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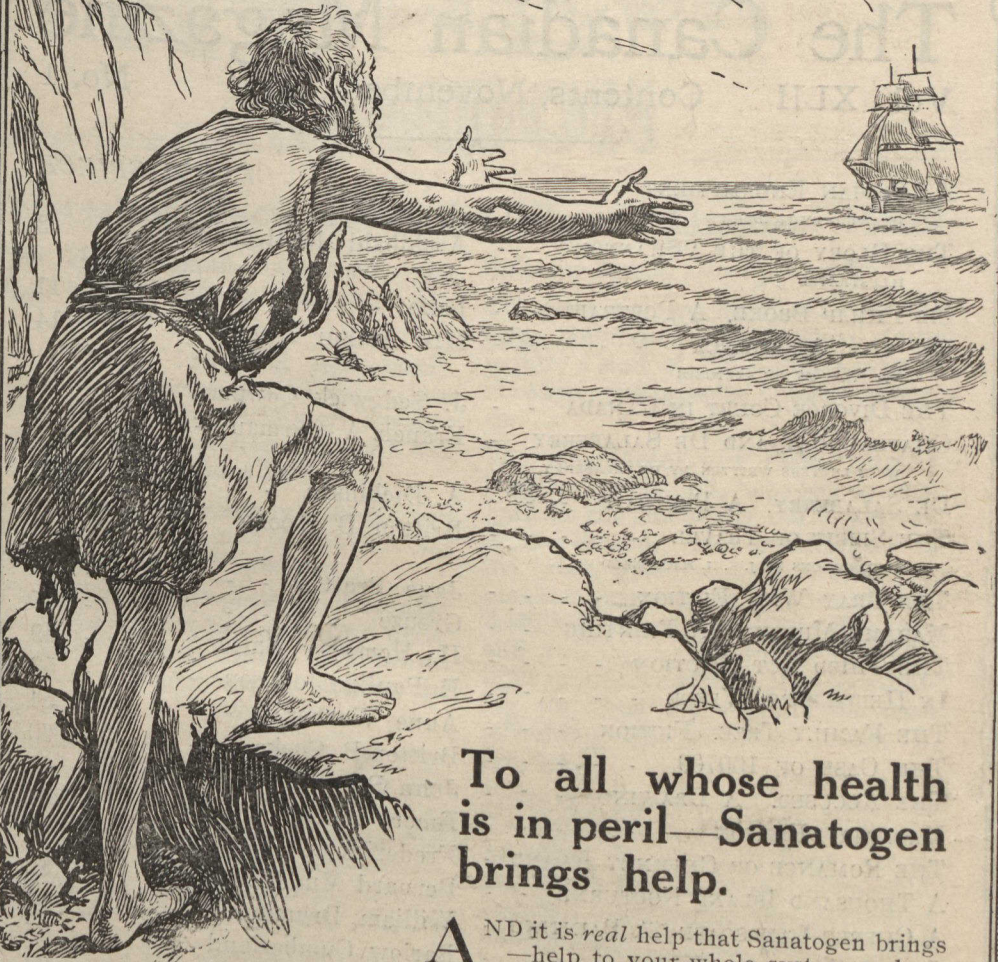
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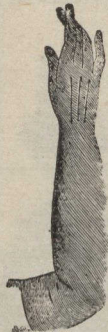


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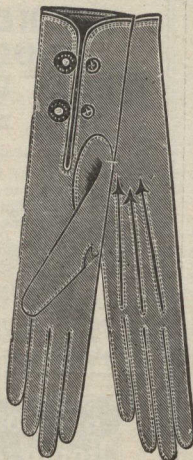


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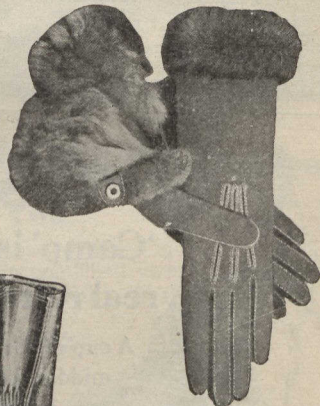
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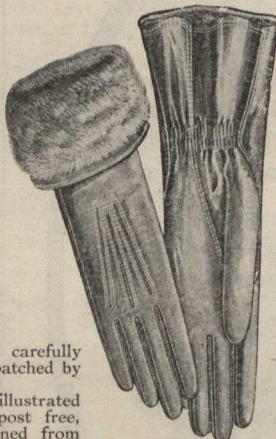
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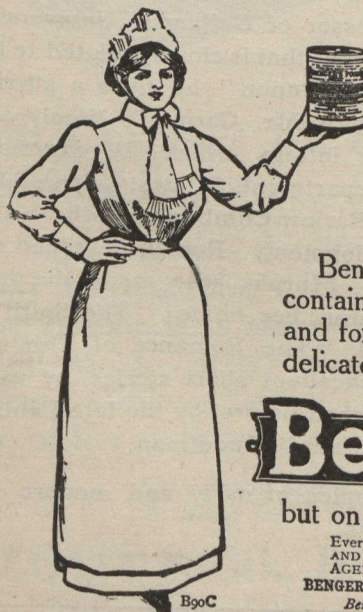


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# FOREWORD

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The Literary Editor of the Ottawa Journal, referring to The Canadian Magazine, in its issue of September 6th says :

"First of all let me congratulate its editor in having resisted the regrettable tendency of our Canadian magazines to become what is known in the trade, I believe, as flat-openers. First the Canada Monthly and now Macleans have become flat-openers. It behooves our national magazine, The Canadian Magazine, to preserve the true magazine format amongst us, so that when strangers ask us what have we to put beside Harpers, Scribners and the other big American magazines, we can at least say that we have The Canadian Magazine—national in its name, in its endeavours. It is a pity that Canadians, who are always prattling about "Canada for the Canadians," do not better support a first-class magazine and one of such age as 'The Canadian.' However, considering everything and judging by the present issue, there must be a considerable support to put up such a good number. Funnily, many Canadians are often strangely ignorant of Canada beyond their own location. Well, to those who are at all interested in Canadian history, art, literature and romance, I cannot imagine a better investment for the price than The Canadian Magazine."

On those four points of history, art, literature, romance this November number scores. Archibald MacMechan, a professor of Dalhousie University, Halifax, is eminently qualified to write an incident that is closely related to the history of Halifax, and in "The Glory of the Shannon" he gives a stirring account of that great adventure. There is also Mr. Carman's timely and important presentation of the De Salaberry letters, which he examined personally upon their arrival at the Archives Department, Ottawa. As well the chapter on Lake Navigation by the late Mr. Barlow Cumberland, who was a close student of that stage of Canadian development. Romantic indeed are "On the Athabasca River," by Mrs. Arthur Murphy, who made the trip, though a woman, many miles north of Edmonton, her home; "The Spirit of Travel," which concludes that series, and "The Romance of Chimney Island." In fiction and poetry there are excellent short stories by well-known writers, as well as a poem, never published before, by the late Pauline Johnson, and an exquisite nocture by M. Bernard Muddiman.

In Art there are reproductions of fine examples of early and modern art besides Mr. Macdonald's charming decorations.





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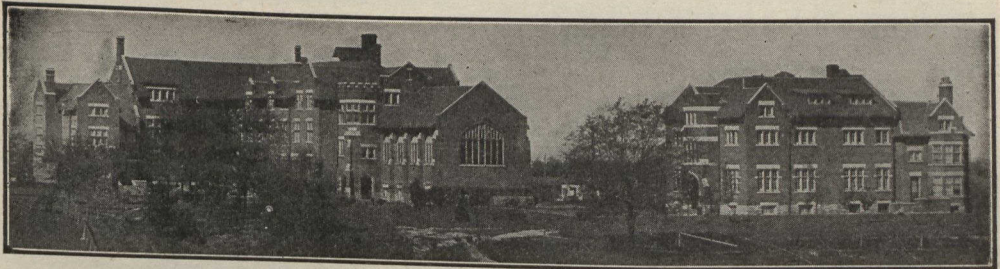
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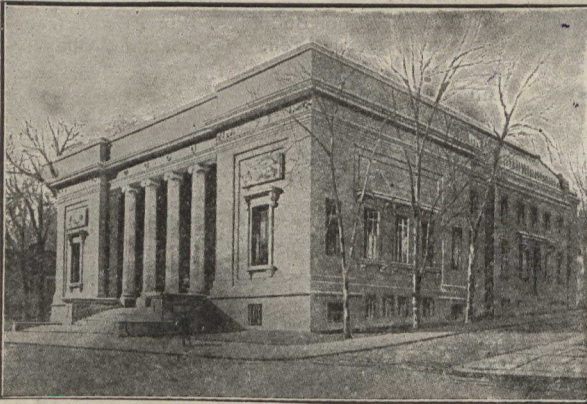
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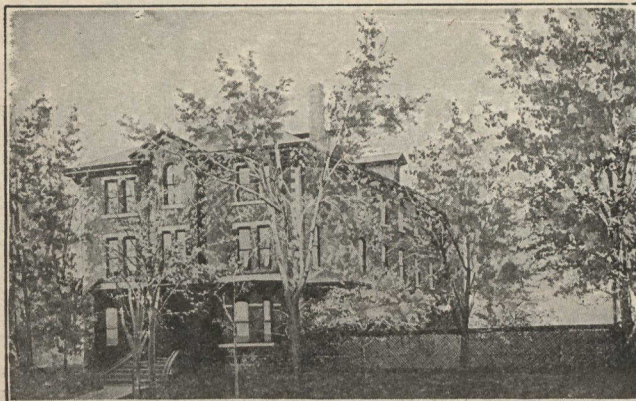
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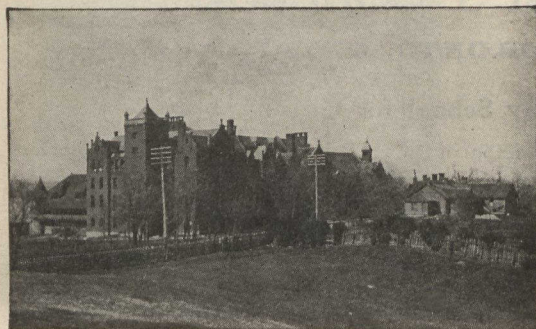
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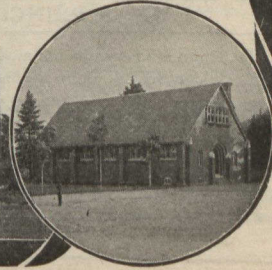
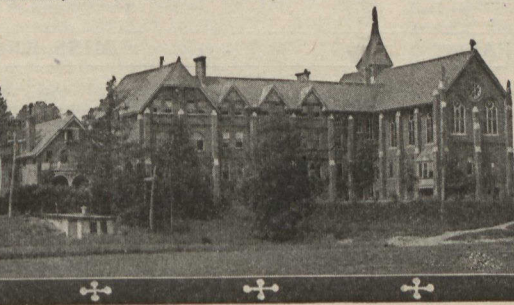
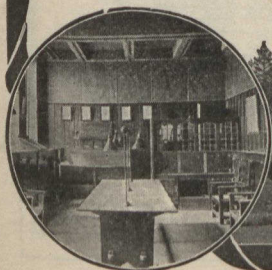
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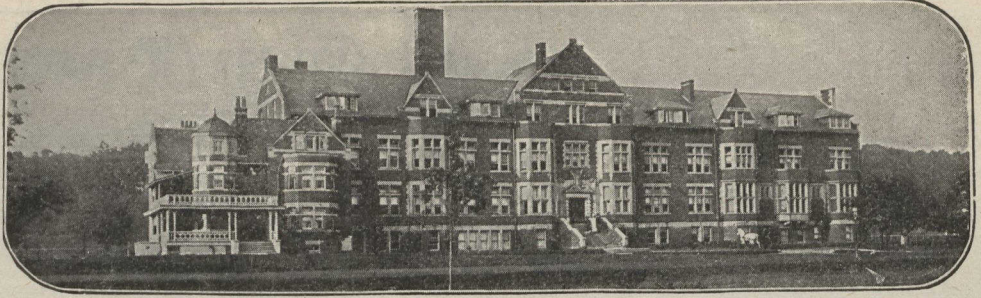
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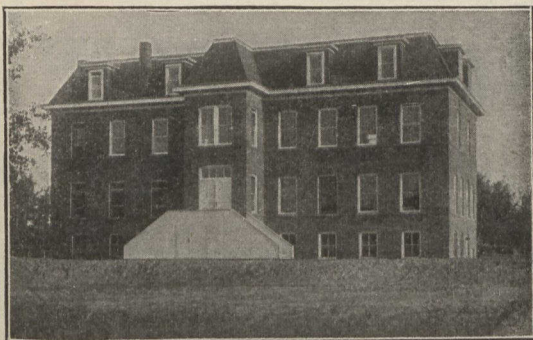


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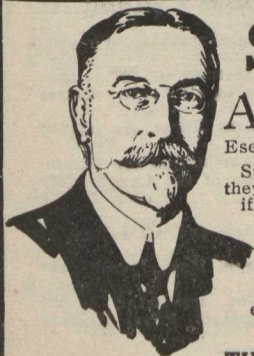
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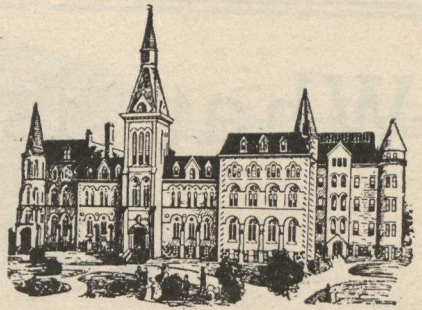
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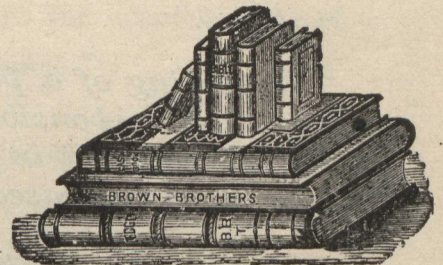
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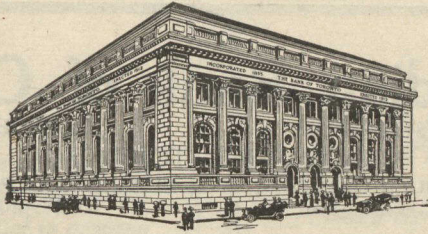
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Reserve Funds - \$ 13,000,000

Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Total Assets - 180,000,000

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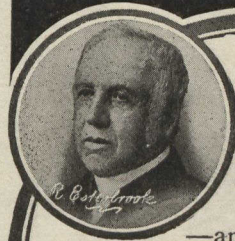
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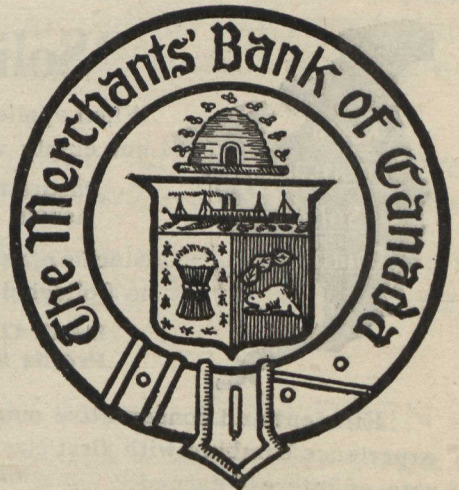
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26 styles



At all stationers



Paid-up Capital - - - \$6,784,700  
Reserve Fund and

Undivided Profits - 6,820,189

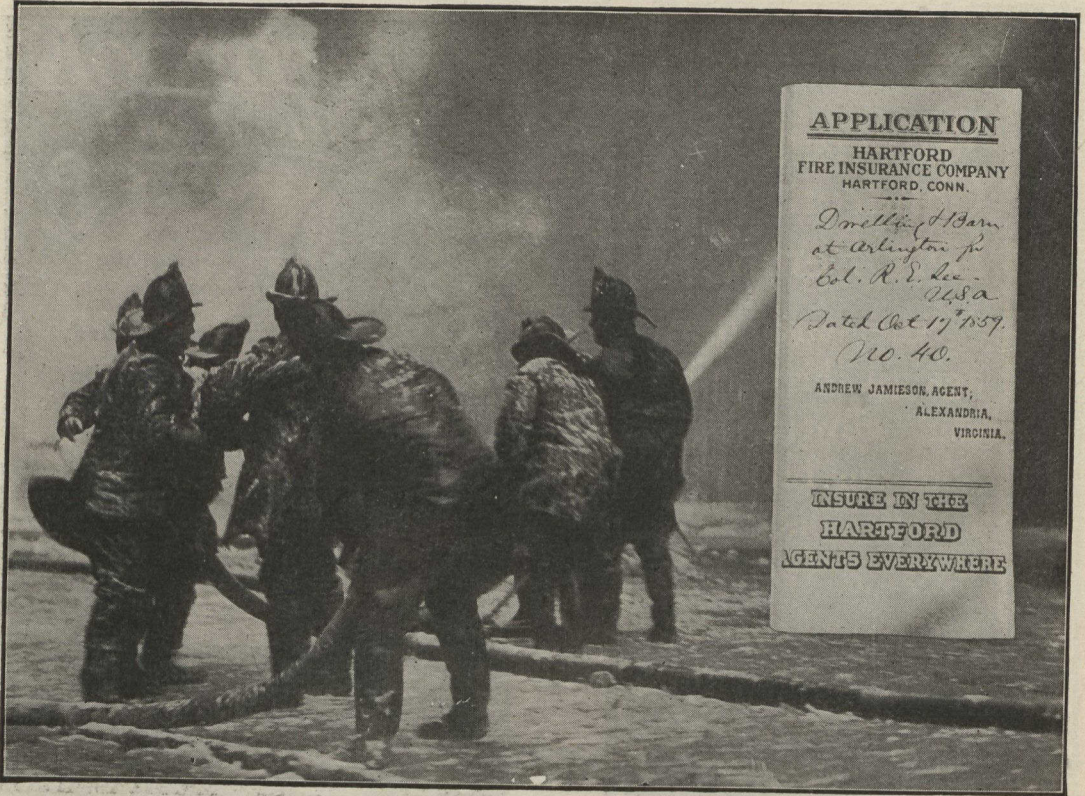
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Efficient and conservative management along with a favorable mortality experience combine with first-class investments in producing an increasing rate of interest earned.

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“SOLID AS THE CONTINENT”

Head Office - TORONTO



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It cleans the pots and pans in haste. It cannot scatter, harm or waste.  
It cuts expenses, so you know  
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Sapolio's rich suds remove every trace of dirt and grease.

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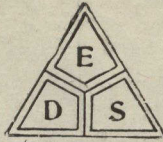
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HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON

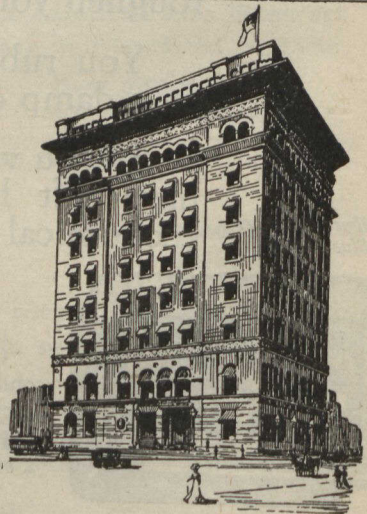
CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

RESERVE AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS ... 3,750,000

\$6,750,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

From the Water-colour Drawing by Frederick S. Challenger



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLII

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 1

THE GLORY OF THE "SHANNON"

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

PRINTS PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF MR. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON

FOR those faint hearts who fear that Britain is doomed to speedy decline, no better tonic could be prescribed than reading of naval history of the Great War. From 1792 to 1815, Britain was fighting for bare life; she saved herself and she saved Europe by her unconquerable fleet. Everyone knows Nelson's name and the fame of Trafalgar and the Nile; but in those great and gallant days, there were a thousand little battles which have passed into oblivion.

For more than twenty years British ships of war of all ratings were fighting almost daily in every sea. From the Poles to the Tropics, by day and night, at all seasons, in fair weather and storm, they were chasing their foes, or circling about them in black powder smoke, or hammering away yard-arm to yard-arm, or firing as they ran, or flinging the bare-foot boarders stripped to the waist and cutlass in hand on the hostile decks in final desperate assault. But who knows, or care how the *Junon* beat off fifteen gunboats in Hampton Roads, or how the *Unicorn* ran down

the *Tribune* in a chase of two hundred and ten miles, or how the *Amelia* battered the *Aréthuse* in the tropic moonlight, with the muzzles of their guns almost touching? Such fighting will never be seen again. It passed with days of sail; but the tradition is alive in the King's ships—dreadnought, cruiser, torpedo-boat, and submarine—of the present day. The tale may be read at length in the neglected chronicle of James. There is not a page in it but is calculated to foster pride of race and admiration for mere human courage and devotion to duty.

Of all these sea-duels, the most famous and memorable is the brief and terrible encounter between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, off Boston lighthouse, a hundred years ago. It is remembered and it deserves to be remembered for many reasons. Since Trafalgar, British ships had been regarded as invincible. The war of 1812 began with a series of unexpected reverses at sea. Britain heard with incredulity, rage, and gloom that British captains had lowered their flag to the despised Yan-



From an engraving by Williamson

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE

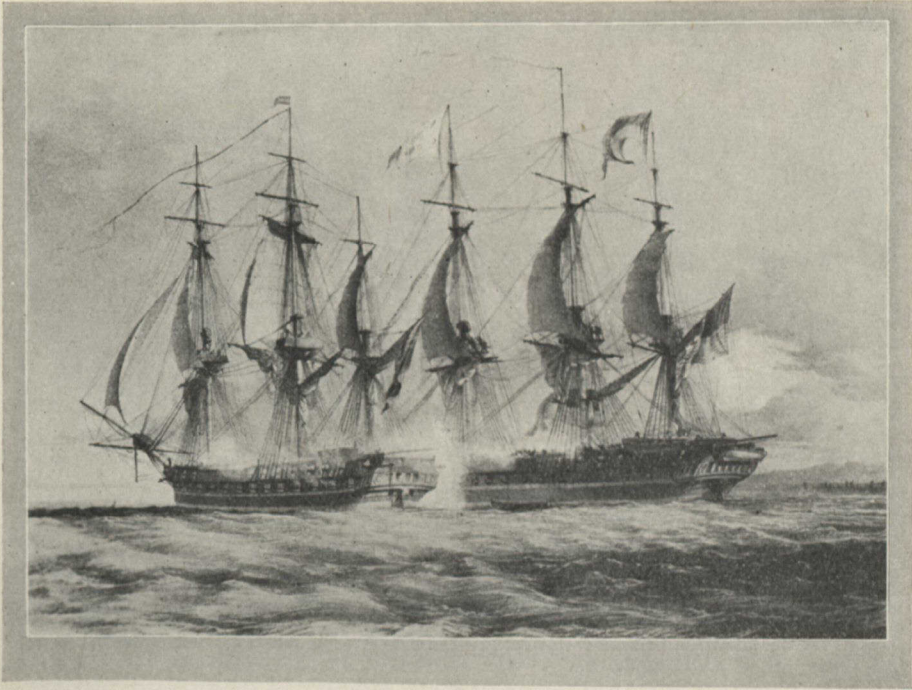
Commander of the United States Vessel the CHESAPEAKE

kees. The *Guerrière* and *Java* had struck to the *Constitution*, and the *Macedonian* to the *United States*. Our ancestors felt as we felt when we learned that a British regiment with arms in their hands had surrendered in the field to a ragged Boer commando. Nothing could efface such black shame. Although these single-ship actions had no effect whatever upon the course and upshot of the war, their results depressed the British unduly and naturally and justly elated the Americans. The British frigates were unlucky beyond doubt, but the Americans deserved to win because they had bigger, better-built ships, because they paid more attention to gunnery, because they were bold and skilful seamen, and because they adopted the favourite British tactics of dashing attack and close action, while foreigners preferred the safer game of long bowls. As Lucas pertinently remarks, war is not knight-errantry,

but business, and the surest way to defeat your enemy is to attack him in superior force.

Nowhere outside of England was the course of the Great War followed with more eager interest than in the good old city of Halifax. In and out of the harbour passed famous ships which had fought under Nelson, and in the garrison had been quartered historic regiments which were to win fresh laurels in the Peninsula or at Waterloo. Officers of the army and navy mingled with Halifax society and married Halifax girls. De Quincey has told how the mail coaches carried the news of victory down from London. "Oh, those were days of power, gallant days, bustling days, worth the bravest days of chivalry at least." When the news of a victory reached Halifax, the merchants hired a military band to play patriotic marches and loyal tunes on the roof of the market building, while they drank



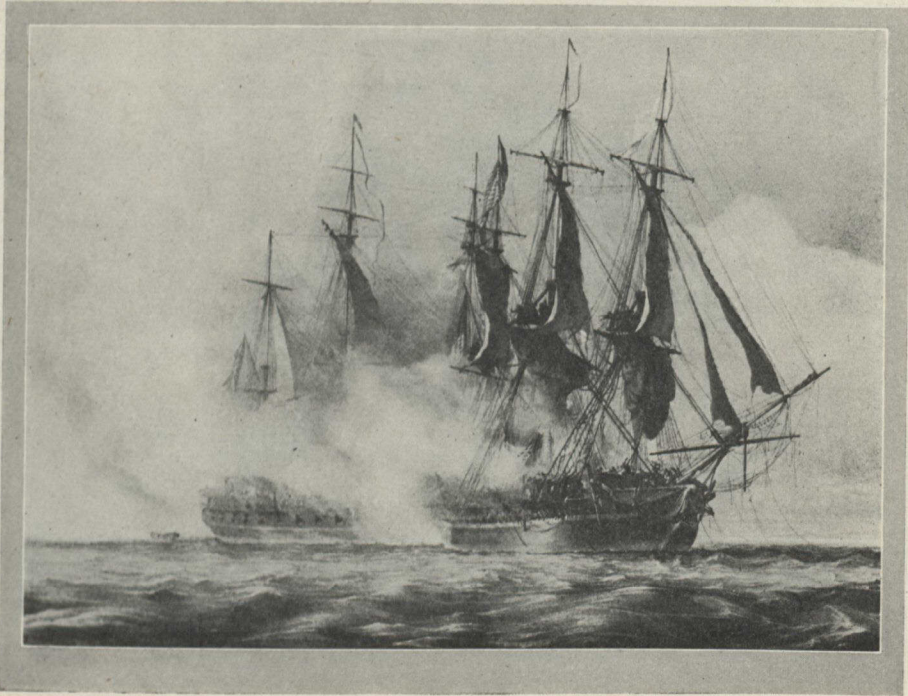


THE CHESAPEAKE (ON RIGHT) COMING ALONGSIDE THE SHANNON

success to British arms in their reading-room opposite. The whole town would be illuminated and parties of young people would stroll about admiring the effect of windows full of candles. When the *Guerrière* was lost, the whole city was plunged in gloom.

According to local tradition, the famous fight begun in Mr. William Minns's book-shop, opposite the Parade. An old Haligonian remembered Captain Broke coming in with a walking-stick in his hand and his epaulets setting firmly but carelessly on his shoulders, and saying, "Well, Minns, I am going to Boston." Boston Bay, between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, was a favourite cruising ground, for into that funnel poured a great deal of American commerce. Broke further told Mr. Minns that he intended "to challenge the *Constitution*." He had been a frigate commander for eighteen years and

had never encountered an enemy's vessel of the same class. Mr. Minns ventured to think that the *Shannon's* eighteen-pounders would have no chance with the *Constitution's* twenty-four-pounders. Broke replied that he intended to fight yard-arm to yard-arm and to depend on the devotion of his three hundred men, "each of whom, will, I know, follow me to the death, and stand by me to the last." He would trust more to boarding than to the calibre of his guns. If this ancient Haligonian's memory served him aright, Broke had decided on his tactics before he left port. The *Shannon* was already famous for her many captures and for her captain's foible of giving his share—always the lion's share—of the prize money to his crew. By such treatment, by firm discipline, and by constant gun-drill, Broke had made his frigate perhaps the most effective fighting machine of her class in the navy.



THE CHESAPEAKE FALLING AWAY FROM THE SHANNON

Why did Broke mention the *Constitution* in his chat with Mr. Minns? He had many reasons for wanting to fight this particular frigate. Every post-captain in the navy was burning to wipe out the disgrace of the surrenders. "We must catch one of those great American ships . . . and send her home for a show," Broke wrote to his wife. But he had, I venture to think, a special reason for naming the *Constitution*. That vessel had defeated and taken two British frigates and Broke was a member of the court-martial held on young Captain Dacres for losing his ship. The court-martial was held on board H.M.S. *Africa*, a Trafalgar ship, in Halifax harbour. Only a naval officer can appreciate Broke's feelings. To sit in judgment on a brother in arms, whose sword has been taken from him, to know that your verdict may ruin his career is a severe ordeal. Dacres was freely blamed as

a young and inexperienced officer in giving up his ship too soon. A Boston *canard* stated that he had fought two duels in consequence of his inglorious surrender. The facts are he was the first to own defeat, and he was unlucky. He fought his ship until every mast went over the side and the *Guerrière* was wallowing, an unmanageable hulk, in the trough of the sea. It was impossible to work her main-deck guns, the sea swilled through the open ports, and the *Constitution* simply chose her own position where not a gun of the *Guerrière* could reach her and proceeded at her leisure to pound her helpless enemy to splinters. Dacres himself was wounded and seventy-seven out of his crew of three hundred men were struck down before he gave in. It is difficult to see what else he could have done. None the less to lose one's ship for whatever reason is black disgrace. There are no excuses in the navy.

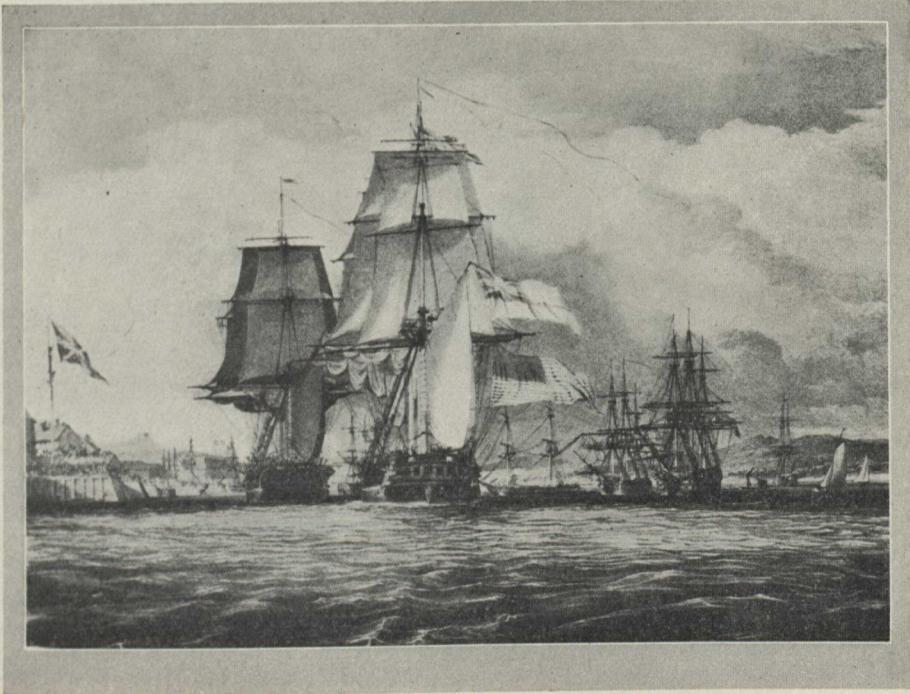


THE CHESAPEAKE SURRENDERING TO THE SHANNON

On March 13th, 1813, the *Shannon* and her sister ship, the *Tenedos*, weighed anchor, and, two towers of white sail, glided magnificently down the harbour past George's and Thrum Cap to the open sea. They went to cruise in company off Boston Bay, where homing prizes flocked thickest. Their business and duty was commerce-destroying; but what they hoped for was a battle with a couple of the four American frigates refitting in that port. They were to catch as many of the enemy's merchantmen as they could, make prisoners of their crews, and send the captured vessels with the minimum number of British sailors to navigate them to Halifax, there to be adjudged in the court of vice-admiralty. Prizes meant prize-money, and "dashing in coaches," so service in frigates was much more popular than in the great three-deckers, the lumbering sea-wagons, whose business was to fight in a line with the like ships of the foe.

Why frigates hunted in couples is obvious. One could support the other with her guns and boats, if engaged near land and render aid if her consort in chase should get on shore. For more than two months the *Shannon* and *Tenedos* plied their trade, overhauling luckless merchantmen and bringing them to, or beating out to sea with scanty canvas when the cold easterly gales with rain and snow would force them on shore. The *Shannon* took some twenty-five prizes, which were destroyed because Broke would not weaken his crew by sending men off in them. The only exceptions he made were vessels belonging to Halifax, re-captures and the property of British subjects, but he begrudged a single one of his three hundred who "would follow him anywhere." He needed them all to work the ship and fight the guns.

On the first of May, the *President* and *Congress* eluded the vigilance of the British cruisers and, favoured by



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO HALIFAX HARBOUR

the fog, got out to sea. Of the two that remained in harbour refitting, the *Chesapeake* was nearly ready for a cruise by the end of the month. Broke took a course which recalls the palmy days of chivalry. He sent Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* a formal challenge to come out and fight him ship to ship. It is as courteous as an invitation to dinner or to spend a month at Brokehall. He gives the number of his crew and of his guns. He mentions that he is short of provisions and water. He has detached the *Tenedos*, so no British ship will interfere with the duello. This amazing letter begins: "Sir,—As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her and try the fortune of our respective flags." It ends, "Choose your terms—but let us meet." This was not the only instance of a British captain trying to obtain "the satisfaction of

a gentleman," in those days when a case of hair-triggers found a place in their portmanteaus as naturally as their razors. Sir John Yeo, of the *Southampton*, challenged Porter, of the *Essex*, and Parker, of the "bold *Menelaus*," "sent a message" to Mallet, of the *Atalante*, of the same tenor as Broke's. There seems to be some doubt whether or not Lawrence received the letter. At all events, he acted as if he had.

In the captain of the *Chesapeake*, Broke had a foeman worthy of his steel. Physically he was a giant, as a fighting captain he was bold and successful. Only a short time previously, in the *Hornet*, he had defeated the *Peacock* by the same methods that had proved so effective in other single ship actions, dashing attack, good seamanship, and first-class gunnery. His word to his crew just before the fight began was "*Peacock* her." His ship was as fit as the ship-wrights and rig-

gers could make her. He had a picked crew. No vessel ever went into a fight with better chances of success. On this beautiful June day she began to spread her canvass at noon and, as light airs prevailed, set all her sails, even her stunsails, and proceeded slowly down the bay, a stately white cloud, with three large American flags ruffling from her rigging and a broad banner at the fore inscribed, "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade." Under shortened sail the *Shannon* tacked to and fro, waiting for her adversary to close. Only one British flag flew at her mizzen. "Mayn't we have three ensigns, sir, like she has?" a sailor asked. "No," said Broke, "we have always been an unassuming ship." A number of pleasure-boats followed the *Chesapeake* down the harbour to see the fight, and a dinner was prepared in Boston to celebrate the victory.

In those days of sail, there were two well recognized kinds of tactics. One was to open fire at extreme range, keep away, and aim at the rigging of the hostile ship in the hope of knocking away a spar and so render her unmanageable. The other was desperate "in-fighting," laying your ship as close as possible to the foe, grappling with him, and turning the sea-fight into a land fight by invading his decks with a rush of boarders. This was the favourite British method and the battle of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* is a classic example of it.

It took all afternoon for the *Chesapeake* to reach the *Shannon*. At ten minutes to six the fight began, and all was over by five minutes past. This most famous fight lasted just a quarter of an hour.

You are to imagine the two fine frigates drifting slowly nearer and nearer in the lovely June weather, both heading east and sailing on parallel lines. On both, every gun is loaded and run out; around each gun is grouped each gun crew, all along the low, dim perspective of the

main-deck; the powder-monkeys are ready to carry cartridge from the magazine; cutlasses and boarding-pikes are laid out for the boarders; down in the cock-pit, the surgeon and his mates are waiting with lint and bandages, saws and knives for the first wounded man who will be carried down to them. Naval gunnery was not a fine art in the old days. The *Shannon's* main-deck guns were loaded alternately with two round-shot or with one round-shot and one grape, all along her broadside. Imagine, if you can, the effect of these missiles fired into a wooden ship, at pistol-shot range, when you could see the faces of the men you fired at.

Broke had made his little speech before action to the *Shannons* from the quarter-deck. They were "to kill the men." "Go quietly to your quarters and don't cheer," he ended. The *Chesapeake* was now close; her crew gave three cheers; but it was "still" all over the British ship. As the bow of the overtaking *Chesapeake* reached slowly past the stern of the *Shannon*, the captain of the fourteenth gun pulled his lanyard, the gun roared and the shot was observed to strike near the enemy's second port. Then a bow-gun spoke; then the rest as fast as they could be fired, but there were only two broadsides fired. Now Broke's gun-drill told, and the effect of the well served guns at close range was deadly. The two frigates were shrouded in smoke. Slowly the head of the *Chesapeake* turned away and her stern ground along the *Shannon's* side towards the bow until she was checked by the fluke of the *Shannon's* anchor catching in the *Chesapeake's* quarter port. In this position she was raked by the British guns.

This was the critical moment of the fight. The *Shannon's* boatswain William Stevens had fought under Rodney in the Battle of the Saints and was now nearly sixty years of

age. As the ships scraped, he went over the side and began to lash them together. He had his left arm hacked off by repeated sword-cuts and he was mortally wounded by musketry, but his lashings held long enough to make a bridge for the boarders. Broke, who had run forward, saw the Americans flinching from the quarter-deck guns, and calling, "Follow me who can!" stepped from the *Shannon's* gangway rail to the *Chesapeake's* aftermost cannonade and so to her deck, with about twenty men from the fore-castle. He had ordered the main-deck boarders and quarter-deck men to be called away, but he did not wait for them. Not a man or an officer was to be seen and the British swept forward over the bloody deck. At the gangways there was some slight resistance but the Americans were driven below, or they flung down their arms. Never was speedier triumph.

Two unlucky incidents took place almost at the same instant, at the opposite ends of the captured ship. The boarders had swept the deck clear of the foe in a few breathless minutes, and reached the fore-castle. Here the Americans threw down their weapons. Broke placed a sentry over them and turned to give orders to fire into the *Chesapeake's* main-top, when three of the Americans who had surrendered, snatched weapons from the deck and rushed at him. The sentry's shout warned him of his danger. He wheeled about, parried the midmost man's pike thrust and wounded him in the face, but one of his comrades stunned Broke with the butt-end of a musket and the other laid his head open with a cutlass. His assailants were at once cut down by the furious *Shannons*, but the wounded captain was never the same man again.

As the first lieutenant Watt followed Broke over the side with the quarter-deck boarders, he was shot in the foot and fell on his knee.

Quickly rising he gave orders to fire one of the *Shannon's* six-pounders into the mizzen-top, whence he had received his wound. According to Dr. Akins, a sailor had run on board with a small British flag on a boat-hook. With his own hand, Watt lowered the Stars and Stripes from the mizzen-peak and bent on the British flag. In the tangle of colours and halliards, he bent on the British flag *below*, instead of *above*, the American, and when he began to haul the two up, the American was uppermost. To the men of the *Shannon* peering through the thick smoke, this could have only one meaning, and they fired at the dim figures on the quarter-deck with deadly aim. A grape-shot carried away the top of Watt's head and killed four or five of the men with him. Then the flags were hoisted properly. The Americans below surrendered and the fight was done.

Two broadsides and a swift rush of boarders and the battle was over. Before the following yachts could realize what had happened, the American crew were in the very hand-cuffs they had laid out on the deck for the British, and the two frigates were making sail for Halifax. This was the most murderous fight in the long annals of single-ship actions. The victorious *Shannon* lost eight-three killed and wounded and the *Chesapeake* one hundred and forty-six. Almost one man out of every three engaged was struck down.

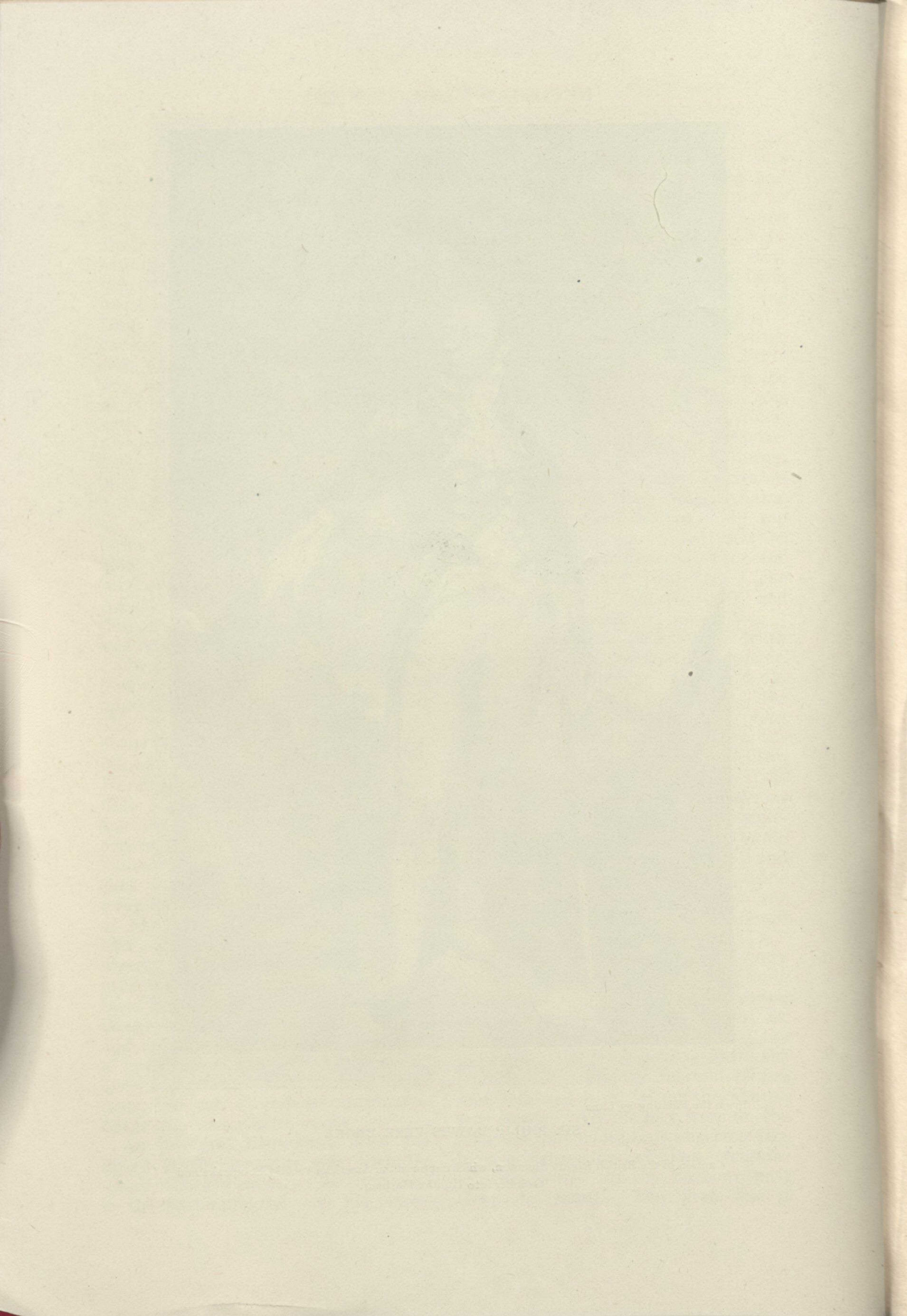
Sunday, June 6th, 1813, was a very beautiful day in Halifax, a day long remembered. During the morning service, some one came into St. Paul's, whispered to a friend in the garrison pew and hastily left the church. An observer thought of fire and followed him. Soon the church was empty. All the city were on the wharves and house-tops cheering like mad a procession of two frigates coming slowly up the harbour past George's Island. The first was a



From the Painting by Lane

SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE

Captain of the British frigate Shannon, which captured the American vessel Chesapeake and took her into Halifax Harbour.





"little dirty black ship," said Aunt Susan Etter who saw them with her own eyes as a girl of thirteen, "and the other was a big fine ship." The first was the *Shannon*, her paint sadly weathered by three months cruising and the second was her prize the *Chesapeake* still fresh and glittering, from the Boston shipyard. As they passed, the spectators observed that the decks were being swabbed and that the scuppers were running red. The bands played and the ships in harbour manned their yards in honour of the victory. The two vessels anchored near the Dock Yard and at once began to send the wounded ashore.

No visitors were allowed on board the *Shannon*, for the captain's head wounds made quiet imperative; but two eye-witnesses have left on record what they saw 'tween decks of the *Chesapeake*. Both were boys. One writes:

"She was like a perfect charnel house. Her main deck from forward of the mast to the extreme stern of the vessel was covered with hammocks, in which lay the wounded, the dying, and the dead, each hammock having a cord or rope suspended to it from the roof of the deck, so that the poor fellows might lay hold of it and ease themselves up. . . . Very many . . . lay writhing in their wounds."

The other boy was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the creator of "Sam Slick." He gives more details:

"The deck was not cleaned (for reasons of necessity which were obvious enough) and the coils and folds of rope were steeped in gore, as if in a slaughter-house. She was a fine built ship and her splinters had wounded nearly as many as the "*Shannon's*" shot. Pieces of skin and pendant hair were adhering to the sides of the ship; and in one place I noticed fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer wall of the frigate; while several of the sailors to whom liquor had evidently been handed through the port-holes by visitors in boats, were lying asleep on the bloody floor, as if they had fallen in action and had expired where they lay."

Great honour was done to the victors. The Halifax merchants pre-

sented Broke with an address and a piece of plate. The home government promoted him, gave him a pension and made him a baronet. He never entirely recovered from his wounds. Aunt Susan Etter remembered the white handkerchief he wore about his head in the streets of Halifax. He quitted the service and spent the afternoon of life as a country gentleman, devoted to his family, tending his estate, reading Horace and going to church. Incidentally, he underwent a formal court-martial for altering the equipment of his ship. The second lieutenant, the Halifax boy who brought the vessels safely to port, was never out of his clothes and hardly slept during those six critical days was made commander and rose to be Sir Provo Wallis and Admiral of the Fleet. He died in only 1891, more than a hundred years old. Honour was also done to the dead. Lawrence, who brought his ship into action so "handsomely," as Broke wrote, died of his wounds on the way to Halifax. Haliburton saw his huge frame lying on the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake* with the Stars and Stripes for a shroud. His last words "Don't give up the ship!" will never be forgotten by his countrymen. On Tuesday, June 8th, his body was buried in old St. Paul's cemetery.

The lasting glory of the *Shannon* does not lie in the careful organization of victory, nor in the success of her deadly onslaught, nor even in wiping the stain from the tarnished flag. It is found in the spirit of her commander, who obeyed "the imperious call of honour." Broke was a rich man, happily married; he might have spent his life in ease and comfort, but, "Surely," he wrote, "*no man deserves to enjoy an estate in England, who will not sacrifice some of his prospects, either by actual service, if possible, or at least by example of zeal and voluntary privation in her cause.*"

# ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY ("JANEY CANUCK")

FIRST OF A SERIES OF SKETCHES, DESCRIPTIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM  
ATHABASCA LANDING TO GROUARD ON LESSER SLAVE LAKE

"I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."—Hamlet.

ALL the world is a deluge of rain when we leave Athabasca Landing, and we wait at the hotel till the last minute, hoping the storm may abate in order that we may reach our steamer without losing too much starch. But the horn is making the most asthmatic lamentations, meaning thereby that everybody should be aboard; so we say good-bye to all at the hotel, promise to be good, to take care of ourselves, and to come back soon. I say "we" because editors like writers to be impersonal, but actually there is only myself, the other passengers having gone down to the river over an hour ago.

It is a troublous jaunt which I make, for a streak of wind turns my umbrella into a cornucopia; the fat drops of rain splash into my eyes; I take the wrong turn, get mired, and lose my rubber shoes. When the river is reached, I find the descent to the steamer is buttered with mud and so steep that sliding is the only method of locomotion possible.

A vastly tall man stands on the gangway at the foot of the hill, holds out a pair of arms that must measure ten feet from tip to tip, and says, "Come on, lady." The lady comes, but with such impact that we nearly go through to the opposite side of the steamer. Our final resting-place is

on a banana crate, which, in all conscience, is yielding enough, the fruit proving to be over-ripe. The passengers are distinctly amused, but the freight master is in no gallant temper over it and disapproves of the whole affair. I could tell you what he said to the vastly tall man, but you would have to come very close to hear me.

After supper, which consists of beef with stuffing, macaroni with cheese, pork with beans, white fish, stewed tomatoes, escalloped corn, boiled potatoes, walnut pickles, catsup, soda biscuits, pumpkin-pie, apple pie, currant buns, cocoanut cake, cheese, coffee, stewed figs, tooth-picks, and other things which I cannot remember, I crawl to the deck to find out where Grouard is and how we are to get there. Although thither bound, my knowledge of its location is shamefully vague. Here is what I learn. We sail north and west down the Athabasca River till we come to Mirror Landing at the confluence of the Athabasca and Lesser Slave River, at which point we leave the steamer and make a portage of fourteen miles to Soto Landing. This portage is to avoid the Government dams which have been built to make the Lesser Slave River navigable. At Soto Landing, we embark on the *Midnight Sun*, another steamer of the Northern Navigation Company, and travel on till we enter Lesser Slave Lake, down which we journey to its extreme west-

ern end, where Grouard sits on a hill overlooking a bit of the lake called Buffalo Bay. Without mishaps, we ought to reach Grouard in four or five days, but no one will cut off our heads if we loiter a bit on the way.

There are about thirty male passengers on board and seven women. This half hour I have been talking to a plausible prolix villain whom I almost love. He is going to make three million dollars from his oil-wells on the Mackenzie River. He says so himself. He has been down north for several years and walks like one who has been used to the spring of a snow-shoe beneath his foot. His clothes have the odour of the forest—that is to say, of leaf mould, poplar smoke, and spruce resin. He went to England two years ago to persuade Grandfather Bull to invest in oil and asphaltum, but was not as successful as he could desire.

"I figure," he says, "it will take another century to convince grandfather, and by that time the fourth generation of American 'Coal-oil Johnnies' will have squandered the dividends on actresses and aeroplanes. Pough! these Americans have no idea the world belongs to the Lord."

It was well I agreed with him so civilly, for he said:

"If you wish to invest in some oil stocks, madam—and no doubt you will after what I have told you—I will see to it that you get in on the ground floor and no questions asked."

Now, I did not like to inquire of him what is meant by "the ground floor," lest he should think me the veriest ignoramus, but I am persuaded it means something most excellent, for I have frequently heard promoters mention it to people like me who have not much money to buy with.

This man originally hailed from New Zealand, but he tells me that country is no good; it is too far from Fort McMurray. At Fort McMurray life is one round of pleasurable anticipation and all the day seems morning. Who can tell at what moment "a gusher" may shoot into the clouds

and blot out the sun itself? Then it's gorged with gold we should all be—those of us on the ground floor—and arch-millionaires, with hundreds of universities and public libraries to give away. What would be the use of having oil and hiding it under bushels of rocks, we'd like to know?

At this point the purser explains that the steep ascent to our right is called Bald Hill. It can be seen from a long distance and is one of the features of the landscape from which in the winter the freighters measure distances—a kind of gigantic central milestone. Surely this is a country of vast horizons, both mentally and visually.

About every twelve miles we pass a stopping-place where the winter freighters and their teams are fed. These houses and stables are built of logs and are sheltered by the forest. I prefer to say they have a roof-tree, the words seeming to suggest a good deal more. In spite of their "splendid isolation," these stopping-places do an excellent business, and, while warm and well-provisioned, are still somewhat in the rough. The purser says this roughness is not worth regarding, for while, here in the country, a fellow roughs it, in the city, he "gets it rough."

"And that reminds me, ladies, of an errand to you," he continues; "you are probably aware there are only sixteen bunks on this boat and eight mattresses. You, of course, will use your own blankets and pillows, but I perceive you have not secured mattresses. It would be wonderfully easy if you were to carry off one, or even two, from the priests' state-rooms, for at this very minute the priests say prayers on the lower deck."

"And believe me," he concludes in a highly chivalrous manner, "you two ladies have an unquestionable right to the mattresses, so that I shall consider your act to be one of perfect propriety."

Thus encouraged by the purser, I

proceeded with my room-mate to seize our "unquestioned rights," but, approaching the priests' door, my heart failed me and our undertaking seemed a plain and undeniable demonstration of wickedness, like the robbing of a child's bank. They are such quiet, well-deserving men, these eight black-smocked brothers who are going North to the jubilee of the great Bishop Grouard, whose like never existed. Also, they are very polite, and the one who is an astronomer and comes from Italy, picked out the tenderest cut of beef for me at supper.

"Pray, don't be silly," snorted my room-mate, "the rules of their order say distinctly they shall deny themselves and not sleep softly. Besides, when men take terrible vows that they will never get married, it is a woman's stoutest duty to steal their mattress whenever the opportunity serves."

She also told me with rapid brevity some names which Clement of Alexandria, a Father of the Church, applied to women in the early days of the Christian era. She had read about them in a history.

In the falling of the night, at the mauve hour, our ship having been made fast, we go ashore and talk with the Indians who are camped here in a wigwam. One of the passengers who has lived among the Crees for many years, tells me I express myself with redundancy in that the literal meaning of "wigwam" is camping-ground. She says the Indians have many grotesque folk tales which are told by the men. Each story has a moral which they desire their wives to consider from an educative standpoint. Once there was a man whose *utim* (that is to say, his dog) used to turn into an *iskwao*, or woman, when it became dark. She had yellow hair and her arms were white and soft like the breast feathers of a young bird. This happened long ago before the Indians were baptized and when people were not so pious as they are now.

Any man can do the same thing to this day, if he happens to know the magic formula.

There is also a tale about a woman of the woods whom we, in our scientific conceit, call the echo. Once when her man was away for many moons on the great *sepe*, or river, the woman took another husband, so that when her man came back she flouted him and slapped his face. That night the moon changed her into a voice, and now she calls for her husband to come and love her, but he only mocks at her.

This habit of the husbands in telling tales with palpable deductions attached would seem to be common to races other than the Indians, for the Romans, likewise, had a story about the echo. It appears that Jupiter confided to Madam Echo the history of his amours, and when she told his secrets among her friends, she was deprived of speech and could only repeat the questions which were asked of her.

The Cree story is the better one. It has a fine human motive which the other lacks, and also it drops a much-needed tribute on the worn altar of domesticity.

When a fire is lighted with birch bark and tamarack knots, we sit beside it and are more merry than you could believe.

The sweetheart of Jacques dances for us to the well-cadenced rhythm of a Tea Song. I cannot spell her Indian name, but it means "Fat of the Flowers," by which term they express our word "nectar." The Cree is a droll language.

"Ha! He! ne metatow,  
Ha! Ha! ne saghehow,"

she chants and re-chants as fitful flames make sharp high-lights on her dark skin, causing her to appear as the flying figure of a bronze Daphne, and, in truth, the boughs of the trees lend likewise to my fancy, for as she dances into them, they seem to absorb her, even as the laurel absorbed

the pale Grecian nymph of old time.

“Ha! He! I love him,  
He! Ha! I miss him.”

This is a supremely cunning song in that it utters in six words (if we exclude the interjections) the summary of all the love songs which have ever been written—“I love him: I miss him.” I am glad it was framed in the unsophisticated North.

And “Fat of the Flowers” sings another song, which is addressed to her lover. She is lonely for him, our interpreter explains, but drinks her tears in silence. Sometimes his presence comes to her in the hour of twilight and she kneels to it as the popular kneels to the wind. When he returns to the camp fire she will give to him a blanket made out of the claw skins of the lynx, and a white and scarlet belt from the young quills of the porcupine.

I can see that her honeyed words are agreeable to Jacques and give him fulness of pleasure, for there is a tell-tale joy in his face.

Jacques, who is a riverman, was educated at a mission school on the Mackenzie, and he tells me that “Fat of the flowers” is nearly as “magniloquent” and clever as a man. He is almost sure there is a little white bird that sings so sweetly in her heart.

After a time, our dusky friends steal away one by one to their rest,

or two by two. The ship lolls lazily on the bank, and there is no sound save the whimper of the fire and the deep breathing of some over-tired sleeper, but once a sleeper laughed aloud.

I step carefully between the recumbent forms on the deck lest I hurt them or disturb their quietude. I am sorry now that I stole the mattresses. Surely I am a bitter sinner and unlovely of heart.

In the morning, when I told the Brothers how I had privily taken the mattresses because I disapproved of their vows concerning marriage, and because of the unseemly remarks Clement of Alexandria had applied to women in the early days of the Christian era, they laughed again and again with much hilarity. Indeed, one of the Brothers said he applauded my moderation and marvelled that I was good enough to leave their blankets and pillows. Another gave it as his opinion that Clement’s “pleasantry” was a shabby-minded one, and the result of an ill-governed disposition, but this Brother, like the others, evaded the question I had raised as to celibacy.

What Clement of Alexandria said was that women, like Egyptian temples, were beautiful without, but when you entered and withdrew the veil, there was nothing behind it but a cat or a crocodile.

For the December number the title of Mrs. Murphy’s sketch is, “Some Northern Pioneers”—Mr. O’Kelly, and the newspaper editor, and the squaw wife, who will write a book some day.



# THE DIVORCE COURT IN CANADA

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

“DIVORCE in Canada; why, there is no such thing as divorce in Canada.” So exclaim an Ontario-born friend to me recently, at mention of the phrase. He spoke with all the fervour and enthusiasm of a man who is in the wrong. Perhaps he had forgotten, as more than he are apt to do, that Ontario is not all Canada. Perhaps, too, he had read the article in a very well-known United States magazine, in which a great Catholic prelate extolled Canada as the one great shining example of a nation which does not countenance divorce. The error of believing that divorce is not obtainable in Canada and that marriage can only be annulled by special Act of Parliament is shared by a large number of people.

One dislikes to rob our own Dominion of the praise of any man, but the truth is that every Province in Canada, with the exception of Ontario and Quebec, either has or could have divorce laws. In the Maritime Provinces and in British Columbia the divorce court has been in operation since before Confederation, though in the case of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, the enabling legislation putting in operation the Matrimonial Causes Act of England has not been passed by the Legislatures, the divorce law in these Provinces thus being reduced to a dead letter.

Perhaps the better taste shown by the Canadian press in not dragging into the limelight of publicity the sordid details of wrecked marriages,

such as seem the delight of some British editors, is the reason why our Dominion has acquired the reputation of being without divorce laws and a divorce court. Even in British Columbia, which has had facilities for divorce since its early days as a Crown colony, one meets residents who are unaware of the fact. Yet in Vancouver last year there were probably fifty divorces granted, and the growing popularity of the divorce court has been made the subject of a public warning by one of the judges.

“A few years ago, we had a divorce suit only once every six months or so, and everybody knew about it; now we have one every week, and nobody takes any notice,” remarked an old court official regretfully.

Obviously, the extent to which the spectacle of divorce raises feelings of regret or satisfaction in the spectator, depends upon his own philosophy of life, and of married life in particular. One hearty-voiced philosopher with whom I discussed the subject later on, took quite a different view.

“For my part,” he said, “the thing I like to see best is lots of marriages. It’s a healthy sign. The next thing I like to see is lots of divorces. It’s a healthy sign, too. If every mismatched marriage could be undone, and both parties given another chance until they all got well mated, this would be a happy country.”

It sounded to me at the time like common sense. Having been present at the proceedings in nearly every one of the fifty or so divorces granted

in Vancouver that year, I knew that the interests of morality and justice had been promoted by the granting of each decree. When the marriage oath has been trampled on to the extent of bringing one or other of the parties under the scope of the English Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 (the divorce law now in operation in England and the colonies) nothing more essentially immoral than to force the innocent party to continue in wedlock with the guilty can well be imagined. Recently the Law Association of Ontario, at its annual meeting in Toronto, placed itself on record as being in favour of establishing a divorce and matrimonial division in the High Court of Ontario. Should this recommendation be acted upon, Quebec will remain alone among the Provinces in Canada, in being without facilities for divorce legislation. Divorce being repugnant to the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, which views marriage as a divine sacrament, it is extremely unlikely that Quebec will ever contemplate the passage of divorce laws. The attitude of the predominating religious faith in Quebec towards divorce precludes it from being discussed on merely secular and utilitarian grounds. To many people, however, there does not seem to be any essential difference between dissolving a marriage by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, by a decree of annulment by the Pope, or by a decree of divorce of a judge of the Supreme Court. The fact of the marriage being ended by one authority or another seems to be the kernel and essence of the whole matter.

As between the desirability of divorce by special Act of Parliament or by petition to a judge, the opinion of those who have had opportunity of studying both methods is entirely in favour of the latter method. In point of easiness of access to a tribunal, and of the safeguarding of public interests by an inquiry conducted in public, the advantage is

clearly in favour of a trial by a judge. The Parliament of Canada sits but a few months in each year; the courts are open practically the whole time. If a divorce is sought by Act of Parliament—as at present it must be in Ontario, Quebec, and the Prairie Provinces—the parties must bear the cost of conveying their witnesses to Ottawa, there to appear before the special committee of the Senate. Ottawa is a costly place for principals and witnesses to live in, and the delays in getting before the committee are often very expensive. After the evidence is taken it must be transcribed and printed to form part of the record and application. The average cost of procuring an Act of Annulment is probably not less than a thousand dollars. This makes divorce by Act of Parliament a form of class legislation, in favour of the man or woman who has the thousand dollars, and puts it out of the reach of many injured parties who have not got the thousand dollars. Money is held at law to be a solution for many wrongs, including matrimonial wrongs, as the practice which allows monetary damages to be claimed against co-respondent proves. If class legislation is to be allowed in divorce matters, surely it should be in favour of poor folk, who have not the solution of worldly riches. It is an added calamity to an injured party to know that his poverty precludes him from obtaining such relief as law and custom have provided.

Against the high cost of obtaining a divorce at Ottawa is the fact that a decree before a judge can be obtained at comparatively small cost. It is one of the wise provisions of the British divorce law that a wife can claim "suit-money" from her husband, irrespective of whether she is a petitioner or a respondent. On the one hand the law holds that she is entitled to a sufficient amount of money to prove her wrongs, and on the other hand to a sufficient amount to prove her innocence. The cost of

a divorce suit can therefore be judged by the amount of suit-money granted in an ordinary case. This amount in British Columbia, a Province in which legal fees, like most everything else, are probably higher than in the other Provinces, is fixed at \$150. Liberty is given to apply for more after this amount is disbursed, if it should prove insufficient, but in most cases this amount is found to be quite adequate.

In regard to the feelings of the parties engaged in seeking divorce there is much less to harass and distress them in proceedings before a court than before a Senate committee. Except where damages are claimed against a co-respondent—in which case a jury trial is compulsory—the trial is heard before a judge. Although ostensibly open to the public, the case is usually heard with only the parties, the court stenographer, and the lawyers present, the witnesses being brought in one at a time. With a mind trained to demand only relevant facts, the judge wants only to have proof of marriage, of domicile, and of unfaithfulness, and where the respondent is the husband, proof of cruelty or of two years' desertion. Much of the distressing material which forms a part of the history of these unhappy stories, but is not relevant to the issue, is not asked for, and if volunteered is quickly checked. Such a heart-rending cross-examination as that which "The Butterfly" gets on the wheel of justice in the presence of a jury as shown in the well-known play, "The Butterfly on the Wheel," is quite unknown. When one remembers the numerous requests that come to newspaper correspondents at Ottawa to smuggle out a copy of the proceedings for private reading, and reflects upon the possibility that some of these requests are granted, both by correspondents and members of the House, the "public trial" before the judge rather savours of Star Chamber proceedings by contrast. One suspects that many a

kind friend of the parties who solicits a copy of the evidence would not care to be present in court unless invited.

More serious still than either is the suggestion that the vote on a private bill to annul a marriage may in some cases finish up by being a straight party vote. Members have been known to be solicited to support a petitioner's request on the ground that he was a life-long Liberal or a consistent Conservative. Certainly if reports from authoritative sources are true, in the case of a petition involving the name of a well-known and highly-honoured public man, which came before the House last year, the matter was made an occasion for a straight party vote of the gentleman's political friends and opponents. One of His Majesty's judges of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, who had, previously to his elevation to the Bench, been a member of the House of Commons, in both places having unusual opportunities for studying the question of divorce, has expressed himself in a private conversation as being impressed with the advantages in every way, of divorce being granted by a judge in open court.

With the possibility that Ontario may establish a divorce court, based on the English practice, comes an added interest by reason of the probability that the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 will be amended along the lines indicated by the Majority Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce. These amendments provide (1) for the decentralization of the sittings for the hearing of divorce and matrimonial causes, to enable persons of limited means to have their cases tried in the High Court locality; (2) the abolition of the powers of magistrates' courts to make orders for the permanent separation of married persons; (3) the placing of men and women on equal footing with regard to grounds for divorce; (4) the addition of five grounds for divorce which are generally recognized as, in



fact, putting an end to married life; (5) the addition of grounds for obtaining nullity of marriage in certain cases of unfitness for marriage; (6) the prohibition of published reports in the press until after a case is finished, the prohibition of drawings and photographs of parties and witnesses in the press, and the right of the presiding judge to order that portions of the evidence inimical to public morals be not printed; (7) a more explicit definition of cruelty.

The question, "What is cruelty?" has been a difficult one to determine in the past. The old Ecclesiastical Court, which granted divorce *a mensa et thoro*, prior to the passage of the Act of 1857, held that it was necessary for a wife to prove that bodily injury had been inflicted upon her, so as to make her fear for the safety of life and limb. Want of civility, abuse, or insult was not held to be cruelty, save in the case of spitting in the face. The practice of the Ecclesiastical Court in suits for divorce *a mensa et thoro*, have been followed since by the courts in granting judicial separations. Divorce *a mensa et thoro* was not, strictly speaking, a divorce, in as much as it gave no right to remarry, but was only, as its name implied, a divorce from bed and board. At that time *a vinculo matrimonii*, or dissolution of marriage, could only be obtained in England by an Act of Parliament. To this day dissolution of marriage of persons domiciled in Ireland can only be obtained in that way, just as in the case of persons domiciled in Ontario and Quebec.

Under modern practice a broader interpretation has been given to the word "cruelty," following certain leading cases, as in the case of *Walmsley v. Walmsley*, in 1893, where it was held that studied neglect and coldness and insult which produced melancholia was legal cruelty, though no physical violence was used. Disgrace and shock following a criminal conviction which caused the breakdown

of the wife's health was held to be legal cruelty in two leading cases. Many of the distinctions turned on very fine points. Thus in the *Plowden* case it was held that three days' cruelty in three years was not enough to support the wife's plea of cruelty. Cruelty by a husband who was suffering from insanity was not held to be legal cruelty in the *Hall* case. In the *Curtis* case acts of violence done while the husband was suffering from brain fever was held to be not enough to support the plea, though in a later case acts of cruelty performed while the husband was suffering from delirium tremens was held to be enough. Acts of cruelty to children of the petitioner are not enough, unless it is shown that the acts had been committed by the husband in the presence of the wife for the purpose of giving her pain.

The proposed new definition of "cruelty" offered by the Commissioners is very wide. It reads: "Cruelty is such conduct by one married person to the other party as makes it unsafe, having regard to the risk of life, limb, or health, bodily or mental, for the latter to continue to live with the former."

Cruelty is to include not only physical acts of violence, but also grave insults, offensive conduct, inebriety and drug-mania. The wide scope of the definition of "cruelty" is of exceptional importance because cruelty is grounds for granting divorce. The other grounds are wilful desertion for three years or upwards; incurable insanity after five years of confinement; habitual drunkenness, found incurable after three years from first order; and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence. These are all "very grave causes," as the Commissioners point out.

Unfortunately, Lord Gorell, of Brampton, the Chairman of the Commission, has not lived to see his report acted upon, his death at Mentone at the end of April having prevented this. As judge and later as

President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty division of the English High Court, he had probably heard more divorce suits and granted more divorces than any other English judge, and his experience and judgment upon the great question of divorce are reflected in the Majority Report of the Commission, which, if acted upon, will also in turn affect the practice of divorce in the Canadian courts.

Of course, there is the Minority Report to be reckoned with, and while it is the report of a very small minority of the Commission, it represents a very influential section of British public life. It is headed by the Arch-

bishop of York, and his Grace's objections to extending the grounds of divorce may be taken to have the support of the English Established Church behind it. The forthcoming legislation amending the practice of divorce in England will be looked forward to with interest by Canadians who appreciate the importance of the amendments. A cynic who was asked his opinion as to the greatest cause of divorces, replied, "Marriage, of course." So long as we have marriage as an institution, so long does there seem to be a need ahead for providing divorce facilities for those unhappy "unions" which have failed to unite.



# CHATEAUGUAY AND DE SALABERRY

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS CAMPAIGN TAKEN FROM DE SALABERRY'S  
OWN LETTERS

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

IT was the battle of Chateauguay which turned back the final attempt of the Americans to penetrate into Eastern Canada during the War of 1812. That battle was fought and won by Canadians—a fact of cardinal importance in the history of the Dominion. It was not only an evidence of the loyalty of the new subjects in the Lower Provinces; it gave them a spiritual stake in the country. It had been their land by occupancy before the British came. Now they had defended it with their blood—and in defending it had defended the new regime—and now it was their country in a new and closer sense.

This phase of Chateauguay had not come about haphazard. It had been foreseen and fostered by the British Government. "It is His Royal Highness's commands to me," wrote Sir George Prevost, Governor-General, to (then) Captain De Salaberry in reference to a regiment to be raised by the young French-Canadian officer, "to take every opportunity of doing full justice to the motives which induce His Majesty's faithful Canadian subjects to come forward upon this occasion and by treating them with liberality to secure the offer of their services on all emergencies." "His Royal Highness" was the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.; but the

far-sighted and just policy was probably inspired by Lord Liverpool, the Premier of the day. The young officer to whom the letter was written was later the victor of Chateauguay.

By an appropriate coincidence in the centenary year of Chateauguay the papers of the Canadian De Salaberry family have come into the possession of the Dominion Archives. These papers, which include over eleven thousand letters, contain a wealth of material for the early history of Canada under the British regime; and among other things they contain De Salaberry's own accounts of the small skirmish that had such great results and of the campaigns that led up to it. In this article it is proposed, with the necessary explanations, to allow the victor of that day to tell his own story.

Charles Michel d'Irumberry de Salaberry, to give the hero of Chateauguay his full name, came of a family which was distinguished in the annals of France as far back as Henry of Navarre. He was of the third generation in Canada, his grandfather having served before Quebec and Louisbourg in the conflict with Britain for New France. Charles was born at Beauport on November 19th, 1778; and at the early age of fourteen volunteered into the militia. In

1794, under the auspices of the Duke of Kent, who took a strong interest in the whole De Salaberry family, he became an ensign in the regular army and went to serve in the West Indies. From that time until 1810 he spent most of his time with the colours in various parts of Europe and the New World. He was a captain by 1799, when he was just of age. He was in the disastrous Walcheren expedition of 1809. A year later he came to Canada as aide-de-camp to General de Rottenburg, and was still in his native Province when President Madison declared war in June, 1812. It was in the autumn of that year that Sir George Prevost wrote his pregnant letter to De Salaberry, and De Salaberry raised his famous battalion of Voltiguers.

As soon as the corps had been organized, Major De Salaberry—who had been given his majority for his services in that connection—was sent to the frontier to watch the movements of the Americans, while Sir George Prevost made Chambly his headquarters. The young major—De Salaberry was then thirty-three—had seen some stern campaigning in the Old World; but he found the duty of watchdog in the forest wilderness a life full of harassment.

“I have undergone great fatigue, both of mind and body, for three months past,” he wrote to his father, the Honourable Louis De Salaberry, on November 30th of that year, “but particularly from the 17th to the 27th. The troops that I have with me have been lying in the woods in the open for ten days, fully accoutered and in momentary expectation of the enemy. The Voltiguers in particular have behaved well.”

The campaign of 1812, not commencing till autumn, was of necessity brief. There was no regular battle. The chief duty of the “advance” was to “stalk” the enemy. But once De Salaberry came face to face with the foe and saw them melt away without risking an engagement. The reason given by the American general was that the roads were flooded; but it is

probable that the Canadian position was too strong to be attacked without serious loss, and the American commanders in these campaigns were very careful of their men. For his services in this instance De Salaberry was mentioned in general orders and at the end of the season he found himself a lieutenant-colonel. Moreover, the next summer he was again given the post of danger and of honour on the “advance.”

This was the year in which the Americans made their chief efforts to penetrate into the heart of Canada. It was the only year in which the safety of Montreal was threatened. On the frontier of the Eastern Townships De Salaberry was kept constantly on strain. The Americans were restless and had to be watched continuously. When they took an opportunity for rest and recuperation, the little British and Canadian force opposing them was pushed daringly over into American territory. The first account of activity which we get from De Salaberry's pen is of the aftermath of one of these raids:

“We returned yesterday morning,” he wrote to his father under date of August 6th, “from a most harassing expedition, to cover the retreat of the flotilla from Lake Champlain. We only went to the lines and there met the flotilla. Our men were much disappointed at not having gone into the States. We made an uncommon rapid march without leaving a man behind on the march either going or coming. . . . I never have felt such heat in my life, it is wonderful how our men stood it out. The militia cannot march with us (the Voltiguers). In one day march towards the frontier we gained eight hours on them and then only about half came up to us.”

The next letter we have from him shows us the development of the campaign towards Chateaugay. It also tells of the second time De Salaberry came face to face with the Americans, only to have them fade away without fighting. The letter was written to his father from Lacolle on the 24th of September.

"For the second time," he writes, "an American army in my front has decamped. On the 18th, or 19th, I received intelligence that the enemy had surprised the piquet at Odelltown, composed of frontier corps, killed three, and taken six, and had established himself at that place. I immediately marched from Lacadie and when I arrived here I found 5,000 in my front, which were the next day increased to 8,000 or 9,000. I set to increase the abbatiss and to raise several wood entrenchments and to destroy the road and wait very quietly the attack. The enemy had twenty times my numbers, but my several positions were so good that had they forced me, their loss would have been great. Finally, on the 22nd, General Hampton decamped with all his troops, alleging that he could not cross the woods for want of water and that he would lose all his cattle and horses. (Last year the great quantity of water prevented the Americans from coming in). It is true that there is a great want of water, and we suffer very much. But I believe he was afraid his army might lose too much in men.

"By correct information I find that the enemies are gone to penetrate into the country by Norton break and Chateauguay. Had my advice been followed, those roads would have been as much cut up as this. The advice was known to be good, but the officers of the Canadian Quarter-master General's Department have been too idle to see the work completely carried into execution, and I conceive the enemy will get in. I hope whoever may be appointed to command in those parts will be as successful as myself, but, *entre nous* soit dit, I fear not."

How little the young De Salaberry dreamed of the honour which awaited him! There is a touch of self-confidence in these sentences—which, we must remember, were written for the eye of his father alone—but without that confidence would the result of Chateauguay have been the same?

Eleven days later his prediction as to the route of the American general was justified and he had already been concerned in a brush with the enemy's outposts. He tells of the affair in this letter:

"Chateauguay, Oct. 5th, 1813.

"My Dear Father:

"I have only a moment to inform you of my return from near Four Corners, having got within two miles of the American army, and had an engagement with their

advance. Five Americans were killed on the spot and we have an Indian and one Voltiguer wounded.

"Had it not been for an Indian who fired his piece on seeing the enemy's first piquet, we should have surprised and carried off two guards and perhaps got into the middle of the enemy's army. The Indians behaved very well at first, but when they found the enemy reinforced they all ran off. I brought them back twice, but at last they left me entirely and carried off with them the fifty Voltiguers I had with me. Only Chevalier (his brother) and three Voltiguers remained with me. Luckily I had my gun with me, and so had Chevalier, and we continued the action for another half hour and made our retreat good.

"They ought to have taken me. The American arms are loaded with twelve buckshots, some with one ball and three buckshots. So you may conceive how we were peppered, *l'etais comme de la grele*.

"Everything was too much hurried by the damned savages. We were till ten o'clock at night looking out for a position and for water in the midst of a vast forest, surrounded by the enemy, a pleasant situation! Next morning I proposed to the Indians to return to the attack. But they refused and every one of them left me. I was, of course, obliged to return. I had 200 Indians and have not one with me now.

"I am ordered up to the frontier again to-day to make some arrangements. I have been constantly on the move since 7th September. I believe they mean to kill me and my corps. This is what one gets by being active and perhaps intelligent. I wish I could with honour get away from the army. I am tired of it, and am unable to go through the immense fatigues, both of mind and body, to which I am constantly exposed. Why does not the Governor send his Quarter-master-General, adjutants-general of the army, and militia to make reconnaissances? Still, he is not pleased because I did not make the reconnaissance complete and that I did not rout the whole American army with about 250 men and 200 runaway Indians."

In the same strain of weariness of the harassing campaign, but softened by an infusion of marital affection, he wrote next day to his wife, Marie-Anne, daughter of the Seigneur of Rouville. The original of this letter is in French, while his official correspondence and his correspondence with his father are in English.

"What a misfortune it is, my dear love," he wrote, "to be separated so long from what one holds most dear. What misery! I am always in fear that you are ill. . . . Write me, dear Marie Anne, a good long letter and reassure me in regard to your health and that of the little one."

"Wars which are long drawnout are grievous and wearying. Ever since the happiness of my marriage to you I have very keenly experienced this truth. A married man is not suited for such a profession. However, we must be patient and make the best of what cannot be avoided. If the Governor and the generals believe that they can always harass me as they have since the declaration of war, they are infinitely mistaken, for certainly I shall find a way to get rid of them and recover my happiness close to you."

That "way" was to come sooner and more gloriously for himself than he thought. The next three letters tell of the fateful day on the banks of the Chateauguay. The first is the official report to General De Wetteville:

"On the Chateauguay River,  
"26th Oct., 1813, 8 p.m.

"Sir:

"In the action of this day, which began by the enemy attacking our advanced piquets in great strength on both sides of the river, the enemy has been obliged to abandon his plan. Our piquets supported in time by the Canadian Light Company, two companies of Voltiguers, and the Light Company of the 3rd Embodied Militia, behaved in the bravest manner. After the action we remained in quiet possession of the abbatis and posts we had occupied previously.

"The enemy's force appeared to me to have been at least 1,500 men, with 250 dragoons, and one piece of cannon. Three of our men, who saw the American army passing, at best part, make it amount to more. There were about thirty axemen with them.

"I cannot conclude without expressing the obligation I owe to Captain Ferguson for his cool and determined conduct and his extreme readiness in executing my orders. Captain Daily, of the 3rd Battalion, in gallantry cannot be surpassed; he contested with fifty men against a force ten times in number. Captain Daily is wounded in two places. Captain Bruyere behaved with gallantry and was wounded. Captain Jean Baptiste and Juchereau Duchesnay have evinced great gallantry and so indeed has every officer employed, particularly Adjutant-Major Sullivan,

whose bravery has been conspicuous. Captain Lamotte and many of the Indian warriors behaved well. In the evening Captain Lamotte, with a few Indians, exposed himself very much, and so did Adjutant Hebden, of the Voltiguers. By correct information there appears no doubt the enemy have retired to the Outade [a river].

"This report is made by wood-fire light."

On the day immediately following the victorious commander wrote to his wife, but the letter has unfortunately been lost. We have, however, a short missive sent to her three days after the battle. It also is in French:

"Rievriere Chateauguay,  
"29th October, 1813.

"My dear Anne:

"I write you just a word to let you know that the enemy commenced his retreat yesterday. I believe that we have saved Montreal for this year. I received this morning your letter of the 27th. You should have received mine of the same date. It is certain that we fought against the whole American army. Its losses were considerable, much more than we thought when I wrote.

"I hope that they are going to let us rest and that I shall have the happiness to see you shortly. I am very tired. Rouville [her brother] is well. A thousand regards to you. I kiss you a thousand times, also the little one."

The same day he wrote his father a further account of the engagement of the 26th:

"Dans le bois en haut de la Riviere,  
"Chateauguay, Oct. 29th, 1813.

"My Dear Father:

"The 26th has been a glorious day for me and those of my troops engaged. The American army, commanded by General Hampton and another general, has been repulsed by a little band, all Canadians—and yesterday that army commenced its retreat, or will endeavour to get into this country by another road. The enemy's force consisted of all his troops, about 7,000 men and five pieces of cannon, 300 cavalry. The action lasted four hours, and it ended in the enemy being obliged to return to his former position five miles back, leaving many of his dead and wounded behind him and a great number of his scattered men in the woods, also many drums, 150 firelocks, etc., etc., baggage.

"The number of men engaged did not

Châteauauguy  
29 oct. 1813

Ma chère amie,

Je t'écris un petit mot pour  
t'apprendre que l'ennemi a commencé  
sa retraite hier. Je crois que nous  
avons sauvé Montréal pour cette  
année. J'ai reçu ce matin ton billet  
du 27. Tu dois avoir reçu le mien de  
la même date. Il est certain que nous  
avons combattu contre toute l'armée  
américaine. La perte a été considérable,  
beau coup plus que nous le croyons  
quoiqu'il t'en aie écrit —

J'espère qu'il vont nous laisser en  
repos et que j'aurai le bonheur de te voir  
sous peu. Je suis bien fatigué. Romille  
est bien —. Mille respects chez toi. —  
Je t'embrasse mille fois avec un petit  
père —  
M. Salaberry

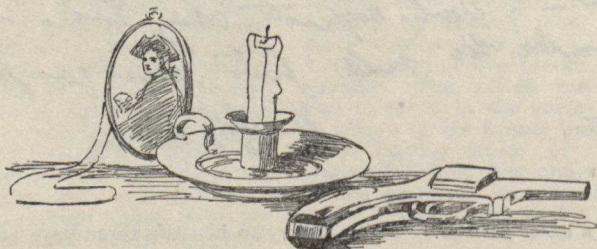
exceed three hundred—the rest were in reserve on the lines I had constructed. Our killed and wounded are only twenty-four, including officers. There were none but Canadians amongst us. I was in the first line during the whole of the action and afterwards with a small reserve beat off a large body of Americans and saved Captain Daily and his company. I chose my own ground, and after the action pushed on my piquets two miles in advance of where they were before. Without arrogating to myself too much credit, I am proud to think that this defence on our part has at least prevented the American army from penetrating to la Prairie. We are here situate about thirty-five miles from Montreal. This is certainly a most extraordinary affair. Chevalier, Tascheran, and all officers in this action conducted themselves with great bravery. The prisoners have been about twenty-five. We are all very much harassed and I am not well.”

De Salaberry's estimate of the result of the engagement at Chateauguay was more than justified. It not only “prevented the American army from penetrating to la Prairie.” It not only “saved Montreal for this year.” It so thoroughly discouraged General Hampton that he fell back on Plattsburg and took no further part in the operations of that year. He was so disheartened that he found an excuse for refusing to co-operate with General Wilkinson in an advance on Montreal from the west; so Wilkinson, after his defeat at Chryster's Farm, although he was able to continue his march as far as St. Regis, opposite Cornwall, had then to withdraw into winter quarters and the whole American plan of campaign in Eastern Canada fell to the ground.

Meanwhile Chateauguay will remain one of the surprises of mili-

tary history—a sphere, however, in which surprises are not rare. The part played by De Salaberry and his small force was as astounding as its results were important. With only three hundred men he held off an entire army of seven thousand during a four hours' engagement and handled them so severely that they had no heart to try again. His positions were well chosen; and his defences were well constructed. But greater than all else seems to have been the magnificent audacity of himself and his men. His few followers ranged over so great a territory and were so omnipresent that General Hampton no doubt thought he was face to face with the whole British army.

Still, there seems little doubt that if the American commander had so chosen, he could have overwhelmed De Salaberry's defence by sheer weight of numbers; although that success would by no means have opened the road to Montreal. As to why Hampton did not press on, even at heavy cost in men, there have been a good many guesses. Possibly it was faintness of heart; possibly it was that he disapproved of the American plan of campaign, which had been drawn up by others, and consequently was not sorry to see it fail; possibly it was because of his love of wine. His own excuse was the “rawness and sickliness” of his troops and the shortness of his provisions. Be that as it may, his sluggishness converted a brilliant outpost action into a decisive battle, and made De Salaberry and his Canadians the saviours of Lower Canada.







From the Painting by A. Dickinson

LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES DE SALABERRY  
 Commander of the Regiment of Voltigeurs at Chateauguay

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL

THE SECOND OF TWO SKETCHES OF TRAVEL ACROSS CANADA

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

DECORATIONS BY J. E. H. MACDONALD



In the melancholy of deserts and the sorrow of the waste places there is a quality which is all too often overlooked, an underlying tenderness, a wealth of patient resignation. Beneath the seeming gloom is a constant optimism which one finds only in nature. The grim armies of the spruce, frozen upon the slopes of these northern solitudes have no prettiness to recommend them, no delicacy of colouring or variety of form, and yet each up-swelling morning when the

sun appears they seem to lift their heads in salute, as though merely to see the miracle of the dawn were enough for them to wait thus, bound to the frozen earth. So always, I fancy, does the desert wait, and at each rising and each setting of the sun flushes with the memory of some underlying hope, belying the melancholy men seem to find.

This train enters now such a region, the wilderness on the North Shore of Lake Superior. The men in the smoking compartments grow tired of their cigars. Women nod over magazines and novels. Conversations stumble. A hush comes over the car, broken only by the stertorous efforts of the locomotive at the head of the train. He persists unabashed, but does not whistle for right-of-way, since there are none to dispute it save an occasional gang of navvies sweating over one square yard of this gigantic railroad. The gang waves red handkerchiefs thoughtfully and is swallowed up in hazy distance. Civilisation pays them to maintain this ribbon of steel in the wilderness.



About are low hills, each hill like its neighbour, mile upon mile. There

is no green here except where a mad second-growth of poplar seeks a career in a fissure of rock. The rock is gray and cold, not even cragged, which might lend it character, but



rounded. Neither stream nor lake, nor half-grown tree, nor voice of bird or water mingles with the humming of the swaying train. Even the wind is dumb, lacking strings to play upon, and sweeps low over the land, touching with furtive hand the dull blueberry shrubs that struggle at the foot of the ballast-slope. The never-ending hills, like mounds in a forgotten cemetery of Titans, appear and disappear, swinging into new groupings with each turn of the sinuous path, offering always new perspectives of the old bleakness as though they thought to cheat you, and always melting and merging into the general outline of gloom and mystery.

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“There’s silver in those hills,” said a fat man, finally breaking the silence of the smoking-room. “Yes, sir. Bushels of it, I bet.”

“Indeed,” replied the youthful Oxonian to whom apparently the remark had been addressed. “Is it mined?”

“Not yet,” uneasily, “but—but it’s there. I’ve heard mining sharps say so.”

“I see,” returned the Oxonian, losing interest.

“Did y’ever see her lookin’ more—more God-forsaken?” demanded the talkative one, craving conversation.

“See what?”

“This here—this bit’v country?”

“This is my first visit to Canada.”

“First! Then you don’t under-

stand about this here region. This part we’re passin’ through used to be a fine piece of country. Had trees on it and everything. And then there comes a fire—a whale of a big fire—and the whole stretch goes up in smoke!”

Silence.

“Not a tree nor anything left. Rain falls and washes away the soil. Whole thing’s gone to pot. Makes a person think of a poor old woman I knew out West once. She lost all her children, one by one, and still kept on livin’ and livin’—without havin’ anything worth livin’ for.”

The idea amused the Oxford man, who smiled indulgently.

“The Greek Mother!” he said.

“That would be a better likeness.”

“The what?”

“I referred to the classics.”

“Oh!”

The blighted country moved heavily past. Cigars were re-lighted. The porter diverted the company by polishing the panellings till they shone.

“Look!” called the fat man suddenly. “Look! Sun’s settin’!”

We looked: the old lawyer going to Winnipeg to attend an important directors’ meeting, the rector from Kent, an Indian civil servant, the Oxford graduate, and I. And we beheld the grim, disfigured hills turning black against the flaming West, each black mound tipped with a rim of golden fire where the sun fell upon it. It remained so several moments, then faded.

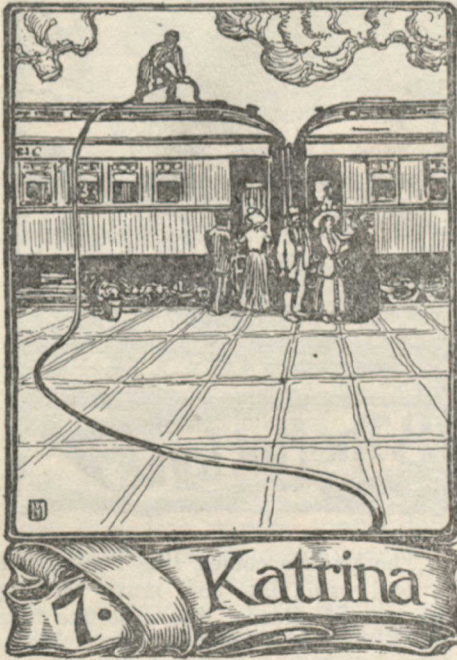
Conversation leaped up like a smouldering fire. The rector started



a story. The Indian civil servant looked bored.

“Say,” said the fat man aside to the scholar, “have dinner with me, will you?”

"I—I'm afraid I—not just yet."  
 "Oh, come on," retorted the other.  
 And they went out, together.



Not all the North Shore is wilderness. There is the sharp-etched beauty of Jackfish, where the cold fingers of Superior reach in about the rocks. There are muskegs full of cedars and wild roses. There is the canyon of the Nipigon, and, for that matter, two cities. But the blighted land adds the note of sadness which makes the song linger in the memory, the hint of tragedy which lends the tale depth.

The train rolls its length to rest at the side of the wind-swept platform at Fort William. Crowds descending from the train are swallowed up in the greater crowd which swarms out of the city to meet it and to bid good-bye to some that are to board it, westward bound. To one side is the harbour, crowded with grain vessels; to right and left are the blank shapes

of elevators; and beside the main lines, miles of storage and switching tracks, and herds of grain cars awaiting their turn under the elevators.

"Katrina," quavers an old voice from somewhere in the crowd. "Katrina! You will be leaving me now! O, Katrina! My little Katrina!"

"Hush, Moot-her. Hush!"

"But Katrina—you will make a letter to the neighbour woman, Jacobi, that she may read it to me to say how you and the man get on?"

"Iss Moot-her. Iss," hurriedly.

"But Hush! Hugh is ready. The bell makes a tolling. Good-bye, Moot-her, good-bye!"

The engineer who is to take the train over the next division of the road and whose faded blue "overalls" are freshly washed and ironed, nods to his fireman to set the bell valve open: the heavy brass intones a second warning that the time for departure has come. The engineer lays a gauntleted hand on the gleaming throttle and draws the heavy bar smoothly, notch by notch, toward him, liberating the steam. He watches his straining drivers. He listens to his valves, catching and sobbing with the rush of steam. The great black pistons quiver with the white energy they hold. The rods strain, the tires bite the rail. The train slips out. There on the station platform remains one old woman, gazing after the train. Her friends catch at her hands to lead her off.



The Oxonian and the other had observed the episode: a wedding party, the young persons setting off for the West in a colonist coach ahead, the bride, like all brides, beautiful, but with a strange foreign sort of beauty, probably a Slav type. The

husband, young and ruddy, proud beneath his awkwardness.



"I was speaking to the conductor," explained the Canadian to the Oxonian. "He says the young fellow's an Englishman, was a foreman of freight handlers. He boarded with the old woman and now he marries the daughter. They are going West to take up a homestead in the Peace River country."

"And what race is she?"

"Foreigner of some kind."

"Curious! I suppose it is an episode in the process of assimilation. And they call these people British citizens?"

"Citizens! Of course! I'm one. My father was Irish, my mother was a French-Canadian. I was born in the United States at a time when my parents were working in the New England mills. I am married to a Swedish woman."

"And you—"

"I am a British subject!"

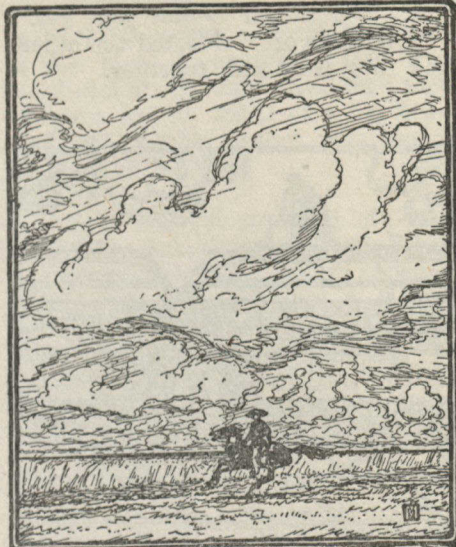
"But—"

"And what is more, I am the Colonel of our regiment, out West."

There were, on the train, as it sped westward, nineteen different languages, and people born in scores of different parts of the earth. Most in the train were elements in the making of the new nation. The train, as I venture to believe, is the chief fac-



tor in the reduction and compounding of the various elements.



## 8. The Flat Lands

The prairie comes, like Dawn, like a cool wind, like soft music welling up out of silence, like a serene lake at the end of a troubled river. Many small valleys roll into a few larger valleys. These, in turn, flow out in long, sweeping lines, carrying with them only a faint undulation. The timber disappears. The lakes are fewer, rounder, more shallow. The woods dwindle into stretches of low brush; the brush dissolves into scattered clumps of low willow. One colour melts into another. The train begins the traverse like a madly spinning bowl launched by a giant hand across this smooth-rolled green. And the prairie opens out with a wide smile. This is the land of sweep and swing, height and breadth, depth and length. The land of no limitations, where there is neither master nor servant, past nor present, but only tomorrow, smiling behind to-night's dull sunset, and Opportunity waiting for his cue.

"I don't know," observes Jones, the Canadian. "I can't get used to this country. It's monotonous, yet it's

never twice the same. I get dizzy here. It's so flat. I feel like a baby let loose on a big, flat roof by accident, and likely to stumble on the



edge any minute, and fall over. I feel I'm high up in the air because I can't see anything higher, except clouds and grain elevators. I'd rather be ten thousand feet up, in my mountains in a comfortable gully. This here country'd make me godless, too self-content, too self-reliant. Mountains make a man, well—wait."

"Wonderful colouring," mused the Oxonian, smoking one of the fat man's cigarettes. "It recalls Morrice. I like it. See! Yellow merging into brown and green, green stippled into blue, blue into purple, purple into emerald sky: the impossible possible."

"Wait till you see more of it," the other cautioned. "Wait till you see Winter—the everlasting whiteness, solemn as a woman with her first baby sort of warning you not to wake it. It—it's uncanny. I've seen the snow look pink, while the shadows looked full of purple, and then suddenly, with the shifting of a cloud it would become sheer white again, terrific white. Blind you. In the fall it gets so yellow that it makes the sky yellow—looking down on nothing but wheat."

We pass Winnipeg at the door of the plains proper. The long train thrums diligently toward Calgary on the other side of this sea, passing Regina, Moose Jaw, and Medicine Hat. And now, over the horizon, appears a cluster of purple clouds, directed by a high-riding wind. He deploys them to right and left, deftly, as we run. They mount the sky. They pass the zenith and meet the horizon on the other side. The prairie is dark, and suddenly still.

Somewhere action is imminent. From which direction it may come one cannot tell. The heavy air hangs motionless. Only the dried grasses along the right-of-way stir in the wake of the flying train. A gopher squints at the glower.

There is a rush of wind and again the stillness. Again the wind. Stillness. A flash! A note of thunder! And the wind rushes from cover, cool and sweet-smelling, through the window screens. Big drops splash against the glass. Sweeping sheets of silver flit across the land.

We swing in beside a valley, one of the few valleys in the prairie. It is a huge coulée which cherishes in its heart a small stream. This vast scene, this monstrous rainstorm seem to pay tribute to this stream, as a strong man pays tribute to a woman. Water hurries to it in numberless rivulets that break in over the edge of the coulée. The stream swells as we race. The low green bushes which in dry weather huddle thirstily over the water-course, jealous of the sun's bold eye, riot in drink. There is movement everywhere, the train, the flying drops, the stream! Behind the clouds lingering daylight finally departs. Night drops. And in the night, over the humming of the train, I can hear the rain, thrashing against the windows, washing six hundred miles of country at a sweep.

In the dining-car next morning is a man who, having made his fortune in real estate, is now studying medicine. He is forty. In this country they do not think it is ever too late to do anything.



"Why," explained the stout man to the Oxonian, "he's made his money; why shouldn't he spend it on a college professor if he wants to?"



The flatness ends. The plain is swept up into swelling green hills, and sucked down into velvet valleys, in which impetuous mountain rivers ride hard over the clear, cold pebbles. The long, smooth traverse on the prairie is completed. Here lies a city of the foothills, a wealthy merchant prince. Westward lie the peaks of a continent's vertebrae.

The last engine of the plains is unharnessed from the cars and rolls heavily away into the maze of tracks which lead somehow to the round-house, where he is to be rubbed down and repaired like an Olympian runner in the hands of his friends. In his place comes another, no plainsman, but a mountaineer, greater, blacker, more ugly, if that were possible, than his predecessor. Softly he backs down upon the waiting train. There is a quick collision and to the lifeless tons of colonist cars, diners, and standard sleeping-cars is set a head, a heart, and a single eye, glaring at the fastnesses ahead. Laundrymen, grooms, curriers, and attendants

finish their tasks and step aside. The bell tolls for the departure.

This is an earnest business, this negotiation of the mountains. We run lightly from the Calgary yards, leaving the switch points of the side-tracks chattering behind us, and the semaphores moving gravely in the gathering dusk to cover our rear. The city recedes into the distance. We enter a valley and begin to climb; at the foot of the valley the Bow River rushes east. The speed does not seem to slacken, but there is more pull on the couplings; they creak. We surmount the first big rise, and, looking down, see sun-lit slopes of green across which fall the long shadows of cattlemen and cattle. The sun, which from Calgary was hidden, is here visible, dozing off toward Japan. Presently he drops behind the farthest line of foothills. The dusk comes up. A heavy golden moon peers balefully over the horizon and as he rises casts the hills, as we top them, in deep black shadow. The air on the observation platform grows cold.

The Oxonian and the fat man have lingered in the dining-car with two bottles of mineral water between them; for they had become friends, such is the power of the Western train.

"I've seen mountains, you know," says the Oxford man, a little afraid of being misunderstood, "in Wales, you know."

"Any good?" says the fat man.

"Very!"

"Wait 'll y' see *these!*"

The train climbs steadily.

"Is that one?" demands the academic one, suddenly pointing with the stub of a cigar.



"Where? That? That purple thing? No. Just a cloud. Y'd think



it was a peak, though, at first, wouldn't y'?"

The waiters in the dining-car are counting the silverware, and the head waiter is adding his receipts.

"There!" whispers the fat man, in a hoarse whisper. "There they are!"

"Over there?"

"Yes!"

It is the first clear view of a peak that rivets their attention. Even the waiters leave their silver cleaning for a moment to peer from the windows. The car is suddenly quiet, save for two Hebrews playing pinochle.

Each mile lifts the train to a higher vantage point. With many turnings it winds past the first great spur of rock, then a second, then a dozen, and on all sides are nothing but peaks. At Banff there is an alteration in the passenger lists: some leave, others come aboard. The two travellers, oblivious to the passage of time, stand on the observation platform.

"I was born among these mountains," says Smith, "and I love 'em. Ev'ry time I go 'way from this country and these mountains, I get sort of hungry t' get back. Ev'ry time I get back and see 'em, like this here now—I feel *diff'rent*. I feel healthier, an' cleaner, an'—Oh, well, dammit there's somethin' *noble* about these hills. Now, isn't there?"

"Mighty!" assented the Balliol man, for his speech had become contaminated.

One does not write of mountains lightly. Men have tried to paint them and have failed—miserably. Others have photographed them. It is only the thin soul of a camera that can attempt to record their immensities. Snap the shutter! Turn to the next film! You have a picture, and it is no doubt worth having, but it is really only a little better than a hurried memoranda.

Late in the night comes a change in the motion of the train. The vigilant brakes lie close to the tires. The locomotive is no longer pulling, but

answering the pull of gravity. We slip softly down into the velvet maw of the Yoho Valley, through the great spiral tunnels bored in the thighs of the hills, the peaks glittering in the moonlight, close to the river, whose song comes up through the stillness of the Great Pit. It is walled by precipices and has planets set in its very ceiling. It is a place of fearful heights and awful depths, a place of calm so intense that only the rumble of the train keeps the ear from catching the music of night birds crying a mile down the valley, and the silver tinkle of a water-fall fitting down the face of a precipice.

Here in the valley bottom the sky is higher than it ever was before, yet closer. The brakes are released. The oil-burner which has taken the place of the coal-burning engine out of respect to the forestry regulations of the Province of British Columbia, has met the Kicking Horse and is racing with it, cheek by jowl, through the night-shadowed mountains.



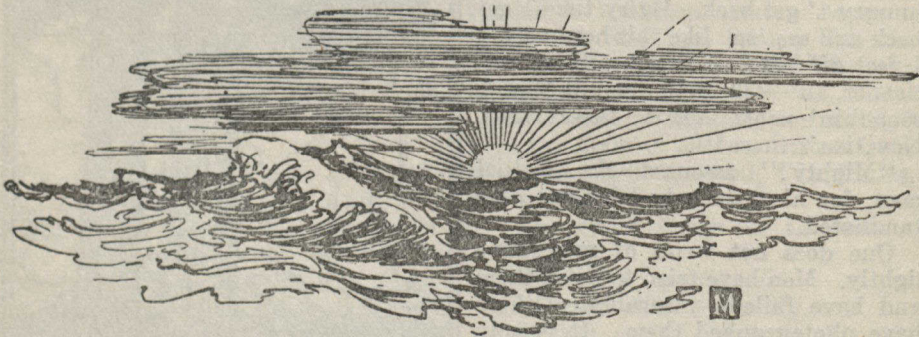
Of the remaining distance through

to the City of Vancouver and the edge of the sea I shall not write. Having thus entered the mountains one can see only for oneself. Of the Thompson Canyon and the Fraser Canyon, and of the Fraser's sudden conversion from a riotous life in a gray-blue gorge to a placid state among green meadows and trees—I shall not write. Of Victoria and the Island of Vancouver, of the whole brilliant, fascinating coast, with its touch of Orient and its flavour of the south latitudes, one can write but lamely. They are a fitting end to the crescendo. There is no anti-climax.

The few impressions of which I have thus written are only some out of many. You will not see what I

saw, nor what your neighbour sees from his window across the aisle of the car. For we are, by good fortune, differently adjusted—open to different impressions, and to different interpretations of the same experience.

This, I venture to believe, is wherein the Art of Travelling lies: that the mind is in a mood to receive the impressions and to suppose interpretations. Catch the spirit of this Western train, which is the spirit of this country. Revive in you the sense of Adventure. Catch the rhythm of a young nation's tumultuous pulse. So—at least, in this Western Hemisphere—one may truly practise the most ancient and the most refreshing of the arts.



# THE GRAY WIG

BY JANE PRATT

THIS story is told by me, who used to be Mary Hale, of Boston, who later wore the gray wig, and it is partly about Arnold Brackett, whom I saw first when I was in that disguise, and how he became a farmer in Western Canada.

He might have bought his farm in California, where he went from New York not long before his trip to Alberta, or even perhaps in dear old Massachusetts; but here in Western Canada they know how to make farming appeal to the imagination, with their talk of steam plows and virgin soil, and they propose comfortable terms for gradual payment year by year, as the millionaires or somebody ought to do in the States. And so Arnold Brackett—Arnold Brackett of all men!—was fired by ambition, and is becoming one of the lords of the new earth out here.

As to the gray wig, I wish I had it now. Heaven knows it made me unhappy enough! Heaven knows how once I loathed it! But if I had it now I would put it away in the farthest corner of my most precious drawer—and tuck it out of sight among all the little things—and then, when Arnold has to be away all day, and I am lonesome, just for a minute or two, off on this great prairie, without even the Rockies which we had in Calgary to look up to, then I would go and look at the foolish little things and be all right again.

But the gray wig will never again be seen by mortal eyes.

This story begins on one sunny

afternoon in February, in the little front sitting-room of Mr. Jack Dalrymple's red brick bungalow on the rolling prairie on the outskirts of the new city. There I sat, just twenty-four years old, dressed in a sober, middle-aged housekeeper's gown, with the gray wig on my head, and a few little natural wrinkles on my forehead, and which came, I think, from my not having worn glasses when I should have at school—over which little wrinkles and around my ears the iron gray hair drooped as if it grew. There I sat with Jack Dalrymple's sock stretched over a wooden egg, pushing the darning needle in and out somewhat slowly and dreamily. The little sitting-room seemed a real sun parlour, and the low, broad window-seat below the wide window to the west caught the sunshine like a burning-glass.

Such sunshine! I had never known anything like it in Boston. It seemed fairly to squeeze the pungent odour out of the row of young geranium plants, gay with great scarlet clusters, and, soaking into the great tiger cat asleep on his cushion beside them, make him sleep as never Boston cat slept, as if he never could sleep enough.

Then my eyes wandered past the tiger cat and the geraniums, over the undulating, fenceless, soft-brown prairie, powdered with soft snow and swimming in light, to the snow-covered mountains beyond. A shack or a substantial farm-house with fenced ground stood out against the great

sky here and there, and along the black line of one of the trails which disappeared between the knolls of a near, low hill a farm wagon drawn by two horses, a shepherd dog trotting on ahead, made its slow way. Against the horizon a horse and his rider moved—black.

These were the only signs of life in sight. For the rest there was the immensity of the great stretch of sky, the undulating prairies swimming in a light which seemed like a living presence, and, looking down from the west, the jagged white peaks of the Rockies.

As I thought of my three months as housekeeper for Mr. Jack Dalrymple, and his friends, it seemed just then as if this were all of it—the sun washed air and the earth and the mountains. At Uncle Tom's, on Newbury Street, we had been shut up with our own troubles and vexations; there was no background. Somebody had advised deep breathing for our nerves, but we never remembered it. Here I could not help taking great breaths of the clean, glad air. It was like wings. It filled one with courage.

Then, too, the brick bungalow, cheerfully but inaccurately spoken of as "the shack," had been so dirty and neglected when I first came it had been enough to fill anybody, certainly an inexperienced body like me, with a sort of desperate energy.

Three young men of a neatness and conventionality as to themselves and their clothes living in such a place! Three big dogs and cigar ends and pipes everywhere! The ashes and cinders from the range wandering over the kitchen floor and making little excursions into the dining-room and front hall! The sheets of a blackness! And yet they were all so grateful for the cleanliness and the well ordered meals and the good food, as soon as they were accomplished. They used to forget to go out evenings in the first surprise of it. But now I was feeling a little

strange, for though housekeeping matters were running like clockwork, there was a decided change in our household. Two of the men had gone with their dogs, having accepted positions at Bassano, a town which was on the edge of a great boom, and besides the cat Tiger and Mr. Jack Dalrymple's dog Patsy, and Patsy's master, there was only the newcomer, Bruce McKenzie.

Bruce McKenzie was a dark young Scotsman from Aberdeen whom Mr. Dalrymple had become much attached to during many vigorous arguments on theology and philosophy, interspersed with much poetry rolled out sonorously from the deep throat of the young Scotsman. But there had been times when the voice had lost its buoyancy, when the arguments had rattled about rather loosely, and then after that we did not see Bruce McKenzie for a week or two. It was quite evident that a hotel with a thriving bar, patronized by many convivial acquaintances, was hardly the best boarding-house for the young man, and, at my employer's request, I consented that he should take the place of the two who had gone to build up Bassano. He had been with us a week now, and nobody could have been more solemn or more grateful than he. He insisted on bringing up the coal for the range, he was always watching to see if there was not something he could lift or carry.

And just then it was that my peaceful reflections in the sunshine were broken into by a sudden wet splash on my cheek. You can well imagine that I was not crying about Mr. Bruce McKenzie bringing up the coal for the range. I was remembering suddenly the home on Newbury Street, and poor Uncle Tom, but what brought the sudden pang was the thought that the girls had never written, that I did not know even where they were.

But I straightened up, brushed away the obtrusive drop, and began

darning vigorously, planning for supper at the same time.

My needle had been pulled through hardly twice when there came a ring at the front door. I had always considered Mr. Dalrymple's front door bell a piece of somewhat pretentious ornamentation. Telephone calls were common, but never had I heard the front door bell ring before. It gave me a queer, startled thrill, but, remembering, as I always tried to do, the weight of my years and my gray hairs, I took my apron off, slowly folded it up, deliberately laid it over the mending basket, and slipped the whole into a corner before I went to the door.

When I opened it wide in the blaze of the afternoon sun, a young man, tall and rather thin, with a soft gray hat and quiet gray eyes, stood on the little front piazza. His overcoat was dark gray woollen instead of fur, which made me regard him at once as a stranger just arrived.

"Is Mr. Dalrymple at home?" he asked, in mild, almost hesitating words.

"He is never at home so early," I answered. "Have you—have you an appointment with him?"

The young man gently protested that he had no appointment. He was Mr. Dalrymple's cousin, Arnold Brackett. They had been having some correspondence about his coming to Calgary, but nothing had been decided. When did I expect Mr. Dalrymple home?

Patsy the dog had come out and was sniffing inquiringly at the stranger's legs. A clock in the dining-room struck four. It would be two full hours I knew before the master of the house would arrive.

"You didn't happen to hear Mr. Dalrymple say anything about me?" he asked without the slightest impatience, "that I might come?"

"No," I said, and it occurred to me that I perhaps ought to doubt if this were really Mr. Dalrymple's cousin, but I found myself quite in-

capable of the shadow of a doubt, and ended cheerfully, "won't you come in?"

And then, as if to make up for my slowness in reaching so simple a conclusion, I soon had this unexpected guest seated in the big, leather-covered arm chair, which I had turned to the best angle for the mountain view, while I slipped into the kitchen, where the kettle, just beginning to sing, made the thought of tea an almost instant fact.

The queer thing about Arnold Brackett was that the minute you saw him, almost, you felt as if you had always known him.

Remembering my position, I sought to combine the impersonality of a Boston waitress with the hospitality of a Southern matron. I wished to imply that as Mr. Dalrymple's housekeeper I was entirely at his service. But he quite ignored the tone of helpful formality which I assumed and met me cheerfully as a fellow American. As I came in with the tray he rose to make room for it on the little table by the big window and to place a chair for me as if I, of course, were to stay too.

"This is Miss Hale?" he asked. "And you are from Boston. I'm a New Yorker, myself. Jack has written my sister and me how good you've been to them all. I judge they had been eating fried boots and pemmican for some time before you came."

No, I politely refused to drink tea with him, and I left him alone a good deal while I was preparing supper and setting a room ready if Mr. Dalrymple should ask him to stay over night, but even then he found time to say a good many things. He sat with his long legs stretched out in the sunshine, stroking the cat, and, in his slow, meandering voice he managed to give me much information. He had come out to buy land, irrigated land he thought he would buy, and later, if things went well, he might get hold of some boys who had

never had a chance and see what he could make of them. He hadn't amounted to much himself yet because he hadn't cared for law in his father's office, and nothing else had offered so far that he did care very much for.

So he ran on until the master of the house, straight and soldierly on his saddle horse, rode past the window; in a minute he had dismounted, and I, thankful that everything was progressing so well there, disappeared into the kitchen.

It was at once decided that this newly arrived cousin should make his headquarters at the bungalow while he was looking over the irrigated land belt, and in the week that followed Arnold Brackett's arrival I saw a great deal of him, and I began to grow very fond of my gray wig, for I fancied if it had not been for that he would never have consulted me about his plans as he did.

I tried to be practical and wise in my advice, you may be sure, but it was rather difficult to preserve this attitude long at a time, because, in the first place, I knew absolutely nothing about irrigated land except what I had read in the charming blue covered circulars edged with borders of golden grain with which the prospective farmer supplied himself every time he visited the Canadian railroad's land offices, and, in the second place, this new arrival was in such high spirits that it was quite impossible to remain serious long at a time with him.

The somewhat lackadaisical manner of his arrival had disappeared. He was up for early breakfast with his cousin, who, his hand in half the enterprises of Calgary, made long days, and now it was two saddle horses instead of one which cantered off down the black trail into town. But Arnold was soon back, and intent on telling me all his adventures. If I was paring vegetables, or moulding bread, or dusting, it made no difference, and if I had to leave him in

the midst of a narrative he pulled out his latest blue and golden circular and read facts and figures about sub-soils and irrigation ditches until I returned.

A farmer he wished to be and a farmer he would be, cooking his own meals if necessary. He explained to me about the steam plows, the paternal supervision and instruction of the railroad company.

"Why, it's just such greenies as I they expect," he said. "I shall put in wheat the first year, for that's simple, and then when I know more I'll try diversified farming. And I want to go to a town where nothing is started, no post-office, no school, be one of the founders, you know, like George Washington."

In such cheerful strain he discoursed by the half hour.

Or he told me what he had seen and heard on his ride. He was like a child on a holiday. A Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman, gorgeous in his red coat and riding like a cavalry officer; a squaw with gay petticoat, blanket, and moccasin, knife in sheathe at her side, and papoose on her back; all the new houses going merrily up; the covered basements and tents sheltering families which he occasionally ran across; the stories of the men who knew Calgary in the eighties, when the railroad had just come and there was no Calgary—all these things were un-failing delights for him.

"And now Mrs. McLeod receives on Wednesdays, and Mrs. Helmuth receives on Thursdays, and they want me to be a society butterfly," stretching his long legs out and rubbing Tiger's nose. "But no butterflying for me. I must go on a tour of investigation and pick out my farm."

But before the farm was chosen something happened at the brick bungalow which came near to being a tragedy.

Bruce McKenzie was at supper the day that Arnold Brackett arrived, and he slept in the house that night,

coming in late. The next morning he was not himself. He drank a strong cup of coffee and went away without eating, and for four or five days after we saw nothing of him. Mr. Dalrymple had inquired at the hotel at which he had formerly lived. He was there, and there was no doubt how he was spending his time with some of his old cronies.

But in the middle of one afternoon toward the end of the week, when I was resting in my room in slippers and kimona, Mr. Brackett in his room on the other side of the house, I heard the front door open, and a man's step go quickly through the hall. I was lying on my couch in the sunshine, with my hair spread out over the pillow, and I lay there thinking I ought to find out who had come in at this unusual hour, but telling myself that, as Arnold Brackett was in his room, he would know, when, sharp through the stillness, two pistol shots cracked. At once I was in the hall. There, in the passageway between the two men's rooms, stood Arnold Brackett and Bruce McKenzie. Bruce, with his collar off, his shirt and vest open, was leaning against the wall, his head back, his arm thrown out as if to support himself; Arnold was examining the pistol which he held in his hand. It was the same pistol, I thought, which I had seen a day or two before in the Scotsman's room.

"Oh," I gasped, "are you safe?" and I ran and put my hand on Arnold Brackett's arm. Then I did something I never did before. Everything grew dark, and I felt myself slipping to the floor.

The next I knew I felt a dash of cold water in my face, and I opened my eyes to see Arnold Brackett kneeling beside me.

"Can you get up? Let me help you," he said.

I staggered to my feet, and he put his arm about me and guided me to my room and to the couch by the window. Then he brought a coverlet

which lay across the bed and spread it over me, painstakingly, to the chin. He went out, to appear again in a minute with something in a glass which he made me drink, putting his hand at my back to support me. It was just then that I remembered that my hair was down, my own hair, all crinkly, and foolish, and young—I had just been washing it and drying it in the sun—and I fell back and shut my eyes, for I did not dare to look at Arnold Brackett again. I knew he was standing there and looking down at me, watching to see if I was going to faint again. I did not dare to open my eyes, but I said faintly, "Was anybody shot?"

"No, no," he answered impatiently. "I saw the fool just in time, with the pistol aimed at his heart. He was half crazy, and fought when I grabbed it. We both had hold of it, but I held the muzzle down and fired into the floor—You're surely all right?"

"Yes, yes, quite right."

"Then'll I'll go and take a look at my other patient, and if you want me you're to call."

As he turned to go out I opened my eyes just a tiny bit and looked at his back.

But after he had closed the door softly behind him, I lay in the sunshine with my eyes shut. Arnold Brackett knew that I was a sham, a deceiver. And yet he had been heavenly kind and gentle. He had come from a tussle with a half crazed man and from danger of death and had put the glass to my lips with as steady a hand as he had had when he took the tray from me the afternoon he came. He had seen I was a sham, a deceiver, and yet he had laid the coverlet over me as carefully as if I had been a child.

I began to sob, but I did not dare to cry for fear the men would hear me. I was able to get up, but I did not dare to rise and put on my disguise and my old womanish dress. I was afraid.

Just then there came a tap at the door.

"Are you feeling better, Miss Hale?"

"Oh, much better. All right, thank you."

A shadow of a pause, and then, Jack will be at home soon now, and will you tell him that Bruce and I are going to the Alberta to-night? He hates to meet Jack, and I must stick by him until he is straightened out. I'll telephone to Jack this evening." And in a minute of two I heard the front door shut.

My first impulse was to get up at once, to put my hair on the top of my head in the way I used to wear it, to slip on a white waist with elbow sleeves, and a navy blue skirt, and to meet Mr. Jack Dalrymple at the door when he came, saying, "This is I. I have been deceiving you."

But what right had I to greet my employer in any such fantastic, dramatic style. He had engaged an elderly housekeeper, and an elderly housekeeper I must remain until he gave me permission to quit my disguise. So I dressed as usual, slowly, heavily, only thinking all the time that the minute Mr. Dalrymple returned I would tell him the whole story. He might turn me out if he wanted to; nothing else but full confession was possible.

If I had done wrong I certainly suffered for it in the hours which followed this resolve. It was time for supper, and no Mr. Dalrymple; it was seven o'clock and I ate, or pretended to, and still the master of the house did not come. The telephone rang, and I rushed to it, expecting to hear either Arnold Brackett's voice asking for his cousin or Jack Dalrymple's explaining his absence. It was a strange man, wishing to speak to my employer. I sat idle, alone except for Tiger, asleep on his cushion, and Patsy, lying alert, cocking up his ears and stiffening at every sound. Again the telephone sounded through the stillness. My heart nearly chok-

ed me. Was it some bad news, or Arnold Brackett, cold and distant, asking to speak to his cousin? It was the insistent stranger, still inquiring for Mr. Dalrymple. I went back to my chair, feeling as if I were condemned to sit there always, in my dejected disguise, deserted by everybody.

As a matter of fact, Jack Dalrymple had met Arnold Brackett down town, and after that had been detained by urgent business, of which his mind had been so full that he had forgotten to notify me that he would not be home until late. At breakfast we talked about Bruce McKenzie, but breakfast finished, I said breathlessly, "Mr. Dalrymple, I want to see you a little while before you go."

He looked surprised. Arnold had not told him, then:

"Jack is the *straightest* fellow!" as he gave ear to my blundering tale Arnold Brackett had said. Somehow his straightness seemed all against me. I thought, even while I was speaking, that I could have told Arnold Brackett so he would have understood, but with my employer, his chair pushed back from the breakfast table, his eyes attentively upon me. I could only blunder through the barest facts.

I began stiffly, like a dull Sunday school story, with the fact that when my widowed mother had died when I was only fourteen I had gone to Boston to live in my Uncle Tom's family; and I added that I had lived with them until six months ago, when Uncle Tom's business had failed.

I thought he would not care to be bothered with Uncle Tom's wife's peculiarities, so I could not explain how, if Aunt Louise had not been so unkind, had not seemed to want me to go, I would have stayed with them, Aunt Louise and the two girls and Uncle Tom, and worked like a regular slavey for them all; but I did tell him that I took the little money that was my own and came to Western



Canada with our old neighbours in Broadmeadow, the Browns, and that when they went on their ranch, though they asked me to go, too, I decided now at last to make my own way, with my two hands and the only skill I had, what my mother had taught me of housekeeping and what I had learned myself in our many domestic crises in Newbury Street.

I added, as I came at last to the confession: "You see, I am only twenty-four years old."

"What?" said Mr. Dalrymple, short and sharp, straightening himself in his chair, folding his arms, and fixing his eyes sternly upon me.

I took a long breath, held my hands so tight together I could feel the sharpness of the nails, and, rejoicing to be on the home stretch now, blurted out, almost cheerfully, "Only twenty-four, you see, and I had never been among strangers or done anything by myself. I was frightened when I thought of telling people I was a working housekeeper, because, of course, I knew I should make mistakes, and then I knew there were so many young men here, trying to keep house by themselves—"

Jack Dalrymple's grave countenance confronted me.

"Well," I ended briskly. "I had this gray wig, such a natural little wig I wore in some amateur theatricals in Boston when I played an old lady's part, so I decided to wear it, and with my glasses and these dresses I made a very good middle-aged housekeeper—and really if I hadn't done it you probably never would have engaged me. And I have"—my voice somehow failed in a queer little catch, but I picked it up again to add, unsteadily—"I *have* tried to make you comfortable."

Except for his one exclamation he had listened without a word, and his listening made everything I had done appear childish, absolutely foolish and unexplainable.

When I had finished he said:

"Your uncle's last name was?"

"Stanwood," I finished.

"Yes, 'Stanwood,'" he repeated. "That's a mighty queer coincidence. I lost something through your uncle's failure. You know, of course, that he died some two months ago?"

"Died?" I cried. "Oh, I knew his heart wasn't right. Why didn't I stay?" And then, my eyes filling with angry tears: "You needn't think we are all deceivers and cheats, all our family. We have always been honourable people, and Uncle Tom did not mean to do wrong; things were very much against him."

Unable to keep a proper composure, I rose from the table, and Mr. Dalrymple rose, too, genuinely distressed.

"I certainly meant no unkindness in what I said, Miss Hale; but you must understand that this story is a very great surprise to me."

"When do you wish me to go?" I asked.

"Go?" My mind evidently was running ahead of his.

"I never can keep up this mummery any more. I am sure it would be best for me to go."

He did not dispute me, but said kindly, "I certainly do not want you to go until you have some other position. Do you think Mrs. McLeod could suggest something?"

"I had thought it would be best to see her," I answered, trying to speak bravely.

Just before we went away he came back into the dining-room to say, "Of course, you will continue to be my elderly housekeeper as long as you stay here, Miss Hale."

His voice was not unkind, there was even the faintest flicker of a smile, and I accepted the wisdom of what he said.

But they were dreary days, those in which I continued to wear the little gray wig. I came to think of myself in prison, in prisoner's garb. But the only thing which made living possible was keeping up my courage, and meantime I did my best to make

it cheerful for Bruce McKenzie, who was back again, struggling against a black depression. He, I was sure, had not in the least taken in my appearance in the hall, and I liked to hear him talk about Arnold and his kindness.

Arnold himself was out of town, scouring the country for his model farm. I had seen him but a minute when he had come for some articles for his journey, and we had both been stiff and unnatural. I had asked Mr. Dalrymple afterwards if he had repeated to his cousin what I had told him, and he had responded coldly, "Yes."

"I have not seen Mrs. McLeod yet," I faltered.

"Oh, well, no hurry," he had answered abstractedly, "you know I'm glad to have you stay as long as you're willing to."

Arnold's cousin was very much immersed in business matters just now, and evidently was spending little thought on his erratic housekeeper.

And so the days went on, and now it was March. The powder of snow over the prairie was all gone, there were soft, summerlike clouds in the soft, blue sky. The sunshine grew warmer and warmer.

Then one morning when I was all alone in the house the telephone bell rang sharply and insistently.

"Miss Hale?" Oh, thank the Lord, it was Arnold Brackett's voice, gentle, meandering, just the old Arnold. "Miss Hale, may I come to see you this afternoon? And, Miss Hale," hesitatingly, "Miss Hale, would you mind—being just yourself? I want to see the *young* lady, you know, herself."

I was hungry for his news, and not a word would he say until I was quite myself. So I ran to my room and put up my crinkly, dark hair, that seemed glad to be released, just as I had always worn it, and ran my fingers through it and fluffed it out at the sides, and went back to him with the wig in my hand, ready if

Mr. Dalrymple should come home unexpectedly.

Then he told me all about the farm, with its farm house and barns already built, and how Bruce McKenzie, who had been a year on his brother's farm in Saskatchewan, had promised to be his foreman.

"Do you remember how I told you, the first day I came, about what I should like to do, giving poor boys a chance on my model farm? Well, this is a sort of beginning. Bruce is fine, rich soil, but he hasn't been raising the right crops, and," with a rapid change of metaphor, "when he has himself well in hand he'll be just the right man to get my street boys into shape." He paused and got up and stood before the window, gazing at the Rockies, and then he came and stood before me.

"Will you come to the farm with me?"

"To the farm?"

"As mistress, as my wife?"

He took hold of my hands, and the gentleness and the strength of his took hold of my soul.

"Yes, Arnold," I said.

My consent seemed to go to his head. There was no doing anything with him. He exulted in my hair as if it were a newly-found fortune. He discovered the poor little wig fallen to the floor, and, holding it up like a rat, he thrust it into the range.

"But Mr. Dalrymple will never have me without my wig, he said so," I cried in sudden terror.

That was the reason I went to the dear, kind Mrs. McLeod that night, and we were married before the week was out.

Mr. Dalrymple went down town to board, Bruce McKenzie departed at once to the farm to put things in shape there, and we spent our short honeymoon at Banff.

And the gray wig, which was the only piece of deceit in the whole matter, will never be seen by mortal eyes again. But indeed I did not mean to be dishonest.



MADAME MERCIER

From the Painting by Greuze. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

## THE THIRD ACT

BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN

THE Secretary of the Relief Fund looked up quickly as the man in the ragged kharki entered. From his figure the visitor might have been an Indian, but his face was English. In one hand he carried a faded sombrero, and he shuffled into the room with the hesitation and shyness of one unaccustomed to meeting his fellow creatures.

"Been out in the woods?" the Secretary inquired, anxious to open conversation without loss of time.

The man nodded. "Away up in Ungava," he answered. "The fire passed south of me, and I knew there'd be a blaze-up somewhere down here, but never expected this." He waved his hand towards the window, beyond which lay the black and charred remains of what had once been the main avenue of the prosperous little mining camp.

"You've been alone?" queried the Secretary with sudden alertness.

"No, my God, not alone!" answered the man in kharki. "One can't travel alone in woods like these. There's always the silence." He took a step forward, and placed his bony fingers on the extreme edge of the desk. "Say," he asked suddenly, "can you tell me the names of those who have perished in this infernal blaze up?"

"I have a list here," the Secretary answered. "Of course it's very imperfect. There are scores we could not identify, but all the women and children are down, and—"

The man in the ragged kharki

snatched the list from the Secretary's hand. His eyes scanned the columns of names, till presently they fixed upon one particular line. Then his thin lips hardened, and the paper trembled in his grasp.

The Secretary understood. This was only one of the pitiable cases that were passing through his hands daily. This was only one of the fathers to return from the woods to find home, wife—everything gone.

"God help you," said the Secretary quietly.

The man in kharki laid down the typewritten list. He replaced his sombrero and moved towards the door. At the threshold he paused, his hand upon the latch, and reverently groped the sombrero from his head. "God help me," he said, "and us all."

Then he softly closed the door behind him.

The man in kharki slouched down the temporary wooden sidewalk, stooping forward in the attitude of one accustomed to carrying heavy loads. On either side of him stretched long lines of tents, which the fire sufferers had erected over the ashes of their old homes. The whole civilised world had heard the sorrowful tale of the great forest fires, and thousands had extended a liberal hand towards those who had suffered most keenly.

The man in kharki entered the Recorder's office — or rather the tent that stood where the Recorder's office had been. He placed a blue-print

map upon the counter, and ran his finger along an unnamed creek, till he came to a place he had marked, and against which were some writing and figures.

"I want to register this claim," he said. "One can't miss the place. It lies at the crest of the only waterfall, travelling northwards. I've written full particulars on the map."

Presently the man in kharki emerged from the tent. He made his way to the chief hotel—the only building that remained standing. In the entrance parlour he wrote two letters, and got the proprietor to witness his signature. One of the letters he mailed to a firm of solicitors in Montreal city, and the other he placed in the large envelope which contained his registration papers.

Emerging from the hotel, the man in kharki made his way to the general stores, and bought a quantity of goods which he ordered to be sent down to his canoe at the main landing stage.

It was almost dark when this was done. Men stood about in little straggling groups, busy with their prospects of building up a new city. Somewhere in the twilight a wild bird was singing, and the sound of children's voices floated down on the still air. A soft "hush" had settled upon the camp—the evening hush of the great open spaces—and the man in kharki paused to listen, his hands clenched behind him.

Soon he retraced his steps to the Secretary's office. The Secretary greeted him cordially. "We have funds at our disposal," he said, "sufficient to rebuild the homes of those who have suffered most keenly. My chief difficulty lies in avoiding the impostor, but in dealing with you I know that I cannot be too liberal."

"Thanks," said the man in kharki. He said it soulfully, for it was long since he had met the kindness of a fellow creature. "But for me I am afraid you can do nothing. Have you a few minutes to spare?"

He moved towards the door, and presently the Secretary followed him. They made their way to the main landing stage, and entered a canoe that stood waiting. A few dexterous strokes of the paddle sent the frail craft ricocheting into the darkness. The man in kharki could evidently see well enough, for he paddled the canoe swiftly through the labyrinth of sunken logs and snags that strewed the water. On either side was the forest—silent, grim, indomitable.

Presently they reached a place where a narrow trail led from the water's edge. Here the man in kharki beached the canoe and motioned his companion to follow him. It was dark as pitch under the trees, but soon they reached a small clearing high up on the breeze-swept slope. The surrounding forest had been scourged by fire, and in the centre of the clearing lay the charred remains of a log cabin. Near to it, under the trees, stood a pile of stones, from the centre of which rose a wooden cross.

"Your place?" asked the Secretary. He had no need to ask the question, but he had to say something.

"My place," answered the man in kharki. "You've been here before?"

The Secretary nodded. "Once," he said quietly.

"You were a member of the rescue party?"

Again the Secretary nodded. "We found the boy — your boy — lying here," he went on, in the same quiet voice, indicating the heap of stones with the solemn little cross above them. "The chink you left with him bolted when he saw the fire coming, but the boy stopped behind and put up a fight. I guess he stood by you to the end, but a man doesn't stand a chance in a place like this. We buried him where he lay."

There was a long pause, then the man in kharki said, "You remember my boy?"

"I remember him well," answered the Secretary, his voice shaking. "A

fair-haired, bright-eyed little fellow. "As white a little white man as ever entered a mining camp. It's a shame! An almighty shame!"

The man in kharki looked down at his ragged moccasins. He was trembling from head to foot. His hands were clasped behind him, as the Secretary saw by the starlight, and there was something in his face which the other had never seen before on the face of a human being, and hoped never to see again.

"He was only twelve," said the man in kharki, with a resignation that was pitiable. "If there is any mercy in Heaven, God might have spared *him*. But now that he is gone, Heaven, I suppose, has had its judgment. Listen, partner!" he turned, with sudden alertness, and his knotted fingers caught the lapels of the Secretary's coat. "Six months ago," he began hoarsely, "I left this settlement, intent on prospecting a country which lies beyond the surveyed regions, many scores of miles north of here. I left the boy behind me, with the chink to look after him, telling him that when I returned I should be a rich man—rich enough to set him up in a proper way.

"I took with me a partner," the man in kharki lowered his voice, and his eyes again sought the ground. "He was a half-breed — Maulin by name, half French, half Cree. For three months we made our way northwards through the silence and gloom. We found nothing, saw nothing, spoke to no one. Days passed by, sometimes, without us speaking to each other, and the black flies and mosquitos were a nightmare.

"At length the loneliness — the gnawing crushing loneliness of those silent, infernal forests began to eat into our souls. It tore at our very heart-strings till our minds were aflame with heaviness. Often the sound of our own footsteps made us turn and curse.

"The half-breed was for hitting out for home, but I forced him on,

and at length we struck the source of an unnamed creek, which runs north and south through Ungava. We decided to follow it homewards.

"Here fresh misfortunes began to befall us. One day, while we were steadying our canoe down a dangerous rapid, somehow she swung clear, hit a boulder, and capsized, emptying our stores into the river.

"I blamed Maulin, and he blamed me. These were the first words we had spoken for days, and we didn't go out of our way to pick and choose them. We began to hate each other like poison.

"After that we were forced to travel slowly, and range wide for game. The dry season had already set in, and fire after fire began to sweep the country. More than once we were hard put to pull through with our lives, for the land was sparingly watered, and timbered mostly with cedar and dead tamarack.

"The fires drove the game out of the country, and at length the day came when we had only a little rice and raisins left. We began to watch one another pretty closely, each thinking that the other was only waiting for an opportunity to make away with the canoe. At length it became clear that only one of us could pull through alive.

"And then—just at this time, we made a surprising find—"

The man in kharki paused, and looked at his companion.

"Gold?" queried the latter.

"Gold," said the man in kharki. He fumbled in his tunic pocket, and produced a large sample of quartz. The Secretary took it in his hand, and weighed it pensively. Then he gave a low whistle, and held it up to the starlight. He could see teats of gold, large as a man's finger tips, sticking out from the glossy quartz.

"That's only a surface sample," said the man in kharki. "When first I saw the lode I thought it would peter out, but it didn't. It got wider every way—sweeping up the hillside

in a dazzling glitter of yellow metal.

"Well, at our feet lay a fortune, and we knew it. We staked out our claim, and made things clear on the map. There's no passing the place from my description of it, and if you take a good man you'll be there in less than three weeks.

"If we had had anything to hate each other for previously, we had more now, so I called the half-breed to me, and explained things as best I could. In the end we placed our feet upon the vein, and swore solemnly before God to stand by each other till we both went down.

"But, in spite of this, I couldn't trust him. I couldn't rest or sleep, or even pray. The loneliness—the flies—the silence! The half-breed was worse than I. He kept on muttering and cursing and whimpering till it got on my nerves. At length one night, when I did fall asleep, I awoke to find him creeping up behind me, his gun in his hand. It was moonlight, and I could see the white glimmer of his teeth between his lips.

"When I hit out into the woods, it was for the boy. All those weeks of misery and gloom and hardships I had suffered for him. The half-breed was nothing to me, but the boy and I were everything in the world to each other. It was for his sake that I wanted to pull through, and it was for his sake that I—well, I finished him!

"It was my only chance after he had broken the oath. We fired simultaneously, but my shot told, and his missed.

"Finished him right away, almost, and as he lay there whimpering and cursing he said that he'd be even with me. 'Wait till you get home,' he said—those were his last words. 'Wait till you get home, then you'll see.'

"There isn't much more to tell," said the man in kharki. "I didn't waste time after that. It was all straight travelling, you see. A week ago I reached Flying Post, and saw the big fire to the south of me. It

missed me by a mile or more, but I could see that the whole country was ablaze, and it was blowing a hurricane.

"This morning I arrived here—" The man in kharki looked round at the charred remains of his old home. Then he raised his hand, in a manner that indicated that the story was finished. He pulled the sombrero from his head, and walked slowly towards the wooden cross. It was the first time he had approached it, and at the foot of the little mound he stood looking down, his hands clasped in front of him. Overhead the aurora flickered and shone, for a moment lighting up the grim little scene.

Presently the man in kharki drew a heavy black revolver from his belt. He pointed the muzzle towards the sky and fired three shots in solemn succession, one after the other.

The Secretary bowed his head. He knew that his companion was firing a farewell salute to the child whom he had loved so dearly. In silence he turned towards the creek, and presently the man in kharki joined him.

Soon the two disembarked at the main landing stage below the settlement. The man in kharki drew the large envelope which contained the papers from his tunic pocket, and handed it to the Secretary.

"It's all there," he said, "properly drawn up and in order. I was in a solicitor's office once—before the boy lost his mother—and I know how to do the thing. Now I leave it to you to see the business through. I guess you're to be trusted, or you wouldn't have been selected for the post you now hold.

"In my letter I give the names of half a dozen men who have suffered by this fire. My claim goes to them. They're all men with families—men with boys of their own—who used to chum up with my kiddy. Also I give the name of a firm of Montreal solicitors, and of a Montreal capitalist, who are standing in with you. Good night, and thanks."



The man in kharki held out his hand, but the Secretary hesitated. "But—but," he stammered, "I don't understand. Where do you come in?"

His companion stepped into the canoe. He knelt down in the waist of it, and took up his paddle.

"Nowhere," he answered. "This

is where I finish. I'm off back to the woods to live with the Indians, far enough away from here. This is the third act, you see. There's always something unexpected happens in the third act."

Then the man in kharki plied his paddle, and glided away into the darkness.

## IN HEIDELBERG

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

IN Heidelberg, where you were born,  
 The sunshine must be fine and rare  
 To leave such warmth within your heart,  
 To touch your thought and soul with that  
 Which neither suns or stars impart,  
 That strange, exquisite gift of God,  
 That fine and fairy thing called art.  
 Did fate decree your art and mine  
 Should weave into a future skein,  
 When you were born in Heidelberg,  
 And I was born—in Vain?

In Heidelberg, where you were born,  
 The day-dawn must wear strange disguise;  
 Now it has left its wealth of gray  
 And melting shadows in your eyes,  
 From whose deep, sombre beauty all  
 Your soul, God-given, speaks the clear,  
 Unblemished strength of all your art,  
 And writes that soul, a soul sincere.  
 Did fate decree your fleeting hour  
 Meet mine of storm, and stress, and rain,  
 When you were born in Heidelberg,  
 And I was born—in Vain?



# THEIR FAMILY TREE

BY ANNE WARNER

FOLLOWING the day of the baby's birth they drove to the tract which the grandfather had declared should be the future kingdom of his first grandson, and there they planted it—The Tree—making of the hour as much gayety as was possible in the wide ocean-like prairie, and trying not to recall what tree-planting or the birth of a baby may mean in those happy, friendly parts of the world where other people are so common that one may safely scorn or even dislike certain of their fellow men, so many others as there are left to look up to or survey calmly on the level.

The tree had been a seedling in a pot for several months before the famous day upon which it was set formally forth to seek its own sunlight and water. They dug a hole and filled in loam with the earth resultant and mounded it up again and on the summit of the diminutive hill stood the little tree. The whole proceeding was not exactly scientific, but it was done with careful love and loving care, and the two together are nearly as good at growing things as science. When they had finished, a few stakes were hammered in between the young thing and the direction whence blew the most wind, and some grass was woven between as a protection. Then they came home to tell about what they had done.

"I truly hope that the tree will live," the baby's mother said faintly, as they all grouped about her bedside and told her of the planting.

The baby's mother was a delicate, blue-eyed creature, far too frail to have ever done wisely in marrying on the prairie.

"It will live," said the grandmother, a dear, rosy body whom anyone would do well to marry anywhere. "It will live and it will grow, and so will he, too." And then she folded the baby that she was rocking yet closer to her bosom, and smiled cheerily at the white face on the pillow.

"I wish that they had planted it nearer to the house," the sick woman said. "It seems so far away to-night, and last night and all the other nights it was so near, right over there in its little pot, you know."

"It'll grow better down there," the grandmother assured her. "The time comes for everything to set out alone, and it came for the little tree to-day—that's all. Don't worry over it. It will live and thrive just like our boy here, bless him!"

And the tree did grow and thrive, just as the dear little rosy grandmother had predicted, and the baby boy did the same. But the baby boy's mother never left her bed, but just faded away—her spirit returning to some more-peopled and less-lonely place, let us hope—some place such as had ever made her eyes wistful to think or read about. They planted another tree over her grave, but it faded just as she did, voicing perhaps her cry for faces and voices and streets and houses, unable apparently to absorb the great Lesson

Book when its pages were too freely turned in too bright a light.

Those whom she left behind were almost too busy for loneliness. They worked very hard indeed and the little boy as soon as he was old enough worked with them. All sorts of prizes lay hidden in the air and beneath the sod for them and for him, and they sought them faithfully and with perseverance. Before he was such a very big boy a sort of warwth of plenty began to spread about. There was more leisure and more food for ideas to live on. It was always work and hard work, but it was not work of the kind to which one is driven by desperation or desperate need. And then after a while there came a school only six miles away, and a post-office, and finally—there came a girl.

A girl so exactly after the grandmother's heart that the grandmother held her breath, more or less, all through the months that stretched between the first meeting of "her baby," and the actual betrothal. Such a neat, sweet, dear girl, and so capable. So strong, too, so healthy, so well, and so pretty. Such a good mother as she had, too, and such a well-to-do father. Decidedly a match laid in Heaven. And how the grandmother did pray that all might go well, so very, very well. There was a church now only eight and a half miles away, and she who had been too busy heretofore to ever have time to be religious, now took to going to service regularly. When everyone said the Lord's Prayer and she heard "Give us this day," echoing back from the low, flat beams above her head, she prayed doubly, so much did she desire all good for those two young people.

On Christmas day the Boy's family drove seventeen miles to take dinner with the Girl's family, and with the spring both families were well along in their preparations.

His family built him a house on his own farm by the tree, and they built

it in such a wise that the tree shaded the piazza. "It makes me sad to think that I did not set out a dozen that same time; they'd been a real addition to the looks of the whole thing now," said his father, looking up at the strong, lithe boughs waving above his head.

"If you'd a set out a line along the fence they'd made a splendid snow-guard," said one of the uncles.

"If you'd set him out a wood-lot then he'd have had fire-wood for life," said the grandfather.

They all took the lesson to heart and forthwith set out a number of small trees, but all these were killed or sadly blasted in the Great Storm four years later. They should have been set out sooner; trees are a subject about which discussion is worse than useless unless the right end of them is already firmly set in the earth.

The Great Storm was that never-to-be-forgotten snow-storm that lasted so long and produced in some instances such fearful suffering and tragedies. It began on a Monday morning and the Girl, now a busy little wife and mother, sang over her wash-tubs while the white flakes fell steadily outside the window. She had a baby in the cradle and a toddling three-year-old climbing up where he shouldn't, and tumbling off of where he ought not to be, every three minutes, but still she sang gaily over her wash-tubs. From where she stood she could look out over the prairie and see the thick grayness that comes with a thinnish snow-storm. She could see the tree, too, where it stood just beyond the porch, its boughs absolutely brushing the front of the house, and its strong young limbs stretching protectingly over the porch-roof. She loved the tree—the one little tree in her little kingdom—and the babies had played with this autumn's leaves, and one of them had seen its spring for the first time that year, a little upturned face on which the sunbeams had fil-

tered softly through the green screen above.

It snowed all day. It was not very cold, but it was too cold for the snow to melt, and by four in the afternoon it was several inches deep. When the Boy, now husband and father, came in from the barn he was such a sight that the three-year-old tot screamed with joy, supposing himself to be entertaining a Santa Claus unawares.

"Why didn't you come through the sheds?" the young wife asked, as she ran for a brush. "Your clothes will all have to be dried."

"I didn't realise how deep it was until I got out into it," he answered. "In the barn I didn't think, for I was too busy to waten the snow."

A little later he called her to the window to see The Tree which had taken on a white and fantastic foliage of cloud-like heaps. If the tree had not stood close to the house they could not have seen it, the storm now having blocked all beyond two-score yards of radius.

"When you go back to the barn, be sure to go through the sheds," she said, when he made ready to go out again.

"I had thought of going up to father's this afternoon," he presently said, "but I didn't dare. I might lose the road."

She was cuddling the smallest child to sleep in her arms. "No, it wouldn't do to risk that in such a storm," she said, looking down with a smile upon the drooping eyelids. "Do come back from the barn as soon as you can. I do not like being alone in such a storm."

"I'll be back in half an hour," he answered. "I've just got to feed the cattle and horses for the night."

She rose and walked with the baby towards the cradle in the corner. "It's dark now," she remarked, as she tucked the quilt over the little one. "I don't remember ever seeing such a snow-storm in all my life before." Then she came back to the low chair and held out her arms and

the little three-year-old ran and climbed up to be put to sleep in his turn.

"You'll spoil that child, Agnes," said her husband with the greatest content in his face, and the utmost disapproval in his voice. "He's three years old. Grandmother never rocked me when I was that age."

"But she was your grandmother," Agnes said, turning her apron up over the little figure on her knees so that it was nestled as warmly as the other had been. "If she had been your mother it would have been different. Now don't interfere with my babies, go on about your work and leave me to attend to mine. And *don't* be long," she said laughingly.

He laughed a little and went out and left her. The snow kept falling as it grew darker. Soon it was so dark that after the second little one was disposed of, she had to light the lamp to continue her work.

The next morning the snow was still falling. It kept on falling all the morning, and it kept falling more and more thickly. Twice the Tree rejected its burden and the whole mass fell all at once to the ground just by the porch. Each time it startled her, for it swooped to earth like a great white bird of prey. She went to the window and stood there trying to remember if she had ever seen so much snow fall in so short a time, but the baby's cry recalled her from her thoughts.

About half-past two that day it grew as dark as night and lightened up no more. There was no wind, but the snow fell on, fell on unceasing. It made no drifts, it lay on level far and wide, and the level deepened minute by minute.

When her husband came in that afternoon he said that he had fed and watered the stock for the night.

"Then you won't have to go back again."

"Yes, I will, too. It beats all the way it drifts through cracks. I had to shovel as much as two or three

barrelfuls out to keep the floor from flooding and freezing in spots. It melts in there like anything."

"Do you think that it will keep on like this for another night?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know. I hope not."

Then she set to work to get supper, singing as cheerily as ever, but her brave heart was troubled in spite of the cheeriness of her song.

After supper he took the lantern and went out through the shed and later came back the same way. "This will be fine for the spring-seeding," he declared when he came in, and she smiled. Neither meant that the other should know how ceaselessly the terrible snow was falling outside.

The children were put to bed and later the parents went to bed, also. She drew the little beds up close beside theirs, and slept with an outstretched hand touching the baby. Outside the snow was still ceaselessly falling. In the night the Tree shook itself free again, and again the mass came crashing down with a roar. The fire was going out and the house was getting very cold. Rousing her husband she whispered, "Take them in with us; it's so cold." He roused himself and drew the small boy in beside him. The child sighed, readjusted itself to the angle of its father's arm and slept on undisturbed. The mother held the baby close. She could not sleep again.

No dawn came on the next day. Only a smothered white light showed them that the outside world was level with their window sills.

"If it keeps on what shall we do?" she asked him as they both worked, shivering in the ghastly damp stillness of the morning's beginning.

"It must stop soon," he answered her reassuringly.

But it did not stop.

All day long on that third day it fell. Silently, ceaselessly, mercilessly, Deeper and deeper and deeper.

"Agnes," he said at noon, "I

don't know what to do. The weight on the shed roof is caving it in and the braces don't seem to help. I've no long timbers."

She looked very thoughtful. "If it caves in what will the stock do?" she asked.

"I'm going to pull down the fodder and turn them loose," he said. "It's all that I can see to do. They can get water enough from the snow that drifts in."

She dipped the spoon with which she was feeding the baby into the cup of milk. "And the baby," she said her eyes dark with the anxiety which she hoped that she concealed, "and the wood for the fire."

"I must bring all the wood that I cut up into the kitchen this afternoon," he said, getting up quietly.

As he spoke something that sounded like an avalanche slid from off the roof and made a heap before one of the windows so high that one could not see out of that window any more.

She held out her hand that trembled visibly to him, although the other that helped support the baby on her knees did not flinch. "And if the shed roof caves in while you are in the barn what shall I do then?" she asked.

He was silent for a minute, and then said, "But, Agnes, there's no choice. We've got to have the wood."

"Yes, I know," she said, trying to dip up more milk with her shaking hand. "I know, of course. But bring as much as you can at once each time."

He worked very hard all the afternoon and filled part of one side of the kitchen with wood. The warmth set all sorts of little living things to coming out upon the floor and made a diversion of work which would have been exasperating at any other time.

"Suppose that we have an ant-log here?" she said trying to laugh, and just then, with a mighty crash, the shed roof caved in.

They were alone now—alone with the babies. And the horses and the

cows and the chickens were alone, too, on the other side of the wrecked shed.

And still the snow—the soft white pitiless snow—kept on falling.

That night they took the children into their arms and held them there all night.

In the morning no light came. The windows were covered completely.

There was a fearful hush in the air, and also a dreadful damp that seemed to speak from the grave.

Breakfast was eaten in a silly sort of stupor.

"We can't tell if it is snowing or not, now," she said trying to hush the baby, who demanded her milk loudly and long. He just shook his head.

The weird day crept on slowly. Very slowly.

In the afternoon the little one, exhausted by her woes, consented to eat something softened with water, and that eased one anxiety at least. But the others pressed closer yet. The older child could not understand the situation at all, and grew frightened — and then, all of a sudden, they heard an ominous sound above their heads.

The house roof was sagging!

"Oh, merciful heavens! What are we to do now?" she asked, turning white-lipped.

He was pale himself.

"How can you make it hold?" she whispered.

He looked about miserably; everything that seemed necessary was buried under the fallen shed roof.

Break up some furniture," she suggested.

"Too short. Oh, my God! If it goes in, the whole house will fall on us. Snow like this weighs by the ton."

"Could you brace it?" she asked.

"If I had stout pieces."

She looked at him. "The Tree," she whispered quickly. "The Tree."

He started, and then his face

brightened. "Agnes," he said, "that's the very thing. I must get an axe and rope and climb out on the porch roof. I can get at it from there."

She looked at him from where she stood by the table, the baby on her arm. "If you slip?" she said, gasping a little.

"I shall not slip," he declared.

He went for the axe and rope at once and then climbed the ladder into the angle of space which was called by courtesy, "the garret." There he managed to get the end window out, and tying a rope around his waist worked hard, ceaselessly, cruelly, all the afternoon, to get strong supports from the Tree, knowing himself and all his dear ones to now be standing in deadly peril, and this dear Tree must save them. Towards five o'clock he came down and knocked the spare-room bed to pieces, and she helped him steady the pieces up the ladder, and with all he had he managed to brace up the roof.

After that two awful days crept by in the strange, deathly-still dampness which the fire did not seem able to dispel even when it burnt fiercest.

"Everyone will think that we're dead," the young wife said on the last night.

"If it has only stopped!" her husband answered. They each had a feeling as if perhaps it really was the end of the world. Neither had ever thought of the world ending in this way, just a gentle continuous downward drifting of what was lightest, softest, most fragile, of all Nature's toys, until life died completely, and was buried forever and ever beneath.

"How can we know when it does stop?" she asked timidly.

"We can't know until I can find a way out."

She came close to him, sat down in his lap, buried her face in his shoulder, and tried not to weep. "How long can we live this way, you know?" she whispered.

"Until long after our golden wed-

ding, I hope," he said, trying to laugh as he spoke, but his arms drew her very close and his voice was not quite as steady as usual.

The next morning the light of the real sun came in through the top of that garret window which faced the one that he had broken. It was the fifth day then. What a day! When he called down she came scrambling up the ladder like a rejoicing mouse to peep out at the wonderful sight. It was shining bright, but no brighter than her eyes as she looked, for it meant life.

And the next morning the white mass suddenly collapsed within itself, as heavy snows all have a way of doing, and the upper half of every window downstairs was free, and the lower half was leaking. Busy times. Another day passed before he could get out to the stock. They were all alive and not a bit worse for their imprisonment.

Another day and the wide white vastness stretched afar on every side and they could see off on its edge the black dots that meant the old home, and know that it was safe, too.

"They must be very anxious!" she murmured, trembling more now than she had during the danger.

"They knew that we were well fixed," he answered cheerily, and that day, to have all in order when they should be able to come, he began to work at the necessary repairing.

"The tree is gone for good," she said, looking out of the window. "What should we have done without it?"

"I guess I'll chop it down," he replied. "It looks mighty unsightly that way."

But she gave a sudden quick cry. "Oh, no, no, not that! It saved us, you know. It held the roof up. Leave it as it is and we'll make a vine grow over it. We mustn't chop it down as if—as if it were just any tree."

He looked quite sober, as if he who was always full of kindness and ten-

derness for every thing would have wilfully slain even a tree-stump. And then he started to laugh at himself, but stopped, as he saw the uplifted pity in her face as she looked at the tall maimed thing that had shaded her bridehood and her babies.

The next day the whole White Terror had become mere mud and slush, and through its depths came splashing the wagon bringing the old people to see with their own eyes that all was really well in the end.

After the family re-union the grandfather climbed up the ladder with the boy and looked at the bracing there.

"I don't see how you ever did it, Billy," he said. "Of course it's mighty poor carpentering, but it's awful good work for a man to get done alone like that."

"I don't see how I did it, myself," said the son. "Sawing into those wet branches and then hauling the pieces in through that window. I know I would never be able to do anything like it again, not unless Agnes and the children were in trouble again."

"It was a God-blessed good thing we planted that tree," said the old man, looking out on what was left of it. "You never can tell in this world what anything's going to be good for, but I guess planting trees is always safe to come out ahead."

"We're going to set out a forest this year," said the younger man, laughing, as he went towards the ladder. "Agnes is daffy on it now."

Later in the spring the order was sent for the beginnings of the "forest" to be shipped. The family in the little house went to stay with the grandparents while the little house itself was being thoroughly built over. They stayed a month, and when they returned they found what was like a new house and also what to the children was a real forest of little trees. But in the place of honour, even though it was little more than a stump, still stood The Family Tree.

# THE CASE OF 100709

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

I LEFT the beaten paths and cautiously felt my way into the freight country which lies along Front Street westward from the old Union Depot in Toronto. Behind me was the old familiar glare of old familiar lights. Ahead was a strange street car with different looking people inside. I had not known there were such people in Toronto. I had supposed everything looked like Yonge Street and Yonge Street cars. As I stole cautiously into the gloom along Front Street I began to perceive on one side, lower than the street level, mile upon mile of railway siding, and the main lines lying clear for the express trains due to pull out about that time. To my left was a silent wilderness of ugly shapes that smelled of merchandise and axle-grease. Left and right were connected by railway tracks which ran across the highway.

I descended into the level below the street and felt my way cautiously over the tracks.

Somewhere out in midstream, as it were, yard engines were moving back and forth. On a main line the Vancouver Express was pulling out cautiously. Lights blinked and bobbed before her. A fireman on a switch engine opened his box to throw in coal, and the glare of the furnace made a lurid light in the smoke overhead. Ghostly semaphore arms rose and fell solemnly in the gray dusk. Back on the storage tracks I shrank, among a herd of freight cars. I had come for their story.

"Would you mind walking more quietly?" said a soft voice suddenly, a soft, purring, almost girlish voice. "It would be more—discreet in you, and less likely to attract the undesirable attentions of the yard constables. Please refrain from profane expletives!"

"Who—where are you?"

"Here," returned the gentle voice, "over to your right. That's it. Step up. I fear you are unaccustomed to the negotiation of such steep places. Mind your trousers. There. Are you comfortable?"

"I'm not particular about being comfortable," I said, "I want to see the freight yards and interview—er—the cars, box cars and such."

"Really," said the voice. "How interesting! I've often thought it would be good. The life story of a freight car, for instance. The human interest side of the way freight. Dear me, what a delightful assignment!"

"Delightful?" I said.

"Why—yes. Don't you think so?"

I said nothing. I was observing my companion on the top of the freight car. Presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I made him out. He was rolling a shapeless cigarette, a sallow, rickety-looking youth, lean-jawed, hollow-eyed, flat of chest and round of stomach. He was a delicate tramp. I looked for signs of "coke," but there were none. His hand as he held the cigarette was steady and his conversation was even enough, not cracked and erratic.



"I myself ascended to this vantage point," he explained, delicately wetting the edge of the cigarette paper with the tip of his tongue, "in order to think. I have been in town here a week, and I require a change. I took this quiet place to consider my problem, whether I should go to California or British Columbia. I haven't been on the West coast since—let me see—1909 it must have been, and I feel the impulse, as it were, upon me at present. Perhaps you can help me decide. Which would you choose?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," I returned, "I've never been there—to either of 'em. I'm too much engaged thinking freight cars now. What do you know about them?"

"These! These cars!" with a soft laugh. "My dear sir, I know everything—everything but statistics."

"I can give you those."

"But I know the freight car like a book. I've lived in 'em and on 'em and through 'em."

"Must have been interesting?"

"Intensely," he replied.

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"You have told me," he said, as we sat there swinging our legs from the end of the car and smoking cigarettes, "you have told me the commercial side of the subject—one which is very interesting. I knew before that there were very many of these cars, but one hundred thousand on one road alone! Hm!"

"Yes," I said, "there are 100,000 freight cars of one kind and another on one line alone in Canada—and probably another fifty thousand foreign cars that have come over the line from American roads. That makes a hundred and fifty thousand freight cars, worth from \$1,500 to \$10,000 each—representing a total investment of, say between one hundred and fifty and seven hundred and fifty million dollars. Each travelling an average of 200 miles a day, carrying say forty tons of goods a day. The freight cars of Canada probably

carry in a year three hundred and sixty billion ton-miles of goods."

"But what good are ton-miles?" he demanded.

"Hang me if I know," I said dreamily.

"What else d'you know?" he demanded.

"What else? Well, let me see. They can make a flat car down in the Angus shops in twenty-five minutes, once they have the parts assembled. They can make a box-car, lettering, painting and all, in an hour. They squirt the paint on with a hose and make the letters with a stencil."

"Curious!" he observed.

"Yes," I said, "and when a car gets in a smash they burn up the woodwork and fish out the trucks. Then they build a new top on 'em down in Montreal."

"Hm!" he said. "Poor things."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded.

"The cars," he said.

We said nothing for a time.

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"Look here," he began presently, "you belong to the passenger class. When you make a journey you go by first-class coach or Pullman. Even if you are what you call 'broke' you descend to nothing lower than a 'tourist upper.' You travel by passenger schedule at a rate of six hundred miles a day, or four hundred in a night. You see a rapidly-moving landscape, little stations that fly past with a gasp and a shriek. But you do not know the railroad or the people of the railroad. Now I, when I travel, travel by freight. I know the roads and the country, and I know the song of the road and the conversation of the cars. In some ways I am much richer than you, even though the railway company supplies you with fine linen and scented soap."

"These cars—this very car we are sitting on now—are like the porters of Bagdad of whom one reads in the stories of the Arabian Nights. They

play a minor rôle, not even a speaking, part, in a thousand stories an hour, and in the great story of your—er—national development. They have their interest in Ottawa and in the West. They enter into almost every commercial consideration in the country. The Westerner cries, 'Box cars, not battle ships, we want!' and yet who knows one box car from another in this great army of them, this great restless army of ugly shapes that plod ceaselessly over endless stretches of railroad track?"

"That's very good," I said. "Did you ever speak with a box car?"

"Yes," he said calmly, "I have communed with them many a night, lying concealed in an 'empty.' Of course, you would be incredulous, but in the grunt and grumble of the freighter I often hear a story, the stories of box-cars."

"Hmph!"

"Take old 100709. The first time I saw that car was on the side of the big hill where the track drops into the Yoho Valley, and then picks itself up without a moment's hesitation and runs off along the Kicking Horse toward the West coast. I had been compelled by aggressive policemen in the town or Calgary—this was some years ago, before the tunnels at Field had been built—to seek my fortune in another metropolis, and to this end I had boarded the first convenient passenger pulling through from the East. It was the Montreal train. I knew one of the crew and I attached myself at a convenient point between the coal tender and the blind baggage. We laboured on up through the foot-hills to Banff and so on till we lay at the station this side of the big valley, and there the conductor happened to perceive my temporary advantage over the railway company—and it became necessary to think and act with considerable speed. It was then I saw 100709, glistening with new paint, lying between an old furniture car and a lime car, in a long freight, and just

preparing to move out. I observed this in much less time than it takes to narrate the circumstances. I felt a sudden liking for that car. As the conductor of the passenger reached toward me, I jumped, took three steps, and was aboard the freight—westbound—which for some reason was being passed out ahead.

"The big grade in those days was a difficult business to negotiate. The engines forward were feeling their way down the steel. The cars followed cautiously. Old 100709 moved with the others, a brand new car that had been intended for the grain trade but had been commandeered by a needy car agent in Toronto for a Western shipment. There were twenty cars in that train, a motley procession; half a dozen ex-grain cars, now carrying furniture and package goods, a few box cars, a 'palace' horse-car, and so on. The others were a dejected lot, that creaked and cried, and whimpered like puppies as the locomotive led them forward to the brink of the great pit. Some held back, some with cranky brakes bucked. You never heard worse noise in your life. It was worse than a train of swine. Only old 100709 rode evenly, steadily and quietly between the blubbering furniture car and a lime car with the fidgets. You couldn't blame anything for feeling afraid of that grade in the old days. How did those old cars that had been on the road for years and in some pretty uncomfortable situations, too, know—what assurance had they that the engine was capable of holding them all? How could they know but what these new-fangled air brakes might not work—and the whole string of them go to glory together? Ahead of the line stalked a big double-compound—it was before they had the mallet type—hissing and fuming with importance like a high priest about to do a magic stunt and trying to frighten the poor, timid congregation even worse than it was. We all shook together, and the couplings charged

one another and cursed one another as we gathered speed on the down grade. But old 100709 ran quietly and soberly. When the brakes went on she answered like a soldier. When the air went off she neither leaped ahead like a stampeding steer, as some of the other cars did, nor hic-coughed and bucked like others. She moved steadily, with dignity. She played the game.

"We got down the big hill all right. We pursued the Kicking Horse, made our meets all right and at Golden I dropped off for a rest and a little refreshment. Probably I would have forgotten all about 100709, but she was cut out there with supplies for the mining rush, and what is more, she seemed to have brought me luck. I went prospecting with a fellow I met in a hostelry there and made three hundred dollars in one month. Then I desisted from the pursuit of wealth and came back to railroading."

"Well," I hinted, "go on."

"Oh, I forget just where I went after that, out to Vancouver, down the coast to 'Frisco, and later to San Diego, then across to New Orleans and up on a Gulf boat, and one fine morning down in Podersville, Alabama, I bumped into 100709."

"Where?"

"Podersville, Alabama. There she stood, a big, upstanding, honest-looking car, square on her trucks, straight of line and angle. Do you know, I was pleased! I was delighted to see that car. I had enjoyed that ride down into the mouth of Hell on 100709, and I had had good luck in Golden, B.C. Here, three years later, was this car again, herded among a horde of coal and oil cars."

"But how had it got there?" I demanded.

"How? Rolled, of course. I suppose one fine day a yard engine in Golden picked her up and batted her into a loading platform to be filled up with junk for Vancouver. Another yard engine would join her to a

string of 'empties' fitting east. A yard man at Calgary probably cut out 100709 and dragged her under a spout to be loaded up with wheat. Then 100709 would be handed over to a freight bound for Winnipeg and then—Fort William, the North Shore and Toronto. By the time 100709 got to Toronto, after wracking around the West, she would not be any too tight. Wheat would leak out fast—and they would give her a load of general merchandise, say for Buffalo. Anyway, here was old 100709, looking a trifle shabby, but self-respecting, on a siding in Podersville, Alabama.

"Now, that was in the days before the Car Association had printed all its rules about cars. The C. P. R., for instance, would send a car to a point in the States. It would get a receipt from, say the Lehigh Valley; the Lehigh would pass it on to another line and take a receipt, and so on till it reached its destination. But no one could tell when a car, once sent off its home lines, would ever be sent back. To-day there's a fee of forty-five cents a day all the time the car is on a foreign line, and a heavy penalty for each day that foreign company uses the car for its own purposes after it has been relieved of its original load. But at that time there were not these penalties. Old 100709 had been bandied about from pillar to post just to suit the whim or needs of whatever lines happened to have her in hand. But I learned that afterward.

"Just as I was looking at old 100709 I saw a fellow I had met one time on a branch line in Ontario.

"'What are you doing here?' I inquired.

"Car chasing," he said, using the vulgar idiom.

"What?"

"'Car chasing. See old 100709 there! She has been away from home two years. Two long years. The other day the old man (the General Superintendent of Car Service) looks

over the list of cars and misses old 100709 again. We looked up our files and found she'd been gone two blessed years. So I fell into this job. I got orders to find 100709 and stick to her till I got her home. It took me a week to find her, by chasing up receipts from one road to another, and yard-masters' reports, and now I'm sticking by her, working her slow up north.'

"It took that gentleman three months to get 100709 home again to Canada."

"What became of her?" I asked.

"Became of 100709? Oh — she died. I'll tell you about that later. She was stolen once. She got down into the northwestern states one time and a little company that had a busy five hundred miles of track was dreadfully short of cars. Its own rolling stock wasn't safe in a windstorm and yet it had more goods to put over that five hundred miles than it had cars. So it stole old 100709—painted her new.

"They got her back, though, on account of a C.P.R. man happening to see a patent door fastening on the old brute which only C.P.R. and N. Y.C.R. cars had at that time. He made further examination and proved his car. The big road sued and the little road delivered 100709 and damages. It was an extremely crooked little road.

"Last I saw of old 100709 I was looking for transportation out of Cobourg east to Montreal. I hopped a freight and struck the old lady. I was shivering and trying to figure out what it was made me so depressed. It was nothing you could explain though. It was real intuition—and when I got to Trenton Junction I descended from 100709.

"There is a high embankment there, and fine pretty country lying below to right and left. There is a mild curve to the east of the station and while the 'con' was getting his orders I slipped on ahead to make a short-cut into town. The freight

caught up to me and passed—a grand sight, a big high-chested bull pulling at the head, rocking a trifle as she struck the curve. The rain was slobbering off her head-light and dripping off her front. The wind was playing dirty with her smoke and exhaust, blowing it all down over her. But she bit into the weather like a past grand master and the grumbling herd followed her, rocking and swaying and roaring in the cyclops' wake. Then the old bull gave an extra long breath, the engineer lengthened her stroke, and gave her more steam—and yipi—three fool empties in the middle of the train were not heavy enough to hug the track and went off, dragging old 100709 and all the others behind with them.

"Somehow 100709 got it worse than any of the others. Her sheeting and uprights were smashed to bits and her cargo lay scattered in a pasture. It was a most unfortunate spill and although there's double track on the G.T.R. along there, it tied up traffic for five hours. I sat around and watched the auxiliary lifting the sound ones back to the steel. I saw them take off the floor and the sills of old 100709, and swing her two trucks on a flat while they set fire to the splinters. I was sorry to see old 100709 go. She had more spirit than most cars and she rode smoothly."

"But didn't they use the trucks again?"

"Oh, sure. They'd send 'em to Montreal, tune 'em up and put a new ready-made top on in an hour, but they give the new car a new number. Old 100709 was dead."

"Pathetic," I said.

"Pathetic! Don't trifle. I've told you the story of a car. Didn't you want the human interest?"

"But is it true?"

"Ask the car distributors in the Union. I got t'be going."

"Decided where?" I asked.

"Yes, British Columbia. I'll pick up something at West Toronto."

He was gone.



THE ACCUSED  
From the Pencil Sketch by John Russell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# MACNAIR

BY EMERY POTTLE

MACNAIR came to the studio one afternoon about four, a brisk afternoon of late September, his cheeks were glowing red, his eyes clean and blue and alive like the sky of the day itself. Scarcely twenty, utterly devoid of that indefinable air of professionalism which attaches to the ordinary model, he suggested on the instant a personality.

"Do you want a model?" he asked briefly. "Sherman sent me. I'm Macnair."

"I'm looking for one," I admitted. "I remember Sherman spoke of you."

Without more words the boy got out of his clothes. The process was, like his entrance, quite without affectation. His body seemed no more to him without garments than with—no better, no less. Once naked, he slipped naturally into a good pose and waited. Unconsciously he had put himself against a gray-green velvet curtain. The strong, cold light from the big window struck full on him, chiselling sharp every vigorous line and curve, illuminating the freshness of his deeply tanned skin. His hair, parted in the middle and long enough to wave damply on his smallish head, was thick and blond. His features were gracefully irregular, a trifle dull in modelling, slightly impudent; and his well-made hands and feet, like a puppy's, were too large for wrists and ankles. The sum of it all was a green adolescence, boyish handsomeness—a fermenting

mixture of weakness, pride, fire, and a hint of fierceness.

"Good," I said. "You'll do admirably."

"I'm very strong," he remarked. "I'm not quite nineteen. Shall I put on my clothes?"

I explained to him a little of the monument competition into which I had entered and of the circumstances connected with it. He seemed more interested in the fact that there was a contest involved than in the artist's notion of his work.

"I'd like to take a chance in that," he responded. "We'll get on together all right, I guess. If there isn't anything more you want to-day, I'll be going."

"No—nothing. Then to-morrow?"

"Surest thing in the world." He added, "I'd like to get out now and see the Columbia boys' football practice." The studio I had at the time was on Morningside Heights near the university. "Do you play?" I asked.

He nodded. "When I get the chance."

"Are those yours?" he suddenly asked, as he was on his way to the door. He pointed to a corner of the room where hung some pairs of boxing gloves and a collection of broadswords and fencing foils. "I'd like to learn to box well. Can you teach me?"

"I can box well enough," I smiled. "I'll give you a try some day, if you like."

"Will you? Well, good-bye," he replied with a hint of liking in his voice, "and I guess we'll get together all right in that statue of yours. We'll push the others off the island."

Little by little Macnair became tremendously involved in the progress of the work. He spared himself no pains, no fatigue of posing. More than that, through the kindly offices of the boxing gloves and the broadswords, the natural apathy of youth in making acquaintances gave way to an increasing liking for me. Once his confidence was established, Macnair did not prove to be reticent. He spoke freely of himself, but always in moments of his own choosing. And he spoke, as a rule, out of a certain sardonic sophistication as ingenuous as the innocence from which it seems all at once to spring full-armed. He had not a naturally humorous attitude of mind, yet his conversation, sketched in with vivid, piquant slang, was lively. Presently I discovered that he belonged to a poverty-stricken family in Fordham which had pretensions to gentility, that his father was dead and that he himself was the youngest of three brothers—"very hot boys." In the summer time the three of them were life savers at Coney Island—hence his brown legs and arms. In the winter the two older brothers had employment in a wholesale fur house, and Macnair posed for a living.

"My brothers take care of my mother," he vouchsafed, "I take care of myself."

At sixteen he had quit school, largely because it bored him. "Oh, my mother was sore, all right, because I chucked it," he laughed. "I would have went another year maybe, but a fellow gave me a job in an art store. It was a good chance. I got to know some artists, and after a while, when I got more shape on me, I began to pose. It's kind of footless. I like art, though, all right. I'd rather play football and base-

ball. Posing isn't so bad in winter, but, gee, it gets cold sitting round without your clothes on in some of you fellows' studios. A lot of these artists are dubs. They make me sick, some of 'em."

The boy had not been long in the studio when from his attitude of profession and self-possession one might have imagined that we were comrades sharing one atelier. And yet he was shrewd in finding out my personal habits, wishes, moods; these he never violated—rather, in secret ways that he thought I did not detect, he sought to gratify them.

Presently his supple fingers took to idle amusement in stray bits of clay. In the rests from posing the boy diverted himself by forming, with considerable dexterousness, familiar animals—cats, dogs, birds, and an occasional human figure. These he would show to me with an embarrassed laugh, then crush them into a clay lump.

"Your fingers are very clever," said I one day. "Have you any real notion that you'd like to do that sort of thing seriously? The world is full of fools with deft fingers—you've got to have more than that."

"I don't know," he answered vaguely. "I'd kind of like to do it if I got a good chance." Later on in the day he referred to the matter again. "It takes a good deal of studying to be an artist, don't it? I'd like to go to Paris. It's a sporty place. They booze a lot there, don't they?"

"It depends. You can do as you like, just as you can anywhere else."

"You can't play football and baseball and booze—you're down and out if you do. I don't booze any. Don't smoke but one or two cigarettes a day. Do they play football and baseball in Paris?"

"It isn't the best thing they do," I confessed. "They manage to have a good time notwithstanding."

Macnair's voice struck its note of sardonic comprehension. "Women,



I suppose. I'd like to see Paris." Then he added reflectively, "I bet I could be an artist if I wanted to be. Do you have to study very hard?"

"You don't *have* to. Paris is full of people who don't really *have* to study."

He nodded, his eyes alert with the new idea.

"You'd better stick to football."

"You think I'd go to hell in Paris," he grinned. "Everybody says I'm going to go to hell. Wonder why?"

One day, sitting naked on the high stool by the fire, his knees drawn up under his chin, his feet on the top rung, he announced that he was going to college. "Going to fix it up in a day or two. There's two—maybe three—colleges that want me to join. It's like this: two or three friends of mine—college boys—have seen me play and they're hot for having me go to their college and get on the teams. See? One fellow is from Marlow and another from Ward. The idea is that you sort of go in and pick out a fool stunt to do; an art course, maybe, or farming, or—oh, I don't know. These fellows have got it all fixed up for me. I think I'll go to Ward. It's more sporty there, and awful good athletics. My Ward friend says I can get in right away in the art course if I study up a little stuff. He gave me the books. It's a fruity-oot to do it. Then I get my board for being at the head of some foolish-faced eating club, and there's a rich guy who's going to pay my tuition. The Marlow bunch don't offer so much. It's a peach chance. I'll go all right, I guess." He looked up at me with a simple composure utterly devoid of moral perturbation.

At the end of a fortnight Macnair entered Ward College. He came once more before he left, to say good-bye. He wore new clothes of a highly collegiate fashion and a jaunty blue cap on the back of his head.

"So-long," he smiled. "I won't forget you. Thanks awfully for the boxing and the sword practice. And I guess you'll win that competition all right, all right. Me for the art course now. So-long."

It was during Christmas week of the following year that I next saw Macnair. After finishing my statue for the competition I had left New York for a holiday; and as it turned out ultimately that I was to be the chosen sculptor, the succeeding months were largely spent in Washington, where the work was to be placed. Later I went abroad and stayed during the autumn. I had heard nothing from the boy. He had promised letters, but Macnair was not of a letter-writing nature.

Towards midnight I had dropped into one of the big restaurants on Broadway for a bit of supper. I was too tired to choose a more subdued resort. The tables were nearly all crowded. Next me were a gross, red-chopped, diamond-studded creature and a shrewd-eyed, pert, pretty girl. Beyond was a boisterous table unmistakably of college boys. They were evidently out to make a night of it; in fact, the manager had frequently to calm their lusty desire for song and hilarity, which seemed a pity since it was the most genuine note in the room.

To my mind a far greater cause for apprehension was the fat beast next me. The alarming amount of champagne that he was imbibing seemed likely to be fraught with disastrous consequences. Evidently his pretty little companion shared my fear. There was a distinctly nervous shadow in her eyes and she shifted uneasily in her chair. Her efforts to get him out into the air were fruitless. Rapidly he advanced from dripping pathos to purplish anger.

"What do I spend my money on you for?" he suddenly bellowed. "Huh?" He proceeded to answer

this embarrassing demand: "Because I'm a fool. That's why! You treat me like a dog. Oh, yes you do! You run away from me. You laugh at me. It's funny for you. It ain't funny for me. *Huh?*"

The girl whispered something. "No, I won't keep still," vociferated her outraged host. "*You* keep still."

The college boys by this time had turned their entire attention to this new phase of the evening. And in the group I observed now, for the first time, Macnair. I saw that he had been drinking; his tanned cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled, his lips shone as red as poppies.

The girl beckoned to a waiter and gathered her furs about her as if she would go. A hairy lump of a hand jumped across the table, upsetting wineglasses, and caught her wrist. "No you don't, my lady."

With a nervous cry, more of anger than of pain, I fancy, she jerked herself free. "You hurt me. Don't." Her eyes agonizingly besought the waiter, but he did not appear.

"D—— me," he stormed, "you always want to run away from me. And I love you more when you're mad."

Her black, slightly almond-shaped eyes struck sparks. "I hate you. You're a beast," she threw at him, rising to her feet. With a quickness surprising and disconcerting, her companion seized his glass of wine and flung the contents straight at her. It struck her bare throat and ran down, dismally soaking the chiffon and pale silk of her gown. "Oh!" she gasped.

It was Macnair who acted. He rushed over to the young woman and with one hand began mopping her throat with his napkin, the other, in fist form, he shook under the retreating nose of the beast. "You dirty coward," he stuttered, "you big——"

Instantly the place was in a tumult. The curious crowd of pat-

rons left their seats. The waiters hurried to the scene of the fray, and the distressed manager began looking for an officer. The scene was dramatic; the weeping girl, the half-repentant, half-gloating man at bay under the fist of a slim, steel-built, fire-eyed boy in a circle of over-dressed, overfed, overstimulated restaurant *habitués*.

I stepped to Macnair's side. "Put her in a cab and send her home," I said in a low tone.

His face softened in momentary recognition of me. "But this big slob——" he began.

"Don't talk! Do what I tell you."

He hesitated, then put his arm through the girl's and led her away, past the staring eyes. The man made as if to follow, weakened, dropped into his chair, where he rested, an inert heap, occasionally emitting a drowsy, sullen mutter. The onlookers drifted back to their seats with a semi-new sensation to discuss. The employees sighed in relief and went about their duties with furtive glances at the somnolent mischief-maker. Presently the manager came, whispered something to the half-maudlin creature, lifted him to his feet, and after a dozen frustrations got him out into his cab. The incident was closed.

I went home and Macnair's companions also departed, but Macnair himself did not return. I rather expected that the encounter would bring a visit from the boy, but it was not until a week later that he appeared.

"Halloo, Mac," said I, "I'm glad to see you. I've rather expected you'd be turning up."

"I'd have been around before, only I've been——" he stumbled over his phrase—"sort of busy."

"Playing knight-errant?"

"What?"

"Protector of the ill-treated female?"

Macnair reddened to his hair. "She's a fine girl, that girl is," he

instantly defended. "Just as fine as they make 'em. She's a hard worker and supports herself and keeps her little sister in school."

"Very estimable. How does she do it?"

"She's on the stage, in 'The Whistling Girl.' That was the manager of the company she was with. She says he's bothered her to death hanging around her. He's a swine all right. Say, it's awful what girls have to take from chaps like that, ain't it? And they stand to lose their jobs if they try to resent it. It makes you sick."

"As you didn't come back that night, I suppose you drove the lady——"

"Her name is Heleen Beauvoir. She's part French, she says."

"Miss Beauvoir then—home?"

"She was all to the bad in the nerves. I couldn't leave her, could I?"

"Certainly not, my son. You were most chivalrous. I suppose she confided these facts to you on the way home."

"Some of 'em. She asked me to come and see her, and I went. Say, she's going to leave the company. She can't stand it any longer with that old Zulu."

"Very proper of her, Mac."

"Don't you believe she ain't all right," he said challengingly. "'Cause she is."

"My dear chap, I don't know the girl. What should I think of her one way or the other?"

"Well, there's a lot of folks," he went on doggedly, "who think that because a girl is on the stage she is——"

"Oh, nonsense, Mac," I laughed. Tell me about yourself. How's the art course? And football and baseball?"

He grinned more like his old self than he had been that day. I'd hate to tell you about the art course," he replied. "The Prof. has got you stung to death. He talks about it

perfectly lovely and you write down what he says in a foolish little book. Oh, it's great; I love art. But I got on the teams, pitched last spring and played end on the eleven this fall. I was the main squeeze. Marlow College tried to get me disqualified because they said I was a professional, but they couldn't prove anything." He laughed reminiscently. "We had some awful good games. Oh, I was the candy rah, rah kid."

"It's vacation now, I take it."

He gave me a droll look. "College begun again day before yesterday."

"Oh! And——"

"I guess I won't go back. I know enough art now. They are all right, those Ward boys, but it's pretty dull there for me. They seem kind of young. I'm not much on the college end of it. I like the athletics, but the rest— Oh, I don't know. It's too tame for my business. I guess I'll stay in New York and get a chance here." He did not care to pursue the subject, for he rose, lighted a fresh cigarette, and strolled about the studio. "What's new?" he asked. "Got any more prizes? I'd like to see that one of me finished."

I showed him a bronze casting of the figure. He scrutinized it in silence. After a time he made his only comment. "It's bulky, but it—it's different from me. Looks as if it had something inside it that I haven't got." As he was leaving he said, "I'd like to bring my friend up to see that one of me. Do you mind?"

"No, not at all. What friend?"

"Miss Beauvoir."

"I should be delighted," I soberly replied.

"Thanks. So long. Good-bye."

In the course of the next month Macnair dropped in several times. He did not often speak directly of his friend, Miss Beauvoir, but he aired on every occasion unmistakable evidences of the fatuous trend of his thoughts in the form of senti-

mental platitudes, reiterated combatively in regard to the injustice done to young women on the stage whose lives in reality were the embodiment of every maidenly precept and virtue.

"A girl on the stage can be just as straight as a fellow's sister," he endlessly insisted.

As to himself, Macnair was not very communicative. "I've not decided yet what I'll do," he would reply to a question about his occupations. "I got several chances."

Toward the end of January I had a note from him. "If you are going to be in to-morrow," he briefly wrote, "I'd like to bring my friend around to see the studio."

At four they arrived. Macnair came in first and after him the young woman of the restaurant. They diffused on the instant a sense of adventure with an affection of concealment. The young man was newly dressed in jaunty garments. As for the actress, who came forward with much outward manner, and I suspected some inner uncertainty, she was elaborate in a trailing gown of velvet, dully blue, and a huge, drooping black hat with a forest of black plumes.

"It is Miss Beauvoir, isn't it?" I said, taking her hand, and smiling at Macnair to save him the words of introduction which I saw were sticking embarrassedly in his throat. "It's good of you to come to see the studio."

"I simply love to visit studios!" she returned, with a brilliant accent. "It is too sweet of you to let me come."

"Mac knows the place very well," I laughed. "I suspect he owns part of it."

"He's always kidding," said Macnair laboriously, whereupon Miss Beauvoir filled the room with ripples of pleasant laughter.

"Isn't he the awful boy?" she demanded.

We soon got more at our ease. I

took her about the place, pointing out what I thought might most amuse her, and Macnair followed behind, silently. The thing for which Mac had posed I kept until the last. "This will probably interest you as much as anything."

Miss Beauvoir put up her lorgnette to look at the bronze. She encountered Macnair's eyes and giggled. "Mac, I do believe!" she protested. Then they both giggled. "Excuse me, won't you?"—she turned to me with an effort of seriousness—"it's perfectly divine, I think, but I might as well be frank, I don't think it is quite so nice-looking as Mac."

My laugh dispelled her nervous fear of having offended me. "It was not meant for a portrait," I said.

"Ah, yes," she murmured, her gaze furtively on Macnair. "Art is so interesting."

She was decidedly at her best at the tea table. To find herself with two attentive men opposite her, mistress of an adequate tea table, a servant at her elbow in a *milieu* which decidedly pleased her fancy, gave ample opportunity for all the arts and graces that she commanded. Her pretty face flushed pink—she was not at all made up—in her eagerness to please us, and her lithe little hands darted here and there like white birds.

When it was evident that we were in the friendliest possible relation to one another, Macnair turned to Miss Beauvoir and said bluntly, "Heleen, let's tell him."

"Mac, aren't you dreadful! Well, tell him then."

Macnair grinned. "We got married last night." He reached out for her hand.

"Isn't it too awful that I should have this for a husband?" she demanded, as they were departing. "What am I going to do with him?"

"I can't imagine," I replied.

"Oh, I'll probably stay home and darn the stockings while you are playing," said Mac scornfully.

"You're an old dear," cried his wife, squeezing his hand, "and you shall do as you like. I'm going to get him a part in my next piece," she explained to me.

Macnair hung behind on the way out, just long enough to shake my hand gratefully. "Thanks. You've been awful white to us. Say, isn't she the best ever?"

I nodded enthusiastically.

"I'm the lucky boy, all right, and, say, it's a great chance going on the stage, ain't it? Makes the art course look foolish. Gee, I'm happy. Well, so-long. Coming, dear."

It happened to be another year before I say Macnair again. This was not remarkable, for he was a creature to whom absences and silences meant nothing. One gray, dismal, autumnal afternoon I ran across him in Central Park. He sat on a bench staring indifferently at a little girl, with her nurse, throwing nuts to a squirrel.

"O, Mac!" I smiled. "You? Halloo! How are you?"

"Halloo," he responded listlessly. "Where'd you come from?"

I noticed that he was shabby, shabbier than I had ever seen him. His eyes yere lustreless, his face pale and without its usual tan. The note of his whole personality was dejection. On his sleeve a black band accentuated his despondency.

"You have had a loss?" I said, touching the mourning badge. "I'm sorry."

He nodded. "My mother—four months ago."

"I'm very sorry. And your wife?" I went on. "I hope she's all right. I have been away in Europe or I'd have looked you up before this. I—"

Macnair raised his eyes with a gleam of sardonic amusement. "I guess she's all right; I haven't seen her for six months. We've busted. That's all right," he interposed, as I stammered an apology. "You didn't know."

To my suggestion that he walk over

to the studio with me, he complied without a sign of interest in the matter one way or another. Once in the studio he slipped down morosely into a chair by the fire and lapsed into silence. We smoked on, the two of us, neither yet at the talking point. Occasionally I shot a glance at him, but never caught his eye. It was hardly believable that this prematurely experienced young man in the slovenly suit of summer gray—too sadly thin for the autumn—worn-out, unpolished boots, soiled linen, his face rough with a three days' beard and marred with sleeplessness, boredom, dissipation, was the boy who had once sat on that high stool by this very fire, warming his naked, unspoiled, victorious body.

"She chucked me," said he abruptly. "Said I was lazy and wouldn't work."

"Did you go on the stage?"

"Uh—huh! for a while. Had a little Johnny part, walking on and off and saying 'Here comes the Duchess, boys!'" A flicker of a smile lighted the corners of his mouth. "It was too good for me. I couldn't stand the excitement of putting on a dress suit every night and painting my face and running out gayly, sort of holding hands with a bunch of Lizzie-boys, and then waving my little cane and getting rid of that 'Here comes the Duchess, boys!' She was the Duchess, you know. It made me sore to see the fish-faced chump who had to make love to her in the piece. He was a wart, but he was pretty and sang tenor and got the samoleons. You've probably never been the chorus husband of a musical-comedy Duchess, but take my tip, it's a bum job. One night I punched the fish-faced boy's eye because he got too gay with her. And there was a row and he got me fired. And she said I was lazy and wouldn't work. After a while the piece went on the road. I ain't seen her since."

"Well, Mac," said I sympathetically, "what are you doing now?"

"Nothing much. A fellow wanted me to learn to be a chauffeur. It was a good chance. He had a garage and rented automobiles. But after I'd learned, the thing burned up. I've been chauffing around a little since, but I don't like it much."

"Where are you living?"

"I forget. Mills Hotel sometimes. I hadn't decided where I'd sleep to-night. It's a toss-up between the St. Regis and the Waldorf."

"You're broke?"

"Dead."

I reflected for a moment. "I've been married since I saw you last, Mac, and—"

"Many happy returns of the day," he put in, with a touch of his old impudence. "I'm married myself."

"Well, I don't live in the studio now. We have an apartment outside. There's a bed here and the rest of the things you need. You can stay here if you like. I'd be glad if you'd pose for me, too. I've some work to do and you are pretty well adapted for one of the figures. I don't know what you have been doing and it is none of my business, I suppose. You're young and sound. Get together, Mac. Will you come?"

"Will I? You won't see me coming for dust," he answered. "You've always been white to me. I don't know why. I'll come, and be glad of it. It's a fine chance. I've been a little on the loose lately, but I give you my word I'll pull up sharp."

For the next three months I saw Macnair daily. He settled himself in the studio with the same frank acceptance of the privilege that he displayed toward all his "chances." He was grateful, I knew, yet it was no longer the boyish, embarrassed gratitude of our first days of acquaintance. The vigorous physical exercise we indulged in together every afternoon brought back his colour and stiffened his languid muscles. He posed again for me, indefatigably, and fell gradually into the habit of being a model for other artists. What his unseen

life was in this period I do not know, for though we were more closely associated than ever before, he kept a discreet tongue. On the subject of his wife he was a tomb of silence.

Unexpectedly, Macnair began in his spare moments to return to his earlier amusement of modelling in clay. He was most successful with animals, for which he had a genuine love. One afternoon we were both in the studio, I engaged on some work of my own, and he putting the finishing touches to a decidedly amusing *maquette* of a little cur dog he had picked up in the streets and adopted. "It isn't bad, Mac," I commented.

He laughed, but made no other reply. At that moment the bell rang and young Mrs. Granville came in.

"I've been intending to come all winter," she explained in her debonair, enthusiastic voice, cutting short my greetings. "I really wanted to see your work, not to come to one of your menagerie teas. So to-day I happened to be passing and I made the man stop. I hope you're not going to turn me out."

"I'm too delighted," I assured her, following her about the studio in the flight which she immediately began.

Young Mrs. Granville is very well known in New York. She is a patroness of every art, including the art of society. She has written a novel, some short stories, and, I believe, has studied painting. Altogether I find her amusing, but, I must confess, rather wearying after an hour of her. In justice to her I should add that I—or anyone else—seldom have an hour of Mrs. Granville. She is not a person of hours—rather of quarters of hours. A famous beauty, always triumphantly dressed, *soignée*, with a vivid, gayly coloured, darting brain. Mrs. Granville is decidedly a lady of quality.

As we wandered about the studio Mrs. Granville compassed not only my work, but, with a disturbing precision, the work of all sculptors, ancient and modern. I found myself

helplessly wondering how on earth the woman found corners in her brain for her packages of shining generalizations. In the midst of it she asked abruptly, in a lowered tone, "Who is that handsome creature over there? A pupil of yours?"

"I cannot characterize him in half a dozen words," I replied. "I'll tell you about him some day."

"What's he doing? May I see?"

We went over to Macnair and I presented him to Mrs. Granville. "It's too dear," she said at once when she had seen his dog. "Do come some day and do my darling little lupetto, will you, Mr. Macnair? She's such a love."

Macnair's poise was undisturbed. He smiled, and I suddenly was aware of the fascination that smile could have for women. "I'd like to very much," he answered readily.

"How perfectly charming of you. Come to-morrow. No, I'm busy then. Come the next day at half after eleven. Can you?"

"Yes, I think so. Thank you."

Mrs. Granville chatted good-naturally with him a moment longer and then, with a farewell word to me, went away. Her departure left a flatness in the atmosphere, as of a fresh breeze suddenly dying out.

"You seem to have made a home-run with Mrs. Granville."

"She's a wonder, isn't she? I've heard about her," Mac answered.

"I gather you are going into art as a business, Mac."

He winked.

The upshot of the visit of Mrs. Granville was Macnair's sketch of her dog. He showed it to me silently when it was finished. It was clever and had signs of life. With a quizzical smile, I nodded, also in silence. Nothing more was said about the matter. Evidently his acquaintance with Mrs. Granville did not cease with the completion of the sketch. Her footman was occasionally at the door with a note for Mr. Macnair, which I gathered meant luncheon or dinner.

I did not question, and Macnair was reticent.

A persistent cold that had laid hold of my wife suddenly decided me to take her to the South, and we set off without delay in the middle of December, leaving Macnair to his pet dogs and the care of the studio. I had intended to pay a visit to Mrs. Granville and find out her conception of him, and also his conception of himself, or at least the conception that he managed to palm off on her and her friends. We had been some six weeks in Florida when a letter came from Macnair. It was of a length unusual for him. It ran:

Dear Friend,—By the time you get this letter I shall be on the briny. In fact, I'm going abroad—to Paris—to study sculpture. It's this way. Mrs. Granville has got stuck on my stuff and she's got some folks interested and they are going to give me a thousand a year between them to study. It's a peach of a chance for me, and although I know you don't believe I've got a darned artistic thing in me I sort of think I'll fool you one day and show you that your little friend Mac isn't so much of a fathead as you think. I'm mighty grateful to you for all your kindness for you have stood by me and helped me out of a rotten hole this fall. I was pretty much on the bum and I thank you a lot and shall always consider you my best friend. When I get there I'll let you know how things are going in gay Paree.

I've fixed the studio all O.K. and the janitor has the key.

My regards to the missis and regards and thanks to you. So long and don't forget.

Yours very sincerely,  
MAC.

The Café du Dôme on the Boulevard Montparnasse has nothing in its outer aspect that is distinctive. There is a narrow *terrace* with small tables and potted trees. Within there are many mirrors and leather seats, marble tables and meretricious decorations. The patrons themselves have a well-to-do air; they are well dressed in a thoroughly American fashion; they spend more or less money, they play poker nightly, and they scoff at the trifling customs of the foreigner.

In fact, the Dôme is a refuge for young men who seem to find Paris rather more French in character than pleases them.

In a half-hearted search for two young cousins of mine I dropped into the Dôme late one afternoon in early June. The boulevards were ablossom with life—warm, lazy, amorous life. Every *terrasse* was full. One could not decide whether the day was as gay as Paris, or Paris as gay as the day. As for the cousins, I did not find them. I was content enough to sit with a glass of coffee before me and to stare amiably at the world.

Presently I became aware of a familiar voice in the rear room devoted to billiards. I smiled, for it was the voice of Macnair, a voice I had not heard for a year and a half.

"Did you see me take that chance?" he was saying. "Pretty neat, *n'est pas?* Well, that's all for you! Let's go out and *flâner* around a little."

Macnair and his companions came out into the larger room. I had the brief impression of a complacent young man, much stouter than in the other days, dressed in vivid striped brown, a note of bright red at his throat. At his heels trotted a French bulldog. He was talking loudly, importantly, diffusing an air of being tremendously accustomed to the place. As he pushed by my table I looked up and put out my hand.

"Halloo, Mac."

"Well, I'll be—what you doing here?" he exclaimed, with an enthusiasm I could not quite assay as real.

"Having a little vacation. And you? How are art and the pet dogs?"

He reddened, "Fine, thanks." His eyes turned away restlessly. "Are you over for long? When am I going to see you? I want to hear all about things in New York. How does it feel to be back? Great place, Paris, eh?"

I laughed. He understood, I think, for his cheeks coloured up at once.

"Say, old man, I've got to go on with my friends. They're waiting. When can I see you again? To-night, eh? On the *Boul Mich?* Let's say Café d'Harcourt—or no, I can't do it to-night. To-morrow afternoon, here. Can you? At four? *Au revoir!* Mighty glad to have seen you. To-morrow! Come along, Skeets. Great dog that, eh? So-long."

I finished my coffee thoughtfully and also went away. As I idled slowly onward I had the face of Macnair before my eyes. All the weakness and cheapness of it that had lain so long below the surface had subtly crept out. I could not say he had grown older; on the contrary, there was a shallow youthfulness veneered on him, with a cocksure bravado to carry off its insincerity.

At my rooms I found a *petit bleu* awaiting me. After I had read it the comedy seemed almost complete. It was from Macnair's wife. "Will you please come to see me to-night," it said, "at my hotel—the Grand—about half past eight or nine? I have something important I want to ask you. Don't let me put you out at all, but if you come it will be a great favour to your sincere friend Hélène Beauvoir (Macnair)."

Macnair's wife was waiting for me in the corridor of the hotel when I arrived. "It's perfectly darling of you to come," she cried, putting out both hands to me. "Come and have some coffee and talk." Without waiting for an answer she led me away into a huge, rustling place full of palms and people and music. "It's more cheerful here," she explained. "Now," she went on, seating herself opposite me and leaning her elbows on the table, "here we are."

"I have not seen you for a long time," I said perfunctorily.

"No, not since Mac and me were married," she said frankly. "Lots has happened since then. I've got on. I've done awfully well in my profession. Feldtman is starring me now and, well, Feldtman is Feldtman!



Yes, I've hit it off." She smiled at me good-humouredly. I smiled back. At the moment she was quite a person to smile at. Her gown was extravagantly elegant, heavy white lace over white silk, fitting her marvelously and falling in delightful lines about her feet. There were pearls at her throat and diamonds at her wrists. Her hat was an enormous thing of white aigrettes and feathers with a theatrical arrangement of black beneath the rim.

"To begin with, I'm a fool," she continued. "Yes, I am. That's why I sent for you. Not that I need advice, or not that I'd take it. My mind is made up. I may as well tell you. I want Mac back. Now what do you think of that!"

I regarded her thoughtfully. "I think if you can stand it, it will be a very good arrangement for him. As good as any, I mean."

"He'd be just as well off being my husband as anything else?"

"Better, I should say."

"That's what I think. I want him back. I don't at all care for this sort of charity-bazaar business he's in." Her voice was scornful. "After all, he's my husband and I guess if anybody is going to take care of him I'll be the lady to do it. I know he's worthless, but, my dear, I love him and that's all there is to it. What's your idea of this art game he's in? Is there anything to it?"

"Frankly, I think he'd be much better off being a husband than an artist—or maybe you could combine the two."

She laughed. "He was a husband model once. I can't say he ever was a model husband. No, he's a dear, Mac is, and he needn't work at all if he doesn't want to. I don't mind. I want him back. And I'm going to get him. I came all the way to Paris to do it. I don't know his address, and if I had I wouldn't have written to him. I want to *see* him. I want to have him see me, rather, in my good clothes and—well, then we'll see what

happens. I guess I know Mac. That's why I asked you here to-night. I got your address from an art dealer in America and I just wrote to you, even if you are married. Now, can you tell me how I can see Mac, sort of accidentally? Can we do it to-night?"

I watched her for a moment in silence. She was alert, eager, earnest. I was suddenly aware that I liked her exceedingly, that I wanted to help her play out her comedy. "See here," said I at last, "do you want to come with me now, just as you are, to the Boulevard St. Michel, where all sorts and conditions of students and their girls walk or sit about in cafés? Maybe we may find Mac there. I don't know. It is just a chance."

"I'm game," she answered promptly. "Wait till I get a wrap and we'll go."

She was back in a moment and we took a taximètre to the other side of the river.

When I helped her out we began our stroll through the leisurely, laughing crowd that, arm in arm, hand in hand, flowed happily to and from, up and down. Something—the sense of adventure, the lights, the warm impulses of gayety, the force of her theatric tradition, what not—stirred her spirits. She put her arm in mine and walked on, chattering outrageous nonsense, delightfully conscious of the sensation she was making, though she confessed that she did not understand one word of the French which was constantly being tossed at her in the most shameless way.

"Look, there he is," she whispered sharply. "Just ahead of us. With the two girls."

She was right. Macnair was just in front, arm in arm with two women. They were in the extreme of hilarity, all three, sauntering along, indulging in good-natured *blague* at the expense of every *type* who caught their fancy. Presently they halted

at the crowded *terrasse* of the Café d'Harcourt. Half a dozen or more of their friends shouted out all sorts of disgraceful and amusing greetings, to which they vivaciously responded as they sat down at a little table.

"We'll go there, too," Macnair's wife said calmly. "There's a table just behind them. Don't let him see us."

We fitted ourselves into one of the gay groups. I was, I confess, a little nervous. My mind ran back to that night long ago when Mac had first met her. I wondered if she, too, was remembering. But she said nothing. Occasionally there was a twinkle in her eyes as she sipped her coffee and watched the three, occasionally a frown. The orchestra giggled on untiringly, there was much laughter and chaff, people came and went, and came again. It grew late. Macnair and his two friends stayed on, and we stayed on.

Once she turned to me and whispered disdainfully. "They're not very pretty, are they? I should think he might have done better than that." Her eyes dropped to her own lovely gown. I nodded, and listened to Mac's execrable, fluent French boastings.

Suddenly she leaned over and touched Macnair on the arm. He turned abruptly and looked straight into her eyes. The red waved

tumultuously over his face, into his very hair. For a moment he kept his gaze on her; then his whole fibre seemed to weaken and collapse. He did not say a word. His wife let her hand rest on his arm. She herself did not speak, but she smiled, smiled rather wonderfully.

The two French girls stared impudently. One of them laughed and brushed the hand from his shoulder. She did not replace it; instead she leaned back lazily in her chair and continued to smile her cool, triumphant smile.

"Helène," he stammered at last. "You—"

"You little, little fool," she answered, and her voice was more tender than if she had whispered a love poem. She stood up and put out her hand. "Come along, Mac, I want you."

The other women glared at her spitefully and chattered French insults. Macnair hesitated, nervously turned to his companions, looked away again, glanced at me, and finally raised his eyes to his wife. Then he unexpectedly laughed, as he had laughed when I first knew him.

"Come along, Mac," she repeated peremptorily. "It's your last chance."

Macnair rose to his feet abruptly. "All right, honey; I'm ready if you are," he said. And they went away together with only a nod for me.



# THE ROMANCE OF CHIMNEY ISLAND

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

ODDLY enough in the short space of twenty-five miles of the St. Lawrence there are two islands that dispute the title of Chimney Island. These are Bridge Island, some eleven miles above Brockville, Ontario, and Isle Royale, two and a half miles below Windmill Point, Prescott, Ontario. Naturally, the history of the two islands, one of which is in Canada, and the other (Isle Royale) in the United States, has become somewhat confused. To present the romance and history of these two islands and possibly straighten out this confusion is the object of this sketch.

Isle Royale originally bore the Indian name of Orakouenton, a name also bestowed upon Levis by the local tribes, when he fixed on that island, on August 26th, 1759, as the site of the fort which afterwards bore his name. Levis gives the meaning of the name to be *Le Soliel Suspendu* (Hanging Sun, or, more freely, Hanging Fire). Just here it is interesting to note the various names then in vogue for well-known points along the river-front.

Ogdensburg was then Fort La Presentation; Prescott, La Callete; Maitland, Pointe au Baril; Brockville, or some point above it, Pointe au Pins, Jones Creek, the Otondina or Ton-iata River; Gananoque, Onnondokui, or, as the French spelled it, Ganan-onkui; while Kingston, once Fort Frontenac, took its name from the

river emptying there and became Catarakoui.

The various attempts to render the Indian names phonetically in French gives rise to many variations of these, most of which can easily be recognised from the above list, which is an extract of the itinerary of one of the Jesuit brethren, Father Potier, in passing from Montreal to Detroit, in 1744.

Fort Levis, on Isle Royale, was part of a series laid out by the French engineer, Desandrions, in 1759-60, and was a fairly good piece of engineering, being defended with an abatis around the entire island and both wet and dry ditches, as well as the usual parapets and stockades. It was the scene of one of the last engagements between the French and English, and was levelled by order of General Amherst. The tall chimney stood for many years, until finally the hand of time completed Amherst's work, so that all that now remains of Fort Levis is the tumbled lines of the ruined earthworks barely visible from the passing steamers.

On Bridge Island the chimney which gives it its name still stands, the one break in the monotonous curve of the granite rock forming the island. Concerning the origin of this chimney there exist a number of stories, of which that related by the late John McMullen, a Brockville historian of no mean ability, is probably

the most correct. The following is the story as given by McMullen:

In October, 1799, two halfbreed hunters, who spoke little English, made this island their headquarters while hunting along the neighbouring shore, which was at that time almost virgin forest. Apparently finding an abundance of game, they built a small hut on the island and prepared to pass the winter there. As the winter wore on they were joined by a fine-looking French-Canadian of about thirty years of age. Who he was is not known, but it was evident from the deference and respect the trappers had for him that he was of good birth and influence. He immediately started to build what was in those days a large and magnificent house, cutting down logs on the mainland for the purpose and hauling them across the frozen river.

When navigation opened in the spring of 1800, lime was brought from Kingston, and a large substantial chimney built, and when all was finished the French-Canadian disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. About the end of May a large batteau was seen coming down the northern channel, laden with various household articles. Seated in the stern were the Frenchman and a very handsome woman of mixed white and Indian blood, evidently his bride.

The two took up their residence on the island and offered a welcome to all who passed up and down the river. It was plain from the richly carved decorations of the house that the owner was a man of considerable wealth, but except for that there was nothing to reveal his identity. It was thought that he was of Huguenot descent, and that she was the child of one of the mixed marriages that were already beginning to be looked down upon. Tradition varies a great deal here and it is likely that nothing definite will ever be known.

At any rate, farmers from the neighbouring settlements or voyageurs on the river, were alike treat-

ed most hospitably and alike departed without knowing who their entertainers were or whence they came.

The fall of that year was unusually dry and on the 25th of October two farmers by the names of Enoch Mallory and Joseph Buck, emerging from the dense woods in which they had been hunting, were surprised to find the island a mass of flames from end to end.

Pushing off in a boat, Mallory and his companion approached the island and waited till they could land. As they rowed around to the little cove at the southern side they were horrified to find a half-burned canoe containing the body of the French-Canadian with a new Indian tomahawk buried deep in the skull. Of the woman or any other soul there was no trace.

News of the tragedy was carried to Brockville, then a small hamlet, and the following day the magistrate, Thomas Sherwood, visited the island in a vain attempt to discover the perpetrators of the crime. Suspicion pointed to the two half-breeds who had disappeared, and when they emerged from the interior, where they had been hunting, they were arrested. However, they were able to clear themselves, although they maintained a mysterious silence regarding the identity of the dead man.

Eventually the story reached Toronto, then Little York, and Major-General Hunter, then Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, directed Peter Cartwright, of Kingston, to make further investigations. His report, which was published in the little *Provincial Gazette*, revealed nothing that was not already known, and the murder was set down as the revenge of some tribe from whom the Frenchman had abducted his bride.

The chimney now standing on the island is not, however, the one that figures in this little romance, but the ruins of a blockhouse that once frowned over the anchorage formed by the island.

This blockhouse, to which Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Buell, perhaps the best authority on the history of these parts, has suggested giving the name of Fort Toniata, to distinguish it from Fort Levis, was erected in 1814 by order of Lieutenant-General G. Drummond. In writing to Sir George Prevost from Kingston, under the date of May 8th, 1814, he says:

"I have found that boats and batteaux have frequently been under the necessity of stopping between Brockville and Gananoque on coming up from the Lower Province, a part of the country infested by swarms of disaffected people who are constantly in the habit of communicating with the enemy in spite of all our vigilance, and as Bridge Island is situated about fifteen miles from the former and sixteen from the latter place, affords a shelter for boats and an approved site for a work of defence, I have directed Captain Marlow to procure some person willing to undertake the erection of a blockhouse upon it by contract. The enclosed sketch will give Your Excellency an idea of the place in question."

The blockhouse was evidently built the same summer, for Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols reports in a letter to Sir George Prevost, dated December 31st, 1814, that at Bridge Island he found "The officer commanding endeavouring to put up a miserable picketing in hard frozen ground with a banquette to fire from."

The officer seemed to have been in no way deterred by this, for by scraping the rocks absolutely bare in places he managed to build a very creditable little earthwork at one end of the island to shelter the eighteen-pound carronade and light six-pound field gun, which, with two similar guns in the blockhouse itself formed his defences. Whether he ever built the abbatiss recommended further on in Colonel Nichols's letter, history does not state, and no remnant of any remains. It would have provided amusement for his little force of thirty men of the 57th and five of the artillery.

A short while later the 70th Regiment stationed a company there. In

the interval, however, miscreants had broken windows and generally played havoc with the place, so the 57th claimed when called upon to explain the damage, and a Sergeant Howlands, assistant barracks master, was sent down to investigate, but the sergeant of the 70th swore the place had sustained no damage since he had taken charge, and there the matter lay. Howlands did not find the island as comfortable as his own fire-side in Gananoque evidently, for he reports the place to be untenable during the winter unless repaired, moreover, "The chimneys are the worst I think I ever witnessed. I stayed one night in the place and between the smoke and the cold it was intolerable. The party is badly in need of rugs and palliasses to make them comfortable (at least) at night."

Then he throws out a broad hint that a person in the vicinity would supply wood at 15s. a cord.

In his itemised report he gives the blockhouse to be forty-three by twenty-four feet outside, and describes the chimneys as being double and two-storey, in good repair, but smoky, as described. This certainly tallies with the ruins now standing on the island.

Whether the 70th were more careless than the 57th and let the whole place go to ruins is not known. The little discrepancies between the "marching out state" of one regiment and the "marching in state" of another are well known even in these prosaic times.

What eventually became of Fort Toniata is another mystery. Except for the documents quoted the Archives Department apparently contains nothing. Probably the blockhouse having served its purpose and being no longer needed was allowed to fall into ruins, it at last was swept away by fire, as was the former building. Or possibly, as some think, the conflagration witnessed by Buck and Mallory occurred at a later date than that given by McMullen, and that

the building involved was this block-house and not the traditional log cabin.

Be that as it may, the tall chimney still stands guard over the mystery of the island, and forms a peaceful home for the circling swallows. The white lake gulls dip and glide and utter their hoarse cries as they

skim the placid waters around it.

Redskin and redcoats have long passed away and the poison sumach alone tosses its scarlet plumes over the barren blistered rock, and from the shelving beach the gentle twitter of the teeter-tail snipe is the only challenge that greets the invader of its silences.

## A THOUSAND ISLAND NOCTURNE

By BERNARD MUDDIMAN

O'ER the river, still at twilight, glides our boat alone and slow,  
 In the distant west empurpled sinks the sun's last glow,  
 Island after island fades within the night's encircling rim,  
 Then, ah, sweetly in a hidden channel sings my love this hymn:

*Sempiterni Fons amoris, Consolatrix tristium,  
 Pia mater salvatoris, Ave, Virgo Virginum!*

Purely ringing, clearly pealing, steals her vibrant voice afar,  
 And in dreamy undulations whisper leaves and nenuphar,  
 Come! the drifting stream doth call us, stilly night is here,  
 And an island home of dreams awaits us in the darkness, Dear.





A QUEBEC LANDSCAPE

From the Painting in the Victoria Museum, Ottawa, by William Brymner, President of  
the Royal Canadian Academy

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# CANOE, SAIL, AND STEAM

A CHAPTER OF EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE GREAT LAKES

BY BARLOW CUMBERLAND

SINCE ever the changes of season have come, when grasses grow green, and open waters flow, the courses of the Niagara River, above and below the great Falls, have been the central route for voyaging between the far inland countries on this continent and the waters of the Atlantic shores.

Here the Indian of prehistoric days, unmolested by the intruding white, roamed at will in migration from one of his hunting-grounds to another, making his portage and passing in his canoe between Lake Erie and Lake Oskwego (Ontario). In later days, when the French had established themselves at Quebec and Montreal, access to Lake Huron and the upper lakes was at first sought by their voyageurs along the nearer route of the Ottawa, and French Rivers, a route involving many difficulties in surmounting rapids, heavy labour on numberless portages, and exceeding delay. Information had filtered down gradually through Indian sources of the existence of this Niagara River Route, on which there was but one portage of but fourteen miles to be passed from lake to lake, and only nine miles if the canoes entered the water again at the little river (Chip-pawa) above the Falls.

On learning the fact the French turned their attention to this new water-way, but for many a weary decade were unable to establish them-

selves upon it. In 1678 Father Hennepin, with an expedition sent out by Sieur La Salle sailed from Catarauqui (Kingston) to the Niagara River, the name "Hennepin Rock" having come down in tradition as a reminiscence of their first landing below what is now Queenston Heights. Passing over the "Carrying Place," they reached Lake Erie. Here, at the outlet of the Cayuga Creek, on the south shore, they built a small two-masted vessel rigged with equipment which they brought up for the purpose from Catarauqui, in the following year.

This vessel, launched in 1679, and named the *Griffon* in recognition of the crest on the coat of arms of Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, was the first vessel built by Europeans to sail upon the upper waters. In size she so much exceeded that of any of their own craft, with her white sails billowing like an apparition, and of novel and unusual appearance, that intense excitement was created among the Indian tribes as she passed along their shores.

Her life was brief, and the history of her movements scanty; the report being that after sailing through Lake St. Clair she reached Michilimackinac and Green Bay, on Lake Michigan, but passed out of sight on Lake Huron on the return journey, and was never heard of afterwards.

Tiny though this vessel was and

sailing slow upon the Upper Lakes, yet a great epoch had been opened up, for she was the progenitor of all the myriad ships which ply upon these waters at the present day. It was the entrance of the white man, with his consuming trade energy, into the red man's realm, the death knell of the Indian race.

With greatly increased frequency of travelling and the more bulky requirements of freightage this "one portage" route was more increasingly sought, and as the result of their voyagings these early French pioneers have marked their names along the waterways as ever remaining records of their prowess—such as Presquile (almost an island); Detroit (the narrow place); Lac Sainte Clair; Sault Ste Marie (Rapids of St. Mary River); Cap Iroquois; Isle Royale; Rainy River (after René de Varennes; Duluth (after Sieur du Luth, of Montreal); Fond du Lac (End of Lake Superior).

From here mounting up the St. Croix River, seeking the expansion of that New France to whose glory they so ungrudgingly devoted their lives, these intrepid adventurers reached over to the Mississippi, and sweeping down its waters still further marked their way at St. Louis (after their King) and New Orleans (after his capital), annexing all the adjacent territories to their Sovereign's domains.

The Niagara River Route then became the motive centre of a mighty circumvallation by which the early French encompassed within its circle the English Colonies then skirting along the Atlantic.

What a magnificent conception it was of these intrepid French to involve the British settlements, and, strengthened by alliances with the Indian tribes and fortified by a line of outposts established along the routes of the Ohio and the Mississippi, to hem their competitors in from expansion to the great interior

country of the centre and the west. Standing astride the continent with one foot on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at Quebec, and the other at New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico, the interior lines of commerce and of trade were in their hands. They hoped that Canada, their New France, on this side of the ocean, was to absorb all the continent excepting the colonies along the shores of the sea. So matters remained for a century.

Meanwhile the English colonies had expanded to the south shores of the Lakes Oswego and Frontenac, and in 1758 we read of an English Navy of eight schooners and three brigs sailing on Lake Ontario under the red cross of St. George and manned by sailors of the colonies.

In 1759, came the great struggle for the possession of the St. Lawrence and connecting lines of the waterways. Fort Niagara, whose large central stone "castle," built in 1726, still remains, passed from the French under Pouchot, to the British under Sir William Johnson; a great flotilla of canoes conveying the Indian warriors under Ligneris to the aid of the Fort, had come down from the Upper Lakes to the Niagara River, but upon it being proved to them that they were too late, for the Fort had fallen, they re-entered their canoes and retraced their way up the rivers back to their Western homes.

Next followed the fall of Quebec, and with the cession of Montreal in 1760 the "New France" of old from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican Gulf became merged in the "New England" of British Canada.

The control of the great central waterway, of which this Niagara River was the gateway, had passed into other hands.

For another fifty years only sailing vessels navigated the lakes to Niagara, and these and batteaux, pushed along the shores and up the river by poles, made their way to the

foot of the rapids at Lewiston with difficulty. These vessels were mainly small schooners with some cabin accommodation.

After the cession of Canada, by the French, the British Government began the establishment of a small navy on Lake Ontario. An official return called for by Lord Dorchester, Governor-General of Canada, gives the Government vessels as being in 1787, *Limnale*, 220 tons, ten guns; *Seneca*, 130 tons, eighteen guns; *Caldwell*, thirty-seven tons, two guns, and two schooners of one hundred tons each being built. As there was at that time but one merchant vessel, the schooner *Lady Dorchester*, eighty tons, sailing on the lake, and a few smaller craft for passengers between the principal ports was mainly afforded by the Government vessels. As an instance of their voyaging may be given that of H.M.S. *Caldwell*, which in 1793, carrying Lady Dorchester, the wife of the Governor-General, is reported to have made an "agreeable passage of thirty-six hours from Kingston to Niagara."

In the same year H.R.H. the Duke of Kent (afterwards father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria) is reported as having proceeded from Kingston up Lake Ontario to Navy Hall on the Niagara River in the King's ship *Mohawk* commanded by Commodore Bouchette.

Further additions to the merchant schooners were the *York*, built on the Niagara River in 1792, and the *Governor Simcoe*, in 1797, for the North-West Company's use in their trading services on Lake Ontario. Another reported in 1797—the *Washington*—built at Erie, Pa., was bought by Canadians, portaged around the Falls and run on the British register from Queenston to Kingston as the *Lady Washington*.

The forests of those days existed in all their primeval condition, so that the choicest woods were used

in the construction of the vessels. We read in 1797 of the *Prince Edward*, built of red cedar, under Captain Murney of Belleville, and capable of carrying seven hundred barrels of flour, and of another "good sloop" upon the stocks at Long Point Bay, near Kingston, being built of black walnut. A schooner, *The Toronto*, built in 1799, a little way up the Humber, by Mr. Joseph Dennis, is described as "one of the handsomest vessels, and bids fair to be the swiftest sailing vessel on the lake, and is admirably calculated for the reception of passengers." This vessel, often mentioned as "The Toronto Yacht," was evidently a great favourite, being patronized by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Archbishop, and after a successful and appreciated career, finished her course abruptly by going ashore on Gibraltar Point in 1811. The loss of the Government schooner *Speedy* was one of the tragic events of the times. The Judge of the District Court, the Solicitor-General and several lawyers who were proceeding from York to hold the Assizes in the Newcastle District, together with the High Constable of York, and an Indian prisoner whom they were to try for murder, were all lost when the vessel foundered off Presquile in an exceptional gale on 7th October, 1804.

Two sailing vessels, the schooners *Dove* and the *Reindeer*, (Captain Myers) are reported in 1809 as plying between York and Niagara. A third, commanded by Captain Conn, is mentioned by Caniff, but no name has come down of this vessel, but only her nickname of "*Captain Conn's Coffin*." This *j'eu d'esprit* may have been due to some peculiarity in her shape, but as no disaster is reported as having occurred to her she may have been more seaworthy than the nickname would have indicated.

Of other events of sailing vessels was the memorable trip from Queen-

ston to York in October, 1812, of the sloop *Simcoe*, owned and commanded by Captain James Richardson.

After the battle of Queenston Heights, on October 13th, she had been laden with American prisoners, among them General Winfield Scott, afterwards the conqueror in Mexico, to be forwarded at once to Kingston. The *Moir* of the royal navy was then lying off the port of York and on her Mr. Richardson, a son of the Captain, was serving as sailing master.

As the *Simcoe* approached she was recognized by young Richardson, who, putting off in a small boat, met her out in the lake and was much surprised at seeing the crowded state of her decks and at the equipment of his father, who, somewhat unusually for him, was wearing a sword.

The first words from the ship brought great joy—a great battle had been fought on Queenston Heights—the enemy had been beaten. The *Simcoe* was full of prisoners of war to be transported at once to the *Moir* for conveyance to Kingston. Then came the mournful statement, "General Brock has been killed." The rapture of victory was overwhelmed by the sense of irreparable loss. In such way was the sad news carried in those sailing days to York.

The *Minerva*, "Packet," owner and built by Henry Gildersleeve, at Finkle's Point in 1817, held high repute. Richard Gildersleeve emigrated from Hertfordshire, England, in 1635, and settled in Connecticut. His great-great-grandson, Obadiah, established a successful shipbuilding yard at "Gildersleeve," Conn. Henry Gildersleeve, his grandson, here learned his business and coming to Finkle's Point in 1816 assisted on the *Frontenac*, and continuing in shipbuilding, married Mrs. Finkle. When the *Minerva* arrived at Kingston she was declared by Captain Murray, R.N., to be in her

construction and lines the best yet turned out, as she proved when plying as a "Packet" between Toronto and Niagara.

Many sailing vessels meeting with varying success, were plying between all the ports on the lake. The voyages were not always of the speediest. The *Caledonia*, schooner, is reported to have taken six days from Prescott to York. Mr. M. F. Whitehead, of Port Hope, crossed from Niagara to York in 1818, the passage occupying two and a half days. In a letter of his describing the trip he writes: "Fortunately, Dr. Baldwin had thoughtfully provided a leg of lamb, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of porter; all our fare for the two days and a half."

These vessels seem to have sailed somewhat intermittently, but regular connection on every other day with the Niagara River was established by the *Duke of Richmond* packet, a sloop of one hundred tons built at York in 1820, under Commander Edward Oates.

His advertisements announced her to "leave York Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9 a.m. Leave Niagara on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 a.m., between July and September;" after that, "according to notice." The rates of passage were: "After Cabin, ten shillings; Fore Cabin, 6s. 6d.; sixty lbs. of baggage allowed for each passenger, but over that 9d. per cwt. or 2s. per barrel bulk."

The standard of measurement was a homely one, but no doubt well understood at that time, and easily ascertained. In the expansion of the size of ladies' trunks in these present days it is not beyond possibility that a measurement system such as used in the early part of the last century might not be inadvisable.

The reports of the "packet" describe her as being comfortable and weatherly, and very regular in keeping up her time-table. She performed her services successfully on

the route until 1823, when she succumbed to the competition of the steamboats which had shortly before been introduced. With the introduction upon the lakes of this new method of propulsion the carrying of passengers on sailing vessels quickly ceased.

The era of steamboating had now arrived. The *Clermont*, built by Robert Fulton, and furnished with English engines by Boulton & Watts, of Birmingham, had made her first trip on the Hudson from New York to Albany in August, 1807, and was afterwards continuing to run on the river.

In 1809 the *Accommodation*, built by the Honourable John Molson at Montreal, and fitted with engines made in that city, was running successfully between Montreal and Quebec, being the first steamer on the St. Lawrence and in Canada.

The experience of both these vessels had shown that the new system of propulsion of vessels by steam power was commercially profitable, and as it had been proved successful upon the river water, it was but reasonable that its application to the more open waters of the lakes should next obtain consideration.

The war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States, accompanied by its constant invasions of Canada, had interrupted any immediate expansion in steamboating enterprises.

Peace having been declared in February, 1815, the projects were immediately revived and in the spring of that year a British company was formed with shareholders in Kingston, Niagara, York, and Prescott, to build a steamboat to ply on Lake Ontario. A site suitable for its construction was selected on the beaches on *Finkle's Point*, at *Ernestown*, eighteen miles up the lake from Kingston, on one of the reaches of the Bay of Quinte.

A contract was let to Henry Teabout and James Chapman, two

young men who had been foremen under David Eckford, the master shipbuilder of New York, who during the war had constructed the warships for the United States Government at its dockyard at Sackett's Harbour. Construction was commenced at Finkle's Point in October, 1815, and with considerable delays caused in selection of the timbers, was continued during the winter. (Canniff—Settlement of Upper Canada). The steamer was launched with great eclat on 7th September, 1816, and named the *Frontenac*, after the County of Frontenac in which she had been built.

A similar wave of enterprise had arisen also on the United States side and it becomes of much interest to search up the annals of over a hundred years ago and ascertain to which side of the lake is to be accorded the palm for placing the first steamboat on Lake Ontario. Especially as opinions have varied on the subject, and owing to a statement made, as we shall find, erroneously, in a distant press the precedence has usually been given to an American steamer.

The first record of the steamboat on the American side is an agreement dated January 2nd, 1816, executed between the Robert Fulton heirs and Livingston, of Clermont, granting to Charles Smyth and others an exclusive right to navigate boats and vessels by steam on Lake Ontario.

These exclusive rights for the navigation on American waters "by steam or fire" had previously been granted to the Fulton partnership by the Legislature of the State of New York.

The terms of the agreement set out that the grantees were to pay annually to the grantors one-half of all the net profits in excess of a dividend of twelve per cent. upon the investment. On the 16th of the next month a bill was passed in the Legislature of New York incorporating

the "Ontario Steamboat Company," but in consequence of the too early adjournment of the Legislature did not become law.

At this time, (February, 1816) the construction of the Canadian boat at Ernestown was well under way.

By an assignment dated August 16th, 1816, Lusher and others became partners with Smyth, and as a result it is stated (Hough—History of Jefferson County, New York) "a boat was commenced at Sackett's Harbour the same summer."

Three weeks after the date of this commencing of the boat on the American side, or Sackett's Harbour, the *Frontenac*, on the Canadian side, was launched on the 7th September, 1816, at Finkle's Point.

In the description of this launch of the *Frontenac* given in the September issue of the *Kingston Gazette*, the details of her size are stated: "Length, 170 feet; beam, thirty-two feet; two paddle wheels with circumference about forty feet, Registered tonnage, 700 tons." Further statements made are, "Good judges have pronounced this to be the best piece of naval architecture of the kind yet produced in America." "The machinery for this valuable boat was imported from England and is said to be an excellent structure. It is expected that she will be finished and ready for use in a few weeks."

Having been launched with engines on board in early September the *Frontenac* then sailed down the lake from Ernestown to Kingston to lay up in port.

In another part of this same September issue of the *Kingston Gazette* an item is given: "A steamboat was lately launched at Sackett's Harbour."

No name is given of the steamer, nor the date of the launch, but this item has been considered to have referred to the steamer named *Ontario*, built at Sackett's Harbour,

and in consequence of its having apparently been launched first, precedence has been claimed for the United States vessel.

This item, "A steamboat was lately launched at Sackett's Harbour," develops, on further search, to have first appeared as a paragraph under the reading chronicles in *Niles Weekly Register*, published far south in the United States at Baltimore, Maryland. From here it was copied verbatim as above by the *Kingston Gazette*, and afterwards by the *Quebec Gazette* of 26th September, 1816.

Further inquiry, however, nearer the scene of construction indicates that an error has been made in the wording of the item, which had apparently been copied into the other papers without verification.

In the library of the Historical Society at Buffalo is deposited the manuscript of Captain Van Cleve, who sailed as clerk and as captain on the *Martha Ogden*, the next steamboat to be built at Sackett's Harbour six years after the *Ontario*. In this he writes, "the construction of the *Ontario* was begun at Sackett's Harbour in August, 1816." He also gives a drawing, from which all subsequent illustrations of the *Ontario* have been taken. Further information of the American steamer is given in an application for incorporation of the "Lake Ontario Steam Boat Company," made in December, 1816, by Charles Smyth and others, of Sackett's Harbour, who stated in their petition that they had "lately constructed a steam boat at Sackett's Harbour"—"the Navy Department of the United States have generously delivered a sufficiency of timber for the construction of the vessel for a reasonable sum of money"—"the boat is now built"—"the cost so far exceeds the means which mercantile men can generally command that they are unable to build any further"—"the English in the Prov-

ince of Upper Canada have constructed a steam boat of seven hundred tons burthen avowedly for the purpose of engrossing the business on both sides of the lake."

All this indicates that the American boat had not been launched and in December was still under construction.

It is more reasonable to accept the statements of Captain Van Cleve and others close to the scene of operations rather than to base conclusions upon the single item in the publication issued at so far a distance and without definite details.

It is quite evident that the item in *Niles Register* should have read "was lately commenced," instead of "was lately launched." The change of this one word would bring it into complete agreement with all the other evidences of the period and into accord with the facts.

No absolute date for the launching of the *Ontario* or of the giving of her name has been ascertained, but as she was not commenced until August it certainly could not have been until after that of the *Frontenac* on September 7th, 1816. The first boat launched was, therefore, on the Canadian side.

The movements of the steamers in the spring of 1817 are more easily traced. *Niles Register*, 29th March, 1817, notes, "The steamboat *Ontario* is prepared for the lake," and Captain Van Cleve says: "The first enrollment of the *Ontario* in the customs office was made on 11th April," and "She made her first trip in April."

The data of the dimensions of the *Ontario* are recorded, being about one-third the capacity of the *Frontenac*, which would account for the shorter time in which she was constructed. The relative sizes were:

	Length,	Beam,	Capacity,
	tons.	tons.	tons.
<i>Frontenac</i> . . . . .	170	32	700
<i>Ontario</i> . . . . .	110	24	240

No drawing of the *Frontenac* is

extant, but she has been described as having guards only at the paddle wheels, the hull painted black, and as having three masts, but no yards. The *Ontario* had two masts, as shown in the drawing by Van Cleve.

No distinctive date is given for the first trip in April of the *Ontario*, on which it is reported (Beers History of the Great Lakes) "The waves lifted the paddle wheels off their bearings, tearing away the wooden coverings. After making the repairs the shaft was securely held in place."

Afterwards under the command of Captain Francis Mallaby, U. S. N., weekly trips between Ogdensburg and Lewiston were attempted, but after this interruption by advertisement of 1st July, 1817, the time had to be extended to once in ten days. The speed of the steamer was found to seldom exceed five miles an hour. (History Jefferson County, Hough).

The *Ontario* ran for some years, but does not seem to have met with much success and, having gone out of commission, was broken up at Oswego in 1832.

In the spring of 1817 the first mention of the *Frontenac* is in Kingston of her having moved over on 23rd May to the Government dock at Point Frederick, "for putting in a suction pipe," the *Kingston Gazette* further describing that "she moved with majestic grandeur against a strong wind." On 30th May the *Gazette* reports her as "leaving this port for the purpose of taking in wood at the Bay Quinte. A fresh breeze was blowing into the harbour against which she proceeded swiftly and steadily to the admiration of a great number of spectators. We congratulate the managers and proprietors of this elegant boat, upon the prospect she affords of facilitating the navigation of Lake Ontario in furnishing an expeditious and certain mode of conveyance to its various ports."

It can well be imagined with what wonder the movements of this first steam-driven vessel were witnessed.

In the *Kingston Gazette* of June 7th, 1817, entry is made: "The *Frontenac* left this port on Thursday, 5th, on her first trip for the head of the lake."

The opening route of the *Frontenac*, commanded by Captain James McKenzie, a retired officer of the royal navy, was between Kingston and Queenston, calling at York and Niagara and other intermediate ports. The venture of a steamer plying on the open lakes, where the paddle wheels would be subjected to wave action, was a new one, so for the opening trips her captain announced, with the proverbial caution of a Scotsman, that the calls at the ports would be made "*with as much punctuality as the nature of lake navigation will admit of.*" Later, the steamer, having proved her capacity by two round trips, the advertisements of June, 1817, state the timetable of the steamer as "leaving Kingston for York on the 1st, 11th and 23rd days," and "York for Queenston on 3rd, 13th, and 25th days of each month, calling at all intermediate ports. "Passenger fares, Kingston to Ernestown, 5s.; Prescott, £1.10.0; Newcastle, £1.15.0; York and Niagara, £2.0.0; Burlington, £3.15.0; York to Niagara, £1.0.0." Further excerpts are: "A book is kept for the entering of the names of the passengers and the berths which they choose, at which time the passage money must be paid." Gentlemen's servants can-

not eat or sleep in the cabin." "Deck passengers will pay fifteen shillings, and may either bring their own provisions or be furnished by the steward." "For each dog brought on board, five shillings." "All applications for passage to be made to Captain McKenzie on board." After having run regularly each season on Lake Ontario and the Niagara River her career was closed in 1827 when, while on the Niagara River, she was set on fire, it was said, by incendiaries, for whose discovery her owners, the Messrs. Hamilton, offered a reward of £100, but without result. Being seriously damaged, she was shortly afterwards broken up.

Such were the careers of the first two steamers which sailed upon Lake Ontario and the Niagara River, and from the data it is apparent that the *Frontenac* on the British side was the first steamboat placed on Lake Ontario, and that the *Ontario*, on the United States side, had been the first to make a trip up lake, having priority in this over her rival by perhaps a week or two, but not preceding her in the entering into and performance of a regular service.

With them began the new method for travel, far exceeding in speed and facilities any previously existing, so that the stage lines and sailing vessels were quickly eliminated.

This practical monopoly the steamers enjoyed for a period of fifty years, when their Nemesis in turn arrived and the era of rail competition began.





# FATE AND THE FIVE-CASE NOTE

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

"MISTER!" A grimy hand tugged at the coat of Henry Alden's well-cut business suit as he walked abstractedly up the lower section of Broadway at seven-thirty of a murky fall evening. Alden did not respond, and the grimy hand tugged again while a whining childish voice continued in a sing-song of woe.

"Mister, gimme a dime fer me mother what's sick with the cough. An' the doctor don't to come no more 'cause he ain't paid yet, an' Mister Frankel, what has the shop in front of our place, says he will to put us out 'cause we owe him rents. An' mother an' me can't to work no more because she's got the cough an' I'm by a strike on the coats shop where I did to sew on buttons. An'—"

The thin voice whined on as Alden felt in his pocket in search of small change. There was no dime. There was nothing but a crisp, new, five-dollar bill that was much too much to waste on a casual street tale of misery, no matter how acute misery might appear. An impatient hand disengaged the immaculate coat from the dirty, little fist which protruded from the frayed sleeve of Max Grofsky's misfit garment. A curt "Beat it, kid," cut short his tabulation of the manifold woes of his family.

The soiled urchin stood gazing without resentment after the receding figure. He peered searchingly into the fog in both directions seeking further prospect of aid, but, failing to discover any, turned and disappeared down a side street. If you had

followed him you would have come to that damp basement rat-hole which, to his mother and himself, was hallowed by the sacred name of home. Had you the courage to descend with him the slimy steps you would have come upon a place of half-lights and pestilential odours where he and his mother were engaged in their losing battle with the great enemies of their kind, starvation and disease. This journey may become necessary later in this adventure and why make it twice?

Max scuttled down these steps to meet a woman shaken by her struggles with a terrible, all-conquering cough and to seek by the close application of his little body to her own to supply the lack of warmth and warming food.

Meanwhile, Alden wended his abstracted way northward upon Broadway. He had not given a second thought to the ragged Yiddish youngster he had brushed aside as men brush away a buzzing fly and forget the annoyance with the buzzing. Fate had offered him the rôle of Good Samaritan. He had refused it for the smile of a cabaret dancer, for it was to meet such a lady that he was killing time on his way up-town—that is, if you decide that Fate was concerning herself with these matters. It was to bask in these smiles that he had retained the five-case note, for he was neither ungenerous nor poor, but this was all that he had with him, as we have seen.

As he strolled absorbedly, he more than once barely avoided collision

with other isolated pedestrians. His was the abstraction of a man occupying time in which nothing of interest offers pending the arrival of that freighted with an engrossing event. He could see nothing but a vision of the adorable Kitty—I think that was the lady's name—and a discreet restaurant set for two. Abruptly halted by the heavier counter-stream of cross-town traffic at Eighth Street, he shook off his sentimental musing. A scratch of conversation intruded upon his consciousness and turned his thoughts into new channels.

In front were four young women on their way to a meeting at Cooper Union. They were talking excitedly and he could not choose but hear. One was saying:

"We gotta stand together. The trouble with the working peoples is that they ain't united enough. The bosses is though, an' that's why they always wins out. A fella over at the Union the other night said they is a force at work squarin' everything in the world. 'The Law of Compensations,' he called it. He said it works out so that everyone gets jest what's comin' to them someways or other. Sometimes, he said, you can see it workin', but mostly it works so round about that you don't know nothin' about it at all, but you get yours alright, good or bad."

Alden smiled broadly at this crude statement of a great philosophical theory. It was not alone the words which attracted him, perhaps, for the girl's voice was rich and her eyes flashing and splendid. He looked at his watch. He had still ample time for his engagement with the beautiful Kitty.

"It's all bunk, I think," one of the four was saying.

"Well, maybe it is, an' maybe it isn't," replied the one who had first spoken, "but some queer things do happen that'd almost make you think it was true."

"Was it all bunk?" Alden wondered idly as he walked along. He did

not often philosophize, but the big, rock-ribbed city sometimes makes a man a philosopher in spite of himself. He thought suddenly of the grimy urchin who had stopped him back there on Broadway. What had the great law of compensation to do with that demand for aid. Truly the alms had not been asked in the name of Allah in the manner of the master beggars of the world, but would the fulfilment be demanded in that name or some, perchance, equally as great? Of course, it was ridiculous. He would never lay eyes on the little chap again, and yet, as the girl had said, queer things do happen. With an involuntary tribute to what he would have called superstition had he chosen to designate it, he felt in his pocket for the five-case note. It was still there crisply whispering at his touch of supper and Kitty. He dismissed Max, Fate, the talking girls into the limbo of forgotten things.

But yet if it was not Fate that led him into St. Mark's Place, and, a few moments later, into a dingier side street, it was, perhaps, something suspiciously like it. He had seldom been in that part of the city before. He could have given you no reason for his presence there now. It appeared to be a subconscious avoidance of other pedestrians. It was the work of his subconscious mind, psychologists will explain. That may have been the reason. But does it explain the fact that he turned into this dimly-lighted street just as another young man was about to leave it?

This other young man was about Alden's own age. His name was "Slim" Grogan. He had been awaiting the coming of Katie McCool. Their appointment had to do with a transfer of moneys which would be to the advantage of Grogan. Such transfers were a part of a regular arrangement in their irregular lives. This arrangement has nothing to do with this story, save as it may account for the presence at this place and time of "Slim" Grogan. It is a sordid, if

common, matter and may well be left alone.

Katie had not come and Grogan was resultantly peeved. He needed money badly, owing to the failure of the other sources of supply from which he drew his revenues, and now this one had failed him. I repeat, therefore, that he was peeved.

When Grogan observed a seeming-ly prosperous young gentleman in this otherwise deserted street, his active brain immediately evolved a plan for the rehabilitation of his shattered resources. At the same moment, his equally active legs conveyed him to the sheltering darkness of the nearest doorway.

When one is walking in these less lighted tributaries of traffic, it behooves one to observe warily and cautiously. This is especially incumbent upon those of Alden's class when they invade the territory of the ilk of "Slim" Grogan. Failure in this regard is apt to lead to a wholly involuntary transfer of portable property. Alden was not observing and so advanced upon the ambushed Grogan, walking foolishly close to the building line.

As Grogan stepped into the sheltering darkness of the doorway, he unlimbered, from his hip pocket, an uncommonly well-made and efficient black-jack, the talisman of one of his varied activities. As Alden approached, he swung it lightly in his hand, and, when the other young man was exactly abreast of him, it descended. Alden settled quietly down upon the sidewalk and Grogan, releasing the black-jack so that it swung from his wrist by a leathern thong, hurriedly dragged the prostrate form into the shadows of the doorway. He lost no time in going through Alden's clothing. He drew forth a watch and fob, a tie-pin, white silk handkerchief and the five-case note.

He observed regretfully that the watch and fob were deeply engraved. It was not that the initials were not his own that disturbed him, but that

the property was thus rendered less readily negotiable and reduced its market value. The size of the stone in the tie-pin also displeased him. He had little sympathy with the subdued in personal adornment. He described his victim as a "cheap sport." All gentlemen wear large diamonds. That was Grogan's social philosophy. He looked at the five-case note. He squeezed it between his thumb and fingers. There was only one. He pushed the body farther into the doorway. His method was not gentle. He used his foot.

He had replaced the black-jack in his hip pocket, but had not had time to stow away the plunder when something took place which may, of course, have been merely a chance coincidence. On the other hand, if Fate had personally taken up the affairs of poor little Max Gorfsky, she would not have ordered it otherwise. This event of such momentous importance was merely the slow and dignified entrance of Patrolman Larry O'Connor. He strolled into the street, as Alden had come, from St. Mark's Place. He looked up the street and then, he glanced down. Then he slowly sauntered south toward the concealed Grogan.

Now, Mr. Grogan was well acquainted with the patrolman. They frequently talked together in outward peace. This, however, was not one of those occasions when such conversation appeared desirable or politic to the astute mind of Mr. Grogan, and with a view to avoiding it without giving offence to Mr. O'Connor, Grogan proceeded to edge stealthily away in the shadow of the buildings.

Perhaps it was Grogan's exclamation of disgust upon his review of the plunder which attracted the patrolman's attention. At any rate, he glanced systematically about him and at last looked into the doorway where Alden lay. Grogan proceeded as rapidly on his way as was consistent with silence in search of a convenient place of concealment. He selected a

basement stairway and was descending it when he unwittingly attracted the attention of the officer. O'Connor did not hear him, but, looking up from the prostrate Alden, seeking further explanation of his presence, he observed in the dark shadows ahead of him a splash of white which was the silk handkerchief still carried in Grogan's hand.

O'Connor was not a great detective, but he was a man of prompt action. He started on the run for Mr. Grogan. Caution now became no part of the tactics of that gentleman, who relinquished all other considerations for that of speed. Casting the said caution to whatever winds be blowing in that grimy thoroughfare, he took to his heels, with O'Connor in hot pursuit. Thus the two passed from that street and this story.

As Grogan rushed from the cellarway, however, the handkerchief in his hand caught upon the head of a very ordinary nail which protruded from the casing. It, together with the five-case note, dropped softly upon the stairway.

No doubt the astute reader has already guessed that this cellarway was the entrance to the home of our young friend, Max Gorfsky, and, indeed, it was so. Inside the mother was dosing or dying, while Max still strove to warm her in a close embrace. He heard the descending feet of Grogan upon the steps of the cellarway without. He heard them turn and ascend those steps and then quicken in flight. He listened to the sound of the pursuing O'Connor, and, drawn perhaps by some lingering curiosity of childhood, if anything childish still remained in his aged, young mind,

withdrew himself cautiously and went to the door.

As he opened it, his eye was caught by the handkerchief which had earlier acted as a signal to draw the attention and intervention of Patrolman O'Connor. Stooping to observe it more closely, he saw that which lay beside it—the five-case note.

All thought of the pursued and the pursuer was blotted from his mind. For a moment he was still staring at it as though he feared to smash the golden dream by reaching out to a disappointing reality. Then he pounced upon the bill as though he feared, even in that deserted place, some other hand might be before his own. He grasped it firmly and turned again to the room where his mother lay stirring restlessly upon the bed. He did not wait to see if she waked or slept, but **seizing a graniteware pail** from the wall was gone into the street.

When he returned, he was still travelling swiftly, but was holding the pail with solicitous care. From its open top came steam exhaling a grateful and gracious odour. Max's trembling little hand went eagerly about his mother's neck as he strove to raise her. His voice choked with eagerness and exultation.

"Drink it, mother," he cried. "Hot soup from Swartz's, an' money for the rents, an' more for foods, a lot. Such a *luck*, mother, such a *luck!* I found it by the steps."

Max dipped a cup in the steaming pail. He was holding it to his mother's lips. The lips did not move. The eyes, turned toward the eager little face, did not smile in answer to the glad light in his own. They were done with smiles and tears.



## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

TWO discoveries have been made of great interest to archæologists. One of these is the ancient harbour of Pompeii, which has been unearthed on a site nearly two miles inland. In the days of her prosperity Pompeii had a busy seaport and there is every probability now that the ancient docks and piers will be added to the streets and houses of the city as an object of interest to the traveller. The houses can now be seen just as they stood when Vesuvius overwhelmed the inhabitants. The unearthing of the old port may lead to valuable finds. When the fatal eruption was seen to be threatening Pompeii, a wholesale panic and exodus, it is believed, took place. Of the total population of 20,000 only about a tenth perished in the city. The remainder, tradition says, fled to the harbour in the hope of escaping by sea, but they were overwhelmed before they could reach the Roman fleet. The records suggest that much valuable jewellery and other belongings of the wealthy inhabitants were carried to the harbour and lie buried with the panic-stricken owners near the site recently discovered. Priceless art treasures, including Greek statuary which the wealthy Romans collected may be recovered in the course of excavation, but in any case the restoration of the old fortifications, piers, and docks will provide another interesting chapter in the romantic story of the discovery of the ancient city.

The scene of the other interesting

archæological find is Ireland. Professor Edward Spencer Dodgson, M.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, in company with Professor Sanki Tchikawa, an eminent Japanese savant from Tokio, at present studying Gaelic at the Gaelic College, Cloghaneely, County Donegal, were returning from an excursion to Tory Island and had reached the townland of Killult, Falcarragh, West Donegal, when their attention was arrested by a peculiar-shaped stone which lay partially exposed in a field. Closer scrutiny revealed the fact that one face of the stone, which must have lain undisturbed for about a thousand years, was covered with Ogham-like characters, one group of markings being interpreted as signifying "soul" or "spirit." There is an old tradition in the neighbourhood that the treasure of an ancient Irish chieftain is hidden there, and sixty years ago some rare gold ornaments were unearthed from a mound. A similar stone, with valuable treasure underneath, was discovered in the sixteenth century on the road to Salamanca. Not the least interesting feature of this story is the presence in the wilds of Donegal of a Japanese savant acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic. Cloghaneely is the home of the Gaelic College, established by the Gaelic League for the study of the Irish tongue, and the journeying thither of a Japanese professor from Tokio recalls the time when Ireland was the Mecca of the scholars of Europe.

Another discovery in which Ire-

land figures is that of the original document on which is recorded the grant of the Freedom of the City of Dublin to one of Ireland's greatest sons, Dean Swift. The document is now in the museum of the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle. The lapse of years has only served to emphasize the greatness of Swift, who was an outstanding figure in Ireland at a time when the country had few men of genius. He was very popular in Dublin, and beloved of the poor by reason of his generous sympathy and unflinching charity towards those in distress. He was an intellectual giant, a champion of Irish rights, and human enough to have passionately loved a woman, a tragedy in his life over which the biographer has thrown the glamour of mystery.

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One of the most remarkable phases of the labour trouble in the Irish capital is the extension of trades unionism to the agricultural labourers. For some years the agricultural labourers have been organizing in Ulster, but it will come as a surprise to many to learn that the farmers of Meath and Dublin decided to lock-out all their labourers and to suspend harvesting operations owing to the men being enrolled in the union organized by "Jim" Larkin. The awakening of the Irish labourer is one of the most remarkable chapters in the story of the New Ireland. Ireland has set the pace for legislation affecting the land and those dependent upon the land. In addition to land purchase acts, Ireland enjoys exclusive legislation for the building of labourers' cottages and the allotment of land to the occupiers. The struggle to obtain these cottages and to acquire the acre or three-acre plot of land has brought the farmer and labourer into conflict, and this is accentuated in the rural villages and towns where the workers are seeking the benefits secured by the farmers. Several towns and villages included

in estates that have passed from the landlord to the occupying tenants have successfully agitated for the extension of the benefits of the Land Purchase Act, and land adjoining these towns and villages have been divided up among the town tenants, and, together with their houses, sold to the occupiers under the terms of the Wyndham Land Act. This has not been achieved without some friction between farmer and labourer, and the labourer has been quick to seize upon the weapons forged by the farmer during the land war and to emulate his example in fighting for better conditions. Those who accept the cabled reports of the Larkin labour movement will be led astray. Larkin is only an instrument raised up for the deliverance of the unskilled labourer from conditions that are a reproach to Christian civilization. The brutal conduct of the police on the streets of Dublin was symptomatic of the superstitious reverence with which the "rights of property" are still held in a country where landlord rights proved to be tenant wrongs.

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Arising out of the labour riots in Dublin a case was heard in the police court in which two men charged with assault made counter-charges of a very serious kind against a sergeant and six constables, accusing them of bursting into their room and knocking them down with their batons. Incidentally, the evidence disclosed the awful condition in which the casual workers of Dublin live. One of the accused men testified that in the room there lived "My wife, myself, six children of mine, and my brother, Pat, and one child of his, who is dying of consumption. There are ten of us in this room." It is not police batons, but a living wage and a human existence the workers of Dublin need. If Larkin aids these unfortunate people in improving their miserable lot he is doing a noble work, how-

ever his critics may catalogue him.

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President Woodrow Wilson has carried the first plank in his programme and the Democratic Tariff Bill has become the law of the United States. The next step will be currency reform, and the passage of the tariff bill will have a powerful moral effect on the fortunes of this and other legislation contemplated by the Democrats. Western Canada has been stirred by the provision in the Tariff Bill excluding wheat and flour from the free list until the Dominion Parliament places these commodities on the free list. A campaign for free wheat has already been started and is bound to be a dominant issue when Parliament meets at Ottawa.

\*

The French press is once more discussing the advantage of an alliance with Spain, and the visit to Madrid of President Poincarè lends colour to the rumour that a treaty or entente between the two countries will shortly be accomplished. In close alliance France and Spain would control a long coast-line, both on the Atlantic and on the Mediterranean. Alfonso is very popular in Paris, and is credited with the desire to see a return to the closer relations between the two nations which in former days was a normal condition of European politics. The French, who live in hourly dread of the German menace, do not overlook the fact that Spain, which is rapidly acquiring a more powerful army and navy, could turn the tide in a struggle between France and Germany when the slightest advantage on either side would tell.

\*

The Carson campaign against the Home Rule Bill has led in some quarters to a demand for a conference and a settlement by general consent. Lord Loreburn's plea for a conference set the ball rolling and there were rumours that the King was bringing pressure to bear

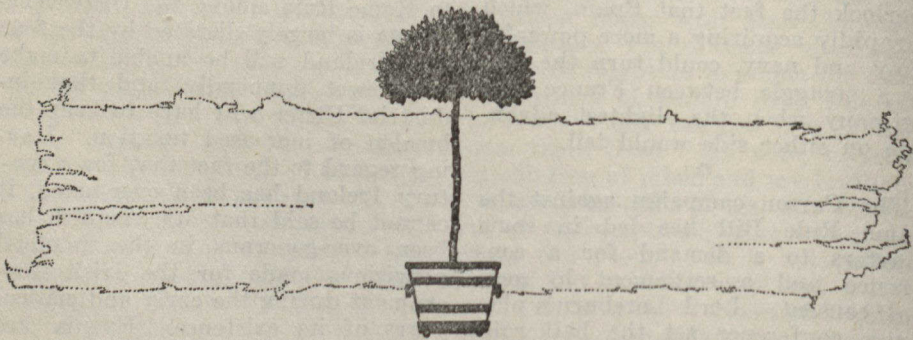
to effect a settlement. Any compromise of the principle of self-government is obviously out of the question and the irreconcilable attitude of Sir Edward Carson does not lend any hope of a settlement by consent. It is still possible for responsible leaders in the Liberal and Unionist parties to confer as to changes in the bill that would make it acceptable to moderate opinion. All parties are agreed that the present system of government in Ireland cannot be justified, and it is in the interest of British Unionists no less than that of Liberals, that the Irish question should be finally disposed of and the way left clear in the Imperial Parliament for legislation affecting other parts of the United Kingdom. Will Ulster fight? Such a contingency is highly improbable. Were the leaders fired by the same disinterested enthusiasm for a losing cause that distinguishes the rank and file of the Orangemen, the situation would be more serious. But the leaders are known to be fighting the battle, not of Protestantism, or of Irish Unionism, but of the British Unionist party. There can be no compromise of the principle of self-government, but it is still possible to withdraw moral support from Carson by some concessions regarding the representation of Ulster in the Irish Parliament, and more definite assurances regarding the financial standing of the Irish Government. The antipathy to Home Rule among the Ulster merchants is largely dictated by the fear that Ireland will be unable to make ends meet financially, and that industrial Ulster will have to bear the burden of increased taxation. Having regard to the fact that for a century Ireland has been over-taxed, it cannot be said that Mr. Asquith has been over-generous in the financial provisions made for the Irish Government during the early and critical years of its existence. Events are moving with dramatic rapidity, and it is impossible to foretell what a day

may bring forth. Home Rule is bound to come, however, and the opposition to it is not more formidable than that which confronted British statesmen in the past when every concession to the Irish people was heralded as a blow to Protestantism. Were Home Rule in operation to-morrow the Ulster Protestant would play a leading part in the government of Ireland and his religion would be no barrier to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen if he sincerely desired to place his country first in his affections.

\*

Canada has filled a large place in the public eye in the United Kingdom during the past year. Of more importance to the future of the Dominion than the settlement of the navy question is her credit in the London market. Something more than plentiful crops is needed to ensure a return to easier financial conditions. The growth of municipal loans is exercising a remarkable influence on the financial relations between London and Canada. In a comparative table *The Economist* shows that in the nine months of 1913 the British investor has contributed more than double as much to municipal improvements in Canada than in the same period of 1911-12, although it has been necessary to offer higher yields for loans. One of the complaints made by *The*

*Economist* is that too little information is available regarding Canadian municipalities, and that this lack of information begets suspicion and tends to raise the rate against the borrower. There is no authority in Canada corresponding to the Local Government Board in the United Kingdom. One of the functions of this Government Department is to supervise and control municipal borrowings, and the lender always has access to the fullest and most reliable information regarding the financial standing of the borrower. "Unfortunately," adds *The Economist*, "the Federal Government of Canada exercises no control over municipal finance, and, apart from special cases, a Canadian municipality is under the jurisdiction of its Provincial Legislature, and the conditions vary from Province to Province. The fact, for example, that the finances of Toronto were controlled by the Ontario Government, or that the finances of Winnipeg were controlled by Manitoba, or that of Vancouver by British Columbia, would not necessarily add very much to the security of these municipal loans in the eyes of a judicious investor." *The Economist* concludes by stating that "the problem of Canadian municipal finance is more than a local affair, and we should like to see the matter taken up at Ottawa."



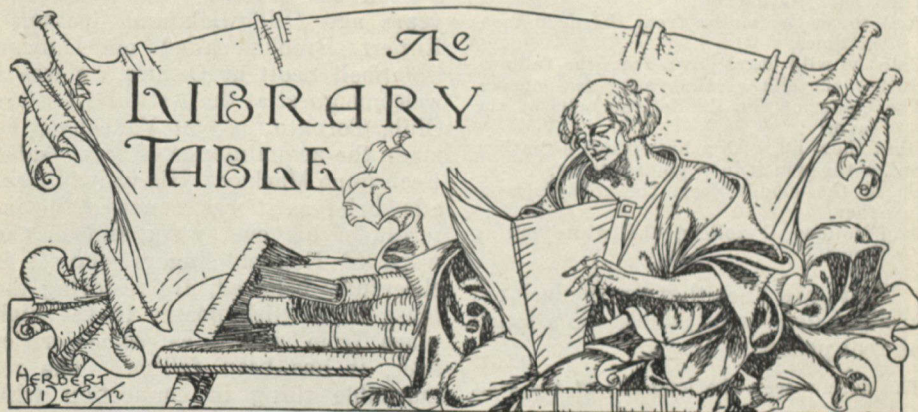




THE BLUE UMBRELLA

From the Painting by J. W. Morrice. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



### THE DRIFT OF PINIONS

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL. Montreal: The University Magazine.

HALF a dozen poems in this chaste little volume resound in the memory as exquisite examples of pure music in words, with enough sentiment or thought or human emotion to give their utterance purpose. "The Bridegroom of Cana," "St. Yves' Poor," "the Little Sister of the Prophet," "The Lamp of Poor Souls," "The Shepherd Boy," and "Jasper's Song," quite apart from their wonderful winging quality and beautiful imagery, make some appeal to the heart. As to the rest, with the exception of "Pieter Marinus," "Kwannon," "Mons Angelorum," and perhaps one or two others, the volume consists of delightful flutings that rise voluntarily from the haunts of Pan and appeal sweetly to the ear. It is the ear, indeed, that the book entralls, and for one who has a keen sense of rhythm and harmony there is much delight. With the ordinary human passions, the passions of love, of hate, of jealousy,

these pages have no dealings. Nor is there anything personal. No problem is attempted, no philosophy offered. But there is, as in "St. Yves' Poor," a warm sympathy:

For O, my Lord, the house dove knows her  
nest  
Above my window builded from the rain;  
In the brown mere the heron finds her  
rest,  
But these shall seek in vain.

And O, my Lord, the thrush may fold her  
wing,  
The curlew seek the long lift of the  
seas,  
The wild swan sleep amid his journey-  
ing—  
There is no rest for these.

Thy dead are sheltered; housed, and  
warmed they wait  
Under the golden fern, the falling foam;  
But these, Thy living, wander desolate  
And have not any home.

But as one reads one is in touch mostly with fairyland, a land of mosses, and fronds, of kine and herds-  
men's fires, of sweet maids and silken fawns, of lilted linnets, of swallows, and fallows, and sallows, as in "Jasper's Song":

Who goes down through the slim green  
 shallows,  
 Soon, so soon?  
 Dawn is hard on the heels of the moon,  
 But never a lily the day-star knows  
 Is white, so white as the one who goes  
 Armed and shod, when the hyacinths  
 darken.  
 Then hark, O harken!  
 And rouse the moths from the deep rose-  
 mallows,  
 Call the wild hares down from the fallows,  
 Gather the silk of the young sea-poppies,  
 The bloom of the thistle, the bells of the  
 foam;  
 Bind them all with a brown owl's feather,  
 Snare the winds in a golden tether,  
 Chase the clouds from the gipsy's wea-  
 ther,  
 And follow, O follow, the white spring  
 home.

There are lines that can be isolated  
 and yet give us in themselves a touch  
 of real poetry:

The curlew seek the long lift of the seas.  
 And the lifting, shimmering flight of the  
 swallow  
 Breaks in a curve on the brim of the  
 morn,  
 Over the sycamores, over the corn.

Walls of the sweet green gloom of the  
 cedar.

He whom the harvest hath remembered  
 not sleeps with the rose.

Miss Pickthall is an Englishwoman  
 by birth, but she has passed some  
 years in Toronto, where she did much  
 of her literary work. She has been  
 fortunate in having the encourage-  
 ment and sympathetic criticism of lit-  
 erary friends, particularly Miss Jean  
 Graham, Professor Pelham Edgar,  
 and Dr. Andrew Macphail. The title  
 of the volume is very aptly taken  
 from a line which we must credit to  
 Francis Thompson.

\*

### GEORGIAN POETRY

A collection of poems of 1911-12 by  
 young English poets. London: The  
 Poetry Bookshop.

**T**he other day a young English-  
 man, just in his first twenties,  
 a Fellow of King's College, Cam-  
 bridge, came out to Canada with

various letters of introduction, in  
 particular from the balladist John  
 Masefield. But his best introduction  
 was his own name as one of the seven-  
 teen whose work composes the volume  
 now before us, and as the author of  
 a book of "Poems," published two  
 years ago (Sidgwick and Jackson).  
 Rupert Brooke called on Duncan  
 Campbell Scott at Ottawa, he was a  
 welcome guest at the Arts and Letters  
 Club, Toronto, and at Vancouver he  
 made the acquaintance of Mrs. Isabel  
 Ecclestone Mackay. His visit to Can-  
 ada, brief as it was, renewed the in-  
 terest in his own work and in the  
 work of English singers who, it is  
 cheerfully believed, are restoring the  
 muse of English poetry to the high  
 place from which, as some critics  
 aver, it has been falling. The re-  
 markable thing in connection with  
 "Georgian Poetry" is the fact that  
 some of the poets who are now  
 heralded as sublime singers were not  
 known two years ago. The volume  
 itself, which contains selections from  
 the work of seventeen different pens,  
 has reached its seventh edition, which  
 in itself is an unusual achievement  
 for verse in these days. The fact re-  
 futes the statement that there is now  
 no real public interest in the high art  
 of poetry. The editor, Edward  
 Marsh, in his preface, says that  
 the volume is issued "in the belief  
 that English poetry is now once again,  
 putting on a new strength and beau-  
 ty," and that "we are at the begin-  
 ning of another 'Georgian period,'  
 which may take rank in due time with  
 the several great poetic ages of the  
 past." It is noteworthy that the  
 volume was dedicated to Robert  
 Bridges, long before he became Poet  
 Laureate. We give the names of the  
 poets represented, and it would be  
 well for all lovers of poetry to care-  
 fully regard their work: Lascelles  
 Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, Ru-  
 pert Brooke, Gilbert K. Chesterton,  
 William H. Davies, Walter De La  
 Mare, John Drinkwater, James Elroy  
 Flecker, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, D.



Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott (on left), the distinguished Canadian poet, recently appointed Deputy Minister of Indian Affairs, and Mr. Rupert Brooke, a young English "Georgian" Poet. From a photograph taken in the Garden of Mr. Scott's home at Ottawa.

H. Lawrence, John Masefield, Harold Monro, T. Sturge Moore, Ronald Ross, Edmund Beale Sargant, James Stephens, and Robert Calverley Trelvyan. It would be too great an undertaking here to give a comprehensive summary of the trend and style of this volume, but we shall quote the last five stanzas of Mr. Brooke's enchanting poem, "Dust":

Then in some garden hushed from wind,  
Warm in the sunset's after-glow,  
The lovers in the flowers will find  
A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace; and, past desiring,  
So high a beauty in the air,  
And such a light, and such a quiring,  
And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew,  
Or out of earth, or in the height,  
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,  
Or two that pass, in light, to light,

Out of the garden, higher, higher—  
But in that instant they shall learn  
The shattering fury of our fire,  
And the weak passionless hearts will  
burn

And faint in that amazing glow,  
Until the darkness close above;  
And they will know—poor fools, they'll  
know!—  
One moment, what it is to love.

\*

## SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT AND MORAL PROGRESS

BY ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

WHENEVER Alfred Russel Wallace chooses to speak it is time for lesser scientists to sit by and listen — and think. And there is food for thought in this his most recent book. Attempting to show that "the actual morality of a community is largely a product of the environment," and is therefore local and temporary in character, Wallace also tries to distinguish between what is permanent and what is inherited, and "to trace out some of the consequences as regards what we term morality." The book is in two parts,

historical and theoretical. The early chapters of the first part bring together evidence to show that "savages are not morally inferior to civilized races." Then, for contrast, follows an unrestrained arraignment of England's "moral position" in the nineteenth century, wherein such topics as insanitary dwellings, life-destroying trades, adulteration, bribery, gambling, and other "indications of increasing moral degredation," are discussed.

The second part brings in the author's old pet, natural selection.

\*

### THOUGHTS AND AFTER-THOUGHTS

BY HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THIS is a volume of philosophical essays by a famous English knight-actor, and for that reason alone, quite apart from their inherent excellence, they will be received with interest by a wide circle of readers. An essay from such a source on "Hamlet," for instance, could not fail of being read with great profit. The other chapters in the volume are: "Our Betters: A Medley of Considered Indiscretions," "The Living Shakespeare," "Jim: A Vindication of a Misunderstood Microbe," "The Imaginative Faculty," "Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage," "The Humanity of Shakespeare," "The Tempest," "Henry VIII. and His Court," "On Closing the Book That Shakespeare Wrote."

\*

### RISING DAWN

BY HAROLD BEGBIE. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is an historical novel of great merit. It follows the career of a young squire to the Duke of Lancaster, gives intimate scenes in the life of Wycliffe, and the critical part of the plot turns about the story

of Hauley and Shakyl, and the End of Sanctuary in England. The fourteenth century saw the dawn of literature and of Protestantism in England, and no other period possesses greater contrasts or could furnish, seen through the mist of time, more entertaining material for a novel. The hero of "Rising Dawn" comes to desire knowledge more than a life of stir and battle, and in describing this change in mind and heart the author has given to his book fine spiritual feeling. "Rising Dawn" is more than a story, it is a faithful picture of English life at a most interesting period. It has been written with extreme care and is marked by Mr. Begbie's usual good literary style.

\*

### THE GOLDEN ROAD

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

THIS is another of Miss Montgomery's characteristic novels of wholesome, Arcadian life in Prince Edward Island. The principal characters of "The Story Girl," though grown a little older, are here again introduced, and one witnesses a happy band, led by Sara Stanley, making real fun upon the "golden road"—until "the parting of the ways." It is a pretty conceit, and Miss Montgomery has developed it with admirable skill. The spirit of youth pulsates throughout the volume. The Foreword speaks so well for the volume that we print part of it:

"Once upon a time we all walked on the golden road. It was a fair highway, through the Land of Lost Delight; shadow and sunshine were blessedly mingled, and every turn and dip revealed a fresh charm and a new loveliness to eager hearts and unspoiled eyes.

"On that road we heard the song of morning stars; we drank in fragrances aerial and sweet as a May mist; we were rich in gossamer fancies and iris hopes; our hearts sought and found the boon of dreams; the years waited beyond and they were very fair; life was a rose-lipped comrade with purple flowers dripping from her fingers."

## WOMAN, MARRIAGE, AND MOTHERHOOD

BY ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.  
Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THE author of this timely volume, who is a pioneer in the "Motherhood" movement, here considers marriage and motherhood from almost every possible point of view, and she has brought together much information of singular interest bearing upon the marriage laws and customs of other times and other lands. One of her interesting deductions is that while in England "the decline in the marriage rate has not been on a sufficiently large scale to account for more than a small proportion of the falling birthrate, although there are indications that it may become of more importance in the future. Any such influence should be counteracted. It is eugenically undesirable that the age of marriage should be postponed until the thirtieth year, or later. Children of mothers who marry late in life are inferior to the offspring of women whose first child is born when they are twenty-four or twenty-five."

\*

## THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL. Toronto:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MANY readers will regard this as Mr. Churchill's greatest novel. Undoubtedly it deals with a great problem: the social regeneration of at least the middle-west of the United States, and the author has handled it in a big, commanding manner. The novel is founded on a condition that exists in many city churches: the condition of the pastor moving, outwardly serenely, between the rich on the one hand and the poor on the other hand—between the financial buccaneers and the unfortunate workers. Such a pastor is young Mr. Hodder, who comes to one of the largest cities of the Middle West to be rector

there of such a mixed parish. He is the chief character in the book, but he is equaled almost in interest by Eldon Parr, a rich member of the congregation, who apparently uses his church to cover up his misdeeds down-town. The former pastor had been Dr. Gilman, who belonged to the day that is passing away, the day when "existence was decorous, marriage an irrevocable step, wives were wives, and the authorised version of the Bible was true from cover to cover." At first it seemed as if Mr. Hodder would follow in Dr. Gilman's footsteps. He moved cautiously at first. The poor were always at his door, and towards them he invariably showed a spirit of friendliness. On the other hand, he was solicitous of the favour of the rich, but between the two he found it difficult to be reconciled. Taking courage at length, he went down into Dalton Street, in the neighbourhood of the poor, and there learned to his horror that some of the rich members of his congregation figured somewhat to their discredit in this lower section of the city. One, for instance, owned a notorious saloon; another had badly treated an abandoned woman. This social hypocrisy seems always to have existed, and although Mr. Churchill reveals it in a very striking way in this novel, we feel that we see it merely in its modern setting. There is no doubt at all that the people of the United States are grappling with their social problems, and this is one of them; and while we cannot regard the problem as a new one, we can admire them for their attempt at a solution, and Mr. Churchill for presenting it in so entertaining and striking a piece of fiction.

\*

## THE LOST MAMELUKE

BY DAVID M. BEDDOE. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Son.

EGYPT, with its impenetrable mystery, is the scene of this absorbing tale of adventure. A young

Englishman adopts the Mahommedan religion because of material advantages to be derived therefrom. As a result partly of this, he separates from his wife, and, under the assumed name of Ismail Effenji, in the service of Ibrahim Murad Bey, he has many strange experiences. He deserts to the English and meets a tragic death. The tale is written with vigour, and presents many dramatic episodes.

\*

—A reprint volume for private circulation only has been made of "General Economic History of the Dominion, 1867-1912," Professor Oscar D. Skelton's notable contribution to the comprehensive history of the Canadian people and their institutions entitled "Canada and Its Provinces." (Toronto: The Publishers' Association of Canada). That Professor Skelton brought to his difficult task the rare quality of sound and searching judgment (a quality that is found in the writers of authentic history) is shown in the impartial chapter on the recent reciprocity negotiations between Canada and the United States. It is a model of conciseness and lucidity, and it explains each side of the controversy just as if the writer were the champion of both.

\*

—For those who like novels of the "Graustark" type, the author has supplied another entitled, "A Fool and His Money." There are a castle on the Rhine, an imprisoned Austrian princess (née American), and plenty of adventurous encounters in releasing her. (Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

—"Otherwise Phyllis" is a popular style of novel by Meredith Nichol-

son, of "The House of a Thousand Candles" fame. (Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

—"The Canadian Annual Review," edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, contains a careful review of the year's events and affairs relating to Canada. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

\*

—Recent popular novels by successful writers are "Eldorado," another story of the Scarlet Pimpernel, by the Baroness Orczy; "When Love Called," by A. W. Marchmont, and "The Players," by Sir William Barclay. (Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton), and "The Confessions of Arsene Lupine," being the adventures of a benevolent burglar, by Maurice Leblanc. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

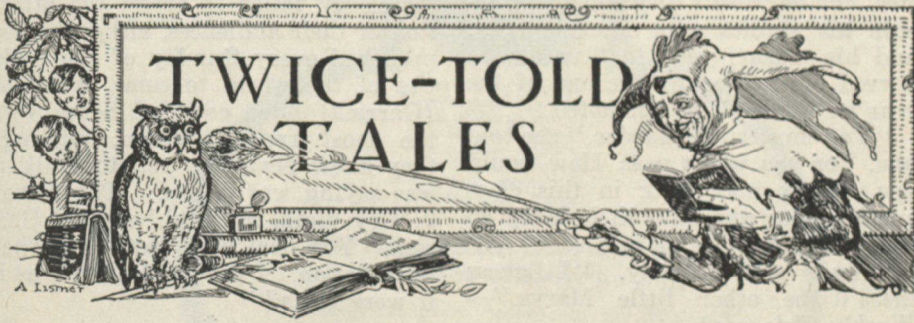
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—*The Studio* (London) for August contains an article of particular interest to Canadians, entitled "A Canadian Painter: James Wilson Morrice," by Muriel Ciolkowoka. Mr. Morrice is a native of Montreal, but for the last ten years or more he has lived at Paris, where his work and his name are revered by the elect. Of his work Miss Ciolkowoka says:

"Mr. Morrice's gifts have expressed themselves principally in landscape and in some figure painting. He approaches both subjects with equal freedom, feeling, and originality of interpretation. Unity of tone is attained without blurring or other trickeries, and, as in Whistler, the values are achieved through the most honest means. Nothing asserts itself in his pictures, yet there is no monotony or the slightest evasion of difficulties. In his figure subjects the figures blend with the background, be it the wall-paper of a room or the sky, just as a tree blends and is one with its environment."







#### FROM SONG TRAINING

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Professor Adagio called at our house yesterday, and my daughter played the piano for him. He just raved over her playing."

Mrs. Peprey—"How rude! Why couldn't he conceal his feelings the way the rest of us do?"

\*

#### A SEVERE ART CRITIC

The Post Impressionist—"I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door."

Lady Visitor—"Well, why don't you hang it on the knob where the wolf can see?"—*London Opinion*.

\*

#### AND THEY WONDERED

At a banquet, of which the walls were adorned with many beautiful paintings, a well-known college president was called upon to respond to a toast.

In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"

#### UNAPPRECIABLE

She—"I have made a water-colour drawing and hung it up in your study to hide the stain in the wall-paper."

He—"But, darling, I never complained about that stain."—*Meggen-dorfer Blaetter*.



"What kind o' dance in this Turkey Trot, Wullie?"

"Weel, it's like this, noo. Ye tak' yer pairtner, ye push her forrit, ye pull her back, and ye tirl' roun' whiles."

—*Punch*

“SO LONG, MARY”

A teacher in one of the primary grades of the public school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much energy, and his teacher said that unless he stirred himself before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

“You must study harder,” she told him, “or you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this class another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?”

“Aw,” said Tommy, “I guess there'll be other little Marys.”—*Weekly Telegraph.*

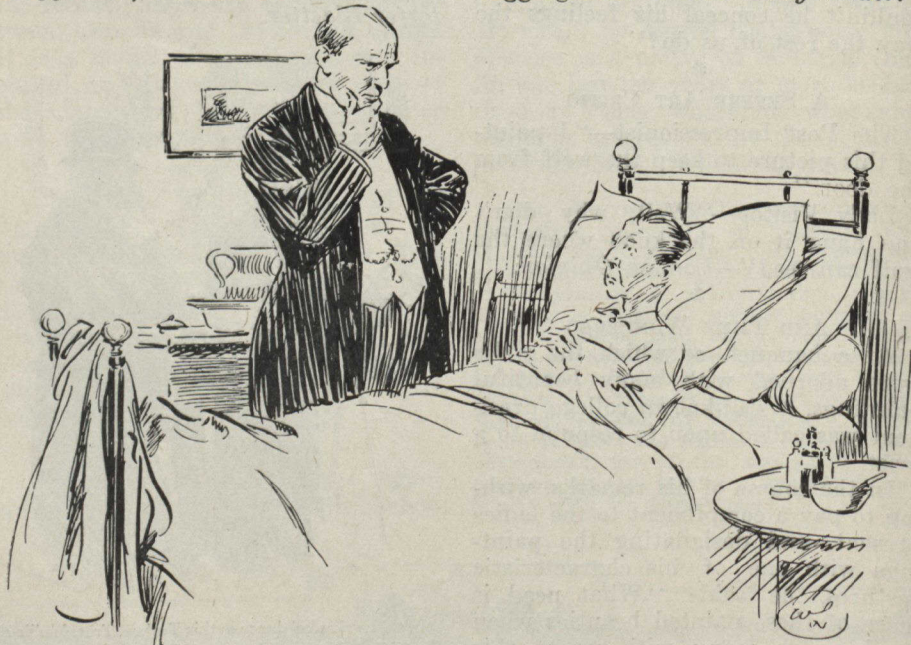
\*

CLEVER DAUGHTER

“Mamma, don't you think Schiller quite out of date?”

“I certainly do.”

“I'm so glad. I just smashed his statuette in the drawing-room.”—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*



“Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?”

“N-no; but it's—er—customary.” —*Tatler*

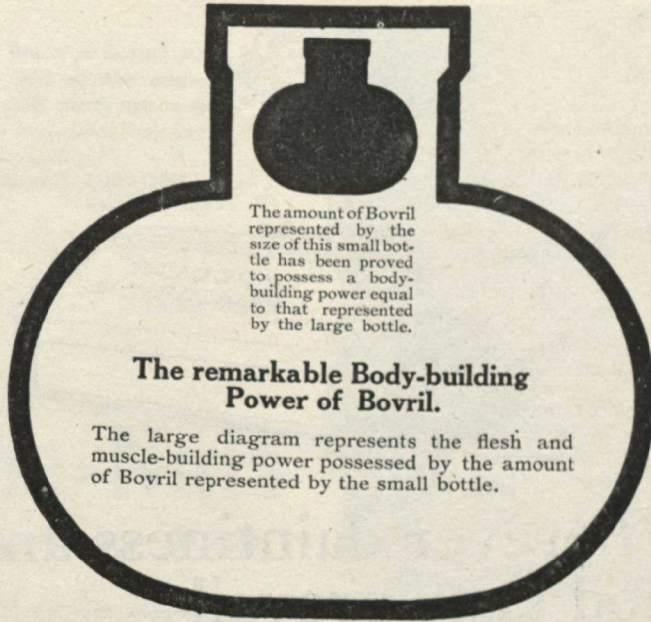
GARRICK AND THE BISHOP

In the “Realities of Irish Life,” by W. S. French, is this anecdote: “I have heard a story that upon one occasion the Bishop of London asked the celebrated actor, Garrick, if he could explain how it was that he and his clergy failed to arrest the attention of their audiences, although they preached every Sunday of the realities of the world to come, while he (Garrick) filled crowded house with the most rapt attention, although they knew perfectly well that all he was saying was fiction. ‘The reason is very plain, my lord,’ replied Garrick. ‘You deal with facts as if they were fiction. I deal with fiction as if it were facts.’”

\*

ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

Royal Academician (displaying a picture of a convict-looking yokel working with a spade)—“The critics accuse me of repeating myself year after year; isn't it absurd? Last year he had whiskers, and he was digging with a fork.”—*Bystander.*



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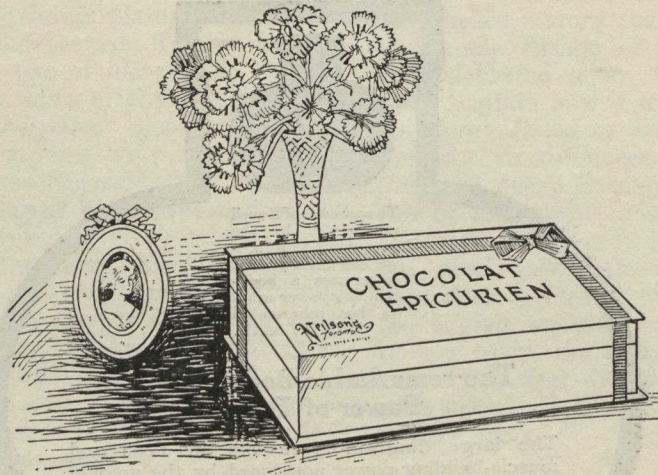
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*"When bread is baked, some parts are split at the surface, and these split parts are beautiful, and in a peculiar way excite a desire for eating."*

—MARCUS AURELIUS  
—Roman Emperor.

How this wise old Roman would have enjoyed

# Grape=Nuts

FOOD

The bread of the Romans was *whole* wheat bread. That was centuries before millers, in order to make flour white, began robbing it of the outer shell of the wheat containing the vital mineral phosphates.

Many present-day foods lack these mineral elements, and the lack is largely responsible for various ailments.

In making Grape-Nuts of *whole* wheat and malted barley, the outer shell of the wheat with all its rich mineral content—the phosphates—is retained.

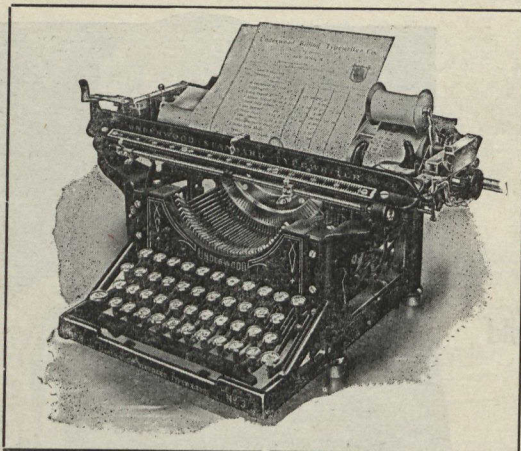
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TORONTO

## A Man is Judged by the Stationery He Uses

Slovenly correspondence, careless in dress, and of phrase, is not only bad form—it indicates indifferent breeding.

It is equally *gauche* to write personal letters upon one's business stationery. Well bred men conduct their private correspondence upon high-grade stationery, embossed with their private address—Such a stationery, for instance, as

*Crown Vellum*

Crown Vellum is a paper of strong texture, heavy and fine of finish. It is sold by all good Canadian stationers, but if you have any difficulty in securing it, write to our office nearest you, and we will supply you through a nearby stationer.


BARBER-ELLIS, Limited

BRANTFORD

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER



Best for  
WOODEN  
WARE

# Old Dutch Cleanser

MANY USES AND FULL  
DIRECTIONS ON LARGE  
SIFTER - CAN 109





# RODGERS' CUTLERY

All cutlery goodness is crystallized in "Rodgers."  
Centuries of cutlery knowledge go to make Rodgers  
the recognized leader in cutlery manufacture

**Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited**

*Cutlery to His Majesty*  
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

## "Don't Blame the Stenographer"



**S**HE can't make bright, business-like letters unless you supply good typewriter ribbons.

And you can't get clean, easy-to-read carbon copies from poor carbon paper.

**PEERLESS BRAND** will settle both these points for you. Peerless Ribbons make the type stand out on your letters clear and free from spots and blurs. Peerless Carbon Papers make copies that look like originals. They will not smudge.

Order Peerless Ribbons for your machines. Try out a box of Peerless Carbon Papers. They will give the sort of letters and carbon copies you want.

# PEERLESS BRAND

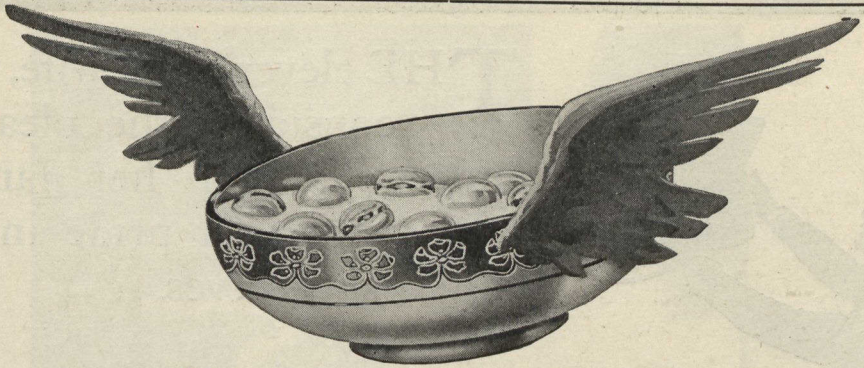
CARBON  
PAPERS

TYPEWRITER  
RIBBONS

53 There are Peerless Dealers everywhere. If you cannot locate one, write us for samples.

PEERLESS CARBON & RIBBON MFG. CO., LTD.  
176-178 Richmond Street West - - - TORONTO





## If You'll Call They'll Come

If you will call on your grocer for Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, there will come to your table tomorrow morning the most delicious foods folks know.

Grains steam-exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Airy wafers, bubble-like and thin. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.

Ready to serve with cream and sugar, or mix with any fruit. Ready to melt at the touch of the teeth into almond-flavored granules.

They will bring to your people a food delight.

They will bring scientific, whole-grain foods, easy to digest. The only cereals in which every food granule has been literally blasted to pieces.

And a thousand breakfasts, in the years to come, will have added joy when you know these foods.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c** *Except in*  
**Puffed Rice, 15c** *Extreme*  
*West*

### At Night

For a supper dish, or at bedtime, these crisp, brown grains will come to you floating in bowls of milk. Crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

Whole grains made wholly digestible. The most inviting morsels ever served in milk.

You will use them in candy-making—use them to garnish ice cream—use them as wafers in soup. You will crisp them in butter so the children may eat the grains like peanuts.

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—the foods that are shot from guns. No other foods are in any way like them. It is due to yourself that you know them.

At every grocery they are at your call. Call now and see what comes.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers.



THE clever housewife, who considers the pleasure and welfare of her family, takes particular pride in the coffee she serves.

It is usually

## Seal Brand Coffee

Chase & Sanborn,

Montreal

143

RED  
**Earl & Wilson**  
MAN



**PENWOOD**  
GOOD LOOKS—GOOD FIT—  
GOOD WEAR.

**EARL & WILSON**  
SHIRTS \$1.50 AND MORE

### 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 Diarrhœa, 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."



# Temptation

You mothers wish to make oats tempting. And this is how to do it.

Get Quaker Oats, for this consists of just the rich, plump, luscious grains. All the puny grains are discarded, all the poorly-flavored. We find only ten pounds of Quaker Oats in a bushel.

These are the cream of the oats. And each mammoth flake is so processed by heat that its flavor is kept intact.

Common oatmeal may have equal food value. But what matters that if it lacks the flavor which makes children love this dish?

Quaker Oats has the flavor.

## Quaker Oats

*The Luscious, Big-Flaked Oatmeal*

The evidence is that nowhere in the world are there other oats like Quaker. A hundred nations now send here to get this Quaker Oats. Some ten thousand miles.

Even the British Isles, the home of Scotch oats, consume more packages of Quaker than all other brands together.

The peoples of the earth now consume each year a thousand million dishes of Quaker. All because of the wondrous flavor.

Yet many a mother buys lesser oats where every store sells Quaker. They pay the same price per package, the same cost per dish.

They go without this matchless flavor, which other people send over seas and continents to get.

This is why it matters:

Oats are our premier food. Nothing else grown supplies so much of what growing children need.

Nothing else compares with oats as a vim-producing food.

Every modern mother wants her children to love oats. That is why it's vital to get the oats they love.

**Regular Size Package, 10c.**

**Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.**

Except in Far West and South.



Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



TRADE **Gillette** MARK

## The Gillette is the Practical Man's Razor

### It is the most Practical of all Razors

—simple, safe, speedy, smooth-shaving. It has all the improvements that really improve and no fussy appendages. It carries the hardest and keenest edge, and is the *only* adjustable razor.

### It is the Razor Practical Men Prefer.

It eliminates honing and stropping—saves many precious minutes a day—can be used in safety and comfort under the least favorable conditions—and gives a velvet shave which makes other razors seem crude in comparison.

### It is the Practical Christmas Gift for a man

—a gift he'll not only admire but use with satisfaction every day in the year. Among the three dozen and more styles you will find one to suit any man, at a price you'll be glad to pay.

Standard Sets cost \$5.00. Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00. Combination Sets \$6.50 up. Your Jeweler, Druggist or Hardware Dealer can show you an assortment.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
OF CANADA, LIMITED**

Office and Factory:  
The New Gillette Building, Montreal

499

TRADE **Gillette** MARK  
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

TRADE **Gillette** MARK  
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER



## You Are Welcome

If we could induce every one of the hundred million persons in this country and Canada to visit "The Home of Shredded Wheat" and witness the process of making Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit we would not need to print this advertisement—or any other advertisement. Nearly one hundred thousand visitors from every habitable portion of the globe pass through this factory every year. They are impressed with the beauty and cleanliness of the factory. They are convinced of the wholesomeness, purity and nutritive value of

## Shredded Wheat

It is the one universal staple cereal food, eaten in all lands, always clean, always pure, always the same. Delicious for breakfast when heated in the oven (to restore crispness) and served with milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits.

*The Only Cereal Breakfast Food Made in Biscuit Form*

MADE ONLY BY  
**THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Limited, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**  
 TORONTO: 49 WELLINGTON STREET E.



# Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

The nickeled top in which the stick is securely fastened affords a most convenient holder for the fingers. The shorter the stick becomes, the more you appreciate this Holder-Top device.

The soap itself will give you the same quick, cool, creamy, abundant lather that has commended Williams' Shaving preparations to generations of shavers.

OTHER FORMS OF WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS ARE:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-Cover  
Nickeled Box  
 Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-Cover  
Nickeled Box  
 Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

## SPECIAL OFFER—Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent, postpaid, for 24 cents in stamps.

### Men's Suit Case Set

Contains

Talc Powder  
 Dental Cream  
 Shaving Cream  
 Holder-Top Shaving Stick  
 Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

### Women's Suit Case Set

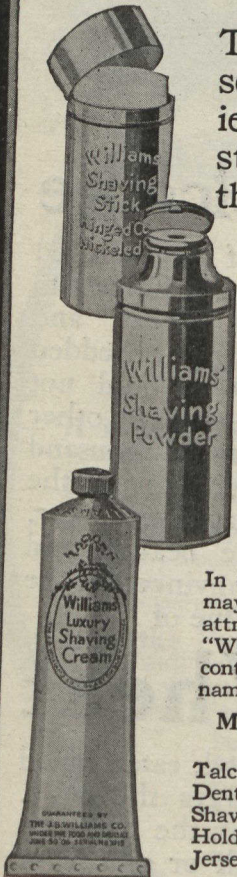
Contains

Cold Cream  
 Dental Cream  
 Violet Talc Powder  
 Carnation Talc Powder  
 Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

After Shaving Use Williams' Talc Powder

Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A

Glastonbury, Conn.





Doesn't  
Rub  
Smudge  
nor  
Fade

**M**ULTIKOPY Carbon Paper is so scientifically made that it gives off neither too *little* carbon, to make the copy faint, nor too *much*, to smudge or blur or soil your fingers, but just *enough* to make the sharp, distinct, permanent impressions your employer requires.

TRADE  
**MULTIKOPY**  
MARK  
Carbon Paper

Its copies actually rival the original in clearness, and in black and blue they're *absolutely permanent*--clear and legible for all time.

MultiKopy is economical, too. One sheet makes 100 copies, and you can make 20 clear copies at one writing.

*Send for Free Sample Sheet*

and treat yourself to a trial of the world's most durable, reliable and popular carbon paper. You'll save money, time and trouble with the carbon that never changes in any climate, and never skins over nor dries up,



STAR BRAND TYPEWRITER RIBBONS are guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

**F. S. WEBSTER CO., 363 Congress St., Boston, Mass.**

*Address all letters to the Home Office*

**UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., Limited**  
7-9 Adelaide St. East - - - Toronto, Ont.



## You'll always be proud of your Knit-to-form Sweater Coat

Observe that we emphasize *knit-to-form*. Heretofore sweaters have been considered comfortable garments without any pretensions to style. *Penmans knit-to-form* process has added an air of smart elegance to these useful garments while enhancing their warmth-giving qualities because it demands the choicest of wools. *Penmans Sweater Coats* are *guaranteed* to retain their shapely dressy lines—carefully shaped to set snug to the figure.

There are *scores* of outdoor enjoyments which demand these *warm* and *stylish* garments. *Penmans Sweater Coats*, for men, women and children, can be had at almost any good store. You'll find a *Penman Sweater* to fit your *exact type* and satisfy your taste in *style* and *colors*.

Look for the trademark.

Penmans Limited, Paris, Canada  
Sweaters Underwear Hosiery

# Penmans

## Sweater Coats



## There is an INDIVIDUALITY

about the man who today wears a Suit or Light Overcoat made from a Grey Cheviot, providing he gets a Cloth with the right finish.

## VICKERMAN'S GREY CHEVIOTS

have just that little something in their construction which gives

### The Lustrous Crisp Finish

so much sought after by all good dressers and men of discriminating taste.



B. VICKERMAN & SONS, LTD.

TRADE MARK

## Nisbet & Auld, Limited Toronto.

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada  
for Vickerman's Goods



## Palmolive Beauty

**D**O you want *your* skin to be soft, clear and beautiful? Then use *Palmolive*—the soap that cleanses, soothes and refreshes the *tenderest* skin because it contains *palm* and *olive oils* perfectly blended by our scientific method.

Long before the days of Cleopatra, palm and olive oils were the chief requisites of the toilet.

Today they are made *more* efficient by their combination in *Palmolive*.

Try it for toilet and bath—15c the cake. It outsells all other high-grade toilet soaps. Send two 2-cent stamps for sample.

**B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO. Inc.**  
155-157 George St. Toronto, Ont.

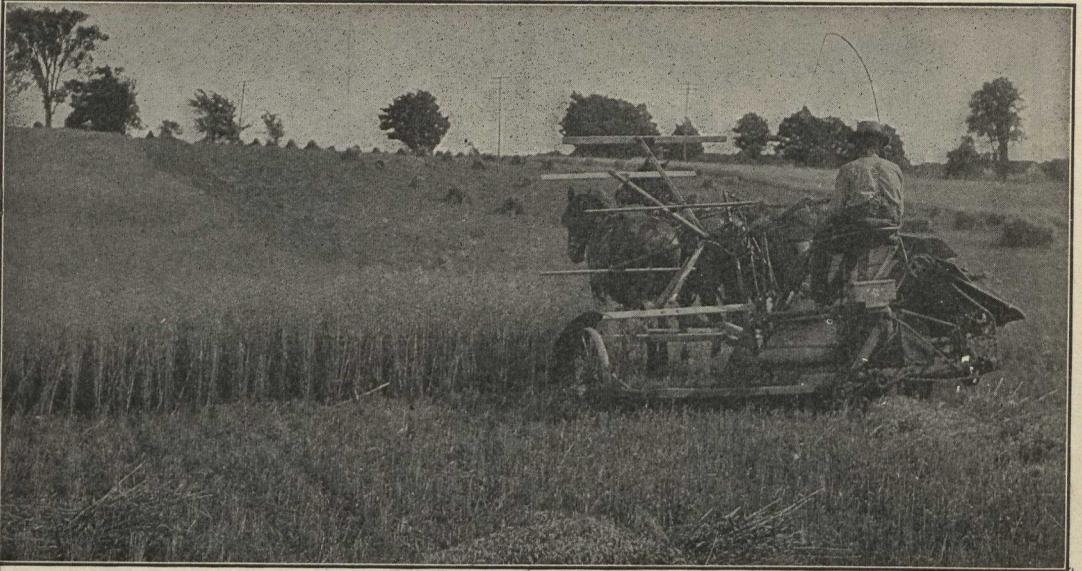
The American address:  
B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

*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 cannot get *Palmolive Cream* or *Shampoo* of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.





**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.**

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FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

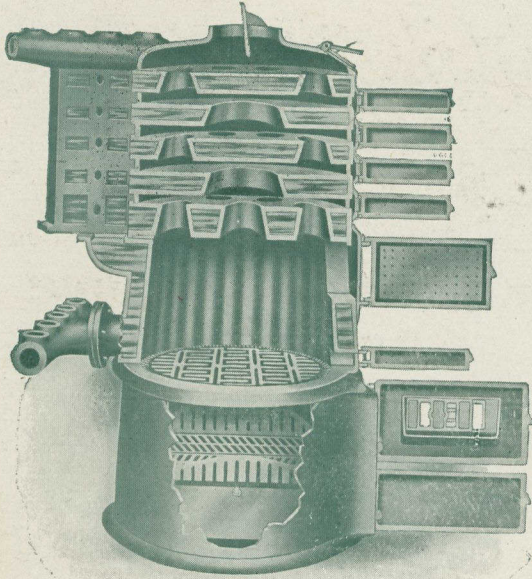
W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or  
J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.

# MOGUL

CIGARETTES  
EGYPTIENNES



Then without much hesitation  
I arose in aggravation  
And I beat a lively tattoo  
with my stick upon the floor  
I'd hardly started pounding ere,  
resonant, resounding,  
From the window, most astounding!  
came the self same voice once more  
"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more!"



The Large Flared Flues are an improvement exclusive with the "Sovereign."

## The 'Sovereign' will do what no other Boiler can

In the early Spring or Fall, when light fires only are needed, the house may be comfortably warmed, with a quick fire of any available waste fuel material.

The winter fuel may be whatever kind of coal is cheapest in your locality. Hard or soft coal, or "free burning anthracite"—the

"Sovereign" will draw a full measure of heat from any kind of coal you put into the fire box.

Or you will get equally good results in heat from cut or rough wood. In the course of the winter you may change from one kind of fuel to another without adjusting anything about the boiler, except to open or close the draft dampers as required.

*The secret of the "Sovereign" adaptability for all kinds of fuel is in the Large Flared Flues. Write us for further information if you do not thoroughly understand the importance of this improvement in boiler construction.*

"Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers.

"Sovereign" Radiators.

# Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited

HEAD OFFICE,

GUELPH, Ont.

Toronto—1088 King St. W.

Montreal—246 Craig St. W.

Vancouver—1070 Homer St.

St. John, N.B.—16 Water St.

Quebec—Mechanics' Supply Co.

Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.

Hamilton—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

Calgary—P. D. McLaren Co., Limited.



# La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

## CORSET

### Ready for the New Costume

For any woman of ordinary height and weighing between 115 and 140 lbs., the La Diva 718 is the ideal foundation for this season's costume, and makes possible a perfect fit and an up-to-date figure, and it sells at only \$3.00.

This year's D. & A. and La Diva Models are great successes; they are comfortable, support the figure well, and give that supple, graceful, almost corsetless effect which is the aim of the fashionable "modistes."

Made specially for Canadian Women after long studies of Canadian figures in one of the largest and best equipped corset factories in the world, the D. & A. and La Diva Corsets offer style and comfort superior to imported corsets yet at from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per pair less.

There is a model for every figure. Our catalogue, sent free on request, will help you to choose the best for yours.

12-13

**DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC**

**IRRESISTIBLE**

**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**

# Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

## Pianos of Prestige

*Music for the Home.*

What have you to offer guests? Do you never feel your indebtedness to others in the matter of entertainment.

With a

## GERHARD HEINTZMAN PLAYER PIANO

(Anyone can play it—ANYONE)

in your home you are no longer at a disadvantage, but can make your home a Mecca for music lovers.

Nothing which money can buy brings quite the enjoyment to yourself and others that is supplied by this great instrument.

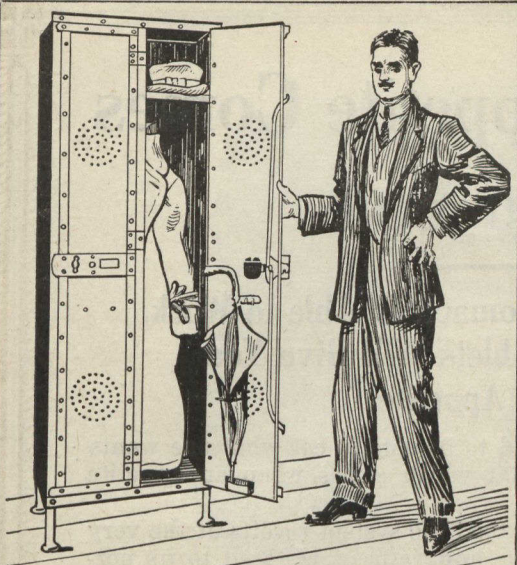
And remember, that although there are other self-playing devices, the GERHARD HEINTZMAN has exclusive features which are marvelous improvements.

Convenient terms of purchase readily arranged, and a fair allowance made for your present instrument.

*Our only salesrooms in Toronto are:—*

**Gerhard Heintzman, Limited**  
41-43 QUEEN STREET WEST - - TORONTO  
(Opposite City Hall)

Hamilton Salesrooms, Next to Post Office.



## For Health as Well

The benefits of installing metal lockers in factories, stores, clubs, gymnasiums, hotels, schools and other institutions are now universally recognized.

**Steel Lockers** provide security against petty theft, minimize risk from fire, promote order, tidiness and system. Encourage Cleanliness and hygienic conditions. They economize space and save time, money and contents.

We are the largest manufacturers of **Steel Lockers** in Canada and operate an **Entirely Separate Department** for the making of Lockers and Steel Shelving.

## The D-L. Standard Lockers

are the lockers of quality—the product of careful study, experience, the best equipment and good workmen who are specialists in this branch of metal working.



**The Dennis Wire and Iron Fence Works Co. Limited**

London,

Ontario

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate

that Wears"



**T**HE best argument for silverware is to say that it has proved its worth through service. 1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver Plate that Wears" is sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

*The Old Colony pattern shown here is a Colonial design of true simplicity, reflecting the dignity of the older craftsmanship with the beauty of today.*

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue.



*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.*

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,**  
Limited  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO  
MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

# When Your Appetite Comes Back to You

**It Is a Sure Sign Your Stomach Is Able to Work.  
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Give You  
a Rousing Appetite.**

It is the greatest joy in the world to be able to eat what one wants, and no misery can compare with that which comes when an appetite fails.

When the stomach cannot digest food the system revolts at the very idea of eating, but when the digestive apparatus is restored to its normal condition every quality of mind seems to make a man cheerful.



*“That’s the Way I Used to Look. What’a You Think of me Now?”*

Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets mix with the food you eat. The stomach by its peristaltic action churns and moves the food around the stomach walls, the powerful ingredients in these tablets instantly begin digesting the food as they are forced through it and around it.

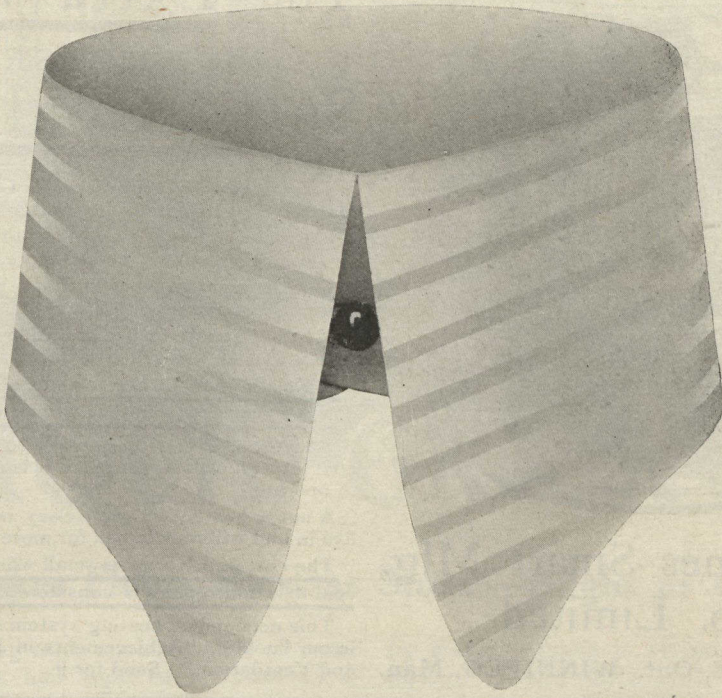
These tablets regulate the strength of gastric juices. If there is too much acid or alkali then Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets reduce or dilute these evil conditions and prevent the irritating and raw stomachs which always come with dyspepsia, indigestion, etc.

It is the very essence of pleasure to a stomach sufferer to know that he can digest any meal if he will only take a Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablet after eating.

The use of one of these tablets after meals will in a very short time restore your appetite to its normal condition and you will be able to enjoy your food with an old-time relish.

Every drug store carries Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets. Price, 50 cents.





# Tooke

## SUMMIT

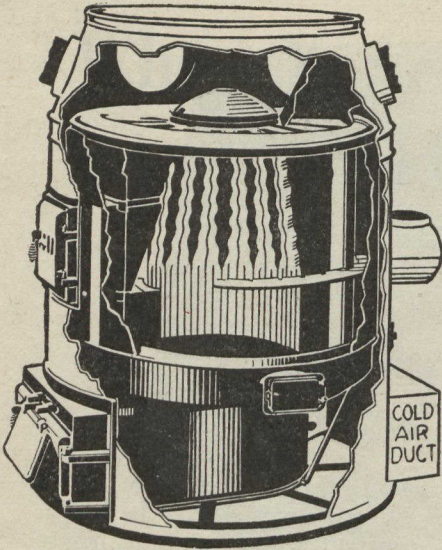
A deep-point collar for Winter as well as Summer wear. Band has been deepened to  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inches in front and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches at the back. This prevents the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch points from gaping apart and ensures a trim fit. Note the unique rounded corners.

*Made in Satin Stripe Madras—3 for 50c.*

**TOOKE BROS. Limited, Montreal**

Makers of Shirts, Collars and Neckwear

Bearing the *Tooke* Trade Mark.



The James Smart Mfg.  
Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

## The Extra Weight in a KELSEY Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system.

But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

### 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.

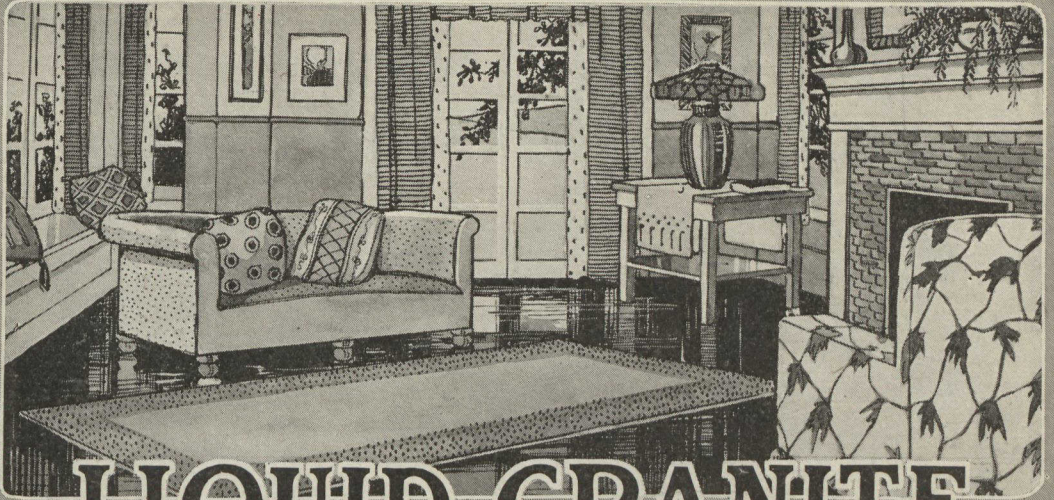
MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO.

*Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

Toronto Office

50 Adelaide St. W.



# LIQUID GRANITE

**Makes Floors Hard as Stone—Bright as Gold**

Nothing adds such a touch of completeness and tone to a room as a well-finished floor.

Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite imparts to floors a smoothness and lustre that delights the eye. It brings out and protects the beauty of natural woods.

Liquid Granite is also ideal for use on linoleum and oil cloth, preserving their freshness and giving a beautiful glossy finish.

So tough and elastic is Liquid Granite that, although wood treated with it may dent under a blow, the finish will not crack. Nor is Liquid Granite affected

by water. Wash it as much as you please. *It won't turn white.*

These splendid qualities in Liquid Granite are the result of our 55 years' experience in varnish making.

**BERRY  
BROTHERS  
VARNISHES**

This same practical knowledge and skill also insures the superiority of the other well-known Berry Brothers' products, such as Luxeberry

White Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish and Luxeberry Spar Varnish.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Ask for your copy of our "Homebuilders' Booklet"—or write us direct.

**Berry Brothers**

(Incorporated)

*World's Largest Varnish Makers.*

**Walkerville - Ont.**

*Established 1858*



Columbia  
Records

All the music of all the world

Columbia  
Records

TRADE MARK

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.



## The Charm of Cleanliness

Cleanliness exercises a charm all its own.

"CEETEE" Underclothing produces a feeling of *entire* cleanliness in the wearer. It keeps the body fresh and sweet by absorbing all the perspiration. It is warm, cosy, comfortable and fits perfectly.

All "CEETEE" Underclothing is made from the softest, finest Australian Merino Wool only. This wool is put through a thorough treatment of combings and scourings that removes every particle of foreign matter and leaves every strand as soft and clean as humanly possible.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is so soft that it will not irritate even an infant's skin. All joins are knitted together (not sewn) making each garment practically one piece. It has no rough spots. Every garment is fashioned automatically during the knitting to fit the human form, thus rendering it comfortable, easy to wear, and perfect fitting.

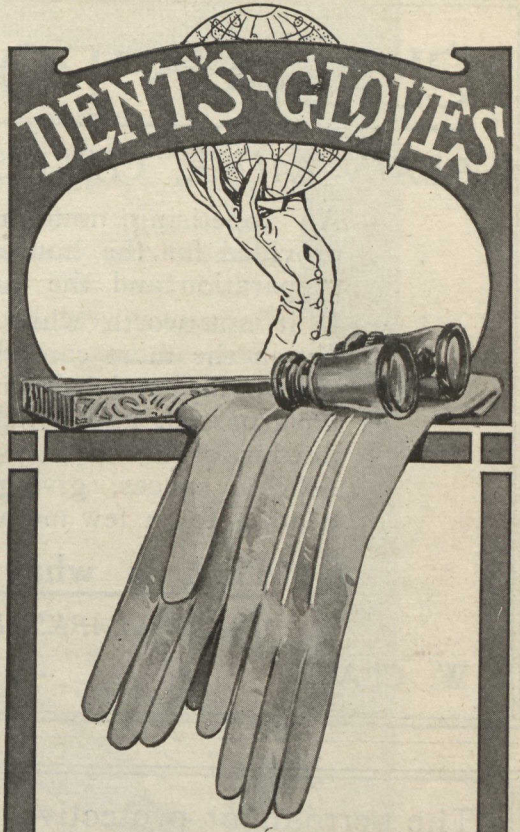
These are the reasons why "CEETEE" Underclothing is in a class by itself, and is

Worn by the Best People.  
Sold by the Best Dealers.

# CEETEE

## UNDERWEAR

Manufactured by  
The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Ltd. - Galt, Ont.



## 'XMAS GIFTS

When at a loss to know what to give a lady at Xmas, you cannot make any mistake if your gift takes the form of a pair of Dent's Gloves. The Gift of a pair of Gloves can stand duplication many times over.

Good Stores  
Everywhere  
Sell Dent's.

"INSIST ON DENTS"

# 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.

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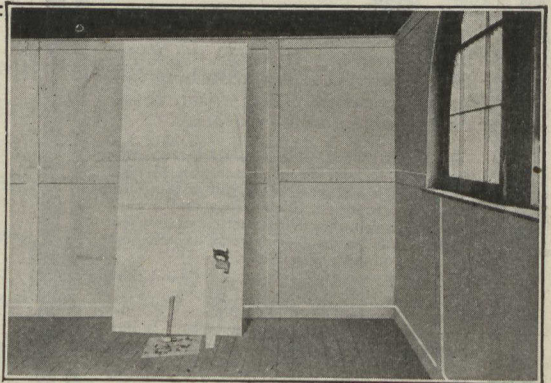
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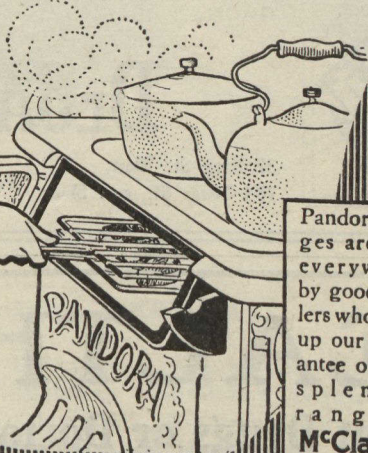
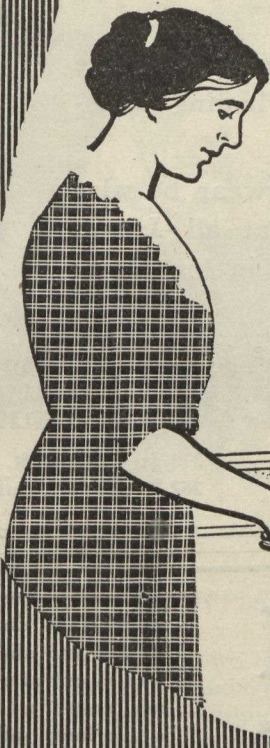
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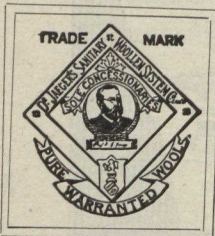
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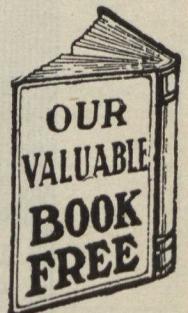
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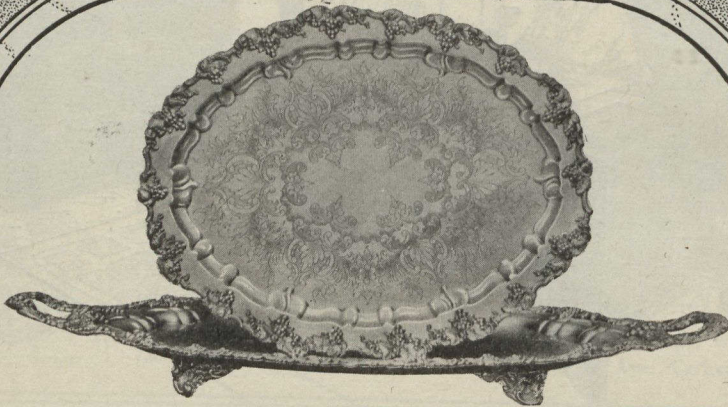
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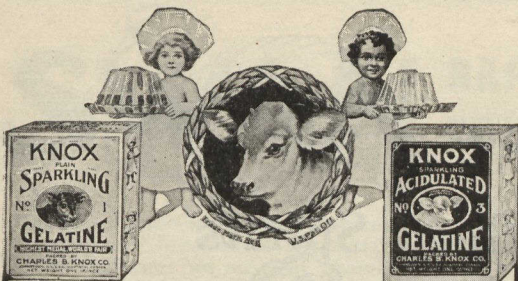


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$\frac{1}{2}$  box Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1 cup finely shredded cabbage.

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water. Juice of 1 lemon.  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mild vinegar. 1 pint boiling water.  
2 cups celery, cut in small pieces. 1 teaspoonful salt.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  can sweet red peppers finely cut.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers; or mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentos. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

### Try this Lemon Sponge or Snow Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1 cup of sugar.  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint cold water.  
Whites of two eggs.  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two lemons.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in mold. Serve with a thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, or cream and sugar.

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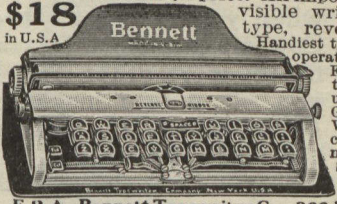


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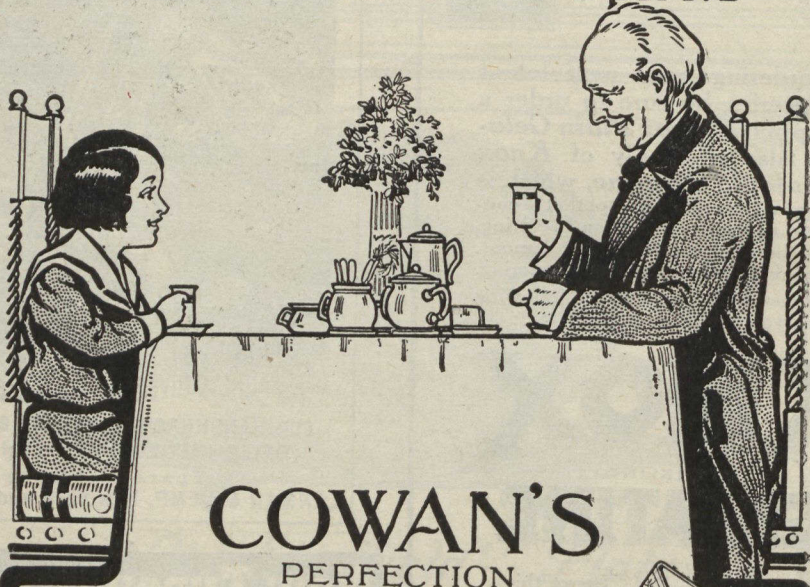
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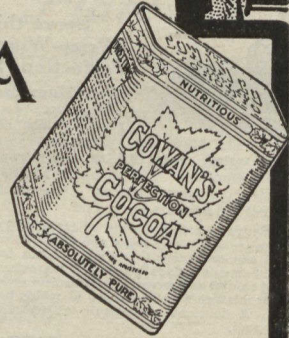
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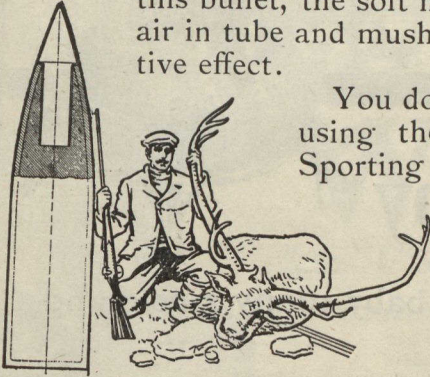
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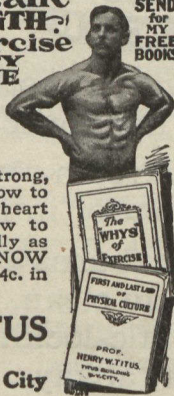
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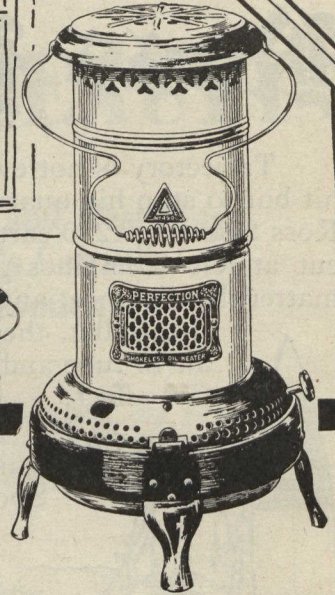
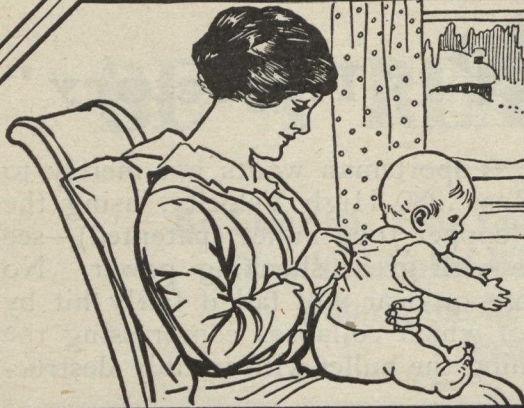
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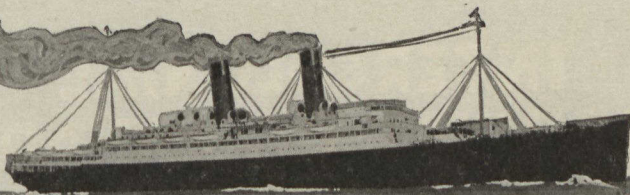
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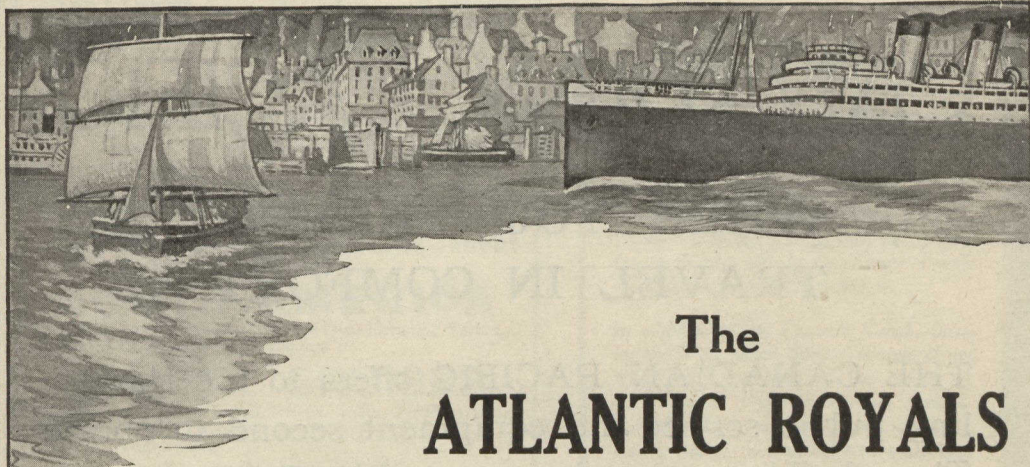
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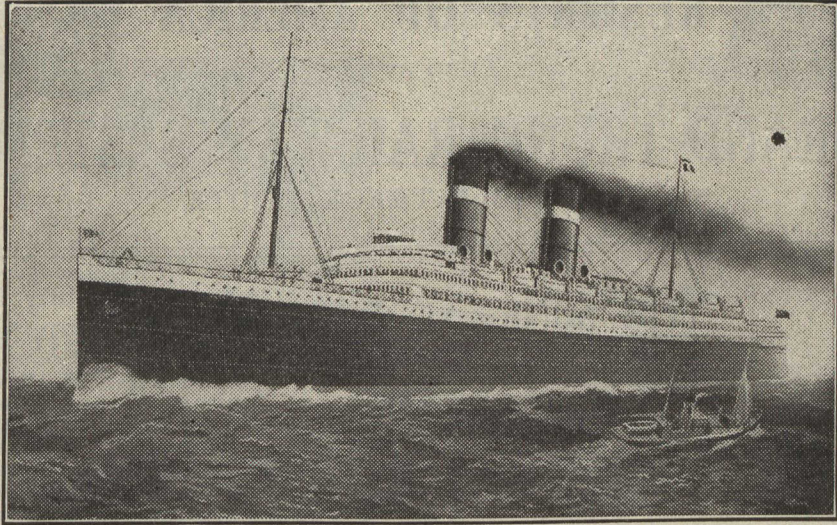
The  
Key to  
Europe





# The Allan Line Steamship Co., Ltd.

## ROYAL MAIL



LIVERPOOL — GLASGOW — HAVRE — LONDON

### SUMMER SERVICES 1913

#### MONTREAL—QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL

		MONTREAL			MONTREAL
†VIRGINIAN	Tues.	4 Nov.	3.30 a.m.	†VICTORIAN	Tues. 18 Nov. 3.30 a.m.
†TUNISIAN	“	11 “	3.30 a.m.	†CORSIKAN	“ 25 “ 3.30 a.m.

#### MONTREAL—QUEBEC to GLASGOW

		MONTREAL	QUEBEC		MONTREAL	QUEBEC
*SCANDINAVIAN	Sat.	1 Nov.	Daylight	3.00 p.m.	*PRETORIAN	Sat. 15 Nov. Daylight 3.00 p.m.
†HESPERIAN	Thur.	6 “	“	4.30 p.m.	†GRAMPIAN	Thur. 20 “ “ 4.30 p.m.
					*SICILIAN	Fri. 21 “ “ “

\*One Class (II Cabin) Service. †Royal Mail Steamers.

#### \*MONTREAL—QUEBEC to HAVRE and LONDON

		MONTREAL			MONTREAL	
POMERANIAN	Sun.	2 Nov.	Daylight		CORINTHIAN	Sun. 16 Nov. Daylight
SCOTIAN	“	9 “	“			

\*One Class (II Cabin) Service

#### RATES OF PASSAGE

LIVERPOOL SERVICE:		GLASGOW:	
First-class—Victorian, Virginian	\$90. up.	Royal Mail Steamers, First Class	\$70 up.
Other Steamers	\$80. up.	“ “ “ Second Class	\$50 up.
Second-class—Victorian, Virginian	\$52.50 up.	One Class [II Cabin]	\$47.50 up.
Other Steamer	\$50.00 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.

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

## TWO LEADING HEALTH RESORTS OF AMERICA

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

REACHED BY THE

# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

## THE MINERAL BATH CITY

Mount Clemens, Mich., "The Mineral Bath City," is famous throughout America as an All-the-year-round-Health-Resort, and thousands of people from all parts of the continent can bear testimony to the efficacy of the waters of the Mt. Clemens Springs. The waters of the Springs are a panacea and cure for bilious and liver troubles, paralysis in lighter forms, digestive troubles, nervous disorders, after-effects of la grippe, general debility, protracted convalescence, etc. Rheumatism, probably the most common of all diseases, is treated with unfailing success at Mount Clemens. Seventy-five per cent. of rheumatics are cured and ninety per cent. benefited.

While Mount Clemens normally has only a population of about 7,000, at periods of the season it boasts of as high as 25,000. To accommodate this great body of people, the city has many luxurious and modern hotels, where prospective visitors can rely upon securing the very best accommodation. All of these have individual springs, with bath-house attached, and patients are treated in the building where they are stopping. In addition are many boarding-houses which furnish good accommodation very moderately.

Mount Clemens is situated on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, 21 miles from the City of Detroit.

## THE ST. CATHARINES WELL

The "St. Catharines Well," situated at St. Catharines, Ont., the chief Canadian city in the Niagara Peninsula, 11 miles from Niagara Falls, and 32 miles from the City of Hamilton, on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System. The waters of the "St. Catharines Well" are possessed of wonderful healing properties, and are spoken of in medical journals as more wonderful in their curative powers than the famous Kreutznach Springs in Germany. These waters are of a saline order, and issue from the rocky strata in a clear, sparkling and colorless stream. They possess very penetrative qualities and are especially valuable in the treatment of such diseases as rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, skin diseases, nervous troubles, or as a tonic for people troubled with the ills of the modern strenuous life.

Connected with these springs is "The Welland," a happy combination of sanitarium and family hotel. "The Welland" is beautifully situated, modern in every detail, commodious and well-appointed.

For information apply to any representative of the Grand Trunk, including J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.





**the Golfer's paradise**

Spend your winter at the world famous

# HOTEL DEL MONTE

**DEL MONTE CALIFORNIA**

Where it is Summer all the year. On the Bay of Monterey, 125 miles south of San Francisco via the Southern Pacific R.R.

**The Golfer's Paradise**

A 6,300 yard, 18-hole Course with solid turf Fairways and blue grass Putting Greens.

**ONLY 5 MINUTES WALK FROM HOTEL**

Wonderful Gardens, Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Horseback Riding, Motor-ing and Tennis.

**RATES: \$5.00 PER DAY AND UP**

Special Weekly Rates

OR

You can enjoy the same privileges and stop at the

# PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

Three miles from HOTEL DEL MONTE in the beautiful little town of Pacific Grove.

Twenty minutes ride by electric car to

## Del Monte's Famous Golf Links

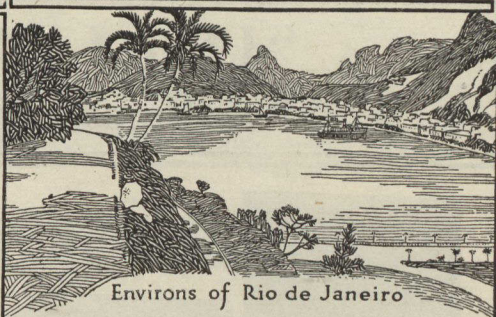
**RATES: \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50**

Both Hotels on the American Plan only and under the management of

**H. R. WARNER,**  
Del Monte, Cal.

Write for beautifully illustrated booklets giving full information.

**REFERENCES:  
OUR FORMER GUESTS**



Environs of Rio de Janeiro

## An Ideal Winter Cruise South America, 64 days, \$300 and up

Where can you spend sixty-four days of this winter to better advantage than among the wonders and beauties of South America? To those who have never been there, day after day unfolds new scenes each of which brings fresh surprise and pleasure.

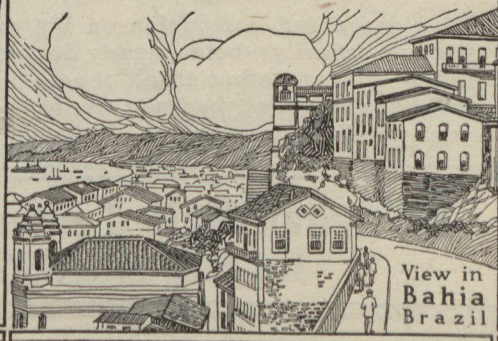
Go to South America this winter and enjoy it as thousands have before you. See its giant mountains, its tropic valleys, and its great cities.

Write us today for illustrated book that gives full details of 64-day cruises that include visits to Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Sao Paulo, Barbados and Trinidad in the West Indies, and optional trips to Panama and Valparaiso. Cost \$300 and up.

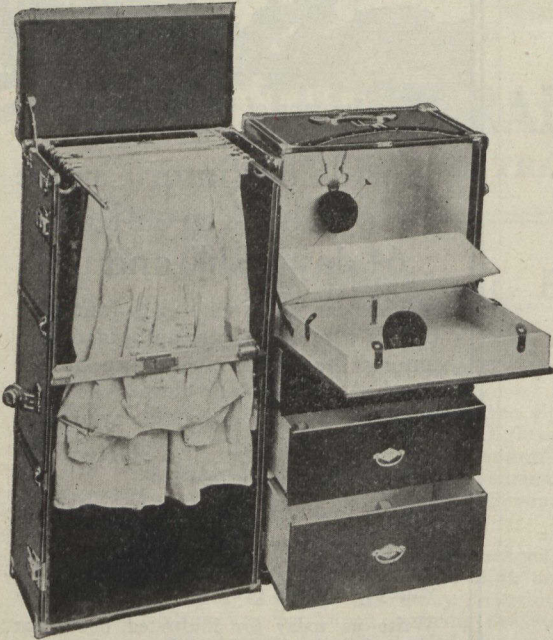
These cruises are made by the magnificent new Twin-Screw steamships VESTRIS and VANDYCK equipped with all modern safety devices and affording passengers the comforts of a well appointed hotel.

For booklet address:

**LAMPOR & HOLT LINE**  
BUSK & DANIELS, General Agents  
324 Produce Exchange New York



## “JULIAN SALE” For Finest Travelling Goods



### “Rite-hite” Wardrobe Trunks

A Wardrobe Trunk need not necessarily be classed as a luxury, because, to people who travel whether for pleasure or of necessity, it is being proved every day that the Wardrobe Trunk is a necessity to travel if one must have the most comfort and the greatest convenience in the carrying of one's dress needs.

This being the fact, it made it quite pertinent to print a little booklet setting forth the good points in Wardrobe Trunks generally—and especially as they apply to the Langmuir-Hartmann “Rite-hite” Wardrobe Trunks.

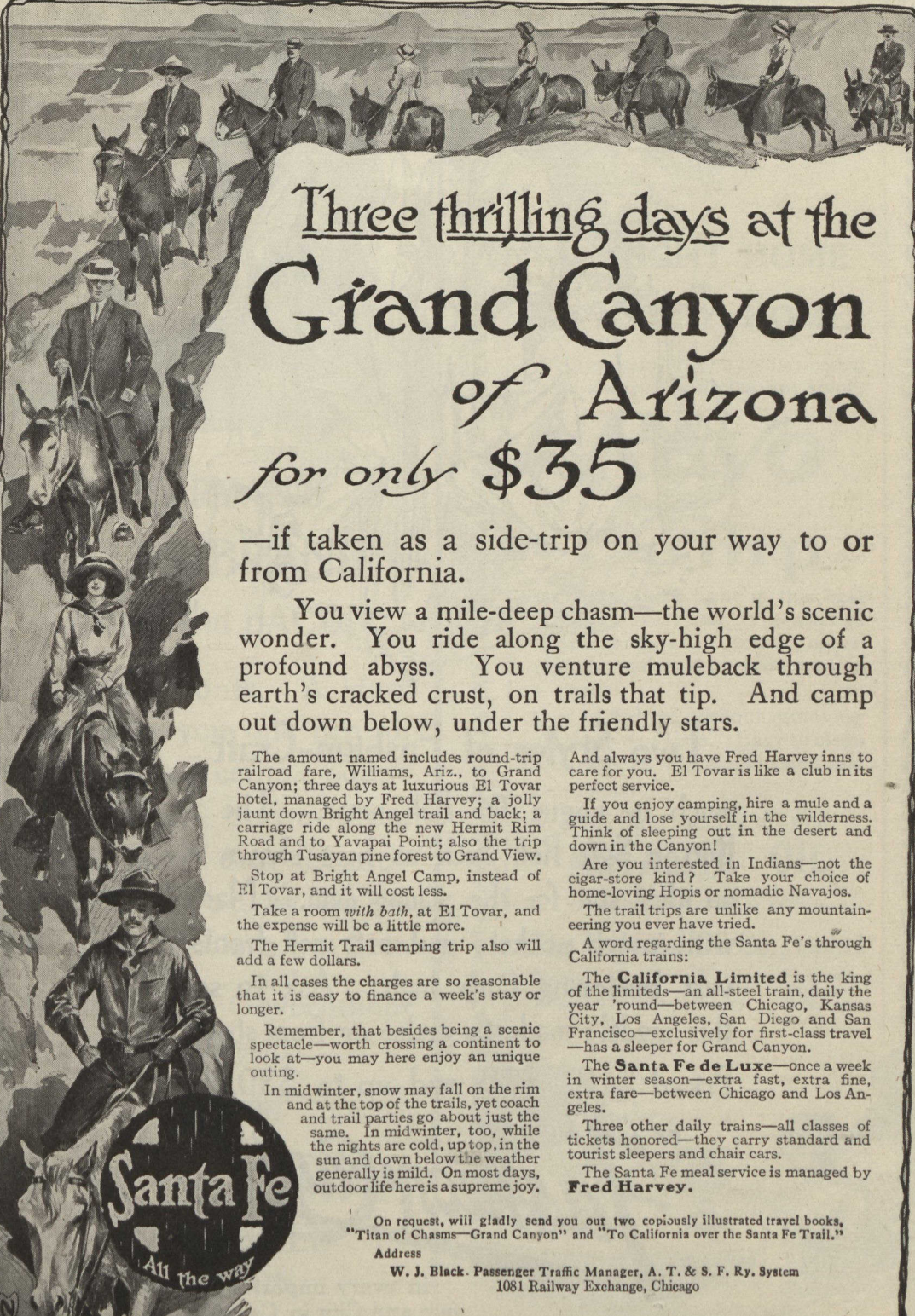
In appointments and accessories which mean comfort in travel these most modernly equipped travelling requisities are certainly a marvel in completeness—almost the capacity of any ordinary house wardrobe and “high boy” combined—fitted for both ladies and Gentlemen. Write for folder giving full descriptions of these Wardrobe Trunks and instructions for packing.

**Wardrobe Trunks - \$28.00 to \$120.00**

### Berth-High Steamer Wardrobe Trunks

Your travelling companion on big and little journeys, small in size, large in packing capacity—holds nearly double the clothing and keeps it in better condition than any other trunk of equal size, decreases your travelling expenses, does away with all baggage troubles and doubles your comfort en route on Land or Sea. **\$45. and \$60.**

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Ltd.**  
105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.



Three thrilling days at the  
**Grand Canyon**  
 of **Arizona**  
 for only **\$35**

—if taken as a side-trip on your way to or from California.

You view a mile-deep chasm—the world's scenic wonder. You ride along the sky-high edge of a profound abyss. You venture muleback through earth's cracked crust, on trails that tip. And camp out down below, under the friendly stars.

The amount named includes round-trip railroad fare, Williams, Ariz., to Grand Canyon; three days at luxurious El Tovar hotel, managed by Fred Harvey; a jolly jaunt down Bright Angel trail and back; a carriage ride along the new Hermit Rim Road and to Yavapai Point; also the trip through Tusayan pine forest to Grand View.

Stop at Bright Angel Camp, instead of El Tovar, and it will cost less.

Take a room *with bath*, at El Tovar, and the expense will be a little more.

The Hermit Trail camping trip also will add a few dollars.

In all cases the charges are so reasonable that it is easy to finance a week's stay or longer.

Remember, that besides being a scenic spectacle—worth crossing a continent to look at—you may here enjoy an unique outing.

In midwinter, snow may fall on the rim and at the top of the trails, yet coach and trail parties go about just the same. In midwinter, too, while the nights are cold, up top, in the sun and down below the weather generally is mild. On most days, outdoor life here is a supreme joy.

And always you have Fred Harvey inns to care for you. El Tovar is like a club in its perfect service.

If you enjoy camping, hire a mule and a guide and lose yourself in the wilderness. Think of sleeping out in the desert and down in the Canyon!

Are you interested in Indians—not the cigar-store kind? Take your choice of home-loving Hopis or nomadic Navajos.

The trail trips are unlike any mountaineering you ever have tried.

A word regarding the Santa Fe's through California trains:

The **California Limited** is the king of the limiteds—an all-steel train, daily the year round—between Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco—exclusively for first-class travel—has a sleeper for Grand Canyon.

The **Santa Fe de Luxe**—once a week in winter season—extra fast, extra fine, extra fare—between Chicago and Los Angeles.

Three other daily trains—all classes of tickets honored—they carry standard and tourist sleepers and chair cars.

The Santa Fe meal service is managed by **Fred Harvey**.

On request, will gladly send you our two copiously illustrated travel books, "Titan of Chasms—Grand Canyon" and "To California over the Santa Fe Trail."

Address

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System  
 1081 Railway Exchange, Chicago

**Santa Fe**

All the way



QUALITY  
FASHION-CRAFT  
FALL MODELS  
1912

## Two Styles of Fashion-Craft

much in vogue for Fall wear. The 2 Button Soft Roll Sack as here shown is an ideal suit for the young man. Made with patch pockets and soft roll fronts, vest buttoning fairly high. Ask to see this model; made to order or from stock. Priced \$18., \$20. and up to \$30.00.

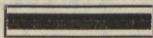
*Shops of*  
**"Fashion-Craft"**

in every important  
own and City in Canada

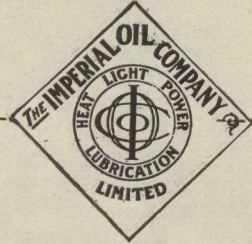


**FEARMAN'S  
STAR BRAND  
HAMS and BACON**

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but 'Star Brand' Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it. Made under Government Inspection.



**F. W. FEARMAN  
CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON**



**A BRIGHT HOME  
is  
A HAPPY HOME**

A Rayo Lamp is one thing needed for a cheerful and pleasant home.

**Rayo  
Lamp**

Its soft, white light is the best for your eyes, and its attractive appearance—solid brass, nickel plated—makes it an ornament in a room.

Can be lighted without removing chimney or shade. Easy to clean and rewick. Simple, durable and economical.

FOR BEST RESULTS USE

**ROYALITE OIL**

*Stock carried at all chief points.*

**The Imperial Oil Co., Limited**

Toronto	Montreal	Winnipeg	Vancouver
Ottawa	Quebec	Calgary	Edmonton
Halifax	St. John	Regina	Saskatoon





## 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

## COSGRAVES XXX PORTER



### Never Causes Bilioussness

Doctors and Nurses recommend it for its recuperating powers. Always perfectly brewed and aged. Made of the best materials.

*On Sale at all Dealers*



# 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



WATER PRESSURE DOES  
MOST OF THE WORK



## NEW CENTURY WASHER

The New Century Washersolves the washing problem. It eliminates slavish, arduous toil and reduces manual labor to the minimum. The city water pressure furnishes the power that is transmitted by the New Century water motor.

There are some exclusive and patented features in the New Century that make it unique. One prevents warping of the tub, another gives great strength and rigidity. See the New Century at your dealers or write to us for full information. 103

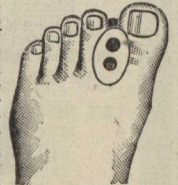
Cummer-Dowswell Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

## Why Suffer With Bunions?

Why bear the pain of enlarged toe joints when it is so easy to cure them permanently with

### DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

Slip one between your toes and get instant relief. Watch day by day how it straightens the crooked toe and removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged joint. Notice how comfortable it feels. It's light and sanitary. Does not interfere with walking. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at shoe and drug store, or mailed direct. Get real foot comfort this very day. Dr. Scholl's advice free on all foot ailments.



Write for "Foot Book."

The B. SCHOLL MFG. CO.,  
214 King Street E., Toronto, Can.



## COLLECTIONS

DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE. No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street West, Vancouver, B. C.

## 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-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

# Overland

THE Motor is *larger*; the wheelbase is *longer*; the tires are *larger*; the tonneau is *roomier*; the equipment is *better*—including such costly additions as *electric lights*; the body is *more handsomely finished*, in rich dark Brewster green, with heavy nickel and aluminum trimmings. In fact, in every single and individual respect this is an *improved* car at a *reduced* price.

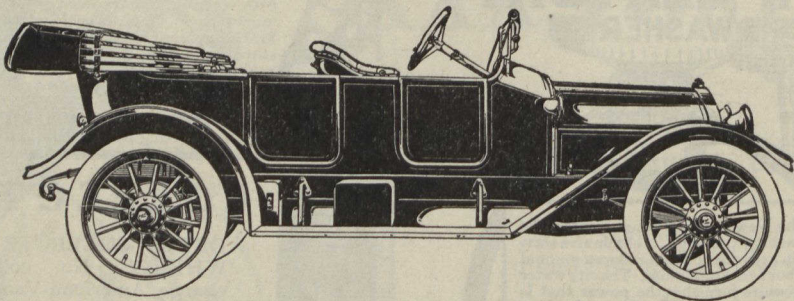
## \$1250 Completely Equipped

With Gray & Davis Electric Starter and Generator—\$1425 f. o. b. Toledo. Duty paid.

35 horsepower  
114-inch wheelbase  
Electric head, side, dash and tail lights  
Timken bearings  
New Splitdorf magneto

Model R Schebler carburetor  
Three-quarter floating rear axle  
33x4 inch Q. D. tires  
Cowl dash  
Turkish upholstery  
Genuine, hand buffed leather

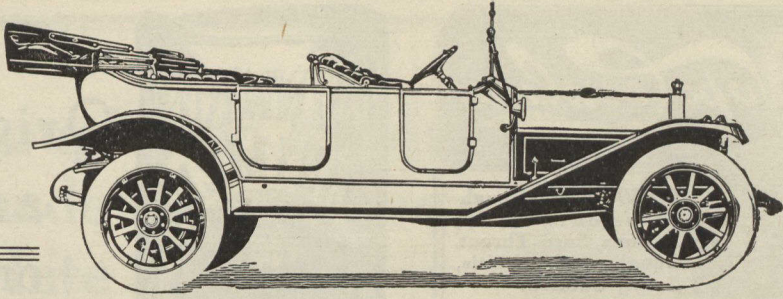
Clear-vision windshield  
Mohair top, curtains and boot  
Stewart speedometer  
Electric horn  
Flush U doors with disappearing hinges



1914 Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 4.

**The Willys-Overland Company**  
Toledo, Ohio





# Russell-Knight

## "The Car of Certainty"

To buy a Russell-Knight is to secure certain satisfaction—to possess a car that has successfully stood the test of time.

In advanced features, the Russell is a new car. In proven reliability, it is old.

Every feature of its luxury and convenience that commands admiration has proven itself right in twelve months of rigorous tests.

One year ago, the Russell led with those identical features that are now being heralded abroad as new—and with some advancements that won't be found elsewhere for several years to come.

Electric starting with a motor built into the engine—electric lighting with each lamp independent of the other five—tire inflation by means of an engine-driven pump—extra long wheel base—extra wide springs—extra big non-skid tires—low swung, flush-sided bodies—were all standard features of the Russell-Knight a year ago.

To-day in the Russell, they are perfected by reason of 12 months' use.

There isn't a single experiment—a single unproven feature—in any part of the Russell-Knight. New in advancements—proven in point of time—the Russell affords a wealth of dependable service that makes it unquestionably the safest investment in the motor-car field. This you'll freely admit, once you've seen it—tried it—experienced the pleasure of riding in a proven car.

A Russell representative is near you.

*Russell-Knight 1914 Chassis and Standard Bodies are as follows :*

**Russell-Knight, 4 cylinder "28"**  
**Roadster Model.....\$3,200**  
**5-Passenger Touring Car.....\$3,250**

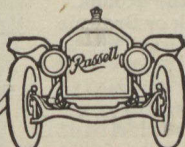
**Russell-Knight 6-cylinder, "42"**  
**7-passenger Touring Car.....\$5,000**  
**5-Passenger Phaeton.....\$5,000**

Both chassis are built with Landaulet and Limousine bodies at proportionate prices. Catalogue on request. All quotations f.o.b. West Toronto.

## RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED

Head Office and Factory:  
 West Toronto

Branches at Toronto, Hamilton,  
 Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary,  
 Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



"MADE UP TO A STANDARD,  
 NOT DOWN TO A PRICE"



"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

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

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

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

### For Sale by all Druggists.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

**The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,**  
62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles Building,  
Montreal, Canada.



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**

There's a special charm in the home side of picture making by the simple

## Kodak Method

Home portraits by daylight or flashlight, developing and Velox printing—each has its fascination.

Get our little book "At Home with the Kodak." It shows what *you* can do with Kodak or Brownie and tells in simple manner how to do it. Free at your dealers or by mail.

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED**  
TORONTO.



KODAK HOME PORTRAIT.

## Rough, red hands made smooth and white

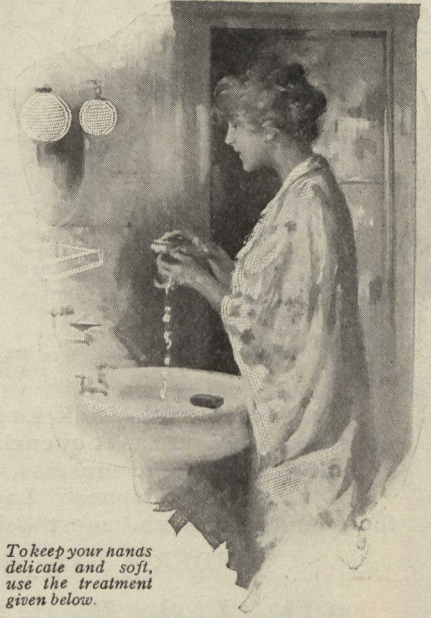
The reason your hands do not look like you want them to look is because you have neglected them. Proper care will soon restore the natural beauty of their skin.

### Begin this treatment tonight

Just before retiring, soak your hands for at least five minutes in hot water and a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Then rub them briskly for a few minutes with a rough washcloth or stiff brush. Rinse in very cold water and dry thoroughly.

This treatment, continued regularly, softens the rough dead skin and soon causes it to disappear. In its place will be a new skin of delicate texture, formed with the aid of the beneficial properties of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.



To keep your hands delicate and soft, use the treatment given below.

# 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-J Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.



Send me another  
case of  
**O'Keefe's**  
PILSENER LAGER

**"The Beer That is Always O.K."**

The best health-drink for the whole family. Aids digestion and nourishes the body as it quenches thirst. Relieves fatigue, and invigorates tired nerves and muscles, as it delights the palate.

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is the mildest of stimulating liquid food—the purest and most delicious of beers.

ORDER A CASE FROM YOUR DEALER.

**"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle."**



## 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.*

# P. A. is the Pathfinder

Prince Albert is the grand old joy scout. Every day it finds a hundred or so poor tongue-sore pipe smokers, "lost in the woods," smoking peppergrass and smartweed. And P. A. gently leads them straight to the cool-smoke path that the feet of hundreds of thousands of jimmy pipers have beaten into a fine, smooth trail.

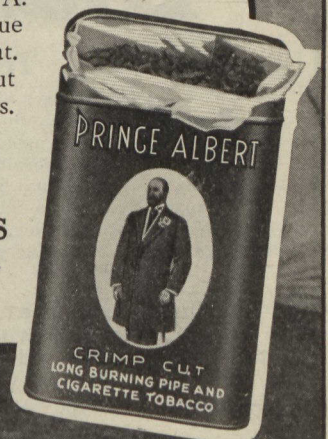
## PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

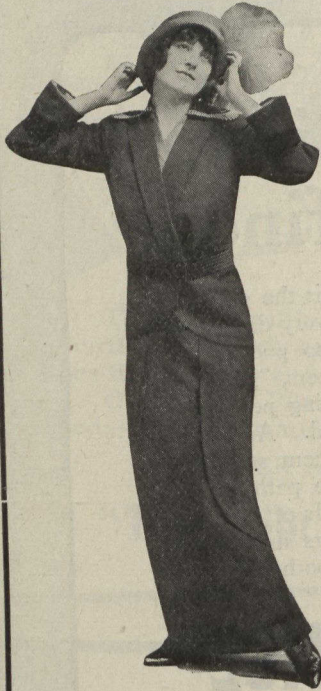
is perpetually on the warpath against the tongue broilers. It has taken scalps enough to paper a wigwam. Why? Because P. A. can't bite the tongue or parch the throat. The bite is taken out by a patented process.

*Sold everywhere in full 2-oz. tins.*

**R. J. REYNOLDS  
TOBACCO CO.**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.  
U. S. A.



# The Charm of Dainty Stylish Clothes Can Be Yours



Gray Serge dyed black

Mrs. N. L. Lotus writes:

"At home, wherever I go—even with my oldest friends or new acquaintances, I find clothes add much to my personality as well as pleasure.

"They convey all the freshness and style of a woman's full charm or detract from her whole pose and manner.

"I find it so inexpensive to have a complete fresh and new stylish wardrobe.

"The enclosed photograph will show you a stunning, stylish serge gown I made.

"By dyeing it black with Diamond Dyes and adding a touch here and there, I had a striking autumn suit.

"Diamond Dyes and my old dresses, waists, laces and materials are the very foundation of a complete stylish wardrobe.

"I am considered as being always stylishly dressed and know that I owe it all to Diamond Dyes."

## Diamond Dye Day

Mrs. S. L. Larvage writes:

"Nearly every day is Diamond Dye Day at home, but twice a year, winter and summer, we have two special days for this wonderful little package.

"By using Diamond Dyes and our old materials, out of date trimmings and old laces, am able to make charming and stylish garments for winter and summer wear.

"It is wonderful the transformation that Diamond Dyes make.

"Old spots disappear, worn and threadbare places are hidden because of the beautiful coloring that Diamond Dyes impart.

"I enclose a photograph of a beautiful crepe meteor gown my daughter made. It was white, out of date and much soiled.

"Dyeing it a striking pale yellow, with Diamond Dyes and trimming it with shadow lace, it made an unusually charming stylish dress"



White Crepe Meteor dyed yellow

# Diamond Dyes

## 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



## A good windup for any day

**F**OR that broken shoe-string, that rebellious necktie and that blocked street car line

For that flying start on Monday morning's mail and that *all-cleaned-up* feeling on Saturday noon

For that early ride back home, that change

before dinner, that hit with *her*, with the kids, and—that smile from the cook

*Big Ben*—the best wind-up for any day—two splendid clocks in one. A rousing good alarm to get up with, a rattling good reminder for the down-town desk.

Seven inches tall, massive, well-set, triple-plated—easy to wind, easy to read and pleasing to hear—\$3.00 anywhere in Canada. *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.*

# There's a Reason

for your aches and ails.

If you can't find it, leave off coffee  
10 days and use

# POSTUM

That may clear up matters.

## "There's a Reason"

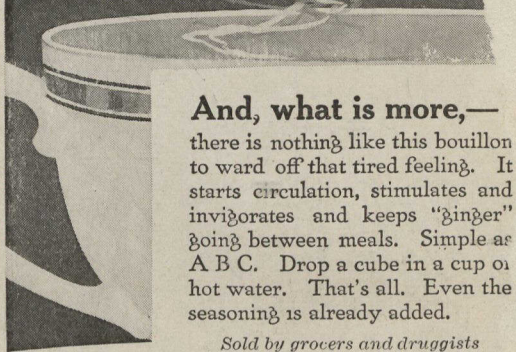
Postum comes in two forms.

**Regular Postum** (must be boiled.)

**Instant Postum** doesn't require boiling, but  
is prepared **instantly** by stirring a level tea-  
spoonful in a cup of hot water

# Armour's Bouillon Cubes

make delicious Bouillon



And, what is more,—  
there is nothing like this bouillon  
to ward off that tired feeling. It  
starts circulation, stimulates and  
invigorates and keeps "ginger"  
going between meals. Simple as  
A B C. Drop a cube in a cup of  
hot water. That's all. Even the  
seasoning is already added.

*Sold by grocers and druggists  
In boxes of 12, 50 and 100*

For Free Samples, address  
Armour and Company, Chicago

Sales Agents: Fowler's Canadian Co., Ltd.,  
Hamilton, Ont.

# O-Cedar Mop

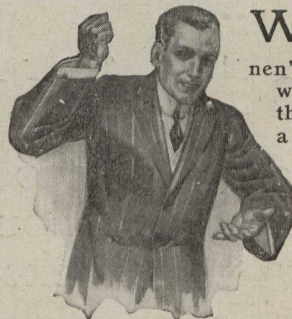
Polish

the magic wand of easier and better  
housekeeping. Cleans, dusts and  
polishes all at one time. Puts an  
end to backbreaking stooping, bend-  
ing and stretching. Easily cleaned  
and renewed when soiled.

**Your Satisfaction Guaranteed**  
or money refunded. \$1.50 at all dealers, or  
direct from us.

**Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.,**

369 Sorauren St., Toronto, Can.  
1456 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.



We Guarantee  
that our Men-  
nen's Shaving Cream  
will give the same  
thick, creamy lather  
and comfortable  
shave whether  
used with hot,  
cold, fresh or  
salt water. This  
is not a mere  
statement—it is  
a guarantee.

## Mennen's Shaving Cream

If you prefer to try a small tube before buying a  
full size tube, send us 10 cents and we will be glad  
to send you a demonstrator tube good for 50  
shaves, which will convince you that you have  
never before fully understood the true delight of  
shaving.

For 15 cents in stamps we will mail you prepaid  
our beautiful 1914 Calendar. Gerhard Mennen  
Co., Newark, N. J.



Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder