion must have been rather good, for I remember thinking that she must have come for supper—some trick of the dusk through the long window, I suppose."

"Perhaps" said Miss Mattie, "at least that is what Angus said. But it was odd that the illusion, which you described quite well, should have been exactly like your mother as I saw her on the day she found the chest."

"But Mattie! If my mother could return, would she come back to weep above an unfinished chest?"

Miss Mattie smiled.

"She might. Perhaps the dead are quite as odd as the living. Who can tell?"

(*To be continued*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

I SPENT my vacation in England in 1887, and while in London I obtained letters of introduction to Sir James Ingham, then Chief Magistrate of London, and Mr. Newton, the magistrate at Great Marlborough Street. I delivered my letter to Sir James Ingham at Bow Street on the 27th of June and sat on the bench with Mr. Vaughan, his colleague, and listened with much interest to the cases which Mr. Vaughan was trying.

I was very much pleased with the manner in which he conducted the court. He was painstaking and careful, and to my mind, sized up the witnesses with great ability, and in every case gave a decision which agreed with my own opinion as to what should have been done. We might both have taken the wrong view, but as we agreed I formed, as is usual in such cases, a very high opinion of him. After the court I lunched with Sir James Ingham, and had a long conversation upon Police Court methods, which I found very instructive and interesting. Sir James was then a man of eighty-four but bright, active and vigorous. He was a most interesting man to meet, and treated me with the utmost cordiality.

Montagu Williams, the celebrated barrister, in his "Leaves of a Life" tells an interesting story about Sir James which is well worth repeating, although he does not vouch for it:

"A gentleman travelled by rail on the South Western from Bournemouth to London. He commenced his journey in an unoccupied carriage, and proceeded for a considerable distance alone. At one of the intermediate stations, a man entered the compartment. The train did not stop again until it reached Vauxhall. On the way thither the gentleman from Bournemouth fell asleep. When the train arrived at Vauxhall, he woke up, and put his hand to his pocket, for the purpose of ascertaining the time. To his consternation he found that his watch and chain were gone. His sole companion in the carriage was busily engaged reading a newspaper. Turning to him in a somewhat excited manner he said: 'Has anyone entered this compartment while I have been asleep?'

" 'No,' was the answer.

" 'Then, sir,' proceeded the gentleman from Bournemouth, 'I must request you to tell me what you have done with my watch. It has been stolen during the time that you have been in the carriage. You had better return it or I shall have to give you in charge on our arrival at Waterloo.'

"The other traveller protested his innocence and said he had seen no watch and that he knew nothing about the matter. When the train arrived at its destination the suspected man was taken to the police court, where the charge was laid against him before Sir James Ingham. He was remanded until the next day.

"The next morning when the prisoner was put in the dock, the prosecutor simultaneously entered the witness box. The latter wore a very dejected appearance, and before any questions were put to him, said he wished to make a statement. 'I do not know,' he began, 'how to express my regret for what has occurred, but I find that I did not lose my watch after all. I communicated my loss by telegram to my wife at Bournemouth, and she has written to say that my watch and chain are safe at home. Here was a pretty state of affairs. An innocent man had been dragged through the streets as a felon, falsely charged and locked up for the night. Sir James did all he could to throw oil upon the troubled waters. He said 'It was a most remarkable occurrence. To show, however, how liable we all are to make these mistakes, I may mention, as an extraordinary coincidence that I myself have only this morning been guilty of precisely the same oversight as the one in question. I was under the impression when I left my house at Kensington, that I put my watch in my pocket, but on arriving at this court I found that I must have left it at home by mistake."

"The business of the court over, Sir James Ingham wended his way home. On entering his drawing-room, he was met by one of his daughters who exclaimed: 'Papa, dear, I suppose you got your watch all right.'

" 'Well, my dear,' replied the Chief Magistrate, 'as a matter of fact, I went out this morning without it.'

" 'Yes, I know, papa,' his daughter replied, 'but I gave it to the man from Bow street who called for it.'

"There had been an old thief at the back of the room who heard Sir James giving his experience. He had slipped out, taken a hansom cab and driven to Sir James Ingham's residence, and representing himself to be a *bona fide* messenger, obtained possession of the valuable watch which was never heard of again."

The next forenoon I spent on the bench with Mr. Newton at the Great Marlborough Street Police Court. He was an exceedingly genial and kindly man and we exchanged a few remarks as the court went on. I soon found that his method was in great contrast to that of Mr. Vaughan. He took the police evidence in face of any contrary evidence. A boy about twelve years old was charged with disorderly conduct on the street. He was a manly little fellow, and very indignant at the charge against him, and he had two citizens to corroborate his evidence. Mr. Newton seemed to think that the lad's bold manner to him was a proof of his having been guilty of the charge. "If you would talk to me as you do, I can imagine how you would talk to the policeman on the street," said the magistrate. I was of the opinion, watching the lad closely, that his conduct was that of righteous indignation at a false charge, and was not intended to show any disrespect to the court. I, of course, held my tongue but Mr. Newton fined him forty shillings. I was sorry. I would have liked to have paid the fine for the boy, but I knew I could not do it, without it becoming known and that it would have been a reflection upon Mr. Newton, who had treated me with the utmost kindness.

A few minutes later a young woman named Cass was brought up charged with accosting people on the street. She denied the constable, who was the only witness against her, flatly, and I did not believe the constable's evidence. I made bold to say to Mr. Newton, "Could the constable hear what passed?" He replied, "Oh! they know these women." I said in a doubtful tone, "Perhaps!" My remark seemed to have caused him to hesitate, and consider, and he said, "If you are an honest girl as you say you are, don't walk on Regent street at night after 9.30, for if you do, next time you are caught you will be sent to prison or fined. Now you can go."

It turned out that she was a respectable young lady, had influential friends and relatives and the arrest was evidently a mistake. A complaint was made to the Government. The matter was brought up in the House of Commons, and the Government was beaten on a vote for adjournment by a majority of five. *Punch* devoted its principal cartoon the next week to the question, censuring Mr. Newton.

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LORD MORRIS OF KILLANAN

WHILE in London in May, 1900, I met Lord Morris of Killanan, who was Chief Justice of Ireland for a number of years, and was afterwards one of the Lords of Appeal of the Privy Council. In the London *Sketch* of May, in that year, our first meeting was described in the following item:

"Lord Morris, who has just resigned his office as a Lord of Appeal is one of the most familiar figures in the lobby of the House of Commons, of which he was a member as long ago as the Sixties, and where his ready wit, and vivacious gestures, make him an object of no little interest. Only a few days ago he was introduced by Mr. Henneker-Heaton, M.P., to Colonel George T. Denison, who came from Canada to attend the recent banquet of the British Empire League. The moment the noble Lord heard the word Canada, he gave a kind of "whirroop," seized the hand of the gallant Colonel, and shook it as if he would never let go."

I had often heard of his Lordship before, for he was widely known for his wit and other peculiarities. When Lord Aberdeen came to Canada as Governor-General, an anecdote was told of Lady Aberdeen and Lord Morris, which caused some amusement in Canadian circles. It appears that shortly after Lord and Lady Aberdeen were given the Vice-Regal position at Dublin, they entertained the leading officials, and prominent members of Dublin society, at a large dinner. Lord Morris, so the story went, was seated next to Lady Aberdeen who to open up the conversation turned to Lord Morris and said in the most friendly way: "I suppose, Lord Morris, that we are all Nationalists here." The old Chief Justice looked around the room, and up and down the table, and in his rich brogue, replied, "Well, your Excellency, barring your Excellencies, and maybe one or two of the waiters, I don't believe there is one in the room."

On meeting Lord Morris this anecdote came to my mind, and I recalled it to his memory, and asked him if the story was true. His reply was:

"Av course it was true. Why wuddent it be true. It was the God's truth, and why shuddent I say it."

There is another anecdote told of this fine old gentleman. A counsel once in arguing some case before him, made use of the argument, that public sentiment was opposed to some principle against which he was contending, and said that the "people" would never support such a policy. Lord Morris' reply was amusingly characteristic:

"Mr. ——, I want to say this to ye, there is not a village in all Ireland, where there are not two or three dirty blackguards who call themselves "the people".

This is one of the very few precedents that I ever quote. When counsel before me use this appeal to popular sentiment, and the feeling of the people, I find this decision of Lord Morris, which I presume has not been reported, a most effective reply.

The late Sir Charles Fremantle told me of once meeting Lord Morris on the steamer from Holyhead to Dublin and on making some inquiry, Lord Morris replied:

"You see, my dear Fremantle, I have been a while over there in London, and I find my brogue is getting a bit faible and I am going back to Dublin to titivate it up a bit."

I did not think when I talked to him that it required to be titivated. It was delightful.

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

WHEN in London in 1874, I met Sir Sydney Waterlow, who was then the Lord Mayor of London. He was very kind to me and when he paid a visit to Canada some years later I remembered his kindness, and called on him when he came to Toronto. While here he visited the Police Court one morning and sat on the bench with me. And a day or two later dined at my house.

At the time of his visit to Toronto, the National Exhibition was in progress. He was received by the Mayor and the officials of the Association and shown over the Exhibition. The Press devoted a good deal of attention to him, and reported his doings at considerable length, and referred to him in complimentary terms, one reporter describing him as a fine, level-headed, old gentleman.

Two years later I was in London, with my wife and daughters, and Sir Sydney invited us to dinner, and asked me to bring one of my daughters to his box at the opera on the following night. When we arrived we found that Sir Sydney had brought with him his wife's sister, a young Californian lady.

In the interval between the acts, Sir Sydney, recalling his recollections of his visit to Toronto and the Exhibition, said to me, "Do you remember the curious phrase used by one of the reporters who said that I was a fine old gentleman and a flathead?"

I laughed and said, "Oh, no! Sir Sydney, you have forgotten. He did not say you were a flathead. He said you were a fine, level-headed, old gentleman."

Sir Sydney replied, "Oh, yes! that was it." I went on to say the two phrases are the exact opposite in their meaning, flathead not being complimentary, while level-headed was on the contrary very much so.

The young lady from California, and my daughter, both of whom understood the full meaning of the American expression, laughed most heartily, and Sir Sydney discovered for the first time that he had been highly spoken of in the phrase that had been used.

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

IN 1905 a daring burglary was committed at the Dominion Carpet Factory, on King St. West, in Toronto. The premises had been carefully locked up in the evening, and in the locked offices were two safes supposed to be burglar proof, with about $500.00 in each. The night watchman was inside patrolling the building, which was a large one. Suddenly four men attacked him. They were masked, and each had a revolver. They overpowered him, gagged him, and tied him to the steam pipes of the furnace, and while one man with a revolver mounted guard over him the other three blew up the safes with dynamite, and stole the money and all four got away. The matter was reported to the police, and in investigating the case, the detectives heard of four men having been seen in the neighborhood a few hours before, and suspected who they were and decided to arrest them on chance. A man named Bennett was arrested in Montreal and the others in Toronto.

The explosion of the dynamite had torn small pieces from the bank notes in the safe, and when the Superintendent entered the office in the morning he picked up some little scraps and gave them to the police. When Bennett was arrested in Montreal the police found on him some bills of the Molson's and Home Banks of the denominations which had been stolen, but in a little packet of court plaster a scrap of a bank note was found. When Crosby, the second man, was arrested and searched some bills were found, but particularly a $5.00 Home Bank bill which had a hole torn out of it and a scrap off one end of it. When Hunter, the third man, was arrested a ten cent silver piece mutilated was found, and a fifty cent piece with a hole in it which had been plugged, and with two other marks upon it.

When Bennett arrived from Montreal he and Crosby were put in two cells with an empty one between, which was occupied by two concealed detectives. After a time believing they were alone, they began to talk cautiously, but enough was said to prove that they knew each other, and that they had been engaged in something similar to what they were charged with.

The ten cent piece found on Hunter was identified by a workman employed in the factory, who said he had been paid it not long before and had taken it back and exchanged it with the cashier for a sound one. The cashier identified it, as the one that he had in his desk which had been stolen. The same thing occurred as to the fifty cent plugged coin, which was paid to a workman who handed it to his wife, who found objections raised to it, and could not pass it, therefore she had taken it back to the cashier who had it in his desk for some time. The workman and his wife and the cashier were positive in identifying it as it had three peculiarities. Hunter brought two of his family to swear that they had seen a ten cent mutilated coin and a fifty cent plugged one for some weeks in his possession. This I did not believe.

As to Bennett, the scrap of the bank note found on him with his court plaster, exactly fitted a hole in the $5.00 bank bill found on Crosby, and the piece found on the floor of the office the morning after the burglary exactly completed the whole bill, proving therefore that Bennett had part of the stolen bill on him, and Crosby a great part of the remainder of the bill, which the piece found on the floor, proved that it was part of one of the stolen bills. This evidence with some other corroborative points satisfied me of the guilt of the three men and I sent Bennett to the penitentiary for ten years, and the other two for eight. This was one of the most peculiar cases of coincidence or circumstantial evidence in my experience.

About twenty-five years ago the Oulcott Hotel on Yonge street was broken into and goods stolen therefrom. The detectives on examining the premises afterwards, found half a coat button irregularly broken. On searching Nelson's lodging-house (a well-known thieves' resort) a man was found with a coat with the remainder of the button on it. He was arrested, and the half button was an important link in the evidence, under which he was convicted, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

*

The Westwood Murder

On the morning of the 8th Oct., 1894, *The Empire* newspaper had an account, the head lines of which read as follows:

"Shooting a Mystery." "Frank Westwood fatally shot at his "own door."

"Towards midnight Saturday an unknown man called at the house of Mr. Benjamin Westwood in Parkdale and shot his son, Frank, at the door step. Mr. Westwood fired a shot from his revolver but the man escaped. Parkdale aroused by the crime. Three city detectives were up till a late hour last night hard at work on the case but so far it is said have obtained no clue. Was the assailant one of the crew of a stone hooker who shot for revenge. Young Westwood's reputation good."

Shortly before 11 o'clock the young man went to answer a ring of the door. On opening the door a revolver was presented at him without warning and discharged. Westwood fell backwards into the doorway, shot through his right breast. The assailant made his escape. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery. Neither the boy who was eighteen years of age, or his relatives could imagine any motive for the crime.

Startled by the report of the pistol the whole household were aroused and young Westwood was found lying in the open doorway. He was still conscious but could not give a clear description of the murderer, for he was in the shadow, but he said he was a middle aged man of medium build who wore a dark moustache and was dressed in black.

There was absolutely no clue to give any theory, and consequently imagination had free play, and rumours began to multiply and fly about, that there was a woman in the case. That young Westwood and another man were rivals in love, and the shooting was done by a jealous lover. This was denied by the young man and his relatives and associates. The family were wealthy and held a prominent position in the church, and were highly respected, all of which caused general interest among the public in the case.

On October 9th, *The Mail* said, "In the absence of all explanation of the affair, there have been set afloat a great number of idle theories, many of which are absolutely silly, and are annoying and unjust, not only to the afflicted family, but to others who have been dragged into the case without sufficient cause. The belief that there must be a woman at the bottom of it all, has been embraced by many, and as a consequence the names of certain young ladies who have been seen in the company of young Mr. Westwood have been mentioned very freely. Up to the present, however, none of these have been shown to be connected even in the most remote manner with the tragedy." The paper went on to say that it was believed that young Westwood could tell much more if he wished.

The young man died on the 10th October, unable to give any clear information as to who had shot him. Then the rumours kept increasing and it was said that the young man's life was heavily insured, and that his father and he were on bad terms. These reports were both shown to be absolutely false. The inquest began on the 12th of October and was adjourned to various dates until the 13th of November when the jury brought in a verdict in the following words:

"From the evidence submitted we are of the opinion that the deceased, Frank B. Westwood, came to his death from a bullet wound at the hands of an unknown person."

During the whole month while the jury from time to time were inquiring, the wildest rumours were floating about, and the newspapers were commenting very strongly against the detective force of the city. The *Saturday Night* had an article severely censuring the people, and papers, who without justification "had been insinuating and suspecting and spreading their black lies all over Toronto and all over Canada". The verdict of the 13th November was no answer to these cruel rumours and scandals, and the whole affair was a mystery apparently unfathomable.

The detectives, however, had not given up all hope and on the 21st November, seven days after the jury had given up the case, the citizens of Toronto were startled at reading in the morning papers of that day, that a young mulatto woman named Clara Ford had been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder. She was arrested at her home on the 20th November, and when her rooms were searched, a suit of man's clothes, consisting of a gray tweed coat, a dark cloth vest and trousers, and a black fedora hat were found, also a .38 calibre revolver with four chambers loaded and two empty. A charge of murder was laid therefore against Clara Ford for murder of Frank Westwood.

The investigation came up before me at the police court on the 28th November. The headlines of the newspapers will give a summary of the investigation:

"A minute and circumstantial story of the perpetration of the Lakeside Hall tragedy, told to the police by the prisoner herself. About the 1st July last young Westwood, she said, acted improperly towards her. To. Mr. Reburn's inquiry why she did not resent the insult at the time, she said that young people were always teasing her because of her colour. Changed her attire at Dominion and Dufferin streets, putting her skirt under the pavement. Stood for twenty minutes under a tree in the grounds of Lakeside Hall, and saw Frank pass in. The confession was also made to Inspector Stark. Clara was about to confess in court, but was urged by the detectives to get a lawyer. Mr. Murdoch was second choice and Mr. Murphy third. Dramatic story of the prisoner's escape round by the old Fort from the scene of the tragedy. Committed for trial."

As soon as this was done the detectives were severely censured for questioning the young woman after her arrest, and articles and letters appeared in the papers. When the case came for trial the detectives were in a sense put on trial and the jury gave a verdict of not guilty principally on acount of Reburn's action in getting the confession.

After the trial I told Reburn that I was very much pleased with what he had done, because he had settled a lot of horrible rumours, and cleared up a mystery that had been a serious thing for a family that had lost one of their dear ones. Of course, neither Reburn nor the other detectives had any personal feeling against the accused girl.

(*To be continued.*)

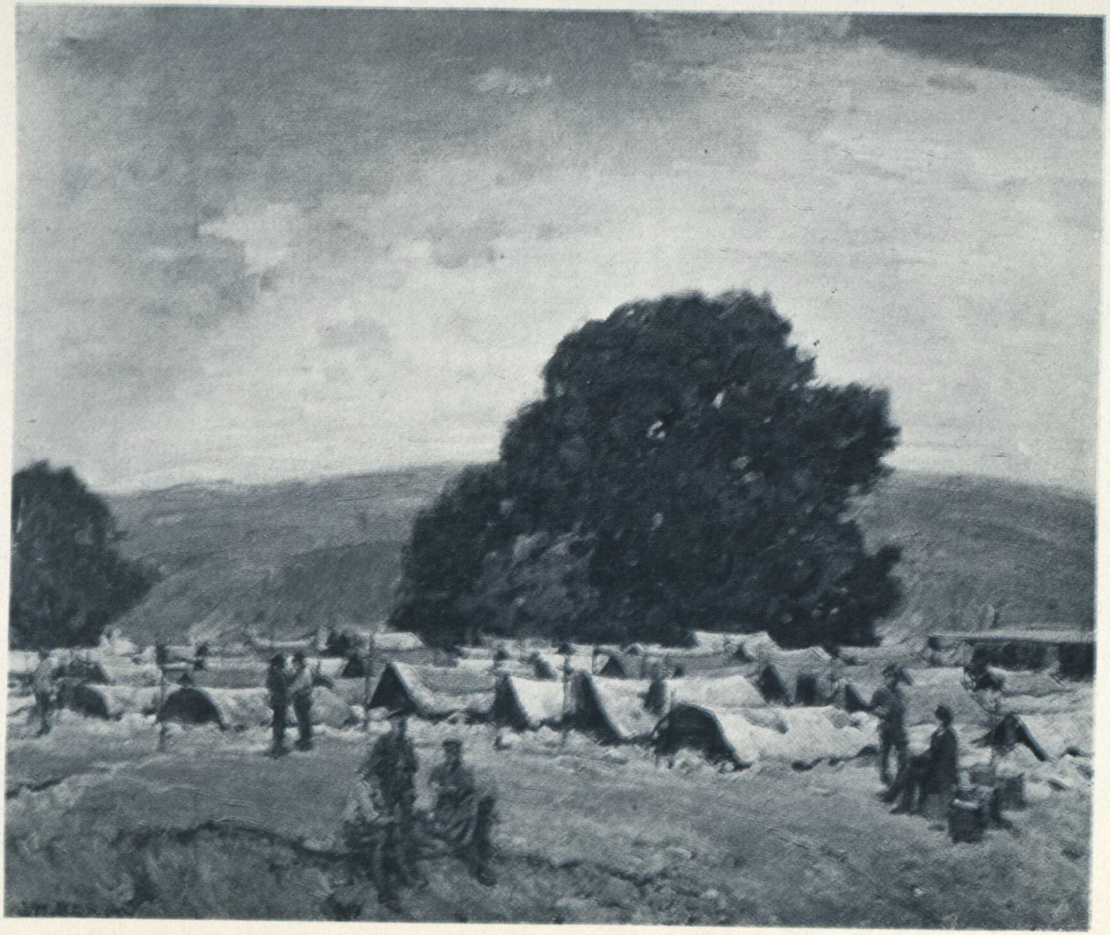
MOTHER OF MEN

BY H. GORDON

I will arise and leave you
For the quiet mother's embrace,
With the beauty of infinite wisdom
And sorrow upon her face.

I will forget light laughter,
The soft eyes of desire,
And the warmth of delicate beauty
Which set my soul on fire.

The austere winds of morning,
The cool and gentle rain,
And the dusky skies at even
Shall take my heart again.



CANADIAN CAVALRY
BIVOUAC,
FRANCE, 1918

From the Painting by
J. W. Beatty.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

INTERNATIONAL JEALOUSY

AN IMPENDING DANGER

BY GWENDOLYN MACLEOD

THE mob spirit in human nature is developed to a dangerously high degree. A street corner agitator, for instance, embarks on a tirade against a man in the spot-light of public opinion. Probably at the most crucial moment of that man's career this ghost, concocted on the spur of the moment by an hysterical, biased, brain rises to accuse him, and in many known instances sways the mob and loses for the country a great force for good.

Yet the thing cannot be crushed, because directed and governed it is one of the great forces. Statistics prove that this very mob spirit helped materially in our recruiting booths; it even percolated to the front line. But we must educate, train and direct it.

To-day we are facing a danger from this spirit in one of the most insidious forms because we are unable to distinguish the mob element and are inclined to gloss it over by calling it "national pride", when in reality it is worse than petty national jealousy, a thing from which big, warm-hearted Canada has always stood aloof.

Canada's effort in the world war was stupendous beyond belief; an offering absolutely of her own volition, which far surpassed anything her mother country had asked or expected. This in common with Paschendaele, Vimy, Hill 70 and other untold achievements of the Dominion is an old story. Just the same every Canadian thrills with pride in the knowledge of her magnificent part in "making the world safe for democracy."

The fact that the Dominion with her little eight million population left as many crosses in Flanders as her American neighbour, with a population of one hundred million, stands out as evidence of the nation's greatness. And we are not disparaging the effort of the United States, because for the length of time actually participating in the war, she, more than any other nation, made her resourcefulness, her powers of organization and adaptability felt.

Up to the present Canada has not asked undue recognition of her part in the world war. In fact she seemed disconcertingly modest at the Peace Conference. In and about Paris in the early days of the Peace Table sittings one was continually hearing filterings about Australia's demands, the wishes of New Zealand, why the Czech-Slovaks were entitled to this, et cetera; but the voice of Canada was rarely raised. However, this is not to discuss either the Peace Conference or the League of Nations, but to show that Canada has been more than fair in giving all and asking nothing.

The point now is: We have rather set ourselves above the common bickerings of a selfish nation, but we are in serious danger of infection and disease at this very minute. We are allowing the soap box agitator and the mob spirit to influence us, in a very small degree at this time it is true, but at the same time we are more inclined to nourish the spark of life than to crush it out.

Every nation has to combat a certain amount of jealousy, the more powerful the nation the greater the degree. It is only natural then as Canada is developing and coming into her own that she too should have to fight the insidious germ which was directly responsible for the eventful downfall of the great Teutonic Monarchy.

We are rather inclined to hold our hands up in self-righteous wrath when likened even in a small degree to anything Bosche. But the surest cure is to look a disagreeable fact in the face. The question naturally arises: "If the accusation that we are nourishing a spirit of jealousy is correct, why did we make so few demands as partial recompense for our sacrifices from 1914 to 1918?" Because our jealousy is taking a more petty form. Some Canadians are actually belittling and in known instances even resenting the part which the United States played from April, 1917, until November, 1918—a short year and a half.

True, some of our cousins across the line have made statements which are hard to swallow. The reiteration of such slogans as, "We won the war", "It took the Yanks to put them on the run", and "Where would Great Britain be if America hadn't come in?" sets our British blood on fire. We naturally compare our ledgers with theirs, and because our debit side is so many pages longer we allow these statements to embitter us.

An American Doughboy, for instance, crosses the line, meets a Canadian Tommy, a lad who joined up in nineteen fourteen. He got over with the first contingent. At that time there wasn't adequate artillery support; the air force was inferior to that of Germany; the shell situation was serious—and there weren't even communication trenches. When Tommy went into the front line, he went in over the fields. Only the lad who has come through it knows the condition of the trenches when they did reach them.

War under the best conditions is what General Sherman said about it, but war against a treacherous, diabolically inventive combination, such as the German military machine in the early days was beyond even the comprehension of those who participated in it.

Seeing Tommy's service button, the characteristically garrulous Doughboy swaggers up to him with:

"Seen service, eh? How long were you over?"

"Joined up in fourteen, but didn't get to France until early in fifteen. You been over?"

"Me? Well, I'll tell the world I have! Why, I'm the boy that put the tear in 'Shatoo Teerray'."

Tommy doesn't say much but looks a bit superior.

However the Yank's on his pet subject and nothing less than a whizz-bang could stop him now.

"Yessir, I was a first-class buck in the rear ranks of the best little fighting unit that ever left the little old U.S.A. And take it from me, Bo, there never was a Yank born that couldn't fight, but the 26th had the world beat. I guess it took us to show Heinie where to get off at, eh Buddy?"

By this time Tommy's getting "sore".

But the Doughboy's enthusiasm has carried him into high, and he's absolutely oblivious of the gathering thunder clouds.

"Then they hauled us out of 'Shatoo Teerray' and stuck us down at Chatillion, drilled us eight hours a day and told we were restin'. Gee, you gotta fine chance to rest with a coupla drill sergeants taking a brotherly interest in you.

"We heard a report that the C. in C. [Commander in Chief] had a hankerin' after St. Mihiel, and seeing we was the only fighting division in the whole American Ex., with a real rep., we knew it was up to us. Gee, when Fritz saw what he was up against he made Ty Cobb stealing second look like a piker. Did we clean 'em up?

We *did* you know! But the little old U.S.A. sure tied a tin can to Heinie!"

Tommy by now is too angry to talk; his pride is hurt and he thinks his country is insulted. His Canada that did so little boasting. The country that sent over the Princess Pats, the Queen's Own, the 48th Highlanders, the Little Black Devils, saw them wiped out, re-inforced and wiped out again. The four full divisions that went and struggled so bravely to keep up to strength.

He shuts his eyes and thinks back to that day on the Somme when his platoon went in with fifty-seven men and came out with five. He was a member of the "Fighting Eighteenth". He looked back over the little handful of men who were used as shock troops innumerable times. He wasn't resentful; it had to be, but he remembered vividly the scarcity of shovels that dawn in September when they went over the top and faced a hail of bullets and were ordered to try and dig in. His sergeant had got knee deep while he had been lying face down because he didn't have anything with which to dig. Three of the fellows were in a shell hole back of him. He turned to see how soon he could take the shovel—but there wasn't a vestige of either it or the sergeant. Two of the boys in the shell hole had also "gone west", which meant room for him, until his turn came.

Bitterness crept into his soul. He had faced the enemy two to one; he had gone into the line without adequate equipment, without resentment. That was a condition which existed; one's medicine to take with a grin—but this was too much. Here was a fellow who had seen possibly a year's service, claiming to have won the war!

In other words Tommy allowed the Yank to "get his goat". The empty, unreliable prattle of a mental featherweight. That is the crux of the whole matter. Stable, staunch Canadians putting themselves on a par with the froth and flotsam which drifts over here from the American side.

But there is an extremely serious angle at this particular point. Much more serious than it would seem with a surface scanning. The very spark of resentment which springs to life in the heart of the Canadian is dangerous beyond reckoning. Such statements made by the illiterate few are re-hashed, a little extra spice added and retailed as the concensus of opinion of a representative group of American citizens. It is an injustice to our American cousins as well as to ourselves.

We must take into consideration the hundred miilion population with which the United States has to contend, in conjunction with the foreign element, which considers itself American after a few months of residence. We must also remember that this North American continent is a new world where the driftwood from Europe is sometimes inclined to take advantages of the liberties granted. We in Canada have had to reckon in a small degree with that. Therefore, if we have a few undesirable out-croppings in our eight million, in all fairness isn't there bound to exist this element when the population is twelve times as great.

This is one of the terrific problems, however, which Canada is facing today. And the deplorable part of it is that in the majority of instances it is the producing and thinking portion of Canada which is matching its wit and brain against the statements of the unthinking part of the United States.

On arriving in Canada from Europe in August, 1919, a professional man discussing the later developments of the war, asked if there was any truth in the report that a huge electric sign was being exhibited in New York harbour, bearing the following:

"WHO WON THE WAR?
U. S."

Having crossed on a ship just a fortnight before which docked in New York harbour, and having passed almost two weeks in securing demobilization papers, I was in a position to know that the rumour was absolutely unfounded.

It is rather a startling fact that the harm accomplished by this bit of propaganda alone would far exceed the good effected by the last loan of three million dollars made by the United States to Canada.

The regrettable part is that these and similar reports are eventually reaching important ears. A director of one of the largest corporations in the United States, in conversation the other day with one of the members of the organization who had just returned from a tour of inspection of some of the Canadian holdings asked:

"Jones, what about some of these yarns being spread through the Dominion? See any indication of a spirit of bitterness?'

"Yes, sir. There seem to be evidences of an attitude almost of contempt of our part in the war. An inclination to belittle Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. In fact I heard some decidedly scathing statements which stirred me up a bit!"

The director paused a minute. Then:

"Well! Well Well! Hear anything about recent loans which the United States has made to Canada?"

"No, sir."

"That will be all, Jones. Thank you."

There is absolutely no question that there is a spirit of dissension springing up between the United States and Canada. And there is also no question about neither of us being able to afford it. The reader will naturally counter with:

"Well, why not muzzle some of these empty-headed blowhards from the other side who are after all only stirring up useless antagonism over here?"

We are not responsible for the United States, but we *are* responsible for Canada; therefore our work is to clean our own back yard and let the other fellow take care of his.

Toronto Exhibition seemed to me to be fairly charged with an anti-American spirit. Incidents in themselves trivial assumed greater proportions because of the attendant lack of enthusiasm exhibited in anything American.

The scenic background for the open-air stage was an exponent of this spirit. The names of the different countries participating in the war were displayed over an archway. Those of England, France, Belgium, Canada and Australia were in bold large letters. Japan and the minor nations (from a contribution point of view) in very small letters. The United States was placed in the latter category.

True, the United States was only an actual participant for a year and a half, but at the time the Armistice was signed there were approximately four million American men in khaki; two million, one hundred thousand of whom were in France. The cost of the war to her for the short year and a half during which she was an active ally was thirty billion, two hundred million dollars. Added to this, Lady Liberty loaned her allies nine billion, six hundred million golden eagles. This does not include foodstuffs.

Now if the German Empire was not a consideration, and if the above national thermometer registered only fever heat of international pique, we could dismiss it with a deprecatory shrug; but the deplorable part of the situation is that the disease with which we are threatened is international disaster.

We, in common with the rest of our allies, seem to be under the impression that with the signing of the Armistice all need for co-operative effort is over. Our faith in "a scrap of paper" would be amusing if it were not so tragic.

It took the Allies more than three years to realize that success could not be attained without highly concentrated co-operation and co-ordination. Foch was the result. Could any sane individual conceive that a lesson so dearly bought could be so quickly forgotten. Yet less than six months after the signing of Peace finds the affairs of the Allies if not chaotic, at least approaching that state.

The trouble is that we are still underestimating Germany. We will not realize that our only salvation lies in an absolutely unbroken front.

Germany is cognizant to an alarming degree of the temper and temperature of the Allies, individually and collectively. Didn't she dawdle along, prolonging the evil day when she should sign. And didn't she resort to every possible means to mitigate the terms, even to whining about her babies that would die for lack of nourishment if the 400,000 milch cows stipulated in the terms were delivered to Belgium and France.

She is watching us to-day perhaps more closely than before, realizing with characteristic cunning that in spite of surface indications the words "Allied Victory" are but an empty mockery unless upheld by an absolute-of complete harmony.

Even as I write this I smile, realizing how ridiculously idealistic the phrases are. Yet in that condition alone lies our salvation. Every carping, dissenting voice raised by one ally against another is like balm to the heart of Germany. She knows that the two most powerful nations in the world (the United States and Great Britain) are at the same time the two which lend themselves most readily to the accomplishment of her ends, primarily because in no other countries is free speech granted the scope which it is in these.

André Cheredame wrote an article in 1917 for *The Atlantic Monthly*, which shed a little light on the Teutonic Monarchy's scientific analysis of international psychology. That during the conflict was one of the weak spots of the Allies. We made it purely a military business, stubbornly shutting our eyes to the fact that that was merely one angle.

To-day we are committing the same blunder, only on a larger scale. We are either forgetting or ignoring some of the bitter lessons we have learned. We are so busy patting ourselves on the back for the great victory we have won that we have little time to take stock of the assets and liabilities of the Bosche. Too, what spare time we have is entirely taken up with disparaging the effort of our Allies. That "we" does not apply to Canada alone either. If it did our outlook would be brighter. Each one of the countries allied against German autocracy is expending every ounce of surplus national energy trying to convince civilization that she is the world's little living wonder, and entitled to particular consideration because of some highly coloured, imaginary virtues.

It is startling the rapidity with which we are regaining the exact state of coma in which we existed in the years immediately preceding the world war catastrophe. It ought to be very fresh in the minds of the people how economic specialists who predicted that the Teutonic Monster was getting ready to spring were pooh-poohed and called calamity-howlers. Doesn't it seem almost unbelievable that while the very life-blood of the nations was exacted as toll for our national and international indifference, we are to-day committing the same folly—or crime, according to the point of view.

We are accepting Germany as an irretrievably crushed nation because she has obligations to meet which would mean the complete bankruptcy of any other country in the world. Economic and industrial experts of our own country are conceding that if any country could survive such stringent terms, and come out with anything approximating a whole skin, Germany would be that nation because of her inherent industry and powers of organization.

I would add to that category her devil-given ability to pull the wool over the eyes of other nations. This is exemplified by the starvation bugaboo, which is only one of the many channels through which we unconsciously aided and abetted the ultimate end she had in view. All during 1917 the United States and Great Britain fairly reeked with propaganda regarding the dire extremity of the food situation, particularly in the interior of Germany.

During the preparations of the Peace Terms, the Bosche, as usual 100 per cent. efficient, utilized this propaganda and attempted to turn it into an asset by trying to lighten certain clauses pertaining to the restoration to Belguim and France of looted resources. She held her hands up and told the world that if these conditions were imposed she would be a liability to civilization because, facing starvation as her people were, anarchy and bolshevism would be inevitable. And the amusing part of it is, she *almost* got away with it.

There is no question that there was a decided lack of certain commodities —but nothing approaching starvation. I passed the months of April, May, and June in Germany, and during that period visited two different towns every day in the week except Sunday. The children, the people, even the animals didn't look particularly emaciated. The Hun hotels in which I ate on innumerable occasions produced, for an equivalent amount of money, as much food as one received in France. Just another Bosche bluff.

Yet, in almost every town one visited one was regaled with tragic stories of privation existing in the town just beyond. On arriving there, the story usually was: No, food conditions were not so bad here, but, *ach mein gott*, in Arhweiler people were dying because of lack of sustenance. Rather amusing that one never actually caught up with starvation.

While the following has only an indirect bearing on present difficulties, the individual wealth exhibited in the towns along the Rhine and Mosel is an interesting factor. The houses taken over by the British and American officers in the occupied territory were not only comfortable but in the majority of cases luxurious. The Officers' Club in Coblenze (Headquarters of the American Army of Occupation) excelled by far any club in any city in Canada of more than twice the population of Coblenze. And never have I been in more luxurious apartments than those in which the British had established their headquarters, in Cologne—poor starving, bankrupt Germany!

There is a well-founded rumour making the rounds that even at this early date Germany has in the making one of her highly-finished products of organization manipulating in Paris, London, and New York, the chief aim of which is to stimulate, feed and nourish each little spark of dissension making its appearance. And after some of the sidelights we have had on German efficiency this isn't even surprising.

Surely none of us has forgotten the measures resorted to during hostilities in dealing with those found aiding the enemy. Germany is still our enemy, in spite of all the scraps of paper in the world. And now whether we are legally responsible or not the Canadians who would be willing to be the accomplices of the Hun are rare.

Isn't it clear, then, how tremendously important it is that we eliminate our national pettiness and band ourselves together with democracy as our watchword? If greater co-ordination and more ultimate good can be attained by the mob spirit, be sure that the pendulum is swinging the right way and that it is a mob absolutely under control.

"Who won the war" is a matter of the smallest importance (as long as Germany didn't), but it is a matter of the gravest national importance who is going to contribute most largely to perpetuating a harmonious relationship throughout the allied nations.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Uncertainty at Ottawa

AT this time it is peculiarly unfortunate that Sir Robert Borden should be compelled to leave Ottawa in the endeavour to restore health and energy which seem to have been vitally impaired. No doubt the strain of the war was almost beyond human endurance even without the anxieties of an uncertain political situation. Under the most favourable circumstances a political leader is beset with tasks which wear out soul and body. But throughout all his period of office Sir Robert Borden has been embarrassed by onerous conditions and problems. He had a struggle with Quebec Nationalists, a struggle with the Senate, and a struggle to constitute a Union Government. Over all was the tragedy of war and the concerns of Empire.

Even before the war he found it necessary to go often to London for Imperial Conferences and consultations with the British Cabinet over questions affecting the relations between the Dominions and the Mother Country. These long absences deprived the Canadian Cabinet of its natural leader and must in degree have impaired its energy, or at least its power of decision and action. Whatever may be the future organization of the Empire it is necessary that the political leaders of the Dominions should go less often to London. No Government can be completely effective if its head is unable to give continuous counsel and direction and if for long periods he can be consulted only by letter or cable. An absentee leader necessarily delays public business. The unity of the Cabinet is impaired. There is danger of confusion and disintegration in the constituencies. For only the official leader can maintain the cohesioin of a party and he must go out into the Country if he is to hold his prestige and authority.

It is most unfortunate, therefore, with the political confusion which now prevails, that the Prime Minister has succumbed to the long strain of exacting and distracting duties and responsibilities and that until his recovery is assured effective reorganization of the Cabinet and formulation of a more positive and comprehensive Unionist policy must be delayed. For the Prime Minister, however, there is universal sympathy and a common, sincere desire that his restoration to health may be rapid and complete. It was the decision of his colleagues that his resignation should not be accepted, but it is doubtful if he will continue in office through another general election. There is reason to think that in withholding his resignation Sir Robert Borden acted upon the appeal of his political associates and not upon the advice of his physicians.

II

A teacher beloved

POSSIBLY no man born in Canada achieved greater distinction than Sir William Osler. That was a long and great journey from a rural crossroads in Ontario to a high seat in the University of Oxford. At McGill, at Johns Hopkins and at Oxford he was beloved for the grace and the greatness that were his by natural endowment and infinite industry. The gods were good to him, for such charm as he had is their best gift to men, and such power as he had however strengthened by diligence and exercise is a birthright. We try to understand an Osler or a Lincoln but we fail and will fail forever. They are of the mysteries of nature and of God.

Dr. Osler was individual, as all great men must be, happy, reliant, courageous. He knew the joy of life as he knew also its responsibility and its dignity. In his teaching there is nothing gloomy or severe as there is nothing mean or trivial. In all his writing there is laughter. So there is inspiration and reverence for the human spirit and sympathy for its perplexities and despondencies. The men whom he touched saw fresh glory in earth and sky and took new courage for duty and drudgery. He disliked cant and pretence and all the brood of weaklings who plague their souls with petty things and consume the oil of life in enfeebling introspection and self pity. But in his gospel there is far more of appeal and encouragement than of denunciation or even of exhortation. Generally a smile softens his derision and tempers his contempt. He was of those who

> Blending their souls' sublimest needs
> With tasks of every day,
> They went about their gravest deeds
> Like noble boys at play.

If few men have achieved such eminence as a physician and a teacher so few have spoken the English language with greater elegance or felicity. It happens often that there is a close association between medicine and literature. One reason perhaps is that the physician touches life at birth and death and between is witness to all its hopes and sorrows, its struggles, triumphs and defeats. But whatever the explanation it is so and Dr. Osler wrote a prose as limpid, easy, attractive and pungent as any man of his time. This perhaps is not so great a mystery, for he read and loved books, as Lincoln did not, although the unschooled pioneer of Illinois wrote things of immortal beauty and dignity. But in all Dr. Osler's writing there is not only beauty and dignity but also the natural evidences of profound and laborious scholarship.

Dr. Osler's Prose Style

There is perhaps no better example of Dr. Osler's writing and no clearer revelation of himself than is furnished in an extract from "Patient Devotion to Duty and High Ideals". He said in this wise and gracious message to his own profession, "Nothing will sustain you more potently in your humdrum routine, as perhaps it may be thought, than the power to recognize the true poetry of life—the poetry of the commonplace, of the ordinary man, of the plain, toil-worn woman, with their loves and their joys, their sorrows and their griefs. The comedy, too, of life will be spread before you, and nobody laughs more often than the doctor at the pranks Puck plays upon the Titanias and the Bottoms among his patients. The humorous side is really almost as frequently turned towards him as the tragic. Lift up one hand to heaven and thank your stars if they have given you the proper sense to enable you to appreciate the inconceivable droll situations in which we catch our fellow creatures. Unhappily, this is one of the free gifts of the gods, unevenly distributed, not bestowed on all, or on all in equal portions. In undue measure it is not without risk, and in any case in the doctor it is better appreciated by the eye than expressed on the tongue. Hilarity and good humour, a breezy cheerfulness, a nature 'sloping towards the southern side,' as Lowell has it, help enormously both in the study and in the practice of medicine. To many of a sombre and sour disposition it is hard to maintain good spirits amid the trials and tribulations of the day, and yet it is an unpardonable mistake to go about among patients with a long face."

Counsel for Democracy

In one of the last addresses which Dr. Osler delivered, that before the Classical Association at Oxford in May last, there is high counsel for democracy groping through unrest and turbulence for foundations that will endure, for a sounder body and a serener spirit, for peace with sobriety and order, for the day's bread and the night's rest, for life with inspiration and religion with expectation. "The story of the free cities of Greece," he said, "shows how a love of the higher and brighter things in life may thrive in a democracy. Whether such love may develop in a civilization based on a philosophy of force is the present problem of the Western world. To-day there are doubts, even thoughts of despair, but neither man nor nation is to be judged by the behaviour in a paroxysm of delirium. Lavoisier perished in the Revolution, and the Archbishop of Paris was butchered at the altar by the Commune, yet France was not wrecked; and Russia may survive the starvation of such scholars as Danielevski and Smirnov, and the massacre of Botkin. To have intelligent freemen of the Greek type with a stake in the State (not mere chattels from whose daily life the shadow of the workhouse never lifts), to have the men and women who could love the light put in surroundings in which the light may reach them, to encourage in all a sense of brotherhood reaching the standard of the Good Samaritan—surely the realization in a democracy of such reasonable ambitions should be compatible with the control by science of the forces of nature for the common good, and a love of all that is best in religion, in art, and in literature."

There are times when one laments with the ignorant futility of a child that men like Sir William Osler are not immortal in the flesh. But sorely needed though they be they flash upon the world for a moment and are gone. We may only rejoice that they still speak in the night and the silence. Thinking of great men who were and are not, of the comparative impotence of life and the universal imminence of death, vagrant verses from somewhere drift into memory:

The idols of your marketplace,
  Your high debates, where are they now?
Your lawyers' clamor fades apace—
  A bird is singing on the bough.

Three fragile, sacramental things
  Endure though all your pomps shall pass,
A butterfly's immortal wings,
  A daisy and a blade of grass.

III

Freedom of speech

WE have had continuous outcry in Canada over orders in Council restricting the freedom of press and platform. Possibly there was greater restraint than public safety required but it is not easy to believe that serious or general injustice was suffered even by agitators who do not always distinguish between freedom and license. Too many people have come to Canada with inherited grievances. Too many seem determined to punish democracy in the New World for the offences of autocracy in Europe. They profess to find here conditions which do not exist and never have existed and by secret agitation and inflammatory utterances they abuse the freedom which they have done nothing to establish and less to deserve.

No doubt the term bolshevist is used too loosely but there is the flavour of bolshevism in much of the language which becomes common in this country. It was said in the United States not long ago that out of every one hundred Bolshevists one was a real Bolshevist, thirty-nine were criminals and sixty were d—— fools. Against the criminal and anarchical elements the Administration at Washington is taking measures as severe as would be attempted by any European autocracy. More than five thousand "suspects" have been arrested and many of these will be sent back to the countries whence they came. The American people have never had much patience with revolutionists and destructionists. The truth is that they have never understood freedom as it is understood in British countries. But they have kept an open door to all the tribes of men and have accumulated a mass of human material which might become dangerous if the Government relaxed its vigilance and authority.

Vigilance necessary at Ottawa

It does seem to be clear that a multitude of revolutionists have come into the United States. They are inciting and organizing certain foreign elements. They are even plotting to create a spirit of insurrection among the blacks of the South. Those who engage in such desperate adventures are unfit for American citizenship and cannot complain if they lose the freedom which they have abused. There is danger, however, that the activity of the United States authorities may drive thousands of the undesirable classes into Canada. Vigilance is as necessary at Ottawa as at Washington. If the State is threatened ministers cannot afford to take refuge in constitutional theories or show excessive consideration for people who cannot distinguish between the right to speak and vote and the right to plunder and destroy.

IV

Representation by population

IT would seem that the battle for representation by population will have to be fought over again in Canada. "Rep by Pop" recalls the long conflict between Upper and Lower Canada which preceded Confederation when George Brown was the "dictator" of the Liberal party and *The Globe* was the expression of his personality and teaching. It was admitted long ago that Quebec had a legitimate grievance against the Liberal party of Upper Canada. When the two Provinces were united Lower Canada had the greater population but Quebec nevertheless submitted to equal representation in the common Parliament. But when Upper Canada became more populous than the sister Province there was an energetic and even angry demand for representation according to population. The solution was found in Confederation and we all now agree that without Cartier and the Church in Quebec Confederation could not have been achieved. Fortunately the new demand for representation by population need not divide Ontario and Quebec nor need have any flavour of racial conflict.

The United Farmers are pledged to proportional representation. Whatever else the system might accomplish its uniform application throughout the Province would assure representation according to population. It may be that Labour would secure greater representation and to that no one need object. But it is also likely that men of exceptional distinction in industry and finance would enter Parliament more easily than under the majority system. Ward organizations would be less powerful in the selection of candidates and those whom the irreverent describe as the "swallow tails" could mass behind a candidate upon whom the "sacks" would perhaps be reluctant to unite. Advocates of proportional representation insist that the system would increase the independence and the distinction of Parliament and secure to all classes and interests a just and proportionate authority in public affairs. It is not difficult to apply the system to centres of population. In Toronto for example we now elect the Mayor and Board of Control by vote of all the citizens, as under proportional representation we would elect all members for Toronto to the Legislature and the House of Commons as a single constituency with such transfer or distribution of votes, beyond the fixed unit required to elect, among the candidates of groups or parties, as the legislation might provide.

Difficulties of application

Various forms of proportional representation have been devised. Even among the advocates of the system there is far from complete agreement as to how it can best be applied. But admittedly it is far more difficult to apply proportional representation in rural communities where it may be necessary to unite two, three, or four counties in a single constituency or for example in Northern Ontario where population is scattered and an enormous area would have to be set apart to provide for as many candidates as Toronto or Hamilton and the Wentworths would elect. It will be remembered that in the Confederation debates Sir John Macdonald and other advocates of a nominated Senate argued that experience with the old Legislative Council had demonstrated that the cost and labour involved in a contest for a division which embraced two or three counties were so heavy that desirable candidates could not be secured. That is not perhaps the chief reason why we have an appointed instead of an elected Senate, but there is something in the contention, and just such an objection is certain to be taken against proportional representation.

V

Australia and Ontario

IT is not to be supposed that the experience of Australia will be repeated in Ontario. There while the old Liberal party held office the Labour leaders demanded proportional representation. The demand was rejected and the majority system prevailed until the Labour party secured control of Parliament. Out of office the Liberal party discovered that proportional representation was exactly what was needed to redress political inequalities and injustices. But the Labour party in office had a new revelation and rejected the principle for which they had contended in opposition. Again excluded from office, for Mr. Hughes has created a new national party, the Labour leaders have turned once more to the proportional system as the one method by which a fair representation of the people in Parliament can be secured. Apparently in Australia as elsewhere there is a high average of human nature in all political parties and even Labour leaders may not always regard the "solemn sanctity" of electoral pledges. We have, too, evidence in Ontario that among United Farmers patronage may seem less vicious when their leaders have power and opportunity to fill the vacancies. But there was more of comedy than of tragedy in the eruption in Middlesex although Mr. Raney may have discovered that there are pitch holes even in the path of virtue. It is, however, not to be assumed that the movement for proportional representation in Ontario will be embarrassed by the inconsistencies and eccentricities which have been revealed by the politicians of Australia.

Whether or not we establish proportional representation there will be a vigorous demand for a fairer distribution of political power between the urban and rural communities. *The Globe* has produced figures showing that ten ridings in Ontario with a total population of 189,259 have a representation in the Legislature equal to that of the 500,000 people of Toronto, although among 50,000 people in the cities there are problems more complex and difficult than perplex an equal population in the country. It is just as true that a representative gets closer to the people in the country than can the member for an urban constituency. In the cities the people live closer together, and yet in all that constitutes social intimacy and common knowledge of their problems they are farther apart than those of the country. Possibly area as well as population should be considered in determining the electoral unit, but unquestionably the existing adjustment of constituencies is grossly unjust to the centres of population.

THE POETRY PRIZE CONTEST

BY EDWARD SAPIR

IT may interest those readers of *The Canadian Magazine* who have followed the literary prize contests recently inaugurated by the Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa to learn some of the outstanding details of the poetry contest. As announced by the press in October, the judges decided, after careful consideration, to divide the open class prize of $100 originally offered between the two poems that seemed to be possessed of greatest merit. The poems selected were "The Pioneer", by Miss Frances Beatrice Taylor, of London, Ontario, and "A Revelation", by Mr. Herbert Ridgley, of Toronto. In the veteran's class the Governor-General's poetry prize was awarded to Mr. Arthur S. Bourinot, of Toronto, for "Canada's Fallen",* Second prizes, though not originally announced, were also given—in the open class, to Rev. W. A. Thompson, of Crapaud, P.E.I., for "In Life's Field"; in the veterans' class, to Mr. John F. Waddington, of Ottawa, for "The King's Harper". A number of poems received honourable mention. These are: "Sabine", by Miss Hilda M. Ridley, of Ottawa; "The Pilgrims", by Miss Helen Fairbairn, of Toronto; "There is one Altar", by Mr. Dudley H. Anderson, of Victoria, B.C.; "The Stranger", by Lt. Jack Turner, of St. John's, Newfoundland; "The Lesson", by Mr. George S. Clough, of Virden, Manitoba; "Memory", by Mr. T. J. Wren, of St. Andrews, New Brunswick; "Behind", a poetic play, by Miss Clara Garrett, of Ottawa; and "Paddles up", by Mr. Gordon Rogers, of Ottawa. The geographical provenience of these thirteen poems gives a fairly accurate idea of the degree to which the various provinces of Canada (and Newfoundland) participated in the contest. No less than eight of them, including the three first prize winners, belong to Ontario, which is perhaps a little unexpected, yet not altogether surprising.

The statistical-minded may find interest, possibly food for reflection, in the following further details. A total of 350 competitors, 311 in the open and thirty-nine in the veterans' class, contributed 390 poems in all, 349 in the open and forty-one in the veterans' class. The distribution of this material as to type or subject-matter is given in the following table:

Patriotic and war poems...	125
Poems of sentiment (including love poems)	88
Poems of Nature	58
Didactic poems	49
Narrative poems	23
Symbolic poems	17
Religious poems	15
Humorous poems	12
Dramatic poems	3
Total	390

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*These three poems appeared first in *The Canadian Magazine* for December.

Naturally, these more or less arbitrary classes are far from satisfying any absolute or logical criterion of classification; they are merely given for convenience. That poems of love and nature should be heavily represented was to be expected. That patriotic poetry should be the most heavily represented of all classes was also natural at the present time, but perhaps few would have been prepared to find no less than a third of all the competing poems falling into this class. The surprisingly large number of expressly didactic poems is perhaps indicative of a fundamentally serious-minded population. This is corroborated by the paucity of intentionally humorous poems. Great variety of metrical forms was encountered, ranging from blank verse and simple quatrains to the sonnet, Spenserian stanza, and Pindaric ode. Of free verse there was but the barest sprinkling. It is interesting to note that not less than four of the thirteen poems selected by the judges for commendation are sonnets, and this in spite of the fact that only fifteen sonnets in all are to be found among the total of 390 poems. Perhaps the strangest external fact about the whole contest is this, that the two prize-winning poems of the open class, so different in theme, diction, rhythmic movement, and feeling, are of identical metrical construction. Both employ a fairly uncommon type of quatrain—the first three lines pentameter, while the last line has but three feet.

What of the quality of the poems submitted to the three judges? Let it be frankly confessed that the general average of merit exhibited was far below what the judges believed they had a right to expect. The prize offered was worthy of any poet's serious consideration; the response seemed hardly adequate. Poem after poem, especially in the class of patriotic efforts, voiced the most distressingly conventional, personally unfelt and unexperienced, sentiments. Even where the technical execution was satisfying, the thought and feeling and imagery had a disconcerting way of harking back to well-worn poetic models. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was perhaps the most persistent ghost, the Kiplingesque line with its jaunty anapests was another. "In Flanders Fields" was responsible for a whole crop of war poems, to the extent of frequent quotation of the characteristic title words. Barely a dozen poems all told had something original to say or presented a universal sentiment in a strikingly original manner. Genuine feeling tended to express itself crudely; competent formal expression seemed to stifle feeling.

The prize-winning poems of the open class illustrate, on a poetically successful plane, these contrasting tendencies. "The Pioneer"* is clearly stimulated by a genuinely felt sentiment, but the beauty of the poem, it seems to me, is essentially a beauty of rhythm and words, rather than of conception. It is altogether different with "A Revelation", which makes perhaps severer demands on the interpretative sympathy of the reader. This poem has, in some degree, the faults of its merits. It throbs throughout with the passion of a religious emotion that has so mastered the diction and style as to cut away all verbiage, to the point of occasional obscurity of expression and a too turbid rhythmic movement. These critical remarks are only intended to bring out the fact that each has room for rich development in the mastery of a difficult craft. They must not be interpreted so as to read slightingly. All three judges feel strongly that both poems, as well as Mr. Bourinot's sonnet, are worthy of very high praise.

It seemed to the judges that the disappointing nature of the mass of poetry sent in could be due to only one cause—that the majority of the best poets in Canada had, for one reason or another, failed to respond.

Possibly this is due to insufficient advertising of the proposed award; more likely to a certain hesitancy that the poet who has "arrived" or is about to arrive feels in joining the merry throng of competitors. This brings up the question of the purpose of a poetry prize. Is such a prize to be awarded for the purpose of encouraging talented amateurs to take up more seriously an art they might otherwise neglect—and who can deny that the cultural atmosphere of our country is only passively sympathetic, if at all, to the serious development of the art of poetry? Or should a prize give public recognition to good work done within a stated period, no matter by whom or under what auspices? In other words, which is the more useful function of a poetry prize, stimulation towards creation or recognition of the created work? If so external a stimulus as a prize could, in any true sense, be held to encourage the actual production of a work of art, there would be much to be said for such prizes as those recently awarded by the Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa. One suspects, however, that a poem written entirely under the compulsion of desire to win a competitive prize is apt to be an indifferent thing at best; that an artist worthy of the name, while needing all the encouragement he can get, will find other and more powerful sources of inspiration than the prize-lure; and that the few poems of value generally elicited by a prize contest are such as had been lying around in manuscript before the announcement of the prize. But here precisely lies a difficulty. Everyone that is at all professionally connected with poetry knows very well how difficult it often is for a poet to get himself a hearing. It is simply not true that all poems of great merit find a ready market. For poetic work, particularly for poetic work of marked originality, we need some more adequate method of reaching the Canadian public than is at present available. The literary magazines are few and far between and necessarily devote but an inconsiderable proportion of their space to poetry. The costs of publication of a volume of poems are so great and the commercial returns so uncertain that we can hardly blame the publisher who turns down anything that does not tally with the standardized wares he is most comfortable with. On the other hand, a poetry prize is too isolated an event to help materially in the solution of this very real problem of getting at the public. What young poets, and old ones, for that matter, need is not so much the hectic hope of a rare and disproportionate emolument as the opportunity to have their work brought to the attention of the poetry-loving public. It seems to me that there is only one way in which this can be done. It is the establishment of a substantial journal, financially guaranteed, if possible, devoted solely or mainly to the publication of poetry and critical articles dealing with poetry. A few such journals exist in England and the United States, and it is perhaps not too much to say that such periodicals as "Poetry", "Contemporary Verse', and the English "Poetry Review", far removed though they be from the ranks of best sellers, are doing more to stimulate public interest and original production in poetry than the whole run of popular magazines, whose chief relation to poetry would seem to be the occasional publication of a properly sentimental sonnet as a stop-gap. Canada is developing rapidly along material lines. She is also showing numerous indications of a breaking of the chrysalis-shell of provincialism. Should it not be possible to find a welcome for a Canadian poetry journal?

These remarks do not dispose of the prize question. There is no reason why the prize should not be used to give recognition to especially praiseworthy poems that have already reached the public, whether in book form or in magazines. The general public has no idea how poorly poetry is paid. The average editor would be ashamed to tell his readers how much he expends for even his best poetic contributions, if, indeed, he pays for for them at all! Under these circumstances anything that can be done to crown the poet's work with hard cash is a graceful tribute to his genius and a welcome addition to his income, which frequently is slender. More than that, money prizes of this sort do, in an indirect but far-reaching manner, help to encourage the sensitive poet by putting him in more sympathetic touch with his public. The fact that the poet uses mere words tends to blind the public to the realization that he is as truly an artist as the brother-craftsman that works with tone or colour. The award of money prizes would help, in a crude way, to accentuate this fact. Were there in existence in Canada such a poetry journal as I have spoken of, its editorial staff could properly undertake the task of organizing the giving of prizes. As it is, it ought to be possible for a number of literary organizations in Canada to pool a certain proportion of their resources, appoint a staff of three or four judges, and invite the submission by poets of work published during the year. There are other methods of organizing prize awards that may seem more effective. My own suggestion is a purely tentative one. In any event, we can hardly do too much to elevate the status of serious poetry in Canada or to gain some slight increase in emolument to the poet for his ill-paid art.

SABINE

AFTER JEAN CHRISTOPHE

By HILDA M. RIDLEY

HER pensive grace, her silent, mystic air,
The faint rose of the simple gown she wore
With careless ease, as one who sets no store
By worldly things, the flower in her hair,
All wrought within him an enchantment rare,
Until, bewitched, he asked for nothing more
Than solely her in silence to adore,
Who was so young, so frail, and wondrous fair!

But dawned a day when o'er a common task
Their fingers into trembling contact came,
And first she heard the low hush of her name,
"Sabine", breathed soft—and all he dared not ask,
And all that might have been, she darkly knew,
Yet lifted not her languid eyes of blue.

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

VII.—BRITTON BATH OSLER

WHEN I was a student more than twenty years ago, Britton Bath Osler was accounted the king of the jury side of the Upper Canada bar. As a criminal lawyer, whether for the defence or for the prosecution, he was in a class all by himself, and wholly without a peer. For the last twenty years of his life his services were in constant demand in every part of Ontario. In criminal cases of serious import he was invariably present for the Crown. Indeed it was said that he had a standing retainer from the Government of Ontario, which forbade his appearing for the defence in any cause where the accused was charged with the capital offence of murder. No counsel either for the Crown or for the defence was ever so much feared as he was, for, although unlike Hawkins, his great and dreaded contemporary on the other side of the sea, Osler was possessed of a manner of the mildest possible kind, yet towards the closing years of his career—years crowded with famous and important criminal trials—it was said, with but little qualification, that he never prosecuted a prisoner for murder, without succeeding in having him sent to the scaffold, and that he never defended a man charged with the same high offence, without securing his release. He did his work like a consummate master, and lessons of vast import might be learned from his career by not only the professional brother, but also by the layman.

Mr. John R. Cartwright, K.C., for many years Deputy Attorney General of Ontario, told me some time ago, that he sat in the Woodstock Court House during the long weeks which were occupied with the trial of the famous murderer John Reginald Birchall, at the Autumn Assizes of 1889, and that the notes which Osler used to refresh his memory during his terrible five hours' arraignment of the prisoner as the case was nearing its close, consisted of only about a half dozen slips of paper, with a few meagre phrases written upon them.

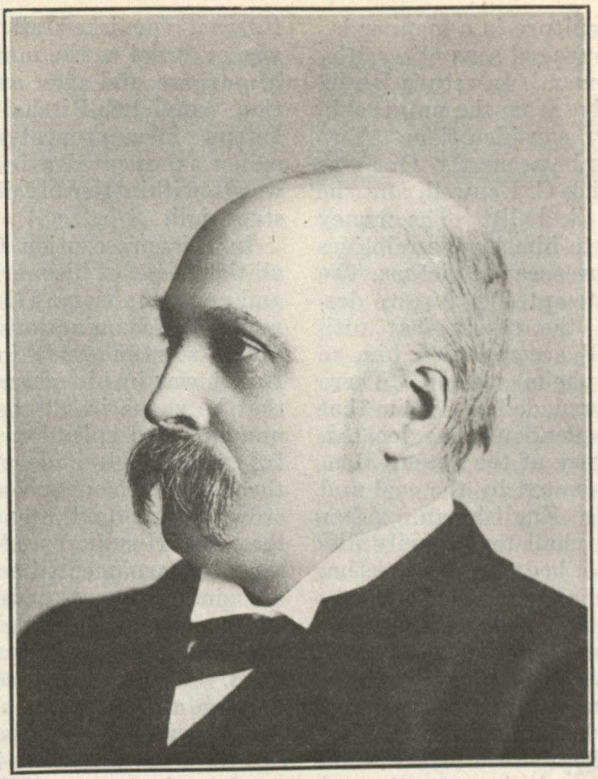
Britton Bath Osler, who was second son of Rev. Featherstone L. Osler, an eminent and much-loved Anglican Clergyman, was born in the Township of Tecumseh, in the County of Simcoe, on the nineteenth day of June, 1839. The father lived to be more than ninety years of age, and lived also to witness the rise of all his illustrious sons to both fame and fortune. The family consisted of five other sons, two of whom are still living, and achieved the very essence of greatness. The youngest son, William, attained a world-wide celebrity, as a physician and a surgeon, and although he long practised his profession in the United States, he received the peculiarly British distinction of a Knighthood, in recognition of his eminent services to humanity. Dr. Osler's rather satirical suggestion made about fifteen years ago, that men over forty years of age have passed the meridian of their powers, and at sixty should have their existence terminated by chloroform, was accepted altogether too literally, and it is perhaps by his utterance of that highly exaggerated, but widely circulated, opinion, that he will be longest remembered by the vulgar. The youngest brother, Featherstone, became a Justice of the Court of Appeal for Ontario, and dignified that position for nearly thirty years. His judgments are models of reasoning, and although he often differed from his brother judges, still a weight has been attached by the profession to his dissenting opinions, which has always been accorded to the judgments of the majority of the Court in which he sat. From the bench he descended to become General Manager of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. Sir Edmund, another brother, represented a riding of the City of Toronto in Parliament for many years, and only recently retired when the pressure of a great brokerage and stock business made his withdrawal from public life imperative.

Britton, the third son, was educated at the public school at Barrie, the municipal seat of his native county, and afterwards at a private academy conducted by a minister of the name of Rev. A. Hill. Subsequently he attended the University of Toronto, from which in the year 1862 he graduated as Bachelor of Laws. He studied law in Dundas and also in Toronto, and was called to the bar in the same year that he received his degree from the Provincial University. During the years between his call to the bar and 1876 he practised law in Dundas. In 1874 he was appointed Crown Attorney for the County of Wentworth, a position, which in those days was even as full of responsibility as it is at present, for crime was strangely prevalent all over this continent in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Two years after receiving his appointment, he moved to Hamilton, where he continued to practise his profession during the ensuing six years. In December, 1880, he resigned the office of Crown Attorney, and returned to private practice again. After a lapse of another two years he moved to Toronto, where he lived for the remainder of his life, and where he rose to the very highest possible eminence. In Toronto he became associated with the great firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Creelman, which acquired very speedily a reputation of almost continental dimensions.

One of the first recognitions of Osler's great professional ability was seen in his appointment by the Department of Justice, in 1885, to assist in the prosecution for treason of the famous rebel leader Louis Riel, in the early spring of the same year. Although the defence was not successful Osler's fast ripening talent was conspicuously displayed, in all phases of the contest.

One of Osler's great successes occurred when he was employed again by the Canadian Government, but this time in a cause of a civil nature to assert the Government's claims against the contractors who built that portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the dangerous passes of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia. The claims were considered by a Royal Commission, whose sitting continued for the almost unprecedented period of two hundred and fifty days. Osler's great physical energy withstood the tremendous strain of this protracted trial, whose most onerous part was imposed upon him. He concluded his labours before the Commission in perfect health, after having succeeded in obtaining from the Commission a substantial financial award in favour of his clients, the Dominion Government.

About the year 1889 commercial distress was sweeping over the entire continent of America. In some parts of Canada as well as of the United States, shrewd and dangerous men, at the same time, yet without any previously concerted action, whatever, conceived that they might secure relief from their monetary misfortunes by committing a series of well-planned



BRITTON BATH OSLER,
A Great Canadian Orator

and profitable murders. Three great cases of this nature came before the people of the Province of Ontario. In two of them Osler succeeded in sending the criminals to the gallows. In the last of them, although the evidence, in the opinion of many, was of a most convincing character, the defence was successful, but rather because of its brilliance than because of its justice.

The first of these was the celebrated Birchall case of 1889. This gay, young, but misguided man, had come from England to Canada about the year 1887, and for some months had lived a life of gaiety and festivity under an assumed aristocratic name in the town of Woodstock, Ontario. It was asserted, although not without contradiction, that his presence then in Canada was for the purpose of making the necessary preparations for embarking upon a series of remunerative murders that were to follow. He discovered a retreat, which was thought to be secure from discovery where victims might be slain and their bodies permanently concealed. That retreat was in the Township of Blenheim, at a spot about seven miles to the north-east of the little village of Eastwood on the Grand Trunk Railway, and not far from Woodstock. The place selected was a lonely forest of many miles in extent, and known as the Blenheim swamp. Few people lived in the vicinity, and the interior of the woods was a tangled undergrowth of trees and shrubbery, wild and solitary in the extreme. Having located this theatre of tragedy, Birchall returned to England, and proclaimed himself to be a Canadian farmer of opulence, anxious to secure pupils, to whom he proposed teaching the art of agriculture in a manner befitting the disengaged sons of wealthy English gentlemen. In return Birchall was to receive from the pupils substantial money considerations. Two of these pupils he secured. One was named Frederick C. Benwell, and the other Douglas R. Pelly. The money was paid over to him by the relatives of both of the prospective victims. The two men he attempted to lure to destruction, with the result that ultimately Benwell accompanied him to the fatal Blenheim swamp. There Birchall had persuaded his victim that the farm of splendour was located, and in the secrecy of the swamp Benwell was assassinated by the cool and cunning young Englishman. After the murder Birchall temporarily disappeared. The body of his victim, however, was discovered in its lonely resting-place under circumstances unexampled either in fiction or history. The murderer subsequently appeared upon the scene, was arrested and charged with the homicide. The trial took place in September of the same year and attracted the attention of two continents by reason of the unusual nature of the crime, the circumstantial character of the evidence, and perhaps most of all the high social standing of the prisoner and of his victim.

Osler appeared at the trial for the Crown. The scholarly George Tate Blackstock, who subsequently followed Osler as a brilliant and successful Crown Counsel, defended the prisoner. The hearing occupied nearly a month, and about one hundred and fifty witnesses including the proposed victim Pelly, gave evidence. Step by step the astute murderer was tracked to his doom. The defence, with great ability, sought to prove that the time between trains, in which the deed was claimed to have been done, was insufficient to permit of the perpetration of the crime, together with the travelling on foot from the Eastwood railway station to, and later from, the scene of the fearful tragedy. The jury agreed with Osler's theory, that the six-hour interval furnished all the time that was essential to the murderer's ghastly purpose, and after a short deliberation, convicted Birchall of the deed. In spite of many protests the doomed man was executed a few weeks afterwards within the precincts of Woodstock jail.

In this prosecution Osler arose to all the height of his marvellous talents and opportunities. His examinations and cross-examinations of the witnesses were masterly in the extreme. But it was in his address to the jury that he shone in all the lustre of his unquestioned splendour. His powerful voice, rich and magnetic, rang through the court-room, which was crowded during the entire course of the trial. His short and effective sentences, unornamented and unpolished, but simple, fluent, crushing and terrible, swept everything in one overwhelming and engulfing torrent before them. There was no seeking for effect, no attempt to display a finished style, no refinement of speech, and no careful discrimination in the use of words and phrases. His oratory was not of the picturesque type, in which words and sentences made melodious music, like the speeches of Sheridan or Macaulay or of our own great Canadian orator Dr. George Douglas. On the contrary the language was of no exceptionally high order, while style, structure, literary brilliance, and sometimes even grammatical precision were altogether and quite noticeably lacking. But whatever was absent in this respect found an ample compensation in the breadth of thought and the epigrammatic structure of the whole oration. Every sentence was merely the vehicle whereby a convincing and convicting circumstance was communicated by the counsel to the jury. Each utterance blossomed, not with a brilliantly-coloured flower of rhetoric, but with a vital and a perhaps hitherto unperceived fact. The sentences were short, but striking and impressive. The flights of eloquence consisted not in weaving ornate metaphors and other literary figures, into glittering periods, but in extracting from obscure parts of the evidence statements of apparently trifling occurrences, and piecing them together into an unanswerable exposition of the prisoner's fearful guilt. So masterly was Osler's speech in closing the case for the Crown, that leading newspapers not only on the American continent but also in England paid the great Counsel the unusual tribute of printing it in full as it had fallen in a sweeping tide of vocal passion from his lips. Any doubts of the prisoner's guilt that might have existed in the minds of men before that speech was delivered, were dispelled after its last word was spoken; and the prisoner Birchall passed to his doom convincingly although circumstantially convicted of one of the most noted crimes that had ever taken place in Canadian history.

Had this case been heard twenty-five years later, it is very likely that the life of the prisoner would have been saved from the gallows by asserting and proving the defence of insanity. For clearly there was more in the accused man's conduct to support the theory of mental irresponsibility than there was in that later American case, which established a precedent on this continent for all time to come, by which the defence of insanity may prevail in an accusation of murder. But Harry Thaw was unknown in 1889, and the art which saved him from the death penalty had not reached that decided science until the occasion arrived to present his marvellous defence to a New York jury nearly a quarter of a century after Birchall had paid the penalty for his crime upon a Woodstock scaffold.

With Birchall's execution, murder to obtain insurance did not completely perish in Ontario. A similar crime to the Benwell tragedy occurred three years after Benwell was laid to rest in Princeton cemetery. The later crime took place in the County of Elgin, but it was much more elementary in its nature, and lacked the cunning and genius which marked the crime of Birchall. It was in the summer of 1893 that two men, one named Hendershott and the other named Welter, conspired to place insurance to the extent of about ten thousand dollars upon the life of Hendershott's nephew, a young man also named Hendershott. The crime required some time in its development. The details were ultimately arranged, and the policies were made payable to the elder Hendershott. The nephew was then lured into a forest not far from the City of St. Thomas, and also near his home, where he was murdered by an axe in the hands of Welter, who was a rough and uneducated farm labourer. Hendershott's body was then placed under the trunk of a tree which Welter had cut down. An impression was thus sought to be created that the dead man had lost his life by the tree having accidentally fallen upon him. Although the uncle was some miles away at the time of the slaying, his complicity in the crime was apparent, and both he and Welter were arrested and charged with the murder. After the preliminary hearing before the local magistrate, both men were committed to the massive stone jail in the western extremity of St. Thomas, to await their trial.

Osler was retained by the Government to prosecute the prisoners. It is not often that two lives are demanded by the law as a forfeit for the slaying of a single victim, but both of the accused men were convicted of the crime and were executed within the walls of the jail where they had lain since their incarceration. The story of the crime is told in all its detail by the great Ontario detective Murray, in his Memoirs, published a few years ago. There is also a faint echo of the case in one of the volumes of the law reports of the Province, inasmuch as the condemned men carried an unsuccessful appeal to the higher Courts of Ontario a short time before their execution. In neither of these volumes, however, is justice done to the great accuser Osler, who on behalf of the Crown, with masterly ability, presented all the features of the case to the jury. As in the Birchall trial, it was remarked that although the addresses of the prisoners' counsel were excellent pleas in a hopeless cause, still the brilliant and convincing oration of Osler to the jury, as he powerfully swept all opposition away from before him, was the talk of the entire community.

In the winter following the execution of Hendershott and Welter a murder took place near Toronto which aroused the horror and interest of the entire Province of Ontario. An elderly and quiet inoffensive farmer and his wife were killed in a brutal manner, and for a time the crime defied every attempt at solution. Subsequently two men were arrested, at a place far distant from the scene of the crime, and after being submitted to some questioning, were charged with the murder of the two old people. Pending their trial, the prisoners were confined in Brampton jail. One of the prisoners garbed himself in mystery, refusing to disclose either his true name or anything about his antecedents. He called himself MacWhirrell and frequently intimated that he had experienced a romantic history, but declined to furnish any of its details. The advanced age and peaceful habits of the victims, their lonely habitation, and the picturesque mystery with which the leading prisoner surrounded himself, gave a fame to the occurrence which it might not otherwise have acquired. A general opinion spread fast over the land that it would be impossible to connect the prisoners with the murder, and this added to the popular interest which the case speedily assumed. The accused men were placed on trial for their lives at the Peel County Spring Assizes of 1894.

Osler, fresh from his previous great forensic triumphs, appeared on behalf of the Crown. Thomas C. Robinette, a man of many and varied talents, and later destined to achieve success as a criminal defense counsel, represented the prisoner MacWhirrell. The entire case for the prosecution rested on a slender quantity of circumstantial evidence, but this meagre amount of testimony was all assembled and pieced together with Osler's painstaking industry and marvellous skill. A new law had been enacted shortly before this trial, permitting a prisoner to give his own version of the occurrence in the witness box, under the sanctity of an oath, but so powerfully was the prosecution conducted that no attempt was made by either of the prisoners to withstand cross-examination at the merciless hands of the illustrious counsel for the Crown.

Osler's address to the jury was matchless. *The Toronto World* newspaper called it "a terrible arraignment against the accused prisoners". "You are here gentlemen," began Mr. Osler to the jury, "to inquire whether the two men in the dock have forfeited their lives to their country's laws or not. You must approach the question courageously and fearlessly, and do your duty to your country and to the prisoners". Next, he outlined the evidence, first setting forth the part that admitted of no dispute, then followed it by the allegations which the prisoners had disputed. Through the whole of the narrations of fact ran his pointed and pitiless comments, all telling vehemently and unanswerably against the prisoners. At the close of his speech, which lasted nearly two hours, it was felt that a conviction of at least one of the accused men was inevitable. The judge delivered his charge, and after a short respite, a verdict of "guilty" was returned against MacWhirrell only, and he was doomed to the gallows. The tremendous efforts of his counsel, accompanied by the circumstance that many reasonable people still doubted the correctness of the jury's verdict, gained the condemned man his life, and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Subsequently the other prisoner succeeded in effecting his escape. As in the previous cases, Osler's fame rose, if possible, still higher, and he pressed onward to newer triumphs.

Notwithstanding the signal avenging of murdered victims, crime still flourished. Murder for gain was yet an enemy to be conquered in Ontario. In 1897, two brothers, Henry Hyams and Dallas Hyams, who had spent most of their lives in the United States, crossed from the land of their birth to this country, and took up their residence in the City of Toronto. Soon after their arrival they effected a large amount of insurance upon the life of a young acquaintance named William Wells. The Hyams Brothers professed to be engaged in an occupation necessitating the use of a warehouse located on Colborne street, in the heart of the business section of Toronto. Soon after the insurance was placed upon young Wells's life, his dead body was found at the foot of an elevator shaft in this warehouse which the two Americans had rented.

At the time of the placing of the insurance Wells was in the prime of life, and in the best of health, and the Hyamses were in financial difficulties. Henry and Dallas Hyams, therefore, were arrested for the murder of Wells, and were placed on trial in the old court-house on Adelaide Street, in Toronto. Osler was their prosecutor. Two trials of the accused men took place. The first trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury. The latter ended in a verdcit of "not guilty", and the prisoners were released from custody.

As if to cast some doubt upon the correctness of the jury's decision, and a just fear of a further prosecution wihch, according to British law, was, of course, impossible, the two men, immediately upon their acquittal, were driven in haste to the railway station, where a special car was awaiting their arrival. They entered the car, the train left the station, and in three hours they were safe from Canadian justice, upon American soil. Although Osler failed in this case, his conduct of it was fully the equal of his conduct of his other famous criminal trials. His arraignment of the two prisoners in his closing address to the jury (an address which I was fortunate enough to hear) was terrible and unsparing. Had it not been that the accused men were defended by two men of the very highest order, Lount, whose silvery eloquence, first as a lawyer, and later as a judge, charmed many audiences in the court-rooms of Ontario, and E. F. B. Johnston, whose marvellous powers as a cross-examiner have been unsurpassed in Canada, it is probable that the genius of Osler would have secured another victory upon that occasion. Although he lost the verdict in that case, his fame as a lawyer and an orator shone with a fairer lustre than ever.

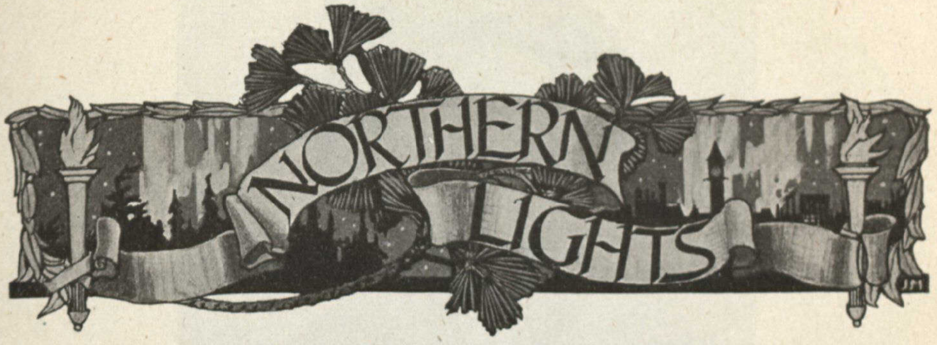
During the intervals between these renowned criminal trials Osler was by no means idle. On the contrary he was one of the most industrious members of his profession in Ontario. In the year 1891 he held the brief for the Crown when the Department of Public Works prosecuted James Connolly and Hon. Thomas McGreevy for fraudulent dealings in connection with contracts in which the Government of Canada was extensively interested. It is perhaps not surprising that the accused men in that case were not regarded in the same light as ordinary malefactors. Canadians learned very easily from the Government contractors of other lands the lesson—if lesson there were to learn—that public money is the proper prey of needy or embarrassed politicians, and that it is an art, rather than a crime, to be able to obtain it without giving any value in exchange. So many motives are there to screen the guilty in such cases that prosecutions for public defalcations are seldom undertaken, inasmuch as they are generally fruitless in results. Yet on this occasion Osler secured a verdict against the prisoners. They were sent to prison as a punishment for their offenses, and Osler recovered for the Crown a large sum of money.

This great man also prosecuted Mrs. Sternaman for murdering her husband, and registered a conviction against her, although she subsequently secured a new trial, at which she succeeded in obtaining an acquittal. He prosecuted Hammond for murder, and gained a verdict for the Crown in that case as well. He held many civil and criminal briefs in almost every part of Ontario, and represented railway companies and other large corporations in their weighty litigation. He was in his element in lawsuits in which technical knowledge on the part of the counsel engaged was essential, and he was able to examine and cross-examine with facility and thoroughness experts in almost every branch of physical science. Indeed, so accurate was his information on mechanical subjects that for many years he was a member of the Canadian Society of Engineers, an organization numbering among its membership many of the engineering authorities upon the continent. In the earlier part of his career Mr. Osler paid some little attention to politics. In 1882 he contested the County of Welland as a Liberal candidate, but was defeated. Fourteen years afterward, in the dark hours of the administration of Sir Charles Tupper, Osler wrote a carefully composed address to the electors of the riding of Haldimand, but in reality it was intended as the views which a great lawyer held upon the legal situation which that administration had developed, and which he desired to present to the population of the entire Dominion of Canada. It is said that earlier in the same year he had been offered the position of Minister of Justice in the Tupper cabinet, but he had the foresight to decline the offer, and thereby preserve his great fame, which was then at its height, from suffering in the general wreck which awaited the doomed Conservative administration. He was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1876. He was elected a Bencher of the Law Society of his native Province in 1885, and retained that honour until his death. Many other dignities were conferred upon him. He was made a lecturer on the subject of criminal jurisprudence in the University of Toronto. He was also one of the Presidents of the York County Law Association. He was twice married, his first wife dying on the very day that he was to have addressed the jury in the much talked of murder case against a woman named Clara Ford, and who, possibly may have owed her acquittal in part to the fact that his powerful strength was not exerted against her at the momentous crisis of the trial.

Dignities of the full measure of his abilities might have been his, but he sought them not. His profession imposed upon him heavy burdens, and he sacrificed every other worldly honour for the success which it ensured, and the service that it claimed. As a result he rose high, and there were but few who occupied the dizzy heights which lay above him.

The lives of great men often close free from the blaze of splendour in which their glory first saw the light. So it was with Osler. Early in this century his active life came to a close. During the last few years of his career, his cases, while important and numerous, lacked the spectacular element by which, unfortunately, too many men must be content to be judged. For twenty years his name had been on countless lips, and his inspiration in many minds. He had helped, by the just fear which his long series of successes against wickedness had inspired, to drive crime from the country and ensure safety to the home. Few now are the crimes of cunning, or the deaths for gold, which stain the fair annals of our land. The reason for the spotless record is to be ascribed, in part at least, to the influence of the life of Osler.

The next Great Canadian Orator in this series will be Sir Joseph A. Chapleau.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MRS. LIONEL H. CLARKE

WHEN the new Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Lionel Clarke, assumed office, it was quickly discovered that he was one who had no delight in being in the limelight. It was the same with regard to Mrs. Clarke. She cared so little for publicity that just at first it was difficult for persons interested in the new "first lady of Ontario" to find an answer to the inevitable question, "Who is she?"

Mrs. Clarke was born at Kincardine, and is the daughter of Mr. Sydenham Small, some of whose ancestors settled in Upper Canada in Governor Simcoe's time. She lived at Stratford and afterwards at Guelph, where in 1891 she was married to Mr. Clarke. Since then her home has been in Toronto. She is the mother of three sons, of whom the eldest went to the war and did not return, and of one daughter, Miss Diana Clarke, who, despite the new claims on her time and attention, is still doing V.A.D. work at Pearson Hall.

A large part of the art of questioning consists in knowing whom to question. For instance the lads of the Boys' Home, whose lives Mr. and Mrs. Clarke have done much to brighten, would not have needed to be asked twice, "Who is Mrs. Clarke?" And there are many others like them in Toronto.

A worker for the blind who possesses that understanding sympathy which comes of sharing in their deprivation says, "Mrs. Clarke is the big sister of us all"—and perhaps there is no better way of summing up her kindly, patient helpfulness to those who are handicapped by lack of sight.

The war drew attention to the blind, and many whose interest began with the blinded soldiers, soon began to think also of the civilian blind. In 1917 was organized the Canadian Women's Association for the Welfare of the Blind, and in this movement, looking to much more systematic and thorough methods of dealing with the sightless and their problems, Mrs. Clarke was a leading spirit from the beginning.

One of the first works of the Association was to seek out all the blind in Toronto and make a card index of their names, addresses and so forth. In those early days the Association used to hold its meetings and give parties for the sightless at the headquarters of the Canadian National Library for the Blind, which was established in 1905. Blind persons were also visited in their homes and were taught to knit socks for the soldiers, being paid for their work. A few of the blind living out of town were helped in similar ways. The

Mrs. Lionel H. Clarke,
Wife of the new Lieut.-Governor of Ontario

Association also collected things made by blind people and sold them for their benefit.

The Association's "pioneer work for the adult blind" helped to pave the way for the organization of the Canadian Institute for the Blind, which included men and women in its membership. Mrs. Clarke has been a most useful member of the Council of the Institute, and when the Women's Association for the Welfare of the Blind changed its title and status to that of the Women's Auxiliary of the Institute, Mrs. Clarke continued her leadership in its manifold activities as President. Amongst the matters to which the Women's Auxiliary has given special attention are special relief, prevention of blindness, entertainment and recreation of the blind and the establishment of an Industrial Department for Women.

This department was begun in December, 1918, with six blind women. Now twenty-three are at work on rug-weaving, machine-knitting and machine sewing. The latter industry has proved very suitable, as it offers a diversity of operations, more or less difficult, which can be accomplished by blind women of greater or less ability. The women work at the making of bungalow aprons, for which there is a ready sale. They begin with a treadle sewing-machine, but most of them work at power machines.

In connection with this department, Mrs. Clarke has established a boarding-house for the girls and women employed where they can be free and independent in the management of their own affairs, whilst they are protected from unscrupulous people, who have been known to take advantage of their misfortune. In honour of her who is

Mrs. E. C. Drury,
Wife of the Farmer Premier of Ontario

its founder and the untiring friend of its inmates, as well as of the President of the Institute, Mr. L. M. Wood, the house has been named "Clarkewood".

The Women's Auxiliary and its President endeavour to make the various homes of the work truly homelike. When the Library (now like the Auxiliary, a branch of the Institute) moved into new quarters at 142 College Street, Toronto, the Auxiliary undertook at great expense to put a new heating system into the building, to decorate it, and to furnish the office, the board-room and the reading-room. In 1918, when the fine old house on Beverley Etreet, now known as Pearson Hall, was chosen as a residence and training-centre for blind soldiers it was furnished by the same organization, and Mrs. Clarke, with two other ladies, became a House Committee to supervise the domestic arrangements.

It is told that one of the first acts of the new Lieutenant-Governor's wife was to write to the girls at "Clarkewood", assuring them that, though she would have less time to give to them than formerly, they might count on her help and interest still in any time of need.

On the second Saturday afternoon in January, Mrs. Clarke and her daughter "Sister Clarke", as the invitation was worded—received the blind soldiers and V.A.D.'s from Pearson Hall, with many of the workers for the blind, at Government House. After tea the guests gathered in the great morning room, fragrant with many flowers, while the orchestra of blind players from Pearson Hall discoursed sweet music.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE ROBERTS CLAN

When I tell you that she recited the Lady of Shalott at the age of three (substituting in accordance with her own ideas of propriety, certain weird words for those already chosen by the poet; thus "The *blank* has come

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton,
who takes a seat in Toronto as the first woman member of a City Council in Canada

upon us, cried the Lady of Shalott"); that at heart she was a tomboy and preferred the companionship of her brothers to that of other children, in spite of being to frail to take an active part in their sports; that she read Ballantyne and Stevenson rather than girls' books; when I tell you that she was and is, a dreamer, loving the stories hidden from so many of us in the wild things that grow, and that much sorrow has only sweetened an already beautiful nature—have I given you any sort of picture of Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald?

No, of course not. She herself admits that the "high-lights" in her life are more from thought and emotion than from any outward adventure, and the transcribing of a sensitive, poetic mind, is, gentle reader, a delicate undertaking, to put it moderately.

From Mrs. Ganong, Bliss Carmen's sister, however, we are given some interesting glimpses of Mrs. MacDonald's childhood and early youth. At a tender age there began a friendship between these two "which was to grow so strong with years, that nothing could ever break it".

"My first recollection of Elizabeth," Mrs. Ganong would tell you, "pictures her being carried into our house by her father, the newly-appointed rector of Fredericton; a very limp, pale, train-sick little girl, wrapped in a plaid shawl and hugging Blondina in one arm and "Little Women" in the other. The former was an immediate bond between us for I adored soils and Sophie Mary was my inseparable companion. Elizabeth really preferred cats and grieved that Tom John Railey-Railey Pole-cat had to be left in Westcock, where the first eight years of her life were spent, but she soon acquired others of his kind and could generally be found curled up on a sofa with a cat and of course, a favourite book.

"Before grown-ups she was rather shy and diffident, though too courteous to be unfriendly; I cannot recall that she ever said a *rude* word in her life. Fierce, obstinate, even sarcastic, she could be on provocation but sulky or rude, never. In the family circle she was all animation, quick sympathy and clever fun. She commenced to write verse when very young. The big attic of the Rectory when the Robertses and many little cousins assembled, was the auditorium for many literary efforts, inspired perhaps by the fame of the older brothers in College, but guided and encouraged by this indefatigable sister who was ever ready to share their joys and griefs, and receive their confidences.

Christmas has always been very dear to her heart. She loved to help decorate the beautiful little church, with fragrant hemlock boughs and cedar, and she loved the quiet Christmas Eve service, and afterward the walk home in the winter starlight with her father. Once when someone decried Christmas giving, she flared up indignantly and said, "I think I would give *something*, even if it were a burnt match!"

There was an unusual bond between father and daughter, an intellectual as well as a natural affinity. They differed harmoniously, "and that reminds me," Mrs. Ganong says. "how much Elizabeth enjoyed a real discussion. Her eyes would become wide and black and her whole body tingle with the joy of tournament. One day a worthy but narrow parson was enlarging on the folly of Higher Education for women. Elizabeth sprang to its defense and so bedazzled the poor man that he failed to see his own inconsistency when he exclaimed, "Splendid! It is such a treat to have an intelligent conversation with an educated lady!"

Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald

After her marriage Mrs. MacDonald went to the West for a number of years. Although the care of her family, and poor health prevented her from doing half of what she longed to do, she wrote a little and took an active part in the Suffrage movement. A few years ago she moved to Ottawa, with her two sons, and was recently joined by her husband, who is now back from France.

"Nain", as she is called by the nieces and nephews and grand-niece, is still a guiding spirit in the family, though so unaggressively that few would know it. She is a loving mother, a tender friend whose faith in those she loves inspires with a nobler chivalry. And she has withal that rare gift of God the soul of a poet.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

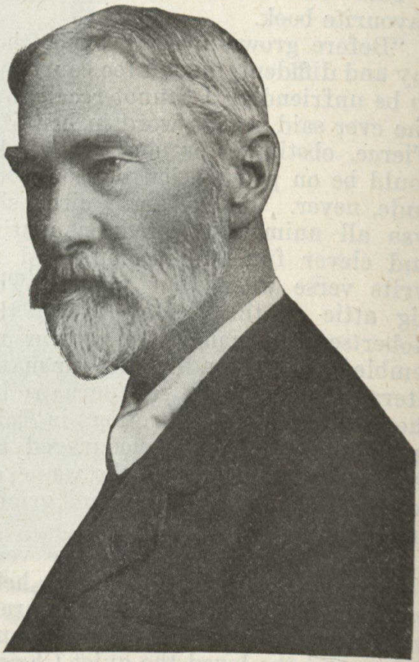
WILLIAM E. MARSHALL.

AN APPRECIATION BY CHARLES MORSE.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, speaking of guides to the way of joyous living, said: "Now of all sciences is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it." That, I think, very fittingly describes the Canadian poet William E. Marshall. Mr. Marshall is a native of Nova Scotia, and has always made his home there. A barrister by profession, in early middle life he accepted the position of Registrar of Deeds for the District of Bridgewater. The calm and even tenor of official life has enabled him to develop his mind according to his tastes. He had never any taste for the strife, ignoble or otherwise, of city crowds. True, that up to the publication of "Brookfield" in *The University Magazine* a few years ago, his remarkable gifts as a singer were known only to the chosen few of his intimates, but he could always say *"me raris juvat auribus placere"*—and the great Meredith could not say more to the day of his death. It is not perhaps more by what he has written than by the manner in which he has lived that his poetic quality is bodied forth. He has been a maker (*poietes*) of sweetness and light from his earliest youth for those who enjoy the felicity of his friendship; and his faith in the capacity of man to realize the secret bias of the soul for divine joy, notwithstanding the besetments of the world, the flesh or the devil, has been affirmed by precept and example with an ardour that has never flagged. Although confessedly ever seeking occasion to contemplate

> That realm where truth and beauty dwell
> Forever and for aye unconquerable
> Of earthly pain or death's eternal law,

his prepossessions on the purely human side of life are constant and sincere. The plastic arts have always greatly attracted him, and, without any special training, he has done some



W. E. Marshall,
of whose poems a complete edition has just been published by John Lovell & Son, Montreal

excellent modelling in clay. His skill with the pencil is also notable. In this addiction to art as well as to letters, I may be permitted to set up some resemblance between Marshall and William Blake, whose artistry may not have added one cubit to his stature as a poet in the judgment of the ordinary reader, yet to the discerning mind it infuses all his writings with the subtle emanations of a soul that has laid hold on beauty as its own demesne. But Marshall has other interests in the world that lies about him. The enticements of art have not weaned him from the love of nature. Proof of this abounds in his poems. Let me quote:

SOUL AND BODY

Along the winding river's bound
With only the unfaltering flow
  Of tide to bear me silent company
  I wander, feeling in the symphony
Of Nature here a joy not found
In Art—where Art is all to know.

For here I am the substance of each form:
I am the wind, the wild rose blown
  The murmuring bees, the birds of song, the fantasy
  Of wood and meadow, all the ecstasy
Of summer growth, the life full-grown,
The peace of soul and body after storm.

Marshall's instinctive love of the fields and woods was greatly fostered by his departed friend Robert Randall MacLeod, in whose memory "Brookfield" was written. In glowing words he explains how instant in season MacLeod sought the bloom of the wild flowers:

And something of that bloom was shown for me
One eager day, when the Rhodora flamed
Her leafless beauty on us suddenly—
Down in an old-time pasture road— and claimed
A first love's privilege and was not shamed:
My friend had fondest greeting for the flower,
And gentlest love-speech ever poet framed;
And all my vagrant heart was stayed with power
Of love I never knew, until I shared his dower.

It is in the Spenserian stanza that Marshall has realized his highest achievement in technic, and to use that verse form to-day with any measure of success is a matter of distinction in the opinion of the dean of English letters, Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The writer recalls one little incident illustrative of the magnetic charm of Mr. Marshall's personality. On a rare summer day a few years ago I was walking in his company over a noble sand-beach on the Nova Scotian coast, listening the while to his recitation of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn"—which he dearly loves. Unnoticed by Marshall we were overtaken by a young fisher lad whose attention was arrested by the music of the words that fell from the poet's lips, and he waited for no invitation to join us. I shall never forget the quick response in the boy's eyes to the magic of the challenge,

Who are those coming to the sacrifice?

He stayed with us until silence broke the enchantment, and then slipped away still unseen of the man who all unwittingly had unlocked for him the door of poetic emotion.

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THE OLD MAD-HOUSE

By William De Morgan. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.

IN his "Apology in Confidence" attached to "A Likely Story", De Morgan chaffs his readers a little about our fictional categories, and has his say about his co-called "Early Victorianism". For his part, the present reviewer does not regret his escape from contact with much of the smart, metallic, flippant fiction of the day whenever he yields himself to the charm of De Morgan. It is an escape from the third-rate, or fourth-rate, insincere and ephemereal, to the sterling, the urbane, the gently humorous ("Humour," thought the late Churton Collins, "is the smile on Wisdom's lips.")—to the excellent matter of a serene, tolerant, kindly companion, who did not begin to write until he had suffered, and learned, and achieved "the philosophic mind".

The lines of De Morgan's literary ancestry are to be traced, we think, to both Dickens and Meredith, perhaps even more definitely to the latter than to the former. Certainly, there is a good deal of the influence of Dickens to be discovered at times in De Morgan's earlier style, but somewhat less as the novels grew (compare "Alice-for-Short" with "When Ghost Meets Ghost"). The Meredithian quality in De Morgan's spirit, however, was actively at work throughout his life as an author, although we are not aware that he read Meredith extensively. The authors to whom he refers most frequently in his novels, either directly or indirectly, are Browning and his wife, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, and Spenser.

Nancy Fraser ("Elbows") in the present novel is as likable a girl as Lossie, Alice-for-Short, or Sally Nightingale. She is straightforward, sympathetic, and wholesomely fresh, and we are delighted that she marries at last her fellow-townsman" Charley Snaith. Of his first tragic marriage with Lucy Hinchcliffe; of her destructive lure for Fred Carteret, Charley's best friend, who breaks his engagement with Cintra Fraser for her sake ("the story is sorry for Fred"); of the old, unhappy, far-off love of Fred's father's brother for Mrs. Carteret, a finely delineated mother-woman; of the mysterious disappearance of that brother, Dr. Drury Carteret, in the early chapters of the novel, and his equally mysterious return at the end; and of the final solution of the mystery (supplied in a last chapter by Mrs. De Morgan, who was in the secret, after her husband's death), the story tells through thirty-four chapters in its own quietly thoughtful, companionable way. It is a story extraordinarily rich in character, analysis, humour, and rememberable *obiter dicta*. On the structural side, the plot is unusually well charted, the exciting force, the successive turning-points, the prophetic incidents, the chief crisis, and the cross-correspondences being handled with conscientious skill. If any other than unimportant weaknesses are observable, probably these arise in some seven or eight instances from the desire of the author to furnish adequate signposts during the evolution of a psychologically complicated plot, but in these instances the signposts appear inartistically superfluous. "A story," says the writer, "may be at a loss to account for the thoughts and actions of its characters, and its safest line may be to simply *tell* them, and leave its reader to analyze and understand them as best he may. But some stories have a certain fussiness of their own, that will be always probing for motives and impulses, for the sources of ideas that seem to spring from nowhere, and the blindness to others—gross as mountains, open, palpable—in eyes most concerned to see them."

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THE BUILDERS

By Ellen Glasgow. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is a disappointing novel. Its background is Virginia (Richmond in particular) immediately before and during American participation in the Great War; its characters, for the most part Virginians; its *motifs*, a love affair impossible of realization, and a political programme almost equally impossible. The latter is so loftily indefinite, indeed, that it is more than once uneasily sketched in, by way of argument, oratorical conversation (in itself an inartistic contradiction in terms), and a long letter from its chief exponent, David Blackburn, to the girl he loves. The characteristic self-consciousness and moral complacency of a certain type of contemporary American writers is far from absent here. American idealism is to save the world. We raise the query: Is there an *American* idealism? Is not true idealism idealism everywhere? Some of the idiosyncrasies of manner in the chief persons are cleverly suggested, but the psychology is mediocre, and the net impression is one of effortful ineffectiveness.