

SEPTEMBER, 1913

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

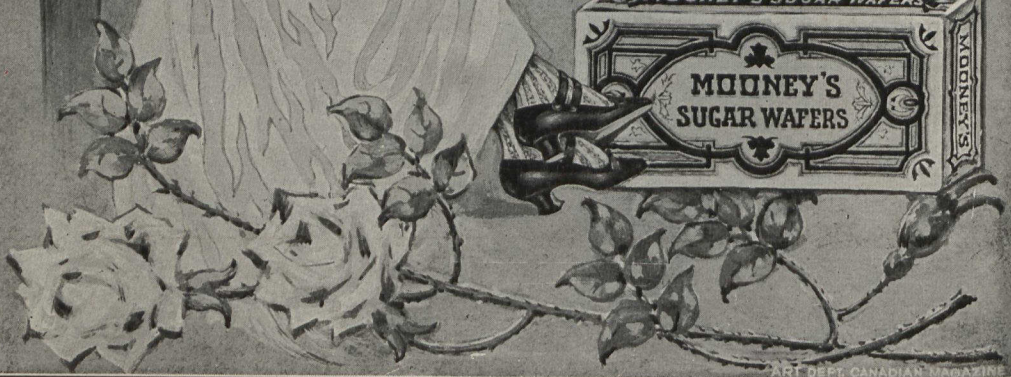
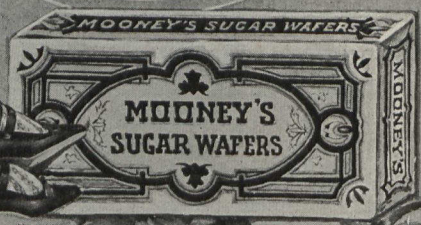


THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS



• A •
*PERFECT
DELICACY,
in Tin Boxes
• 10¢ and 25¢ •
sizes.*



Woman's Looks

A woman's looks count for so much more than a man's in the sum of life, that she owes it to herself to do all that she reasonably can to preserve, and

if possible enhance, whatever grace and charm of person nature may have endowed her with.

To this end—

Pears' Soap

The Great English Complexion Soap

the purest and best toilet soap ever manufactured contributes in an eminent degree. Its dainty emollient action softens and refines the skin and keeps it in a healthy condition.

It is Matchless for the Complexion



"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLI

Contents September 1913

No. 5

MUSIC	-----	FRONTISPIECE	
PAINTING BY FLORENCE CARLYLE			
THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF CANADA	-	Wilfred Campbell	- - - - 433
A HEROINE OF LUCKNOW	- - - -	Isabel Ecclestone Mackay	- - - - 439
VAN HORNE AND HIS CUBAN RAILWAY	-	C. Lintern Sibley	- - - - 444
SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE. A POR- TRAIT	- - - -		- - - - 449
THE BLIND MAN'S BROTHER. FICTION	-	Bernard Muddiman	- - - - 452
A TRANSLATION			
LAMPLIGHT. A PAINTING	- - - -	Franklin Brownell	- - - - 467
THE TOLL OF THE CRESTING SEAS	-	F. William Wallace	- - - - 469
ILLUSTRATED			
ECHO DELL. POEM	- - - -	L. M. Montgomery	- - - - 476
BETSY HUME. A PAINTING	- - - -	Henry Raeburn	- - - - 477
BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA. FICTION	- - - -	G. G. H. Reade	- - - - 479
CANADIAN CREATIVE COMPOSERS	- - - -	J. D. Logan	- - - - 486
MRS. GENA BRANSCOMBE TENNEY. A PORTRAIT	- - - -		- - - - 495
DOMESTIC ANIMALS WE SHOULD KNOW	- - - -	F. A. Wightman	- - - - 497
ANATHEMA IN THE FAMILY. FICTION	-	Anne Warner	- - - - 502
SWIFT: A PRECOCIOUS PIONEER	- -	W. Lacy Amy	- - - - 508
TORONTO AND NEW YORK. VERSE	-	James P. Haverson	- - - - 512
DUCHESS OF GORDON. A PAINTING	-	George Romney	- - - - 513
THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK	-	Rev. Geo. Coulson Workman	- 515
ARTICLE IV.			
DOMINIC. VERSE	- - - -	R. C. Reade	- - - - 521
THE GRIP IN DEEP HOLE. FICTION	- -	Charles G. D. Roberts	- - - - 523
CURRENT EVENTS	- - - -	Lindsay Crawford	- - - - 527
RETURNING HOME. A DRAWING	- -	André Lapine	- - - - 531
THE LIBRARY TABLE	- - - -	Book Reviews	- - - - 533
THE DANGEROUS WORLD. VERSE	-	Estelle M. Kerr	- - - - 537
ILLUSTRATED			
TWICE-TOLD TALES	- - - -	Current Humour	- - - - 538

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN
MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices,
3 Regent St., London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.
Copyright, Canada, 1913, by The Ontario Publishing Co. (Limited.)

Hotel Cecil

LONDON

Interesting Facts about the World's Greatest Hotel

THIS mammoth hotel—easily the largest in Europe—stands on 2½ acres of ground.

Its tastefully furnished and quietly situated bedrooms can accommodate 850 guests. The bathrooms number 400, and altogether there are over 1,200 apartments of various kinds.

The public restaurants are among the finest in the world, and the Banqueting Halls can seat 2,500 persons.

The CECIL is independent of municipal water supply, having its own wells, sunk 450 ft., from which, with its own hydraulic machinery, it obtains the purest water in London.

This wonderful hotel makes its own ice, its refrigerating machinery yielding an output of some 6 tons daily. At times of ice-famine, by no means rare in London, it is therefore always independent of outside sources for the supply of this very necessary luxury.

The CECIL has its own electric light plant—the largest private installation in Europe. The hotel is therefore independent of the public supply.

The CECIL maintains, on the premises, its own laundry, employing a laundry staff of some 80 persons. Guests can give out their linen over-night, and have it got up ready for donning in the morning. This laundry is responsible

or some 80,000 pieces per week.

or some 80,000 pieces per week.

The great kitchens which cater for the large population of this small town require a staff of 120,—in the persons of bakers, pastrycooks, butchers, cooks, etc.

The magnificent new Palm Court, a lofty and noble hall, has recently been built on the site of the old Courtyard in the Strand. This is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and accommodates guests to the number of 600. A skilled orchestra performs afternoon and evening, and refreshments of a light nature are served, thus constituting the Cecil Palm Court the most refreshing and delightful lounge in London.

There is a floor at the Cecil known as the Indian Floor. The Smoking Room, American Bar and Grill Room are all daintily decorated in pure Indian style, and these apartments offer a peculiar sense of Eastern luxury and restfulness to the tired visitor sated with the fatiguing arduous of "doing" London.

A notable feature of the world's greatest hotel is its tariff. This is no more expensive than the tariffs of lesser establishments. Meals in the charming Empire Restaurants can be had at PRIX-FIXE, and single bedrooms or the most elaborate suite are available at modest tariffs.

Ask at the Travel Bureau of this Magazine for copy of the Hotel Cecil Booklet. This shows, by text and illustration, some of the luxuries of the Hotel's interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information that will be found very useful to the intending visitor to London.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU
TORONTO, CANADA

THE
OCTOBER

CANADIAN

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

By M. O. HAMMOND

An arresting Study of Opinions and Backgrounds, and a serious effort to explain the misunderstanding and mistrust that exists between the people of the two greatest Canadian Provinces.

THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL

By BRITTON B. COOKE

A Stirring Pageant in words, depicting the Spirit that Animated the First Traveller and that animates us to-day. Beautifully decorative drawings by J. E. H. Macdonald.

THE HONOURABLE ADAM FERGUSSON

By C. J. BOYLEN

A missing Chapter from Canadian History—Sketch of a man who did an immense amount of good for Agriculture in Ontario.

THE PEACE COMING AFTER

A timely historical article, founded on the Treaty of Ghent. It provides a basis for an intelligent appreciation of the coming celebration of the Peace Centenary.

A splendid collection of short stories, including "The Bear's Face," by Charles G. D. Roberts; striking articles, with two-colour reproductions of Paintings by outstanding Canadian Painters.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION
: : : PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS POST PAID. : : :

ESTABLISHED 1791



Horrockses'

LONGCLOTHS, Nainsooks,
Cambrics, India Longcloths.

See Horrockses' name on Selvedge.

SHEETINGS,

Ready-Made Sheets.

(Plain and Hemstitched).

See Horrockses' name on each sheet.

FLANNELETTES

of the Highest Quality.

See Horrockses' name on Selvedge.

Obtainable from the principal stores of the Dominion.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LIMITED, MANCHESTER and LONDON.

7% Assured Interest

Particulars regarding the Profit Sharing Bonds of a successful, well organized Company, will be gladly furnished on request. These Bonds yield 7% and offer good possibilities of still further returns. Interest cheques mailed to investors twice a year.

National Securities Corporation

LIMITED

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING

TORONTO, ONTARIO

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

"MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE

NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

Of all Stationers Chemists and Stores or Post Free for One Shilling (25c.) from the Inventors.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 ST. BRIDE ST. ENGLAND
LONDON E.C.



For Indigestion — **BENGER'S FOOD**

Indigestion, whether resulting from dietary indiscretion, mental or physical strain, general debility or advanced age, is quickly relieved by a period of "Digestive Rest"—most effectively obtained by the use of Benger's Food.

Benger's Food gives "Digestive Rest" while completely supplying bodily nourishment. Thus those to whom ordinary food gives pain, find it at once comforting and refreshing, and fully sustaining. It promotes a high state of bodily nutrition, and in this way assists nature in the quick restoration of health. Benger's Food is

For Infants, Invalids, and the Aged.

Benger's Food forms with milk a dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream. Infants thrive upon it, delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

The *British Medical Journal* says:—"Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

Booklets and Samples may be obtained post free from the Manufacturers—
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:—



The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, or any of their Branches at
 Halifax, N.S. Winnipeg Man. Vancouver, B.C. Nelson B.C.
 St. John, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Victoria, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.
 London, Ont. Hamilton, Ont. Calgary, Alta. Regina, Sask.

through whom supplies may be obtained.

B105C

Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LIMITED

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

H.P. SAUCE

is the new
Sauce imported
from England.

It is made by blending together the most delicious Oriental fruits and spices, with Pure Malt Vinegar by a secret process.

The Grocers and Stores over here are already selling H.P. Sauce.

Buy a bottle to-day!



No. 99

Suits made to order as illustration (or in Canadian style) in "Royal" Navy Serge Coatings or fashionable Tweeds, from \$12.05.

Before You Decide on Your Fall and Winter Clothing

Ask us to send you—postage paid—Samples of our high grade "Old Country" Suitings, Overcoatings, Dress Fabrics, Flannels, etc.

We supply thousands of Ladies and Gentlemen in Canada and other parts of the world, and have been honoured with 27 Royal and Imperial Warrants of Appointment by the crowned heads of Europe for the excellence of our Fabrics.



By Appointment to H.M. the Queen.

Our Pure Wool "Royal" Navy Serges

Are Clothing Fabrics which have given great satisfaction for 40 years. They are especially suitable for Fall and Winter Costumes and Suits as they possess those inherent warmth-retaining properties so necessary for comfort and protection. Prices from 49 cts. to \$3.40 per yard, double width, in many qualities for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's wear.

Costumes, Suits, Overcoats, etc.

made to measure by an expert staff. Samples, Price Lists, Style Plates, Measurements, Blanks, etc., mailed on request, postage paid.

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.

R. W. WAREHOUSE
WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.



No 903

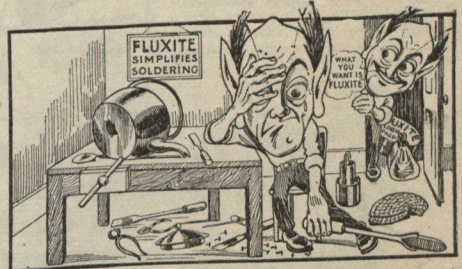
Costumes made to measure as illustration in Pure Wool "Royal" Navy Serges, from \$9.90. Also an attractive fall and winter Tweeds, from \$9.15.

PURGEN
The Ideal
APERIENT.

Does not disturb the liver or kidneys, and its effectiveness does not wear off by regular use.

IN SMALL TABLETS OF PLEASANT FLAVOUR.

Of Druggists, 30 c. per box (or postage paid for 35 c. direct) from
LYMAN'S, Ltd.,
474, ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.



The Soulful Sighs!
He can't do right,
Hard though he tries,
Without Fluxite.

Metal articles are easily repaired or made with



SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING AND LEAD-JOINTING.

With a little Fluxite the solder grips like magic, even on dirty metals. Both Amateurs and Mechanics use it. Of Ironmongers and Stores in small and large tins.

THE "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

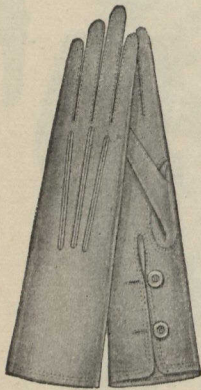
contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

Sample Set, post paid direct \$1.32.

Auto-Controller Co., 266 Vienna Rd., Bermondsey, England.

The London Glove Company

DIRECT ATTENTION TO THEIR SPECIALTIES IN BRITISH MADE GLOVES. UNEQUALLED FOR QUALITY, WEAR AND VALUE.



LADIES'

No. 304. Chamois Leather, Natural Colour, Dustless, splendidly made and finished, pique sewn, 3 Buttons, 61c. per pair, 3 pairs, \$1.79

New Washable Chamois "Degrain" Glove, made from beautifully finished soft skins, smart appearance, excellent wearing, will wash well. Prixseam Sewn, 2 Press Buttons, 73c. per pair, 3 pairs, \$2.13.

The "Canadian" Buck finish Gloves, in Tan, Grey or White, an excellent wearing, British made glove, 3 Buttons, 95c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.80

LADIES'

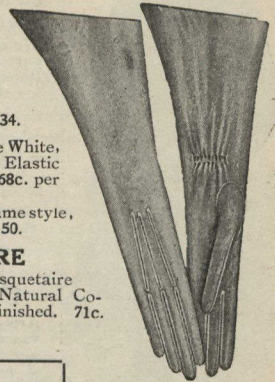
No. 306. Superior Quality Chamois Leather Gloves, 6 Button length saxe, with Elastic at wrist, wide tops, as illustrated. 46c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$1.34.

Washable Doeskin in Pure White, 6 Button length saxe, with Elastic at wrist, as illustration. 68c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$1.95.

Ditto 10 Button length, same style, 85c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.50.

MOUSQUETAIRE

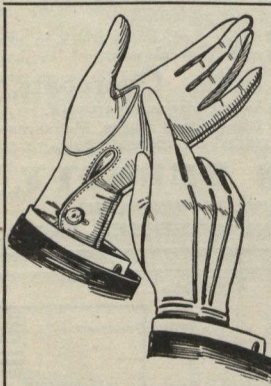
10 Button length Mousquetaire Chamois Leather Gloves, Natural Colour, splendidly made and finished. 71c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.07.



The "Connaught" Superior Quality Cape Gloves (British Made), in Tan Shades, Spear Points, Prixseam Sewn, 2 Press Buttons, 71c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.07.

The "Blenheim" Best Quality Fine Cape, (British Made), in White, Tan, Oak, Dark Grey or Black, Spear Points, Prixseam Sewn, 2 Press Buttons, 91c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.68.

Best Quality Cape, Rainproof Driving Gloves, with gusset, Strap and Press Button, Prixseam Sewn, Spear Points, in Tan only. 91c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.68.



MEN'S GLOVES

No. 324. Stout Chamois Leather, prixseam sewn, splendidly made and finished, 1 Button. 61c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$1.79.

Ditto extra stout, hand-sewn, 1 Button. 73c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.13.

The "Canadian" Buck finish, a splendid wearing glove, in Tan or Grey prixseam sewn, 1 Press Button, 95c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.80.

The Arlington. Tan Cape Gloves, medium weight, Spear Points, Pique Sewn, 1 Press Button. 79c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$2.31.

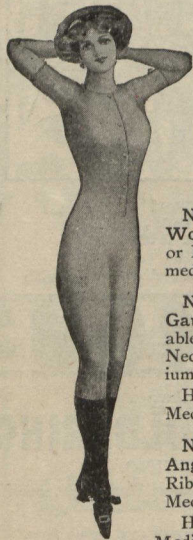
SILK GLOVES

With Invisible Double Finger Tips

Rich Quality Melanese Silk, (British Made), in Black, White, Cream, Greys, Pastel, Beavers and Navy, 2 Press Buttons, 44c. per pair.

12 Button length Mousquetaire ditto in Black, White or Cream, 73c. per pair.

16 Button length ditto, 85c. per pair.



The L. G. Co. direct attention to their Specialties in Ladies' Hosiery and Underwear, unequalled for Quality, Wear and Value.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

No. H426. Ladies' White Unshrinkable Wool Combinations, (British Made), Low or High Neck, Short Sleeves, slender or medium sizes, \$1.20. Outsize, \$1.44.

No. H407. Ladies' White Scotch Gauze Merino Combinations, (Unshrinkable). Best quality, make and finish, Low Neck, Ribbed Arms. Slender, \$1.44, Medium, \$1.58, Outsize, \$1.69.

High Neck, Short Sleeves, Slender or Medium Sizes, \$1.69, Outsize, \$1.83.

No. H410. Ladies' Silk and Merino, Anglo-Indian Combinations, Low Neck, Ribbed Arms or Short Sleeves, Slender or Medium Sizes, \$2.17, Outsize, \$2.42.

High Neck, Short Sleeves, Slender, or Medium Sizes, \$2.42, Outsize, \$2.66.

LADIES' HOSIERY

The L. G. Co.'s. Celebrated HOLE-PROOF HOSE made from soft wear resisting yarn, English Manufacture, Black or Tan. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½ inch feet, 30c. per pair, 6 pairs for \$1.71.

"THE INVINCIBLE" HOLE-PROOF CASHMERE

the best wearing cashmere stocking ever produced. The feet and ankles are plated with wear resisting material which protects the stocking from the pressure of the shoe.

No. H1. Black only. 36c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$1.05.

No. H2. Black or Tan, 47c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$1.38.

The PROKLIPS, with Spliced Tops, for use with Stocking Suspensers.

LISLE THREAD, with Embroidered Silk Clox as illustration, in Black, Tans and Shoe Bronze, 53c. per pair, 3 pairs for \$1.52.



PRICE LISTS may be obtained free, on application to the Ontario Publishing Company, 15 Wellington St. East, Toronto Remittances, including postage by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY General Post Office, London, England. Mail orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.

Address all Orders **The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.**

Royal Vinolia

SHAVING STICK



A SHAVING Luxury, giving a creamy lather, not drying on the face, but refreshing and soothing and stimulating to the skin. Works readily with either hot or cold water. Assures a smooth, pleasurable shave.

Put up in a handsome nickel box, fit for the finest dressing table, price 25 cents.

SHAVING POWDER

THE equivalent of Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick in powder form. Many gentlemen prefer it as more convenient and time-saving. Sprinkle a little of the powder on your wet brush—the soap instantly dissolves and you rub the creamy, soft, luxurious lather into the beard the moment you begin. It is a revelation of shaving comfort.

On sale at all druggists



In handsome enamelled tin container, with special shaker top, 25 cents.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED
LONDON PARIS TORONTO

A FOREWORD

THE OTTAWA JOURNAL SAID RECENTLY: "A BAND OF YOUNGER MEN HAS ARISEN, KEENLY INTERESTED IN THE ARTS—IN SOUND, IN COLOUR, AND SUAVENESS—IN MUSIC, PAINTING, AND POETRY. VITUPERATION HAS LITTLE SCOPE IN THEIR CREATIVE CRITICISM. THEY SEEK RATHER TO POINT A WAY, TO BLAZE A TRAIL THROUGH THE WILDS OF WHAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN, PAINTED, AND PLAYED IN CANADA. THE BEST OF THEIR WORK IS APPEARING IN THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. THEIR LEADER IS UNDOUBTEDLY DR. J. D. LOGAN, THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL CRITIC OF THE TORONTO NEWS." READERS MAY ASSUME THEREFORE THAT DR. LOGAN'S ARTICLE, "CANADIAN CREATIVE COMPOSERS," WHICH APPEARS IN THIS NUMBER, IS FROM THE PEN OF AN AUTHORITY, A METROPOLITAN CRITIC OF ACKNOWLEDGED DIGNITY AND SERIOUSNESS. MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL'S HISTORICAL SKETCH OF "THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF CANADA" WILL BE READ WITH PROFOUND INTEREST, AND THIS OUTSTANDING WRITER HAS PROMISED FURTHER ARTICLES OF HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE. THE MATERIAL FOR HER SKETCH MRS. MACKAY FOUND IN THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. PRENTISS, AN AGED LADY LIVING IN VANCOUVER. THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF HOW SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE ACTUALLY BUILT HIS RAILWAY IN CUBA IS, ALTHOUGH IT READS LIKE A ROMANCE, THE WORK OF A CAREFUL AND CONSCIENTIOUS JOURNALIST OF MONTREAL. AS AN OFFSET TO IT IN INTEREST, READ MR. AMY'S SKETCH OF SWIFT, THE "PRECOCIOUS PIONEER." MR. MUDDIMAN DESERVES PRAISE FOR HIS FINE TRANSLATION OF A VERY FINE PIECE OF FICTION—"THE BLIND MAN'S BROTHER." THE VERSE CONTRIBUTIONS ARE FROM MR. HAVERSON AND MR. READE, TWO YOUNG TORONTO JOURNALISTS, AND MISS MONTGOMERY, AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES" ETC.



The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S **La-rola**

Obtainable from all Stores & Chemists
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.



SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

Are just ideal where nourishment, warmth, and ease of preparation count.

Contents of one packet make a quart of rich, delicious soup, a plateful of which, with bread, offers a delicious and sustaining meal. There are eleven varieties, each distinctive, each delightful.

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|--------------|
| Mulligatawby | Tomato | Green Pea |
| Lentil | Pea | Celery |
| Onion | Ox Tail | Scotch Broth |
| White Vegetable | Mock Turtle | |

Ontario Agents:

F. E. ROBSON & CO., Ltd.
26 Front Street East
Toronto



'Camp' is a
real refresher.

A cup of 'Camp' in the middle of the morning's housework makes a wonderful difference.

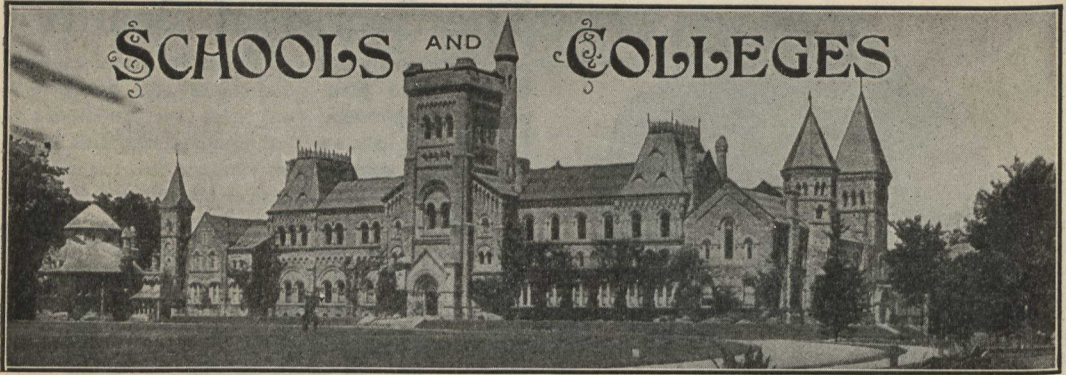
A minute to make — just 'Camp,' boiling water, sugar, milk — and you are ready, refreshed, to start again.

'Camp' Coffee is delicious!

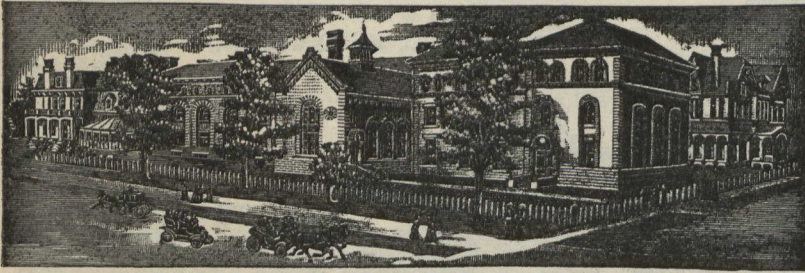
CAMP COFFEE

Get a bottle to-day.

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd
Coffee Specialists,
Glasgow



SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



Faculty of 100
Specialists

Women's
Residences

Re-opens on
Tuesday,
2nd September

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

YEAR BOOK for 1913-14 will be mailed on application. **Special Calendar for School of Expression**



RIDLEY COLLEGE

St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres. The School won University Scholarships at Matriculation in 1909, 1910 and 1911. REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.

BRANKSOME

HALL

10 ELM AVE., ROSEDALE, TORONTO

A Residential & Day School for Girls

Hon. Principal, Miss M. T. SCOTT.
Principal, Miss EDITH M. READ, M.A.

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Well equipped Art Department. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large playgrounds. Outdoor games.—Tennis, Basketball, Rink. Healthful locality.

Primary School for Day Pupils.
Autumn Term will begin Sept. 11th.

For prospectus apply to the secretary.

TRAFALGAR INSTITUTE

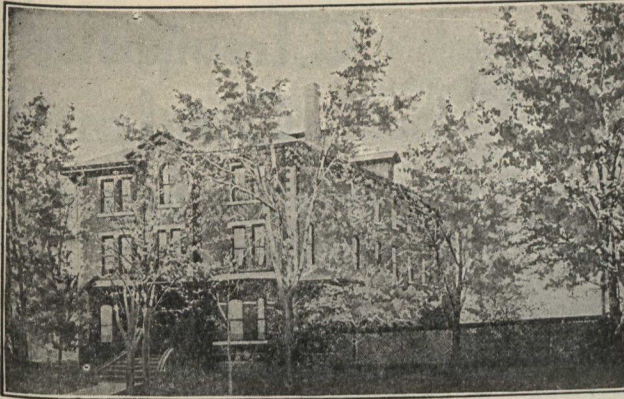
(Affiliated to McGill University.)

83 SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL.

For the Higher Education of Young Women, with Preparatory Department for Girls under 13 years of age. President—Rev. James Barclay, D.D., LL.D. Vice-President—Ven. J. G. Norton, D.D., Archdeacon of Montreal. Principal—Miss Charlotte S. Hardy, M. A., Cambridge.

The Institute will re-open TUESDAY, 16th September, at NOON. Entrance Examinations for new scholars will be held at the School on Saturday, 13th September, at 10 o'clock a.m.

For Prospectus, etc., apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, North British Mercantile Building, 80 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.



Glen Mawr

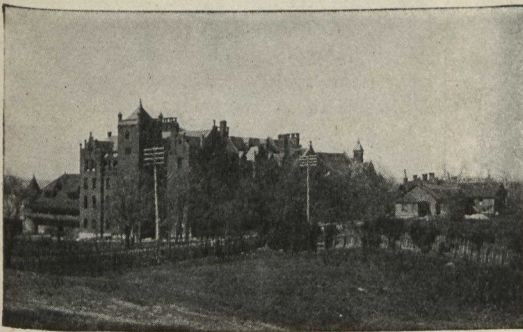
651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

Residential and Day School for Girls

Principo—MISS J. J. STUART
(Successor to Miss Veals)

Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England
Large well-ventilated house, pleasantly situated.
Highly qualified staff of Canadian and European teachers. The curriculum shows close touch with modern thought and education. Preparation for matriculation examinations. Special attention given to individual needs. Outdoor Games, Rink.

School Re-Opens [September] 11th.
New Prospectus from Miss STUART.



Trinity College School

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Residential School for Boys

FOUNDED 1865

Beautiful Healthy situation overlooking Lake Ontario with 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent New Covered Rink.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course. Special attention given to younger boys.

For Calendar apply to the Headmaster—

REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M. A. (Camb.)

(Late Headmaster St. Alban's School, Brockville).
Next Term begins September 11th.



Bishop's College School

LENNOXVILLE P.Q.

Head Master: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

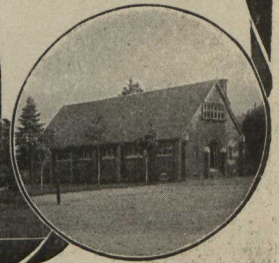
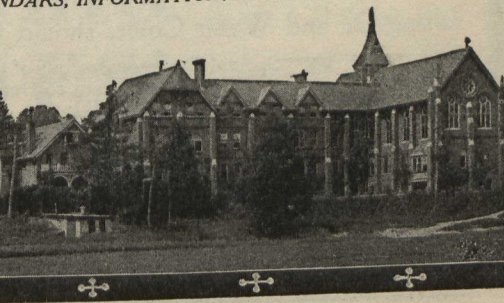
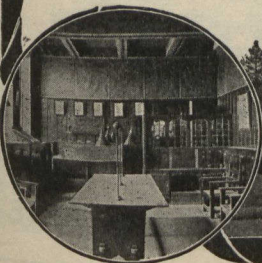
Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

All B.C.S. candidates for Matriculation into the Royal Military College Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

FOR CALENDARS, INFORMATION, Etc., APPLY TO THE HEAD MASTER.





WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, TORONTO

Westminster College

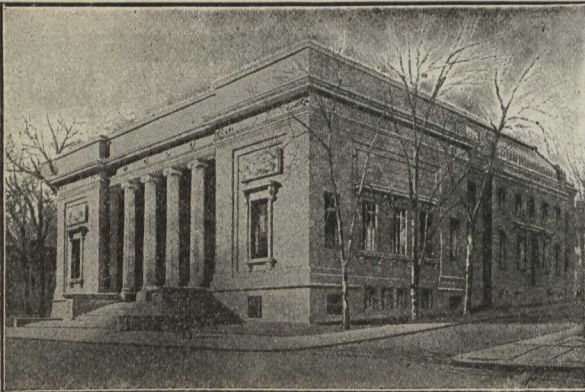
A RESIDENTIAL & DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Opposite Queen's Park. Bloor St. W., Toronto

Every Educational facility provided.
Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation.
Music, Art and Physical Education.

The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

Calendar mailed on request.

JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C., President.
MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal.



Art Association OF MONTREAL

The Schools of Art in the New Galleries, Elementary, Life, Antique and Painting Classes will re-open for 1913-14 on the 14th October, 1913.

Application should be made promptly to

J. B. ABBOTT, Secretary

Write for Prospectus



ARTISTS, COLLEGES and STUDENTS
Using Oil and Water Colors should write for our Catalog

Special Discounts to out of town Customers.
Trade discount to Dealers.

We are Agents for—

CAMBRIDGE COLORS (Madderton & Co.)

MEDICI PRINTS (Medici Society)

MANSELL'S COLORED and PLAIN PLATINUM
and CARBON PICTURES of Old Masters

ARTISTS' SUPPLY CO. 77½ YORK STREET
TORONTO

Bishop Strachan School

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR
A Church Residential and Day School For Girls.

Full Matriculation Course, Elementary Work, Domestic Arts,
Music and Painting,

President: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Principal - **MISS WALSH** | Vice-Principal - **MISS NATION**

WYKEHAM HALL, COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO.

Also 423 Avenue Road—A BRANCH JUNIOR DAY SCHOOL

Kindergarten, Preparatory and Lower School classes under well-qualified mistresses.

Reopens Wednesday, September 10th, for Resident Pupils, and Thursday, September 11th, for Day Pupils.



WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

278 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Canada.

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed, and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

Ashbury College

ROCKCLIFFE PARK
OTTAWA, ONT.

RESIDENT AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Modern fireproof buildings. Ten acres playing fields. Pure water supply from own artesian well. Gymnasium, Chapel.

Special preparation for R.M.C., Universities, and Royal Canadian Navy, at all of which the School has obtained many recent successes.

Junior Department for little boys.

For Calendar apply—REV. GEO. P. WOOLLCOMBE, M.A., (Oxon.)

HEADMASTER.

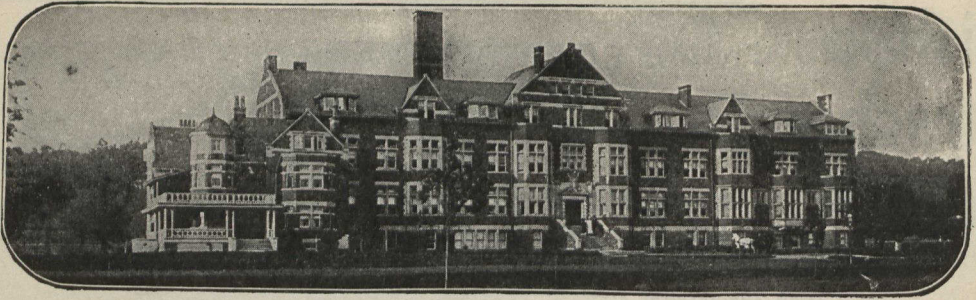
SCHOOL WILL RE OPEN SEPTEMBER 10th, 1913

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

And Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art, Whitby, Canada, Stands For Efficient and Cultured Young Womanhood

The new \$25,000 Gymnasium, with swimming pool, etc., together with a large and attractive campus, affords facilities for Scientific Physical Education unequalled in any Ladies' School in this country. The strength of the staff may be judged from the fact that Seven University Graduates, all Specialists in their subjects, give instruction in the Literary Department. All the other Departments are equally well provided for. Send for new illustrated Calendar to

REV. J. J. HARE, PH. D., Principal



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.

A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. UPPE¹⁴ and
 LOWER SCHOOLS. Calendar sent on application. **Autumn Term Commences Sept. 11th.**
 REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M. A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson
Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.
Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball,
 Hockey, Swimming Bath.

Write for Prospectus

MRS GEORGE DICKSON,
 President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,
 Principal.

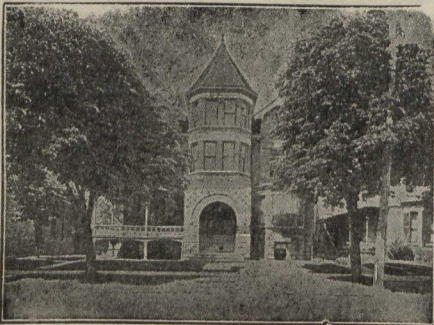
LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Head Master:
C.S. Fosbery, M.A.

Successes:
 1st place McGill Science
 Matric. in 1910 and 1912.

Term commences
 Sept. 10 at 9 a.m.

MONTREAL



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

LIMITED

12-14 PEMBROKE STREET

F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
 Musical Director.

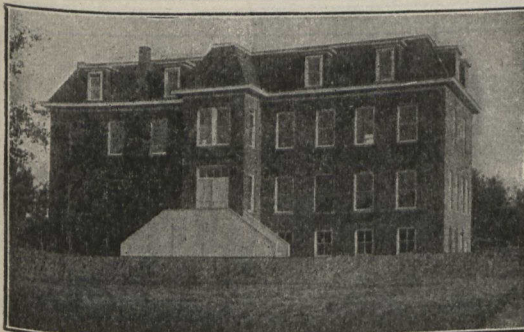
COLLEGE RE-OPENS
 SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1913

Send for new Calendar and Syllabus.

YOUR Boy AND Girl

SHOULD BE EDUCATED TO SUPPORT THEMSELVES.

- ☞ Give them 6 months or a year in one of our schools to enjoy the advantages of a thorough Business Course and their success is assured.
- ☞ We are constantly training young people for business situations and are sending them out into appointments at good salaries.
- ☞ The cost for a Course of 6 months includes \$60 for fees, \$10 for supplies and \$120 for living expenses—say \$200—a small investment for big results.
- ☞ Students admitted any school day in the year. Get our catalogue in the meantime and plan to send your boy or girl to us.
- ☞ Address W. H. Shaw, President, Shaw's Schools, Toronto. Head Office at Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

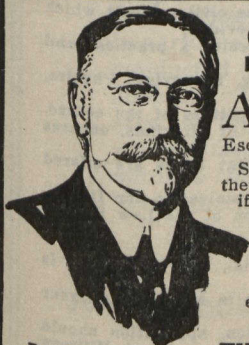


A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls St. Alban's Ladies' College PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

President—The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan
Regular Course of Study—That laid down by the Department of Education. Pupils prepared for the Universities for the Normal School, for the Examination of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and for the Royal Drawing Society. Fully Qualified Staff. Special attention given to Language and Music. High and healthy situation. Good grounds and Tennis Court. Steam Heating and Electric Light. Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.

A large new wing will be opened in the Autumn.

For Illustrated Booklet (all information) apply to Lady Principal



Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of Lippincott's Magazine.

Story-writers must be *made* as well as *born*; they must master the details of construction if they would turn their talents to account.

May we send you the names of students and graduates who have succeeded? And the success their letters prove is *practical*. It means recognition, accepted manuscripts and checks from editors.

One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for \$125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy, and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein."

We also offer courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism; in all over One Hundred Home Study Courses, many of them under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

250-Page Catalog Free. Please Address

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 293, Springfield, Mass.

HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

JARVIS STREET

TORONTO

PRINCIPAL

MISS KNOX

Thorough education on modern lines. Preparation for honor matriculation and other examinations. Separate Junior School, Domestic Science Department, Gymnasium, Outdoor Games, Skating Rink, Swimming Bath.

HAVERGAL-ON-THE-HILL

JUNIOR SCHOOL

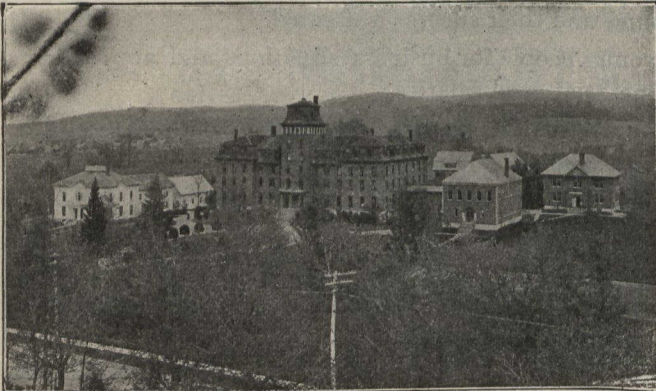
COLLEGE HEIGHTS, TORONTO

for the convenience of pupils resident in the Northern and Western parts of the City. Large Playing Grounds of nearly four acres—cricket, tennis, basketball, hockey. Under the direct supervision of Miss Knox, assisted by specialists in Junior School teaching and in Languages.

For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply to the Bursar.

SCHOOL WILL RE-OPEN ON SEPT. 17.

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.



Stanstead College

A Residential School for Boys and Girls. Students prepared for the University and Military College. Thorough courses in English, Music, Business, Household Science and Manual Training.

Affiliated with the Toronto College of Music and McGill University.

Situation, beautiful and healthful, with large campus and good gymnasium.

For Prospectus write to—

G. J. Trueman, M.A., Principal
Stanstead, Que.

Fall Term opens September 11th, 1913



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

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

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

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

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

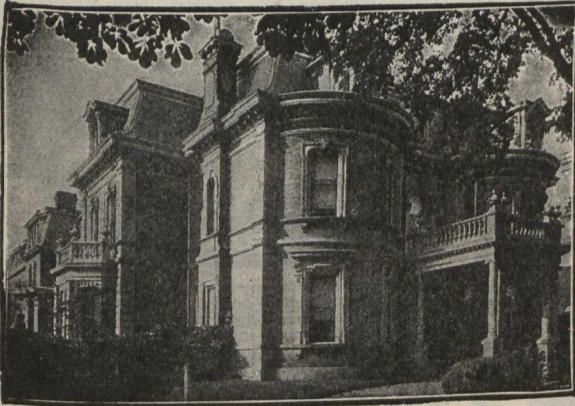
The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

MOULTON COLLEGE

*A high grade Residential School
for Girls and Young Women*



Courses—

MATRICULATION

ENGLISH

MUSIC

ART

Careful Training under Qualified
Teachers.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 10th

*Write for Prospectus and Special
Information to*

THE PRINCIPAL,
Moulton College

34 Bloor St. East - Toronto

The 'Right' Start spells 'Success'

Give that boy of yours the *right* start. Give him an opportunity of acquiring a college education *under proper conditions*. We emphasise the *conditions* governing education because, in very many instances, they are *far more important* than the education in itself.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

is a *christian college home* as well as an *educational institution of national importance*. It offers *Intellectual, Manual and Physical* training—all conducted with a *thoroughness* and an *efficiency* very beneficial to the student. The curriculum is varied. The teachers are university graduates and thoroughly practiced. The climate and situation of the college are *both ideal*. The buildings are substantial—the class rooms and dormitories *cheerful, well lighted and comfortable*. The fees are *reasonable*. Write the Principal for Calendar and particulars. College re-opens Sept. 2.

A. T. MacNEILL, B. A.

Woodstock College

Woodstock, Ont.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO



Premier Boys' School of Canada

Founded 1829 by SIR JOHN COLBORNE, GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate modern buildings.
 50 acres playing and athletic fields, with rinks, gymnasium and full equipment.
 Specially constructed detached infirmary, with resident nurse.
 Summer Camp at Lake Temagami, conducted by the Physical Instructor of the College, trains boys to take care of themselves in the open.
 SUCCESSES 1912—Scholarships 2, Honours (Matriculation) 23, Pass Matriculation 12, Royal Military College Passes 5.
 All particulars and historical sketch on application.
Autumn term begins September 11th, 1913, 10 a.m. Boarders return on the 10th.
 Arnold Morphy, Bursar



FOR BOY AND GIRL

ALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 9

A RESIDENT SCHOOL. PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL AND COLLEGIATE COURSES. MUSIC AND ART. Newly built and equipped, ideal site, easy access from Toronto. Full information in illustrated year book.

Write—W. P. Firth, M.A., D.Sc., Principal, Newmarket, Ont.

LICHTENTAG SHORTHAND PARAGON

7 Lessons

Remarkable improvement in the art by an expert—not a mere theorist. Speed capacity beyond reach of the hand. Wonderfully simple—easy to use—easy to read. Is being used in the service of the U. S. Government, in Court Reporting, in the offices of largest corporations and firms in the land. Entire system can be learned in 7 days; then you practice for speed.

Claims Backed by **\$100,000.00**
 "Simply write: 'I want shorthand for personal use.'" or: "I want shorthand as a vocation and as a stepping-stone to high-salaried positions."
 And we will at once send full proof and particulars and quote fee for teaching you the system **In Your Own Home.**

7 **PARAGON Shorthand Institute** 1475 Camp St., New Orleans, La. **DAYS**

REMINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

269 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

Thorough courses in Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and all kindred subjects. Graduates successfully placed. *Catalog free.*

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto. Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

Send for Calendar

Bishop Bethune College - Oshawa, Ontario

A Residential School for Girls.
 Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto,

Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Young children also received. Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training. The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and of a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success. Voice culture will be in charge of a qualified mistress. College Re-opens September 17th.
 For terms and particulars, apply to the SISTER IN CHARGE, or to THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Major St., TORONTO.

OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION

IDEALLY SITUATED—EFFICIENT STAFF—ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Calendar and Particulars promptly sent on application.

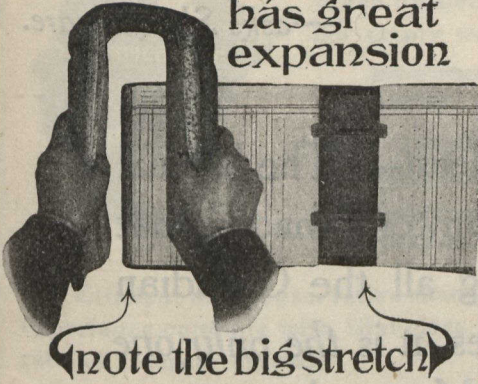
REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M. A., Ph. H., D. D., President.

Kalamazoo Point Number Four

The Kalamazoo

Loose Leaf Binder

has great expansion



note the big stretch

Expansion is an important feature in a Loose Leaf Ledger. One binder is said to be superior to another in that it has greater expansion. :: ::

The "Kalamazoo" binder, however, is in a class by itself. Its expansion is practically unlimited, and it is the only binder that will hold one sheet or five inches of sheets and hold every one as firmly as in a bound book.

Other binders have to be filled to a certain thickness in order to be workable. The "Kalamazoo" holds just as few or as many sheets as one requires, whether fifty sheets or one thousand. :: :: :: ::

Booklet "C.M." describing the binder, may be had for the asking. :: :: ::

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account-
Book Makers
Toronto

King &
Spadina

DEBENTURES

ISSUED

In Sums of \$100 and upwards
for terms of one or more years

*INTEREST PAID
HALF-YEARLY.*

Interest computed from the date on which money is received, at a rate varying according to the term for which the debenture is issued.

These Debentures are a Legal Investment for Trust Funds

They are a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

We shall be glad to mail a specimen debenture, copy of Annual Report, and any further information desired to anyone sending us their address.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

TORONTO STREET - TORONTO

ESTABLISHED 1855

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

—asks Shakespeare.

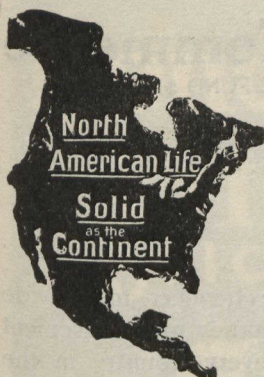
There is one name at least---“The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada---that is significant, for among all the Canadian legal reserve companies, it is *the only one organized on the Mutual system.*

In a *Mutual* Company there is no stock, there are no special dividends: the policyholders are credited with the whole surplus. It is co-operative and economical life insurance---“straight from the Manufacturer to the Consumer.”

The Mutual Life Assurance Co.
OF CANADA

Waterloo - - - - - Ontario.

CANADA'S ONLY MUTUAL.



“Solid as the Continent”

When applied to the North American Life these are not empty words. They are substantiated by facts.

Insurance in Force	-	Over \$50,000,000
Assets	-	“ 13,250,000

Since organization the North American Life has paid to Policyholders:

Death Claims	-	Over \$4,600,000
Profits to Policyholders	-	“ 1,570,000

Efficient and conservative management along with a favorable mortality experience combine with first-class investments in producing an increasing rate of interest earned.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

“SOLID AS THE CONTINENT”

Head Office - TORONTO

A WORD IN SEASON

The Great-West Life has recently issued several large policies to cover contingencies present financial conditions have caused.

There are two suggestions here—

1. That of the manifold advantages of Life Insurance—not the least is its value in a business emergency.
2. That men of large interests, examining many proposals with the utmost care, choose Great-West Policies.

Over 40,000 Policyholders, insured for more than \$90,000,000, endorse The Great-West Policies. They obtain in these Policies sound protection at

LOWEST NET COST.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office - - Winnipeg.

BOND OFFERINGS

Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.

Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.

Yield 4% to 6%

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND \$12,500,000

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C. V. O., LL. D., D. C. L., President.

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager.

JOHN AIRD, Asst. General Manager.

Travellers' Cheques

Issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce enable the traveller to provide himself with funds without delay at each point of his journey in a convenient yet inexpensive manner. They are issued payable in every country in the world in denominations of

\$10. \$20. \$50. \$100. \$200.

with the exact equivalent in the moneys of the principal countries stated on the face of each cheque. They are economical, absolutely safe, self-identifying and easily negotiated.

LONDON, ENGLAND OFFICE, 2 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

New York Agency: 16 Exchange Place.

Mexico City: Avenida San Francisco, No. 50

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,000,000

Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Total Assets - 180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

H. S. HOLT, <i>President</i>	E. L. PEASE, <i>Vice-President</i>	E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C., <i>2nd Vice-President</i>
Wiley Smith	Hon. David Mackeen	G. R. Crowe
D. K. Elliott	W. H. Thorne	Hugh Paton
	C. S. Wilcox	W. J. Sheppard
		T. J. Drummond
		A. E. Dymont
		James Redmond
		A. J. Brown, K. C.
		Wm. Robertson

Officers.

E. L. Pease, General Manager

W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches

C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

310—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—310

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands and British Honduras.

LONDON, ENG., 2 Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.

NEW YORK, Corner William and Cedar Sts

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

London Life

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

Have you provided for those who are dependent upon you? Good intentions or good resolutions will not count for much when your widow is struggling to make a living. Ask for booklet, "Endowment at Life Rate."



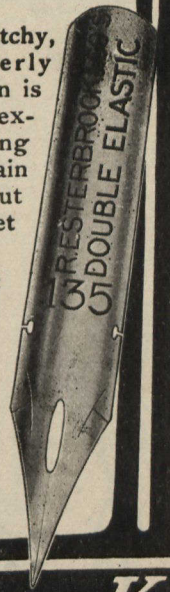
A scratchy, improperly made pen is not only exasperating but a strain on the writer. No need to put up with it when you can get Esterbrook Pens.

Easiest writing, longest wearing. Backed by a half-century's reputation.

Ask your stationer.

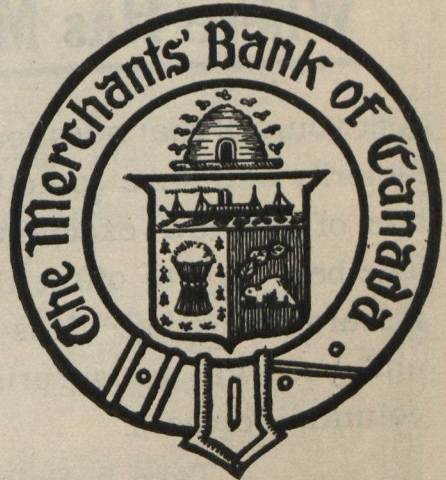
Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
New York Camden, N.J.
BROWN BROS. LIMITED
Canadian Agents
TORONTO



Esterbrook

250 styles Pens



Paid-up Capital - - \$6,758,900
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 6,820,189

197 Branches in Canada.
Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

General Banking Business.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	181,888.26

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.

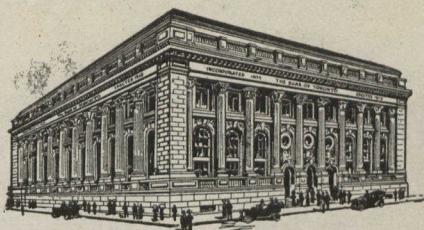
Where Has My Money Gone?

Ask yourself that question. If you can answer it satisfactorily and have something to show for it, you are one of the few exceptions among our young men. The best way to offset the evil of spending is a Life Assurance Policy. It is a compulsory Savings Bank and you will be surprised how rapidly your credit column increases.

Take a Policy now with the

Federal Life Assurance Co.

HAMILTON - - - - - ONTARIO



New Head Office Premises of The Bank of Toronto
Corner King and Bay Streets, Toronto.

Banking Convenience

The Bank of Toronto, with departments equipped to transact business of any description appertaining to banking, and with numerous branches distributed throughout the Dominion, and a full list of banking correspondents, is enabled to offer its customers exceptional facilities for the transaction of their financial affairs. The Capital and Reserve Funds of the Bank of Toronto amount to \$11,176,578. Its branches number 117.

A Joint Savings Account

Partners in business, husband and wife, or Joint Treasurers of a Trust Fund, will find a Joint Savings Account in The Bank of Toronto a very great convenience. With an account of this nature, either of two persons may deposit or withdraw money, and in the event of the death of either party the balance belongs to the survivor.

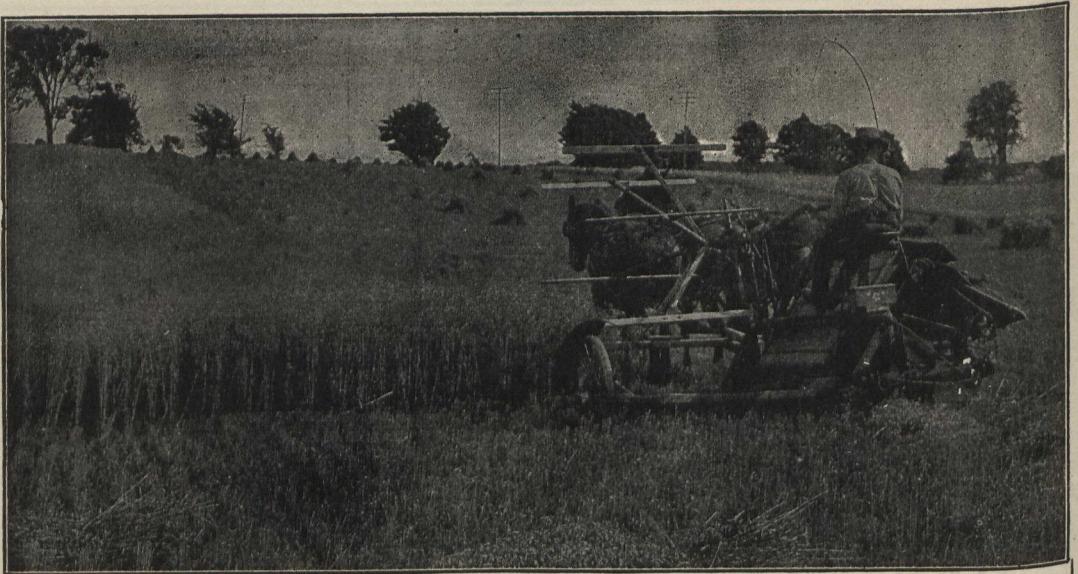
Paid-up Capital.....	\$5,000,000
Reserved Funds.....	\$6,176,578
Deposits, over.....	\$41,000,000

INCORPORATED 1855

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Head Office:

TORONTO CANADA



**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD
for SETTLEMENT?*

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and
Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a
country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of
whose farms thousands are growing rich.

**Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest
in the WORLD.**

=====
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

**W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or
J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.**



The cook of Spotless Town's away. You'll guess what makes the guests so gay.
 It cleans the pots and pans in haste. It cannot scatter, harm or waste.
 It cuts expenses, so you know
 It's sharp to use

SAPOLIO

quickly Sapolio cleans floors, shelves and enamel ware.
 Sapolio's rich suds remove every trace of dirt and grease.

thoroughly Sapolio scours your knives, forks and all cooking utensils—making them look almost new.

brilliantly Sapolio polishes faucets and other metal surfaces and puts a wonderful white glitter on your baking tins. It does not harm these smooth surfaces nor roughen your hands.

You rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth. *Not a particle scatters or wastes.*

If you value your kitchen utensils and wish to have soft hands, use nothing but Sapolio—the economical cleaner.

(Silver wrapper
—blue band)



FREE TOY for the CHILDREN

On request, we will mail a Spotless Town Cut-Out for children. It consists of the Spotless Town background, 8 1/4 inches long, and nine Spotless Town characters in color, which cut out to stand as placed in front of the Town. This makes a very attractive miniature town for the playroom.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company

Sole Manufacturers

New York City

100% PURE

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

"E.D.S." BRAND GOODS

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

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

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

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

E. D. SMITH - WINONA, ONT.



BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON

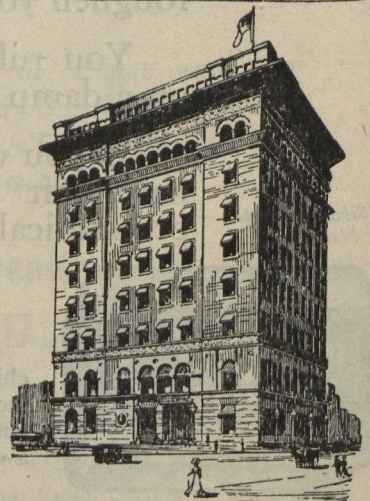
CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

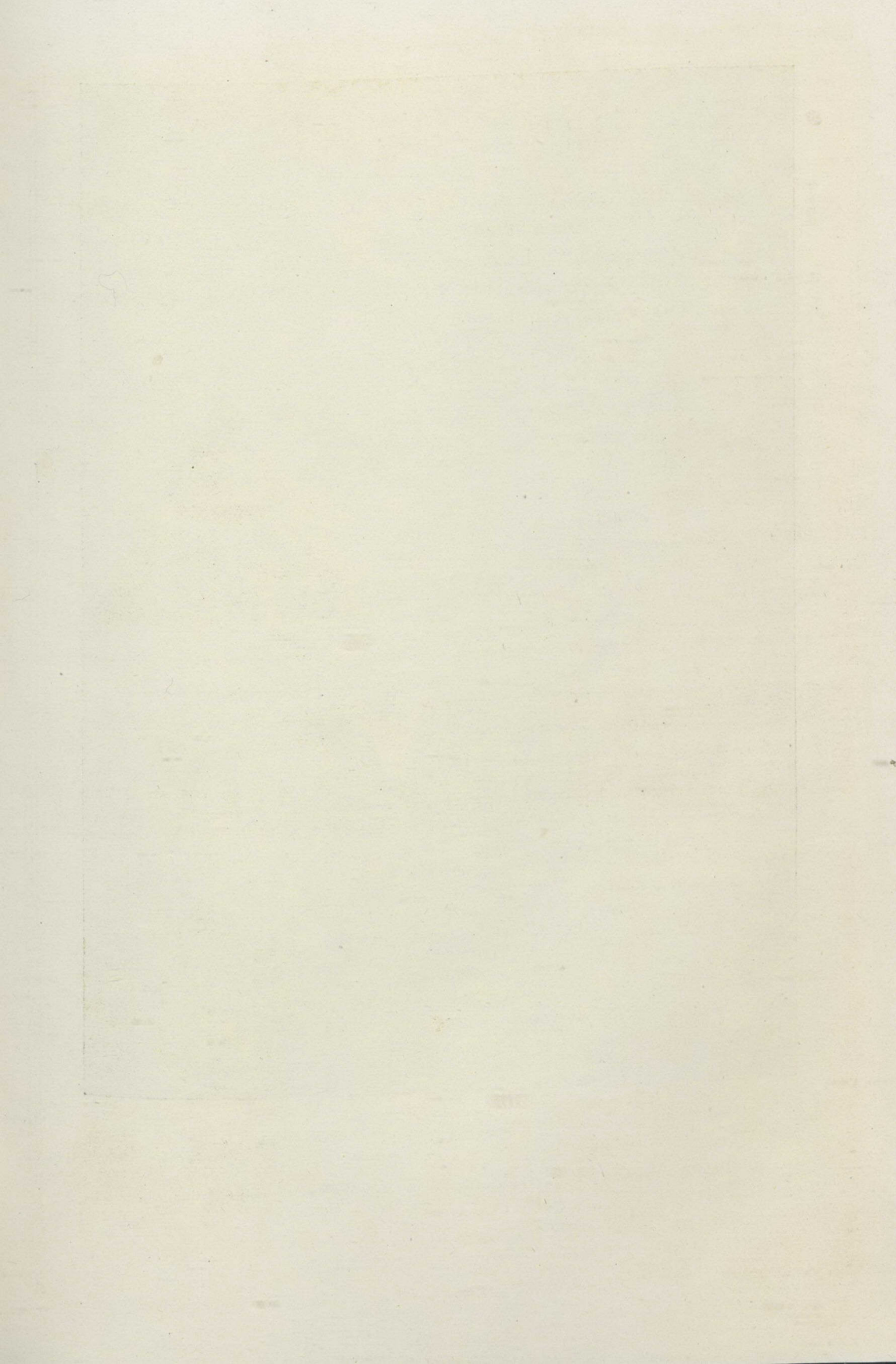
RESERVE AND UNDI-
VIDED PROFITS ... 3,750,000

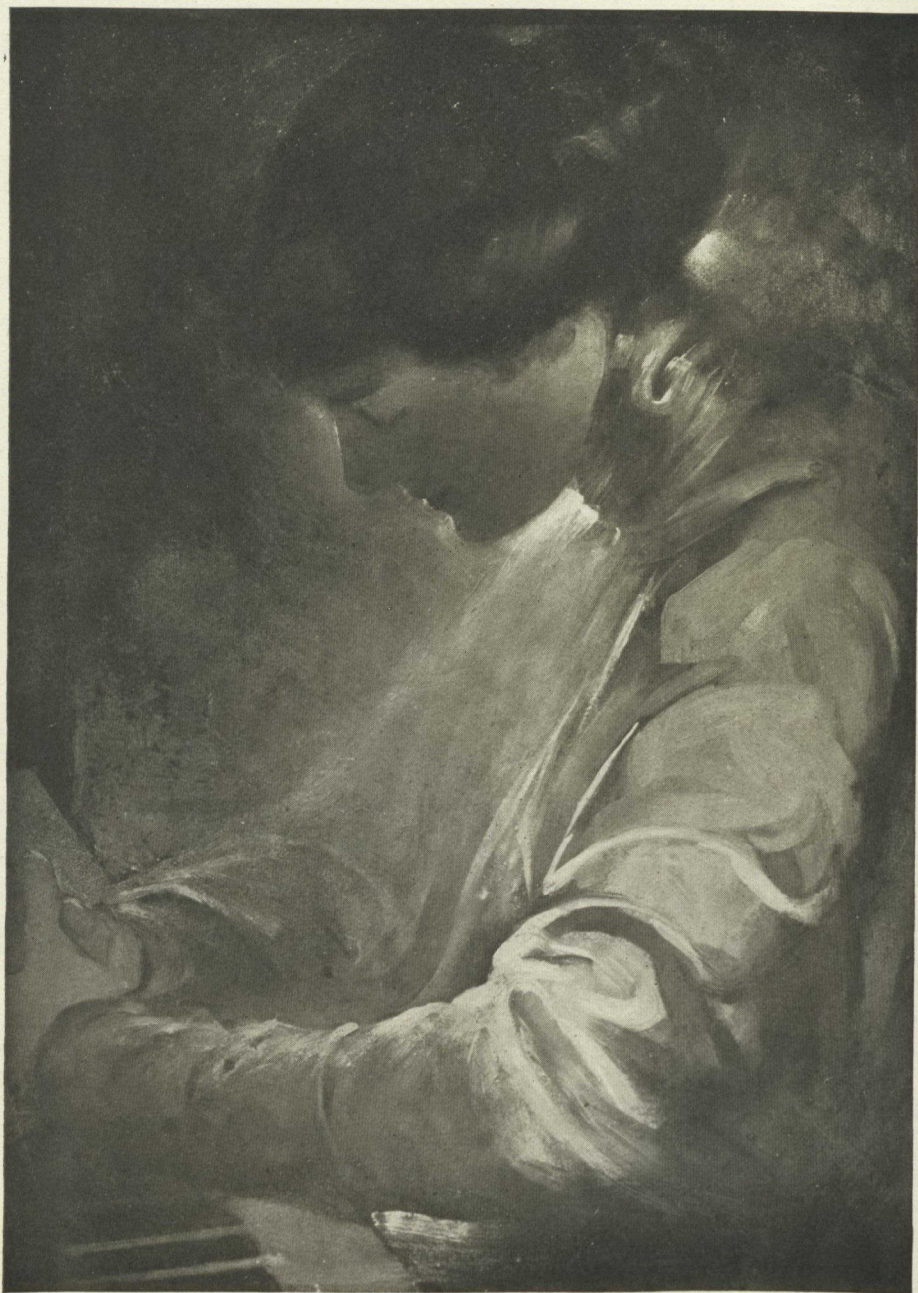
\$6,750,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
BRANCHES







MUSIC

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 5

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF
CANADA

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

AUTHOR OF "IAN OF THE ORCADES," "A BEAUTIFUL REBEL,"
"THE GREAT LAKES," ETC.

DOWN on the shores of the St. Lawrence, where it widens into what is called Lake St. Francis, are the two old Loyalist and Highland Townships of Lancaster and Charlottenburg. These two townships comprise the whole south front of the historic County of Glengarry, famous in Canadian annals for its Scottish and Loyalist military settlements.

This is a region of an early colonial influence, where every other country home, could it speak, has a story to tell, and every old settled hamlet has been the birthplace or bidding-place of some distinguished man or group of men. Here, in the dreamy Canadian summer afternoon, one can loiter down lilac-bordered garden lanes, or across the drowsy opens, by stream and field and note on every hand the signs of age in man's occupancy of the soil. The old moss-covered barns, and one-time hospitable

stone chimneys, in roofs and gables, all speak rather of the effort and ideal of the past than of the energy of the present. Yet it is a delightful country to abide in, and pleasant and interesting to eye and soul, with rich soil and well-tilled fields of a people contented if not overly ambitious.

Here it was that in the early eighties of the eighteenth century, even before the founding of the Upper Province, came the first Loyalist and military settlers, overflowing from the more seaward settlements and Montreal, where some of them were residing as refugees and veterans of the Scottish and Loyalist disbanded regiments. It was these intrepid colonists, who, daring to meet the privations of a forest-life, became the earliest pioneers of old Upper Canada.

The Grand Trunk Railway, the pioneer railroad of Eastern Canada,

runs along the river front of this interesting old district, and the observing traveller will notice the general appearance of a long-settled community in the aspect of the villages and the country farms and houses, scattered along the line of travel. Leaving the train at Lancaster, an old frontier town, a drive of about eight miles along the picturesque river Raisin, through a finely cultivated countryside, brings us to Williamstown, one of the most ancient villages and settlements in what was once Upper Canada. Here is St. Andrew's, the oldest Presbyterian church in the Province, and said to have been the first place of Christian worship in Upper Canada. The parish was organised in 1787 by the Reverend John Bethune, a retired military chaplain of a Loyalist regiment, who came from Montreal, where he was minister of St. Gabriel's church, and founded this, the first Protestant religious mission. Bethune was a man of piety and ability, and he founded one of the most distinguished Canadian families. Of his sons, one was the second Bishop of Toronto, succeeding Dr. Strachan, who was his schoolmaster at Williamstown; and another was Archdeacon of Montreal and the first Principal of McGill University. The present church, a quaint stone building, which is built on the site of the first one, dates from the 12th of September, 1812, a few weeks before the death of Brock.

Here also still stands on the river's bank, the old wooden building where Strachan, that other famous old Scottish divine, whose life has been written by Bishop Bethune, taught his grammar school. It is a low gray building, with rough clapboard walls, giving no present sign of its historic importance as the one-time hall of learning for Canadian youth.

Northward again, between these places in Glengarry is St. Raphael's, the pioneer place of Roman Catholic worship in the Province.

Here settled Father, afterwards Bishop, Macdonell, who brought out the disbanded regiment of Glengarry Highlanders and settled them in this now historic spot.

This old county became noted for its group of military Highlanders, many of them chieftain-like gentlemen of the Macdonald and other clans, who attempted to re-create, in the wilds of Canada, somewhat of that old Highland condition of life and society for which old Scotland is famous.

Farther along the River Raisin, which often seems like a large canal so even are its banks and so placid its waters, is Martinstown, another small social centre of bygone days.

From there we arrive at last after a drive of some miles, at McGillivray's Bridge, the old country-place of the McGillivrays, a family whose head is a clan chieftan in Scotland, and whose Canadian founder was a prominent public man.

Here resided in the early half of the nineteenth century the late Honourable John McGillivray, one of the leading men in his time in Upper Canada. He held many important county and provincial offices, and was raised to the Legislative Council of the Province in 1839 by Sir Charles Poulett Thompson. He married a daughter of Colonel Neil McLean, a noted military Loyalist, whose son became Chief Justice of Upper Canada. Mr. McGillivray's eldest son, Neil, succeeded to the chiefship of the clan, and inherited the family estates in Scotland, and another son, George, who was lately prominent in the county, being a public official, acquired the Canadian home at McGillivray Bridge. The house here, a fine sample of a Canadian country residence, stands by the river bank in a small park with well-kept grounds, and it commands a good view of the river and country beyond.

It was here, at this old Canadian home, that of a typical country gen-

tleman, a class of home all too rare in Canada for the country's good, that the writer discovered the long-forgotten papers and record-books of the long defunct Highland Society of Canada.

Who is there living to-day who even remembers the existence of such an association? Yet between sixty and seventy years ago, in the early half of the nineteenth century, its membership included the leading men of Scottish blood in the two Provinces of Canada.

In a large rambling garret, under the pine-raftered roof of the old house, dimly lighted by small, dusty, gable windows, where I groped on a loose floor of scattered boards, in search of rare documents, I came suddenly on the old records, which had long been lost to the memory even of their custodians themselves. The place of hiding was a brass-nailed, hairskin-bound trunk that showed evidence of having made over-sea voyages in the early years of the last century. There, with old books and papers, mice-nibbled and dusty, reposed the minute books and papers which chronicled the doings of this dead association.

So long had they lain there, and so many decades of years with other and alien dreams and ideals had passed in between, that their existence and contents had utterly gone out of mind, as had the old-time spinning wheels and candle moulds and other obsolete necessities and practices and customs of a forgotten and vanished era.

It was interesting to the historian, the man with the true love for the voices of the past, on parchment or foolscap, to scan once more those musty bundles of the sayings and doings of a generation gone. Little after all to the material mind were these old papers. No great find; just a few leather-bound minute books of an old association and some dusty old letters and petitions transcribed in the fine old clerky hand of a period

that could and did take pains to write well and correctly on honest foolscap in honest ink—the chronicles of scenes and actions, ideals and convictions of men now long mouldering beneath the turfs of the old Williamstown, St. Raphael's and other churchyards. And yet, what pictures of living men, what throbs of dead and gone patriotism are stirred anew by the perusal of those old mildewed pages.

There was the roll of membership, recalling a host of personages of a wide difference of vocation, religion and politics, and resident in all corners of the scattered colony; tickets and invitations to annual dinners, reviving pictures of old-time conviviality, long winded and deeply drunk toasts, continued into the wee hours, quite to early cock-crow; resolutions representing strong convictions on public and patriotic questions in a turbulent and perilous period of our history; and, last but not least, addresses to the various Governors, with their replies, showing the prominence, prestige and dignity of the Society.

But the Highland Society of Canada was much more than all this. It was not a mere loose association of social conviviality and patriotic sentiment. It was a branch of the Highland Society of London, England; a serious and powerful organization, with aims and action connected with the welfare of Scotland, and having for its head a Prince of the Blood Royal.

The Canadian Branch had its inception at a meeting held at the residence of Angus Maedonell, near the church at St. Raphael's, on Tuesday, the 10th of November, 1818. This meeting was called under authority from the parent society, bearing the seal of that corporation and the signature of His Royal Highness the Duke of York as president. The objects of both the parent and daughter societies are stated in the commission as follows:

“The preserving the language, martial spirit, dress, music and antiquities of the ancient Caledonians; for rescuing from oblivion the valuable remains of Gaelic literature; for the establishment and support of Gaelic schools; for relieving distressed Highlanders at a distance from their native homes; and for promoting the improvement and general welfare of the northern parts of the Island of Great Britain.”

This purpose and aim of the parent society, established in London in 1778, was adopted by the Canadian Branch with slight variations to suit the country, as is seen in the printed rules of the society issued on the re-organisation in 1843, and taken from the original minutes of 1819. Thus the establishment of Gaelic schools was extended to “other parts of the British Empire,” and with the “improvement and general welfare of the “northern parts of the Kingdom” was included that of the “Highland settlements of Canada.” It is interesting to note, here as elsewhere, that the “British Empire” was regarded as a well-established fact in those days and long before.

Another significant fact regarding this Association is that, though a Canadian branch, it still recognised its obligations to the welfare of the old land, and instead of contenting itself with work for Scotsmen in Canada, considered the scope of its work as embracing both the old world and the new. This Imperial spirit was one which at that day animated all the best of our people; and the parent and the daughter societies worked for the common good.

The commission from London was addressed to several gentlemen: the Honourable William McGillivray, Angus Shaw, Esq., the Reverend Alexander Macdonell (afterwards Bishop of Regiopolis), John Macdonald, Esq., of Gart, and Henry McKenzie, Esq., “it being felt by these and others that the Highland settlements of Upper Canada offered a most favourable field for such an association.”

The inauguration address of the chairman of the first meeting, Simon McGillivray, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents of the London Society, is full of suggestions. He showed that the parent society, starting as a mere convivial club, and a place of Highland resort, grew into a great association of noblemen and gentlemen, ambitious to preserve all the best traditions, ideals, and characteristics of their race, together with the improvement of the Highlands. He further emphasised the fact that this was even more necessary in the Scottish settlements of the newer Empire of the West; so that it was possible and important to have a strong public association in Canada, acting with the mother society here and at home.

The first officers elected in 1818, according to the minute book, were: President, His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, K.C.B.; Vice-Presidents, Reverend Alexander Macdonald, Honourable Colonel Neil McLean, Lieut.-Colonel Donald McDonell; Treasurer, Alexander Fraser, Esq.; Secretary, Archibald McLean, Esq.

The life-membership roll, from November 24th, 1818, to June 18th, 1824, included the names of Simon McGillivray, London; Honourable William McGillivray, Montreal; Archibald McLellan, of the North-West Company, and Henry McKenzie, of Montreal. So it will be seen that there were many famous old Northwesters in its ranks.

The society continued to flourish with a large general membership until about 1824, when it gradually declined, to be revived again two decades later, by re-organisation in December, 1842. During that period much had happened, both at home and in the outer parts of the Empire.

In Canada, the greatest changes had taken place; indeed, it had been one of the most crucial periods of the country's history. The rebellion of 1837 had come and gone, bringing about consequent results, among

them the union of the two Provinces, in 1841. More significant even was the passing of old social and other influences. What was called the old Tory rule had passed, and out of the extreme conflicting factions more temperate parties had to arise in order to make the rule of the country possible. The fierce militant spirit that produced the rebellion had to soften down into what was called the Baldwin, or Constitutional Reform; and the old Tory party to re-arise under John A. Macdonald, as the Liberal-Conservative. It was a middle or transitional period, when the old association was revived by re-organisation in the last days of 1842.

The first report of the revival, dated at Cornwall the 23rd of January, 1843, showed by a highly respectable list of officers and directors that the society had taken on a new lease of life. Sir Charles Bagot was Chief, and the leading spirits including the President, John Macdonell, Esq., of Galt, comprised the most representative men of the historic old county, and many prominent Scotsmen in all parts of Upper and Lower Canada. Among these, were Sir Allan McNab, the last and greatest of the old Tory school; John Alexander Macdonald, a young Kingston lawyer, who was soon to be to the new Conservatives what McNab had been to the old; the second Bishop Macdonell, of Regiopolis, and Bishop Strachan, a man, who as a great educationalist, divine and statesman, had been and still was a paramount influence in the making of the whole country. The report of the 13th of July, 1843, says of the society that "Since its revival it has acquired a large accession to its members. Many of the most respectable and influential individuals in the Canadas have enrolled their names, and His Excellency the Governor-General has been graciously pleased to become its Chief."

The same report pays the following just tribute to the memory of the

great Roman Catholic prelate, Bishop Macdonell:

"The society feels confident that the parent society will approve of its first act since its re-organisation, by which it has paid a tribute of respect to the memory of a man who presided over it for many years, who was a member of the parent society, and who was named in the commission under which this branch was formed, the late lamented Bishop Macdonell, who during the whole course of his valuable life exerted himself in Britain and in Canada to promote the interests and welfare of his countrymen."

The society in its scheme of organisation elected local vice-presidents at different centres, such as Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton. The following letter is from that greatest of all Canadian statesman, afterwards Premier of Canada, and the dominant personality in its politics, during the greater part of the nineteenth century, but then mentioned in the minutes as "John A. Macdonald, Esq., Vice-President at Kingston." He says:

"It will give me great pleasure to be enrolled as a member of the Highland Society of Canada. My avocations are such as to prevent my doing justice in the capacity of a local Vice-President, and would recommend that some person with more leisure should be appointed to that office. If, however, the society should be unable to fill the office otherwise, I shall be proud to act in it, and perform the duties according to the best of my abilities."

Macdonald was then a hard-working young lawyer in Kingston. He commenced his political career the following year, when he was elected as member for that city. Sir Allan McNab, the old Tory baronet, of Dundurn, and still active in politics, writes on the 12th of September, as Vice-President for Hamilton, appreciating the honour conferred upon him and suggesting the advisability of holding a meeting of the society at Kingston during the meeting of Parliament.

The Honourable and Right Rever-

end John Strachan, Bishop of Toronto, also accepts office as a Vice-President.

William Stewart, Vice-President at Bytown, writes from the Legislative Assembly at Kingston, suggesting that "the Honourable Thomas Mackay, of New Edinburgh, should be appointed as the other Vice-President at Bytown, in the room of my particular friend, the Chief of McNab, as that gentleman resides at a distance of upwards of seventy miles from that town." This is the Chief of McNab who founded the unfortunate McNab settlement up the Ottawa. There is a story that he and Sir Allan were registering at the same hotel, and the Chief signing as "The McNab," Sir Allan signed himself "The Other McNab."

An address was presented by the society to Sir Charles Metcalfe, at Cornwall, on the 2nd of September, 1843, as the Governor was on his way to Kingston. The address referred to His Excellency's "talents, experience, firmness and integrity to preside over the destinies of this Province, at a time when such qualifications are so eminently required"; and assured him in conclusion that one of the chief objects of the society was "to cherish in the minds of our countrymen, in this their adopted land, those sentiments of genuine and devoted loyalty, for which their ancestors have been so distinguished, and individually and collectively use our best exertions to support the Constitutional Government of this Province and to perpetuate our connection with the Mother Country."

Such, indeed, were the staunch ideals and purposes of this historic old society, which, during its existence not only kept in touch with the parent society in Britain, but also with the two strong Scottish societies in Halifax and St. John.

On the 18th of February, 1847, an address was presented to Lord Elgin, congratulating him on his appointment as Governor. It referred to his

illustrious Scottish name and ancestry, and requested his acceptance of the Chiefship of the society. His Excellency, in reply, responded to the appeal and accepted the office of Chief. But about this date or a little later, the proceedings seem to close. Whether the desperate conditions, political and otherwise, which followed, destroyed the harmony of the association, or other causes were to blame, is not exactly known.

One reason for the Society's decline might have been its aristocratic tendencies and composition. Its leaders were chiefly Scottish country gentlemen of Glengarry and elsewhere; and with the gradual passing of the well-to-do classes in Upper Canada who strove to maintain the traditions and customs of old world country life, and the drifting of their sons into the professions and business life of the towns and cities; such an institution would naturally, as it no doubt did, pass into oblivion. Then, the strain of a period like that of the burning of the Parliament Buildings in Montreal in 1849, when most of the members would be almost at war with their illustrious Chief, Lord Elgin, would about destroy its future possibilities.

Time brings about grave changes. The old order passes, but does it always give place to conditions as beneficial as those destroyed? It would have been a great blessing to Canada had her ruling, and wealthy classes, stayed in or gravitated to the country life. Men's minds are awakening more and more to the weaknesses of the so-called democracy, and the curse of the crowded city, where all are consumers and none producers.

May the day be not far distant when once more the great social gatherings of a Province, including the leaders in statecraft, church, intellect, and social supremacy, will be held, not in over-crowded and pauper-creating cities, but in little hamlets and country villages like St. Raphael's or historic Williamstown.

A HEROINE OF LUCKNOW

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SURELY the great mistake of the New Feminism is the use of the word "New." There is nothing new about it. "Times change, human nature remains the same," says the Sage, and the newest woman of us all is essentially the same as her sister of the last century, or the last hundredth century, for the matter of that. The difference is in the call of circumstance. Never have I realised this more plainly than in listening to the story which I shall try to give you here. One is apt to say that the new woman, whatever her drawbacks, is at least evolving courage and fortitude. Courage and fortitude, indeed! Listen to this tale of a little English girl of eighteen, and understand once and for all that courage, and fortitude, in woman need no evolving.

The tale, which I wish to tell as far as possible in the heroine's own words, is so eloquent that even slight comment seems superfluous. You must first imagine a young girl of eighteen thrown in a moment, without preparation or special training, into the midst of horrid battle, murder and sudden death—and you must watch how she meets the onslaught. Even to call the girl a heroine seems almost to dull the pure gold of a story whose very simplicity cries aloud of the dauntless courage, the fine fortitude, the utter devotion of self which lay unsuspected in the heart of one little English girl—until the call of circumstance summoned it into action.

This little bit of unwritten history was related to me one day in Vancouver by Mrs. Emma E. Prentiss, a charming lady of seventy-four, with the clear eye and ready smile of seventeen. All the events which it records are as clear in her mind as if they had happened yesterday, and so vivid did she make her narrative—one started at the sound of a footstep at the door!

Emma Elizabeth Birch was a child of fourteen years when she was summoned to India to join her father, Colonel Frederick William Birch, of the 41st Bengal Native Infantry, then stationed at Moulton, a military post at the head of the Indus. The journey was full of wonderment to the child, and not the least of its wonderful happenings was her instant recognition of her father whom she had not seen for nine years.

"I was leaning over the side of the steamer," said Mrs. Prentiss, "one of the old side-wheelers which plied up the Indus in those days, when I saw a boat shoot out towards us. As soon as I saw the face of the white man who sat in it, I cried, 'It is my father!' The ladies on board smiled and explained that it could not possibly be, but I would not be coaxed away. I waved my handkerchief and cried, 'Father! Father!' The man in the boat waved back—it was my father, tired of waiting, he had come down the river to meet the steamer."

"My introduction to India was a happy one. Not only was it good to

be with my father again, but the new land was full of strange and fascinating experiences. One of the strangest of these was a new consciousness of belonging to the ruling caste. This consciousness came early to British children in India, for, in those days, the natives were very dependent upon their white rulers, and the great gulf between rulers and ruled was sharply defined.

“At the time of my arrival my father was leaving Moulton for a new post, and as our travelling was overland I saw much of the country, including some of the wonderful old cities, Lahore, Ferozepore, and Delhi. In Delhi we borrowed an elephant for sight-seeing, exactly as to-day one might borrow a motor car; and that mode of conveyance, though not so rapid, was infinitely more diverting. The new station was at Etawa, and there I spent three quiet and happy years, learning the ways and manners of a country where I expected to pass my life. Perhaps my most brightly-coloured memory of that time was a visit to Cawnpore, that city whose name was afterwards to ring so horribly throughout the civilised world. It was gay enough then, for all regiments were commanded to report there in connection with the acquisition of Oudh. Every day levies were held by Brigadier-General Penny and his wife, the latter with a bevy of the prettiest girls in India standing around her chair. It was, in a sense, my real introduction to Indian society and I enjoyed it to the utmost. Full of pleasure also was a gay week spent in Lucknow, just a year before the mutiny, where, coming down from the hills, I met my father before going on with him to his new (and last) post at Seetapore.

“If there was any anxiety in the air then, we young folk did not know it, and I feel sure that my father had no misgiving whatever in taking up his duties at Seetapore. It is hard indeed to say where or how the first whisper of unrest came, but my first

knowledge of it personally came one evening in the spring when I was coming home from a band concert at the parade ground. I was in my carriage, and my escort was riding beside me, when in passing through a small group of trees we came upon a fire, with a band of natives, wildly excited, dancing around it, beating tom-toms, and at intervals listening to a stranger who harangued them in peculiar fashion, passing around amongst them the small *chupatties* which, though we did not dream it, meant the lives of every white person in India. I told my father of the occurrence, and he became very thoughtful, forbidding me ever to come home that way again. Indeed, we became more careful in many ways, though not actually alarmed.

“My father would have staked his life on the loyalty of his troops. They were a magnificent body of men, not one of them less than six feet, two inches in height, and broad in proportion. They were considered to be the pick of the native infantry, and indeed so strong was the confidence placed in them that upon the first authentic news of the outbreak of rebellion at Merut and Delhi, Sir Henry Lawrence ordered my father to take his men out to meet the mutineers and prevent their coming into our station. This he actually did, turning the mutineers off and returning in good order. All his confidence seemed justified, and he was very proud. But scarcely had he been at home a few hours before our Major came in breathless with the news that two regiments had broken. My father's own regiment still stood firm, and at once he hurried out to the parade ground, quite confident, to force the men back under orders. Before he went he blessed me and told me to show no fear—I was a soldier's daughter. I never saw him again! The rebellious regiments, knowing that their fellows would not rebel while their Colonel lived, shot him down in cold blood. After that there

was no more hesitation. But even then, with the lust of their Holy War fresh upon them, my father's men carried off his body and buried it beneath the mango trees in his own compound. Few English officers received even that tiny tribute from the men they had so greatly trusted.

"We knew what happened as soon as the Major staggered back alone. It hardly needed his brief orders to tell us that our only safety lay in flight — in the long flight of sixty miles into Lucknow. In the compound I saw one of our native officers, an immensely big man, greatly trusted by my father. I ran to him, careless of peril, and asked him why he had let my father be killed. He would say nothing at all except:

"It is the will of God."

"Yet he did not attempt to harm me, and I believe that his heart was sore at its treachery.

"By this time our house was full of refugees, and with greatest speed we pushed on the plans for our departure. They were simple enough. We dared not wait for night, but must escape at once in whatever conveyances we could find. Altogether we were a party of about forty men, women and children packed like herrings into a few carriages belonging to the station, or riding our own horses—of the latter party I was one. When all was ready, my sister-in-law discovered that she had forgotten her eau de Cologne. It was a serious thing, for already many of the women were faint. I ran back into the house, vexed enough at the delay, but very glad that I had done so, when running through the deserted rooms, I came upon our old German bandmaster, all alone, calmly staying behind. I was very angry.

"Come quickly," I cried; "they may be upon us at any moment." But he did not move, and upon shaking him I discovered that he had deliberately decided to wait for death.

"There are too many as it is—let the others go. They are younger."

"Needless to say, I did not agree with him, and forcing him to come with me, we found him a place in the overcrowded carriages, and our delayed flight began.

"Oh, that flight! The terrible slowness of our progress! The blinding, suffocating heat! It was so hot that our rings blistered our fingers like heated iron; we had no food and no water, save what we found in stagnant pools, so horrible that one had to hold one's nose to get it down—and always there was the terrible dread, the imminent danger of horrors too awful to think of.

"We had not gone very far before a cloud of dust behind told us that our escape had not passed unnoticed, and presently we saw a party of fifteen or twenty native soldiers in close pursuit. Our men at once called a halt. To go on would be utterly useless—our one chance was to wait, obtain a parley if possible, and, if not, fight it out to the end. Our men promised us they would not leave us alive. It was a five-minute wait for death. In all that came afterwards I doubt if any moments seemed so long. We all knew how little chance there was, yet we were a singularly quiet company. Fortunately for us, natives are very cowardly. Although they could easily have overcome us, when they saw us ready to fight they temporised and finally accepted a large bribe to help us on our way to Lucknow. They never expected that we would get through! Treachery was intended from the first, but we were too clever for them. Time and again with fine sounding promises they attempted to induce us to pass through the villages where we should quickly have been surrounded and killed, and at night they tried to tempt our few soldiers to sleep, saying that they would guard us. But our men never slept; they never turned aside, but pushed on across country through all kinds of difficulties, knowing that in preserving our isolation lay our only hope.

"Even then we would have failed had it not been for the faithful bravery of an old man, a native dress-maker, who was loyal to our party, and who escaped into the city by a short cut, bearing in his ear a tiny quill with our message of distress. He reached Sir Henry Lawrence safely and he at once sent out for us carriages, brandy, food and water. With our augmented forces the cowardly natives dared not attack us as we entered the city and in due time we reached the Residency in safety."

"It seemed strange," I ventured, "to enter in carriages a city in a state of siege."

"Oh, but it was not yet in a state of siege," explained Mrs. Prentiss readily. "The siege proper did not begin for a month after that. But already the Residency was full of fugitives. The best quarters we could obtain were in a Commissioner's house—so near the native houses that only a narrow city street separated us from them. Through their windows they could see right into ours. There were practically no fortifications in the usual sense of that word. We had our windows boarded up, that was about all. A really determined attack might have broken in at any time. It was only the natives' cowardice that saved us. We were under fire in that barracks for five months. It never altogether ceased. Bullets popped around us all the time like peas from the peashooters of mischievous boys. We picked up round shot in the halls and, marking them, fired them back. It was quite an amusement finding our marked shots come back like Bo-peep's sheep."

"But if there were so many bullets, how could you dodge them?"

"Dodge them? We didn't dodge them. A woman in Lucknow would have felt disgraced forever if she moved an inch or lowered her head. The soldiers used to scream at us sometimes, but we didn't care. You see, we were so very busy all the time

that we had no time to think of bullets. The days were never long enough for all there was to do—the nursing, the lint making, the running of the hose fuse which our sappers laid to the mines. I used to sew eighty to one hundred feet of hose at a time. The whole place was mined and counter-mined. It was our great comfort for we had the officers' assurances that if ever the case became hopeless they would fire the mines.

"One night a terrible grief came. My brother was with us in the Residency. He was an engineer, and one of those chosen to look after the mines. So critical was our position that the sentries had orders to shoot at once any one near the walls at night. This night—somebody blundered. My brother and one of his companions had been detailed to examine some outside mines, the sentry on duty was not warned, and as they returned they were both shot by their own comrade! My brother died within the hour.

"But there were so many, many tragedies! One dared not brood over one's own. Men were shot at my side, sitting by me at table, bending over the wounded in the hospital. Husbands were shot while speaking to their wives—the bullets spared no one. I saw one very strange thing happen. One day a fugitive, a woman, came in, in a terrible state. What her experiences had been I never definitely learned, but they must have been dreadful indeed to have reduced her to such a condition of physical and mental collapse. She said she had but one desire—to live for one month longer. Over and over again she prayed that God would spare her for one month. She recovered rapidly and was soon able to take her share in the work of the Residency. She was as calm and capable as any of us. One morning she said to us, 'To-day my month is up!' But we thought nothing of it, as she seemed completely well again. At noon that day my sister-in-law and I

were standing in our room and this girl was in the room next us with an open door between. A bullet came in through the open upper part of the door of our room, passed over the heads of my sister and myself and killed our companion in the next room instantly. She was a very small woman, quite fairylike in stature, and the half-spent bullet, dropping, struck her on the head. It seemed strange indeed that she should have been granted exactly the month she had asked for.

"But so many strange things happened in those days that one more or less was scarcely noticed. One of my most pathetic memories is that of a tiny girl of five who had lost her brother, her mother and her father all in one week; the first two by cholera, the last from a gangrened wound. This little thing would sit all day motionless, never smiling, never speaking. All our efforts to rouse her were utterly useless; she seemed, and has always seemed in my memory, to be the very Spirit of Despair! And she was only five years old.

"Conditions in the besieged Residency grew steadily worse, but do not think that the popping bullets were the worst things. I am sure we minded them less than the terrible heat, the awful odours, the filth, the insects, the pestilence! Dark corners in city slums from which decent folk turn away in horror were sweet and wholesome beside our disease-laden air. Cholera was rife, and fever; a wounded man had small chance, for our hospital stores were painfully limited. There was no soap, and for water we had a pint a day which had to serve all drinking and ablutionary purposes. In that heat you can imagine how much was left for the latter! Even this water was obtained at terrible risk. We paid for it in lives, for every pint of it had to be brought up, by night, from the wells, exposed to the enemy's fire. Every night, also, our dead were buried, our

brave chaplains making nothing of the danger to which they were continually exposed. For food we had the *chupatties*, thin native cakes, and for newspapers we had an occasional native who had made his way through the lines. Awful indeed was the news these living newspapers brought, showing us that, bad as was our state, there were others infinitely worse off. It was in this way that we heard of the massacre of Cawnpore—one poor young officer had a wife there, and many more had friends or relatives. We thanked God that day for the knowledge of the mines beneath our feet.

"How did we get out? Oh, we went out at night, leaving all our lamps burning so that the mutineers would think that we were still there. It was a very effective ruse, and we joined the army at Secunderbagh without farther danger. One other thing—a thing I shall never forget—a thing which is amongst my dearest and most sacred memories, and therefore hard to speak of. You know, I had never thought that I had done much—only my duty as a soldier's daughter, but when I was leaving, our soldiers, the remnant, passed by with their caps raised, and as they went they said, 'God bless you wherever you go!' It has been the benediction on my life."

Mrs. Prentiss grew silent after this. It was easy to see that around that last solemn memory all the other memories clustered close—she was back again in her heroic youth. It was night, the siege was over. Its horror already lay behind, but with it lay her father, her brother, her friends! And now in the ruddy glare of the torches came the soldiers she had nursed, and cheered, to say farewell. One by one, with lifted cap, they passed.

"God bless you wherever you go!"

In all this struggling, changing world is there anything finer than the blessing of God upon duty bravely done?

VAN HORNE AND HIS CUBAN RAILWAY

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

I ONCE wrote of Sir William Van Horne that he was always bigger than his job, and that the proof of this was to be found in the fact that while still in the prime of his life, with energy of mind and body still unflagging, he was able to lay down the fascinating position of President of the Canadian Pacific Railway and devote the rest of his life to the pursuits of leisure—in other words, to be master of his fate, instead of letting fate master him.

We most of us dream of a time when we shall be able to do just what Sir William Van Horne did. Some of us will no doubt reach that position, and then—shall we be happy? Will the interests that now seem so attractive when we dream about them be as attractive in reality?

Perhaps the experience of Sir William Van Horne will help us to realize the situation.

I was talking over this very subject with him the other day.

“How did you feel,” I asked him, “when at last you were able to look life in the face free from the cares of office?”

As a matter of fact, I don't believe I put it as neatly as that, but that was the effect of what I said.

“Well,” he replied, “I always said that when C. P. R. stock reached par, and the mileage of the railway 10,000, I would resign. Curiously enough, these two things happened almost at

the same time—and then I resigned.”

“And then?”

“Then I made a discovery. I had about six or seven particular interests to which I always thought I would devote myself when my time was my own. The curious thing is that I lost interest in every one of them immediately. I found that my interest in them hitherto had been kept so keen simply because I could only give odd hours to them. They made leisure hours something to look forward to, but they could not fill my life.

“I did not waste any time brooding over that fact, however. I got out my car, and started out on a trip over the C. P. R., to see what it looked like from a spectator's point of view. I got across to Vancouver, and then, tired of the C. P. R. from a spectator's point of view, I ran down to San Francisco, and on to Monterey. I thought I should enjoy a week or two in that city. I got there on a Saturday afternoon. By the evening I had been over most of the city. By the next morning I had seen all there was to see. That was all there was to it. I was tired of the place in less than a day, and tired of playing the retired gentleman. That same evening I left for Montreal. I had some interests in South America, so I started off to look into them. I have never been without plenty to interest me since.”

What happened down south to charm the threatened monotony out of Sir William's life?

He built a railway in Cuba. Most people know that. But few, even of his most intimate friends, know that that project formed one of the most daring, fascinating, and even romantic episodes in his life. I happen to know the story.

Picture your great railway magnate, with all the powers of his master mind in disuse, sitting on the verandah of a hotel in Cuba, smoking one of those long Havana specials that he so loves, and cogitating, cogitating—about nothing in particular.

Behind him the hotel, three meals a day, and endless nothingness. Before him Cuba, Queen of the Antilles, largest and most fertile of all the West Indian Islands, the land which its discoverer, Columbus, said was "the most beautiful that eyes ever beheld."

Cuba—without a railway.

Can you wonder that as he sat there smoking and brooding; all alone on the verandah, with the hotel, three meals a day, and endless nothingness behind him, that suddenly an idea went hurtling through his brain like an electric shock? Can you wonder that his grave, thoughtful, and shall we say slightly discontented face suddenly lit up with the fierce joy of a new and absorbing interest? Can you wonder if he sprang to his feet, slapped his knees, and announced to himself, "I'll do it"?

Yes, in a flash the idea had come, and in a flash the determination was made.

He would build a railway across Cuba!

Little did he know what a tremendous proposition he was up against. Little did he realise the seemingly insurmountable obstacles that barred his way. But if he had known he would not have flinched, having once made up his mind. Was not he the man who once predicted dollar wheat in Western Canada? And when dol-

lar wheat refused to come, did he not make it come by putting millions into the hands of a trusted agent, and bidding him go all through Western Canada and buy wheat at a dollar a bushel? A man who had such masterful ways of making his prophecies come true would not be the man to go back on a pledge to himself to build a railway across Cuba.

He started work at once upon his project.

Now, the United States at that time had just had her war with Spain. And Cuba had as a consequence just come under the provisional government of the United States.

This on the face of it would seem to indicate that the time for development in Cuba was ripe, and Sir William started out blithely to give the Island something which he thought it would welcome with open arms.

To his astonishment he found that there were five companies already waiting for the opportunity to give Cuba a railway—two of them American companies. And to his further astonishment he discovered that neither they nor he could get a charter to build one, for the reason that there was no authority competent to grant them one. Spain had for ever lost her authority. The Island authorities were not sufficiently advanced in home rule to do so. And the American authorities were prohibited by the Foraker amendment from granting any public franchises.

For most men who had officially retired from active business life this would have been enough.

Not so with Sir William. The air of Cuba immediately became the breath of life to him. Like Jacob's war horse, he cried, Ha! Ha!

But in doing so he did not raise his voice above a whisper.

And he did not even whisper the question that echoed and echoed through his head. That question was, "Why not build without a franchise?"

Within a few days he had his

agents at work, and before anybody knew what was happening, he had bought a strip of land right across the Island. Wherever possible that strip was just wide enough for the right of way of the Island. Where he could not buy a narrow strip of this kind, he bought whole plantations. In one instance he bought 30,000 acres at a clip.

He needed no franchise to build a line on his own property.

But the problem was by no means solved. Two great obstacles still remained. The first was this. He had no right to cross the public roads, and could not get it. The second was that the people of Cuba regarded the project with sullen, tacit opposition. They thought he was acting simply as the agent of the United States Government, and was thus beginning to tighten the hold of the United States on their property.

How Sir William overcame these obstacles is quite a little story in itself.

When he got his railway builders together, he laid down two imperative rules, which were as follows:

Rule 1.—When you meet a Cuban, never allow him to be the first to off with his hat.

Rule 2.—When a Cuban bows to you, always bow twice in response.

Now the Cubans preserve all the old Spanish ideas of etiquette and courtesy.

So far, so good. Everything began to go fine. Sir William began to build the railway. And this is how he went to work.

He would build a section at a time. Everybody who could be pressed into service in the locality of that section was hired and paid good wages. The Cubans are as amenable as anybody else to courteous treatment and good wages. The work would be carried along the section until the right of way came to a public road. Then suddenly everybody would be discharged. The work would thus be brought to a sharp and dramatic fin-

ish, and the engineers would clear out of the locality. But Sir William took care that agents were left behind to suggest to the people that it was a great pity that a man who was bringing good money into the country, and building them a railway, should have this great work held up by being refused permission to cross the public highways.

The same thing happened all the way across the Island.

The City of Camaguey was the worst spot on the whole Island to deal with. The people there were sure Sir William was an agent of the United States Government, and they absolutely refused to sell him any land or allow his railway to come anywhere near the city. But he made friends with one man who had a big block of property running cornerways into the city, and he managed to secure that block from him.

Though he had no right of way on either side of it, he announced that this was where he intended to plant his workshops. Also he serenely started to build the railway across the property.

He decided that the beginning of this work called for a little ceremony. Therefore he issued invitations broadcast to the people to come and witness the ceremony of the turning of the first sod of the Cuban Railway in Camaguey.

The people were sullen and suspicious. Hardly a soul responded. But at the last moment the Mayor and his brother-in-law and the latter's little daughter put in a reluctant appearance. The little girl was personally invited by Sir William to turn the first sod, and in the presence of her father and her uncle, the Mayor, and a crowd of small boys, she performed the ceremony.

After that, Sir William came back to Montreal. In his own house he called a meeting of the President and Board of Directors of the Cuban Railway, consisting of himself and nobody else, and proposed, seconded, and car-

ried unanimously a vote of thanks to the little niece of the Mayor of Camaguey for having so graciously performed the ceremony of turning the first sod of the Cuban Railway. This he had inscribed on parchment and nicely bound. The next time he went to Cuba he took it with him.

Arrived as far as New York on his way, another idea struck him. He bought a nice little gold watch, and on the case he had this self-same resolution engraved. And then he went to Cuba, taking with him the late Sir Edward Clouston and Mr. R. B. Angus, now the President of the Bank of Montreal.

When these three drove up to the hotel in Camaguey the atmosphere was frigid.

But later, when Sir William inquired where the brother-in-law of the Mayor lived, and then drove off with his friends to the house, considerable interest in the visitors was aroused.

At the house itself Spanish hospitality asserted itself. They were shown into the best room, and a little crowd gathered outside the house, curious to know what was doing.

Sir William put two parcels on the table, and announced that he wished to see the little signorita, the one who had turned the first sod of the Cuban Railway.

Off went the womenfolk to hunt her up, and the word went round among the crowd outside. The public curiosity was quickened. The crowd enlarged. Out in the courtyard the visitors could hear the splashing of water. The signorita's face was being hastily washed. Then there was a further period of waiting. The signorita was having her Sunday dress put on.

At last she was brought to Sir William, and the great man, putting his hand on her head as he bent down to kiss her, could feel that her hair was wet around the fringes of the face-washing.

Then he took up the two parcels.

"Let's go out into the courtyard," he said.

Now through the fence and over the gateway, all that went on in the courtyard could be observed by hundreds of eyes from the outside. And hundreds of eyes were immediately focused upon the scene. Head rose above head at every vantage point. People were climbing over each other to see what was going on. All of which suited Sir William splendidly.

Gravely he opened the first of the parcels, and produced the important looking parchment bearing the resolution which "the President and Board of Directors" had passed in Montreal. And he read out the document, one of his officials translating it as he went on into his best Spanish. Then the document, in its handsome case, was presented to the signorita.

Next the second parcel was undone, and the gold watch produced.

Excited exclamations outside.

Sir William made a little speech, which was also translated, and then he gave the delighted little maiden the gold watch, "as a slight token of the appreciation of the President and Board of Directors of the Cuban Railway for her gracious act in turning the first sod of the railway."

And again he gave the little girl a kiss, and shook hands with her father and mother.

The quick, warm Latin nature of the outside crowd was touched, and when Sir William looked up at the tier upon tier of faces there were smiles and tears upon scores of them. He had reached the hearts of the people of Camaguey at last.

Sir William did not linger in Camaguey. He was off at once for Montreal, leaving the impression that he had made the long journey to Cuba especially to honour the signorita.

Even his own chief engineer was impressed.

"That was pretty nice of you to give that gold watch to the little girl," he remarked.

Sir William looked at him quizzically. "I didn't give the gold watch to the little girl," he replied. "I gave it to the whole city and province of Camaguey."

The engineer looked puzzled, but he said no more. Some weeks later he met Sir William in New York.

"I understand now what you meant when you said you had given that watch to the whole city and province of Camaguey," he said. "Why, the people there can talk of nothing else. You've won them over. Come on back to Camaguey. You can get anything you want from them. There will be no more difficulty about running the line through the city."

It was true. All the suspicion with which Sir William and his enterprise had been viewed had vanished into thin air.

Everything thereafter went swimmingly. The railway was built, all except the sections where highways had to be crossed.

Meanwhile Sir William's plan for winning the aid of the people in overcoming this obstacle was bearing fruit. Curiously enough, one particular idea manifested itself at the same time in the different districts all along the right of way. Petitions were put out by the people themselves and were signed by the thousand, calling upon the military governor to grant the Cuban Railway the right to link up the road by crossing the highways of the Island. This remarkable manifestation of a single idea simultaneously expressing itself in different districts affords an intensely interesting problem in psychology.

Of course the day arrived when all these petitions were gathered together and taken to the military Governor. Sir William himself was on deck when the petitions were presented to him, and himself interviewed the military Governor. His arguments as to what the finishing of the railway would mean to the Island were admitted by the Governor. So, too, was the unanimity of the people in

favour of granting a franchise to cross the highways.

But what could the Governor do? He was expressly forbidden from granting any franchise, and certainly it would be his duty at once to interfere if Sir William acted without one. He went into elaborate detail to show Sir William that it was impossible to help him out of the deadlock.

Sir William refused to believe that a man of the Governor's great ability and wide experience and administrative gifts and knowledge of international law and powerful influence and trusted capacity and initiative and courage could find even such a situation as this insoluble.

"Well, what do you yourself suggest?" asked the Governor.

Sir William frankly admitted that the situation was too much for him, but he was certain that if the Governor, with his vast experience in statecraft, would take the matter into consideration he could solve the difficulty within forty-eight hours.

"Suppose you think it over," said Sir William, "and let me know what you suggest?"

"Very good," said the Governor, and the seance terminated.

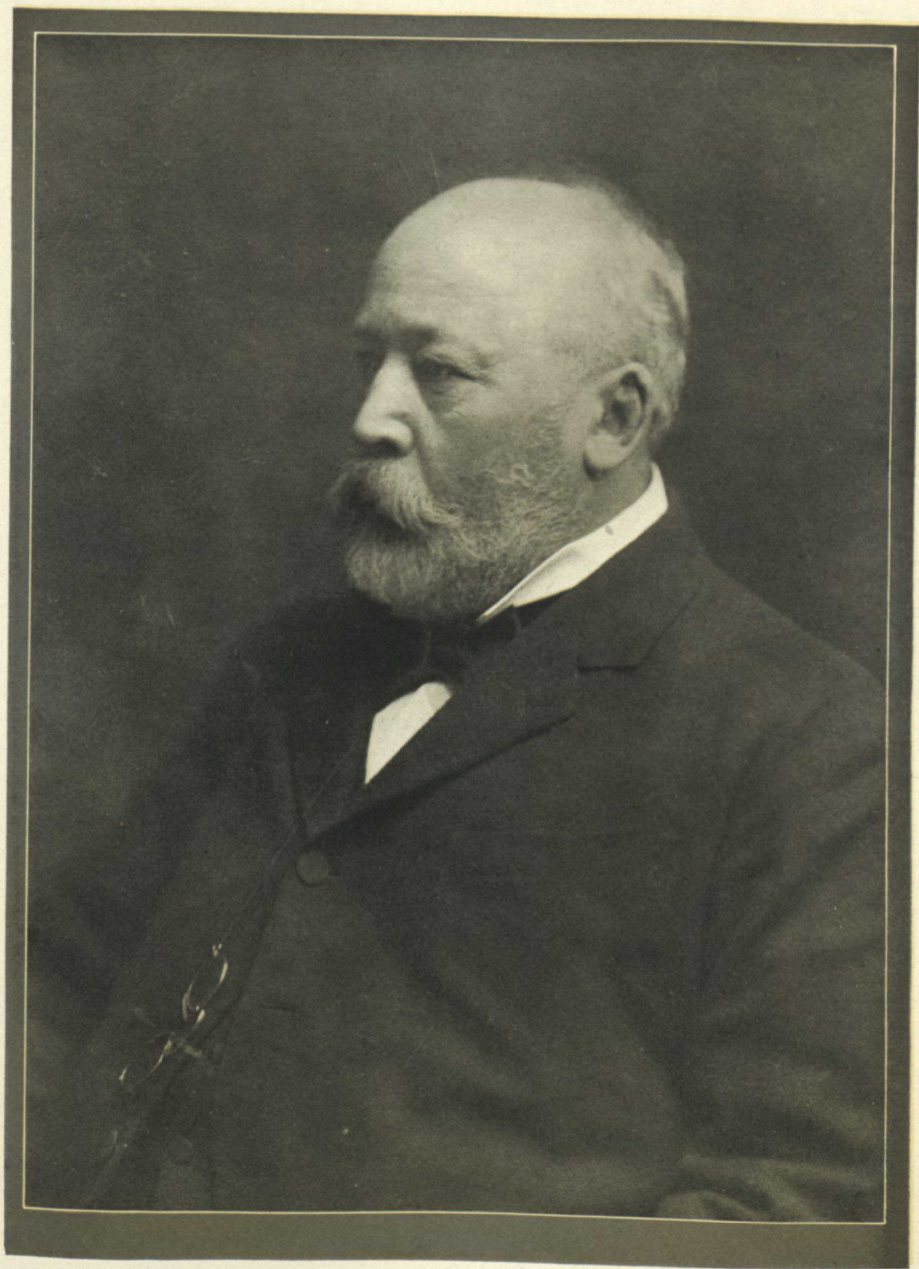
Sir William at once drove to the Governor's confidant and chief adviser, who happened also to be his own friend.

"The Governor will doubtless send for you to advise him as to whether anything can be done to permit me to link up my railway," he said. "I thought it best not to suggest to him what he might do. But if he asks you, please advise him that he could easily solve the situation by granting a revocable permit. Once I get that I'm mighty certain it will never be revoked."

While he was still speaking a messenger came to the friend to come and see the Governor.

"He's acting even quicker than I had hoped for," said Sir William.

A day or two afterwards Sir Wil-



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

Who finds that building railways leaves him with just enough time to pursue his hobbies

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

liam was asked to come and see the Governor.

"Well," he said, "did you find a way out?"

"I think so," replied the Governor. "It may not be exactly what you want, but I think it will do. What do you say to a revocable permit?"

Sir William shook his head, argued for a long time against it, and died hard—very hard. But he died.

The Governor, you must understand, was adamant. He would grant that, but nothing more—positively nothing more.

Sir William thanked him, recognised the delicacy of the situation, and accepted—reluctantly accepted.

The revocable permit was granted.

How to get out of the office without making any sign of haste must have demanded one of the greatest acts of self-repression in Sir William's life. But once out horses could not carry him fast enough to his chief engineer.

Everything was in waiting for this crucial moment. Rails were stacked up at every highway crossing. Labourers were on hand. Everything was waiting for the word "Go," and "Go" was the word.

The rails were rushed across the highways with as near an approach to the action of greased lightning as human ingenuity could conceive in the situation. And before Cuba knew what was happening its first railway was in operation.

It was thus that Sir William beat out his competitors, and achieved what to every one of them was impossible—the building of a railway without a franchise.

And it was by this absorbing enter-

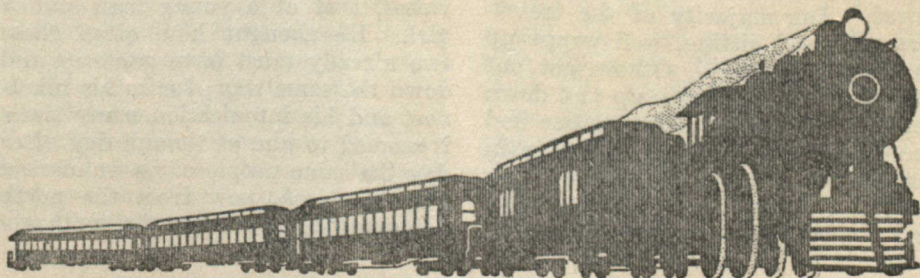
prise that the lonely and miserable former President of the Canadian Pacific Railway found himself again. Never from the moment he started on the project has he regretted that he had the courage, in the prime of life, to lay down one of the world's greatest industrial prizes and retire into private life.

Following the building of the line he had to set about developing the vast estates he had acquired in Cuba, and to-day he ranks not only as President of the line, but as one of the great sugar planters of the Island.

He finds the country fascinating, the climate ideal. With a home in the stern, hard, and enterprising North, and with great interests to call him often to mild and lovely Cuba, where the thermometer rarely falls below seventy and rarely rises above eighty, and where even oranges grow wild, his life is rounded out. It is complete and whole. And every one of the hobbies which he suddenly found so stale and profitless when he had actually taken the step of retiring into private life, he now finds more engrossing than ever. He is a man of enormous wealth and of multitudinous interests and hobbies. He is so busy that actually at times he refuses to go to bed at all—can't spare the time. Life is too interesting, and he has too much to do.

"And after all," he will say, "why should I go to bed every night? Sleep is only a habit."

There is a moral in this story for every busy man who hankers after a life of ease. To point it I am greatly tempted. But I refrain from the luxury, and leave it to each reader to find the moral for himself.



THE BLIND MAN'S BROTHER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

THE blindman Geronimo got up from the bench and took his guitar in his hand that lay ready upon the table near his wine glass. He had caught the sound of the distant wheels of the first carriage. He now groped his way along to the open door and then descended the narrow wooden stairs which led straight down into the covered courtyard. His brother followed him and both took up their stand close beside the stairs with their backs turned to the wall in order to be protected from the damp cold wind which blew through the open gate over the slimy floor.

Under the gloomy arches of the old inn all the carriages taking the road over Stillferjoch had to pass. For those travellers who wanted to go from Italy up into Tyrol, it was the last halt before the Heights. It was not an attractive spot for a long halt. For straight on here the road stretched fairly level without an outlook between bare hills. And here during the summer months the blind Italian and his brother Carlo were just the same as at home.

The post waggon came in and immediately after other carriages followed. The majority of the travellers remained sitting, well wrapt up in rugs and coats. Others got out and walked impatiently up and down between the gates. The weather had become worse and worse. A cold rain lashed down. After a series of lovely days the autumn seemed suddenly and too early to have broken up.

The blind man sang and accompanied himself on the guitar. He sang with an irregular and often suddenly shrill voice, just as he always did when he had taken a drink. From time to time he lifted his head up as with an expression of vain entreaty to the sky. But the features of his face, with its dark stumpy beard and bluish lips, remained impassive. His elder brother stood beside him, almost motionless. If anyone let fall a copper in his hat, he bowed his thanks and looked the almsgiver with a quick, almost furtive, look in the face. But immediately after, almost anxiously, he turned his glance back and stared straight in the blind eyes of his brother. It was as though his eyes that could see were ashamed that such vision was granted him and that they could give no ray of light to his blind brother.

"Bring me some wine," said Geronimo, and his brother went, obedient as usual. Whilst he climbed the steps Geronimo began again to sing. He no longer paid heed to his own voice that he might notice what went on in his neighbourhood. He first became aware of two whispering voices, that of a young man and a girl. He thought how often these two already must have gone up and down the same way; for in his blindness and his intoxication many times it seemed to him as though day after day the same people came wandering over the *joch*, now from the north going south, now from the south go-

ing north. And so, too, he knew this young couple for a long time.

Carlo came back and handed Geronimo a glass of wine. The blind man turned towards the young couple and said:

"Your health, gentlefolk!"

"Thanks," said the young man; but the girl pressed close beside him, for the blind man seemed to her a dismal sight.

Just then a carriage with a noisy company, father, mother, children and a nurse, drove in.

"A German family," Geronimo said softly to Carlo.

The father gave every one of the children a coin and they were each allowed to throw it into the beggar's hat. Geronimo bent his head every time in thanks. The eldest child regarded the blind man's face with a terrified curiosity. Carlo examined the boy. He was forced, as always at the sight of such a boy, to think that Geronimo was just about the same age when the accident had happened through which he had lost his eyesight. For he remembered that day just as though it was to-day, after twenty years, with absolute clearness. Still to-day the child's shrill cry rang in his ears with which little Geronimo had sunk down on the turf. Still to-day he saw the sunshine playing and shimmering on the white garden wall, and heard again the Sunday bells which had just started at that moment to peal. He had shot as often with his pellets at the ash tree beside the wall, and when he heard the cry he thought at once that he must have hurt his little brother, who had just run by. He let the blowpipe slip from his hands, jumped through the window into the garden and rushed towards his little brother, who lay on the grass weeping. Over his right cheek and down his neck the blood was flowing. At the same moment their father had come from the fields home through the little garden gate and now both knelt nonplussed beside the weeping child. Neighbours has-

tened from nearby. Old Vanetti was the first who succeeded in getting the little one's hands from his face. Then the smith, with whom Carlo at that time was apprenticed, and who understood a little about wounds, came too and saw at once that the child's right eye was lost. The doctor, who came from Poschiavo that evening, could not help them any more. Indeed, he pointed out already the danger with which the other eye was threatened, and he proved right. A year later the world was all wrapt in darkness for Geronimo.

At the beginning they tried to convince him that he would be healed later, and he seemed to believe it. Carlo, who knew the truth, at that time wandered day and night long over the countryside, between the vineyards and in the woods around, and was near killing himself. But the Holy Spirit, to whom he entrusted himself, made it manifest to him that it was his duty to live and to dedicate his life to his brother. Carlo recognised this. A singular compassion seized him. Only when he was with the blind child, when he stroked his hair, dared to kiss his forehead, told him tales, took him walking in the fields, behind the house and among the rows of vines, did his own pain moderate. He had, from the very beginning, neglected his training in the smithy because he could not tear himself away from his brother and could no longer make up his mind to take up again his trade in spite of his father's warnings and grief. One day it occurred to Carlo that Geronimo had completely ceased from speaking of his misfortune. At once he knew the reason. The blind boy had come to the inevitable conclusion that he would never see again the sky, the hills, the roads, the people and the light. It was then Carlo suffered more than ever before—so greatly that he sought to calm himself with the thought that he had brought on the misfortune without any intent. And often, when in the early morn-

ing he watched his brother who lay beside him, he was seized with such a grief at seeing him wake that he used to go out into the garden, only that he might not be there beside him as the blind eyes seemed every day, once again, to seek the light which was forever extinguished for them. It was at that time a sudden idea occurred to Carlo to have Geronimo further trained in music as he had a pleasant voice. The schoolmaster from Tola often on a Sunday came over and taught him to play the guitar. At that time the blind boy had no prescience that the new-learned art would one day earn him his livelihood.

From that sorrowful Sunday, bad luck always seemed to dog the house of old Lagardi. One year after the other the harvest turned out bad. A small sum of money which the old man had saved was tricked from him by a relation. And when, on a sweltering August day, in the open field, he sank under a stroke and died, he left nothing except debts. The small home was sold up and the two brothers were roofless and poor, and left the village.

Carlo was twenty, Geronimo fifteen years old. Then began their begging wandering life which had lasted up to to-day. At the beginning Carlo had thought he might find some trade which would support at the same time himself and his brother; but it never succeeded. Besides, Geronimo never had any rest; he wanted always to be on the move.

For twenty years they had roamed over the roads and passes in northern Italy and in southern Tyrol, always wherever the thickest stream of travellers passed by.

And although Carlo, after so many years, no longer felt the burning pang with which formerly every beam of the sun, the appearance of every pleasant countryside, had made him feel, there still remained in him an unceasingly gnawing compassion as constant and unbeknown to him as

the beat of his heart and his breath. And he was glad when Geronimo drank.

The carriage with the German family had rolled away. Carlo sat down as though he did it with pleasure upon the lowest step of the stairs; but Geronimo remained standing with his arms hanging down loose and his head turned upwards to the sky.

Maria, the maid, came out of the indoor.

"Have you earned much to-day?" she cried down to them.

Carlo did not even turn round. The blind man bent down after his glass, took it up from the floor and drank to Maria. She often sat of an evening in the inn room beside him; he knew, too, she was beautiful.

Carlo bent forward and looked out over the road. The wind blew and the rain spattered down so that the rolling of the approaching carriage was drowned in the loud noise. Carlo stood up and took once more his place beside his brother. Geronimo began to sing at the very moment the carriage drove up, in which only one passenger sat. The driver quickly took the horses out and then hurried up into the inn room. The traveller remained sitting for a time in his corner, completely wrapped up in a gray waterproof. He seemed not to hear a word of the song. But after a while he sprang out of the carriage and walked up and down with great haste, without, however, going far from the carriage. He continued rubbing his hands together as though to warm himself. At last he seemed to notice the beggar. He went and stood opposite him and for a long time gazed at him as though examining him. Carlo slightly bent his head as for a greeting. The traveller was a very young man, with a pleasant beardless face and restless eyes. After he had been standing for a while before the beggar, he suddenly hastened back to the gate through which he would have to continue his journey and peevishly shook his head

at the comfortless outlook of rain and mist.

"He has gone now?" asked Geronimo.

"Not yet," answered Carlo. "He will give something worth while when he starts off."

The traveller came back again and leaned against the shafts of the carriage. The blind man began to sing again and immediately the young man seemed to listen with the greatest interest. The hostler appeared and put the horses between the shafts again. And then as though the idea had occurred to him for the first time, the young man put his hand in his pocket and gave Carlo a franc.

"O thank you, thank you," the latter said.

The traveller sat down in the carriage, wrapping himself again in his coat. Carlo picked up from the floor the winglass and went up the wooden stairs. Geronimo continued singing. The traveller leaned out of the carriage and shook his head with an expression at the same time of superiority and sadness. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to him and he laughed. Then he spoke to the blind man, who stood scarcely two steps distant from him.

"What's your name, my man?"

"Geronimo."

"Well, Geronimo, don't let yourself be cheated."

At this moment the coachman appeared on the top step of the stairs.

"How, *gnädiger* Herr, cheated?"

"I have given your comrade a twenty-franc piece."

"O Herr, thank you, thank you."

"Yes, but take care m—"

"He is my brother, Herr; he will not cheat me."

The young man paused a moment, but whilst he still remained silent, the coachman had climbed on the box and had whipped up the horses. The young man leaned back with a shake of his head, as much as to say:

"Fate, take thy course."

And the carriage rolled away.

The blind man stretched out his hands after it in an expressive gesture of gratitude. Just then he heard Carlo, who had come out of the inn room. He called down:

"Come, Geronimo, it's warm up here. Maria has made a fire."

Geronimo nodded, took his guitar under his arm and felt his way up the railing of the stairs. Upon the stairs he already cried out:

"Let me feel it! What a time it is since I felt a gold piece."

"What's the matter?" asked Carlo. "Of what are you talking?"

As soon as Geronimo reached the top, he groped with his two hands for the hand of his brother, a sign with which he was always wont to express his joy or affection.

"Carlo, my dear brother, there are after all such beings as good-hearted people!"

"To be sure," said Carlo. "Up till now there's two lira and thirty centissimi, and here too is some Austrian money, perhaps half a lira."

"And twenty francs—and twenty francs!" cried Geronimo. "I know all about it!" He reeled into the room and sat down heavily on the bench.

"What do you know?" said Carlo.

"Now, give over joking! Put it into my hand! What a time it is since I had in this hand a piece of gold!"

"What do you want, then? Wherever must I get a gold piece? There's two or three Lira."

The blind man banged the table.

"That's enough, enough! Do you want to keep it close from me?"

Carlo regarded his brother in a troubled and amazed fashion. He sat down beside him and approached quite close and took hold of his arm to propitiate him.

"I keep nothing close from you. How ever could you think it? No one's ever given me a gold piece."

"But he told me, then!"

"Who?"

"Why, the young man who kept walking up and down."

"What? I don't understand you."

"He says to me: 'What's your name, my man?' and then: 'Take heed, take heed, don't let yourself be cheated.'"

"You must have been dreaming, Geronimo—that is all nonsense."

"Nonsense? Why, I heard him, and I hear all right. 'Don't let yourself be cheated; I have given a gold piece.' . . . No, he said this: 'I have given him a twenty-franc piece.'"

The landlord came in:

"Now, what's up with you? Have you given up your business? A four-horse carriage has just driven up."

"Come on," cried Carlo, "come on."

Geronimo remained sitting.

"Why? why must I come? What good is it to me? You stand alongside and . . ."

Carlo shook his arm.

"Still come on down below."

Geronimo silently obeyed his brother; but upon the stairs he said:

"We'll speak about it yet, we'll speak about it yet."

Carlo did not realise what had happened. Why had Geronimo suddenly lost his senses? For even when he had been the slightest degree put out he had never before spoken in this way.

In the newly-arrived carriage sat two Englishmen. Carlo held his hat out before him and the blind man sang. One of the Englishmen got out and threw some coppers in Carlo's hat. Carlo said, "Thank you," and then, as though to himself, "Twenty centissimi." Geronimo's face remained immovable; he began a new song. The carriage with the two Englishmen drove off. Silently the brothers climbed up the stairs. Geronimo sat down on the bench. Carlo remained standing by the stove.

"Why don't you say something?" asked Geronimo.

"But," answered Carlo, "it can only be as I told you." His voice trembled a little.

"What did you say?" asked Geronimo.

"It was perhaps a madman."

"A madman? That would indeed be capital! If someone says: 'I have given your brother twenty francs,' he is, of course, mad! Ah, and why did he say: 'Don't let yourself be cheated,' eh?"

"Perhaps, too, he wasn't mad; but there are people who play jokes on us poor people—"

"What!" cried Geronimo, "jokes? Yes, that you mustn't say—I've expected that!"

He drank down his glass of wine which stood before him.

"But, Geronimo," cried Carlo, and he felt that he could scarcely speak for consternation, "why mustn't I? How can you think—?"

"Why does your voice tremble—eh—why?"

"Geronimo, I assure you, I—"

"Well, and I don't believe you. You are laughing now. Oh, I know that you are laughing now!"

The hostler cried from below:

"Hi! blind man, people here!"

Quite mechanically the brothers got up and descended the stairs. Two carriages had at the same moment arrived, one with three gentlemen, the other with an old married couple. Geronimo sang; Carlo stood beside him without any power to think. What could he do? His brother did not believe him! How ever had it become possible? He anxiously eyed from the side Geronimo who sang his songs in a broken voice. It seemed to him that he saw thoughts fleeting across his face which he had never before perceived there.

The carriages had already gone, but Geronimo sang on. Carlo dared not interrupt him. He did not know what he ought to say; he was afraid that his voice would again tremble. Then laughter rang out from above, and Maria cried:

"What are you going on singing for? From me, to be sure, you won't get anything."

Geronimo stopped in the middle of a melody; it sounded as though his voice and the strings had snapped at the same moment. Then he went up the steps and Carlo followed him. In the inn room the latter sat down beside him. What ought he to do? Nothing else remained for him. He must try once again to explain to his brother.

"Geronimo," he said, "I swear to you. . . . Just think for a moment yourself, how can you believe that I. . . ."

Geronimo remained silent. His blind eyes seemed to look out through the window into the gray mist. Carlo went on thinking: "Well, he hasn't any need to be so senseless; he has made a mistake—yes, he is mistaken—" But he knew well that he himself did not believe what he said.

Geronimo made an impatient movement. But Carlo went on with sudden vivacity:

"For what, then, should I—? You know yourself, I eat and drink no more than you, and when I buy myself a new coat—you know it yourself—what do I want then with so much money? What should I do with it then?"

In answer Geronimo hissed between his teeth:

"Don't lie, I hear how you are lying!"

"I am not lying, Geronimo, I am not lying," said Carlo horrified.

"Why, have you already given it her, eh? Or will she get it later?" cried Geronimo.

"Maria?"

"Who, then, else but Maria? Ah, you liar, you thief!" And as though he did not wish to sit any longer beside him, he pushed his brother in the side with his elbow.

Carlo got up. For a moment he looked at his brother, then he left the room and went down the steps into the court. He gazed with wide open eyes out upon the road, which lay before him buried in brownish mist. The rain had left off. Carlo stuck

his hand in his trousers pockets and went out in the open. It seemed to him as though his brother had hunted him out. What was it that had happened? He could not at all understand it. What kind of man must it have been, he who gave a franc and said it was twenty? He must assuredly have had some reason for it? And Carlo sought in his memory whether he had not made in some place someone his enemy, who now had sent another that he might revenge himself. But for so far back as he could think he had never injured anyone, never had had before any serious quarrel with anyone. Assuredly for the past twenty years he had done nothing else but stand in the yards of inns or at the ends of streets with his hat in his hand. Was it possible someone had a spite against him on account of a girl? But how long it was now since he had anything to do with one. The waitress in La Rosa had been the last in the spring of the year before—but about her certainly no one had been jealous of him. . . . There was absolutely nothing to give him a clue. What kind of folk were out there in the world which he knew not? From everywhere they came here. What did he know of them? Had there been any reason at all for this stranger, that he said to Geronimo: "I have given your brother twenty francs." Yes, really. But what was to be done now? As things were, it was plain that Geronimo mistrusted him. That he could not bear. He must attempt something or other to end it. He hastened back. When he entered the inn room again, Geronimo lay outstretched on a bench and seemed not to notice Carlo's entrance. Maria brought the two food and drink. Neither spoke during the meal a word. When Maria took away the dishes, Geronimo burst out laughing suddenly and said to her:

"What will you buy with it, then?"

"Buy with what?"

"Oh, now, now, what is it going to be? A new dress or ear-rings?"

"What does he want from me?" She turned to Carlo.

At that moment there was a creaking in the courtyard below of heavily-laden cart-loads, loud voices echoed up, and Maria hastened below. A couple of minutes afterwards three carters came in and took their places at a table. The landlord came in to greet them. They were cursing the bad weather.

"To-night," said one of them, "we shall have snow."

A second began to relate how he was snowed in ten years ago in the middle of August and was nearly frozen to death. Maria sat down with them. Then the hostler came up and inquired after his parents who dwelt in the valley at Bormio.

Once more a carriage came with travellers. Geronimo and Carlo went below. Geronimo sang; Carlo held out his hat, and the travellers gave them alms. Geronimo seemed now to be quite quiet. He often asked, "How much?" and nodded his head slightly at Carlo's answer. In the meanwhile Carlo himself tried to master his own thoughts. But he had always the dull feeling that something awful had happened and that he was quite helpless. As the brothers again ascended the steps they heard the confused laughing and talking of the carters. The youngest cried out to Geronimo: "Come on and sing us something. We'll pay all right!" and turning to the others he added: "Won't we?"

Maria, who had just come in with a bottle of red wine, said:

"Don't have anything to do with him to-day, he is in vile temper."

Despite her answer, Geronimo stood out in the middle of the room and began to sing. When he finished, the carters clapped their hands.

"Come on over here, Carlo," cried one, "we can throw our money in your hat like the people below!" and he took some small change and held

up his hand high, as though he wanted to make it jingle down into the hat which Carlo held out to him. But the blind man seized the carter's arm and said, "My good friend, my good friend! It may fall near by—near by!"

"What do you mean 'near by?'"

"Oh, well, in Maria's lap."

All laughed, the landlord and Maria included, while Carlo alone stood motionless by. Never had Geronimo made such a joke.

"Sit down with us," cried the carters. "You are a jolly chap!" And they squeezed up together to make room for Geronimo. The conversation waxed louder and louder and more confused. Geronimo talked louder and more merrily than ever before, and never ceased to drink. Just as Maria came in again he wanted to draw her to him. But as one of the carters said, laughing:

"Perhaps you think she is beautiful? To tell you the truth, she is an ugly old hag."

But the blind man pulled Maria on his knees.

"You are all thickheads," he said. "Do you think I want my eyes to see? I know another thing, too, where Carlo is now—eh!—he is standing there by the stove with his hands in his trousers pockets and laughing!"

All looked towards Carlo, who, with gaping mouth, leaned towards the stove and now in reality twisted his face to a grin as though he dare not give his brother the lie.

The hostler came in. If the carters still wanted to be in Bormio before dark, they must bestir themselves. They got up and took a noisy departure.

Once again the brothers were alone in the inn room. It was the hour at which they were accustomed as a rule to sleep. The whole inn sank into quiet as usual about this time, the first hours of the afternoon. Geronimo with his head on the table seemed to sleep. At first Carlo wan-

dered around, then he sat down on the bench. He was very tired. It seemed to him as though he was wrapped in a heavy dream. He had to think of all kinds of things, of yesterday, of the day before yesterday, and all the days before that, and particularly of the warm summer days and the white country roads, over which he had been wont to wander with his brother. And all was so distant and as incomprehensible as if it could never have happened.

Late in the afternoon the post came from Tyrol, and soon after at small intervals came the coaches taking the same road back south. On four occasions the brothers descended into the court. And as they came up for the last time the twilight had fallen, and the little oil lamp, which hung down from the ceiling flickered. Workmen from a neighbouring quarry came by to their wooden shacks, that lay about 200 feet below the inn. Geronimo sat down by himself; Carlo remained alone at his table. It seemed to the latter that his loneliness had already lasted a great while. He heard later Geronimo outside, in a loud voice, almost a cry, speak of his childhood, of that which he had seen with his own eyes and still remembered quite well in every detail; persons and things; his father and how he worked in the fields, the small garden with the ash tree beside the wall, the low little house which had belonged to them, the two little daughters of the cobbler, the vineyard behind the church, and then too his own child, how it had looked at him from a looking glass. How often Carlo had heard all these things. To-day he could not endure them. They sounded so different from what they had previously. Every word Geronimo spoke took on a new meaning and seemed to turn itself against him. He slunk outside and went again over the country road which now lay quite in darkness. The rain had ceased, the air was very cold and an idea seemed

to be enticing Carlo to go on farther, farther and farther, deep into the darkness, to lay himself down at the end, somewhere in the ditch, to fall asleep and never again to waken. Suddenly he heard the rolling of a carriage and caught sight of the shimmering light of two lanterns which came nearer and nearer. In the carriage, which passed by, sat two gentlemen. One of them, with a narrow beardless face, started with fright as the form of Carlo loomed out of the dark into the light of the lanterns. Carlo, who had stood still, lifted his hat. The carriage, with its lights, disappeared. Once again Carlo stood in the deep gloom. Suddenly he started. For the first time in his life the dark made him afraid. It came on him that he could not endure it a minute longer. In some wondrous way, the horror which he himself had felt on his own account confused itself in his dull wits with a sympathy, that was almost torture, for his blind brother, and it drove him home.

When he entered the inn room he perceived the two travellers who had previously driven past him, sitting at a table with a bottle of red wine and talking very earnestly together. They scarcely looked up at his entrance.

At another table Geronimo sat as before among the labourers.

"Where have you been keeping yourself, then?" the landlord, who was just going out of the door, said to him. "Why do you leave your brother alone?"

"Is there anything the matter?" Carlo asked with a start.

"Geronimo is treating the crowd. Of course, it's all the same to me, but you should just bear in mind that bad times again are not far off."

Carlo went softly over to his brother and took hold of his arm.

"Come," he said.

"What do you want?" cried Geronimo.

"Come to bed," Carlo answered.

"Leave me alone, leave me alone! I earn the money. I can do what I want with my own money—eh? You can't keep the whole lot away from me. Oh, you mean well—he gives me all? Oh, no, I know, I am only a blindman! But there are people . . . there are kind people who say to me: 'I have given that brother of yours twenty francs!'"

The workmen burst out laughing.

"That's enough!" said Carlo, "come!"

And he pulled his brother along with him and almost dragged him upstairs, up to the cold garret where they had their quarters. All the way up Geronimo cried out: "Yes, now the day has come, yes, now I know! ah just you wait! Where is she? Where is Maria? Or have you put it in the savings bank? Oh I know I sing for you, I play the guitar, you live off me—and you . . . you're a thief!" He fell back on the straw sack.

From the corridor a faint light shone in. Beyond, the doors of several guest chambers of the inn stood open, and Maria was arranging the beds for the night. Carlo stood over his brother and looked at him lying there with inflamed face and bluish lips, his damp hair sticking to his forehead, looking years older than he was. And slowly he began to understand. There could be nothing except the blindman's mistrust from to-day onwards. For a long time it must have slumbered in him and he must have lacked only the occasion, perhaps the courage to vent it. And all that Carlo had done for him had had been in vain; in vain his repentance, in vain the sacrifice of his whole life. What ought he to do now? He must go on now, day after day, who knew how much longer? guiding him through his eternal night, being faithful to him, begging for him and gaining thereby no other recompense than mistrust and hard words. If his brother held him for a thief, then any stranger would trust him the

same or better than he. In truth to leave him alone, to go away forever from him—that was the wisest thing to do.

Then Geronimo would clearly perceive his injustice, for then he would first experience what it meant to be deceived and robbed, to be alone and wretched, and he himself? How ought he to commence life? For he was not yet too old, to be sure; if he was alone for himself he could still make a commencement at many things. As hostler, at the very least, he would understand anywhere his work. But while these thoughts were passing through his brain, his eyes remained all the time fastened on his brother. And suddenly he saw him before him, alone by the side of a sunny road, sitting on a stone with his wide-open eyes staring up to heaven, whose light could not dazzle him, and with his hands stretching out into the night which was always about him. And he felt if the blindman had no one else in the world except him, so he, too, had no one else except this brother of his. He understood that his love for this brother of his was the whole meaning of his life, and knew for the first time in full clarity that the mere belief that the blindman returned this love and forgave him, had enabled him to endure so patiently all his misery. He could not at once renounce this hope. He must either put up with this mistrust or find a means by which he could persuade the blindman of the groundlessness of his suspicion. . . . Yes, if he could only, in some way, obtain a gold piece! If he could say to the blindman, early on the morrow: "I have only held it back so that you shouldn't drink it up with the workmen, so that no one should steal it from you . . . or something else."

Steps approached on the wooden stairs; the travellers were going to rest. Suddenly an idea flashed through his brain, to go and knock outside and to tell the strangers in

good faith of the day's misadventure and to ask them for twenty francs. But at the same moment he recognised that he was completely out of consideration! They would not, for a minute, believe the whole tale. And he remembered at once how terrified one of them, the pale one, had been as they had driven past when he, Carlo, had suddenly loomed in the dark in the front of the carriage.

He stretched himself down on the straw sack.

It was quite dark in the room. He heard now how the workmen, loudly talking and with heavy steps, went down over the wooden stairs. Soon after, two doors shut. The hostler went once more up and down the steps, then everything was still. Carlo only heard Geronimo's heavy breathing. Soon his thoughts became confused as his dreams began. When he awoke, deep darkness still surrounded him. He looked towards the place where the window was. Straining his eyes he perceived in the impenetrable blackness a deep gray square. Geronimo continued to sleep still the heavy sleep of the drunken man. And Carlo thought of the day which was the morrow; and it made him shudder. He thought of the night after this day, and the day after that night, of the future which lay before him, and a shudder at the loneliness which awaited him shook him. Why had he not been more courageous last night? Why had he not gone to the strangers and begged twenty francs? Perhaps they would have had compassion on him. And yet . . . perhaps it was a good thing that he had not begged from them. But, why was it a good thing? . . . He sat up suddenly and felt his heart beating. He knew now why it was a good thing. If they had refused him it might have made them suspicious of him . . . it, but, . . . He stared towards the gray patch which began to lighten dully.

That thing which, against his own

will, had passed through his brains was of course impossible, absolutely impossible! . . .

The door outside was barred, and moreover, they might wake up . . . Yes, there . . . the gray patch of light in the midst of the dark was the new day . . .

Carlo arose as though it dragged him thither and pressed his forehead against the cold window pane. Why had he arisen then? To consider it? To essay it? . . . What then? . . . It was without doubt impossible, and besides, it was a crime! A crime? What did twenty francs mean to such people who, for their own pleasure, travelled thousands of miles? They would probably not notice at all that they lacked it . . . He went to the door and opened it softly. Opposite, two steps distant, was the other closed. On a nail in the doorpost hung some clothes. Carlo passed his hand over them. . . . Yes if people left their purses in their pockets, life indeed was a simple thing. Soon no one would need to go begging any more. . . .

But the pockets were empty. Now, what more was there to do? He went back again into his room and lay down upon the straw sack. Perhaps there was some better way of getting twenty francs,—a way less dangerous and more in accordance with the law. If in truth he was to hold back every time a few centissimi from the alms until he had collected together twenty francs, and then bought the gold piece? . . . But what a time it would take! months, perhaps a year. Ah, if he only had the courage! Once again he stood out in the passage. He examined the door over . . . What kind of a crack was it that fell perpendicularly from the top to the floor? Was it possible? the door was only shut to, not closed? . . . But why was he so astonished at it? For some months the door had not fastened. Moreover, he remembered that only three times during this summer had people

slept there, twice they were artisans and once a tourist who had injured his foot. The door did not close—he needed now only courage—yes, and luck! Courage? The worst that could happen to him was that both should wake up, and then he could always find an excuse. He peered through the crack into the room. It was not so dark as to prevent him perceiving the outlines of two forms laid on the bed. He listened attentively. They were breathing quietly and regularly. Carlo opened the door and entered the room on his bare feet quite noiselessly. The two beds occupied the length of the wall opposite the window. In the middle of the room was a table. Carlo crept up to it. He passed his hand over its surface and felt a bundle of keys, a pocket knife, a small book—nothing else. . . . Of course it was so! . . . How could he have ever thought that they would put their money on the table! Ah, now he would go away. And yet it perhaps only needed a good snatch and the money would be his. And he approached the bed near the door; here on the chair lay something. He felt of it; it was a revolver. . . . Carlo drew it towards him. . . . Were it not better for him to take possession of it? But why had this man laid his revolver ready to hand? If he awoke and noticed him . . . No, no it would be better to say:

“It is three o’clock, *gnädiger Herr*, time to get up!” . . . And he let the revolver lie.

And he crept farther into the room. Here upon the other chair among the linen . . . Santa Maria! that was it . . . that was a purse! He took it in his hand! . . . At that moment he heard a low creaking. With a quick movement he stretched himself at full length by the foot of the bed. . . . Once again this creaking . . . a heavy breathing . . . a clearing of someone’s throat. . . . then again stillness, deep stillness. Carlo remained lying

on the floor, the purse in his hand and waited. Nothing stirred again. Already the dawn palely fell into the room. Carlo dared not rise but crept forward on the floor to the door which stood wide enough open to allow him to pass, crept out onto the passage, and here he first slowly rose with a deep breath. He opened the purse; it had three divisions. To the left and right only small silver. Carlo next opened the middle division which was closed by another fastening and felt three twenty franc pieces. For a moment he thought of taking two from it, but he quickly put this temptation from him, taking out only one gold piece and shutting the purse. Then he knelt down, peeped through the door into the room which continued completely still, and then he gave the purse a shove so that it landed under the second bed. When the stranger woke up he would believe that it had fallen down from the chair.

Carlo rose slowly. The floor however, creaked slightly and at that moment he heard a voice from within the room: “What’s that? what’s the matter then?” Carlo quickly took two steps backwards holding his breath and slipped into his own room. He was in safety and listened. . . . Yet another creak of the bed and then all was still. Between his fingers he held the gold piece. He had succeeded . . . he had succeeded! He had twenty francs and he could say to his brother: “You see I am no thief,” and they could once again to-day go on their wanderings . . . to the south, to Bormio, then further south to Vetlin . . . then to Tirano . . . to Edole . . . to Breno . . . and to the Lake of Iseo, as in the previous years. There would be no suspicions aroused, for he had himself already said to the landlord: “In a couple of days we are going down.”

It became lighter and lighter. The whole room lay in gray twilight. Ah if Geronimo would awake soon! It

was so pleasant out on the road in the early day. They would set out yet before dawn. A good morning to the landlord, to the hostler, and to Maria too, and then away, away . . . And as soon as they were two hours away, already near the valley, he would speak to Geronimo.

Geronimo stretched and expanded himself. Carlo called to him: "Geronimo!"

"Now what's the matter?" And he started up with his two hands and sat up.

"Geronimo, we will get up."

"Why?" And he turned his blind eyes on his brother. Carlo knew that Geronimo now recollected the occurrence of yesterday, but he knew too that he would not utter a syllable about it before he was drunk again.

"It's cold, Geronimo, we'll be going. It won't clear up. I think we'd better be going. By noon we can be in Boladore."

Geronimo got up. The bustle of the awakening household became perceptible. Below in the court the landlord spoke with the hostler. Carlo got up and betook himself below. He was always early astir and went often in the early dawn out on the road. He went up to the landlord and said:

"We're going to say good-bye."

"Ah, you're going already today?" asked the landlord.

"Yes. It already begins to freeze too bitterly when a fellow stands in the yard and the wind blows through one."

"Well remember me to Baldette if you go down to Bormio, and he mustn't forget to send me the oil."

"Yes, I'll remember you. As for the rest—last night's lodgings"—he put his hand in his bag.

"Let be, Carlo," said the landlord, "the twenty centissimi I'll make a present of to your brother; I too, have listened to his singing. Good morning."

"Thank you," Carlo said, "at any rate we are not in such a hurry as

all that. We'll see you again when you come back from the village. Bormio will remain I think in the same spot, won't it?"

He laughed and went up the wooden stairs. Geronimo stood in the middle of the room and said:

"Now, I'm ready to go."

"A moment," said Carlo.

From an old chest of drawers, that stood in a corner of the room, he took their few possessions and packed them up in a bundle. Then he said: "A fine day, but very cold."

"I know," said Geronimo. The two went out of the room.

"Go quietly," Carlo said, "the two who came last night sleep here."

They trod warily by.

"The landlord sends his greetings to you," Carlo said. "He has let us off the twenty centissimi for last night's room. Now he has gone to the village and won't be back for two hours. But then we shall see him again next year."

Geronimo did not answer. They took the road which lay before them in the dim dawn. Carlo took hold of his brother's arm and both in silence stepped out on the downward road. After a short walk they speedily reached the spot where the road began to descend below in long draw-out windings. Mist rose upwards in their faces, while above them the hills appeared from the clouds as though caught in a noose. And Carlo thought: "Now I will speak to him." But Carlo said nothing and taking the gold piece out of his pocket gave it to his brother. The latter took it in the fingers of his right hand, then put it up to his cheek and his forehead. At last he nodded.

"I knew it all along," he said.

"Of course," answered Carlo, looking astonished at Geronimo.

"Even if the stranger hadn't told me anything, I should have undoubtedly known it."

"Of course," Carlo said perplexed. "But then you understand why in front of the others up there . . .

I was afraid that you might at once go spend the whole lot . . . And, don't you see, Geronimo, it's about time now, I've been thinking, that you bought yourself a new coat and a shirt and shoes too, I think; that's why I've . . ."

The blindman shook his head violently "Why?" and he passed a hand over his coat, "that's good enough, that's warm enough. We're going to the south now."

Carlo did not mark that Geronimo seemed in no wise to be glad, that he had not excused himself. And he went on saying:

"Geronimo, wasn't I right then? Why aren't you glad? Now we've got it, haven't we? Now it's all ours. If I had told you about it up there, who knows — oh, it's a good thing that I didn't tell you about . . . there is no doubt of that!"

Whereupon Geronimo broke out:

"Just listen to your lying, Carlo! I have had enough of it."

Carlo stood still and let the arm of his brother fall.

"I'm not lying!"

"Oh, I know you are lying . . . You're always. You've lied to me hundreds of time! . . . Besides you would have kept it back for yourself hadn't you become afraid. That's how it is!"

Carlo bowed his head and answered never a word. He took the blindman's arm again and went on with him. How it hurt him, Geronimo speaking in this way! But he was really astonished that he was not injured more.

The mist parted. After a long silence Geronimo said:

"It is going to be hot."

He spoke indifferently, to himself, as he had a hundred times said before, and Carlo knew at that moment — for Geronimo had not changed himself—he had been always a thief so far as Geronimo was concerned.

"Are you hungry now?" he asked. Geronimo nodded, and taking at the same time some cheese and bread

from his coat pocket he began to eat.

The post from Bormio met them. The driver shouted to them:

"Going down already?"

Then came some other carriages—all going up.

"The valley breeze," said Geronimo, and at the same moment after a steep turn the Veltlin lay at their feet.

"Indeed he has not changed a bit," Carlo thought. "Now I have stolen for him . . . and, besides, it has been no use."

The mist below them became thinner and thinner, the rays of the sun piercing holes therein. And Carlo thought:

"It wasn't perhaps a wise step to leave the inn so abruptly. The purse lay under the bed, which is probably suspicious."

But how indifferent the whole thing seemed! What worse could happen to him? His brother, whose eyesight he had destroyed, though he hadn't stolen from him and had believed it for years past, and would always believe it—what worse could happen to him?

There below them lay the big white hotel bathed in the morning light, and farther down, where the valley itself began to stretch out, the straggling village. Silently the two went on, and Carlo's hand always rested on the blindman's arm. They passed by the hotel park, and Carlo saw guests in light summer clothes upon the terrace sitting at breakfast.

"Where do you want to rest?" asked Carlo.

"Oh, in the *Eagle*, like we always have."

When they reached the small inn at the end of the village, they turned in. Then they sat down in the café and had wine given them.

"What are you doing so early down here?" asked the landlord.

Carlo started a little at this question. "Is it then so early? The tenth or eleventh of September—not it?"

"Last year I am sure it was a great deal later when you came down."

"It's so cold up there," Carlo said. "Last night we froze. By the bye, I've got to tell you that you aren't to forget to send up the oil."

The atmosphere in the café was stuffy and close. A strange unrest possessed Carlo. He would have liked to be out in the open again, upon the highway that stretched away to Tirane, to Edole, to the Lake of Iseo, anywhere away in the distance! Suddenly he stood up.

"Are we going already?" asked Geronimo.

"We really ought to be this afternoon in Boladore at the *Hart*, the mid-day stopping-place of the carriages. It's a good place."

And they went. The barber Benozzi stood smoking in front of his shop.

"Good morning," he cried. "Now then, how are things looking up there? Last night you had a good snowfall?"

"Yes, yes," said Carlo, and quickened his pace.

The village lay behind them; the road stretched on white between meadows and vineyards beside the babbling stream. The sky was blue and still.

"Why did I do it?" Carlo thought. He looked sideways at the blindman. Did his face look otherwise than before? He had always known it. "I have always been alone . . . and he has always hated me." And it came on him as though he were walking on under a heavy burden, which he dare not ever cast from his shoulders, and as though he could see the night in which Geronimo was moving at his side, while the sun lay lighting up every road.

And they went on, went on, went on for hours. From time to time Geronimo sat down upon a milestone, or the pair leaned over the side of a bridge to rest. They passed through another village. Carriages stood before the inn. Travellers had dis-

mounted and were walking up and down; but the two beggars made no halt. Again they were out on the open road. The sun climbed up higher and higher; mid-day must be near. It was a day in a thousand.

"The Boladore tower," Geronimo said.

Carlo looked up. He was amazed at the way Geronimo could exactly reckon distances; to be sure there was the Boladore tower on the horizon. A fair distance farther on someone was approaching them. It looked to Carlo as if the stranger had been sitting by the roadside and suddenly got up. The figure approached. Now Carlo perceived it was a gendarme whom he had so often met on the road. In spite of that Carlo started slightly. But as the man came nearer he recognised him and recovered himself. It was Pietre Tenelli. Only in May last the two beggars had sat together with him in Raggazzi's inn in Merignone, and he had told them a dreadful story of how he had been once nearly stabbed to death by a single dagger stroke.

"There's someone standing still," said Geronimo.

"Tenelli, the gendarme," Carlo answered.

They had now come up with him. "Good morning, Herr Tenelli," Carlo said and halted before him.

"It so happens," the gendarme said, "I must for the time being take both of you to the station in Beladore."

"What," cried the blindman.

Carlo grew pale.

"How is it possible?" he thought. "But it can't refer to it. They can't know down here yet at any rate!"

"It seems at any rate to be your way," the gendarme said, laughing, "nothing bad's going to happen if you come along with me."

"Why don't you say something, Carlo?" asked Geronimo.

"Oh, yes . . . I say . . . I beg your pardon, Herr Gendarme,

how is it possible . . . what must we then . . . or rather, what must I . . . in truth, I don't know . . ."

"It just so happens. Perhaps too you are not guilty. What do I know. At any rate we received notice from the commandant by telegraph that we were to hold you, because you were suspected, highly suspected, of having stolen the people's money up there. But it is possible, too, that you are innocent. But come forward!"

"Why do you say nothing, Carlo?" asked Geronimo.

"I was saying . . . oh yes. I was saying . . ."

"Now come along! What's the sense of standing about on the road! The sun is burning. In an hour we can be right there at the place itself."

Carlo took as usual Geronimo's arm and they went slowly on, the gendarme behind them.

"Carlo, why do you say nothing?" Geronimo asked again.

"But what would you, Geronimo, what must I say? It will all come out. I myself don't know . . ."

And the thought crossed his mind:

"Must I explain to him before we are in the court?" . . . It won't do!

The gendarme is listening to us.

. . . Now what's to be done? Of course in court I shall tell the truth.

No one would believe this cock and bull story . . . Geronimo didn't once believe it . . . And he looked sideways at him.

The blindman's head nodded up and down in his old fashion, beating time as they went along and his empty eyes stared into the heavens. And Carlo knew all of a sudden what kind of thoughts lay behind that forehead. . . .

"So that's how things stand," he was quite sure Geronimo was thinking.

"Carlo doesn't only steal from me, he steals too from other people. . . . Yet everything is all right for him, he has eyes that see and yet he makes such use of them. . . . Yes most assuredly Geronimo was thinking that . . . and then too the

fact that no money will be found on me, won't aid me—not in the eyes of the court, not in the eyes of Geronimo. They will lock me up and him. . . . Yes, him just like me, for he has at least the money."

And he could not go on thinking, he felt his thoughts were so muddled. It appeared to him as though he did not understand anything more about the whole business, and he only knew one thing that he would allow himself to be put in prison for a year with pleasure . . . or for ten, if only Geronimo knew that he had become a thief for him alone!

And suddenly Geronimo stopped short, so that Carlo had to halt.

"Now, then what's the matter?" the gendarme said fretfully. "Forward! forward!" But he then beheld with amazement the blindman let his guitar fall upon the ground and, raising his arms, grope with his two hands for his brother's cheeks. Then he brought his lips to Carlo's mouth, who at first did not understand what had happened to him, and kissed him.

"Are you off your head?" the gendarme cried. "Forward! forward! I don't want to be roasted!"

Geronimo picked up his guitar from the ground without uttering a word. Carlo released a deep breath and placed his hand again on the blind man's arm. And he smiled to himself with a wonderful expression of happiness.

"Forward!" cried the gendarme. "Are you willing at last?" . . . and he gave Carlo a push between the ribs.

And Carlo guiding with a firm pressure the blindman's arm, went on again forward. He took a much stronger step, as in the old days. The smile would not fade from his countenance. It came to him that nothing bad could now happen to him—either at the hands of the law or from anywhere else in the world. He had his brother again! . . . No, he had him for the first time. . . .



LAMPLIGHT

From the Painting by Franklin Brownell in the Canadian National Gallery

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE TOLL OF THE CRESTING SEAS

BY F. WILLIAM WALLACE

ON the night of Friday, March 15th, 1912, we were lying hove-to on the northeastern edge of Brown's Bank, fifty miles to the south'ard of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. The breeze came away from the south-west, and as the evening drew on it rose to a proper March gale, with the accompaniments of rain storms, sleet, and mountainous seas. Lying-to under foresail and jumbo, our schooner performed some wonderful antics as she staggered and swopped over the roaring crests, and it soon became an impossibility to stand upon her decks or even sit on the cabin lockers. With these conditions existing, we turned into our bunks and read, smoked and slept.

At midnight, the wind and sea were so heavy that even hanging into a bunk was a task, while the vessel was pressed down with the weight of the wind in her canvas until the lee rail was under.

"Take in the jumbo!" cried the skipper, and, oiling up, we turned out on the rain and spray swept deck and tied the sail up, leaving the vessel under foresail only.

It was a wild night; dark as the inside of a boot, and a howling inferno of wind, spray and rain. The gale-whipped Bank seas frothed and broke roaring in tons of white water around our little craft and the flying spume slashed the decks. Br-r-r! It was no night for a promenade, so

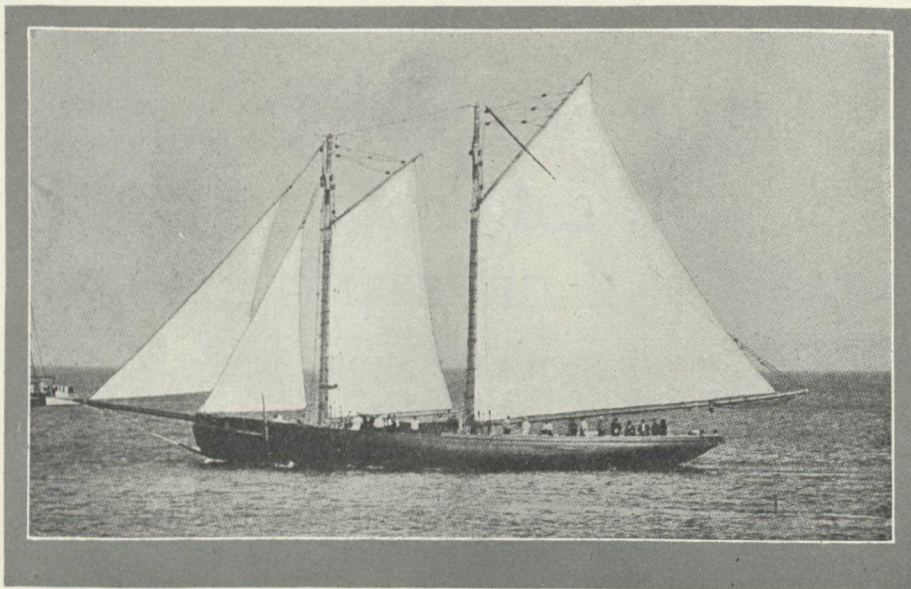
leaving the two watchmates to their chilly vigil, we went below and turned in again.

"Glad we're out here in this breeze," remarked a fisherman. "Wouldn't like t' be pokin' aroun' th' land t'night."

One vessel, however, had taken the risk, and her name heads the list of the first disaster to the American fishing fleet of 1912. She was a Gloucesterman, and *The Times* of that famous New England fishing port, heads the list of Gloucester's toll with the loss of the *Patrician*:

"Schr. *Patrician*, one hundred and twenty-five tons gross, ninety-three tons net, built at Essex, 1905, employed in the Western Bank fishery, went ashore March 15th, near Shelburne, N.S., while running for shelter in a heavy gale, the captain making a mistake in the lights. The captain and nine of the crew were drowned, the lost men being William Harding, master, 40 years, native of Pubnico, N.S., single; John and Albert Goodwin, 22 and 32 years, respectively, brothers, and natives of Bear Point, N.S., both single; Coleman Hopkins, 30 years, native of Wood's Harbour, N.S., single; Joseph Nickerson, 30 years, native of Wood's Harbour, N.S., single; Clarence Perry, 28 years, native of Shag Harbour, N.S., single; Michael Jennings, 29 years, native of Newfoundland, married; Joseph Robicheau, 26 years, native of Surette's Island, N.S., single; George Spark, 32 years, native of Bonavista, N.F., married; William Griel, 30 years, native of Shelburne, N.S., married. Eleven of the crew were saved."

Ten men went to death that night,



A FISHING SCHOONER IN WINTER RIG

but the loss is not recorded in Canadian records, as the vessel was fishing and registered under the Stars and Stripes. Yet Gloucester's loss is Canada's loss, for it will be noticed that eight of the drowned were Canadians, and two were from the ancient Colony of Newfoundland.

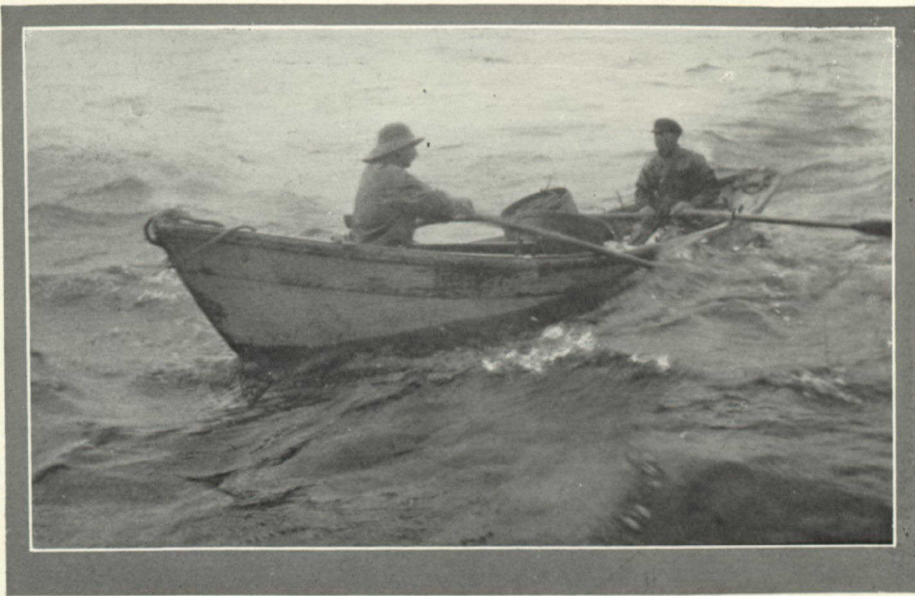
Looking over the list of the forty-five men who lost their lives while prosecuting their business in the Atlantic fisheries of the United States, we find that Nova Scotia and Newfoundland pay the heaviest toll.

Of the forty-five men who died or were lost from United States fishing vessels during 1912, it is interesting to note that twenty-six were natives of Nova Scotia; one hailed from Prince Edward Island, and eleven were natives of Newfoundland—a total of thirty-eight souls.

Whether they be American, or Canadian, Gloucester honours her dead, and the beautiful memorial service held there every summer is one of the most touching and impressive of ceremonies. It is held on a Sunday, and in addition to the inhabitants of the fishing-town, there are

hundreds of summer visitors and Boston residents who throng the hall or church in which the service is held. The roll of the dead is read out by either the Mayor of the town or a prominent official, and when the exercises are over, the day is closed by a procession of children, who, laden with garlands and flowers, troop down to the water-front and cast their floral tributes upon the waves.

Canada has her losses among the fishermen of her home fleet, and the closing days of 1912 saw one of the worst mishaps which ever happened to Canadian fishermen. On the morning of December 23rd, the Digby fishing schooner *Dorothy M. Smart* was "jogging" off Yarmouth, while the crew dressed down their catch of fish. It was early morning, dark, and with a smooth sea and little wind. The men, scattered around the pens and dressing-boards, were working in the light of kerosene flares, when suddenly, and without warning, the schooner was struck by a squall which hove her down until the whole lee deck went under and the mastheads almost touched the water. All the



SEA FISHERMEN IN A DORY

men working to leeward were submerged, and when the vessel righted, it was found that five of the gang were gone. Dories were swung over, but one man only was found clinging to some wreckage. The others were drowned. Three days before this catastrophe, the writer was in company with the crew of this vessel, being unable to get off to his own schooner lying out in the harbour.

The method of fishing as prosecuted from the Bank schooners is, to say the least, a very risky one, as the work of setting and hauling the lines is done from small, sixteen-foot to eighteen-foot boats known as dories. These dories are of a peculiar build, flat-bottomed, deep-sided, and fitted with removable thwarts to permit of them being "nested" one within the other upon the vessel's decks. A Banker carries from six to ten of these dories if used for double trawling with two men in each, and as many as fourteen if employed in single dory trawling with one man to a dory. When the fishermen make their "set" with the long 2,100-foot lines

equipped with 600 baited hooks, they leave the schooner in the dories, and scattered over the open waters of the Bank they work their gear and capture the finny harvest of the sea.

It is in the dories that many men are lost—fourteen men having been drowned in 1912 by the swamping or capsizing of the small craft. Out on the open Atlantic, anywhere from twenty to one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land, they are constantly exposed to the dangers of sudden squalls which may separate them from their schooner and ultimately roll them over in the rising sea. Fog is also responsible for the death of many men; the clammy, impenetrable Bank mist which shuts down without a moment's warning and blots vessel and dories from each other's sight. Astray in the mist, the lost dorymen may pull aimlessly about looking for the schooner, until starvation or a cresting surge ends their futile search. Considering the number of men who do get astray from their schooners each year, it is wonderful that there is not a heavier toll, but oftentimes,



HOVE-TO—THE WATCHMATES

the lost men are picked up by other vessels, while others have been known to pull a hundred miles in off the Bank to the nearest land. As an instance of the wonderful endurance possessed by fishermen, I will quote an incident which happened in April, 1912. The newspaper account reads as follows:

“The Newfoundland fishing schooner, *Florence M.*, arrived at North Sydney yesterday with two fishermen who had strayed from their vessel on Quero Bank during a thick fog. The men were in an open dory for fourteen days, and for nine days were hemmed in by ice. They had a little cake and some frozen water, which kept them from starving, but both suffered terribly from cold. Only steady exercise kept them from freezing to death, but one man's hands and feet were black from being frozen.”

Just imagine it! Fourteen days adrift in a dory with but a mouthful of food and water daily, and in bitter, freezing weather! It is a thought which is well calculated to make the bravest shudder, yet our Bank fishermen are constantly risking just such an experience.

In September, 1912, a thick fog had over fifty men astray from their vessels while fishing in the South Channel, off Cape Cod, and though all were eventually picked up by one or other of the numerous vessels and steamers which ply in such frequented waters, yet many of the fishermen underwent trying experiences from cold and hunger. One man puffed to shore after having been two days and nights in the dory without food or water. Thirteen men were picked up by one vessel, while another came into port minus three-quarters of her crew and with her flag at half-mast, only to find the missing men awaiting her arrival.

Many men are lost overboard from the schooners themselves—principally while handling sail in a heavy breeze and sea. The vessels are but small craft, ranging from 60 to 120 tons, and though they are able, strong, and well ballasted, yet there are times when the utmost vigilance on the part of the crew is necessary to avoid being washed overboard. The hull of the schooner rides very low in the water



HAULING IN A MAINSHEET

and the rail is not over two feet high, and when a sea crashes aboard it is liable to sweep everything before it. While making a passage or lying-to, there is not so much danger, as the men confine themselves to cabin and forecastle, leaving but the two watch-mates on deck—one to the wheel and

the other to lookout. If the vessel is shipping water, the wheelsman lashes himself to the wheel-box, and the lookout performs his duty for the vessel and himself. Handling sail in a heavy wind and breaking sea, especially at night, is different. The men are intent upon the business of pull-



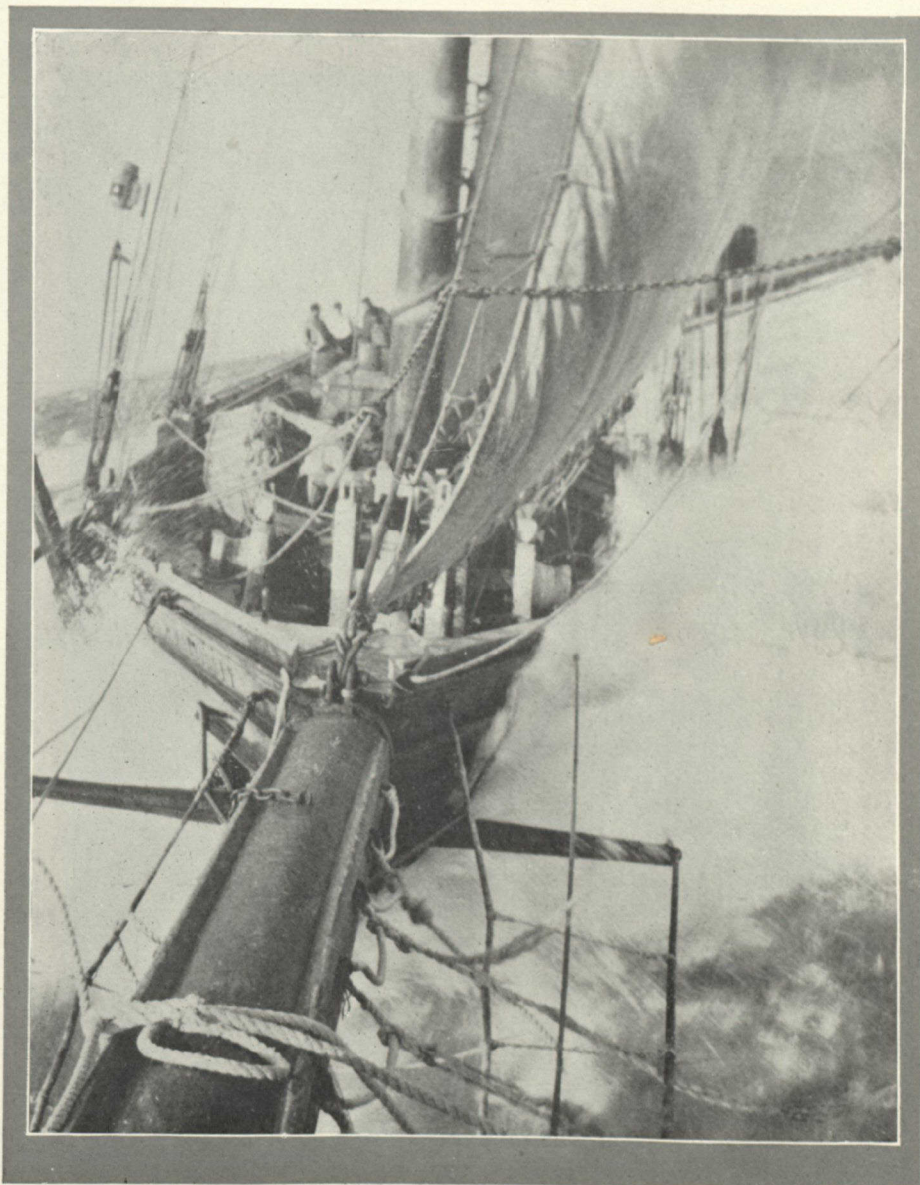
TYPICAL NOVA SCOTIAN DEEP SEA FISHERMEN

ing or hauling, and in heaving in on a mainsheet, the vessel will often ship a sea over her quarter and wash the whole gang to leeward, and sometimes, when the crowd have picked themselves up, a shipmate is found missing. Nightwork in reefing the mainsail and furling a jib has claimed many lives. It is impossible to tell when a sea is going to board, and the men on the bowsprit tussling with a jib are often washed away when the schooner drives her bowsprit and bow under a surge, while those perched precariously on the end of the main-boom, struggling with a reef earring, are often washed off or precipitated into the water by the slatting of the sail.

It is a risky life; hazardous in summer, and doubly so in winter, and especially when upon the wild waters of the North Atlantic off the Nova Scotia coast and in the Bay of Fundy. Our northern latitudes, untempered by the warming drift of the Gulf Stream, offer nothing but bitter weather for the fishermen in the winter days. The demand for fish is

greater than the supply, and to satisfy the insistent call, our fishermen brave the weather and fare forth to battle with the spite of wind and sea; wresting their finny spoil from the depths between the squalls.

Could you dwellers in inland cities who discuss the tasty cod steak, halibut or other sea-food upon your tables in the winter months but know what men have endured in order that you might eat thereof. Could you but experience the spite of a winter's gale, nights bitter with intense cold, whirling with shot-like snow and hail, and thunderous with the howl of wind and crash of breaking seas. The tumbling, reeling schooners, lying-to on the Banks under scanty canvas, iced up from rail to masthead, decks scaled with ice and dangerous with boarding seas, and men—young and old, respectable and educated, with wives, families, and pleasant homes—living this life in order that you may be supplied. Out in the dories in the hulls between the squalls, working all day under lowering skies in the reeling, rearing boats, tugging on



"THE WILD DRIVES FOR MARKET"

Photograph taken from the bowsprit of schooner going sixteen knots in a December gale.

trawl or handline, and working through the nights by the glare of kerosene flares. While the fishing is good, sleeping is forgotten; the men work day and night, returning to the schooner but to satisfy a wolfish hun-

ger and pitch out their fish. Then, when the change comes with a leaden sky and lowering barometer, they return aboard and make sail for port on the wings of the storm. What a history can be written of these drives

for market; the titanic struggles with rebellious canvas, the perilous manoeuvring upon ice-scaled, sea-washed decks, and the iron nerve of the skippers who command.

It is only Nova Scotia and Newfoundland that can breed these men, and the Atlantic Bank fishermen, whether sailing under the Empire's

ensign or the Stars and Bars, are reared in the brine-washed villages which fringe our rugged eastern coasts. The sea gives nothing without exacting its toll, and in the payment of the tribute the sand of the shoal water is white with the bones of those who have paid with their lives.

ECHO DELL

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

IN a lone valley fair and far,
 Where many sweet beguilements are,
 I know a spot to lag and dream
 Through damask morns and noons a gleam;
 For feet fall lightly on the fern,
 And twilight there's a wondrous thing,
 When the winds blow from some far bourne
 Beyond the hill-rims westering;
 There echoes ring as if a throng
 Of fairies hid from mortal eyes
 Sent laughter back in spirit guise
 And song as the pure soul of song;
 Oh, 'tis a spot to love right well,
 This lonely, witching Echo Dell!
 Even the winds an echo know,
 Elusive, faint, such as might blow
 From wandering elfland bugles far
 Beneath an occidental star;
 And I have thought the bluebells lent
 A subtle music to my ear,
 And that the pale wild roses bent
 To harken sounds I might not hear.
 The tasselled fir trees softly croon
 The fabled lore of older days,
 And through the shimmering eastern haze
 Floats slowly up the mellow moon:
 Come, heart o' mine, for love must dwell
 In whispering, witching Echo Dell!



BETSY HUME

From the Painting by Sir Henry Raeburn. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

BY G. G. H. READE

I WAS, as a young man, employed in the office of a merchant and banker in Ciudad Real in Spain, when the adventure I am about to relate occurred, and, like many another whose masters and associates were men of a different nationality, I kept myself very much to myself and was particularly careful to whom I made advances of friendship. My father had served in the Peninsula under the Duke of Wellington, and at this town he had been quartered on Senor Dominiguez, the richest merchant and private banker between Madrid and Cordova. A friendship was the result, and eventually, when my father returned home, without much money and worn out by many privations, he sent me (I was but nineteen) to the office of Senor Dominiguez at their Madrid branch.

Now, the Senor had two daughters and no son, and it was popularly supposed that the business would, on the old man's death, belong to a cousin of his children, a nephew by marriage, a Senor José Arguel, who at that time was in charge of a police station, a semi-official, military position, at Consuegra, a small town on the southern slopes of the Toledo mountains, and rather more than midway between Madrid and Ciudad Real.

The banker had set his heart on one of his daughters marrying his nephew José, and on the other marrying my humble self; and though I, as

a young man, did not accept my position very seriously, the peculiar pleasure of being considered so important in the eyes of the sixty-five clerks who composed the staff at Madrid was not to be under-estimated.

"The Donna Senorita Inez awaits milord Anglais at the Senor's villa," would the ubiquitous funkey of the bank parlour say to me, as the hour of two approached, the hour when my duties for the day, and they were light, came to an end.

And then I would wend my way to the charming villa of the rich banker and spend a delightful afternoon in the garden arbours, and finish the evening with dinner and music; and in those days I had something of a voice.

"Do you know," I once said, "when I return to England, I shall miss the guitar more than anything else."

"More than anything else," sighed the Donna Ymelda, the elder daughter and the betrothed of Done José, "for shame, monsieur; a guitar is nothing except the player strike it."

"A thousand pardons, fair lady," I quickly answered, "you are more than right. With your touch and with your inimitable skill the instrument speaks."

I saw her dark eyes flash; she was immeasurably the handsomer of the two sisters, and for some time I had thought, boylike and thoughtlessly, that she and I were far better fitted to be mates than her sister and I.

All the while, this bright summer time, when life passed so pleasantly and happily, Capitan José Arguel was away in charge of his detachment. Now, the Capitan and myself were antagonistic natures, and the few times we had seen each other had been sufficient to prove to me that no love was lost between us.

One day this was abundantly proved. I had been unwell with a touch of fever, and the senior had sent me, very kindly, to Ciudad Real to pick up, and, knowing my popularity among my fellow-workers at the bank, had decided to take a villa in the vicinity of Ciudad Real and let me join the staff at the bank office in that place.

So the father, two daughters and I came down, and on our way over the Toledo Mountains, rested at Consuegra, where his nephew, Don José was in command.

José was in high spirits apparently; he had wanted to tap the pocket of the old banker and had done so successfully, to judge from his marked expressions of gratitude to his uncle. I knew beforehand that the official position he occupied had drained his pockets, for on one occasion he had hinted at owing money to the "accursed sharpers," meaning lenders who infested the neighbourhood at that period, and I was not surprised, for when he had come up to Madrid on the few occasions I had previously seen him, he indeed had made the money fly.

Just as we were finishing the evening dinner at his quarters, a simple incident occurred. The Senorita Ymelda turned to me, and said, "You like travelling, monsieur, and fear no foes nor shadows. Shall we walk, after wine, to the river side, so cool and refreshing?"

"With the utmost pleasure," was my courteous answer. I noticed not the scowling face of José as I spoke; had I done so, I might have been forewarned.

But I was young; I knew not the

pangs of jealousy, for this was my first attempt in life at playing the matrimonial game, and I was doing it light-heartedly."

"Come, José, you will join us," sang out the senorita's gay voice, as Ymelda and her sister Inez accompanied me across the lawn of the villa where the Capitan had made his quarters.

There was no answer.

But we three never cared. The girls enjoyed the walk. They admired the tumbling cascade, the rocky banks glistening in the evening shade like as if a thousand glow-worms had covered them; the scent of the orange groves and the fragrance of the tobacco plant perfumed the air, and the senorita Ymelda was in ecstasy.

"England cannot boast this, monsieur," she exclaimed.

"Cannot it," I said, "one day I will show you."

The senorita Ymelda showed her pearly teeth and smiled capitavatingly.

So I told them of the Trossachs and Killarney,
Of the Devon lanes and golden fields of grain,
Of the silver Thames beneath a summer awning,
Of the freedom of her mountain, stream and plain.

"Oh, sing it, monsieur, sing it, can you not do so?" they chorused.

And I did sing it, with the result that the Capitan José hated me still more, with his fiancée smiling at me, with the old senior's grave face wreathed in smiles at my patriotism. His Spanish blood was up, and as a Spaniard, from that hour he vowed vengeance to the English supplanter.

*

"Be careful and, above all, pass the night, my lad, at Consuegra; do so both coming and going. It will ease the journey and render it safer. Never be rash like your father! Ah! the major was, yes he was, one of the best."

Such were the parting words of mine host, the banker, Senor Dominguez, as I put spurs to my mount and cantered away from his country villa. I was bound for Madrid, where I should receive a consignment of a certain amount of gold and a quantity of negotiable paper bills from the office of the bank there for the needs of Ciudad Real. The harvest season was beginning and money was required.

Everything went well. Consuegra was reached late in the afternoon. The Capitan José was very polite. Being, as it were, one of the family, I told him my mission, and he cautioned me repeatedly not to allow daylight to desert me on my way through the Toledo passes when I was returning, and to be sure and pass the night at the station.

"Many armed bands are still about," he finished off as I took my departure. "It will be twenty years before Spain has recovered from the war, monsieur."

If I had possessed eyes behind my back, I should have seen, directly I was on my way, that a pair of vindictive black eyes were watching me, and the curled lips of the Spaniard were imprecating and cursing this hateful foreigner—myself.

No obstacle impeded my way, and if it had, I felt equal to any emergency, for I was well armed, a brace of pistols and a short rapier being at easy command, and I could fence not a little in those days.

Madrid was the centre of gayety. Two days and three nights of dissipation rendered me listless and heavy, when on the third day after my arrival I set out on my return journey, starting at sunrise to ensure reaching Consuegra ere nightfall.

It required one hour to sunset when I started descending the lower slopes of the Toledo. On my way I had crossed the Tague at Araujez instead of seeking the bridge at the city of Toledo, and made my way through the Orcana plains and the pass of Surblique. At this latter place my

horse showed signs of lameness, so I pushed him vigorously. It was no joke to be at the mercy of banditti with two heavy bags of gold strapped on the saddle and my inside pockets filled with notes, when darkness should fall on a lonely mountain pass.

As I came on the familiar landmarks of the Captain's post near the hillock commanding the village, I realised how necessary the increased speed of my journey had been. My horse became dead lame, and I walked him into the garden of the villa with the bridle over my arm.

"Here, at least," thought I, "I am safe."

My horse walked away into an adjoining stable to be cared for and fed, while Don José and myself regaled ourselves with light refreshments preparatory to the evening meal. We talked of everything,—the bank business, the senor, the fair senoritas, Madrid, the gold and notes I carried. In fact, the Capitan was affability itself! And then he withdrew to complete, as he said, "the orders of the day."

"I will not be long, monsieur," were his last words, as he left his chair.

Such an evening, perfect, peaceful, calm! I lounged out on the verandah smoking, and, finding mine host engaged in his professional duties, pursued my way across the lawn to the tumbling cascade; and there, under the shade of a vine which covered a disused wall that had once bounded the garden on the river side, sat down to rest my limbs, which were somewhat stiffened by my ride.

I had rested some twenty minutes when suddenly the sound of a human voice reached my ears—the words uttered were hasty and angry.

"I tell you discovery is certain if Senor Le Capitan insists in departure."

"How so, how so, Miguel?"

"Because the world will say in your absence I was guilty."

"And if I stay?"

"Suspicion will fall on one out of all of us?"

"By the soul of the Virgin, no! Are you fearful?"

"How can I be, Senor Capitan, the orders are given; two file of men will execute them. I told them to brain him as he lay asleep on the couch which you have placed in the ante-room off the verandah. The grave will be dug beforehand, and the gold—the gold—"

"Will be ours to share, Miguel. What matters it? This accursed foreigner is ever against me, wrecking all my hopes; and remember I will soften the heart of the fair Inez when he is forgotten."

"Ah," sighed Miguel, "I do not like—but the sooner over the better. Senor Capitan ply the wine for the English are light sleepers."

"Never fear; I only wish we had a poison, not a drug, ready. So obey your orders and see that the men dig the grave ere the moon has risen one hour."

And I heard the two separate—the one, his footsteps retracing their way back to the soldiers' quarters, and the other—I raised myself and peered over the wall—he sat on a large flat stone, gazing at the waterfall, musing, and with a self-absorbed countenance, as it seemed to me, from the side-faced view I possessed of him.

Instinctively my hand sought my pistol holsters, but my belt was off. I gnashed my teeth impotently. "On my saddle," I muttered, "may the saints now guard me!"

To be candid, I had realised my danger hardly as yet; but in a moment the whole horror of the situation dawned upon me.

What should I do? Flee? Now, if ever, was my opportunity, my only chance. I hid myself in the thick vine leaves and thought hard.

It was sufficient that I had my employer's gold and notes. I was in charge of them and, come what may, I should defend them. I called to mind the stern injunction of my fath-

er, "Duty first, and the devil, who is always a coward, afterwards."

My heart was steeled. I walked calmly back to the quarters of Don José. As I crossed the shrubbery below the garden I took a path to the left. I knew not where it led, but I surmised to the stables; I was not deceived, but the stables were securely locked and not a soldier-groom was to be seen anywhere. Accordingly, I came back by the path, and suddenly an idea flashed upon my mind. It was a desperate idea; but desperate times need desperate measures, and I was soothed at the reflection of safety that now seemed within reach.

Carelessly whistling an air and full of apparent light-heartedness, I strolled across the lawn into the sitting-room the Capitan generally used. He was not there, and finding the heat as much as I could comfortably endure, I awaited his arrival on the verandah.

He soon appeared, and I was not a little surprised to find him booted and spurred, as if he meditated an immediate journey.

"I am called away, monsieur," he said, with a polite gesture, "a thousand pardons, but duty knows no obstacle, not even good manners. It is annoying, he went on to say, seeing that I took but little notice, "most annoying, but you must not blame me. A murder has been committed at a village some twenty miles off and the mayor has sent for me, and"—here he smiled—"I must go."

"Of course," I replied. "Pray do not think of me. I will easily rest, if you can show me to my couch, and pursue my way earlier in the morning than I had intended."

"Ah, monsieur, that is kind of you; I wish all your countrymen were as accommodating.

I laughed.

"You will have an excellent host in Miguel? He met you once at Madrid in the Plaza de la Requa."

Miguel! Miguel! Yes, some such name as that I now remembered. Yes! surely, that "cacadore," that man

from the mountains who had made himself so useful to José, and under whose wing he had obtained an entrance into the senor's Madrid house, and through the banker's influence had been appointed a military police officer. Yes! The man had been suspected of sending a rose-coloured note to the Donna Inez.

I tumbled to it all pretty quick, I need not say, after this mental admission.

In a few minutes the Capitan José had disappeared with his escort behind him, leaving Miguel and four police soldiers to "carry out his orders," and I, the intended victim, sat down to a liberally spread table.

"This is excellent wine," said Miguel, "will monsieur try it?"

"Thank you, no!" I replied, "the flames of Burgundy are not to my way of thinking this very hot weather."

Miguel shifted about on his seat. The lieutenant looked and was distinctly uncomfortable.

"But," said I naïvely, "that lighter wine, unopened by your side, if I may?"

"Ah! ah! certainly!" replied the Spaniard. He could do no more than pass it; he could do no less.

"One point scored," thought I, and I proceeded to talk and talk about this, that and the other thing.

On three distinct occasions the Spaniard begged me to allow him to pour me out some wine; each time I politely yet firmly declined.

"We will, if monsieur likes," were his words when the repast was finished, or, to be more accurate, when I had finished the repast by rising abruptly and walking to the window, "walk to the cascade and smoke."

"No, many thanks," I answered, "I have decided to leave here early, by sunrise, so will almost immediately retire to rest."

"As you like, monsieur."

"One favour more," I asked, "pray show me my quarters."

He nodded acquiescence and led

me to a small room connected with the verandah, and pointed to a large chair bed.

"That is the best we can offer," he said, "I should advise your taking it on to the verandah, but as you like." An uneasy smile spread over his features.

We were standing side by side. The short twilight had already fallen, and in ten minutes it would be quite dark. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, I struck Miguel a fierce blow on his temple, felling him to the ground. In a moment, I had seized him, repeating blow after blow, effectually silencing him; for at the first, though stunned and bewildered, he had shown signs of resistance. I gagged him, bound him hand and foot, cut off his coat and collar, and placed him on the couch where I had been asked to pass the night, and covered him over. As he lay there he had all the appearance of a man asleep, and unless the soldiers took a strong light with them, the identity would scarcely be known.

In another moment I had jumped over the verandah rail, and, climbing a tree that commanded a view of the house, ensconced myself in the branches. In the excitement of the moment, I knew not that my hands were bleeding profusely from the force of the blow I had struck the Spaniard.

It was pitch dark. The wind moaned through the trees of the adjoining wood, and the sound of the cascade at the base of the lawn seemed louder in the stilly darkness.

How long I waited I know not. Certain I am, however, that it appeared a longer time than it really was, and my anxiety was ten-fold increased. I hardly thought of the fate awaiting Miguel, and had I even known it, my state of mind would have forbidden me any further serious effort of concentrated reasoning.

From the direction of the stables, which I could see from my post of vantage, came the first indication of

movement. Lights appeared in the rooms above the soldiers' quarters.

I must mention that all this time I had forgotten entirely about the gold. What troubled me was my own safety. Selfish, anyone will say; but how natural! The gold was safe where I had placed it on my arrival, in the room where I had dined. It was there when Miguel and I left the room, and, as the verandah opened out of the apartment, and was the only means of exit, as of entrance, no one had been there as far as I knew, to tamper with it.

Presently the sound of footsteps reached my ear. I held my breath hard. Some persons were approaching across the lawn. Four men advanced, carrying a lantern shaded with a cloth, and halted right under the very tree where I was hiding.

The faint glow of the lantern light showed me their whereabouts. There was no moon, so all I could do was to wait. The beads of perspiration stood on my brow. In another minute they had reached the verandah, the light disappearing with them.

A horrid thought then struck me. If my subterfuge is discovered, a search will be made and at once. I am but one to five. What should I do? Already the men had disappeared into the room to slay their victim. I shuddered at what I had escaped. I was undecided. A moment later and my decision was made. I would stay.

There was a sound of movement around the house. Once again I saw the light of the lantern. This time no serious effort was made to hide it, for it was easily discernible. Instead of crossing the lawn and seeking their quarters over the stables, the men re-entered the house, and again all was still.

I hastily left my refuge and ran rapidly to the stable-yard. There was my good horse with all his equipment slung over the paling of his stall. It took me three minutes to saddle and bridle him. I led him to

the door; he was still dead lame. I was baffled and perplexed. But necessity knows no defeat.

I took my pistols from their holsters, charged them, and returned very cautiously to the tree, standing beneath its shade. Still no movement in the vicinity of the house.

"Where are the men, and what are they doing?" I mused.

My curiosity was more than aroused; I was determined to see. Moving very carefully and treading like a cat, I approached the verandah. Save for a light in the room where the gold boxes were stored and the remnants of our meal still remained on the table, all was pitch dark.

Five minutes, ten minutes passed.

Holding both pistols ready for immediate use, I crept up the verandah steps and peered into the room where I had left Miguel. All was silent.

I entered. I struck a light. Its brightness startled and frightened me. I approached the couch. There lay Miguel, his head smashed in by a fearful blow, and the saturated portion of the sheet covering him showed only too plainly where the stiletto had struck his sleeping form. No time was given me to mediate and consider. The sound of feet, rushing outside, proved that my light had been seen. I rushed to the verandah, prepared to sell my life dearly. As the figure of the first Spaniard mounted the verandah stair, I pulled the trigger. There was a loud groan and shriek, and one of my opponents was out of the fight. As he fell he dropped the lantern he carried and the darkness was rendered darker than ever.

His companions rushed after him. Already one had gained the verandah by climbing up over the five-foot wooden palisade. There were shouts of "Treachery! He is robbing us of our share!" and I had scarcely time to discharge my other loaded pistol at my second assailant ere he could strike me with uplifted knife. Without a groan, he fell at my feet.

The third closed with me. He had a strong sinewy frame, and I felt his long lean fingers at my throat. But I was younger and possessed more skill, if not more strength. I clung to him desperately, warding off all his determined efforts to obtain a firm hold on my throat. The struggle was short-lived, for, suddenly tearing myself away from him, I flung myself at his knees. In an instant he was over and I was on top. One quick and violent jab in the face and he was quiet. Still pressing him downwards with my foot, I searched for my matches and struck a light. The Spaniard lay helpless. In falling he had evidently struck his head against the wooden balustrade, for a deep wound on his head was bleeding freely.

I now knew the moments were precious. I hastened to the lawn and by the side of my first victim picked up the fallen lantern. Lighting it, I examined the scene of the conflict. Two of the soldiers were quite dead and the other unconscious. Miguel lay on his couch, foully murdered. The fourth soldier was nowhere to be seen.

I reloaded my pistols and proceeded to see if the gold I had left in the other room was safe. There I discovered the missing soldier—he sat back in a chair with eyes protruding from his head, and with all the appearance of a man who had drunk heavily and had been drugged. By his side the empty decanter of burgundy, which I had refused.

That was sufficient!

Within five minutes I had led my lame horse to the lawn and packed the gold boxes on his quarters.

"Lame or not lame, you must try and go," I said.

The faithful beast seemed to understand, and he did his best. I bound his lame leg up tightly with a cloth soaked in water, and the first three miles were anxious beyond words.

Time after time I fancied I heard pursuers; but, thanks to goodness, my ears mistook the sound.

An hour later, as the sunset rays crowned the Toledo mountains, I came upon a muleteer making toward the scene of my late adventure. Ten golden pieces were all he wanted to make the exchange between my lame beast and his strong, active animal.

I reached Malagon at ten, and immediately asked for an escort to Ciudad Real. With difficulty this simple request was granted. Late that evening, fatigued and worn out with the anxiety of my journey, and all that I had been through, I reached Ciudad Real.

The next morning the *senor* knew all. What he did for me I will not say; I am modest. All I will tell the world is that Don José returned to his quarters, saw the havoc of his plans and my resistance, flew from Consuegra, and was never seen again.

The wounded Spaniard was shot by order of the mayor, and a new detachment of "police" were put in charge.

Murders were very common at that time. In a month the affair had been forgotten. Such is life, particularly Spanish life!

And what of the fair *senoritas*? Donna Ymeida is now my wife, and Donna Inez agreed without a tear to the change; yet her home is with us now in the Trossachs, and for our children's holidays we go to Killarney or the silver Thames.

"Shall I sing you once again the old refrain?" I often say to both:

So I told them of the Trossachs and Killarney,
Of the Devon lanes and golden fields of grain;
Of the silver Thames beneath a summer awning,
Of the freedom of her mountain, stream and plain.

and the present lives again with the past.

CANADIAN CREATIVE COMPOSERS

BY J. D. LOGAN

CANADIANS know even less about the musical history of their country than they do about its literary history. Indeed, only a very small minority of the cultured amongst them have decent general knowledge of the beginnings of musical performance in Canada—of its forms, scope, purpose, and artistic development from the founding of the Philharmonic Society of Montreal in 1848 to the first apogee of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto in 1912; and only an esoteric coterie of specialists are aware that æsthetically worthy musical compositions in all forms from songs to masses and operas and from piano *morceaux* to orchestral overtures and symphonies have been written by native-born Canadians during at least the last thirty-five years of the Confederacy. Now, the Canadian people in general are not to be blamed for their lack of acquaintance with the names and works of native-born composers. The ignorance is due to three chief causes. I shall briefly state them, and then proceed to my essential task in this essay.

First, it is not possible for a composer to achieve through his music, as a poet may achieve through his verse, a bad notoriety. A poet may write verse which is perfect in structure and rhythm, beautiful in conception and imagery, and competent to give cultured readers the utmost æsthetic delight; yet he may die to-

tally obscured, his poetry unread and his name unknown. But let a poet write picaresque realism in verse, as do Messrs. Service and Stead, or Imperialistic "dog lyrics," as do Messrs. Wigle and McCrossan—and, behold, such a poet (?) soon grows famous. Structurally, or on the side of the mechanics of verse, the poetry of Messrs. Service and Stead may be regarded as passable; but in moral ideas and in the æsthetic enhancement of thought and emotion, it is thoroughly bad. Yet it cannot be denied that these authors of picaresque poetry easily achieved universal notoriety. On the other hand, music can contain no ideas—moral or immoral—save only musical ideas, and these are wholly qualitative and quantitative relations of tones. Those who say that music is a language are speaking in metaphor; for language is based on a fixed convention that certain black marks, called letters and words, shall, in certain relations, be the symbols or signs of a thing perceived, of a feeling, of an abstract thought—in short, of ideas.

Now, no such convention has been fixed between tones and mental contents; a simple melodic progression does not say, "I think I'll take a holiday"; a chromatic scale passage does not exclaim, "I'm off for the train!"; a modulation from the key of the tonic into the key of the dominant does not remark, "I changed

cars at Sunnyside," and so on. The meaning of music is intrinsic; that is, lies in its structure, rhythm, dynamic changes, tone-colour, power to delight the tonal sense, subdue the heart, or to transport the imagination. The only bad music is music which is *structurally bad*, aesthetically vulgar or inane, as, for instance, rag-time and most so-called descriptive music. Because, then, music cannot express moral ideas, and can be bad only aesthetically, or by being accompanied by an immoral text, as in a ribald song or as in those grand operas whose action is based on lust and murder, no composer inevitably gains notoriety or universal fame save by the absolute superexcellence of his music. Canada has yet to produce a composer whose music, by virtue of quantity and intrinsic beauty and power, would place him amongst the supreme masters and thus compel his name to be known universally.

Again, there has not been in Canada a *systematic* period of musical composition as there has been a systematic period of poetical composition. The renaissance in Canadian poetry, which was inaugurated by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, continuing, as it did, from 1887 to 1903, was so original a display of genius and so productive of a considerable group of genuine poets and poetesses that the names and art of these Canadian singers of "the sacred mystery that underlies all Beauty," became popularised, first in England and the United States, and, eventually, in their homeland. But musical composition by Canadians, from the creative days of Calixa Lavallée (circa 1878 ff.) to the rise of Mr. Clarence Lucas (1897), was sporadic, and the compositions themselves, for the most part, were in the smaller and popular forms: songs, piano *morceaux*, marches, waltzes, and "occasional" choral works, written to celebrate some social or political event. Sporadic composition of music, even if the music were aesthetically worthy, could

give the individual composer only temporary and local reputation—village renown.

Finally: A systematic period of musical composition by Canadians has been struggling towards recognition during the last fifteen years. How, then, does it happen that the names of these composers who are engaged in systematic writing of music are hardly known even to a minority of those Canadians who consider themselves cultured teachers and lovers of music? It happens, I take it, because Canadian Conservatories of Music have imitated Canadian colleges and universities in neglecting to teach the history of the development of aesthetic culture in the Dominion. It is nothing less than academic pedantry run to seed that causes the University of Toronto, which has boasted of its being the second largest — surely in attendance only—in the British Empire, to scorn the suggestion that its curriculum should provide for lectures on the literary history of Canada as a necessary complement to an inclusive survey of the history of English literature. It is just as singular a paradox that the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which is said to be the second largest on the continent (it will grow larger and broader in curriculum under Dr. Vogt's directorship, lately begun), should have hitherto omitted from its disciplines courses in the history of music. *A fortiori*, can we expect the people of Canada to know the literary and musical history of their country, if the universities and conservatories, by their neglect of this province of culture, imply that the Dominion has no such history or none worthy of being made known? Meanwhile the functions of these institutions, in this regard, must be delegated to those Canadian journalists who happen to be trained in the theory of music, and who know the history of its practice in the Dominion.

What follows, then, is the story of

the life and art of Calixa Lavallée, Canada's first native-born creative composer, and of Clarence Lucas, Wesley Octavius Forsyth, and Gena Branscombe Tenney, who may be signalised as the first native-born Canadian composers to undertake the systematic creation of fine music.

Whenever I think of Calixa Lavallée I picture him figuring brilliantly in the company of that brilliant coterie of French-Canadian poets and musicians who were born in the late 30's and early 40's of the last century—Fréchette, Legendre, Lemay, Gagnon, Routhier, and Lavigne. But this is only pleasant reverie. For while Lavallée, through genius, nativity, and social relationship, belonged to this company of rare spirits, and while two of them, Mr. Ernest Gagnon and Mr. (now Hon. Sir) Adolphe Routhier, were his devoted friends and have done most to signalise the splendour of his genius, he alone of them all was fated to coruscate fitfully in the firmament of art, and then, like a falling star, to close his shining in sudden darkness; he alone of them all was destined to enter Elysium by way of utter poverty and wretched death—"un frère des nuits tragiques." He died in Boston and his body, now dust, lies obscurely buried there; yet he takes a not inglorious place near those immortal dead, Schubert and Mozart, who, like himself, passed wretchedly in their prime, crowned, not with laurels, but with thorns.

The bohemian vicissitudes and tragedy of Lavallée's fitful, wayward, though brilliant, career reads like an absorbing romance. Born at Verchères, P.Q., December 28, 1842 (three authorities give this date; Sir Adolphe Routhier says the right date is 1844), Lavallée received his elementary training in music from his father, who was a lute-maker. He began his professional musical career as an "infant prodigy"—appearing, at the age of 10 (Routhier says at the age of 11), as a concert pianist in the

Royal Theatre, Montreal. This is a remarkable empirical proof of Lavallée's native genius for music. Another proof, and the first seizure of that "wanderlust" which obsessed him and cursed his career, is found in the fact that when he was in his fifteenth year he went, as accompanist and solo pianist, with a Spanish violin virtuoso on a tour of the United States, the Antilles, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic. About his twentieth year he forsook the concord of sweet sounds for the noise of battle, enlisting in the Army of the North during the American Civil War. In two years he returned to his first love, and began teaching music, and concertising, at Montreal. When he had been a year or two at this work, the "wanderlust" once more seized him, and Lavallée disappeared from intimate view and serious musical work for eight years. He returned to Montreal in 1873, and friends subscribed funds enough to enable him to spend two years at the Paris Conservatory, where he studied piano, composition and instrumentation to gain technical training for employing his gifts in creative composition. Returning to Montreal in 1875, Lavallée engaged in piano teaching and choral work till 1878. In that year, in the hope of being able to found a conservatory in Quebec City, he removed thither, but was compelled to become organist and choirmaster of St. Patrick's church in the ancient capital. Thus fate decreed the better end; for, freed from the exactions that would have been entailed on him had he succeeded in founding the conservatory, Lavallée then and there began the brief but splendid creative period of his wayward life. That period cannot have lasted more than five years (1878-1882). In 1883 the "wanderlust" seized him for the last time, and associating himself, as solo pianist, with Mme. Etelka Gerster, the famous dramatic and coloratura soprano of the time, he toured the United States. Little else remains to be

told. In 1886 and 1887 Lavallée was President of the Music Teachers' National Association; in 1887-1888, Chairman of the Examining Committee of American Compositions; in 1888 he went to London as American delegate to the Conference of the Society of Professional Musicians; on his return he took up teaching in Boston, and was appointed instructor in music at Petersilea Academy. He died in Boston on January 21, 1891,—"in poverty," says Sir Adolphe Routhier, "bordering on wretchedness." (*The Canadian Home Journal*, December, 1907).

That such an ignoble death actually was the lot of Lavallée, who had a large circle of well-to-do friends and other influential social and professional connections, strains probability. The manner of his death, even if it happened as reported, only shocks sentiment and romantic fancy; as a cosmological process his death is no more significant than the passing of the lovely flowers of the fields. What is significant is the fact that Lavallée lived and wrought; and that though others preceded him and were more effective than he as a formative force in promoting musical education and taste in Canada, Lavallée must be regarded as the first native-born Canadian creative composer—first in time, in genius, in versatility of achievement and in meritorious musicianship. This estimate of him might be left to rest on the internal testimony of Lavallée's compositions. Fortunately I am able to submit to the same effect the explicit testimony of the most eminent living Canadian musician whose own creative genius, though held in rein, as it is, by other services to art, is real and acknowledged. "I became acquainted with Lavallée in the 80's of the last century, when I was in Boston as a student of music," said Dr. A. S. Vogt to the writer, "and he impressed me as a man of extraordinary ability—not merely as a clever executant of the piano, and not mere-

ly as an adroit deviser of pretty melodies and sensuous harmonies, but as a genuinely creative artist, a pure musical genius." And I, for my part, whenever I turn to tender reverie from a study of his brilliant *études de concert*, often fancy, that his brief, dainty, airy, bright-toned, showy "Le papillon" (*The Butterfly*) is autobiographical. For like it, and his other *études de concert*, Lavallée was ephemeraly brilliant, and loved the showy tone-painting which astounded the concert-hall audiences of his day much as De Pachmann's facile, technically faultless playing of Chopin's etudes and mazurkas astounds a Massey Hall audience to-day. But when I think of his cantatas, oratorios, songs, and his symphony, I perceive that Lavallée's mind was finely constituted, that his heart was noble in its sympathies, and that his aspirations were spiritually lofty. To his compatriots of French and of British descent he has left a legacy of delectable music; and to the younger generations of Canadian composers he has left his ideals and achievements as a worthy example and an immortal inspiration.

Such was the man Lavallée. Following is a summary estimate of his music. First, as to quantity: During his brief creative career Lavallée composed prodigiously. He has to his credit a beautiful cantata (composed in 1878 in honour of the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise at Quebec, as vice-roy and vice-reine of Canada, and sung by a choir of 500 voices), an oratorio ("Tu es Petrus," composed for the dedication of St. Peter's church, Boston), two operas (Routhier says one opera, "La Veuve"—*The Widow*,—produced in Chicago in the 80's), a symphony (called "Boston," because dedicated to the City of Boston. In form it must have been an imitation of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, No. 9, if Routhier is right in saying that it was "rendered . . . by a large choir and orchestra"), two or-

chestral suites, several overtures, several string quartettes, many *morceaux* and *études de concert* for piano ("Le Papillon," is the most widely known), many songs, and, not least, the famous so-called "Chant National" (composed in 1880, to be sung in unison, as it was, in that year at the celebration of the Festival of Jean Baptiste at Quebec City). As to quality: Since most men and women insist on not taking the artistic attitude to art, but listen with their eyes or motor system to music, just as they insist on looking at paintings as literature bound in golden frames, Lavallée is admired, not for his finer, more artistically constructed, more emotionally satisfying, and aesthetically dignified music, as, for instance, the larger works mentioned, but for his "display" piano pieces, and for his "Chant National," which, because it was written by a French-Canadian and a Catholic (the same man who composed the beautiful cantata in honour of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise as a sign of Canadian welcome, respect, and loyalty), has become a bone of racial contention and spleen in this so-called "Canada of ours." In general, Lavallée's compositions are marked by versatility of form and style, by originality and pure beauty in melodic invention, by expressive harmonies, rich, warm, and sonorous when the themes are human and intense, or refined and noble when the themes are dignified and exalting, by fanciful, highly coloured, ornate harmonic figuration and piquant modulations when the themes are light *jeux de joie* or meant for technical display, and by variety of sensuous and emotional appeal. Though as a man Lavallée was moody and whimsical; as a composer he was always the conscientious and superb artist. Even in composing his *études de concert* he was this. If, for instance, his "Le Papillon," so far as melody which stays in the memory and seduces the fancy is concerned, has no distinction, being "drier"

than the driest of Bach's "Inventions," in technical beauty it is an effective example of genuine delineative music, rightly aiming to describe the Butterfly, not as a creature of variegated colour, but as an ephemeral, evanescent, fitting creature. This he accomplished by imitating its movements with semblances of them in rapid tempi, fanciful progressions, intricate inversions, brilliant scale passages, and all those means which demand from a pianist fairy-like touch and the utmost digital dexterity in assured taking of the rhythm, dynamic changes, and niceties of phrasing. As for Lavallée's "Chant National" I shall only remark that it was originally composed as a simple melody to be sung in unison; and as such was neither national or un-national, until Sir Adolphe Routhier made it provincial by supplying it with the text beginning "O Canada, Terre de nos aïeux." The melody itself, however, has the intrinsic dignity and emotional expressiveness of a noble hymn. If I may help my compatriots to cease confusing æsthetic substances and thus sensibly to form a criterion of taste, I may do so in this way. The melody of Alexander Muir's infectious song "The Maple Leaf Forever" is what is known amongst military bandmen as a "Quickstep" (the time is either 2/4 or 6/8; the name "Quickstep" suggests the tempo). Muir's melody appeals, not to the æsthetic sensibilities or to the imagination, but to the motor system and the feet. On the other hand, the melody of Lavallée's "Chant National" is a pure construction of the musical imagination when occupied with thoughts of a religious festival. Naturally it has the form, style, and tempo consistent with the required emotional expressiveness of a dignified, spiritually exalting hymn. In this regard the "Chant National" takes rank, indubitably so, beside the Russian National Hymn and "Die Wacht am Rhein." But Canadians, instead of admiring and loving this

finely composed, sonorous, dignified melody, become a spectacle to the world by quarrelling over the racial affinity and creed of him who composed it, while he himself lies in an alien grave where, happily, he hears neither it nor the unseemly, ungracious quarrelling. *O Dieu de nos aïeux . . . !*

Six years after the death of Laval-lée the name of another native-born Canadian composer became the cynosure of foreign critics, musical societies, instrumental and vocal virtuosi, and rapidly rose during the last fifteen years to possess the glory of a star in the firmament of the musical world. Now, because he and the two other Canadians whom I shall immediately name have long been friends, and all three have consistently devoted themselves to musical composition during the same period, as if mutually inspiring one another to emulation, I group together Mr. Clarence Lucas, Mr. Wesley Octavius Forsyth, and Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenney, and distinguish them as the first native-born Canadians who have systematically essayed musical composition as a fine art. They deserve this distinction on account of the quantity and quality of their music and on account of the express recognition they have received as creative composers by foreign critics and composers and the like recognition implied in the inclusion of their music in the programmes of foreign choral and orchestral societies and instrumental and vocal virtuosi. Other Canadian composers, native-born and naturalised, there are; but these, as, for instance, Dr. Vogt, Mr. H. J. Lautz, Dr. Ham, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and Dr. Broome, do not come within the scope of an essay that, as in the present case, is not encyclopædic but pragmatic and philosophical. For I am not awarding marks and prizes, but, as a sincere constructive critic of my country's civilisation, I am remarking indigenous tendencies or movements, and evaluating spiritual

forces in a special field. I have estimated Lavallée. I proceed to signalise the gifts and achievements of Mr. Lucas, Mr. Forsyth, and Mrs. Tenney,

Of these three Mr. Lucas is the most versatile, inventive, ingenious, prolific and distinguished. Born at Smithville, near Niagara, Ont., he received his musical education in Canada and Paris. While in his "teens" he tried his wings at composition, and by the time he had reached the thirtieth year of his age, he had composed, *inter alia*, seven operas, one of which, a comic opera, "*The Money Spider*," was produced in London in 1897. I mention this fact as proof of his prodigious energy and prolific invention; for one of the singular aspects of his genius is that like Wagner, whose ideals and methods infected his own, Mr. Lucas was often his own librettist and lyricist as well as always the composer of the opera scores and of the musical settings to the lyrics. Further: it must be remembered that from his fourteenth to his thirtieth year he was also engaged as a student, instrumentalist, conservatory teacher, musical journalist, reader for a firm of English music publishers, conductor of operatic companies on the road, and of one or more orchestras.

From his thirtieth year to the present there has been no failure of his fertility in musical ideas, or of his energy in producing musical works in almost all forms and styles. By actual count I find more than one hundred and forty compositions to his credit, comprising 8 for orchestra (overtures, symphonic poems, and a symphony), 12 for organ, 20 for piano, 12 for violin, nearly 70 songs, 7 operas, 2 cantatas, and a miscellany of oratorios, anthems, compositions for piano and orchestra, and for 'cello, and several transcriptions for piano. Yet this Canadian-born Titan of the musical world is as unknown and as unappreciated in his homeland as if his glorious music were the far-off, seldom-heard echo of the voice of

" the Cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides."

Not thus do the other nations value the music of Clarence Lucas. London has frequently heard his overtures "Othello," "As You Like It," and "Macbeth," played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under the baton of Sir Henry Wood; and America heard the "Macbeth," played by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. His cantata "The Birth of Christ," when sung by the Apollo Club of Chicago in 1902, was hailed, both by critics and composers, as a beautiful work of art and as an example of a new feat in musical ingenuity, namely, the daringly original way in which Mr. Lucas had contrapuntally treated the chorus, "Carol, Christians." This is worth specially remarking. Mr. Lucas treated this chorus in the form of a "passacaglia," which is a very old dance-form, in general like the Chaconne, but less joyous and usually much more contrapuntally embroidered by the 18th century composers who used it for instrumental, not for choral, composition. The passacaglia was introduced into modern instrumental music by Brahms who employed the form in his E minor Symphony, No. 4. But it was left to a young Canadian composer, Mr. Clarence Lucas, to introduce it, as he did with daring, deft, and convincing effect, into modern choral music.

Of the rest of Mr. Lucas's music the tale may be told summarily. His organ compositions belong to the repertory of organ virtuosi and church executants. His "Mediation in A flat," and his "Gloria in C," are especially popular in England and America, and his "Toccata," was a favourite on the programmes of the late A. Guilman's Paris recitals. His "Fugue in F minor," is the most famous of Mr. Lucas's piano compositions. It was written for Mark Ham-bourg, who played it in public recital for the first time at Vienna. It was pronounced by Leschitzky to be

"the best modern fugue for piano-forte." Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler gave a like distinction to Mr. Lucas's "Valse Impromptu." His latest piano piece, "Epithalamium" (Impromptu) was written for a young Canadian virtuosa, Miss Valborg Martine Zoellner, and is marked by Mr. Lucas's characteristic qualities, namely, by melodic novelty (he is never inane or hackneyed), by dignity and learned treatment of the harmonic support, and by subtlety in embodiment of emotional nuances. His violin compositions are favourites with the virtuosi, especially his brilliant, difficult Concertstueck (Ballade, Op. 40). More musical are his "Legend" and his Opus 48 (five lyrical pieces).

As a song-composer Mr. Lucas is superexcellent. Personally, if I were asked which modern song-writers I would choose always to be represented on a concert programme, I should choose three, the late Edward MacDowell, and two of my compatriots, Mr. Lucas and Mrs. Gena Branseombe Tenney. If I were asked why, I should answer: Because the songs of these three have novel and vital melody, and are suffused with a sort of Keltic beauty or pathos and with the exquisite pain of spirit which the Germans call "Sehnsucht" as in Mr. Lucas's "Memories," "When Stars Are In The Quiet Skies," "When We Two Parted," and the lovely "Iroquois Serenade." In prolific genius Clarence Lucas reminds me of Beethoven; in productive energy, of Richard Strauss. Thus viewed he is a Titan in the musical world. Despite these potentialities, he is a superb artist who will always be vital, but who will not forget duly to love beauty.

A decidedly lyrical composer is Mr. W. O. Forsyth. Possessing neither the versatility nor the productive energy of Mr. Lucas, Mr. Forsyth is, notwithstanding, a systematic composer of music which is conceived poetically and composed with

a beauty of melody and of harmonic colour that conveys dainty messages to the tonal sense, and, at the same time, suffuses these with exquisite emotional suggestiveness. In short, if Lucas is the Titan, Mr. Forsyth is the tender or gentle musical lyrist. His nearest analogue in lyric poetry as such is his fellow-countryman, Bliss Carman. Unlike the latter, however, Mr. Forsyth is too psychological and analytic to compose music, as Carman composes poetry—with sheer lyrical abandon. His piano pieces, as, for instance, "A Night in June," "Poeme d'Amour," and "The Lonely Pine," which are highly characteristic of his genius, are little stories of inner spiritual history, full of melodic charm, but coloured with refined or tender reverie, or with other personally precious experiences of the spirit. Further: Mr. Forsyth's music, as might have been inferred from what I have just said, is devoid of all those light playful bits of melodic fancy and tone-colour which come under the aesthetic genus of humour. The importance of this observation will appear later. In the meantime, I characterise Mr. Forsyth, in contradistinction from Mr. Lucas, as a lyrical composer, specially gifted in originating novel and beautiful melodies and in so harmonising them is to make them win the musical sensibilities and charm the romantic imagination. He, too, like Lucas, is always the refined artist.

Born in Markham Township, Ont., Mr. Forsyth received his musical education in Canada and Germany. He was a finished organist and concert-pianist. To-day he is known chiefly as a master-teacher of piano, and as a composer. In the latter regard he has about sixty compositions (in published form) to his credit, mostly piano pieces and songs. To these must be added a Prelude and Fugue for organ, three works for orchestra and a Romance for full orchestra; the last was brought out in Leipsic by Conductor Herr Jarro, and in

Toronto by Dr. F. H. Torrington's orchestra, the composer himself conducting. It is, however, as a composer of piano music, strictly in the piano idiom, poetically conceived and artistically composed, that Mr. Forsyth takes rank as a creator of genuinely fine music, and that he gains the right thus to be appreciated by his Canadian compatriots.

Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenney, too, is a lyrical composer. Unlike Mr. Forsyth, who, as I have said, is a story-teller of spiritual experiences, and not their singer, Mrs. Tenney is *par excellence* the singer, the musical lyrist of love and life in its intenser, more human moments. Further: Mrs. Tenney is a musical lyrist with a distinctly fine gift of humour, the fancy for its spiritual nuances and the power to embody and express these in her music with joyous abandon or tender humanity, and with ingenious, piquant art. Her nearest analogue in lyric poetry as such is her fellow-countryman, Mr. Arthur Stringer, some of whose psychologically veracious "Irish Poems," notably "Ould Doctor Ma'Ginn," and "Of My Ould Loves," from "Memories," she has set to music, rendering faithfully and winningly the subtle Keltic humour and pathos of Mr. Stringer's verse. Now, who is this young, ingenious, happy, human melodist, in whose music are incarnate the very joy of love and the vision of the mystery and humour of life that—if you look—are first expressed in her wondrous, eloquent eyes?

Mrs. Gena Tenney (*née* Branscombe) was born at Picton, Ont. She received her musical education in Canada, the United States, and Europe. She had a most brilliant career as a student of the musical craft and art; and was an expert teacher and executant of the piano. She still appears as a concert-pianist; and recitals of her own compositions are an event which awaken the admiration of composers and critics. She is a prolific composer, especially of songs.

In this field she is one among a thousand; for her songs are distinguished by intense emotion and, sometimes, by a Keltic wistfulness, but always by pure beauty and "soul." Altogether her compositions number about seventy, comprising songs, pieces for violin and piano, and, amongst her unpublished works, several compositions for orchestra, and for chorus, a concertstuecke for piano and a suite for violin and piano. Her most popular song is "With Rue My Heart Is Laden," but in pure musical beauty, pathos, and lyric emotion, "There's a Woman Like a Dew-drop," "Dear Little Hut by the Rice Fields," "The Tender Sweetness" (poem by herself), and "An Epitaph" (poem by Mr. Stringer), are consummate in art and compelling in

power over the heart and imagination. Her instrumental compositions are dainty, expressive works, marked by melodic novelty, rich harmonic colour, and by daring and ingeniously fanciful modulations, all accomplished with surety of fine craftsmanship.

To sum up: Of the three systematic Canadian creative composers, Mr. Lucas is the big, versatile mind, the Titan; Mr. Forsyth is the reflective, pensive poet of the piano-forms; Mrs. Tenney is the musical lyrist of love, pathos, and humour; her *forte* is songs. As a song-composer (I say this at the behest of art, not in gallantry), Gena Branscombe Tenney is one in a thousand—at once an ornament to her sex and the glory of her Canadian homeland.





MRS. GENA BRANSCOMBE TENNEY

A Canadian "Musical lyrist of love and life in its intenser, more human momer.ts"

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

DOMESTIC ANIMALS WE SHOULD KNOW

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

AS one travels through Canada noting the striking varieties of climate and contrasts in physical features, as well as its vast unoccupied regions of the north, one is struck by the lack of variety in the species of domestic animals in use. This is, of course, true of other countries, but we think that nowhere is the opportunity so great for enlarging the variety as in Canada. We attract people from the ends of the earth, but do not seem to encourage the introduction of domestic animals. The questions naturally arise: What other varieties are there? and Is it possible and desirable to introduce them here? To the latter question our answer is in the affirmative.

A very limited variety of domestic animals are universally used by man. There are a few which he can use in almost any part of the world, such as the horse, cow, sheep, hog and a few others. These, early coming under the domesticating influence of man and probably possessing larger qualities of adaptation to varying climatic conditions, have accompanied him in his migrations through all the continents and almost to the ends of the earth. The Anglo-Saxon world in particular has specialised on this limited group to the exclusion of other varieties, and we follow the lead regardless of our possibilities in other directions. So much for race conservatism. How difficult it is to de-

part from the beaten track of established custom!

Almost every country, too, has some animal capable of domestication and especially adapted to the country's peculiar conditions. A few of these the necessity and genius of man have from time to time domesticated, thus gradually developing their better qualities and compelling them to serve his purpose and perform his will. In newer countries, however, the necessity for domestication largely ceases, since the animals already in use are considered sufficient. Canada has a generous variety of such wild animals capable of useful domestication, such as the bison, reindeer, musk-ox and the Rocky Mountains sheep. Doubtless in time, had the Indian been undisturbed in his possession of the country, he would, in the progress of his gradual civilisation, have also developed some of these animals. But a foreign civilisation with its own types of domestic animals, with thousands of years of human fellowship, displaced the Indian as well as the animals he was beginning to regard as the source of his sustenance. As it is, it is quite probable that it would be worth while, by cross-breeding and other processes, to domesticate or introduce a strain of these wild types into domestic herds for the special qualities they possess. But this is another matter.

Apart from the few types of ani-

imals mentioned as being almost universally used by man, there are a number of animals which have been long domesticated and which contribute greatly to his wealth and comfort. But some are confined to special zones, countries or climates, and some, indeed, are only suited to the tropics. Among this class of domestic animals is the camel, elephant, yak, carabao (water buffalo), reindeer, llama, alpaca, vicuna, and a few others. All these animals play a very important part in the economic conditions of life in the countries where they severally belong. Unlike the ordinary domestic animals in common use, these have been used only in limited areas and little beyond the limits of the lands of their nativity and domestication. Some of them, such as the carabao and elephant, are suited only to the conditions of a tropical country. The sphere of distribution open to these is consequently limited. The elephant might find a congenial home and prove a useful animal in the tropical regions of South America, while the carabao might possibly be used to some advantage in certain regions of Australia, Mexico, and other warm countries.

Most of the other special animals mentioned belong naturally to the temperate, north temperate and Arctic zones exclusively, and for this reason have a wider sphere of distribution and usefulness. It seems rather strange that these domestic animals, belonging naturally to the higher latitudes, have been so long almost exclusively confined to the lands of their origin. Of late, it would seem, attention has been drawn to some of these animals, and in one or two cases experiments have been made with a view to wider distribution. There certainly seems to be no good reason why at least some of these splendid animals should not prove a great boon to man in a much wider sphere than they now do, thus increasing the variety of his flocks and making pos-

ible human habitation in regions now uninviting because of the lack of suitable animal life. This is certainly true of extensive regions in Canada.

It is gratifying to note that some beginnings already have been made with the domestic reindeer. Both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in Labrador and Alaska, such experiments have been made. So far as these experiments have gone they have been attended with gratifying success; and this wonderful animal would seem to be in every way adapted to the conditions found in the northern part of this country. The original stock for the Alaskan herds under Dr. Jackson has thrived and multiplied beyond expectation. Indeed animals born in these places are said to be superior to the parent stock. There would seem to be no doubt of the suitability of this animal to the high latitudes of Canada. Indeed such experiments were begun last year in our far north, with good prospects of success. Let us hope the reindeer has come to stay among us.

The economic value to the country of this wonderful animal can hardly be over-estimated. In Europe the reindeer makes possible the carrying of settled population and civilised life to the shores of the Arctic Ocean and far beyond the Arctic Circle. It contributes much to the economic wealth of northern Europe in hides, flesh and dairy products, besides being a beast of burden. It is closely related to our native reindeer or caribou, and, it is said, a cross between the two is an animal superior to either. Be that as it may, it seems well within the bounds of reasonable expectation that the vast stretches of our north land not adapted to other varieties of domestic animals, could well become the permanent home of vast herds of domestic reindeer.

It is estimated that there are now in the Canadian north from thirty millions to fifty millions of wild reindeer, and yet they do not represent the capacity of the land. This will

enable us to form some conception of the capacity of the country for animals of this class, and the monetary value they would represent. For example the average value of a reindeer may be placed at fifteen dollars, and if the thirty millions of wild animals, now in the north, were replaced by a like number of the domestic variety, it would represent a value in this product alone of four hundred and fifty million dollars. Thus, what is now an uninhabited waste would be converted into a grazing country of vast potential wealth and considerable population. Surely this dumb emigrant might be heartily welcomed among us!

Differing greatly from the reindeer but scarcely less hardy, and of even greater value economically, is the Tibetan yak. In Tibet this wonderful animal exists both in the wild and domestic types, and in the latter form is the chief animal of the country. The Tibetans could hardly exist on their frost-bound Chang without the yak. It is about the size of the domestic ox, its flesh is said to be preferable, its milk is richer than the cow's, its hide makes the best of leather, while it also yields an immense fleece of hairy wool suitable for various fabrics. It lives on the coarsest of herbage, and even in the winter forages for itself on the bitter plains of Tibet. It carries heavy burdens through deep snows, and on rocky passes where no other animal would travel in safety.

We could hardly conceive of any conditions in Canada being more difficult than those of its native land; and it would seem that this remarkable animal might be well adapted to large areas of our high northern latitudes and, indeed, suitable and profitable in all parts of the country. About a year ago two of these animals were presented to the Government, and it is hoped that they may be but the beginning of the vast yak herds to be found in the country in the near future. More importations

should be made, however, to comprehend the best strains and to insure a more rapid increase in numbers.

We will now speak of a few animals which, as yet, have not been successfully introduced into other countries, and yet would seem to be of considerable value if possessing necessary qualities of adaptation. I refer to the llama and related species which inhabit the high altitudes of the Andes Mountains of South America. Of these there are four species, namely the llama, alpaca, vicuna, and huanacu. Of these the llama and alpaca only have been successfully domesticated. The huanacu and vicuna, though valuable, are obtained chiefly in their mountain haunts by hunters and will, therefore, not come within the scope of this article. All these wonderful animals are representatives of the camel type in the western hemisphere, but have some remarkable features peculiar to themselves, chief of which is their wool-bearing qualities which adds greatly to their value, especially in the case of the alpaca. In addition to this, however, their flesh is used for meat, their milk for domestic use, and their hides for leather.

The llama is, in some respects the most important of this group, being the largest, standing four to five feet in height and is extensively used as a beast of burden. It is chiefly used as a pack animal in the higher and more inaccessible mountain regions, where other animals could not find secure footing. The alpaca, though smaller, yields a finer quality of wool and is also used, though to a less extent, as a pack animal. They are very docile in disposition and require little or no care, living on the coarsest food, which they forage for themselves, where sheep would hardly find substance.

These animals were domesticated by the ancient Incas or Aztecs, and they represent the only animals domesticated by the American Indians except it might be the husky dogs of the Eskimos. The llama was in do-

mestication in South America long before the Spanish occupation. Their range is throughout the whole Andean system from Peru to the plains of Patagonia. We are apt to think of them as suited only for tropical situations since South America is largely within tropical boundaries. This, however, needs some modification; for, though they live, as a rule, in low latitudes they always thrive best in a cool climate and for this reason they invariably seek the high altitudes near the line of perpetual snow. They seem to have no affinity to, or liking for, the low hot valleys of their native land. They present the strange anomaly of a temperate-zone animal living in a tropical country, under temperate-zone conditions. This is indicated in the way nature has provided them with ample protection from the cold with a woolly fleece.

These qualities justify the belief that at least the harder strains or types could be adapted for favourable Canadian conditions. Probably the reason why the feeble attempts made to acclimatise these animals to northern conditions have failed, is that the more likely strains have not been tried. Those native to Peru and Ecuador have, through countless ages, been accustomed to a high altitude with a cool dry climate, which conditions are rarely found outside those countries. Other strains of these animals, however, are said to be found as far south as Patagonia, where, naturally, conditions are more similar to our own. It would seem that animals from these more southern points and lower altitudes might be successfully introduced to favourable sections of this country. An experiment, faithfully conducted, would certainly be well worth trying since, if successful, they would add greatly to our economic wealth. Llama and alpaca wool are considerable factors in the English trade.

In this connection mention must be made of the camel. Much misunder-

standing exists in Western lands concerning this the earliest of all animals to come under human servitude. Perhaps the greatest misconception concerning the camel is the prevalent idea that it is suited only to tropical countries. This delusion has gained currency from the fact that it is so extensively used in the great tropical deserts. Indeed it is almost the only beast of burden possible in such regions. The true lands of the camel, however, are not, as many suppose, the tropics, but rather the northern regions of the temperate zone. The camel is just as averse to extreme heat as to extreme cold. Then it must be remembered that there are strains and types of camels as there are of horses and cattle. There is, for instance, the dromedary or racing camel, which can make a hundred miles a day, quite as different from the slow-going pack camel as is the race-horse and the heavy-draught animal. Again there is a great distinction to be made between the Arabian camel, which is more inured to the hot deserts and the Bactrian type. The latter is sometimes called the Mongolian camel, and it is adapted to cold northern regions.

This animal is wonderfully inured to cold. It is in common use in Central Asia, including Mongolia, Siberia, and Tibet. These, as is well known, are among the coldest countries of the world, but there the camel is one of the most useful and common of animals, travelling the frozen plains and making progress through the deep snow (thanks to its long legs) where no other animal can travel. This northern species is provided with a long hairy and woolly covering, which not only protects it from the cold, but from which is made coarse fabrics used for tents by its nomadic owners. Both its milk, flesh, and hide are esteemed in the countries where it is common. Indeed it is considered one of the essential features of domestic life in those regions.

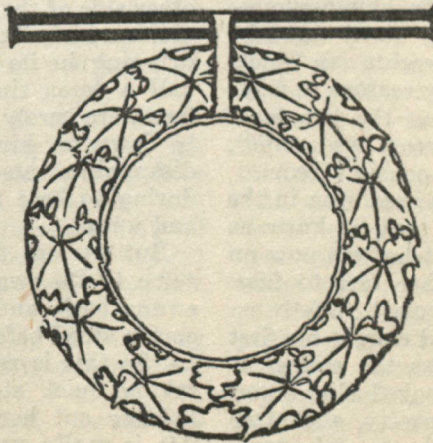
This useful animal is essentially of the East, and for some reason has not found much place in European countries or among European peoples in other lands. This only illustrates again the power of age-long custom. It is true that camels have to some extent been introduced into Australia to make possible exploration in the desert regions of the interior. At one time it was proposed to demonstrate their usefulness in Texas, but this was frustrated by the Civil War, and the camel still remains in the East.

While, owing to the physical anatomy, giving it water-storing powers, rendering it thirst-resisting and, therefore, wonderfully adapted to dry and desert regions, it is at the same time suited to most countries. What an animal it would have been for our Western plains in the early days! Indeed it might still have a large place in helping to solve the transportation problems of the country. Its endurance of hardships and ease of sustenance, with other qualities, should commend it as a valuable addition to the useful animals in this land of such varied features. Why not give the camel a trial in the Land of the Maple?

In addition to the foregoing, mention could be made of one or two species of goats, natives of the high plains of Central Asia, bordering on

Tibet. One of these species is believed to be a cross between the Cashmere goat and the hardier Tibetan variety and yielding wool that is little, if any, inferior to the pure Cashmere. The other, is a species of the black Persian goat, being characterised by a jet black, thick, curly coat said to closely resemble, or be identical with the famous Astrachan. Both of these animals are thoroughly hardy, and, according to accounts, are accustomed to harder conditions than they would be subjected to in Canada. There seems to be no doubt that these valuable animals could be introduced into this country with complete success. It goes without saying that they would be a very valuable acquisition to our domestic herds.

The Department of Agriculture has done much in the branch of animal husbandry by way of improving the types of domestic animals we now possess. Would it not be well, however, for this valuable branch of the Government service to look into the range of new types of domestic animals of possible value to the country? Should partial success attend such efforts, they would bring untold wealth to our agricultural communities, and greatly enlarge the agricultural area. Let us make room here for some of these dumb friends of other lands.



ANATHEMA IN THE FAMILY

BY ANNE WARNER

DACRE left his hat and stick in the hall and went upstairs.

The clock was just striking four, and he was on time.

The man was standing waiting for him above, a reserved and respectful smile half overspreading just one single angle of his face. He opened a door, and Dacre entered. His breath halted a very little as he went in—the room was empty, after all.

It was a big room, with a *very* big mirror at each end. There was a fire and two arm-chairs pushed up to its glow; there were flowers, there were books; there was a tea-tray, suggestively bare-looking; there were many things — in fact, very nearly, all things. Yet it was an empty room.

There seemed no other course for him to pursue in the circumstances than to stand by the chimney-piece and wait. While he stood there he thought, and his thoughts ran quickly. There were many reasons to make them run quickly, but the two main ones were that the room was empty, and that it was his cousin's room.

Of course, she was anathema in the family, this cousin; that he knew as well as he knew that he was now on the eve of meeting her face to face. But she had not looked anathema that day when he had caught his first glimpse of her across the course at Henley. She had looked slight and frail, and pale and pretty, and after he had noticed, with special atten-

tiveness, how extremely slight and frail and pale and pretty she looked, she had looked at him—straight at him—and in the flash they had recognised their kinship. Much more than the course at Henley had divided them then—that was months ago — and now he was standing in her room awaiting her. He had never seen her since that strange minute in the summer, but now they were to sit together by her fire and know the sound of one another's voices for the first time. He was feverishly impatient. She had written "four," and it was four, and here he was, and here she wasn't. Then he looked at the clock and saw that he had been waiting two minutes and a fraction over. Exasperating!

There was a heavy curtain over the door nearest to him, and from the other side of the curtain came curious murmurs of silk swishing and of lace dripping in its wake. He thought half a dozen times that the silk and lace were surely about to bear directly down on him, and half a dozen disappointments were his reward for daring to base his hopes on threads and webs.

But at last the period of delay came to its own period, the curtain swung back, and his pale and pretty cousin stood before him.

"So this is really you!" she said, taking quick steps straight to him, holding out her hand, and smiling. "It is really you! I'm very glad."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Yes—yes, it is me."

They just touched hands.

"You don't look English," she commented at once, sweeping all his six feet, four together into a single comprehensive survey; "you look French."

"Oh, don't!" he cried quickly.

"Surely, you aren't insular?" she asked with a surprised accent in her voice. "Why, you know, you *are* French way back, and if you spelt your name as you should—" She stopped short. "Which chair do you choose?" she asked abruptly.

"The one that you don't," he answered.

"Take the blue one, then; the green one matches my gown." She sank into the green as she spoke and he took the marine blue. It was much too low for him for—

"You're almost Titanic, aren't you?" she laughed.

"I do wish that I was a bit shorter," he said.

"Nonsense!" she replied, "you're just right. Pray excuse me—" She was up and leaning directly over him. He thought, lightning-like, of how she was anathema, and that—

But he saw that she was ringing a bell set in the wall beside him. "For tea, you know," she said pleasantly, and was back in her own chair within an instant from the time of leaving it.

"I'd forgotten tea," he said; "they don't have it with us, you know — that is, not much."

"I don't have it at all usually," she said. "I'm having it to-day for you." Her eyes were flashing here and there over him in a way that made him think of sunbeams. "You'll drink it when it comes, won't you? You know that you must—it wouldn't be polite otherwise."

He felt inexpressibly charmed by her sweet and friendly and informal manner.

"I'll try and drink it," he answered her, smiling.

It came just then. On a glass tray. Hot toast well covered up. A little round plum cake. The man arranged all on the table and drew two chairs to position beside it.

"Doesn't it look nice?" she asked. "Come close."

She only meant close to the table, of course; but it was a lovely speech to hear. She rose as she made it.

She was very little and slender. He was conscious of towering tremendously as he pulled out her chair. She looked into his brown eyes and laughed with an innuendo of witching divination. "And I am wearing my highest heels, too," she said, "just to try and be worthy of you."

He pushed her and her chair to place, still laughing.

"Now, cousin dear" — she was pouring out his tea — "tell me how many lumps, and I'll promise never to ask that question again as long as we both shall live."

"Two," he told her.

And she put two in and gave him the cup.

It seemed to Dacre — stirring his tea and contemplating her earnest, downward glance as she poured her own—so strange that she should be anathema in the family. But what a lucky thing it was that he had gone to Henley, instead of deciding to accept the motor invitation of—

She looked up just then.

"Did you come this morning?" she asked.

"Yes—oh, that reminds me—my mother and sisters came up, too."

Her face changed ever so slightly. "I thought that you were coming up to town all alone and would dine with me," she said, biting a very little bit of toast, and turning on him eyes which seemed to have suddenly withdrawn from the light.

"I didn't want them to come," he protested quickly. "I didn't know that they were even thinking of such a thing until last night. I can assure you that I was as surprised as you are."

"Where are they staying?"

"At the Paddington Hotel."

She bit off another little bit of toast and ate it ever so slowly.

The clock struck half-past four.

"What did you say to them when you came away?" she asked finally.

"I said that I was going out for a while."

"For a while?" Her inflection was very penetrating.

"Oh, yes. I didn't say for how long."

She looked at him, and a little smile crept round her lips. He was drinking his tea and did not see it.

"When does your train go?" she went on after a minute.

"Half-past eleven. And I get to Newcastle at four-forty to-morrow."

"Morning?"

"Morning."

"That's not nice is it?" she said.

"Please give me some cake."

He swallowed quickly. "Oh, I'm so sorry—I didn't notice." Then he seized the cake and a knife.

She looked at him and laughed. She was a dear little cousin for a big fellow to own. Too bad that the family—

"From which station do you go?" she asked as he cut the cake.

"King's Cross."

"Oh! how awkward! You'll have to spend most of the evening going back and forth to Paddington, won't you?"

Yes, of course. It *is* awkward."

He was surprised at how earnestly he felt about it. When one came to consider, it was a most beastly shame about it all.

She contemplated him. "I thought you'd dine here," she said sadly, after a while.

"Yes," he said a little vaguely.

He felt vague—and serious.

"More tea?" she murmured, after a minute's pause.

"Thanks."

She took the cup from his hand. Her hand was small and white, and his was large and brown. He noticed

them both. The cup came between like a chaperon.

"Only one lump, this time, please," he said gently.

She poured out the tea and dropped in the one lump. As she gave him back his cup it seemed to him so strange that he was here to-day and had never been here before. She appeared to follow his thoughts.

"To think that I have never even seen your mother," she said thoughtfully. "I can only just remember your father. It was because you looked so like him that I knew you at Henley. I remember his patting me on the head. I must have been about four years old then. I couldn't have been very big because I was only five when we went abroad—after the trouble, you know."

He did not "know," but something made him glad that she had been only five "after the trouble." It wasn't through any fault of her own then that she was anathema in the family.

Presently she continued, "What sort of a mother have you? Is she like you?"

"Oh, dear no," he exclaimed quickly, "she's the very opposite of me. But my sisters—one of them—the one I'm so fond of—would like you immensely."

She smiled, a little curling smile, again at the naïve statement.

"What would she say," she queried, "if she knew?"

"But my sister does know—I told her."

At that she started a bit, looked quickly paler, and then quickly pinker, and then, clasping her hands within her lap, she bent a steady look on him—surveyed him. "And what did she say when you told her?" she asked.

"She told me to be sure to come back and tell her all about it."

At that she laughed outright, and he laughed too, and the butler, coming in with a discreet cough, turned on the electric light and took away the tray.

They went back again and sat down in front of the fire.

"And what shall you tell her when you go back?" she asked, stretching forth one hand to a near-by table, and taking from it a box of cigarettes for him. He took them from her.

"Thanks very much; but won't you take one first?"

"I don't smoke."

He felt glad of that, remembering the anathema; but then he instantly recalled the "five years old when the trouble came," and that seemed to bury the anathema for good and all.

"What are you going to tell her?" she repeated then, again stretching forth her hand, and this time securing wax matches for him.

"Thanks very much. Why, I'm going to tell her everything."

The clock struck five as he spoke.

"Do you mean to tell her everything to-night?"

"Yes, I mean to tell her everything to-night."

She looked down at his clasped hands.

"Tell me about your college life," she asked, as if she desired to veer to subjects that would interest his sister when retailed.

"It's easy to talk over what I know so much about," he laughed; "only stop me if I bore you."

He leaned far back in the sleepy, hollow chair and began. The fire blazed brightly, the cigarette smoke floated upward, once in a while their eyes met, and always she listened with a charming interest and little questions that kept him going. "Tell me about your rowing. Tell me about your degree. Tell me—tell me—tell me—"

The clock struck half-past five, struck six, struck half-past six.

"What are you going to do to-night?" he asked, stopping short all of a sudden when the last-reached hour chimed in his face.

"Read, I suppose, or play the piano."

"Aren't you going out?"

"No, no, indeed. I don't care to go out alone in the evening. What could I do?"

"Of course," he assented, and then he shook off the ash of his cigarette; "it would have been great sport dining together," he added meditatively.

"Tell me about when you were in Germany," she asked irrelevantly.

He began, and after a while the clock struck seven and then half-past seven. It was one of those wretchedly insistent clocks, too—the kind that cannot be talked down.

"Well, really, I think that I must be running along," he observed.

She did not say anything. There was a short silence.

"I wish you'd just send me away," he said finally. "If you'd tell me that you wanted me to go, I'm a gentleman, and of course I'd go."

"I don't want you to go," she said: "but I am thinking of your mother. When I think of a man's standpoint I always think of his mother's standpoint too."

"Oh, you must not feel troubled over my mother," he remonstrated, quickly. "As a matter of fact, they expected to have friends to dine with them at seven."

"At seven?"

"At seven."

She looked first at the clock and then at him.

"Why, they'll be done before you can possibly get there," she said.

He looked first at the clock and then at her.

"I expect that's so," he answered cheerfully.

"You'll just drive up there to eat alone?"

"Yes."

"Then you might as well dine with me, after all."

A warm, beneficent glow seemed to fill the room.

"Well, I really suppose that I might," he admitted.

"Ring the bell then, please."

He rang the bell.

"I will have him bring the joint

and vegetables at once," she said, as they waited for it to be answered, "that won't take long to eat, you know; we can skip the soup and fish."

"I don't see any need of skipping the soup and the fish," he replied. "My family will be busy with their company. They won't mind my not being there. I said I might not be back to dinner."

"You said you might not be back to dinner!" she exclaimed with a start.

"Yes," He laughed at her expression as he nodded.

She was still looking exclamation points when the waiter came in response to the bell.

"Will you serve dinner here, and serve it as promptly as possible?" she said to him. "This gentleman is in a hurry to go."

"Oh, I say!" he cried.

The waiter bowed and went out.

"You are in a hurry—you know that you are."

"No, I'm not. I told you that they had company."

"Well, he can just as well think that you are." Then she clasped her hands in her lap again. "Tell me about Henley," she said.

After a while the clock struck eight.

"And the dinner hasn't come yet!" Wrath and apology mingled in her tone. She rang the bell again, went to her desk for a second, and then went out in the hall.

"I think that he'll hurry now," she said, significantly, when she came in again, and that she spoke the truth was soon evidenced by the waiter's rapid arrangement of the table.

"I wonder if I can wash for dinner," he asked.

"Wait until I turn on the lights." She rose and passed beyond the curtained doorway as she spoke. When she came back she left behind her a broad, illuminated path to soap and towels. He followed where it led.

The soup came up and they sat down. It was a very cosy dinner-

table, and they enjoyed the soup, of course.

After awhile the clock striking half-past eight brought them to a sudden recognition of the fact that they were apparently stuck fast at the soup course.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "Why, what has become of our dinner?"

He went and rang the bell.

"Has anything happened?" she asked the waiter the instant he entered.

"There was a little accident with the fish, madam, but I have it ready to serve now."

As a matter of fact it was nearly nine o'clock when they terminated their repast.

"You don't want coffee, do you?" she asked.

"Thanks, yes; I should like coffee."

She looked surprised for a second, but then she ordered the coffee.

"Be as quick as you possibly can," she bade the waiter.

Dacre folded his napkin with great deliberation.

"Can't you wait for it, after all?" she demanded.

"What makes you think that I can't wait?"

"Folding your napkin looks as if you couldn't wait."

"Oh, no, it doesn't. It only looks as if we were going back by the fire to drink it there."

They went back by the fire, and he put out one hand and dragged the dining-table to where it blocked all egress.

"There, now I never *can* get out," he said in a tone of deep satisfaction; "nothing but steeple-chasing could get over *that*."

She laughed merrily.

"Oh, we *are* having a good time, aren't we?" she said joyously. "I'm so glad that we have learned to know one another."

The waiter coughed discreetly in the hall and brought in the coffee.

After a while the clock struck half-past nine.

"Such a beastly bore my being tied up there in Newcastle," he commented; "it's such a long way to come down to London." He did not seem to hear the clock at all.

"Yes, you never could come from there," she agreed.

There was a silence then. He had not finished his coffee, and took a little sip from time to time. His actions were establishing an entirely new precedent for men in a hurry to get to the bosom of the family.

She sat dumb and wondering, but quite ready to acquiesce in anything. They talked about Paris, the Tyrol, the edelweiss, and then—

"I have to go," he said finally, with desperate decision.

"What do you think they'll say?" she asked, her soul riven with anxiety.

"They won't care. I told them that I might not be back before ten."

"Really?" Again her tone was full of amazement.

"Really." Again his was coolly reassuring.

"I'm sorry that the dinner was so long," she said faintly. She was becoming numb and bewildered over the way that he broke things to her.

He pushed the dining-table slowly away with one hand. "Oh, it didn't matter," he said indifferently. Then he arose with the greatest possible reluctance and stood upright.

"I wonder if I shall ever see you again?" she said.

"What?" His tone was one of puzzled but emphatic feeling.

"I wonder—"

"Ever see *me* again! You wonder if *you* will ever see *me* again!"

He felt a sudden pity for the family—something that they didn't know about and were not going to like seemed to his prophetic vision to be approaching.

"Surely we'll meet again," he said.

She stood up, and they moved towards the door together.

"It's been so nice," she said sweet-

ly, "only for the dinner. And I did try to hurry that. I went out in the hall and gave him a shilling to be quicker."

"That was kind of you," he said, looking down with a smile.

There was another pause. Then he laughed.

"It's cruel to deceive you," he said, "I—well—the fact is that while you were turning on those lights I—I gave him half a crown to go slow."

She stepped back a little, and her lips parted quickly, and she stared hard up into his eyes.

"You—you—you gave him half a crown to *go slow*."

And then, although she remained little and frail and pretty, she no longer looked pale.

"I ought to apologise, I suppose," he said hurriedly. "Perhaps I haven't been very fair to you. But, you see, I never knew myself before how much I could want to stay anywhere. The real truth is, the—the—the family aren't down here at all. But I didn't just guess at Henley just all—just how—just what—"

She was standing quite still, looking straight up at him. For a long while she said nothing, and then:

"Why did you do so?" she asked.

"I don't know," he confessed.

"Perhaps I wanted you to beg me to stay. And I wanted to know if—if you'd mind my coming."

"Are you really going to-night?"

"Yes, I am really going to Newcastle to-night."

They stood there side by side.

"The train doesn't go for an hour," he said finally, with great irrelevance. "And it isn't much of a run down for Sundays," he added, with a still greater irrelevance.

After a long, long while she spoke.

"No," she said, very softly and gently, and the little monosyllable sounded in the circumstances quite as sweet in his ears as we are given to suppose that its opposite always sounds in the ears of an accepted lover.

SWIFT: A PRECOCIOUS PIONEER

BY W. LACEY AMY

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE WOLF"

WHEN Canada's new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, pushed its way into the unknown Rockies of Northern British Columbia it was welcomed by one pair of hands only—the only white ones in all that vast region of undiscovered grandeur. Swift, the pioneer, was official reception committee of the Yellowhead Pass, appointed by himself to represent himself as the total of the white population of two hundred miles of mountain peak and torrent and forest.

Not that the railway was essential to Swift! He had lived so long in there on his own resources that nothing on earth seemed able to interfere with his independence. But the same brains that had turned into a sustaining home a mountain valley three hundred and fifty miles from the nearest neighbour came to his assistance in realizing that the two little rails could bring him luxuries he had not learned to despise as well as renounce.

And the Grand Trunk Pacific? It was too experienced to ignore the outstretched hands, for the way to the Pacific was effectually blocked by Swift's domain, the most unique farming enterprise in Canada—a little patch of tilled ground that extended across the only available pass from mountainside to mountainside. Yes, Swift stood there with extended hand—but he kept his back to the Pacific and his eyes open. Even the big rail-

way stopped to shake hands, to smile its thanks and commence the parley.

When Swift first looked about him in the centre of what is now Jasper Park he could have pitched his tent anywhere within many hundreds of miles without comment or opposition. That was about thirty-five years ago.

The Hudson's Bay Company represented everything of authority within a month's journey, and the only present or predicted value of the Rockies was on the back of the fur-bearing animals that appreciated the protection of unscalable heights and uncharted valleys. Swift himself was not drawn to the spot by any special prescience. He just liked it, and, liking it, sat down because it fitted his mood. That he has continued to sit there is proof of the durability of the surrounding attractions.

Swift—nobody seems to have heard any other portion of his name — developed the wanderlust as a youngster down near Washington, away back when Edmonton was only a Company trading-post and the whole north country a Company hunting-ground. He and a partner reached Edmonton still unsatisfied. They passed farther westward through the Rockies to Jasper House, the mountain post of the Hudson's Bay Company; and near there the unfordable Athabaska forced them to pause.

That moment's hesitation was sufficient to make more than a passing scene of the grandeur around them.

Anyone else would have pulled out a sketch book, or built a raft to see what was beyond. But Swift and his mate built a shack. And instead of making lines on paper they made them on the ground. There in the heart of the western mountains they dared attempt to introduce the arts of the East, to rouse the soil into a belief in bigger things than the production of spruce and poplar and cottonwood trees. But Swift seems to have monopolised faith in their works, for his partner showed a decided preference to his traps and rifle.

They parted—over a little bit of workable level ground in the midst of the Rockies, with no neighbours but a few Indians a hundred miles west on the Fraser, and no future that promised profit. The partner wandered off through the Yellowhead Pass, rifle in hand; and Swift, left alone to an impossible life, capitulated and shouldered pan and pick for the gold that might lie in those mountains.

But the little clearing beside the Athabaska kept calling to the man who had felled the trees and broken the sod. Restlessly he wandered about, hoping to drown the profitless call, but in his ears it kept tinkling like sweet music. Before his eyes there floated pictures of towering peaks, snow-covered, of a swift river and tumbling torrents in the midst, and of a crude, log shack where he had dreamt dreams. The beckoning finger of the wilds would not be denied, and he yielded. Thirty years ago he struck back through the mountains to the only "home" he knew, to a life whose lonesomeness only Swift can know. He takes no credit for being a prophet. He just smiles and looks out over the few tilled acres and smiles as a father would pat the back of a son who has not disappointed him.

It was a simple operation for the erstwhile prospector to stake out two thousand acres. If the mountainside had not obtruded itself he might as

well have made it two million. He built another little shack beside a rushing mountain stream that poured down from the glaciers of Pyramid Mountain on its way to the Athabaska. He cut down more poplars and cottonwood. And after he had two acres cleared he began to plan and hope.

To plant he must have seed. Edmonton was three hundred and fifty miles to the east, but after years of travel without destination that distance was negligible. With his supply of seeds and what few provisions even he required he started back to his lonesome home in the mountains. And ahead of him tramped six cattle. It must have been a trail of difficulties; but there was the satisfaction of knowing that, once the cattle reached their two thousand acre pasture, a reasonable stability of mountain and river would keep them there without a cowboy.

Then the serious work of the mountain farmer began. It was possible to drive in cattle, but he could not set down on his farm an outfit of factory-made implements. Just there commenced a display of that ingenuity that would prevent even a socialist begrudging Swift the opulence that will be his. A big fir tree was a simple conversion into a roller, and jackpine trees lacked only the finish of machine-turned shafts. Of wood he made a plough, a harrow, and even garden tools. And the wooden tools he planned and cut in those days he is using now, without the land resenting the absence of style and polish.

When the land was seeded Swift was only beginning to know his own resources. He discovered that the rainfall of the mountains was too uncertain for his ambitions. So far as is known he expressed no grouch against Providence for deceiving him into attempting the impossible. Instead, he dug a trench from a mountain stream back of his shack, and radiating from it many little ditches cut the farm. Where each ditch left

the main trench he placed a sluice gate — and then this single-handed mountain farmer was as independent of nature as it is well for man to be. If his potatoes were languishing he lifted a couple of gates and sat down to watch the glacier do his work. If his wheat was ripening to the scythe he jammed down the interested gates and definitely decided when to harvest. Swift, with his wooden implements, with his unmarketable crops from his unmarketable land, was farming scientifically.

Twice a year he had to endure that month's weary trip to Edmonton, and like any other obstacle in Swift's way it must have a remedy. All that long trail meant only flour to him, for he had long since learned to forgo the luxuries of civilisation. And the problem of flour he accordingly set out to solve. He built a millwheel, placed it in one of the convenient mountain streams, and watched it for a few days like a new toy, as it shakily yielded to the rush of the water. Then he set out for Edmonton and brought back a small grinder. Doubtfully he set it in place, connected it with the wheel, and sat down to see if Edmonton had anything on the Rockies. The flour came — good enough for his purpose — and there was his own flour mill on his own farm, manufacturing solely for himself. Lots of us afford inexpensive luxuries like automobiles and yachts and valets, but Swift has a monopoly of the personal flour mill luxury.

My first visit to Swift's farm was via a gasolene "speeder" that rattled its way over the eight miles of new track from Fitzhugh, the mountain divisional point of the Grand Trunk Pacific. When the speeder drew up before the shack a cluster of young faces that had curiously watched my approach disappeared instantly, and I had time to look around.

The railway ran within twenty yards of the front door, passing between the shack and the stables, and cutting a line through scenic gran-

deur that branded it as an intrusion. The shack, a long, low, log building, was in three sections, one the overhanging, log-roofed porch that is a feature of all ambitious residences in the wilds, then the original house, and behind it an addition of more recent years, the demand of an increasing family. Back of the shack toward Pyramid Mountain, one of the prominent peaks of the Yellowhead Pass, and from it a noisy stream rushed past the house, appearing here and there through the trees Swift had allowed to remain along its banks, and rattling off towards the Athabaska a half mile away. Opposite the door, across the Athabaska, was a precipitous upheaval of mountain, like the first efforts of a landscape maker who is unfamiliar with his tools. East and west the railway disappeared in the clutching folds of other mountains on mountains.

It was a spot for a tourist hotel, rather than for a farmer. Either Swift had fallen upon a freak of nature in such a glorious combination of agricultural possibilities and scenery, or his weird ability had utilised nature to his own ideas of beauty and use. Anyway, the farm lay there in the centre of a valley of greatest loveliness.

Just inside the door sat a stout half-breed woman, Swift's wife of later years, working on a pile of mocassins that flecked with brilliant colour the top of a rough table.

"He 'way two, tree day. Mebbe back soon," she said in answer to an inquiry for Mr. Swift.

The information was not sufficiently definite whereon to base an appointment, but it was interesting as a sidelight on the wandering, independent life of the pioneer, who happened also to be a husband and father.

Inside, the first thing that came into view was an oil-cloth-covered table on which rested soup plates and cups and saucers. Probably it was the Rocky Mountains version of a

curio table, for the rest of the interior and the history of Swift scarcely paved the way for soup plates. A stove, innumerable tins, old blankets, and three rough chairs that carried the overflow of litter covering the floor, made it a matter of careful progress to reach the one chair that was emptied of its load. Swift's special hobby appeared in a line of eight or ten clocks and watches that hung from the logs supporting the roof. One would think time of value in the Rockies. Most of the walls and ceiling was concealed by pictures clipped from newspapers, the only system of selection appearing in the children's faces that covered the outside of the front door.

Besides the mother four children managed to squeeze into the room, the younger generation well-dressed, intelligent and alert, and eager to supply the missing English of their mother's halting conversation. The woman faced the pile of bright leather — the light brown of the young moose, the white caribou, the brown, smoked caribou, and a few shocking developments of her own ideas of leather staining. The cheapest of the moccasins was held at three dollars, and the white caribou brought four; but then the caribou had disappeared since the railway came in with its hilarious bohunks, its rattle and rush. Of late she has been forced to recognize Edmonton once more as the source of supply.

In all, fifteen acres have been broken on the farm, and the success with wheat and most of the vegetables justified replanting year after year. Horse raising is one of the main features of the Swift industry. Forty-five horses now roam the range, the easy pasture and open winters making them a clear profit. Mrs. Swift is proud of what her husband has done, but she looks forward to that which will make her prouder still. The presence of the one railway would have profited Swift for much of his life, but a second, the Canadian

Northern, has built its grade to his borders and beyond.

Swift has recently knocked much from the romance of his life by giving up part of his farming for the lure of real estate. He says it is because the railway has interrupted his irrigation system, but the avidity with which he dropped the one for the other speaks well for his perspicacity. The business negotiations he has carried on with the Government and with the two railways are ample proof that the pioneer life does not necessarily narrow a man.

When the Canadian Government decided to anticipate the railway by setting aside all that district in the mountains as a national park it approached Swift in the light of its experience. But Swift enlarged that experience. He refused to move. He had a pretty firm conviction that thirty years of unquestioned residence was above governments. He stuck. And the Government succumbed. They granted him a quarter section in the centre of one of the grandest national parks in the world. Swift knew it was enough for any ordinary man to hope for or to require.

When the Grand Trunk Pacific came along it learned that Swift made no favourites. He set a price for the land the railway required; and rather than suffer the tedious delay of arbitration they paid it. Again Swift had won.

The Canadian Northern rushed its work to catch up to the Grand Trunk Pacific; and once more Swift blocked the wheels of progress. Negotiations failed to move him, and, as there was no way round his farm, the railway built its grade to the edge of the quarter section and then jumped to work from the other side. Last fall terms had not been made, but Swift is content to wait. His demand is that the Canadian Northern establish a townsite on his farm. It wouldn't cost the railway anything, and the level bit of land is the most suitable in many miles.

In anticipation of that event the townsite is already laid out, and the name of Swiftholme will assist in the monetary returns.

Swift deserves the best that can come to him. He took up a task that would have lain to this day like the rest of the Rockies. He lived entirely alone for a dozen years where com-

forts were the products of his own hands. He put his brains to the solution of problems that would have driven another back to civilisation decades ago. But probably he will never be worth writing about again, now that wealth is his. For it was in the fastnesses of the mountains he found himself.

TORONTO AND NEW YORK

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

BUILDINGS and houses? yes,

The places where men work and live,
All these are here high towering to the sky.

But homes, ah, no, for New York has not homes.
Search all Manhattan through from end to end,
You will not find them. Homes?

Here men and women live upon the streets,
And boys and girls, and little children, too,
So young you would not call them boys or girls,
But only "children," little "tots" or "tykes,"

For all their faces are as old and lined

As are the aged in that place I know and love and call my home.

There children laugh and play in yards and lawns,

And romp a-coming home from school,

And sing aloud with clean good childish mirth.

But here the things that make the children smile

Make men grow old before their time;

Bring tears to wash the beauty of the women clear away,

For all the colour that they put upon their cheeks,

And turn their hearts to stone, cold stone,

The stone that is the heart of all Manhattan town.





JANE, DUCHESS OF GORDON, AND HER SON, THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY

From the Painting by George Romney. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

IV.—THE RESULTS OF CRITICISM

BY REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

THOUGH criticism is a method, and not a net result, it has produced a great variety of results, some of which are conjectural, some of which are doubtful, some of which are probable, and some of which are demonstrable. Some are purely conjectural, having been suggested by men of speculative minds; some are rather doubtful, though they are endorsed by critics of great prominence; some are very probable, but remain uncertain because of insufficient data; some are quite demonstrable, being supported by evidence that would be readily accepted in any other case.

Of the results of criticism which, it may be asked, may we safely accept? We may safely accept any result that can be proved, and we cannot safely do anything else. That which is true is always safe. It is that which is not true that is both unsafe and injurious. God is truth, and only truth is of God. Only truth, therefore, is what the Church should seek and what its representatives should teach. That which the Church requires, that which the world desires, is established facts; and the sooner Christian teachers appreciate the situation, the better it will be.

Some persons speak and act as if there were things about the Bible which ought not to be told; things which, they appear to think, should be kept from the public; things which, if

generally known, would shake the confidence of the people and diminish their regard for the Scriptures. Such an opinion, however, is a foolish one to entertain. There is no probable result that should not be given to the people, nor is there any certain result that will not help the cause of truth. To withhold any Biblical facts from the general public is a policy of deception, and one that is no less dangerous than it is dishonest.

What results of criticism, then, may be taken as practically assured? To furnish an exhaustive list would require too much space, but I may present a concise statement of those that I regard as satisfactorily established. In presenting this statement I shall be very frank with the reader, believing, as I have said in other words before, that there is no fact about the Bible which ought not to be made known. I have tried to classify the facts in such a way that they can be easily fixed in the mind.

(1) Canonical Results. Investigation shows that the Canon of the Bible is unchronological. The books are not arranged in the order in which they were written, much less in the order in which the events recorded in them took place. That is the case with those of both the Old and the New Testament. Of the Old Testament we have really two Canons—the one in Hebrew and the other in

Greek; but in neither of them are the writings chronologically arranged, though the arrangement found in the printed editions of the Hebrew Bible is superior to that given in the Greek version, and is now generally followed by critical scholars in studying the ancient Scriptures.

The Reformers eliminated a number of the books in Greek because they thought them spiritually inferior to the others, but all of them are considered canonical by the Greek Church, and most of them are so considered by the Roman Catholic Church. There is one order of the books, however, in the Hebrew Bible, there is another order in the Greek version, and there is another order still in the English versions; but, though the arrangement in the Hebrew Bible is more nearly chronological than that in any of the versions, in none of the collections are the works arranged in the succession of time in which they were composed. Criticism is giving us a better arrangement of the books of the Bible.

(2) Textual Results. Investigation shows that the text of the Bible is imperfect. That is true in regard to each Testament. In addition to the variant readings in the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament, the divergencies between the Hebrew and the Greek are very great. Though the renderings of the version correspond pretty closely to those of the original, there are notable exceptions to that rule. The books of Jeremiah, Proverbs, Job, Esther, and Daniel exhibit remarkable irregularities. In the first-named book especially the dissimilarity of the readings is prodigious. Besides remarkable changes in the general arrangement of its contents, there are differences of a much more serious sort, such as the presence in the Hebrew of an enormous amount of matter wanting in the Greek, and the absence from the Hebrew of many words and phrases belonging to the Greek.

Moreover, criticism discovers in the

Scriptures a great number of glosses, interpolations, and marginal notes. Though somewhat frequent in it, such additions to the text are not indicated by the Revisers of the Old Testament, but the New Testament Revisers have indicated them in various ways. In very many places they have either omitted or inserted in the margin words, phrases and entire verses. For instance, they have removed from the Lord's Prayer, found in the sixth chapter of Matthew, the beautiful doxology at the end of the thirteenth verse, which is probably an interpolation from an ancient liturgy, and have omitted all reference to the doctrine of the Trinity mentioned in the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of First John. Then they have bracketed as a late appendix the latter half of the last chapter of Mark's Gospel, and have also enclosed in brackets the passage about an adulteress contained in the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to John. Criticism is giving us a better text of the books of the Bible.

(3) Historical Results. Investigation shows that the historical accounts recorded in the Scriptures are quite uneven. That is to say, they vary both in accuracy and in trustworthiness. The early history of every nation rests upon tradition. In the nature of things there could be no other basis. A primitive people keeps no records, and cannot tell what happened in its infancy. Only reminiscences are transmitted, and these are necessarily very vague. What I say is no less true of modern than of ancient times. The beginnings of the British nation are wrapped in much obscurity, and the earliest accounts are both legendary and traditional. Hence we should not look for literal history in the oldest narratives of the Bible, but should expect to find in them legendary and traditional elements. We should be prepared to see that the chronological statements of the Book of Genesis are imperfect, just as we should be prepared to see

that the genealogical tables of the Evangelists are incomplete; for, as a matter of fact, much of the history and chronology in the primeval and patriarchal ages cannot be determined with certainty. Only about the time of Abraham, a little more than two thousand years before Christ, do the records of the Hebrew people become substantially accurate or measurably reliable. The early stories of Genesis were constructed out of traditional materials which were either derived from Babylonia or belonged originally to both Hebrews and Babylonians. Whether they sprang from a common tradition or not, they were manifestly developed from more primitive forms, such as are found in Babylonia, and were gradually purified and spiritualised, and adapted to meet the requirements of Hebrew habits of thought.

Besides revealing legendary and traditional elements in the ancient narratives, criticism proves that certain accounts are mythical, as those in the second chapter of Genesis, which speak of the making of man from the dust of the ground and the forming of woman out of one of his ribs, and that in the sixth chapter of the same book, which speaks of the sons of the gods, not the sons of God, taking themselves wives of the daughters of men; it proves that certain accounts are symbolical, as that in the third chapter, which pictures the power of temptation under the form of a serpent, not as a personal devil, but as an evil principle that lures men into disobedience; it proves that certain accounts are anthropomorphic, as that in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, which represents Jehovah as appearing to Abraham in the form of a man, and that in the last verse of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, which speaks of the back parts of God, as if he had the body of a human being; it proves, too, that certain accounts are idealised, as some of the stories related in the book of Daniel, and some of the nar-

ratives recorded in the books of Chronicles. Much of the matter in these books should not be taken as serious history. Criticism proves, also, that some of the Biblical characters, such as Abraham and Moses, Jacob and Joseph, Elijah and Elisha, have been idealised, just as Alfred the Great and other noble men of modern times have been idealised. The history contained in the Old Testament is religious history, and much of it is presented in the form in which it was slowly shaped by tradition or in which it was consciously modified for homiletic purposes. Even the books of Joshua, the books of Samuel, and the books of Kings, though comparatively trustworthy records, contain expressions that do not occur in rigidly historical writings. I ought, perhaps, to mention that the Fourth Gospel in the New Testament is both idealised and philosophised. Criticism is giving us a fairer estimate of the narratives of the Bible.

(4) Legal Results. Investigation shows that the legislation of the Old Testament is uncertain. By calling it uncertain, I mean that we are not sure of either its origin or its date. Men thought once that the whole of the early laws of the Hebrews originated with Moses, but we can now prove that such was not the case, for many of them existed long before his birth. The recent discovery of the Code of Hammurabi, who antedates Moses by about a thousand years, suggests that Hebrew legislation was directly influenced by that of Babylonia. The striking parallels between the Babylonian laws and the Pentateuchal laws show that many of the latter must have been borrowed from the former. But, while they must have been borrowed, as I have said, they were put together with quite another spirit, because the purpose running through them is very different from that of the original. To prevent crime, not sin, is the object of the Babylonian legislation, but to prevent sin rather than crime, is

the object which the Pentateuch has in view; for in the Pentateuch crime is to be punished, not merely because it is injurious to society, but because it is an offence against God. Moreover, the Hebrew laws are characterised by a superior humanity, as well as a superior morality. Hebrew law, like Hebrew history, is religious, and is pervaded by a religious spirit, so that there is a uniqueness about both the history and the legislation.

Then we know now that Moses was not the author of all the Old Testament laws, because many of them bear marks of belonging to a later date. Their character indicates that they were not only framed subsequent to his death, but were also made to suit varying conditions of society. The evidence is conclusive that they were neither compiled by any one man nor enacted at any one time. Though they were not all enacted by Moses, many were connected with his name because he was the first great Hebrew legislator and the founder of the Hebrew constitution. When the earlier laws were revised and brought up to date from time to time, the name of Moses was used in connection with them, much as the name of an author remains connected with a modern text-book after its original form has disappeared. Though considerably revised, the laws are thus stamped with the spirit of Moses, and may be viewed as Mosaic in that sense.

The Pentateuch reveals three distinct codes or bodies of law—the Covenant code, the Deuteronomic code, and the Levitical code—which relate to different periods in the life of the nation, and represent different stages of religious development. The Covenant code, or Book of the Covenant, as it is called in Exodus 24:7, is the body of general law contained in Exodus, chapters twenty to twenty-three, being so named because it formed the basis of a compact on the part of Israel with Jehovah; the Deuteronomic code is the body of civic

law included in the book of Deuteronomy, and the Levitical, or Priestly, code, is the body of ritual law found in the book of Leviticus, together with certain sections of Exodus and Numbers which treat of Priestly legislation.

Like those of other nations, the laws of the Hebrews grew up gradually, as the circumstances of the people called them forth; and the course of their growth would probably be, first customs, next statutes or edicts, and then codes. The three codes described seem to have been compiled in the order indicated, the one succeeding the other after a long interval, no doubt. As would naturally be expected, there was a development of one organisation from another, and a transformation of one institution into another, as time went on. In other words, there was a transition, age by age, from a certain state of things to a state of things materially different, and a consequent modification of the laws to suit the altered state of things. Criticism is giving us a finer knowledge of the legislation of the Bible.

(5) Literary Results. Investigation shows that much of the literature of the Bible is composite, being made up of separate elements. Many of the books that were formerly believed to be the work of one man are found on examination to have been produced by different men living at different times, and some of them wide intervals apart. That is the case with most of the longer books—whether historical, poetical, prophetic, or evangelical—and with some of the shorter ones, such as Daniel and Zechariah, neither of which books is the work of one author or the product of one mind.

The first five books of the Bible have a particularly composite character, and, though portions of them must have come from Moses, Mosaic authorship can be no longer claimed for them. Criticism proves that they were compiled from four different

documents, each of which has certain peculiarities of style; and an analysis of the book of Joshua shows that it is marked by the same characteristics as those of the five that precede it in point of documentary structure. Since the documents used in the composition of them can be traced in it, that book is now included with them by critical scholars, who, instead of speaking of the Pentateuch, are accustomed to speak of the Hexateuch, because they view these first six books as constituting one specially connected series.

The compositeness of the book of Genesis is further proved by the double accounts that appear in it. I have already shown that we have a double narrative of the creation of man, the account in the second chapter overlapping in some respects the account in the first, and each one containing a different word for God. I have likewise shown that we have a double narrative of the Flood, especially of the animals entering the ark, and I should explain that each narrative is characterised by the use of a different word for God. I may here add that we have one version of Abraham denying his wife in chapter 12:10-20, which uses Jehovah, the Hebrew name of God, and another version in the twentieth chapter, which uses Elohim, a Hebrew name denoting God, but not a proper name, as the former is. Comparing the two versions, we may see that the ethical tone of the second is superior to that of the first, and indicates a distinct advance in moral sensitiveness.

Criticism proves, moreover, that David was not simply not the author of the whole Psalter, but that he wrote little if any of it, as most of the Psalms are of late date, some of them belonging to the time of the Maccabees, about 170 B.C. Of none of them, however, can the origin be determined with certainty, because, though the superscriptions suggest names and occasions, they were written by editors, not by au-

thors, and are different in the Greek translation from what they are in the Hebrew text. They, therefore, tell us nothing certain about either the authorship or the date. Criticism shows too, that the book of Proverbs, instead of being principally the work of Solomon, is a collection of moral apothegms by various Hebrew writers in widely separated points of time; and that the book of Isaiah, instead of being the product of the man whose name it bears, was composed at different periods and by different persons, and that the whole of the latter half belongs to either exilic or post-exilic times. It should here be observed that, even in the New Testament, different documents appear to have served as the sources of our synoptic Gospels, two, at least, having been used in compiling the First and the Third Gospel, or that by Matthew and that by Luke.

Then, besides showing the compositeness of the literature, the critical method helps us to determine its true character. It enables us to see that the story of the Fall is allegorical rather than historical; that the book of Job is an epic poem, and not a literal history; that the Song of Songs is a collection of poems celebrating the delights of human love, and that Ruth and Esther are each romantic history, or historical romance. In this connection it may be stated that most of the books of the Old Testament and many of those in the New belong to a later date than that to which they were formerly assigned. Criticism gives us a closer acquaintance with the literature of the Bible.

(6) Religious Results. Investigation shows that the religion of the Old Testament is Semitic, which means that it was common to the other branches of the family of Shem. On comparing the religion of the Hebrews with that of kindred peoples, it is found that their rites and ceremonies, their customs and institutions, their sacrificial systems, and

their division of things into clean and unclean resemble very closely those of the other Semitic tribes. But, while it is found that many of their ideas and observances were common to other races, it is also found that they gave a new significance to that which had long existed, having developed purer doctrines and enacted purer forms of worship, doctrines and forms that were still further spiritualised by Jesus and his Apostles. Such a comparison shows that every historic religion is a gradual growth by which one stage passes quietly into another, each addition to truth being the expansion of a germ of truth already known. Criticism gives us a broader view of the religion of the Bible.

(7) Moral Results. Investigation shows that the morality of the Scriptures is progressive, as is, indeed, the revelation of God contained in them. As the Israelites ascended in the scale of civilisation, they advanced in moral and religious culture, the latter being the cause of the former. There is a manifest progress in moral teaching from age to age, and many practices that were allowed in earlier, were disallowed in later, times. Many ethical statements in the older books are imperfect, but they represent the highest standard of morality that existed when they were made. One has only to compare the Law of Moses with the Gospel of Christ to perceive the great differences between them. Criticism gives us a clearer notion of the morality of the Bible.

(8) Scientific Results. Investigation shows that the science of the Scriptures is undeveloped. Each part represents the conceptions of the age in which it was written. As the first chapter of Genesis does not contain literal history, so it does not present accurate science. The cosmogony of the writer was the one then common to the civilised nations of the ancient world. The aim of the author, however, was not to give a history of our planet from the beginning, but rather

to show that everything owes its origin to the creative energy of a spiritual Being, who is both self-existent and supreme. In this respect the account is utterly unique. Hence critical scholars are not anxious to reconcile the story of Creation with the testimony of geology, because they know the object of the writer was not so much to teach science as to teach religion. In like manner, Jesus spoke as a religious teacher, and in harmony with the scientific notions of his day, when he described the sun as *rising* on the evil and the good. Criticism gives us a truer appreciation of the science of the Bible.

(9) Doctrinal Results. Investigation shows us how to deduce the doctrines of Scriptures from an inductive study of its facts. Such a study proves that Biblical inspiration is spiritual, not mechanical, being concerned with moral principles and religious truths. It proves that the Bible itself is not revelation, but the record of a revelation, which resulted from apprehending the will of God through communion with him and meditation on his ways. It proves that man was created innocent, not perfect; that he fell from a state of innocence, not a state of perfection; that sin is not an essence, but an act of will; that atonement is not an objective performance, but a subjective experience, and that salvation is not so much exemption from pain or suffering hereafter, as deliverance from sin and selfishness here. Criticism gives us a juster understanding of the doctrines of the Bible.

(10) Exegetical Results. Investigation shows that the historical meaning of the Scriptures has been largely overlooked. By leading us to seek for the thought that was in the mind of each writer, criticism helps us to discover the original signification of thousands of passages. It not only shows us that the traditional view of them is wrong, but also enables us to form a right view of them. It throws a flood of light, too, on many difficult

questions. Furthermore, it leads us to study the two great sections of the Bible together—the New Testament with the aid of the Old, and the Old Testament in the light of the New—thus enabling us to perceive their relative significance, as well as their organic unity. Criticism gives us a fuller agreement concerning the meaning of the Bible.

The foregoing are a few results that may be considered definitely settled, for they are such as all critical scholars will admit, and no competent scholarship would dispute. Look-

ing at them carefully, the reader will see that criticism leaves the permanent elements of the Bible unimpaired, its essential doctrines undisturbed, and its eternal verities untouched. Every religious truth, every moral principle, every vital evangelical conception stands just where it has always stood, and just where it will always stand, because criticism has nothing whatever to do with any of these things. It deals simply with the casket, so to speak, of Scripture, and not with the precious jewels therein contained.

“The Gains of Criticism” is the title of Dr. Workman’s paper for the October Number.

DOMINIC

By R. C. READE

ROAD-MENDER and dredger of ditches,
 Layer of pipes and digger of drains,
 With his sunny smile and his corduroy breeches,
 From Naples vineyards and Lombardy’s plains,
 Wherever men work with the pick,
 There you will find him, Dominic!

Swart-visaged and witless of riches,
 Horny of fist and avid of work,
 As the earth in spadefuls he tosses and pitches.
 No weakling he, to grumble or shirk!
 Oh, in tireless wielding of shovel or pick,
 There’s none so famous as Dominic!

Knight-errant of culverts and ditches,
 Rodin of mud and Manet of clay,
 Deserves he not room in your sculptured niches,
 O ye Halls of Fame, on your judgment day?
 No greatness beats fame with the shovel or pick,
 There’s the boast and the pride of Dominic!

THE GRIP IN DEEP HOLE

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE KINDRED OF THE WILD," "THE RETURN
TO THE TRAILS," ETC.

THE roar of the falls, the lighter and shriller raging of the rapids, had at last died out behind the thick masses of the forest as Barnes worked his way down the valley. The heat in the windless underbrush, alive with insects, was stifling. He decided to make once more for the bank of the stream, in the hope that its character might by this time have changed so as to afford him an easier and more open path. Pressing aside to his left, he presently saw the green gloom lighten before him. Blue sky and golden light came low through the thinning trees; and then a gleam of unruffled water. He was nearing the edge now; and because the underbrush was so thick about him he began to go cautiously.

All at once he felt his feet sinking; and the screen of thick bushes before him leaned away as if bowed by a heavy gust. Desperately he clutched with both hands at the undergrowth and saplings on either side; but they all gave way with him. In a smother of leafage and blinding, lashing branches he sank downward—at first, as it seemed, slowly, for he had time to think many things while his heart was jumping in his throat. Then, shooting through the lighter bushy companions of his fall, and still clutching convulsively at those upon which he had been able to lay his grasp, he plunged feet first into a dark water.

The water was deep, and cold. Barnes went down straight, and clear under, with a strangled gasp. His feet struck, with some force, upon a tangled, yielding mass, from which he rose again with a spring. His head shot above the surface, above the swirl of foam, leafage, and débris; and sputteringly he gulped his lungs full of air. But before he could clear his eyes or his nostrils, or recover his self-possession, he was stealthily dragged down again. With a pang of horror he realised that he was caught by the foot.

A powerful swimmer, Barnes struck out mightily with his arms and came to the surface again at once, rising beyond the shoulders. But by so much the more was he violently snatched back again, strangling and desperate, before he had time to empty his lungs and catch breath. This time the shock sobered him, flashing the full peril of the situation before his startled consciousness. With a tremendous effort of will he stopped his struggling, and contented himself with a gentle paddling to keep upright. This time he came more softly to the surface, clear beyond the chin. The foam, and débris, and turbulence of little waves, seethed about his lips, and the sunlight danced confusingly in his streaming eyes; but he gulped a fresh lungful before he again went down.

Paddling warily now, he emerged

again at once, and, with arms outspread, brought himself to a precarious equilibrium, his mouth just clearing the surface so long as he held his head well back. Keeping very still, he let his bewildered wits compose themselves and the agitated surface settle to quiet.

He was in a deep, tranquil cove, hardly stirred by an eddy. Some ten paces farther out from the shore the main current swirled past silently, as if weary from the turbulence of falls and rapids. Across the current a little space of sand-beach, jutting out from the leafy shore, shone golden in the sun. Up and down the stream, as far as his extremely restricted vision would suffer him to see, nothing but thick, overhanging branches, and the sullen current. Very cautiously he turned his head—though to do so brought the water over his lips—and saw behind him just what he expected. The high, almost perpendicular bank was scarred by a gash of bright, raw, reddish earth, where the brink had slipped away beneath his weight.

Just within reach of his hand lay, half submerged, the thick, leafy top of a fallen poplar sapling, its roots apparently still clinging to the bank. Gently he laid hold of it, testing it, in the hope that it might prove solid enough to enable him to haul himself out. But it came away instantly in his grasp. And once more, in this slight disturbance of his equilibrium, his head went under.

Barnes was disappointed, but he was now absolutely master of himself. In a moment he had regained the only position in which he could breathe comfortably. Then, because the sun was beating down too fiercely on the top of his head, he carefully drew the bushy top of the poplar sapling into such a position that it gave him shade. As its roots were still aground, it showed no tendency to float off and forsake him in his plight.

A very little consideration, accompanied by a cautious investigation with his free foot, speedily convinced

him, being a practical woodsman, that the trap in which he found himself caught could be nothing else than a couple of interlaced, twisted branches, or roots, of some tree which had fallen into the pool in some former caving-in of the bank. In that dark deep wherein his foot was held fast, his mind's eye could see it all well enough—the water-soaked, brown-green, slimy, inexorable coil, which had yielded to admit the unlucky member, then closed upon the ankle like the jaws of an otter trap. He could feel that grip—not severe, but uncompromisingly firm, clutching the joint. As he considered, he began to draw comfort, however, from the fact that his invisible captor had displayed a certain amount of give-and-take. This elasticity meant either that it was a couple of branches slight enough to be flexible that held him, or that the submerged tree itself was a small one, not too steadfastly anchored down. He would free himself easily enough, he thought, as soon as he should set himself about it coolly and systematically.

Taking a long breath he sank his head under the surface, and peered downward through the amber-brown but transparent gloom. Little gleams of brighter light came twisting and quivering in from the swirls of the outer current. Barnes could not discern the bottom of the pool, which was evidently very deep; but he could see quite clearly the portion of the sunken tree in whose interwoven branches he was held. A shimmering golden ray fell just on the spot where his foot vanished to the ankle between two stout curves of what looked like slimy brown cables or sections of a tense snake body.

It was, beyond question, a nasty-looking trap; and Barnes could not blink the fact that he was in a tight place. He lifted his face above the surface, steadied himself carefully, and breathed deeply and quietly for a couple of minutes, gathering strength for a swift and vigorous ef-

fort. Then, filling his lungs very moderately, the better to endure a strain, he stooped suddenly downward, deep into the amber gloom, and began wrenching with all his force at those oozy curves, striving to drag them apart. They gave a little, but not enough to release the imprisoned foot. Another moment and he had to lift his head again for breath.

After some minutes of rest, he repeated the choking struggle, but, as before, in vain. He could move the jaws of the trap just enough to encourage him a little, but not enough to gain his release. Again and again he tried it—again and again to fail just as he imagined himself on the verge of success; till at last he was forced for the moment, to acknowledge defeat, finding himself so exhausted that he could hardly keep his mouth above water. Drawing down a stiffish upright branch of the sapling, he gripped it between his teeth and so held himself upright while he rested his arms. This was a relief to nerves as well as muscles, because it made his balance, on which he depended for the chance to breathe, so much the less precarious.

As he hung there pondering, held but a bare half inch above drowning, the desperateness of the situation presented itself to him in appalling clearness. How sunny, and warm, and safe, to his woods-familiar eyes, looked the green forest world about him! No sound broke the mild tranquillity of the solitude, except, now and then, an elfish gurgle of the slow current, or the sweetly cheerful *tsic-a-dee-dee* of an unseen chickadee, or, from the intense blue overhead, the abrupt, thin whistle of a soaring fishhawk. To Barnes it all seemed such a safe, friendly world, his well-understood intimate since small boyhood. Yet here it was, apparently, turned smooth traitor at last, and about to destroy him as pitilessly as might the most scorching desert or blizzard-scourged ice-field.

A silent rage burned suddenly

through all his veins, which was well, since the cold of that spring-fed river had already begun to finger stealthily about his heart. A delicate little pale-blue butterfly, like a periwinkle-petal come to life, fluttered over Barnes's grim, upturned face, and went dancing gayly out across the shining water joyous in the sun. In its dancing it chanced to dip a hair's-breadth too low. The treacherous bright surface caught it, held it; and away it swept, struggling in helpless consternation against this unexpected doom. Before it passed out of Barnes's vision a trout rose, and gulped it down. Its swift fate, to Barnes's haggard eyes, seemed an analogue in miniature to his own.

But it was not in the woodsman's fiber to acknowledge himself actually beaten, either by man or fate, so long as there remained a spark in his brain to keep his will alive. He presently began searching with his eyes among the branches of the popular sapling for one stout enough to serve him for a lever. With the right kind of a stick in his hand, he told himself, he might manage to pry apart the jaws of the trap and get his foot free. At last his choice settled upon a branch that he thought would serve his turn. He was just about to reach up and break it off, when a slight crackling in the underbrush across the stream caught his ear.

His woodsman's instinct kept him motionless as he turned his eyes to the spot. In the thick leafage there was a swaying, which moved quickly down along the bank, but he could not see what was causing it. Softly he drew down a leafy branch of the sapling till it made him a perfect screen; then he peered up the channel to find out what the unseen wayfarer was following.

A huge salmon, battered and gashed from a vain struggle to leap the falls, was floating belly upward, down the current, close to Barnes's side of the stream. A gentle eddy caught it, and drew it into the pool.

Softly it came drifting down towards Barnes's hidden face. Among the twigs of the poplar sapling it came to a halt, its great scarlet gills barely moving as the last of life flickered out of it.

Barnes now understood quite well that commotion which had followed, along shore, the course of the dying salmon. It was no surprise to him whatever when he saw a huge black bear emerge upon the yellow sand-spit and stand staring across the current. Apparently, it was staring straight at Barnes's face, upturned upon the surface of the water. But Barnes knew it was staring at the dead salmon. His heart jumped sickeningly with sudden hope as an extravagant notion flashed into his brain. Here was his rescuer—a perilous one, to be sure—vouchsafed to him by some whim of the inscrutable forest fates. He drew down another branchy twig before his face, fearful lest his concealment should not be adequate. But in his excitement he disturbed his balance, and with the effort of his recovery the water swirled noticeably all about him. His heart sank. Assuredly, the bear would take alarm at this and be afraid to come for the fish.

But to his surprise the great beast, which had seemed to hesitate, plunged impetuously into the stream. Nothing, according to a bear's knowledge of life, could have made that sudden disturbance in the pool but some fish-loving otter or mink, intent upon seizing the booty. Indignant at the prospect of being forestalled by any such furtive marauder, the bear hurled himself forward with such force that the spray flew high into the branches, and the noise of his splashing was a clear notification that trespassers and meddlers had better keep off. That salmon was his, by right of discovery; and he was going to have it.

The bear, for all the seeming clumsiness of his bulk, was a redoubtable swimmer; and almost before Barnes

had decided clearly on his proper course of action those heavy grunting snorts and vast expulsions of breath were at his ear. Enormously loud they sounded, shot thus close along the surface of the water. Perforce Barnes made up his mind on the instance.

The bunch of twigs which had arrested the approach of the floating salmon lay just about an arm's length from Barnes's face. Swimming high, his mighty shoulders thrusting up a wave before him which buried Barnes's head safely from view, the bear reached the salmon. Grabbing it triumphantly in its jaws, he turned to make for shore again.

This was Barnes's moment. Both arms shot out before him. Through the suffocating confusion his clutching fingers encountered the bear's haunches. Sinking into the long fur, they closed upon it with a grip of steel. Then, instinctively, Barnes shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, and waited for the shock, while his lungs felt as if in another minute they would burst.

But it was no long time he had to wait, perhaps two seconds, while amazement in the bear's brain translated itself through panic into action. Utterly horrified by this inexplicable attack from the rear and from the depths, the animal threw himself shoulder-high from the water, and hurled himself forward with all his strength. Barnes felt those tremendous haunches heaving irresistibly beneath his clutching fingers. He felt himself drawn out straight, and dragged ahead till he thought his ankle would snap. Almost he came to letting go, to save the ankle. But he held on, as much with his will as with his grip. Then the slimy thing in the depths gave way. He felt himself being jerked out through the water—free. His fingers relaxed their clutch on the bear's fur, and he came to the surface, gasping, blinking, and coughing.

For a moment or two he paddled

softly, recovering his breath and shaking the water from nostrils and eyes. He had an instant of apprehensiveness, lest the bear should turn upon him and attack him at a disadvantage; and by way of precaution he gave forth the most savage and piercing yell that his labouring lungs were capable of. But he saw at once that on this score he had nothing to fear. It was a well-frightened bear, there swimming frantically for the sandspit; while the dead salmon, quite forgotten, was drifting slowly away on the sullen current.

Barnes's foot was hurting fiercely, but his heart was light. Swimming at leisure, so as to just keep head against the stream, he watched the bear scuttle out upon the sand. Once safe on dry land, the great beast turned and glanced back with a timid air to see

what manner of being it was that had so astoundingly assailed him. Man he had seen before, but never man swimming like an otter; and the sight was nothing to reassure him. One longing look he cast upon the salmon, now floating some distance away; but that, to his startled mind, was just a lure of this terrifying and perfidious creature whose bright gray eyes were staring at his so steadily from the surface of the water. He turned quickly and made off into the woods, followed by a loud, daunting laugh which spurred his pace to a panicky gallop.

When he was gone, Barnes swam to the sandspit. There he stripped, wrung out his dripping clothes, and lay down in the hot sand to let the sun soak deep into his chilled veins and aching limbs.



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

AT a time when every first-class Power was hopelessly outclassed by the British fleet, the Lords of the Admiralty launched the first Dreadnought and placed the most powerful navy in the world on the obsolete list. The change from vessels of the *King Edward* class to Dreadnoughts has cost the British taxpayers millions of pounds, while sacrificing the margin of supremacy which, until the arrival of the Dreadnought era, had not been seriously challenged. Naval experts are not yet agreed that the Dreadnought—offering a bigger target to torpedo and submarine craft, and involving greater sacrifices in men and money in case of loss—is the most serviceable and efficient fighting machine in time of war. The experts are now in serious conflict as to the revolutionary experiments of the Admiralty since Mr. Winston Churchill was transferred to that Department. With enormous supplies of the best steam coal in the world within British shores, Mr. Churchill, with that impetuosity that marks his conduct of public affairs, has declared for oil fuel and has added to the navy about one hundred destroyers solely depending on oil for fuel. The immediate result of this policy has been to raise the prices of oil against the Admiralty and to compel the First Lord to retrace his steps and modify his plans. Had not the greed of the Oil Trusts forced prices up to a prohibitive level, the British Dreadnoughts using coal might, in a few years' time, have been as obsolete as the *King Edwards* are now.

Warned by the rising barometer in the oil market, the Admiralty, which in 1912 "was compelled to use oil fuel over nearly the whole field of construction," decided that "the five battleships of this year are to be coal-burners, using oil as an auxiliary only." Within one year the biggest spending Department in the United Kingdom is "compelled to use oil" and then suddenly reverts to coal. Oil "which in 1911-1912 could practically compete on favourable terms with coal," is now almost double the price!

This inflation in the price of oil is attributed to the policy of Mr. Churchill in substituting coal ships, with oil as an alternative fuel, for vessels constructed to burn oil only. And his sudden reversion to the coal type is hailed by his critics as an admission that he blundered into the arms of the trusts that control the world's supplies of oil. An important feature of the Admiralty's oil policy was that it was based on the report of a committee, the chairman of which, Lord Fisher, had to sell his oil shares before assuming the position. As the possessor of oil shares he must be held to be favourably impressed by the importance of oil as a fuel. Whether he was in a position to give unbiased advice on the subject to the Admiralty is open to controversy and has been the subject of unfavourable comments by a section of the British press. That his advice was acted upon and then as suddenly reversed does not tend to inspire confidence in the First Lord or the Admiralty.

Following hard on the heels of the

Marconi incident came rumours of a Government deal in oil contracts. While the grosser insinuations of political opponents are as admittedly unfounded as those relating to the deal in American Marconis by Cabinet Ministers, there is a feeling abroad that the Admiralty policy, since Churchill took over control, has encouraged the oil magnates and ship-builders in the belief that naval construction and the oil trade would be greatly stimulated by the changes projected. Oil as a fuel has certain advantages over coal in regard to which naval experts are agreed. But the great objection to any revolutionary substitution of oil for coal as fuel in the British navy is that there is no such certainty in the supply of oil as there is in the case of coal. A few powerful trusts have cornered the world's supply of this commodity. There is no visible oil supply of any magnitude within the Empire, and as oil is liable to be seized as contraband, the British fleet would dissipate its strength in time of war protecting foreign oil cargoes, while all the time there is at hand in the Welsh coal-fields an unlimited supply of fuel. Mr. Churchill's administration at the Admiralty has caused serious misgivings among his own political friends, and he has not succeeded in winning the confidence of the Big Navy party.

*

Dr. Robert Bridges, the new Poet Laureate, is a retired physician, whose selection is free from any political taint. *The London Times* describes him as "neither Imperialist nor Little Englander," but one who "has given to poetry what Seymour Haden gave to etching, and more. He has studied profoundly and practically the origins, the values, the philosophy of words, of rhythms, of meters. The passion of the artist for beauty is the pure motive of Mr. Bridges's poetry, and the honour paid to him is an honour paid to poetry for her own sake."

Dr. Bridges has reached the allot-

ted span of life, and most of his literary work has been published since his retirement from active work in London hospitals. He is not a popular poet in the sense in which Tennyson was, but his reputation stands high among critics of literature. His poems are classical rather than popular, and for this reason are not widely read or known. A complete edition of his poems was published last year by the Oxford Press, and won for him at once a wide circle of admirers.

*

The Tablet recalls a good story regarding the incomes of poets. The late King, when Prince of Wales, was dining with Sir Henry Thompson, the surgeon. Always curious about personal details, he asked his host what annual income could be made in his profession. "About £15,000," was the reply; "and in yours," said the Prince, turning to Sir Charles Russell. The answer was £25,000. "And in yours," pursued the questioner, addressing Mitfais. "£35,000," replied the painter, adding, as he noticed the Prince's astonishment, "Well, last year I actually made £40,000, and had a long holiday in Scotland fishing." Finally the same question was put to Browning, but he refused to be drawn. On leaving the house, however, he whispered confidentially to a friend, "Forty last year."

*

Mr. S. A. Rounsefell, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, writes:

"I see in the *July Canadian Magazine* your opinion respecting the Government's Navy Bill, intimating that this Bill should be submitted to the people for approval before being acted upon. If this was done, my opinion is that the present Government would have been sustained, and come back to the House with a larger majority than they have at present. But what a waste of time and money, for the Senate would throw the Bill out again. This navy question was in the

air at the last general election—Borden informed the people that if his Government was placed in power he would introduce a Navy Bill far superior to the Liberal 'tin pot Navy Bill.' That great and rising young man, the Honourable Mackenzie King, at the last election, informed his constituents that if the Borden Government was sustained, Mr. Borden intended to have built large war vessels to fight the Germans (his constituents were largely German).

"However, the action of the Senate pleases the Conservatives. Now the Government can buy up those three Dreadnoughts which the British Admiralty intend building, to fill the gap—the different items of expense will be placed in the estimates, and passed by the House, quite independent of the Senate. The late Mr. Ellis, of St. John, N.B., was the only independent Liberal in the Senate. All the others were tied hand and foot by Sir Wilfrid and his followers in the House of Commons. Great Britain would fall to a second-class power if Germany were supreme at sea. You can call it emergency or menace—it is a race for supremacy, and there need be no war."

The question of national and Imperial defence should be approached from a non-partisan standpoint, and the fact that Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier were agreed as to a policy in 1909 should make it possible for both parties to come together again on a scheme of defence which would adequately express the sentiment of the nation and satisfy the requirements of our time. It was Mr. Borden's expressed intention to refer the question to the electors, and there does not yet appear to be any other method by which the verdict of the country can be definitely ascertained.

*

The return of the American Commission of Agricultural Enquiry, after an extended tour through European countries, should give a much-

needed fillip to the study of rural conditions on this continent. Several Canadians were attached to the Commission, and their reports will be looked forward to with keen interest by agriculturalists and by all who follow with concern the decadence of rural life in the Dominion. Four days were spent in Dublin by the Commission, and there the members had an opportunity to meet Sir Horace Plunkett, whose energies are devoted to the regeneration of rural life in Ireland, and whose ideals have inspired similar movements in other countries.

*

Much is being written about the decadence of Britain in fields where formerly she reigned supreme. In the realm of sport she is no longer able to hold her own with younger nations, and now comes word that theatrical managers find a difficulty in obtaining good plays. Three London theatres are at present drawing houses with adaptations of novels not intended originally for dramatisation. Martin Harvey still draws big houses to "The Only Way." "Oliver Twist" is popular nightly at the Lyceum, and "The Barrier," which first appeared as a novel by Rex Beach, is also running at present. Actor-managers, hungry for something attractive, have had to turn to writers of fiction for plots and characters. Does this show lack of originality on the part of the modern playwrights?

*

The impression gains ground in political circles in England that the Asquith Government will go to the country some time between the passing of the Home Rule Bill and the date when it goes into operation. Mr. Redmond is opposed to this course, but party agents are preparing for an appeal to the constituencies next spring. There is a well-grounded assumption that the attitude of the Ulster minority renders an appeal to the electors necessary. If the Liberals are returned the Unionist argument that Home Rule has been car-

ried by the suspension of the Constitution under the Parliament Act will lose any moral force it might possess by the ratification of the Irish measure at the polls. If Ulster continues to resist after a clear verdict by the country at large, Carson and his followers will be deprived of all the moral weight which their opposition to an Irish Parliament under present circumstances would carry among Unionists in England. It is impossible to conceive of Mr. Balfour, for instance, countenancing revolt in Ulster once the verdict of the electors is emphatically declared on the side of the Liberal Government. On the other hand, there is some doubt as to the return of the Liberals at the next general election. In this case the Irish problem would have to be solved by both parties in conference. As Mr. Redmond and his colleagues have advocated self-government as Imperialists and abandoned the old Nationalist platform of the forties, sixties, and eighties, it would be difficult for the Tories to resist the temptation of attempting a settlement by general consent on lines that would admit of wider powers of self-government when party excitement in Ulster has subsided. As in all great political fights, keenly contested, the older generation will have to die off before Ireland can settle down to normal conditions.

Writing on the Irish question reminds me that most of Parnell's success was due to his gift of selecting men. He had great faith in the young men, and the Redmonds and others who went into Parliament to wring concessions from England were just out of their teens. It is thirty years since Willie Redmond first entered the British House of Commons. In the *Westminster Gazette* he contributes some interesting reminiscences and notes the fact that on the Liberal and Labour benches there are only two members who were there when he arrived. These are Mr. Buxton, the President of the Board of Trade, and

Mr. Burt, the father of the House. The Unionists are better off with some six or seven, headed by Mr. Balfour, who were in the House in 1883, but in spite of their smaller numbers, the Nationalists boast eight such veterans—namely, Mr. Redmond and his brother, Mr. Dillon, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. O'Kelly, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. William O'Brien, and Mr. T. M. Healy.

*

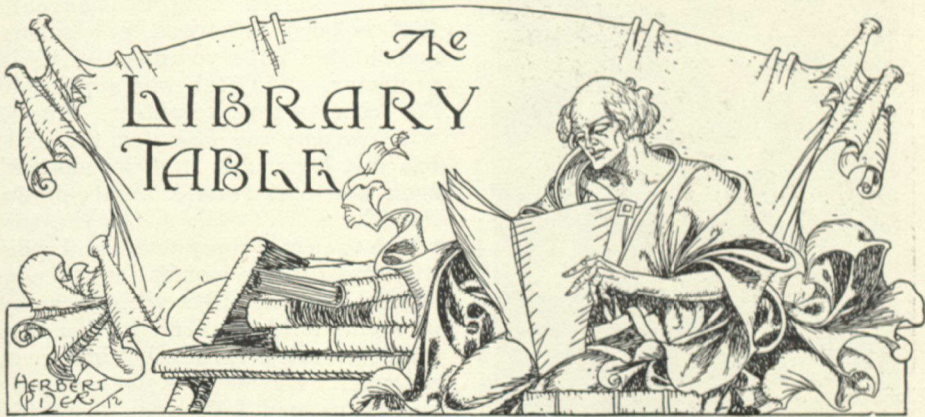
In a volume of essays just issued, the editor of *The Economist*, Mr. F. W. Hirst, expresses the opinion that Mr. Winston Churchill contemplates changing sides once more, and the author is fortified in this belief by the withdrawal from sale of Mr. Churchill's volume of Radical speeches. There would be nothing unusual or inconsistent in such a step, although precedents are rare of Cabinet Ministers changing parties twice in a decade. Churchill left the Unionists on the Free Trade issue, and as there is little prospect of Chamberlain's fiscal reforms being accepted, there is no reason why the member for Radical Dundee should not again cross the floor. There is no doubt he would be a powerful acquisition to the Unionist party. It would be difficult, as Mr. Hirst points out, to find a prominent statesman who has not changed his opinions and his party. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Carson among present members of the House, are conspicuous modern examples. Gladstone began life as a Tory, Disraeli as a Radical. Palmerston was a Tory and Whig at different periods of his career, while Lord Derby, the Tory Prime Minister, was a Whig Reformer down to 1835. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain passed from extreme Radicalism, Free Trade, and Little Englandism to be the powerful exponent of Imperialism and Protection. Chamberlain's conversion was, perhaps, the quickest on record, for it is said he changed in a single night.



RETURNING HOME

From the charcoal drawing by André Lapine

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



WILLIAM ADOLPHUS TURNPIKE

BY WILLIAM BANKS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

EVERY boy will want to read this striking record of one who, although he possessed many of the be-devilling characteristics that make most boys irresistible, was nevertheless a real hero. William is an office boy in a lawyer's office, a most extraordinary office boy, and he says extraordinary things, with the result that his employer and Tommy Watson, the auctioneer, and Epstein, the retired actor, and Flo Delamere, the actress, and the lawyer's aunt, and several others, take a profound interest in his welfare. This common interest inspires the lad's ambition to make something of himself, but he is so inately clever that no one ever has any doubt of his advancement, and in time he begins to think that perhaps after all there is a future ahead of him. William is a master of up-to-date slang—one would almost call him an inventor of apt phraseology, and there is in

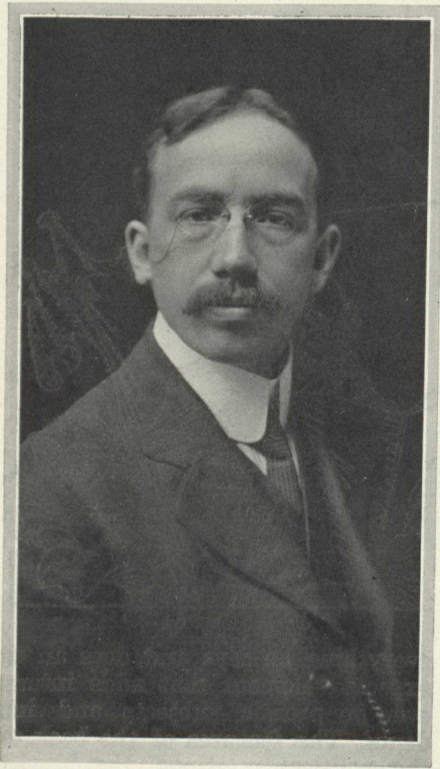
everything he says and does an unexpected element that adds interest even to prosaic subjects and incidents. The features of the book are the political meetings, the baseball match, the wedding of Tommy Watson and Flo Delamere, and several intimate passages that are sufficiently pathetic to give contrast to the wholesome humour of the book. The author is a Toronto journalist, at present news editor of *The Globe*. He has written about what he knows and about characters that have won his keen sympathies and admiration. The scene is laid in Toronto, and observant readers will recognise places mentioned and perhaps one or two of the characters.

*

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

BY T. EVERETT HARRE. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

HERE is a real love story, a tale of absolute heroism. We recall no recent bit of fiction that so pulsates with exalting love and magnificent self-sacrifice. Ootah is a young Eskimo hunter, the pride of his race,



Mr. WILLIAM BANKS

A young Toronto journalist whose fine characterisation "William Adolphus Turnpike" is reviewed herewith.

the envy of every youth of the tribe. Annadoah seems to be his natural complement, for she has fine grace and beauty, and none other is so skilled as she in the primitive crafts that make of Eskimo women help-mates worthy of the men. Ootah loves Annadoah, and for her he leads in the walrus hunt and in the chase for the polar bear. But a blustering, bargaining white man, with trinkets and gewgaws, comes to the village, and the wonder of him turns and wins her heart. He visits her igloo, and then goes away, promising to return. Ootah is observant, but patient, and when in the throes of winter the tribe is threatened with starvation, it is he who goes out on the perilous yet successful hunt for musk oxen. And when spring comes, and Annadoah's

child is about to be born, it is he who provides her with food and rebuilds her igloo, and keeps her lamp of fat burning. And when the child is born—blind—and the others of the tribe chase the fleeing mother to destroy the child, because it is the custom to take the life of every maimed child that is born fatherless, unless some man of the tribe volunteer to be its protector, it is Ootah who appears on the scene to thus volunteer. But he is a moment too late, for the child has just been torn from its mother's arms and cast from a high cliff out into the sea. Ootah marks the spot where the child disappears, and, poisoning himself for a moment on the edge of the rock, he dives like an arrow into the billows. The mother and others await breathlessly his reappearance. But he does not reappear, and Annadoah falls upon her knees moaning.

"A cold wind moaned a pitiless lament from the interior mountains. Yellow vapours gathered about the dimming sun. Ominous shadows took form on the shimmering sea.

"I-o-h-h-iooh! Unhappy sun—unhappy Annadoah!"

"Taking fire in the subdued sunlight—and descending from heaven like a gentle benediction of feathery flakes of gold—over and about the dark, crouched figure, softly . . . very softly . . . the snow began to fall."

Thus we have a picture of the eternal maiden, a tale of wondrous pathos and charm.

*

LEVITY HICKS

BY TOM GALLON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"LEVITY HICKS was a tall, spare man, with unruly hair that might have been curly but for the extreme shortness of it, and with clothes that were worn to the verge almost of shabbiness. His was a grave face, save when now and then a curious slow, shy smile swept over it, and then went away again. There

was an air about him that could not exactly be defined as one of timidity so much as suggesting that he was never quite sure of himself. He came now into the room a little haltingly, with just that quiet smile stealing over his features; it gave him for all the world the ludicrous air of a dog, not quite sure of his welcome, wagging his tail as he comes towards you."

In these words the author describes the quaint character who has never had his chance in the world. He has been used by others, and many have used him as a stepping-stone to fortune. The happiness of love has been denied him, except by one woman, but he has to die and come back in the spirit to realise it. His coming back and moving about in the scenes and with persons he knew in life is known by this woman only, and a child, who in life had been placed in fanciful surroundings. The story has many quaint and delightful passages.

*

THE OUTLAW

By DAVID HENNESSEY. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS sensational novel received the second prize of £400 in the publishers' recent competition. While it has obvious faults, its merits nevertheless more than turn the balance in its favour. The Outlaw is in his way a creation—certainly an arresting figure. Life has treated him hardly and unfairly, and although his resentment and revenge may not be pretty, they are at least consistent with his character. Salathiel is a human being; one can believe in him. This is the crux of the whole book, for it stands or falls by this one character. In other respects "The Outlaw" is a well-handled, capable piece of work. It is written in a style that at worst is businesslike and at best is remarkably well suited to the subject matter of the story; it is crowded with incident; and it presents a

fresh and vigorous—though one-sided—picture of a period of Australian history which is little known or studied in this country. In fact, "The Outlaw" may not be a great novel, but at least it is a very good one.

*

WINDS OF DOCTRINE

By E. SANTAYANA. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Son.

THE shell of Christendom is broken. The unconquerable mind of the East, the pagan past, the industrial socialistic future confronted with their equal authority. Our whole life and mind is saturated with the glow of a new spirit — that of an emancipated, international democracy." With this statement as a beginning for these interesting studies in contemporary opinion, the late Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University lays bare what he regards as the modern tendencies in philosophic thought. The view is expressed that the convictions and ideals of Christendom are in a state of disintegration and anarchy. There is an inquiry into the case of modernism and Bergson. The volume contains also an essay on Shelley, or the poetic value of revolutionary principles, while there is as well a paper on "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy."

*

COMRADE YETTA

By ALBERT EDWARDS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ALBERT EDWARDS has scored again in "Comrade Yetta." This is a graphic story of how a poor, friendless unsophisticated Jewess of New York's East Side—a member of the second generation—went right, against the tide, instead of wrong with it; of how she rose from a state of poverty and obscurity to a position of influence and independ-

ence. The human interest is sustained to the close.

To the sickening revelations regarding the social evil, this story contributes by illustrating the evil scheming and brazen persistence of the cadet. The reader is ready to cheer when Yetta finally escapes. For those who are interested in the working conditions of women, there is a never-to-be-forgotten description of the tortures and barbarities of the sweat shop. For the fiction lover, there is a charming love-story with a wholesomely satisfying outcome. Every reader with a grain of human sympathy will find this story informing, startling and appealing.

CANDLELIGHT DAYS

BY ADELINE M. TESKEY. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THIS book contains a charming picture of Ontario pioneer life. It takes the reader back two or three generations to a time when candles over the fire-place in a log hut furnished the light that helped the early settlers to pass pleasantly the long winter evenings. The boy who is supposed to tell the story, if we could call it a story, relates his experiences from the time of childhood to manhood, and that is in reality the sum and substance of the book. The author reveals an intimate acquaintanceship with the life of the pioneer, and a keen sympathy with him in his struggles.

*

—"Goldwin Smith: A Study" is the title of a volume to appear soon from the gifted pen of Mr. Arnold Haultain, who for a number of years was Professor Goldwin Smith's private secretary. This volume should throw a flood of light on a character which to many persons has seemed always to be inscrutable. The publisher is Mr. Werner Laurie (London).

*

—Useful little books, even if, as the editor admits, they are lacking in comprehensiveness, are the two volumes, "Humour of the North" and

"Scouts of Empire," edited by Laurence J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa. There are examples of the humour of Joseph Howe, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, W. H. Drummond, Mrs. Everard Cotes, James McCarroll, George Thomas Lanigan, and James Demille. The scouts of Empire included in the other volume are Henry Hudson, Samuel Hearne, Pierre Gauthier de Varennes, Alexander Mackenzie, and Simon Fraser. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

*

—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have in course of preparation a series of books to be published under the general title of "The Canadian Library of Religious Literature," and the editorship of Professor G. C. Pidgeon, Vancouver; Professor R. E. Welsh, Montreal; Professor W. S. Milner, Toronto University, and the Reverend H. Symonds, Montreal. The books will deal with literary, historical, theological, and ethical subjects. Some of those who have definitely agreed to write for the series are: President Falconer, Principal Maurice Hutton, Professor T. Callander, Professor James Cappon, Professor R. E. Walsh, Professor J. Dick Fleming, Professor W. R. Taylor, Professor Robert Law, Professor T. H. F. Duckworth, the Reverend Herbert Symonds, Professor R. Davidson, and Professor A. R. Gordon.

*

—John Masefield's great prize poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," has reached its tenth impression; "The Window in the Bye Street" its third thousand. This indicates that poetry is still read if it is worth reading. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

*

—"Camping With Motor-car and Camera" is a vivid and readable description of a tour in the Norfolk Broads, in Wales, along the shores of Barnstaple Bay and among the Hambleton Hills. This book is an inspiration and a guide. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).



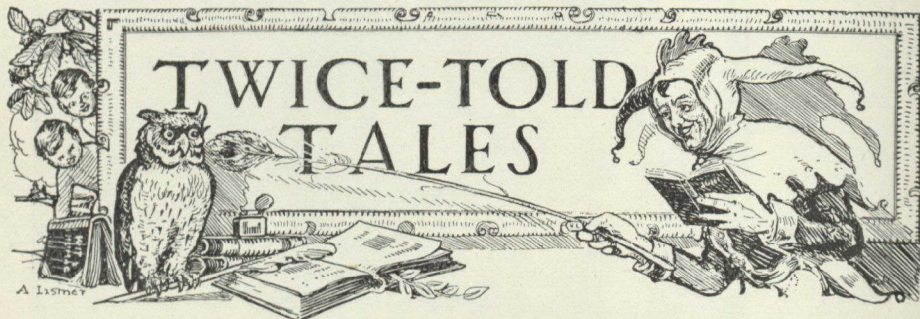
THE DANGEROUS WORLD

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

THE world's a very dangerous place for such a little boy ;
The flowers all carry pistils, on purpose to annoy ;
Sometimes the great bul-rush-is out, and then I hide my head,
And when the trees shoot every spring, I cough and stay in bed.

It's simply terrible to think how many flowers are wild !
I do not think the woods are safe for one who's just a child.
And even in the garden is a tiger-lily's lair,
While dande-lions on the green spring up most everywhere !

You can't tell when you'll see a snake or step upon a toad,
And unexpectedly you'll find snap-dragons by the road,
And so you may as well be brave, or else pretend to be,
For dangers lurk in every flower and hide in every tree.



SURE OF HIS GROUND

Among the coffee-drinkers a high place must be given to Bismarck. He liked coffee unadulterated. While with the Prussian Army in France he one day entered a country inn and asked the host if he had any chicory in the house. He had. Bismarck said—"Well, bring it to me; all you have." The man obeyed and handed Bismarck a canister full of chicory. "Are you sure this is all you have?" demanded the Chancellor. "Yes, my lord, every grain." "Then," said Bismarck, keeping the canister by him, "go now and make me a pot of coffee."—*Belfast (Ireland) News.*

*

THE GUIDWIFE'S MISTAKE

A tourist who had been caught in a severe storm in the Highlands of Scotland finally came to a solitary cottage and eagerly accepted an invitation to stay overnight.

After supper, while he was wearing a suit of the guidman's clothes till his own were dry, he met the mistress on the stairs. She bore a broom in her hands, from which he got a sharp thump on the head, followed by the exclamation:

"That's for askin' the man to stay a' nicht!"—*London Telegraph.*

538

HIS AIQUALS

As a magnificent vessel, one of the great South African liners, was steaming into Southampton harbour, a grimy coal-lighter floated immediately in front of it. An officer on board the vessel, observing this, shouted:

"Clear out of the way with that barge."

The lighterman, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply: "Are ye the captain of the vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer aiguals," said Pat. "I'm the captain of this."

*

AN UNEXPECTED COMPLIMENT

The two young ladies had been to the opera and were discussing it on their way home in the street car.

"I think 'Lohengrin' is wonderful," said the lady in the large hat.

"It's not bad," said the one in purple velvet, as she handed the conductor the fare, "but I just love 'Carmen.'"

The conductor blushed. "I'm sorry, Miss," he said apologetically. "I'm married. You might try the motor-man though; I think he's a single man."



WIDOWED SERVANT (who has received a wreath from her mistress):
I don't know 'ow to th—th—thank you, mum. I 'o—o—ope to do the
same for you some day.
—Tattler

THE SAME OLD STORY

It became the solmen duty of justice to pass sentence on the aged man for stealing.

"It is a shame that a man of your age should be giving his mind up to stealing. Do you know any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on you according to the law?"

"Now, Judge," was the reply of the aged sinner, "this is getting to be a trifle monotonous. I would like to know how a fellow can manage to please you judges. When I was only seventeen years old I got three years, and the judge said I ought to be ashamed of myself stealing at my age. When I was forty I got five years, and the judge said it was a shame

that a man in his very best years should steal. And now when I am seventy years of age, here you come and tell me the same old story. Now I would like to know what year of a man's life is the right one, according to your notion?"

*

DAREN'T

After the performance of a theatrical troupe in a small town in New York State, the constable asked the comedian, "How did the show go to-night?"

"Rotten!" replied the comedian. "No one laughed."

"Laugh," said the constable. "I'd like to see 'em laugh. I'm here to keep order."



GIRL (suddenly noticing policeman): "I fahnd, it like that. I never done it, mister; straight I never!"—Punch

EXPLAINED

There is a certain English Church minister in Ottawa who is in the habit of writing his sermon on Friday and of walking about the house all day Saturday, repeating it in a loud voice so as to have it thoroughly memorised by Sunday morning.

One Saturday a young gentleman was calling on one of the minister's daughters and, as he waited in the drawing-room, he was very startled to hear the loud voice of her father apparently talking to no one at all, on the floor above.

When the young lady appeared, he inquired as to the meaning of the noise.

"Oh," she replied, "that's just father. He's walking around upstairs, practicing what he preaches."

*

THE POWER OF THE AD.

Professor Warren M. Beidler of Bethel, Penn., last month declared in an eloquent and witty commencement

address that Americans were money mad.

"We're money mad," he reiterated the other day. "Art, inventions, flying—all things are considered by us wholly from the financial point of view."

"I recently heard of a novelist who declared that his last novel had failed for lack of artistic skill."

"This amazed and pleased me. An American novelist to talk about art! It was unique. But then I heard the rest of the sentence."

"'Yes,' the novelist continued bitterly, 'the lack of artistic skill on the part of my advertisement writer quite killed the book.'"

*

UNAPPRECIATIVE

She—"I have made a water-colour drawing and hung it up in your study to hide the stain in the wallpaper."

He—"But, darling, I never complained about that stain. — *Megendorfer Blaetter*."

PREVENTION !

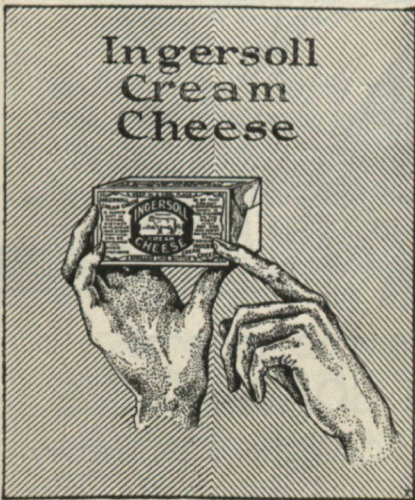
The Modern Watchword.

Take a cup of BOVRIL daily. It will increase your stamina, enrich your blood and build up healthy muscle.

BOVRIL

See the report of tests made by Prof. Thompson, M.D., Sc. D., in the *British Medical Journal*, September 16th, 1911.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese



HERE is the Cream Cheese

that makes those
delicious Sandwiches
and so many dainty,
inexpensive, convenient dishes.

At all Grocers. 15c & 25c a Pkt. ☞

EVERY box of *Huyler's* contains a
Guarantee Certificate which requests
the return of any box not absolutely fresh.

Huyler's Bonbons Chocolates

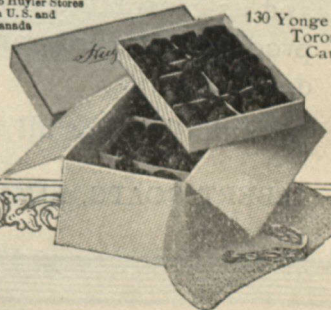
Our splendid organization, consisting of 14 widely separated candy-making establishments, 56 Huyler's stores and 4000 sales agents, enables us to make this nation-wide guarantee of freshness. This assurance alone makes it worth while to always ask for Huyler's. Sales Agents Everywhere.

Write for Interesting *isookies*—it tells how purity and freshness are assured in all Huyler products.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place New York

56 Huyler Stores
in U. S. and
Canada

130 Yonge St.
Toronto
Can.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

*Best
for
Baby*

*Best
for
You*



Baby's soft skin is the test of
BABY'S OWN SOAP—

and its constant use in thousands of nurseries is satisfactory proof that its fragrant lather helps and whitens the most delicate skin.

No imitation has all the merits of **BABY'S OWN SOAP.**

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, Manufacturers,

MONTREAL

Mighty Blows

That "do things" in every walk of life nowadays are directed by the keen brains of men and women who have built themselves into fit condition to win.

To-day's food must repair the used-up cells in muscle, brain and nerve, caused by yesterday's work.

If you care to be "quite fit" for tomorrow, see to it that the food contains the elements Nature requires to do her marvelous rebuilding.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

has proven itself a sturdy, well-balanced ration which meets every requirement.

It has all the concentrated food-strength of whole wheat and malted barley—including the "vital salts" (stored in the outer coat of the grains) which are so often lacking in the ordinary diet.

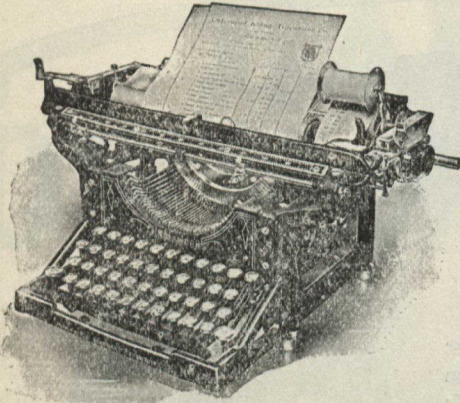
Grape-Nuts food is ready to eat direct from the package with cream; has a delicate, winning flavour; and is easily and quickly digested—generally in about one hour.

If the ability to earn money and position appeals to you, try **Grape-Nuts**.



(From bronze in the private collections of C. W. Post.)

"There's a Reason"



One of 28

AN Underwood is worth what you pay for it. It may be one at \$130 or at \$1500.

There are 28 models—adaptable to every requirement of writing, adding, subtracting, computing, and system work of all kinds.

AS every record in competition shows, the Underwood increases the efficiency of the operator at least 20% over any other typewriter.

Even a correspondence Underwood will save its cost almost in the first year.

An Underwood is an advertisement for the man who own it.

United Typewriter Co. Ltd.

ALL CANADIAN CITIES

Head Office

Toronto.

Chesterfield

was particularly careful to impress upon his son that the world judges a man by externals.

Graceful address in person and in correspondence were, he said, the hall-marks of a cultivated mind and careful person.

What Chesterfield wrote then is still true to-day.


We cannot give you the style of a Chesterfield for your correspondence, but we can give you one external—the finest gentlemen's notepaper made—

Crown Vellum



Crown Vellum is a paper of strong texture, heavy and fine of finish. Good stationers sell it, but if you have difficulty in securing it, write to us for samples and prices.

BARBER-ELLIS, LIMITED
BRANTFORD, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.



Half the Rubbing taken
out of Scrubbing

Old Dutch Cleanser



MANY USES AND FULL
DIRECTIONS ON LARGE
SIFTER - CAN - 10¢



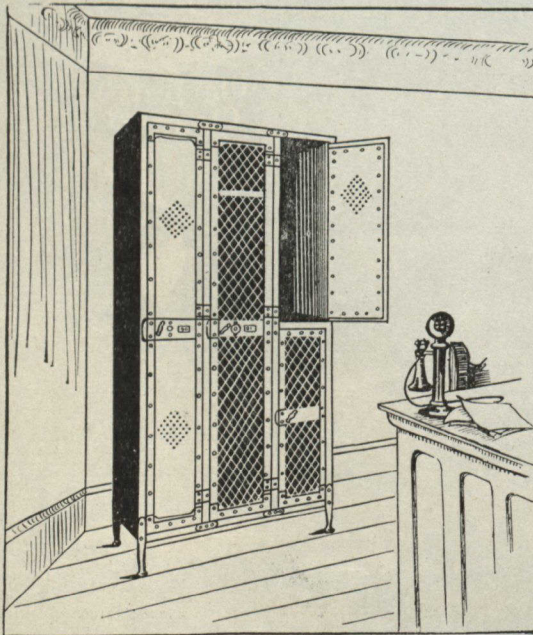
RODGERS' CUTLERY

Your grandfathers and their grandfathers were familiar with the two stars on "Rodgers" Knives and in their day, as now, these were looked upon as a safe guide in buying.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

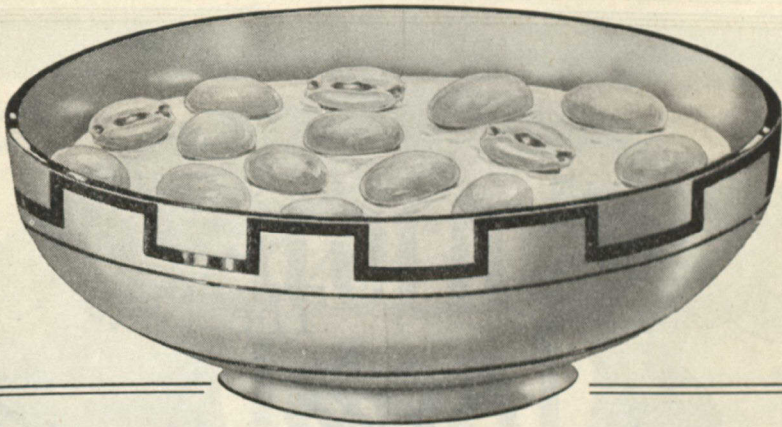
Cutlery to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND



OUR METAL LOCKERS are one of the necessary features of the equipment of Modern Business Establishments and Public Institutions. They are fireproof. They provide absolute security against theft, and promote order, system and tidiness wherever used. They do not harbor germs, odors or insects; they save time, money, trouble and contents, and economise space. Each Locker bears a distinct number with the correspondingly numbered key, so that any Locker can be easily located, and confusion, mixing or loss of clothing and personal effects is rendered impossible.

DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS, CO.
LONDON, ONT. CANADA



The Good Things Some Folks Have

At Breakfast Today

Perhaps a million children found Puffed Grains on the table. Crisp, toasted grains, puffed to eight times normal size. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.

At Dinner Today

Many a housewife uses these grains as a garnish for ice cream.

At Supper Tonight

These grains are served in countless bowls of milk. Thin, airy wafers—bubble-like and brown—four times as porous as bread.

This Afternoon

Legions of girls used these grains in home candy making. And armies of boys enjoyed the grains dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Your Boys and Girls

Would enjoy these grains better than any other cereal food.

They are thin and fragile—steam-exploded—filled with a myriad cells. And terrific heat has given them a delightful almond flavor.

—Every food granule has been blasted to pieces by Prof. Anderson's process. Inside of each grain there have occurred a hundred million explosions.

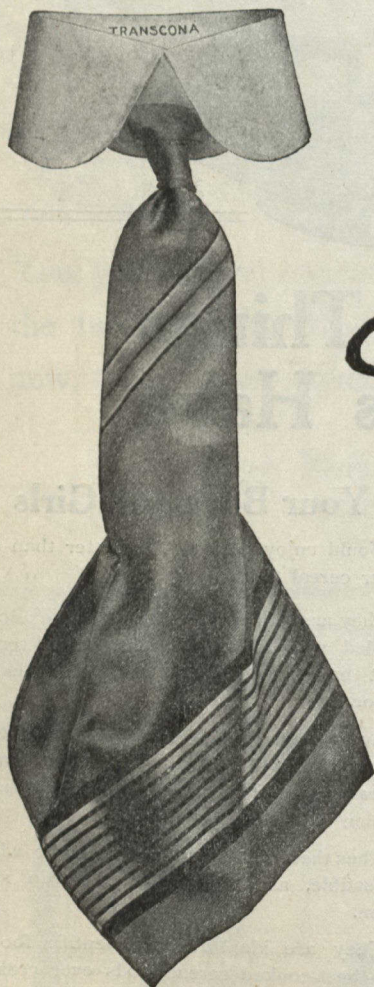
Thus these whole grains are made wholly digestible, as no other process can make them.

They are ideal foods—scientific foods—the best-cooked cereal foods ever created. It's a pity to go without them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme
West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



The New

Tooke

TRANSCONA

The latest Tooke style in plain fabric. Like the Tooke REGINA, but higher in front.

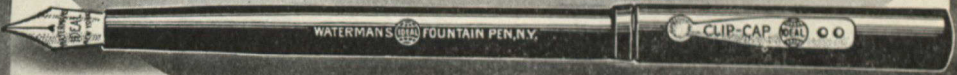
The Cravat is a Tooke "Under-knot and Border" —rich and distinctive.

TOOKE BROS., Limited, Montreal

Manufacturers of Shirts, Collars and Neckwear bearing the *Tooke* Trademark.

College
PenSchool
Pen

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



A Trade Mark To Remember And The Pen It Represents

There are good and sufficient reasons why *you* should know and own a Waterman's Ideal—the fountain pen which, by virtue of consistent efficiency, has firmly established its supremacy everywhere.

The comfort alone gained by constantly using a pen attuned to your hand, a pen that never leaks, spurts or falters, one that can be carried with you and used at your studies, your office, your home, or wherever you happen to be, is worth many many times the price of any Waterman's Ideal. It is proven that you nearly double your writing capacity through not having to constantly dip your pen into an inkwell. Nibs of every conceivable degree and pens in many sizes in the Self-Filling, Safety and Regular types. Every pen guaranteed. Purchase the genuine—the pen with the Spoon Feed.

Avoid substitutes. Booklet on request. Prices \$2.50 and upwards.

Sold everywhere by the best dealers.

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, Montreal.

173 BROADWAY, NEW YGRK.

KINGSWAY, LONDON.

6 RUE D'HANOVRE, PARIS.

“Yes: we are sending out clean-cut letters,
and our file copies are perfect.”

MEN like to sign clean, neatly typed looking letters. Men like to read them. Letters that look bright and easy-to-read make friends even before they are read.

Peerless Typewriter Ribbons give life and snap to business letters. They make the type show clear and strong on a clean page.

Peerless Carbon Papers make copies as sharp and clear as originals. They make every copy a perfect record, free from smudges or blurs and clear beyond argument.

Try them out and note the improvement in the appearance of your correspondence and file copies.

PEERLESS
BRAND

CARBON PAPERS

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS



56

There are Peerless Dealers everywhere. If you cannot locate one, write for free samples.

PEERLESS CARBON AND RIBBON MFG. CO., LTD.
176-178 Richmond Street West Toronto

The best meal will be spoiled if the coffee be of poor quality.

Seal Brand Coffee

will save even a poor meal from being a failure.



CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL

141

GREYS and BLUES

are the important shades for
the coming Fall and Winter
in Suitings and Coatings for
Men's Wear.

VICKERMAN'S Grey and Blue Serges and Cheviots

can now be found in all the
best Merchant Tailoring estab-
lishments throughout Canada,
and by many used exclusively
for their best work.

*You take no chances in any
way with a Vickerman Cloth,
their good qualities have made
them World Famous.*



The Maker's name in Gold Letters every 3 yards.

THEY WEAR WELL
AND NEVER FADE

Nisbet & Auld, Limited
Toronto.

Sole Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.



The Beauty of a Transformation

A pompadour, an inside piece for filling out the hair, a beautiful hair switch, in fact any hair goods of DORENWEND QUALITY:—the assistance they will render in the arranging of the hair, and the artistic and becoming effects they will produce should persuade every woman to purchase her requirements here, and make the most of her appearance.

YOU CAN ORDER BY MAIL

So efficient is our Mail Order Department that there can be no mistake in any order. Perfect satisfaction assured.

REMEMBER:—All our goods are of the finest quality hair obtainable, and the workmanship is unexcelled.

*Ask for our Illustrated Catalogue "X,"
which explains each style in detail.*

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto
(The House of Quality Hair Goods) LTD.

105 YONGE STREET - TORONTO



Delicately Perfumed

Ask for the soap that comes in the sanitary package

Canadian Women delight in using this Soap. Its faultless cleansing action—its soothing, beautifying effects—and its distinctive, lasting perfume—are a trinity of virtues not possessed by any soap costing three times its price.

Taylor's

Infants-Delight

TOILET SOAP

comes to you each cake in its own sanitary package. It is the original Taylor's Toilet Delight, as good for grown up as for Baby.

Taylor's Toilet Delights

Oldest and Largest
Perfumers and Toilet
Soap Makers in Canada
122M.





La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

For evening wear

the La Diva Corsets offer the most perfect foundation for an up-to-date costume, helping the figure without any undue pressure.

The most stylish women in Canada are wearing the La Diva which are sold at prices which make every one a bargain.

There is a La Diva for every figure—If your dealer cannot show you a suitable one, it is worth your while to write us giving his name and stating your height, weight and waist measure. We will recommend you the most suitable corset and where to buy it.

DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC
Makers of the D. & A. Corsets.

All That A Sweater Can Be

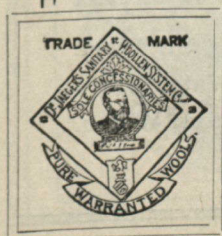
Every one knows the qualities of a good sweater.

Jaeger Sweaters are recognized everywhere as the standard.

All material is chemically tested for quality and the points that make for excellence.

The result of thirty years of sweater making for all parts of the world, from Pole to Equator, North and South, is all found in the Jaeger Sweaters of to-day.

In a great variety of styles, qualities and colorings.

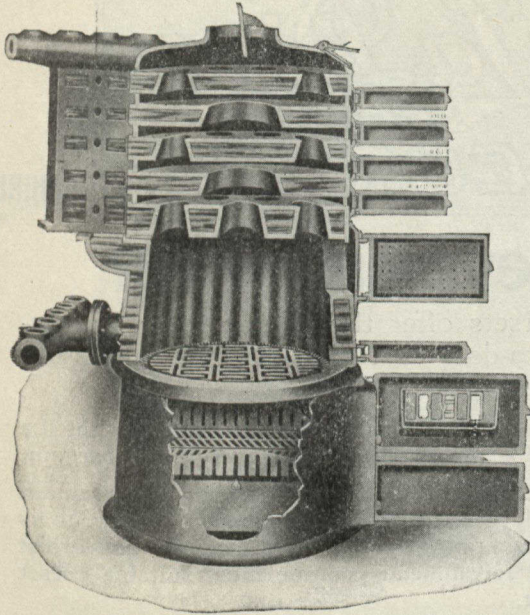


Dr. JAEGER

SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **CO. LIMITED**

316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
 352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block, Winnipeg

32 King St. West,
 784 Yonge St., next Bloor, } Toronto



1913 - 1914

"SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler

THE SOVEREIGN

THE MOST ECONOMICAL
HOT WATER BOILER. IT
WILL BURN ANY KIND OF
FUEL—HARD COAL, SOFT
COAL, WOOD OR ANY-
THING BURNABLE. WILL
NOT CLOG WITH SOOT.
GETS ALL THE HEAT OUT
OF WHATEVER GOES INTO
THE FIREPOT.

Large flared flues and a baffled fire travel make the "SOVEREIGN" a heat producer from any kind of fuel. Do not select the heating apparatus for any house in which you are interested until you have seen the "SOVEREIGN." The merits of its construction are plain.

Write your nearest Taylor-Forbes Office, or Agent, for particulars.

TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited, Guelph

TORONTO—1088 King St. West.

MONTREAL—246 Craig St. West.

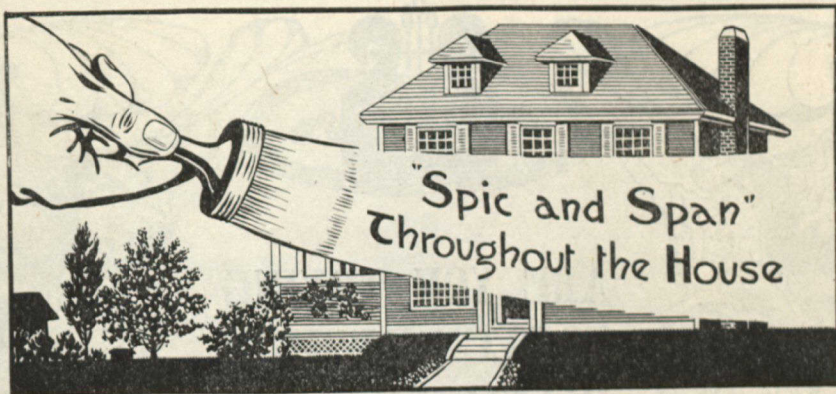
VANCOUVER—1070 Homer St.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—16 Water St.

QUEBEC—Mechanics Supply Co.

WINNIPEG—Vulcan Iron Works.

CALGARY—P. D. McLaren Company, Limited.



It Pays to Paint in the Fall

The Better the Paint, The Better it Pays

It Pays, because the wood is free of moisture and, no hot sun to blister the paint.

It Pays, because there are not many rainy, cloudy days, and the flies and bugs are gone.

It Pays, because the paint has a better chance to take hold of the wood and dry hard and smooth, protecting the surface better for the eight roughest months of the year.

And it certainly does pay to buy good paint.

It Pays, in the fresh, bright colours—it pays in protection—it pays in the longer wear.

There isn't much difference between what you pay for good, honest paint, and "cheap" paint—but—there is a big difference in what you get.


MARTIN-SENOUR 100% Pure Paint (pure White Lead, Zinc and Linseed Oil Paint) is the kind that takes less and wears longer. Such paint as this on your house is a good investment. It brings daily returns in pleasure, protection, profit.



May we send you our new book "Town and Country Homes"? It tells just what you want to know about Paint and Painting. Write for a copy.

Martin-Senour Co., Limited

MONTREAL



**ARE YOU TRYING
TO DECIDE WHICH
PIANO TO BUY?**

Little wonder you are confused, for the best of claims can so easily be made for the worst of instruments—the English language is free to all.

The guide which has for more than a generation led buyers who have been puzzled like yourself has been the reputation of the

**GERHARD
HEINTZMAN**

CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO

A reputation that has been earned, not purchased.

The definite, persistent impression back in your mind, behind all your indecision, that the Gerhard Heintzman is really the best of the good pianos, is right.

Our reputation is your protection and our knowledge and experience are at your service.

**GERHARD HEINTZMAN
LIMITED**

Salesroom:

41-43 Queen St. W., (Opp. City Hall) Toronto.
Hamilton Salesroom: 127 King St. East. v6



After All, There's No Bath Like One With

Palmolive Soap

NOTE how refreshed and invigorated you feel after using it. Palmolive Soap is a delightful cleanser and has all the soothing and beautifying properties of imported palm and olive oils.

We have doubled their value, in Palmolive Soap, through our exclusive blending process.

The green color of Palmolive is due to palm and olive oils—nothing else.

We send to the Orient for these oils, because they've been recognized as best for the skin for more than 2,000 years. World-famous beauties of history used them to keep the skin soft and smooth.

Use more than mere soap—use Palmolive. Let your skin have Palmolive Protection. Infants are bathed with it because doctors know it cannot hurt the most tender skin.

Palmolive lathers in hard or soft water. Fifteen cents the cake, and most economical, because it lasts so long.

Don't use merely "soap" when *Palmolive* is sold by dealers everywhere.

Send two 2c stamps for free sample.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc., 155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 50 cents.

PALMOLIVE CREAM cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

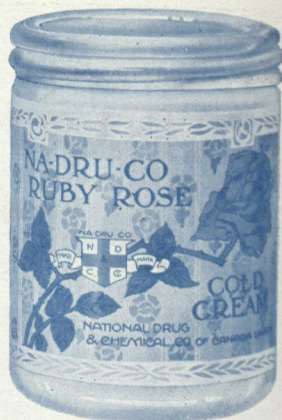
N.B.—If you can't get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.



The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek

is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

The evil effects of raw winds, dust, extreme cold, working in overheated and steamy rooms or in bad air, can be counteracted by using



Na-Dru-Co Ruby Rose Cold Cream

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your druggist's.

Na-Dru-Co Witch Hazel Cream

is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form. For the skin irritation which winter brings—chaps, wind-burn, cracked lips, frost-bites or chilblain—it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c. a bottle, at your Druggist's.

Always look for the Na-Dru-Co Trade Mark when you buy.



NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED

Don't confuse this with ordinary "make-shift" roofings—we guarantee it 15 years and inside each roll furnish modern ideas for laying it artistically and permanently.

Certain-tee

Rolls **Roofings** Shingles

When ready roofing was first put on the market, the public demanded that it must prove its value by actual wear on the roof. Certain-tee Roofing has stood the test for years—it has made good in all climates and under the most severe conditions. When artistically laid it makes a roof you can well be proud of.

You can't tell how long roofing will wear by looking at it—so for your own protection, accept no substitutes—be sure that the Certain-tee Quality Label is on each roll.



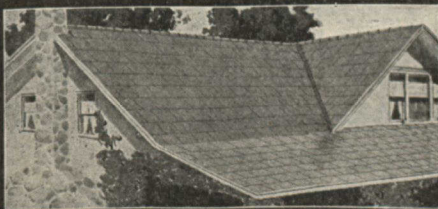
Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.
Winnipeg, Canada

E. St. Louis, Ill.

York, Pa.

Marseilles, Ill.

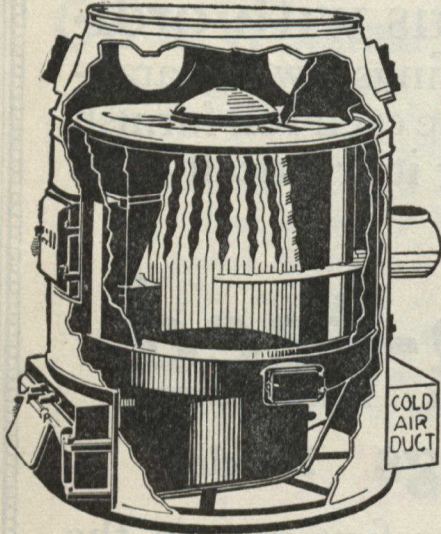


**Certain-tee Shingles for
Bungalows and Residences**



**Certain-tee Roofing in Rolls
for Farm Homes and Buildings**

The Cold Side of Your House



AN ordinary furnace often fails to heat where the wind strikes.

That is because warm air travels in the line of least resistance. In an ordinary furnace no provision is made to thoroughly distribute the heat.

An ordinary furnace has an empty space between the firegrate and the circulating pipes. A Kelsey Warm Air Generator is different

Surrounding the fire-grate, there are from 8 to 16 heavy cast iron tubes. Each of these tubes is really an independent heat generator. The weight of these tubes in the average size generator is about 900 pounds.

All the heat from the coal is concentrated in these heavy tubes. Once this great mass of iron becomes hot it stays so for hours and hours and maintains a uniform pressure of warm air throughout the building.

Making these tubes Zig-Zag, increases their heating surface and gives extra pressure without waste to all parts of the house.

With the Kelsey Generator the heating of the attic bedroom or the cold side of the house is no more a problem than the heating of the downstairs living rooms.

Our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation," tells all about these Zig-Zag tubes. Write for it.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co. Limited
BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.
MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office - - - - 50 Adelaide St. W.



Luxeberry White Enamel on Walls, Liquid Granite on Floor

Luxeberry White Enamel

The Ideal Interior Finish—Lustrous and Lasting

Berry Brothers' "Luxeberry White Enamel" is without an equal for interior work where a beautiful, smooth, white finish is desired. It spreads evenly, dries hard and firm with a lustrous pure white surface. Its color is permanent. It will not darken or lose its lustre.

For beautiful white effects on staircases, as shown in the above home interior view; or for finishing bathrooms, Luxeberry White Enamel is unequalled. It combines the elements of beauty and toughness so hard to blend.

For a Handsome and Permanent Floor Finish, use "Liquid Granite"

Liquid Granite is a Berry Brothers Varnish of unusual elasticity and tough-

ness. Actual tests show that while wood treated with it may dent under a hammer blow, the finish will yield without a crack. Liquid Granite—judged from a standpoint of beauty, durability or ease of application—is far superior to any other floor finish.

Send for our interesting and instructive booklet full of valuable information on finishing and decorating.

**BERRY
BROTHERS
VARNISHES**

BERRY BROTHERS, Inc.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

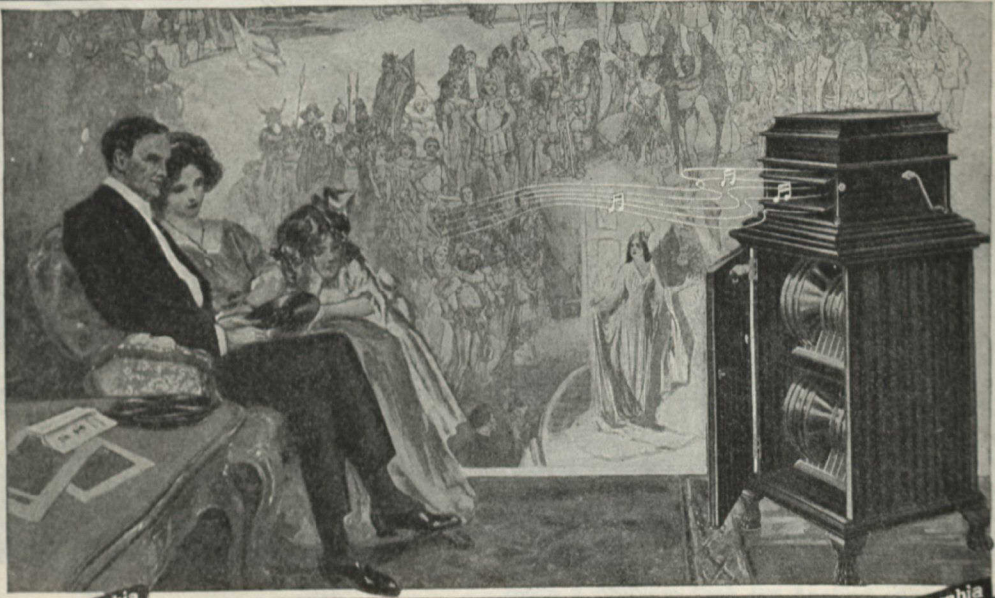
The World's Largest Varnish Makers.

WALKERVILLE, ONT.

BERRY WEEK

From September 13 to September 20 will be "BERRY WEEK" in the leading stores throughout the country, handling varnish, paint and similar goods. Dealers will devote special attention to the sale of Berry Brothers Varnishes. They will have varnish displays on exhibition. They will be unusually ready and able to discuss varnish problems with you.

Take advantage of "BERRY WEEK." Learn more about varnish, plan for your fall repairs and decorating. And order Berry Brothers Varnishes if you want satisfaction.

Columbia
Records

TRADE MARK

All the music of all the world

Columbia
Records

TRADE MARK

THIS typical Canadian family literally have the Music of the World at their command, for if fancy leads them to desire some selection or artist not included in the huge Columbia Catalogue, they can play any other make of disc record on their

GRAFONOLA

So faultless and natural is the reproduction, that, as they listen, their sub-conscious mind summons each artist or artists before their eyes, and they seem to see as well as hear.

Every Canadian family can own a Columbia GRAFONOLA immediately.

*Agents in every town waiting to supply
you on your own terms and convenience*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.

TORONTO - - CANADA

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry.
Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents.
Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World.

When Mr. Roberts Met Dr. Dewar

"BY the way, doctor, why did you decide on a McClary's Sunshine Furnace for your fine new home?"

"Well, Mr. Roberts, principally because the Sunshine's water pan is *correctly placed* over the fuel door, so that the moisture, as it is evaporated, immediately ascends into the pipes leading to the rooms. The air passing through the registers thus contains plenty of healthful moisture."

"Dry air is bad for anyone to breathe, Mr. Roberts. It parches the throat, lips and skin. It excites the nervous system. Makes people restless, irritable, without knowing why. Makes them subject to colds too, when they go out into the moister air of out doors."

"Great Scott! Doctor. You surprise me. I never dreamt the placing of a water pan in a furnace was so important."

"And there are other features about McClary's Sunshine Furnace that are conducive to good health, Mr. Roberts. There's the Automatic Gas Damper that provides for the escape of coal gas up the chimney instead of into the house when the pressure in the combustion chamber becomes too great. There's the dust-flue, too, that carries away all the dust from falling ashes. But I've got a case across the road, so you'll have to excuse me. Drop in, tonight, and I'll show my 'Sunshine' to you."

THERE'S a McClary agent in your locality, who will be glad to show you McClary's Sunshine Furnace and explain all its healthful, convenient and economizing features. If you would like to read the latest Sunshine booklet, write to our nearest office.

324



McClary's Sunshine Furnace

LONDON
ST. JOHN, N.B.

TORONTO
HAMILTON

MONTREAL
CALGARY

WINNIPEG
SASKATOON

VANCOUVER
EDMONTON

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

PLAIN SAUCE, CHILI SAUCE, TOMATO SAUCE

An appetising, nourishing, and satisfying meal provided for the housewife with the minimum of preparation and the maximum of comfort.

Is it not worth while to know that you can obtain the most carefully selected beans cooked thoroughly and whole by a process which is unsurpassed, and which retains the full mealy flavour of the beans, blended with the most delicate sauces, giving you no trouble beyond heating for a few moments?

That is what Clark gives you

ORDER CLARKS' FROM YOUR GROCER

W. CLARK

MONTREAL

IRRESISTIBLE

GANONG'S
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES



Night Courage

It isn't a question of whether or not you dare—the time will come when you have *got* to dare. There's something in you—some moral fibre bequeathed by generations of brave ancestors—which, in the crisis, makes you rise above fear and prove true to the final test of manhood.

The question is, will you face danger unarmed—a weakling, impotent—or will you face it doubly armed—armed with an efficient weapon and with the courage and steadiness which come from *knowing that you are armed?*

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Accidental discharge is rendered absolutely impossible by the famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety lifter. You can literally "Hammer the Hammer" with a loaded cartridge in the chamber under the firing pin. Equipped throughout with permanent-tension, unbreakable wire springs. Accurate, hard hitting and superbly finished.

Send for Catalog A

\$6.00 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
145 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street
New York: 99 Chambers Street

IVER
JOHNSON
REVOLVERS
SHOT GUNS
BICYCLES
MOTOR-
CYCLES



HAMMER
THE HAMMER

*Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers
certainly do make short work
of headaches. 25¢ per box.*

128

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush

Brush your Teeth this Way

Not This Way

Protect Your Buildings As Well As Insure Them!

Prevention of fires is vastly better than the partial redress which is all the best Fire Insurance Policy can give you. This prevention is easily secured by using

Asbestocement

Building Materials



make roofs that are handsome, **fire-proof**, practically everlasting and moderate in price.

Linabestos Building Board

prevents inside fires from spreading. It is quickly applied, and gives a permanent, attractive, yet inexpensive interior finish.

Asbestos Corrugated Sheathing

makes walls and roofs for Garages, Stables, Barns, Warehouses and Factories that are absolutely **weather and fire proof**.

You Build For All Time When You Build in ASBESTOCEMENT

Write for booklet C.M. and state in which products you are particularly interested.

Asbestos Manufacturing Co. Limited

Address E. T. Bank Bldg., 263 St. James St., Montreal

Factory at Lachine, P. Q. (near Montreal).

PEASE ECONOMY FURNACES



MEMORIES

The cold days of winter are past but memories of them must remain—cold rooms—shivering at meals and bed-time—discomfort and enormous coal bills.

A Pease "Economy" Furnace keeps the home warm and cosy in every nook and corner—no drafts but perfect ventilation. It is most economical and "pays for itself by the coal it saves." This is because of the number of exclusive money-paying features included in it. Most Durable and Costs least for Repairs because of extra strong, sturdy construction and fine workmanship.

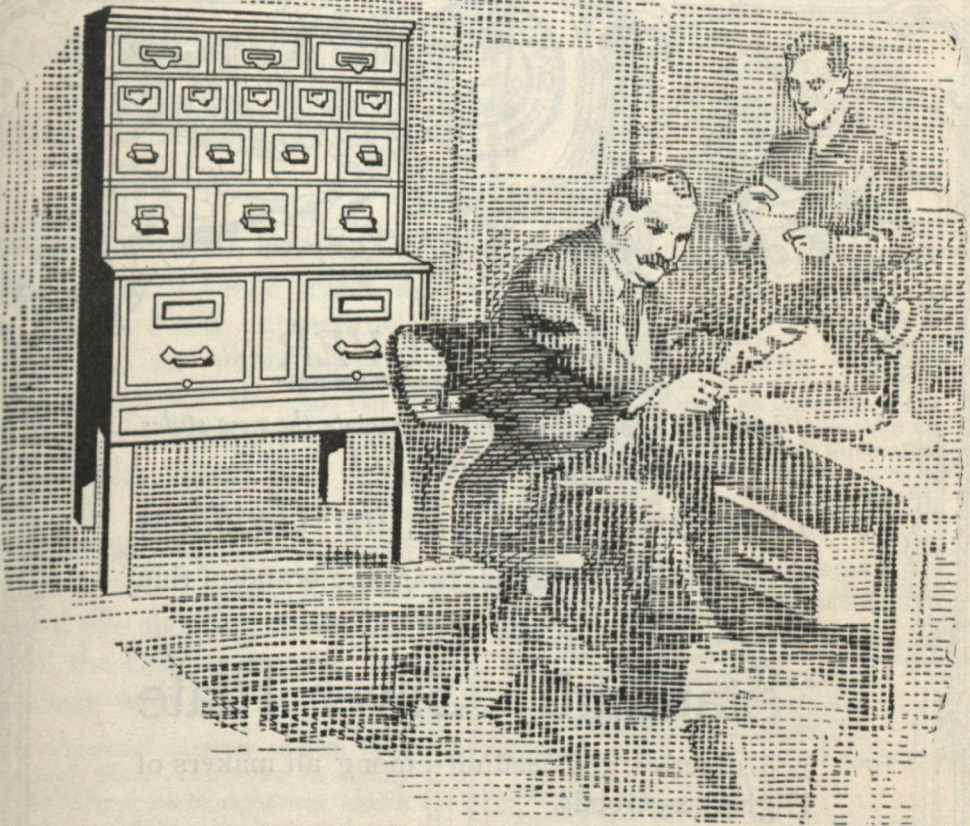
Don't have any more heating troubles.

See a Pease Furnace at your nearest dealer.

Manufactured by

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Head Office - - - TORONTO
Works - - - - - BRAMPTON
Branches:—Vancouver, Winnipeg, Hamilton,
Montreal.



From a Safety Standpoint

IN considering the greater strength and durability which Steel Cabinets offer over ordinary Filing Cabinets for the protection of valuable records, either in the office or the vault, you will find that Office Specialty Steel Filing Cabinets are not only the least expensive to purchase, but also to be preferred from a safety standpoint.

Ask for a copy of our catalog number 2000 which describes our complete line of Steel Filing Cabinets.

HEAD OFFICE: 97 WELLINGTON STREET W., TORONTO.

Filing Equipment Stores: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS
OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
 LIMITED
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD
 CANADA



EVERY LOVER

of beautiful Silver Plate will appreciate the new styles and designs of our creations for 1913.

The Purity, the Style, the Goodness

of the Silver Plate which bears the brand of this factory entitles it to the name of

“Standard” Silver Plate

as distinctive and leading among all makers of High-class Goods.

PURITY marks the character of the designs, as it does of the material which enters into the manufacturing of our goods.

DURABILITY is combined with purity always giving the shopper the assurance of a Silver Plate which will wear and wear and wear.

Wisdom says: “Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for ‘Standard’ Silver Plate.”

SOLD BY RELIABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited
Toronto

Ross Rifles and Ross Ammunition again lead at Bisley

The Ross .280 ammunition captured every single event in the Match Rifle competitions at Bisley, an unprecedented achievement, and the KING'S PRIZE, the blue ribbon event of the Bisley meet, was again won with a Ross Rifle, this being the second time in three years that this trophy, the emblem of rifle shooting championship of the British Empire, has been won with a Ross.

The wonderful accuracy of both Ross Rifles and Ross Ammunition is further accentuated by these triumphs won against a field of over 2,000 of the best marksmen in the world, each striving not only for the prize but for the honor of his colony or country and armed with the best rifles and ammunition which each country can produce.

It stamps Ross Rifles and Ross Ammunition as unsurpassed for accuracy.

Sportsmen, all over the world are adopting the "Ross" not only on account of its accuracy but also because of its very quick and absolutely safe breech action.

Illustrated Catalogue and prize lists sent free on request.

Ross Rifle Co. - Quebec

A Perfume for the Most Refined Taste



A leader amongst leaders.
After being in use for
NEARLY A CENTURY

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving; because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!

Jack Sondon

Mark Your Linen With CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

Required by Schools and Colleges

Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c. for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to J. & J. CASH, Ltd., 301 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

Cash's Woven Names



How To Regain And Retain HEALTH and STRENGTH My System of Home Exercise will develop for you VITALITY VIGOR and PERFECT PHYSIQUE

My FREE BOOKS, the "WHYS OF EXERCISE" and "THE FIRST AND LAST LAW OF PHYSICAL CULTURE," tell you, if you are weak or underdeveloped, how to grow strong; if strong, how to grow stronger. It explains how to develop lungs and muscle, the strong heart and vigorous digestion—in short, how to improve health and strength internally as well as externally. Send TO-DAY—NOW—for these FREE BOOKS. Enclose 4c. in stamps to cover postage.



Prof. HENRY W. TITUS

156 East 23rd Street
258 Titus Bldg., New York City



“DON'T eat them ALL
Grandpa”

IT'S no wonder Maple Buds taste GOOD, and it's no wonder mothers everywhere are encouraging the little folks to spend their pennies for them.

Maple Buds are nothing more than the best of chocolate, pure milk and sugar—things the doctor would recommend to build up a sickly child. The most delicate child can digest them.

The distinctive flavor of Maple Buds is entirely due to the use of only the best chocolate. The fine velvety texture comes from grinding and grinding through innumerable steel rollers.

They're not Maple Buds Unless they're Cowan's.


THE COWAN CO., Ltd. - Toronto, Ont.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS


(NAME AND DESIGN REGISTERED)

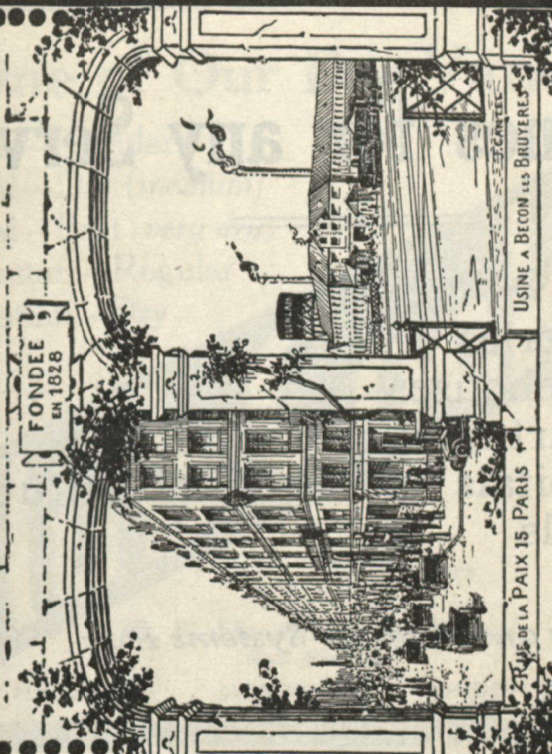
LOOK FOR THE NAME.





GUERLAIN





USINE A BECON LES BRUYÈRES

RUE DE LA PAIX 15 PARIS

Ladies in All Climates
Powder

This powder, which is made in four shades, white, rachel, pink and flesh color, is an absolutely neutral product; it cannot effect in any way the epidermis; moreover, it is soft and has a very agreeable perfume.
It is so much neutral that it can be used during any medical treatment, even with sulphurous baths.

New Premises in 1913
DES CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.

68 AVENUE



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of


MINARD'S
LINIMENT

BOYS

Let Brown Teach You

How to Pitch FREE

Boys, grab this chance to become the "find" of the season—the star pitcher of your team—the boy wonder who easily fans every batter with sensational big league curves and terrible shoots—with burning speed—and never a sore arm. Now, for the first time, you can learn—from the greatest professional pitcher in the world—how to burn over those deadly hook-curves—jumping spitballs—vicious fade aways—etc. Every curve fully explained—any boy can understand. And it—



Miner Brown

"Before you've finished these lessons you will know how to pitch every curve" Brown

These wonderful lessons by Brown are heartily endorsed by Frank Chance, Joe Tinker, Griffith, Cobb, Oyster—all by all leading managers and players. They say—"It's great—every boy should get it—money can't measure its value—etc. Such praise is absolute proof. Only Work of its Kind Ever Published"

Doesn't Cost You One Cent

to learn how to be a second Brown, Mathewson, Johnson or Walsh. Think how wild the town will be about you—how they will cheer. They'll want you to be captain—you'll be pointed out on the streets—your name will strike terror in the hearts of rival nine. For Brown will tell you everything. All the tricks of his craft and cunning—that made him the wizard of flying curves—all this is yours for the asking—FREE.

Send For the First Lesson Now

If you like baseball just let us know where you are and the First Lesson comes to you by return mail. You can't buy it—you must accept it—FREE. Let Brown start teaching you all these "inside" secrets and "line points"—at once. Yes, this is the same great Brown who won 4 championships and two world series for the Chicago Cubs. You couldn't have a better teacher. Delivering a few papers in spare time, earns this costly, complete personal instruction—by mail—no matter where you live—the whole course FREE—doesn't cost you a cent. So send no money—just your name and address on a postal—NOW. Don't delay—address like this,

M. M. SIDDALL Dept. 174 CHICAGO

Telephones for any Service

Private Inside Systems For:

Factories
Warehouses
Department Stores
Hospitals and Public Institutions
Hotels

Central Energy and Magneto Systems For:

Cities
Towns
Villages
Rural Lines

All the above including our new automatic system for inside private systems will be seen at our exhibit in the Process Building this year.

WE MANUFACTURE HIGH CLASS GUARANTEED TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT.

**Canadian Independent Telephone Co.,
LIMITED**

18-20 Duncan Street, Toronto, Ont.

Try One of Our Dry Varieties

- Martini—Regular
- Martini—Dry (*medium*)
- Martini—Brut (*very dry*)
- Manhattan—Regular
- Manhattan—Dry

Club Cocktails

At
All Dealers

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
Sole Prop's.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



**THE EXCELSIOR LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY**

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA.

Assets \$ 2,842,654.08
Insurance in Force \$15,000,000.00

Security and Profit are what intending insurers desire, both obtained under "Excelsior" policies which also contain the "Last Word" in liberal features.

The Reason the Company has been able to pay satisfactory profits is because it has been continuously foremost in those features from which profits are derived.

In 1911 Interest Earnings 7.33 per cent.
Death Rate 34 per cent of expected.
Expenses decreased 2.50 per cent.

Agents Wanted: to give either entire or spare time.

E. MARSHALL,
General Manager

D. FASKEN,
President.

FAMOUS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Holland House
Fifth Avenue and 30th Street
New York City



Favorably known for the Excellence of its Cuisine and the Character of its Patronage.
Enlarged Rooms. 200 New Baths.
Every Modern Appointment

J. OTTO STACK

WRITE FOR FREE COPY OF

HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK



**INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY OF CANADA**

Open Season for Moose, Caribou, Deer. Sept. 15—Nov. 30.
H. H. MELANSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B.

WEST INDIES WINTER CRUISES

PANAMA- CANAL



S . . S

KRONPRINZ WILHELM

JANUARY

FEBRUARY

~ MARCH

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

5 BROADWAY

OELRICHS & CO

NEW YORK



**CANADIAN
PACIFIC
RAILWAY**

When
Planning Your
VACATION

BEAR IN MIND THE MANY DELIGHTFUL RESORTS
SO CONVENIENTLY REACHED BY THE

Canadian Pacific Railway

Point au Baril, French and Pickereel Rivers, Muskoka Lakes, Rideau Lakes,
Kawartha Lakes, etc.

Full Particulars from C. P. R. Agents, or write

M.G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent - - TORONTO



The Atlantic Royals



CANNY CANADIANS

WHO CROSS THE ATLANTIC
Whether on Business or Pleasure Bent

TAKE THE "ROYAL" LINE

BECAUSE:---

R.M.S. "ROYAL EDWARD" and "ROYAL GEORGE" are the fastest in the British-Canadian Service. And have set a new standard in accomodation.

ALSO:---

Bristol is the "Central Port of England,"
And they enjoy the 2½ days on the St. Lawrence.

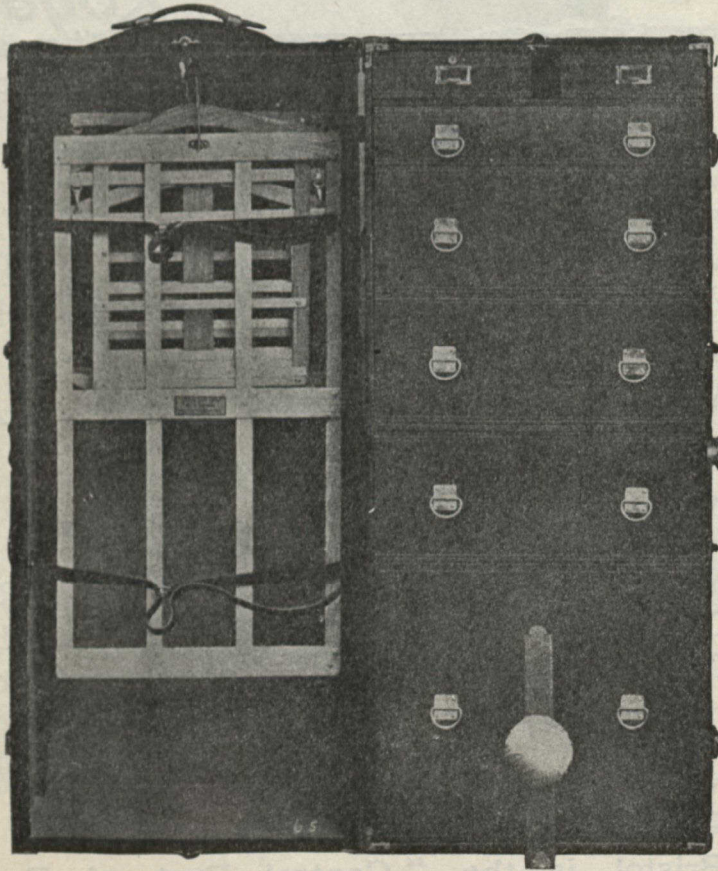
Descriptive Booklets for the Asking.

Write to any Steamship Agent or apply direct to General Agents:—

52 King Street E., Toronto, Ont.
226 St. James' Street, Montreal, Que.
123 Hollis Street, Halifax, N.S.
254 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

"JULIAN SALE"

For Fine Leather Goods



WRITE FOR BOOKLET ON

WARDROBE TRUNKS

It fully describes, illustrates and prints the prices of a number of the leading lines in "Julian Sale" Wardrobe Trunks—the travelling requisite that is rapidly becoming universal as the trunk to travel with, especially if the visit or tour is to be of any considerable duration—The "Julian Sale" Wardrobe Trunks are the most perfect product of the kind on the market to-day, and the booklet we will be pleased to send you on request will make selection as easy to the out-of-town buyer as though coming to the "Julian Sale" Store—Prices:

\$28.00 to \$120.00

If your dealer does not carry "Julian Sale" Leather Goods write for Complete Catalogue No. 30

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Ltd.
105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**



In the Fall We Fish and Hunt

THIS is the slogan of thousands of sportsmen the world over, and at this season the question "where to go" has to be solved. To the initiated this is comparatively easy, as it is well known that the

"HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

is the sportsman's paradise. It is, as a consequence, only a question of deciding which of the various districts of "The Highlands" offers the greatest inducements.

HERE IS THE ANSWER

To the Fisherman : The streams and lakes of Algonquin National Park, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Timagami, Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Lake Nipissing Districts, abound with all the species of game fish native to fresh waters.

To the Hunter: Timagami for moose and other large game. Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Georgian Bay Districts for deer, etc. Small game and wild fowl are plentiful in all this country.

Write for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," which gives game laws and all information, to any Grand Trunk representative, including J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal

H. G. ELLIOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal

The Pleasure of Travelling

depends largely upon the facility with which the necessary funds can be carried. A supply of the **Travellers' Cheques** issued by The Bank of British North America and obtainable at moderate cost at all of its numerous establishments, provides a safeguard against the difficulties and annoyances sometimes experienced by Travellers in obtaining funds in foreign parts. The Cheques are self-identifying, and in addition to being negotiated by Banks and Hotels at every point ashore, are readily accepted on Steamships in payment of Accounts.

THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

CAPITAL (Fully Paid) \$4,866,666.66 ∴ Reserve Fund \$2,920,000

Head Office:—LONDON, ENG. ∴ Head Office in Canada:—MONTREAL

H. B. MACKENZIE, General Manager, Montreal

ROUND THE WORLD

Tours de Luxe leave October 18, November 8, 29, Eastbound; October 28, Southbound, including South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Etc. SPECIAL SHORT TOURS October 4, Westbound; January 10, 1914, Eastbound. Leisurely travel in small groups; arrangements for travel, leadership, accommodation absolutely the best. Send for illustrated Program 8.

SOUTH AMERICA

Complete Tours of South America, including Panama Canal leave New York, November 29, January 24. Program 26.

INCLUSIVE INDEPENDENT TOURS

for individuals, families, and private parties arranged for travel in Europe, America, and Round the World.

Send for Program desired

Our complete chain of 155 Offices in all parts of the world furnishes unequalled facilities for travelers.

THOS. COOK & SON

MONTREAL—530 St. Catherine Street, West

TORONTO—Traders Bank Bldg., 65 Yonge St.

NEW YORK (4 offices) BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA,

CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES.

Cook's Traveler's Cheques Are Good All Over the World

Quebec Central Railway

The only line running through Pullman cars with Dining car service between

Quebec and Boston

Through Pullman Buffet cars between

Quebec and New York

and through Pullman Parlor and Dining cars between

Quebec and Portland

passing through the heart of the

White Mountains

For timetables and further information apply to

J. H. Walsh,
General Manager

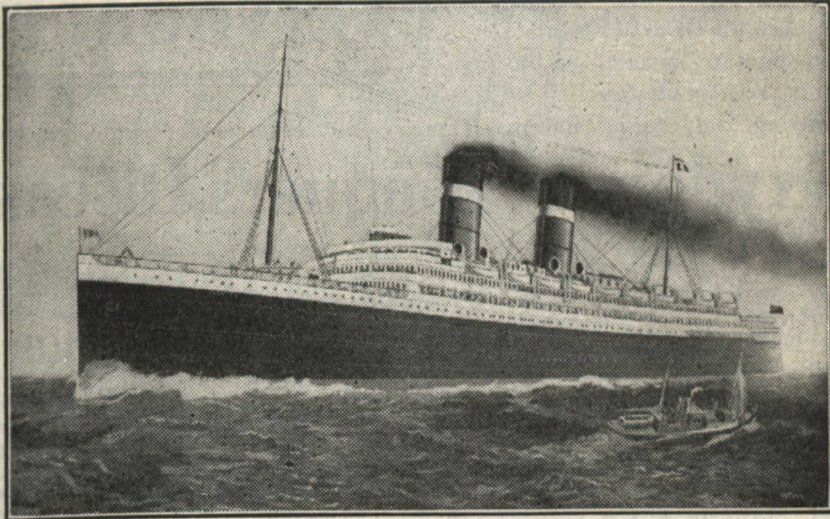
E. O. Grundy,
Gen. Passenger Agent

B-2

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

The Allan Line Steamship Co., Ltd.

ROYAL MAIL



LIVERPOOL — GLASGOW — HAVRE — LONDON

SUMMER SERVICES 1913

MONTREAL—QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL

		MONTREAL			MONTREAL
†CORSIKAN	Tues.	2	Sept.	3.00 a.m.	†TUNISIAN
†VIRGINIAN	"	9	"	3.30 a.m.	†VICTORIAN
					†CORSIKAN
					Tues. 16
					Sept.
					3.30 a.m.
					" 23
					" 30
					" 3.30 a.m.

MONTREAL—QUEBEC to GLASGOW

		MONTREAL	QUEBEC		MONTREAL	QUEBEC
*SCANDINAVIAN	Sat.	6	Sept.	Daylight	Noon	*PRETORIAN
†HESPERIAN	Thur.	11	"	"	3.00 p.m.	†GRAMPIAN
						Thur. 25
						" "
						3.00 p.m.

*MONTREAL—QUEBEC to HAVRE and LONDON

		MONTREAL			MONTREAL
CORINTHIAN	Sun.	7	Sept.	Daylight	POMERANIAN
SICILIAN	"	14	"	"	SCOTIAN
IONIAN	"	21	"	"	Sun. 28
					Sept.
					Daylight
					" 5
					Oct.
					"

*One Class (II Cabin) Service.

RATES OF PASSAGE

LIVERPOOL SERVICE:

First-class—Victorian, Virginian	\$90. up.
Other Steamers	\$80. up.
Second-class—Victorian, Virginian	\$52.50 up.
Other Steamer	\$50.00 up.

GLASGOW:

Royal Mail Steamers, First Class	\$70 up.
" " " Second Class	\$50 up.
One Class [II Cabin]	\$47.50 up.
MONTREAL to HAVRE	\$47.50 up.
" LONDON	\$45.00 up.

For further information, tickets, reservations, etc., apply

H. & A. ALLAN, General Agents

2 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada

90 State St., Boston, Mass.

ALLAN & COMPANY, 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE ALLAN LINE

95 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.
320 Homer Street, Vancouver, B. C.

W. R. ALLAN,

General Western Agent
364 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Keep in Good Health with

OXYDONOR causes a large supply of the oxygen contained in the air to be absorbed by the human system, so increasing bodily vitality. By oxygenizing the blood, making

"Oxydonor"

it purer and better able to do its work,

"Oxydonor" conquers Disease

If you are sick, run down, or rheumatic, **Oxydonor** will make you well; and if you are well, it will keep you well.

Oxydonor is the invention of an eminent physician Dr. H. Sanche. Thousands upon thousands of letters praising the wonderful **Oxydonor** have been received by Dr. H. Sanche. They tell of the marvels of **Oxydonor** treatment.

Is your health poor? Is anyone near and dear to you suffering? Then learn all about the **Oxydonor** treatment which calls for

No Drugs, Medicine or Doctors

Send for our valuable book on health and the **Oxydonor** method of conquering sickness and disease. It will be sent post free. Write for it to-day. Beware of fraudulent imitations.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Suite 11, 364 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Que.



Removal Notice

OWING to the rapid increase in our business we will remove to our new building: 200-206 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, on October 1st. Our facilities for filling all orders promptly will be greatly increased, and we will be pleased to submit estimates for all kinds of Printing and Bookbinding.

T. H. Best Printing Company, Limited
200-206 Adelaide Street W., Toronto



SUITS FROM STOCK—

or made to measure—

All equally well cut and tailored no matter how cheap or how good—Prices \$18.00 to \$35.00.

Fashion-Craft is Fashion-Craft

Uniform quality work on all garments made, namely the best—

Difference in price is caused by the difference in materials used—

We invite your criticism feeling sure that we can convince you of our power to please—

Shops of

"Fashion-Craft"

in every important
Town and City in Canada



ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

gets the credit for the health,
of this family of eleven.

MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL

Read what this Mother says :

"I am the mother of eleven children, and have brought them all up on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,
12 Mount Ash Road,
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,
London, England



Your House Party

will be a
success if
you serve
biscuits and
cheese with

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

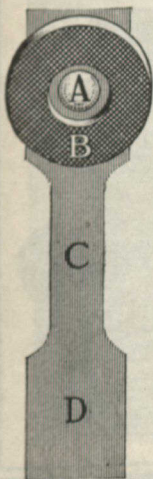
Cosgrave's delicious (chill-proof) Pale Ale has an effervescence and sparkle that is as delicious as the finest champagne. Its snappiness makes it a delightful drink on a warm day.

KEEP A CASE IN THE HOUSE.



U-50

Try the Other Man's Way to End Corns



When somebody says, "My way best ends corns"—
Try it and find out.

It may be a liquid, a salve or an old-fashioned plaster. There are 251 treatments—all way out-of-date.

Then, when it fails, try

the scientific way. Apply a Blue-jay plaster.

Note how the pain stops instantly. Note how the whole corn, within 48 hours, loosens and comes out. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience.

Since this invention, over 60,000,000 corns have been removed by Blue-jay.

Try both ways—the right and wrong, the old and new. Then, when somebody says "Try my way" next time, you'll know what to say.

- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(331)

FINE LEATHER GOODS

New, Finest Complete Line of



LADIES' BAGS

Wallets, Letter and Card Cases, Portfolios, Etc.

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

51-53 Wellington St. W., TORONTO.

Bunions are Doomed

All the agony and torture of bunions will soon be forgotten and your feet will regain their perfect lines and shapeliness if you use

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION-RIGHT

It straightens the crooked toe—removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged joint permanently. Gives instant relief and final cure of all bunion pains—and can be washed and replaced as often as desired. Dr. Scholl's Bunion-Right sold at Shoe or Drug Stores, 50c each, \$1.00 a pair.



Money back if not satisfied.

FREE ADVICE

Write today for Dr. Scholl's great book on bunions and name of dealer who sells his appliances for all foot troubles.

THE B. SCHOLL MFG. CO.

214 King Street East, Toronto, Canada.

COLLECTIONS

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE. No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street West, Vancouver, B. C. Phone Seymour 3650.

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try It for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-60c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-60c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



UPTON'S

THE "UPTON" FLAVOR

in Jams and Jellies is the most delicious that can be obtained, because these Goods are made from only the purest of Fruits under the most hygienic conditions—The natural flavor of fresh fruits

Try an order of UPTON'S
on your next Grocery List

THE T. UPTON COMPANY LIMITED

HAMILTON - ONTARIO



RED
EARL & WILSON
MAN

PENWOOD

GOOD LOOKS—GOOD FIT—
GOOD WEAR.

EARL & WILSON

SHIRTS \$1.50 AND MORE

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

A remedy which has no equal for

DIABETES

No Diabetic should fail to give this perfectly harmless and efficacious remedy a trial. It never fails to effect wonderful results. It has the unrestricted approval of prominent physicians. Price \$2.00 per bottle.

SANOL

is a Reliable Cure for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Bladder Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price \$1.50.

SANOL'S BLOOD SALT (Sal Sanguinis)

This salt is an excellent and absolutely harmless remedy for any disturbances of digestion such as Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, etc., and as an aid to digestion in wasting and nervous diseases.

The preparations of the originator have been awarded First Prize Medal at the Hygiene Didactical Exposition by the University of Lemberg. Price 50c. per bottle.

LITERATURE ON REQUEST.

The Sanol Mfg. Company of Canada, Ltd.
975 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man. 8



Some Interesting Facts About _____

GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream

A preparation for preserving, beautifying and purifying the skin and complexion, and reasons why it should be on the dressing table of every woman.

BECAUSE it will render the skin like the softness of velvet leaving it clear and pearly white, which is the height of fashion at the present time.

BECAUSE it has stood the test of public approval for over 65 years the surest guarantee of its perfection.

BECAUSE it is a greaseless preparation and will not encourage the growth of hair, a very important feature to consider when selecting a toilet article.

BECAUSE it is a liquid preparation and will remain on the skin until washed off, far surpassing dry powders that have to be applied so frequently.

BECAUSE it is a preparation highly desirable for use when preparing for daily or evening attire.

BECAUSE it is highly recommended by actresses, singers and women of fashion as a superior preparation for the skin and complexion.

BECAUSE the fashion of the present day requires that the complexion of the well-groomed woman shall be of a snowy whiteness.

BECAUSE it is a daily necessity for the toilet of the well-groomed woman whether at home or while traveling, as it protects the skin from injurious effects of the elements.

BECAUSE it purifies the skin, protecting it from blemishes and skin troubles.

BECAUSE of its soothing effect on the skin when sun-burned.

BECAUSE it relieves tan, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, rash, freckles and vulgar redness, yellow and muddy skin.

PRICE 50c and \$1.50 PER BOTTLE

On Sale at Druggists or Department Stores or direct on receipt of price.

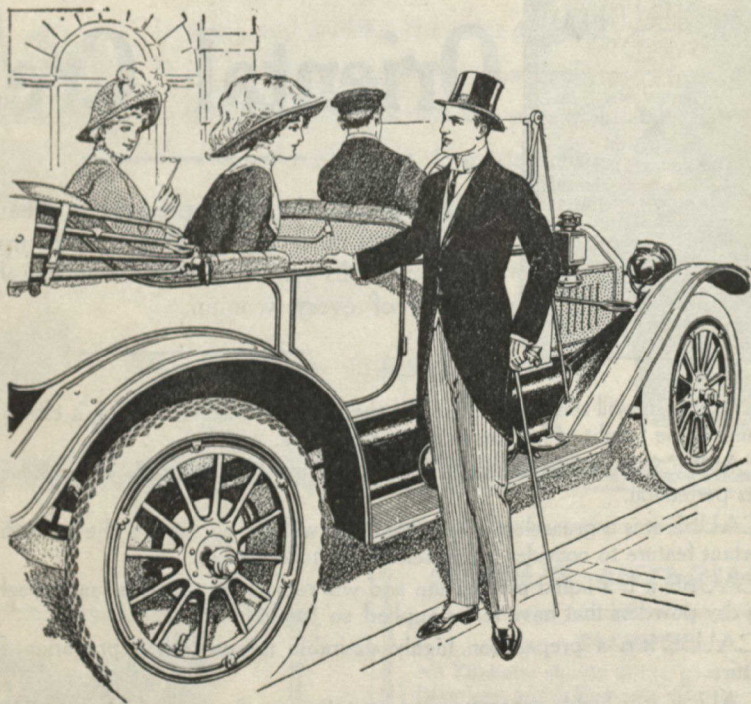
A soft, velvety sponge must always be used for applying GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM. It is wise to procure one of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL VELVET SPONGES

They are perfectly smooth and velvety and will give the most satisfactory results. Price 50c in dustproof boxes.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.
37 GREAT JONES STREET - - - NEW YORK

McLaughlin



A Real Car at a Right Price

YOU will find in the McLAUGHLIN none of the fads and fancies which are used as talking points where intrinsic merit is lacking.

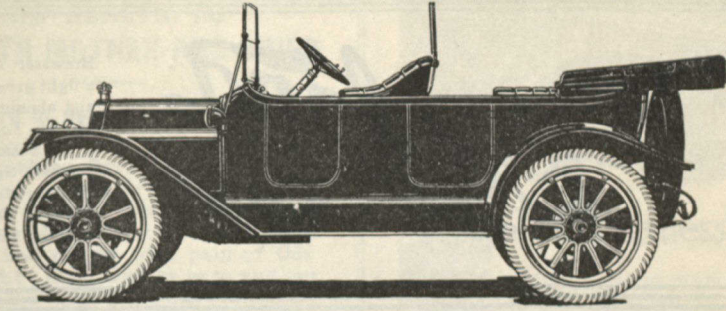
Forty-three years' experience in the production of high-grade vehicles has proved the wisdom of adherence to tried and tested principles. With every

**Runabouts and
Touring Cars
from \$1,250 up.**

modern improvement which IS an improvement, the McLAUGHLIN will meet the requirements of the man who is looking for a *A Real Car at a Right Price.*

Write for literature

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA
Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Corner Church and Richmond Streets
Other Branch Houses—St. John, N.B., Hamilton London, Belleville,



The Safe Car To Buy: The Russell-Knight 1914.

AFTER a year of exhaustive tests, the improvements that placed the 1913 Russell a year ahead of its competitors, have been refined and improved to the point where it would seem that motor car engineers can go no further.

Ever a pioneer in improvements called for by Canadian road conditions, the Russell 1913 Models led with left-hand drive, central gear control, electric lighting, electric starting, power pump, second wind-shield and tonneau heating. These were, indeed, radical departures, and it is no wonder that many 1914 models are being heralded only now as possessing such conveniences. With the Russell 1914 models they are Standard Equipment.

Think what that means. Standard Equipment—NOT experiments! A whole year has been devoted to refining and perfecting these features. Twelve months of rigorous road tests, in every Province of Canada, have taken place. Twelve months of sifting of countless reports and data from owners, drivers and Russell agents have passed by. Twelve months of painstaking factory research, investigation and improvement are behind us. NOW, with augmented power in an engine built under the personal supervision of the greatest staff of automobile engine experts in the world, headed by Charles Y. Knight—with a grace of line, with a degree of comfort and convenience impossible without this expenditure of time and experiment, the Russell-Knight 1914 comes to you as the safe car to buy.

As to the superiority of the Russell-Knight sleeve-valve type of engine over the poppet valve, there is no longer any question in the minds of experienced motorists. The recent test of one of America's most noted makes of poppet valve motors before the Automobile Club of America, compared with that of the Knight Engine made four years ago before the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain, adjudges the superiority of the Knight conclusively, and on every count. And, be it remembered, the Russell-Knight 1914 engine embodies all the improvements that Knight engineers the world over have devised; for all work together for the common good of Knight licensees.

Unworthy feature there is none. Untried feature there is none. Old and unused ideas masquerading under the guise of modern wonders there are none. But the Russell-Knight 1914 does come as a tried and proven car of such merit as can be found nowhere else on the market today.

The Russell-Knight 1914 Motor Cars will be on view at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

Any doubt in your mind as to the suitability for you of the Russell-Knight 1914 can be readily solved by a "turn at the wheel." A demonstration, more complete than you could ask for, will be arranged on application.

Russell-Knight 1914 chassis and standard bodies are as follows:

Russell-Knight 4-Cylinder "28"		Russell-Knight "Six"—7-Passenger	
Roadster Model	\$3200	Touring Car	\$5000
5-Passenger Touring Model.....	\$3250	Russell-Knight "Six"—5-Passenger	
		Phaeton	\$5000

Both chassis are built with Landaulet and Limousine bodies at proportionate prices. All quotations F.O.B. West Toronto.

Russell Motor Car Company Limited

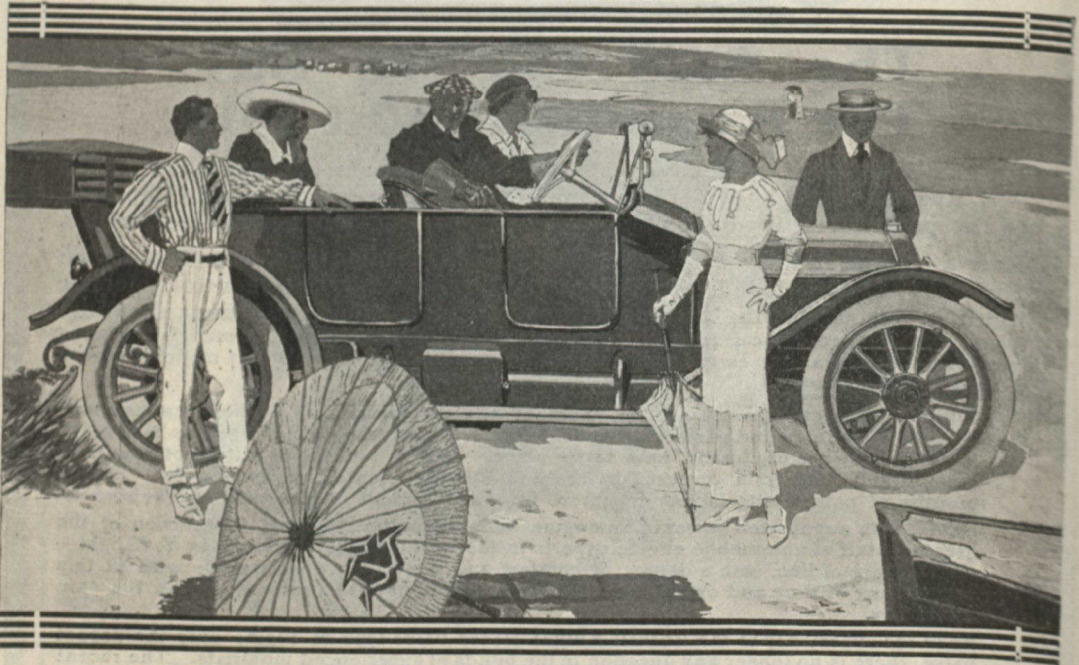
Head Office and Factory - West Toronto.

Branches at Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, and Melbourne, Australia.

Electric head, side and
tail lights
Storage Battery and
Ammeter
35 Horsepower Motor
114-Inch Wheelbase
Timken Bearings
33 x 4 Q. D. Tires
Cowl Dash

Overland 1914

Brewster Green Body with
a light green striping, nickel
and aluminum trimmings
Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision Windshield
Stewart Speedometer
Electric Horn
Flush U Doors with Disap-
pearing hinges



\$ 1 2 5 0

Completely Equipped. Duty Paid F.O.B. Toledo

With Gray & Davis Electric Starter and Generator—\$1425

THE 1914 Overland is ready for distribution and delivery. Our production for next year has been increased to 50,000 cars. This greatly increased production, combined with the natural manufacturing economy of restricting ourselves to one chassis again enables us to make our customary annual offer of considerably more car for considerably less money. 1914 catalogue on request.

The Willys-Overland Company, Dept. 4 Toledo, Ohio

REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:

Stewart Hartshorn



Washburn's Pat. "O.K." Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home. Made of Brass and nickel-plated Steel, three sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100 each. Your Stationer, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free. YEARLY SALE NOW 100 MILLION. THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Shirriff's True Vanilla

Imagine how much more delicious cakes taste when flavored with real vanilla extract. You can make certain of using real extract of finest Vanilla beans by buying Shirriff's True Vanilla.



The Dustless Way

Fresh, clean and bright is the wake of the Bissell on carpet or rug. It removes the dingy dust and picks up the litter. Brooming is a harsh, dusty way to "clean" your carpets and raises more dust than it gathers.

BISSELL'S
"Cyclo" BALL BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

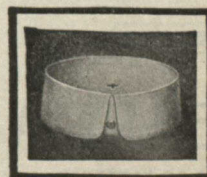
with its easy glide and gentle action of the pure bristle revolving brush saves carpets. There is none of the harsh scraping of nozzles and heavy apparatus, and remember, there is no substitute for the actual airing and sunning to make a carpet sanitary to the very "roots." You can get a Bissell from your dealer for \$3.00 and up.

Let us mail you the booklet.

"Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Canadian Factory:
Niagara Falls, Ont.
"We Sweep the World"



CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledge to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO.
of Canada, Ltd.

58 FRAZER AVENUE
TORONTO





FEARMAN'S STAR BRAND HAMS and BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but 'Star Brand' Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government
Inspection.



**F. W. FEARMAN
CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON**



Your Floors Are Abused through the dropping of liquids, the shuffling of feet, the moving of furniture,—and against these abuses they are protected merely by a thin, transparent finish. *Then, by all means, see that this finish is sufficiently tough and elastic to safeguard them against possible injury.*

**TRADE
ELASTICA
MARK**
FLOOR FINISH

the one perfect floor varnish, is made to give a high lustrous finish to floors, to resist the severest wear and tear and to remain unstreaked, unmarred and free from spots.

ELASTICA is easily applied and dries hard over night. In the morning your floors are not only beautiful to look at, but prepared to withstand months of hard service. When you refinish this Spring, insist on ELASTICA.

Ask for Beautiful Floor Book No. 85

"How to Finish Floors"—Home Edition. It contains complete information about the proper care of floors.

**INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.
LIMITED**

TORONTO - WINNIPEG
Canadian Factory of Standard Varnish Works,
New York, Chicago, London, Berlin,
Brussels, Melbourne
Largest in the world and first to establish
definite standards of quality.



—Vigor

and action mark the successful man or woman.

Heavy uncomfortable underclothing hampers the movements and saps the energy.

CEETEE PURE WOOL, UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

for Fall is light in weight, but because of the pureness and quality of wool used, it absorbs all the perspiration and prevents a chill.

Free action of the limbs and body is rendered easy by shaping the garment during the process of knitting.

All joins are knitted not sewn. Made in sizes to fit all the family.

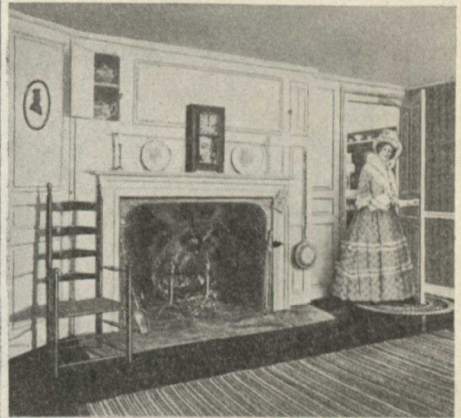
Worn by the Best People.
Sold by the Best Dealers.

Manufactured by

The C. TURNBULL CO. of Galt, Limited

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's High-class Ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children. Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infant's and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.



The Charm of Colonial Silverware

The quaintness and simplicity of olden times find expression in our "Old Colony" pattern. Added to these qualities is the finish that results from present day skill and methods. The design possesses individuality in a marked degree without resorting to over-ornamentation or sacrificing its purity of outline. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

Most Popular for Gifts

The unvarying quality and richness of design make 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware especially favored for gifts.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

LIMITED

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO





KODAK
HOME
PORTRAIT

REPRODUCTION, IN EXACT SIZE, FROM NEGATIVE MADE WITH 3A POCKET KODAK AND FIFTY CENT KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT, KODAK TANK DEVELOPMENT, VELOX PRINT.

OUR BOOKLET "AT HOME WITH A KODAK" FREE AT YOUR DEALERS OR BY MAIL, TELLS HOW TO MAKE SUCH PICTURES.

CANADIAN KODAK CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

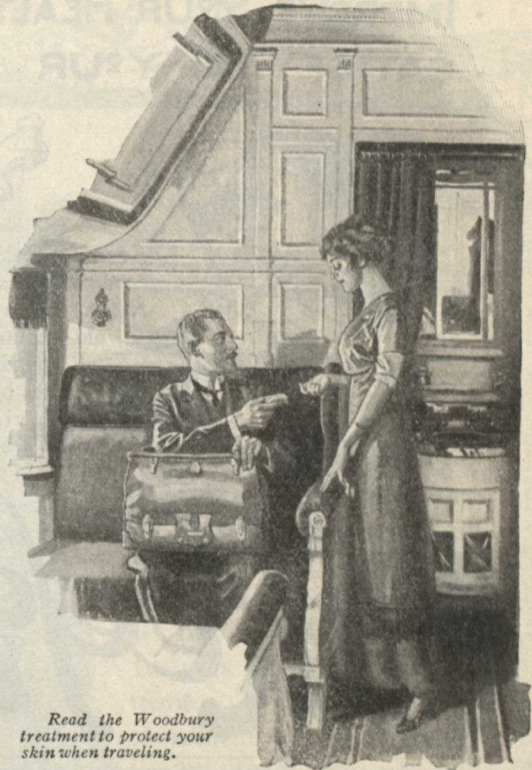
To protect the skin when traveling

More than any other time the skin needs protection during a railway journey. The dry heat and dust wither it, the soot and grime sink into every pore, imposing a burden too great for the skin to meet and making it excessively sensitive and tender.

Use this treatment

Bathe your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap several times during the day's journey. Rub its lather gently over and over your face. Rinse and repeat with a fresh lather. Then bathe it for several minutes with clear, cold water—the colder the better.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with its refreshing, beneficial lather counteracts the irritation caused by the smoke and dust and relieves the "drying" effect of the heat. Used as stated, several times during a day's journey, and you will arrive at the end with your skin as fresh and attractive as when you started.



Read the Woodbury treatment to protect your skin when traveling.

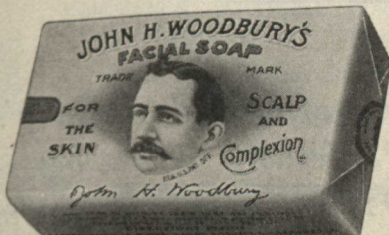
Make it a habit to use Woodbury's regularly wherever you are. It keeps your skin active so that it can withstand trying conditions, keeps it in perfect health.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and get its benefits.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland



Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109-H Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

· IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH WHILE ·
· SATISFYING YOUR THIRST ·



O'Keefe's "Gold Label Ale" is concentrated health, strength and vigor. It is a rich, creamy old ale—containing just the nutriment needed to build up and invigorate the whole system.



O'Keefe's
GOLD LABEL
ALE

Eddy's "Safeguard" Safety Matches

- in special convertible box.
- good matches always ready at the bottom.
- burnt sticks are dropped in the top.
- noiseless; heads do not glow.
- and absolutely non-poisonous.

EDDY'S Matches are the only NON-POISONOUS matches manufactured in Canada.

*For safety's sake---Eddy's
"Safeguard" Matches---
ONLY---should be in
every home.*



Crow
Chief,
"Fights
the
Enemy"

P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine"

PRINCE ALBERT has soothed all kinds of pipe grouches for all kinds of men. One of the most interesting cases is that of the American Indians on the reservations. These direct descendants of the original jimmy pipers have taken to

PRINCE ALBERT

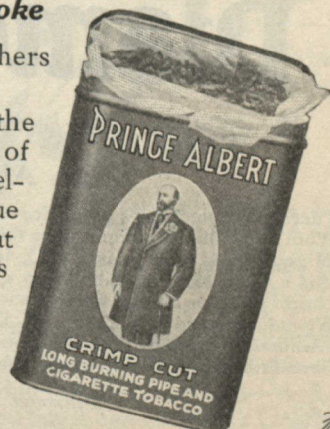
the national joy smoke

with the same enthusiasm their forefathers took after paleface scalps.

P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine" in the lodges of hundreds of thousands of men of all races. *You* can smoke P. A. without feeling your scalp come up or your tongue blister. The bite is removed by that wonderful patented process that makes P. A. different, distinct, delicious.

Sold everywhere in full 2-oz. tins.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.



There is a Dress Problem Moral Here for All Women



Light blue crepe de chine dyed green.

Mrs. R. C. Diter, of Scarsdale, says:

"If you want your husband to compliment you on the freshness of your dress and wonder how you have so many changes, just use Diamond Dyes.

"I laughingly tell my friends that Diamond Dyes help me hold conquest over my home by retaining all those little niceties of new and dainty costumes so essential to all women.

"It is so simple to take the 'tired look' from any gown you like.

"The enclosed photograph illustrates this.

"I had an old light blue crepe de chine gown that I didn't want to part with so I simply took a piece of old material I had—made a pannier effect—gave a touch here and there and dyed it green.

"No greater satisfaction than the words from my husband, 'Dot, your a wonder.'"

Out of the Ordinary, But True

Mrs. T. L. Reuse, of Huntington, writes:

"I feel that mine is such an unusual case that you should know about it.

"My husband is a young lawyer, and like all young lawyers has lots more brains than money. When he told me that one of the members of the firm was going to drop into dinner one night I was panic stricken. I had one day's grace and not a thing to wear.

"Diamond Dyes solved the problem. I had a light gray poplin and by a little remodeling and dyeing it terra cotta it turned out a striking gown as the accompanying photograph shows.

"As we all sat down to dinner the next night and I saw the look of pride on my husband's face, I realized so well that in a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes there is so much happiness."



Gray poplin dyed terra cotta.

Diamond Dyes

in the home go a long way towards solving the dress problem.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10 cents Per Package.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

“Delicious!”

It's the finest asparagus you ever put in your mouth—and you'll say so yourself when you taste it. For there's nothing like *Libby's*—anywhere—at any price. *Libby's* Asparagus comes from the “Garden Spot” of the country—the Sacramento River Islands.

There they grow the finest asparagus in the world. Big, white, tender, meaty stalks—delightful to see and delicious to taste.

And there, not a stone's throw from the fields, we built a *Libby* kitchen, to which comes daily the pick of the crop.

And the best of it is we save—for your table—the delicious taste of this superb

Libby's
California
Asparagus

For the day the stalks are cut, they go straight to the *Libby* chefs—and what the *Libby* chefs do—well, just you buy a can of *Libby's* California Asparagus and see for yourself.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



Like Lightning

a valuable thought passes through the **clear** brain on its way to mighty results.

If coffee makes weak thinking change to

Instant Postum

"There's a Reason."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum (must be boiled)

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared **instantly** by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water.

Neilson's Chocolates

"THE CHOCOLATES THAT ARE DIFFERENT"



The Joy of Housekeeping

Housekeeping becomes a joy when the hard work of cleaning, dusting and polishing hardwood floors is done away with. This is the mission of the

O-Cedar Mop

Polish Mop

It cleans, dusts and polishes all at one time and puts an end to getting down on the hands and knees. A hard, dry, durable lustre without hard rubbing.

Sold on Trial

\$1.50 at your dealer's, and money refunded after two days' trial if you are not delighted.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.

369 Sorauren Ave.
TORONTO, ONT.

Channell Chemical Co.
1456 Carroll Ave.
Chicago

Sent, prepaid upon receipt of price if not at your dealer's



A Mennen summer suggestion

Powder your neck with Mennen's where your collar rubs.

The powder absorbs the perspiration, allays irritation and eliminates chafing. It makes your collar feel so much more comfortable.

If your necktie won't slide easily in your collar, rub the collar with a little Mennen's.

For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid. Sample box 4c in stamps.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

