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Vol. XLIII Contents, June, 1914 No. 2

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THE LAST OF THE UNGAS

By M. GRATTON O'LEARY

This is the Odyssey of the Great White North. The records of Greece Rome, Persia, or Carthage may be scanned in vain for a story more full of primordial human passion. It is the tale of how a bitter tribal hate welled up in one awful hour, wiping out of existence every man of the rich and powerful Ungas, and sending into captivity every woman of the tribe. The facts were discovered by a party of surveyors and geologists sent out by the Canadian Government, and in the July number of the *"Canadian"* are told by Mr. O'Leary for the first time.

MOUNT ROBSON: A CANADIAN GIANT

By P. W. WALLACE

During the coming summer the peak of Mount Robson in the Canadian Rockies will be the goal of Alpine parties, and this spirited account of successful attempts in the past will give some idea of the dangers and excitement that attend a conquest of this notable giant. There are some superfine photographs by Byron Harmon.

THE GAEL AND THE SEA

By S. P. MACDONALD

A fine analytical study of the effect that the sea has had on the character and temperament of the Gael.

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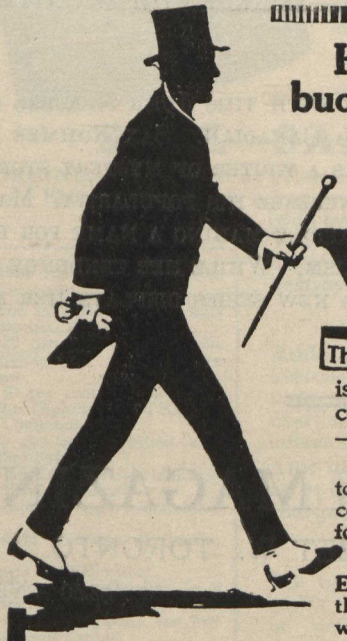

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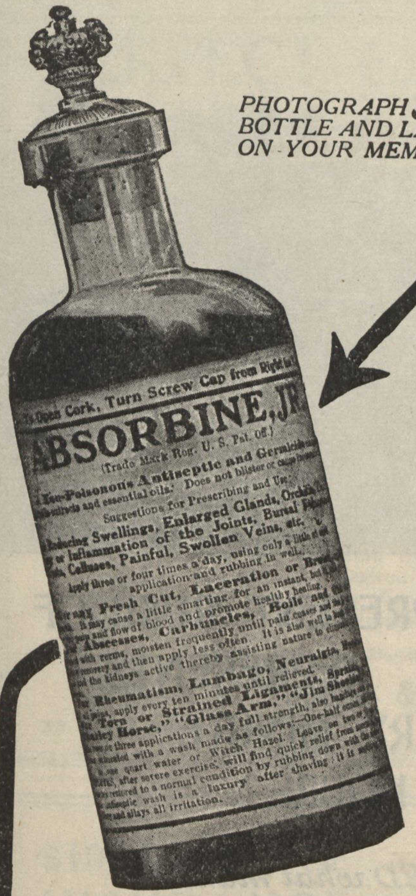
By The Way

A few weeks ago Mr. Harry W. Brown, secretary of the Public Library at Berlin, Ontario, while renewing a subscription to The Canadian Magazine, took the opportunity to say that the publishers were providing their readers month by month with a "wholesome, artistic, and truly Canadian magazine, containing articles on really up-to-date topics, as well as those dealing with interesting though obscure details of our earlier history."

The privilege was requested of publishing the letter, and the following is Mr. Brown's reply:

"I have no objection to your using my name at any time, as the name of one who values very highly The Canadian Magazine. I do not recall what I did say recently in reference to your, or our, magazine, but I am willing to stand by it. Had I thought that my words of appreciation were to be published, I might have added to them, as they were hurriedly penned—and not with any attempt at covering the whole ground."

Two series of short stories begin with this June Number, one by an English writer, the other by a Canadian. Sax Rohmer has made a great impression in England as a writer of mystery stories, and this series promises to greatly increase his popularity. Madge Macbeth is an Ottawa lady who is rapidly making a name for herself in the field of Canadian journalism. While her tendency has been towards humorous writing, this new series displays her fine sense of plot and dramatic situation.



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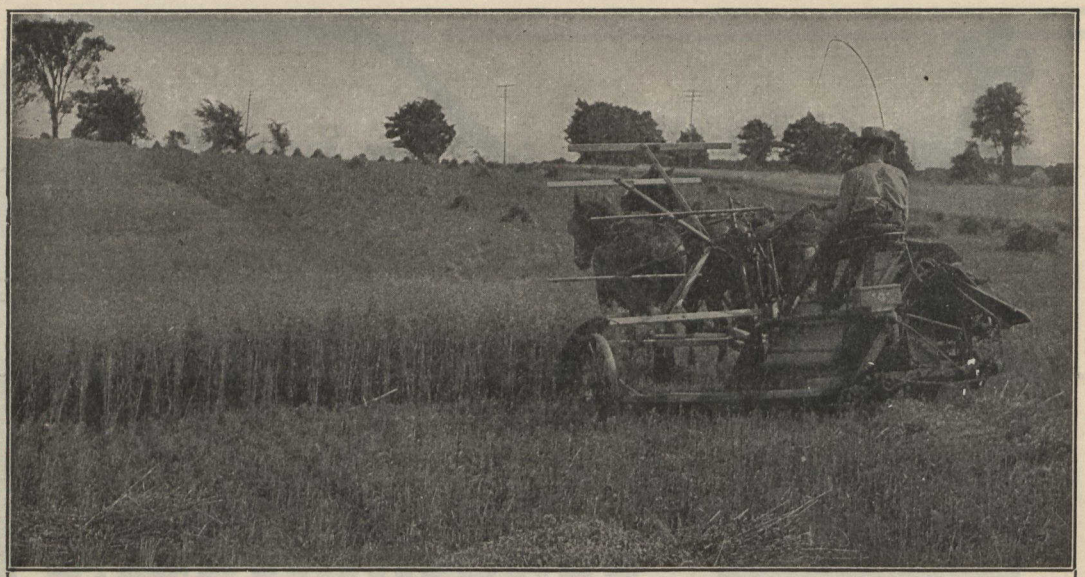

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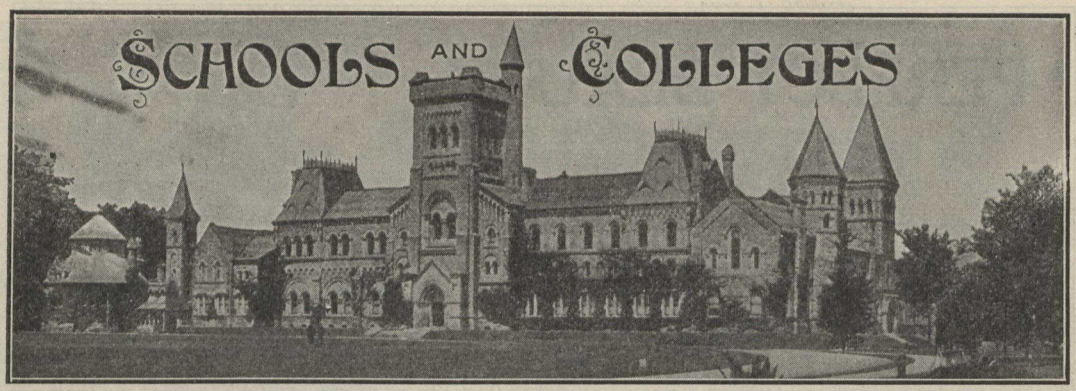

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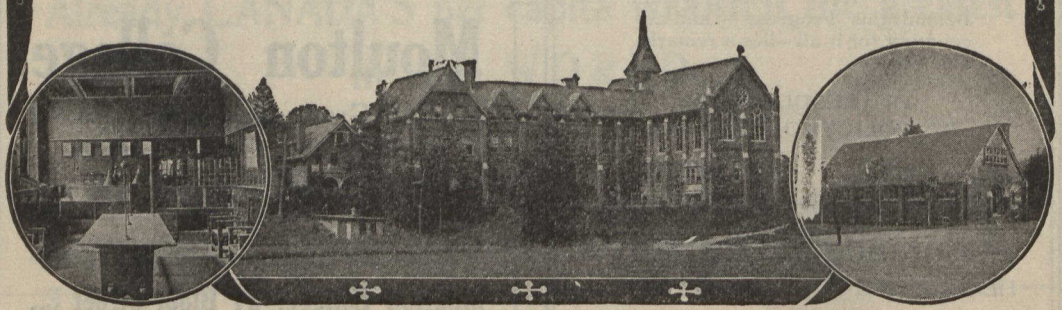

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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIII TORONTO, JUNE, 1914 No. 2

BROOD OF THE WITCH-QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

I.—THE RING OF THOTH

ROBERT Cairn looked out across the quadrangle. The moon had just risen, and it softened the beauty of the old college buildings, mellowed the harshness of time, casting shadow pools beneath the cloisteresque arches to the west and setting out the ivy in strong relief upon the ancient walls. The barred shadow on the lichened stones beyond the elm was cast by the hidden gate; and straight ahead, where, behind a quaint chimney stack and a bartizan, a triangular patch of blue showed like spangled velvet, lay the Thames. It was from there the cooling breeze came.

But Cairn's gaze was set upon a window almost directly ahead and west below the chimneys. Within the room to which it belonged a lambent light played.

Cairn turned to his companion, a ruddy and athletic looking man, somewhat bovine in type, who at the moment was busy tracing out sections on a human skull and checking his calculations from Ross's "Diseases of the Nervous System."

"Sime," he said, "What does Ferrara always have a fire in his rooms for at this time of the year?"

Sime glanced up irritably at the speaker. Cairn was a tall, thin Scotsman, clean-shaven, square jawed and with the crisp light hair and gray eyes which often bespeak unusual virility.

"Aren't you going to do any work?" he inquired pathetically. "I thought you'd come to give me a hand with my *basal ganglia*. I shall go down on that; and there you've been stuck staring out of the window."

"Wilson, in the end house, has got a most unusual brain," said Cairn, with apparent irreverance.

"Has he!" snapped Sime.

"Yes, in a bottle. His governor is at London; he sent it up yesterday. You ought to see it."

"Nobody will want to put your brain in a bottle," predicted the scowling Sime, and resumed his studies.

Cairn relighted his pipe, staring across the quadrangle again. Then—

"You've never been in Ferrara's rooms, have you?" he inquired.

Followed a muffled curse, a crash, and the skull went rolling across the floor.

"Look here, Cairn," cried Sime, "I've only got a week or so now, and my nervous system is frantically rocky; I shall go all to pieces on my nervous system. If you want to talk, go ahead. When you're finished, I can begin work."

"Right oh," said Cairn calmly, and tossed his pouch across. I want to talk about Ferrara."

"Go ahead, then. What is the matter with Ferrara?"

"Well," replied Cairn, "he's queer."

"That's no news," said Sime, filling his pipe; we all know he's a queer chap. But he's popular with the women. He'd make a fortune as a nerve specialist."

"He doesn't have to; he inherits a fortune when Sir Michael dies."

"There's a pretty cousin, too, isn't there?" inquired Sime slyly.

"There is." replied Cairn. "Of course," he continued, "my governor and Sir Michael are bosom friends, and although I've never seen much of young Ferrara, at the same time I've got nothing against him. But—" he hesitated.

"Spit it out," urged Sime, watching him oddly.

"Well it's silly, I suppose, but what does he want with a fire on a blazing night like this?"

Sime stared.

"Perhaps he's a throw-back," he suggested lightly. The Ferraras, although they're counted Scotch—aren't they?—must have been Italian originally—"

"No, Spanish," corrected Cairn. "They date from the son of Andrea Ferrara, the sword-maker, who was a Spaniard. Calsar Ferrara came with the Armada in 1588 as armourer. His ship was wrecked up in the Bay of Tobermory and he got ashore—and stayed."

"Married a Scotch lassie?"

"Exactly. But the genealogy of the family doesn't account for Antony's habits."

"What habits?"

"Well look." Cairn waved in the direction of the open window. "What does he do in the dark all night, with a fire going?"

"Influenza?"

"Nonsense! You've never been in his room, have you?"

"No. Very few men have. But as I said before, he's popular with the women."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there have been complaints. Any other man would have been sent down."

"You think he has influence—"

"Influence of some sort, undoubtedly."

"Well, I can see you have serious doubts about the man, as I have myself, so I can unburden my mind. You recall that sudden thunder-storm on Thursday?"

"Rather; quite upset me for work."

"I was not in it. I was lying in a punt in the backwater—you know, *our* backwater."

"Lazy dog."

"To tell you the truth, I was trying to make up my mind whether I should abandon bones and take the post on *The Planet* which has been offered me."

"Pills for the pen—Harley for Fleet? Did you decide?"

"Not then; something happened which quite changed my line of reflection."

The room was becoming cloudy with tobacco smoke.

"It was delightfully still," Caiirn resumed. "A water rat rose within a foot of me and a kingfisher was busy on a twig almost at my elbow. Twilight was just creeping along and I could hear nothing but faint creakings of sculls from the river and some-

times the drip of a punt pole. I thought the river seemed to become suddenly deserted; it grew quite abnormally quiet—and abnormally dark. But I was so deep in reflection that it never occurred to me to move.

"Then the flotilla of swans came round the bend, with Apollo—you know Apollo, the king-swan?—at their head. By this time it had grown tremendously dark, but it never occurred to me to ask myself why. The swans, gliding along so noiselessly, might have been phantoms. A hush, a perfect hush, settled down. Sime, that hush was the prelude to a strange thing—an unholy thing!"

Cairn rose excitedly and strode across to the table, kicking the skull out of his way.

"It was the storm gathering," snapped Sime.

"It was something else gathering! Listen: It got yet darker, but for some inexplicable reason, although I must have heard the thunder muttering, I couldn't take my eyes off the swans. Then it happened—the thing I came here to tell you about; I must tell somebody—the thing I am not going to forget in a hurry."

He began to knock the ash from his pipe.

"Go on," directed Sime tersely.

"The big swan Apollo—was within ten feet of me; he swam in open water, clear of the others; no living thing touched him. Suddenly uttering a cry that chilled my very blood, a cry that I never heard from a swan in my life, he rose in the air, his huge wings extended — like a tortured phantom, Sime; I can never forget it—six feet clear of the water. The uncanny wail became a stifled hiss, and sending up a perfect fountain of water—I was deluged—the poor old King-swan fell, beat the surface with his wings—and was still."

"Well?"

"The other swans glided off like ghosts. Several heavy raindrops pattered on the leaves above. I admit I was scared. Apollo lay with one wing right in the punt. I was standing up; I had jumped to my feet when the thing occurred. I stooped and touched the wing. The bird was quite dead! Sime—I pulled the swan's head out of water, and—his neck was broken; no fewer than three vertebrae fractured!"

A cloud of tobacco smoke was wafted towards the open window.

"It isn't one in a million who could wring the neck of a bird like Apollo, Sime; but it was done before my eyes without the visible agency of God or man! As I dropped him and took to the pole, the storm burst. A clap of thunder spoke the voice of a thousand cannons, and I poled for bare life from that broken backwater. I was drenched to the skin when I got in, and I ran up all the way from the stage."

"Well," rapped the other again, as Cairn paused to refill his pipe.

"It was seeing the firelight flickering at Ferrara's window that led me to do it. I don't often call on him; but I thought that a rub down before the fire and a glass of toddy would put me right. The storm had abated as I got to the foot of his stair—only a distant rolling of thunder.

"Then out of the shadows—it was quite dark—into the flickering light of the lamp came somebody all muffled up. I started horribly. It was a girl, quite a pretty girl, too, but very pale, with over-bright eyes. She gave one quick glance up into my face, muttered something, an apology, I think, and drew back again into her hiding-place."

"He's been warned," growled Sime. "It will be notice to quit this time."

"I ran upstairs and banged on Ferrara's door. He didn't open at first, but shouted out to know who was knocking. When I told him, he let me in, and closed the door very quickly. As I went in, a pungent cloud met me—incense."

"Incense?"

"His rooms smelt like a joss-house; I told him so. He said he was experimenting with *Kyphi*—the ancient Egyptian stuff used in the Temples. It was all dark and hot. Phew! like a furnace. Ferrara's rooms were always odd, but since the long vacation I hadn't been in. Good Lord, they're disgusting!"

"How? Ferrara spent vacation in Egypt; I suppose he's brought things back?"

"Things—yes! Filthy things! But that brings me to something, too. I ought to know more about the chap than anybody; Sir Michael Ferrara and the governor have been friends for thirty years; but my father is oddly reticent — quite singularly reticent—regarding Antony. Anyway have you heard about him in Egypt?"

"I've heard he got into trouble. For his age, he has a devil of a queer reputation; there's no disguising it."

"What sort of trouble?"

"I've no idea. Nobody seems to know. But I've heard from young Ashby that Ferrara was asked to leave."

"There's some tale about Kitchener—"

"By Kitchener, Ashby says; but I don't believe it."

"Well—Ferrara lighted a lamp, an elaborate silver thing, and I found myself in a kind of nightmare museum. There was an unwrapped mummy there, the mummy of a woman—I can't possibly describe it. He had pictures, too, photographs. I shan't try to tell you what they represented. I'm not thin-skinned; but there are some subjects that no man anxious to avoid Bedlam would willingly investigate. On the table by the lamp stood a number of objects such as I had never seen in my life before; evidently of great age. He swept them into a cupboard before I had time to look long. Then he went off to get a bath towel, slippers and so forth. As he passed the fire he threw something in. A hissing tongue of flame lept up—and died down again."

"What did he throw in?"

"I am not absolutely certain; so I won't say what I *think* it was, at the moment. Then he began to help me shed my saturated flannels and he set a kettle on the fire and so forth. You know the personal charm of the man? But there was an unpleasant sense of something—what shall I say? —sinister. Ferrara's ivory face was more pale than usual—and he conveyed the idea that he was chewed up—exhausted. Beads of perspiration were on his forehead."

"Heat of his rooms?"

"No," said Cairn shortly. It wasn't that. I had a rub down and borrowed some clothes. Ferrara brewed grog and pretended to make me welcome. Now I come to something which I can't forget; it may be a mere coincidence, but—. He has a number of photographs in his rooms, good ones which he has taken himself. I'm not speaking now of the monstrosities, the outrages; I mean views, and girls—particularly girls. Well standing on a queer little easel right under the lamp was a fine picture of Apollo, the swan, lord of the backwater."

Sime stared dully through the smoke haze.

"It gave me a sort of shock," continued Cairn. "It made me think, harder than ever, of the thing he had thrown in the fire. Then, in his photographic zenana, was a picture of a girl whom I was almost sure was the one I had met at the bottom of the stair. Another was Myra Duquesne.

"His cousin?"

"Yes. I felt like tearing it from the wall. In fact, the moment I saw it, I stood up to go. I wanted to run to my rooms and strip the man's clothes off my back! It was a struggle to be civil any longer. Sime, if you had seen that swan die—"

Sime walked over to the window.

"I have a glimmering of your monstrous suspicions," he said slowly. The last man to be kicked out of an English varsity for this sort of thing, so far as I know, was Dr. Dee of St. John's, Cambridge, and that's going back to the sixteenth century."

"I know; it's utterly preposterous, of course. But I had to confide in somebody. I'll shift off now, Sime."

Sime nodded, staring from the open window. As Cairn was about to close the outer door—

"Cairn," cried Sime, "as you are now a man of letters and leisure, you might drop in and borrow Wilson's brains for me."

"All right," shouted Cairn.

Down in the quadrangle he stood for a moment, reflecting; then, acting upon a sudden resolution, he strode over towards the gate and ascended Ferrara's stair.

For some time he knocked at the door in vain. but he persisted in his clamouring, arousing the ancient echoes. Finally, the door was opened.

Antony Ferrara faced him. He wore a silver-gray dressing-gown, trimmed with swandown, above which his ivory throat rose statuesque. The almost-shaped eyes, black as night, gleamed strangely beneath the low, smooth brow. The lank black hair appeared lustreless by comparison. His lips were very red. In his whole appearance there was something repellently effeminate.

"Can I come in?" demanded Cairn abruptly.

"Is it—something important?" Ferrara's voice was husky but not unmusical.

"Why, are you busy?"

"Well—er—" Ferrara smiled oddly.

"Oh, a visitor!" snapped Cairn.

"Not at all."

"Acounts for your delay in opening," said Cairn and turned on his heel. "Mistook me for the proctor, in person I suppose. Good night."

Ferrara made no reply. And, although Cairn never once glanced back, he knew that Ferrara, leaning over the rail, above, was looking after him; it was as though elemental heat were beating down upon his head.

II.

A week later Robert Cairn quitted Oxford to take up the newspaper appointment offered to him in London. It may have been due to some mysterious design of a hidden providence that Sime 'phoned him early in the week about an unusual case in one of the hospitals.

"Walton is minor house-surgeon there," he said, "and he can arrange for you to see the case. She (the patient) undoubtedly died from some rare nervous affection. I have a theory" etc. ; the conversation became technical.

Cairn went to the hospital, and by the courtesy of Walton, whom he had known at Oxford, was permitted to view the body

"The symptoms which Sime has got to hear about," explained the surgeon, raising the sheet from the dead woman's face, "are—"

He broke off. Cairn had suddenly exhibited a ghastly pallor; he clutched at Walton for support.

"My God!"

Cairn, still holding to the other, stooped over the discoloured face. It had been a pretty face when warm life had tinted its curves; now it was congested—awful; two heavy discolourations showed, on either side of the region of the larynx.

"What on earth is wrong with you"? demanded Walton.

"I thought," gasped Cairn, "for a moment, that I knew—"

"Really! I wish you did! We can't find out anything about her. Have a good look."

"No," said Cairn, mastering himself with an effort—"a chance resemblance, that's all." He wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"You look jolly shaky," comment-

ed Walton. "Is she like someone you know very well?"

"No not at all, now I come to consider the features; but it was the shock at first. What on earth caused death?"

"Asphyxia," answered shortly. can't you see?"

"Someone strangled her, and she was brought here too late?"

"Not at all, my dear chap; nobody strangled her. She was brought here in a critical state four or five days ago by one of the slum priests who keep us so busy. We diagnosed it as exhaustion from lack of food—with other complications. But the case was doing quite well up to last night; she was recovering strength. Then, at about one o'clock, she sprang up in bed, and fell back choking. By the time the nurse got to her it was all over."

"But the marks on her throat?"

Walton shrugged his shoulders.

"There they are! Our men are keenly interested. It's absolutely unique. Young Shaw, who has a mania for the nervous system, sent a long account up to Sime, who suffers from a similar form of aberration."

"Yes; Sime 'phoned me."

"It's nothing to do with nerves," said Walton contemptuously. Don't ask me to explain it, but it's certainly no nerve case."

"One of the other patients—"

"My dear chap, the other patients were all fast asleep! The nurse was at her table in the corner, and in full view of the bed the whole time. I tell you no one touched her!"

"How long elapsed before the nurse got to her?"

"Possibily half a minute. But there is no means of learning when the paroxysm commenced. The leaping up in bed probably marked the end and not the beginning of the attack."

Cairn experienced a longing for the fresh air; it was as though some evil cloud hovered around and about the poor unknown. Strange ideas, horrible ideas, conjectures based upon imaginings all but insane, flooded his mind darkly.

Leaving the hospital, which harboured a grim secret, he stood at the gate for a moment, undecided what to do. His father, Dr. Cairn, was out of London, or he should certainly have sought him in this hour of sore perplexity.

"What in heaven's name is behind it all?" he asked himself.

For he knew beyond doubt that the girl who lay in the hospital was the same that he had seen one night at Oxford, was the girl whose photoghaph he had found in Antony Ferrara's rooms!

He formed a sudden resolution. A taxicab was passing at that moment, and he hailed it, giving Sir Michael Ferrara's address. He could scarcely trust himself to think, but frightful possibilities presented themselves to him, repel them how he might. London seemed to grow dark, overshadowed, as once he had seen a Thames backwater grow. He shuddered, as though from a physical chill.

The house of the famous Egyptian scholar, dull white behind its rampart of trees, presented no unusual appearances to his anxious scrutiny. What he feared he scarcely knew; what he suspected he could not have defined.

Sir Michael, said the servant, was unwell and could see no one. That did not surprise Cairn; Sir Michael had not enjoyed good health since malaria had laid him low in Syria. But Miss Duquesne was at home.

Cairn was shown into the long, low-ceiled room which contained so many priceless relics of a past civilization. Upon the bookcase stood the stately ranks of volumes which had carried the fame of Europe's foremost Egyptologist to every corner of the civilized world. This queerly furnished room held many memories for Robert Cairn, who had known it from childhood, but latterly it had always appeared to him in his daydreams as

the setting for a dainty figure. It was here that he had first met Myra Duquesne, Sir Michael's niece, when, fresh from a Norman convent, she had come to shed light and gladness upon the somewhat sombre household of the scholar. He often thought of that day; he could recall every detail of the meeting.

Myra Duquesne came in, pulling aside the heavy curtains that hung in the arched entrance. With a granite Osiris flanking her slim figure on one side and a gilded sarcophagus on the other, she burst upon the visitor, a radiant vision in white. The light gleamed through her soft, brown hair forming a halo for a face that Robert Cairn knew for the sweetest in the world.

"Why, Mr. Cairn," she said, and blushed entrancingly, "we thought you had forgotten us."

"That's not a little bit likely," he replied, taking her proffered hand. And there was that in his voice and in his look which made her lower her frank gray eyes. "I have only been in London a few days, and I find that press work is more exacting than I had anticipated!"

"Did you want to see my uncle very particularly?" asked Myra.

"In a way, yes. I suppose he could not manage to see me—"

Myra shook her head. Now that the flush of excitement had left her face, Cairn was concerned to see how pale she was and what dark shadows lurked beneath her eyes.

"Sir Michael is not seriously ill?" he asked quickly. "Only one of the usual attacks—"

"Yes—at least it began with one."

She hesitated; and Cairn saw to his consternation that her eyes became filled with tears. The real loneliness of her position, now that her guardian was ill, the absence of a friend in whom she could confide her fears, suddenly grew apparent to the man who sat watching her.

"You are tired out," he said gently. "You have been nursing him?"

She nodded and tried to smile.

"Who is attending?"

"Sir Elwin Groves, but—"

"Shall I wire for my father?"

"We wired for him yesterday!"

"What! to Paris?"

"Yes, at my uncle's wish."

"Then—he thinks he is seriously ill, himself?"

"I cannot say," answered the girl wearily. "His behaviour is—queer. He will allow no one in his room, and barely consents to see Sir Elwin. Then, twice recently, he has awakened in the night and made a singular request."

"What is that?"

"He has asked me to send for his solicitor in the morning, speaking harshly and almost as though—he hated me. . . ."

"I don't understand. Have you complied?"

"Yes, and on each occasion he has refused to see the solicitor when he arrived!"

"I gather that you have been acting as night-attendant?"

"I remain in an adjoining room; he is always worse at night. Perhaps it is telling on my nerves, but last night—"

Again she hesitated, as though doubting the wisdom of further speech; but a brief scrutiny of Cairn's face, with deep anxiety to be read in his eyes, determined her to proceed.

"I had been asleep, and I had been dreaming, for I thought that a voice was chanting, quite near to me."

"Chanting?"

"Yes—it was horrible in some way. Then a sensation of intense coldness came; it was as though some icily cold creature framed me with its wings! I cannot describe it, but it was numbing; I think I must have felt as those poor travellers do who succumb to the temptation to sleep in the snow."

Cairn surveyed her anxiously, for in its essentials this might be a symptom of a dread ailment.

"I aroused myself, however, dressing-gown-candle," she continued, "but experienced an unaccountable dread of entering my uncle's room. I could hear him muttering strangely, and—I forced myself to enter! I saw—oh, how can I tell you! You will think me mad!"

She raised her hands to her face; she was trembling. Robert Cairn took them in his own, forcing her to look up.

"Tell me," he said quietly.

"The curtains were drawn back; I distinctly remembered having closed them, but they were drawn back; and the moonlight was shining on to the bed."

"Bad; he was dreaming?"

"But was *I* dreaming? Mr. Cairn, two hands were stretched out over my uncle, two hands that swayed slowly up and down in the moonlight!"

Cairn leaped to his feet, passing his hand over his forehead.

"Go on," he said.

"I—I cried out, but not loudly—I think I was very near to swooning. The hands were withdrawn into the shadow, and my uncle awoke and sat up. He asked, in a low voice, if I was there, and I ran to him."

"Yes."

"He ordered me, very coldly, to 'phone for his solicitor at nine o'clock this morning, and then fell back and was asleep again almost immediately. The solicitor came and was with him for nearly an hour. He sent for one of his clerks and they both went away at half-past ten. Uncle has been in a sort of dazed condition ever since; in fact he has only once aroused himself, to ask for Dr. Cairn. I had a telegram sent immediately."

"The governor will be here tonight," said Cairn confidently. "Tell me, the hands which you thought you saw: was there anything peculiar about them?"

"In the moonlight they seemed to be of a dull white colour. There was a ring on one finger—a green ring. Oh!" she shuddered—"I can see it now."

"You would know it again?"

"Anywhere!"

"Actually, there was no one in the room of course?"

"No one. It was some awful illusion; but I can never forget it."

III.

Half Moon Street was very still; midnight had sounded nearly half-an-hour; but still Robert Cairn paced up and down his father's library. He was very pale, and many times he glanced at a book which lay open upon the table. Finally he paused before it and read once again certain passages.

"In the year 1571, " it recorded, the notorious Trois Echelles was executed in the Place de Greve. He confessed before the king, Charles IX. .....that he performed marvels..... Admiral de Coligny, who was also present, recollected.....the death of two gentlemen..... He added that they were found black and swollen."

He turned over the page, with a hand none too steady.

"The famous Maréchal d'Ancre, concini concini," he read, " was killed by a pistol shot on the drawbridge of the Louvre of Vitry, Captain of the Bodyguard, on the 24th of April, 1617..... It was proved that the Maréchal and his wife made use of wax images, which were kept in coffins....."

Cairn shut the book hastily and began to pace the room again.

"Oh, it is utterly, fantastically incredible!" he groaned. "Yet with my eyes I saw—"

He stepped to a bookshelf and began to look for a book which, so far as his slight knowledge of the subject bore him, would possibly throw light upon the darkness. But he failed to find it. Despite the heat of the weather, the library seemed to have grown chilly. He pressed the bell.

"Marston, he said to the man who presently came, "you must be very

tired, but Dr. Cairn will be here within an hour. Tell him I have gone to Sir Michael Ferrara's."

"But it's after twelve o'clock, sir!"

"I know it is; nevertheless I am going."

"Very good, sir. You will wait there for the Doctor?"

"Exactly, Marston. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir."

Robert Cairn went out into the Half Moon Street. The night was perfect and the cloudless sky lavishly gemmed with stars. He walked on heedlessly, scarce noting in which direction. An awful conviction was with him, growing stronger each moment, that some mysterious menace, some danger unclassifiable, threatened Myra Duquesne. What did he suspect? He could give it no name. How should he act? He had no idea.

Sir Elwin Groves, whom he had seen that evening, had hinted broadly at mental trouble as the solution of Sir Michael Ferrara's peculiar symptoms. Although Sir Michael had had certain transactions with his solicitor during the early morning, he had apparently forgotten all about the matter, according to the celebrated physician.

"Between ourselves, Cairn," Sir Elwin had confided. I believe he altered his will."

The inquiry of a taxi driver interrupted Cairn's meditations. He entered the vehicle, giving Sir Michael Ferrara's address.

His thoughts persistently turned to Myra Duquesne, who at that moment would be lying listening for the slightest sound from the sick-room; who would be fighting down fear that she might do her duty to her guardian—fear of the waving phantom hands. The cab sped through the almost empty streets, and at last, rounding a corner, rolled up the tree-lined avenue past three or four houses lighted only by the glitter of the moon and came to a stop before that of Sir Michael Ferrara's.

Lights shone from many windows. The front door was open, and light streamed out into the porch.

"My God!" cried Cairn, leaping from the cab—My God! what has happened!"

A thousand fears, a thousand reproaches, flooded his brain with frenzy. He went racing up to the steps and almost threw himself upon the man who stood half-dressed in the doorway.

"Felton, Felton!" he whispered hoarsely—"What has happened? Who—"

"Sir Michael, sir," answered the man. "I thought—" his voice broke —"you were the doctor, sir"

"Miss Myra—"

"She has fainted away, sir. Mrs. Hume is with her in the library, now."

Cairn thrust past the servant and ran into the library. The housekeeper and a trembling maid were bending over Myra Duquesne, who lay fully dressed, white and still, upon a Chesterfield. Cairn unceremoniously grasped her wrist, dropped upon his knees and placed his ear to the still breast.

"Thank God!" he said. "It is only a swoon. Look after her, Mrs. Hume."

The housekeeper, with set face, lowered her head, but did not trust herself to speak. Cairn went into the hall and tapped Felton on the shoulder. The man turned with a great start.

"What happened?" he demanded. "Is Sir Michael—?"

Felton nodded.

"Five minutes before you came, sir." His voice was hoarse with emotion. Miss Myra came out of her room. She thought someone called her. She rapped on Mrs. Hume's door, and Mrs. Hume, who was just retiring, opened it. She also thought she had heard someone calling Miss Myra out on the stairhead."

"Well?"

"There was no one there, sir. Everyone was in bed; I was just un-

dressing myself. But there was a sort of faint perfume—something like a church, only disgusting, sir—"

"How—disgusting? Did *you* smell it?"

"No, sir, never. Mrs. Hume and Miss Myra have noticed it in the house on other nights, and one of the maids, too. It was very strong, I'm told, last night. Well, sir, as they stood by the door they heard a horrid kind of choking scream. They both rushed to Sir Michael's room, and—"

"Yes, yes?"

"He was lying half out of bed, sir—"

"Dead?"

"Seemed like he'd been strangled, they told me, and—"

"Who is with him, now?"

The man grew even paler.

"No one, Mr. Cairn, sir. Miss Myra screamed out that there were two hands just unfastening from his throat as she and Mrs. Hume got to the door, and there was no living soul in the room, sir. I might as well out with it! We're all afraid to go in!"

Cairn turned and ran up the stairs. The upper landing was in darkness and the door of the room which he knew to be Sir Michael's stood widely open. As he entered, a faint scent came to his nostrils. It brought him up short at the threshold, with a chill of supernatural dread.

The bed was placed between the windows, and one curtain had been pulled aside, admitting a flood of moonlight. Cairn remembered that Myra had mentioned this circumstance of the previous night.

"Who, in God's name, opens that curtain!" he muttered.

Fully in the cold white light lay Sir Michael Ferrara, his silver hair gleaming and his strong, angular face upturned to the intruding rays. His glazed eyes were starting from their sockets; his face was nearly black; and his fingers were clutching the sheets in a death grip. Cairn had need of all his courage to touch him.

He was quite dead.

Someone was running upstairs, Cairn turned, half dazed, anticipating the entrance of a local medical man. Into the room ran his father, switching on the light as he did so. A grayish tinge showed through his ruddy complexion. He scarcely noticed his son.

"Ferrara!" he cried, coming up to the bed—"Ferrara!"

He dropped on his knees beside the dead man.

"Ferrara, old fellow—"

His cry ended in something like a sob. Robert Cairn turned, choking, and went down stairs.

In the hall stood Felton and some other servants.

"Miss Duquesne?"

"She has recovered, sir. Mrs. Hume has taken her to another bedroom."

Cairn hesitated, then walked into the deserted library, where a light was burning. He began to pace up and down, clenching and unclenching his fists. Presently Felton knocked and entered. Clearly the man was glad of the chance to talk to some one.

"Mr. Antony has been 'phoned at Oxford, sir. I thought you might like to know. He is motoring down, sir, and will be here at four o'clock."

"Thank you," said Cairn shortly.

Ten minutes later his father joined him. He was a slim, well-preserved man, alert-eyed and active, yet he had aged five years in his son's eyes. His face was unusually pale, but he exhibited no other signs of emotion.

"Well, Rob," he said, tersely. "I can see you have something to tell me. I am listening."

Robert Cairn leant back against a bookshelf.

"I *have* something to tell you, sir, and something to ask you."

"Tell your story, first; then ask your question."

"My story begins in a Thames backwater—"

Dr. Cairn stared, squaring his jaw, but his son proceeded to relate, with some detail, the circumstances attend-

ant upon the death of the King-swan. He went on to recount what took place in Antony Ferrara's rooms, and at the point where something had been taken from the table and thrown in the fire—

"Stop!" said Dr. Cairn, "What did he throw in the fire?"

The doctor's nostrils quivered, and his eyes were ablaze with some hardly repressed emotion.

"I cannot swear to it, sir—"

"Never mind. What do you *think* he threw in the fire?"

"A little image, of wax or something similar — an image of — a swan."

At that, despite his self-control, Dr. Cairn became so pale that his son leapt forward, but—

"All right, Rob," his father waved him away, and turning, walked slowly down the room.

"Go on," he said rather huskily.

Robert Cairn continued his story up to the time that he visited the hospital where the dead girl lay.

"You can swear that she was the original of the photograph in Antony's rooms and the same who was waiting at the foot of the stairs?"

"I can, sir."

"Go on."

Again the younger man resumed his story, relating what he had learnt from Myra Duquesne; what she had told him about the phantom hands; what Felton had told him about the strange perfume perceptible in the house.

"The ring," interrupted Dr. Cairn —"she would recognise it again?"

"She says so."

"Anything else?"

"Only that if some of your books are to be believed, sir, Trois Echelle, D'Ancre and others have gone to the stake for such things in a less enlightened age!"

"Less enlightened, boy!" Dr. Cairn turned his blazing eyes upon him. "*More* enlightened where the powers of hell were concerned!"

"Then you think—"

"*Think!* Have I spent half my life in such studies in vain? Did I labour with poor Michael Ferrara in Egypt and learn *nothing?* Just God! what an end to his labour! What a reward for mine!"

He buried his face in quivering hands.

"I cannot tell exactly what you mean by that, sir," said Robert Cairn; but it brings me to my question."

Dr. Cairn did not speak, did not move.

"*Who is Antony Ferrara?*"

The doctor looked up at that; and it was a haggard face he raised from his hands.

"You have tried to ask me that before."

"I ask you now, sir, with better prospect of receiving an answer."

"Yet I can give you none, Rob."

"Why, sir? Are you bound to secrecy?"

"In a degree, yes. But the real reason is this—I don't know!"

"You don't know!"

"I have said so."

"Good God, sir, you amaze! I have always felt certain that he was really no Ferrara, but an adopted son; yet it had never entered my mind that you were ignorant of his origin."

"You have not studied the subjects which I have studied; nor do I wish that you should; therefore it is impossible, at any rate now, to pursue that matter further. But I may perhaps supplement your researches into the history of Trois Echelles and concini concini. I believe you told me that you were looking in my library for some work which you failed to find?"

"I was looking for M. Chabas's translation of *Papyrus Harris.*

"What do you know of it?",

"I once saw a copy in Antony Ferrara's rooms."

Dr. Cairn started slightly.

"Indeed. It happens that my copy is here; I lent it quite recently

to—Sir Michael. It is probably somewhere on the shelves.

He turned on more lights and began to scan the rows of books. Presently—

"Here it is," he said, and took down and opened the book on the table "This passage may interest you." He laid his finger upon it.

His son bent over the book and read the following:—

"Hai, the evil man, was a shepherd. He said: 'O, that I might have a book of spells that would give me resistless power! He obtained a book of the Formulas.....By the divine powers of these he enchanted men. He obtained a deep vault furnished with implements. He made waxen images of men, and love-charms. And then he perpetrated all the horrors that his heart conceived."

"Flinders Petrie," said Dr. Cairn, "mentions the Book of Thoth as another magical work conferring similar powers."

"But surely, sir—after all, it's the twentieth century—this is mere superstition!"

"I thought so—*once!*" replied Dr. Cairn—"But I have lived to know that Egyptian magic was a real and potent force. A great part of it was no more than a kind of hypnotism, but there were other branches. Our most learned modern works are as children's nursery rhymes beside such a writing as the Egyptian "Ritual of the Dead!" God forgive me! What have I done!"

"You cannot reproach yourself in any way, sir!"

"Can I not?" said Dr. Cairn hoarsely. "Ah, Rob, you don't know!"

There came a rap on the door, and a local practitioner entered.

"This is a singular case, Dr. Cairn," he began diffidently. "A post mortem—"

"Nonsense!" cried Dr. Cairn. "Sir Elwin Groves had foreseen it —so had I!"

"But there are distinct marks of pressure on either side of the windpipe—"

"Certainly. These marks are not uncommon in such cases. Sir Michael had resided in the East and had contracted a form of plague. Virtually he died from it. The thing is highly contagious and it is almost impossible to rid the system of it. A girl died in one of the hospitals this week, having the identical marks on the throat." He turned to his son. "You saw her, Rob?"

Robert nodded, and finally the local man withdrew, highly mystified, but unable to contradict so celebrated a physician as Dr. Bruce Cairn.

The latter seated himself in an armchair, and rested his chin in the palm of his left hand. Robert Cairn paced restlessly about the library. Both were waiting expectantly. At half past two Felton brought in a tray of refreshments, but neither of the men attempted to avail themselves of the hospitality.

"Miss Duquesne?" asked the younger.

"She has just gone to sleep, sir."

"Good," muttered Dr. Cairn. "Blessed is youth."

Silence fell again, upon the man's departure, to be broken rarely, despite the tumultuous thoughts of those two minds, until, at a quarter to three, the faint sound of a throbbing motor brought Dr. Cairn sharply to his feet. He looked towards the window. Dawn was breaking. The car came roaring along the avenue and stopped outside the house.

Dr. Cairn and his son glanced at each other. A brief tumult and hurried exchange of words sounded in the hall; footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, then came silence. The two stood side by side in front of the empty hearth, a haggard pair, fitly set in that desolate room, with the yellowing rays of the lamps shrinking before the first spears of dawn.

Then, without warning, the door opened, and Antony Ferrara came in.

His face was expressionless, ivory; his red lips were firm, and he drooped his head. But the long black eyes glinted and gleamed as if they reflected the glow from a furnace. He wore a motor coat lined with leopard skin and he was pulling off his gloves.

"It is good of you to have waited, Doctor," he said in his husky musical voice—"you too, Cairn."

He advanced a few steps into the room. Cairn was conscious of a kind of fear, but uppermost came a desire to pick up some heavy implement and crush this evilly effeminate thing with the serpent eyes. Then he found himself speaking; the words seemed to be forced from his throat.

"Antony Ferrara," he said, "have you read the *Harris Papyrus?*"

Ferrara dropped his glove, stooped and recovered it, and smiled faintly.

"No," he replied. "Have you?" His eyes were nearly closed, mere luminous slits. "But surely," he continued, "there is no time, Cairn, to discuss books? As my poor father's heir, and therefore your host, I beg you to partake—"

A faint sound made him turn. Just within the door, where the light from the reddening library windows touched her as if with sanctity, stood Myra Duquesne, in her night robe, her hair unbound and her little bare feet gleaming whitely upon the red carpet. Her eyes were wide open, vacant of expression, but set upon Antony Ferrara's ungloved left hand.

Ferrara turned slowly to face her, until his back was towards the two men in the library. She began to speak, in a toneless, unemotional voice, raising her finger and pointing at a ring which Ferrara wore.

"I know you know," she said; "I know you, son of an evil woman; for you wear her ring, the sacred ring of Thoth. You have stained that ring with blood as she stained it—with the blood of those who loved and trusted you. I could name you, but my lips are sealed—I could name you, brood of a witch, murderer, for I know you now."

Dispassionately, mechanically, she delivered her strange indictiment. Over her shoulder appeared the anxious face of Mrs. Hume, finger to lip.

"My God!" muttered Cairn—"My God! What—"

"Ssh!" his father grasped his arm. "She is fast asleep!"

Myra Duquesne turned and quitted the room, Mrs. Hume hovering anxiously about her. Antony Ferrara faced around; his mouth was oddly twisted.

"She is troubled with strange dreams," he said very huskily.

"Clairvoyant dreams!" Dr. Cairn addressed him for the first time. "Do not glare at me that way, for it may be that I know you, too! Come, Rob."

"But Myra—"

Dr. Cairn laid his hand on his son's shoulder, fixing his eyes upon him steadily.

"Nothing in this house can injure Myra," he replied quietly; "for Good is higher that Evil. For the present we can only go."

Antony Ferrara stood aside, as the two walked out of the library.

In the July Number will appear the next story in this remarkable series by Sax Rohmer. It is entitled "The Curse of the House of Dhoon" and introduces further mysteries involving Antony Ferrara.

JUST ON TIME

BY A. A. THOMSON

ONCE upon a time—there I started it almost unconsciously, so very old a thing is time. Yet what a strange thing time is if you take it in its many different phases. It is getting old now as a word, and with it we ourselves get ever older. Nevertheless, we must confess that, like a woman, it always has the last word. In fact, to use the pithy parlance of the sporting world, we get, in the long run, "knocked out of time."

Time came to the world in the natural course of events, and man, being a resourceful animal, has used it ever since as an excuse. It would surprise us if we found the number of things we have said we had not time to do during the span of years we reckon a lifetime.

There are men who are so harassed and busy that I have always wondered whether they will find time in their lives to allow for the interval they will require in which to draw their last breath. At least, that is the opinion they would convey to you —only you will find that they usually spend their afternoons in soothing seclusion and inactivity.

Once, long ago, when I was at school, and innocent, they pointed out to me what a beautiful gem of the poetic art were the two little lines:

> "And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

In these days I was, as I am now, an eminently practical person. I looked at it from a natural point of view, coming to the conclusion that it would not matter much whether I left the sizes of my small nines (wide fitting) on these darksome shores or not. I felt that there was always the off-chance of a breeze of wind rising and obliterating the imprint. Again, I was always somewhat dubious about these heavy-footed wanderers who thundered through the world in those bygone days. To me their pawing on the sands savoured somewhat of advertisement.

If we look at the matter calmly and dispassionately we must see that a great many persons have come along the sands for a bit, and left good clear footprints, but the other fellows behind have carefully covered them up or stamped them out of shape with their elephantine tread, incidentally taking all the glory of that particular line of progression. Of course, we all have had trouble with time, more or less. Watches get blamed very often for this—only a watch is a good thing to blame, since it is a silent sort of witness who can stand a thorough cross-examination and yet give no decided opinion on the matter.

There is one type of individual you meet with daily who is always making up time. It don't matter when or how he starts, he is always a lap behind, and he never is properly finished when time overtakes him and applies the closure to his innings. He is like the man who looks for leaks in a cask, after he has taken the plug

out of the bung-hole at the bottom—rather foolish on the whole.

The infinite variety of ways in which a man can kill time I do not desire to enumerate, because we all have our ways of wasting that precious commodity—and some of them we are rather reticent about. It all goes in with your conception of life, and in such things we all ought to show some originality.

It is strange, on the whole, to observe the speed of time at different stages of our lives. The best days always seem to be yesterday, and oh! how few of us see a good sunrise in the to-morrows. At the world-wise age of eighteen I used to wait cheerfully, in damp boots, under an umbrella, for the probable appearance of my best girl. Nowadays the best girls only smile at me through the gloaming when I am in a musing mood! and I listen cheerfully to the rain dashing against the windows as I toast my elderly toes at the fire after a comfortable supper.

Pretty girls! The days passed so sweetly then; the picnics and the junketings; the merry laughter under the trees, and the glimpses of white summer dresses and sunhats among the shady copses. I can see them sometimes, even now, and to me it seems so long ago and so much happier than the dreary drudgery of to-day.

Of course, we were foolish, any man will tell you that, and will deplore the time he wasted. With the years he has gathered wisdom and his old gods lie forgotten amid the weed-covered ruins of the days that were. Distrust walks by him, and the faith of youth has fallen from him for ever. He may say that he has learned much—ah! how much has he lost of belief and the real-tasting happiness of the old-time foolishness?

With all the knowledge begot of many years, we sleep less easily as we grow older; our dreams are not so happy as they used to be, and the grim old world looks more combative.

We cannot enjoy our picnics nowadays, and the laughter of women we analyze and find unreal; also we think that a book, a pipe, and the glow of a cosy fire are far more comfortable, if less poetic, than seeing the moon swim up from behind the tree-tops, as we waited for her coming beside the old bridge beyond the village.

Time has given us such diverse gifts; yet 'tis a tender physician, as it draws together the old wounds in our hearts, soothing our regret with its gentle hands of forgetfulness.

It was not all unblended—there were the sad days we love to wander back to, even now. Yet they were all sweet, in a way, even the most sorrowful of them; for have we not lived them, do we not have the knowledge of them, against which the hidden paths of the future are bleak and uncongenial to our thoughts?

The memory of little pattering feet is all we have now, and the sorrow that followed their silence has become sweet to our souls, for we have cherished its pain and held it to our hearts, until out of the throbbing anguish we have wrought a mournful beauty of remembrance.

Lads and lasses, we see you now, living the lives we used to live—laughing joyously as we sometimes hear the echo of our own laughter from long ago.

We have breasted the hill, and passed over the summit; nowadays, as we descend, we envy you on the uphill slopes, away behind us, your happy voices coming to us, far away and indistinct, as you follow the road our feet have trod . . . brave voices which give comfort to us as we hasten on towards the evening shadows, where kindly Chronos awaits us leaning on his scythe and looming large on the road of our destinies.

Oftentimes o'nights we think of you, and we would only ask that you do not seek sadness in thoughts of

us whom time sweeps so quickly from your ken. Ours is the memory, yours the actuality. There at the summit we wave our weary hands to you in a last farewell; for, below, the mists of the Unknown Land await us, and ere you have topped the rise we shall be enveloped in the great darkness and have gone from your sight for ever.

THE BROOK (A Spring Song)

By EWYN BRUCE MACKINNON

I COME, I come, I come!
I melt the sunshine into laughter,
Boys and birds come singing after
In one harmonious hum.
With sweetest spring my course is dressed,
Fresh hope I bring to the bare gray breast,
I come, I come, I come.

I come, I come, I come,
Pure from the pregnant cloud,
Glowing with gladness and joy—
For sorrow is never allowed
To harden the heart of the boy,
As the birds sing best ere they build their nest,
Nor the riddle of love hath yet been guessed.

I bubble o'er pebbles of pearly delight,
I come, I come, I come,
Laden with dewdrops out of the night,
I come, I come, I come,
Trappings of crystal, sparklets of joy,
I sing and I laugh with the heart of a boy.
I glance o'er the meadow,
Where the green glade
Shelters the sunshine;
I gleam in the shadow,
Loving the shade
Of the sweet-scented pine,
As I glide down the glen,
Past the homes of men,
I laugh and I listen and laugh again,
I mirror the roses
Trimming my side,
Perk pretty posies,
So pert in their pride.
My lute of laughter
Pipes the last lay
To him that comes after,
For I am alway:
Man from the morrow may borrow his sorrow—
I live for to-day.

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

THE SON AND HEIR

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE IN TORONTO

BY E. J. HATHAWAY

TORONTO has already begun to measure as a city with a history. A few weeks ago one hundred years were counted since its capture by American forces, when its fort was evacuated by the British troops and the Provincial Parliament buildings destroyed. In 1837 the city was again invaded. In this case, however, the attacking party was not an alien army, but a body of disaffected Canadian citizens.

Whether the rebels of 1837 were "cranks or crooks," as the Minister of Militia has called them, or whether they were single-minded patriots, is not now important. It is the penalty of the unsuccessful to be misunderstood and misjudged; but the grievances under which the patriots of that day suffered have long since been remedied and the rights for which they struggled are to-day recognized principles of government in all self-governing countries.

The history of a city is found in its epochal events, and as the men taking part in them are remembered in its records, so also should the places associated with these events be treasured as historical landmarks.

William Lyon Mackenzie was the soul of the rebellion in Upper Canada. This "peppery little Scotchman" had taken up journalism as the most potent means of exposing the abuses of the Family Compact. He had founded *The Colonial Advocate* at Queenston in 1824, but soon transferred it to York, continuing at closer range his tirade of criticism and exposure.

A modest little frame house at the northwest corner of Front and Federick Streets was his first newspaper office in York. This house had been the early home of Dr. W. W. Baldwin, who had come to York in 1802, and here in 1804 was born his son, Robert Baldwin, afterwards Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and one of the most conspicious Liberal leaders. At a later date it was the home and place of business of John Cawthra, and here were laid, in part, the foundations of that family's fortune.

Smarting under the sting of Mackenzie's invective, a mob of young men, related to members of the Government, entered *The Colonial Advocate* office on the evening of June 8th, 1826, during the absence of the editor, and proceeded to wreck the plant of the paper. Several pages were standing in type on the stone, and these were broken up and the type thrown into the bay. The furniture of the office was smashed, the type defaced and the printing press broken. Mackenzie immediately entered action for damages against his assailants and was awarded £625, most of which was raised by subscription among the friends of the Government.

"Elmsley House," Toronto, the official residence of Sir Francis Bond Head

From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

Mackenzie now determined to direct his attacks at closer range, and during the next few years the old Parliament buildings on Front Street between Simcoe and John Streets, and the Government House which preceded that recently torn down on the adjoining block at the cornor of King and Simcoe Streets, became the chief centre of interest of the Reform movement.

In 1829 Mackenzie was elected to the Legislature for York. Now that he was inside the Legislature he was if anything more bitter and waspish in his criticism of the Government and its Family Compact constitution and methods than ever. The members had put up with his attacks at long range, but to have him on the floor of the House was intolerable. They stood him for a session or two, but finally in 1831 they succeeded in passing a resolution to the effect that an article in *The Colonial Advocate* of a year or two before was a gross libel on the Legislature, and that the author of it was unfit to occupy a seat in the Assembly. His seat was therefore declared vacant and a new election ordered.

The new election took place on January 2nd, 1832, at the *Red Lion* hotel on Yonge Street, immediately north of Bloor Street, where the North Apartments now stand. This was a noted hostelry in old Yorkville days, and a popular resort for sleighing parties and dances, and as it was largely used by farmers going to and from the city it was also used at election times as one of the polling-places for the Home District.

This election gave the Reformers an excuse for a demonstration. The polls usually remained open for a week, and as open voting then prevailed the scenes around the polls were at times animated and exciting. A cavalcade of forty sleighs came down into the city to escort Mackenzie to the polling-place, and upward of 2,000 persons were present to show their sympathy with his cause.

King Street, Toronto, in 1836, showing Gaol, Court-House and St. James's Cathedral
From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

After the polls had been open for an hour and a half, and the returns showed a vote of 119 for Mackenzie and but one for his opponent, Mr. Street, the latter, threw up the contest. The Reform candidate was then presented by his constituents with a gold medal in appreciation of his course, and a triumphal procession followed into the city, past Government House and on to the Parliament buildings, where the Legislature was in session.

The Government, however, refused to recognize the election, and another resolution of expulsion was passed. A third election took place on January 30th, and Mackenzie was again elected.

Smashing the printing plant seems to have been the recognized Tory way of getting even with the newspaper critic. Early in 1830 another attack was made on his office and residence. He lived at that time at the northwest corner of Church and Richmond Streets. A mob of Tory sympathizers entered his office, broke the windows, destroyed some of the type, and burnt Mackenzie in effigy in the streets; and but for the courage that prompted a young apprentice to load a gun with type and fire it at the crowd, much more damage might have been done. At midnight the mob again assembled, led by the son of one of the Executive Council of the Province, and only the threat of the authorities to call out the troops prevented further damage. The house was under guard for three weeks and Mackenzie was forced to remain outside the city.

After his second expulsion from the House, Mackenzie was returned by acclamation, but again he was refused admission. At a fourth election he was again returned. The electors now decided to escort their member to the House, which was then in session, and demand his admission. They crowded the lobbies and galleries and overflowed into the chamber. A petition was presented protesting against

their practical disfranchisement for more than three years. When Mr. Alan McNab opposed the reception of the petition, he was hissed from the gallery. This led to the clearing of the House, and Mackenzie as a "stranger" was forcibly ejected. Some time later he quietly entered and took the oath, but on attempting to take his seat he was dragged from his place by the Sergeant-at-arms and threatened with arrest and punishment.

Ontario Parliament Buildings in Toronto, as they appeared in 1837

From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

The Family Compact now had things pretty much its own way and popular feeling ran high. In 1836 Sir Francis Bond Head was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, and for a time the Reformers looked for sympathy and assistance from one who had been hailed on his appointment as a "Tried Reformer."

The disreputable looking old building which still occupies the northwest corner of Adelaide and Bay streets was an important rendezvous for those engaged in the Reform movement. It was at that time the residence of John Doel, and a large building in the rear of the house was used as a brewery.

The *Sun* tavern, kept by Thomas Elliott, a relation of Mackenzie, at the northwest corner of Yonge and Queen Streets, was also a resort for the Radical leaders. From a window of this hotel Mackenzie had addressed the people after one of his expulsions. Resolutions were passed sustaining the course he had taken and complaining of the reply to the petition of his constituents as insulting, and the propriety of petitioning the Sovereign for a civil rather than a military Governor was discussed. It was at the *Sun* also that Mackenzie's declaration of the independence of Upper Canada was submitted to a committee for approval, before its adoption at a large meeting held at Doel's brewery on July 31, 1837, when a permanent committe was appointed and a plan of campaign initiated similar to that of Lower Canada.

The places in Toronto associated directly with Mackenzie are numerous, and as the crisis of his career draws near they become more interesting. Early in 1836 he moved into a modest two-story brick residence on the west side of York Street, close to Queen Street, and although *The Constitution,* which succeeded

William Lyon Mackenzie's residence in York Street, Toronto, in 1837

From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

The Colonial Advocate on July 4th, 1836, was printed at his printing plant on Yonge Street, next door to the Jesse Ketchum tannery, which stood at the northwest corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, most of those inflammatory editorials calling upon loyal Canadians to declare their independence and if necessary shoulder their muskets were written at his home.

As soon as definite news of the outbreak of the Rebellion, on December 4th, 1837, reached the authorities, both residence and store were put under guard. The house was searched by soldiers over and over again, from cellar to garret, the drawers, bookcases, and closets examined, and even beds ransacked. These unwelcome attentions continued during the entire week, to the annoyance and discomfort of the women and children of the household, who at the same time were nearly distracted with apprehension as to the safety of the head of the house.

Curiously enough, Mackenzie's private papers hanging in files from the ceiling of his bedroom and library escaped the attention of the officers. On the Sunday following the outbreak the soldiers for the first time relaxed their attentions, and seizing the opportunity, Mrs. Mackenzie and her mother-in-law hurriedly lighted the fires and burned every letter and document in the house.

Mackenzie at the time of the Rebellion had a very fine store, known as the *Constitution Book Store*, containing some thousands of books and what is said to have been the largest

and best equipped printing and bookbinding plant in Upper Canada, the stock and plant having a value of upwards of $10,000. Immediately on the collapse of the Rebellion a mob broke into the premises and for a third time vented its vengeance upon his property, seriously damaging the type, stock and presses. A creditor, John Eastwood, to whom Mackenzie was indebted for paper, issued a writ against the property, but in the meantime it had been seized by the authorities, ostensibly for protection against further damage, and removed to the City Hall. Later such of the assets as still remained marketable were sold by the sheriff, realizing some £520, and after the payment of the debts a balance of £121 13s. 3d. was turned over to the Government.

In Lower Canada several thousand men had armed themselves to fight against the coercive measures of the Government. Mackenzie and his associates felt that the time was now ripe to do likewise. At a meeting at Doel's on October 10th, 1837, he outlined his project. He had learned that the city was absolutely defenceless, owing to the removal of the troops from Toronto. A consignment of arms and ammunition had arrived from Kingston and was stored at the City Hall, and his plan was to strike a decisive blow by seizing Sir Francis at Government House, capture the arms at the City Hall and proclaim a provisional government.

This plan, received at first as preposterous and foolhardy, soon began to find acceptance as a reasonable proposition, and one that might be carried out without the necessity for firing a shot or sacrificing a life.

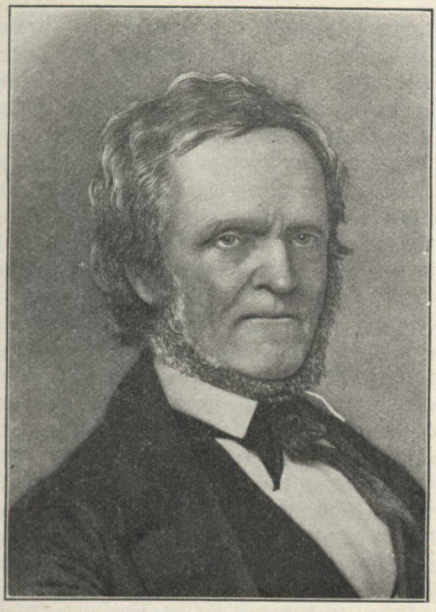
II.

With the annexation of the town of North Toronto, the city now contains within its limits every important historical point associated with the Rebellion. Montgomery's tavern, on Yonge Street, about four miles north of the city, was selected as the most convenient rallying point for the Reformers preparatory to their march on Toronto. Samuel Lount, who lived near Holland Landing, was in command of the patriots from the north; Peter Matthews, of Pickering, was expected to bring detachments from the east; and John Montgomery, the proprietor, though not at the time the landlord of the hotel, was in active sympathy with the cause.

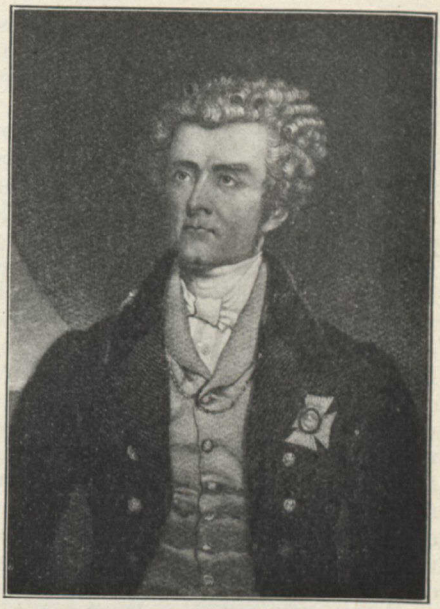
The tavern was a plain, two-storey structure, a typical country hotel of the period, and stood between Montgomery Avenue and Roselawn Avenue, on the spot occupied by Oulcott's Hotel until the passing of the local option law a few years ago forced it to close its doors. The building is now used as the North Toronto post-office.

Mackenzie confidently expected that from four to five thousand men would respond to the call to arms and meet at Montgomery's on Monday, December 4th. Only about seven to eight hundred actually reported. Some of these were armed with pikes, a few with muskets, but many were without arms of any kind.

An emergency meeting of loyalists was hurriedly called by Colonel Moodie at Richmond Hill because of the numerous groups of men, some of whom were armed, seen passing on their way toward the city, and the Colonel with several neighbours determined to ride into the city in person to warn the Lieutenant-Governor of danger. Mackenzie meanwhile had placed several lines of guards across Yonge Street above and below the tavern, to prevent communication with the city, and Colonel Moodie in trying to force his way through the lines discharged his pistol at the guard. Several musket shots immediately rang out, and he fell from his horse dangerously wounded. This was the first blood shed in the Rebellion.



William Lyon Mackenzie



Sir Francis Bond Head, Bar't

From engravings in "The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie," by Charles Lindsey

The crest of the hill on Yonge Street between Woodlawn and Farnham Avenues, known since early in the century as Gallows Hill, was an important outlook point over the city. Mackenzie with a scouting party had taken two horsemen as prisoners at this point, and sent them back to headquarters under guard. They had not proceeded far when one of them turned on Captain Anderson, one of his captors, and shot him in the back, killing his instantly, and then made off toward the city to report the situation.

During all this time the Lieutenant-Governor, though warned repeatedly, refused to believe in the possibility of an uprising. When the seriousness of the situation was now finally brought home to him, he consented, in order to gain time, to send an emissary to the rebel camp with a flag of truce. Doctor Rolph and Robert Baldwin, because of their acceptability to the Reformers, were selected. In the meantime the rebel army numbering less than one thousand men had started for the city. The force was divided into two bodies, one of which under Lount was to enter by Yonge Street, and the other under Mackenzie by way of the present Avenue Road and College Avenue. Upon reaching the city the two forces were to unite at Osgoode Hall.

Just before reaching Gallows Hill they halted and entering the house of J. S. Howard, on the west side of the road, Mackenzie ordered Mrs. Howard to prepare dinner for fifty men. The embassy with the flag of truce met the insurgents at the foot of the hill. Doctor Rolph informed Captain Lount that the Lieutenant-Governor was anxious to avoid trouble, in any reasonable way, and offered amnesty to the rebels if they would disperse. Lount, however, declared that no reliance could be placed on the word of Sir Francis Bond Head, and any proposition from him must be in writing. The truce bearers then retired and the rebels moved on as far as the toll-gate at the corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets. A few hours later Doctor Rolph and

Mr. Baldwin returned with the message that the Lieutenant-Governor would have no further communication with the rebels.

On his return to the city Doctor Rolph called a meeting at Doel's for the purpose of organizing the Reformers to assist Mackenzie and his party, who might be expected at any moment. Mackenzie, however, was in no hurry. On Yonge Street almost opposite Davenport Road and Scollard Street was the residence of Doctor R. C. Horne, assistant cashier of the Bank of Upper Canada. He was an ardent Tory and had gained the enmity of the rebel leader some time before by refusing him accommodation at the bank. Mackenzie entered the house and set fire to it with his own hand, and even started out with the idea of serving the same punishment to Sheriff Jarvis at his house, across the Rosedale ravine.

By this time the troops had become restive. No rations had been served, and for the moment they were more concerned about getting their dinner than capturing the city. The force was therefore removed back to Mrs. Howard's on Gallows Hill for the meal that had been ordered some time before.

Finally about six o'clock the rebel army moved forward against the city. Sheriff Jarvis had located a detachment of Loyalists in Jonathan Scott's house on Yonge Street at the corner of McGill Street. An outpost of sixteen men was also placed behind a fence on the east side of the street, just above Maitland Street, and another among the trees on the west side. The moment that Lount's party reached this spot the sheriff gave the order to fire. His entire force responded on the moment, but almost before the sound of the report had ceased the firing party became seized with panic and taking to their heels the men made off toward the city as fast as their legs could carry them.

But the insurgents were quite as terror-stricken at the sound of firing as their assailants; and as they were without adequate leadership they broke away after a futile fire from the front ranks and turning tail made off up Yonge Street as fast as their opponents were travelling in the opposite direction. In this encounter one of the rebels was killed and two others died later from injuries.

The discomfitted rebel army returned and spent the night at Montgomery's. In the morning Mackenzie detailed Peter Matthews with a party of sixty men to prevent the arrival of reinforcements from the east, to intercept the mail, and to burn the bridge over the Don at Queen Street; while he and Lount took a small detachment out to Peacock's Hotel, at the corner of Dundas and Bloor Streets, where they seized the stage and mail from the west.

Meanwhile reinforcements began to arrive in the city. Alan McNab from Hamilton had been appointed in command over the head of Colonel Fitzgibbon. Doctor Rolph and Doctor Morrison had found it prudent, owing to the fiasco of the previous evening, to leave the city, and Mackenzie's home on York Street and printing-office and store on Yonge Street had been placed under guard and diligently searched.

The Loyalist forces gathered at the Parliament Buildings. There were about seven hundred men, all armed, and, accompanied by two six-pound guns and a military band, they marched toward Montgomery's. The main body went by way of Yonge Street, one of the wings by College Avenue, and another to Bloor Street by one of the streets east of Yonge, either Jarvis or Sherbourne Street.

The rebels had located about a hundred and fifty men in the woods on the west side of Yonge Street about a mile south of Montgomery's, and another detachment in the open fields on the east side of the road. On the arrival of the main force of

the militia the two guns were mounted on the rise of ground on the west side of Yonge Street just north of the old Belt Line Railway, and fire was quickly opened upon the enemy somewhere in the woods. The insurgents attempted to return the fire, but the prompt arrival of the westerly wing of the Loyalist forces threw them into confusion and they retreated in disorder.

The whole fight lasted but a few minutes—certainly less than half an hour. The insurgents lost one man and the Government forces none, but four rebels and five of the Government troops who were injured died afterwards as the result of their wounds. The Loyalist troops seeing the disorder among the rebels hurried on to Montgomery's, while others under Colonel Fitzgibbon pursued the fleeing patriots far into the country.

The victors captured a number of prisoners at the rebel headquarters and on searching the hotel they discovered a bag belonging to Mackenzie containing his personal papers, including a list of the names and addresses of almost every insurgent in the Province.

The Lieutenant-Governor arrived at Montgomery's soon after the flight of the rebel forces, and as though in retaliation for the burning of Doctor Horne's house, he immediately ordered the hotel building to be set on fire. In a few moments "the flames," as Sir Francis puts it in his book, "The Emigrant," published afterwards in England, "formed a lurid telegraph which intimated to many an anxious and aching heart at Toronto the joyful intelligence that the yeomen and farmers of Upper Canada had triumphed over their perfidious enemy, Responsible Government."

Mackenzie made good his escape and after a difficult and dangerous trip around the head of the lake he finally, on the following Monday, succeeded in crossing the Niagara River into the United States. Lount and Matthews, the other active military leaders, and a number of others, were soon captured, and within a month or two the gaols in Toronto, London, Hamilton—indeed, most of those in the Province—were filled with rebel prisoners.

House still standing at 82 Bond Street, Toronto. It was presented by friends in 1858 to William Lyon Mackenzie, and occupied by him until his death in 1861

By the aid of the list of insurgents and other documents seized at the capture of Montgomery's Tavern, the Government arrested and prosecuted scores of persons throughout the Province. Little attention was paid to legal forms or technicalities, and men were arrested in the fields and workshops or in their homes and marched off to gaol without warrant or authority of any kind. In many instances arrests were made of men who though sympathetic with the movement had no connection whatever with the rebellion.

The gaol and court-house in Toronto now became the centre of attention. These buildings occupied

the block bounded by King, Toronto, Adelaide and Church Streets. The original court-house building, where the trials took place, is still standing at the corner of Church and Court Streets, and the gaol building has been built over and incorporated in the York Chambers, on the south corner of Toronto and Court Streets.

The Toronto prisoners and those taking part in the engagement at Montgomery's were tried before Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson, and the trials continued for more than a month. Many were sentenced to death, and others to long or short periods of imprisonment. Lount and Matthews, however, alone were executed. The executions took place in the gaol yard on April 12th, 1838, in the presence of a large crowd, the scaffolds having been erected about where the present police station on Court Street now stands. The bodies were buried in the potter's field at the northwest corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets, but five years later some sympathetic friends had them removed to the Necropolis.

Others of the condemned prisoners, some of whom had witnessed the executions of their associates from the gaol windows, had their sentences commuted to transportation to Van Dieman's Land. They were taken to Fort Henry at Kingston for safekeeping until they could be forwarded, but soon managed to effect their escape from captivity and make their way to the United States.

It might reasonably be expected that Toronto had seen the last of Mackenzie and the ill-fated Rebellion. The leader and many of his adherents had left the country, while others had by special permission of the Legislature been suffered to return; Sir Francis Bond Head had been superceded by another; Lord Durham had made his investigations and presented his historic report; and many of the reforms demanded by the Radicals had already been acknowledged and granted. But the ghost of the rebellion had yet to be reckoned with. When, in 1849, eleven years afterwards, Lord Elgin signed the Rebellion Losses Bill, passed unanimously by Parliament, by which complete amnesty was granted to all concerned in the rebellion, the Loyalists in Montreal celebrated the occasion by burning the Parliament Buildings, and those in Toronto decided to give Mackenzie a warm welcome when it was learned that he was returning to Canada.

Mackenzie's arrival in Toronto on March 22nd was the signal for a Tory demonstration. Shortly after dark a mob of several hundred men and boys started on a tour of the city, past the market-place and police station, to the homes of Attorney-General Baldwin and Solicitor-General Blake, the officials responsible for the amnesty, where they halted and burned the offending ministers in effigy, and then proceeded to the residence of John McIntosh, where Mackenzie was staying. John McIntosh was Mackenzie's father-in-law, and lived on the east side of Yonge Street, a short distance north of Queen Street, his property extending through to Victoria Street.

The crowd, now swollen to many hundreds, swarmed up Yonge Street singing and shouting, with blazing torches and firearms. Several tar barrels were set on fire in the middle of the road, and with shouts of "Death to Mackenzie" they attacked the house with stones and bricks. A similar attack was made from the garden in the rear. Every window in the house was broken, but fortunately no one was hurt. By four o'clock in the morning the mob, having expended its energies here, moved on to the residence of the Honourable George Brown, where they made another demonstration and smashed the windows and blinds. No attempt was made by the police to interfere with the rioters, and even the chief himself stood by watching the proceedings. On the two follow-

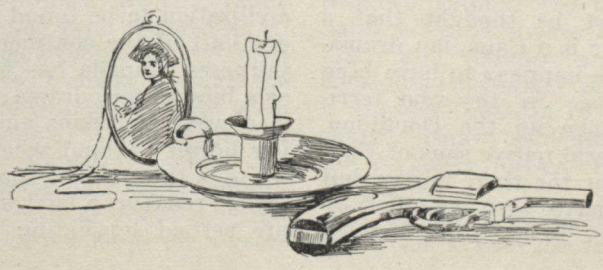
The only building still standing in Toronto that had any association with the rebellion of 1837. The Doel house, where the insurgents used to meet, as it looks now, at the crossing of Bay and Adelaide Streets.

ing evenings crowds gathered in the streets again, but by this time the authorities had been brought to realize the seriousness of the situation, the Mayor had sworn in special constables, and a squad of soldiers was on hand for the purpose of preventing a disturbance.

Mackenzie brought his family to Toronto a year later. He was again elected to the Legislature in 1851, defeating in Haldimand no less notable a leader than the Honourable George Brown. He remained in Parliament until 1858, during which time he published a weekly newspaper, *Mackenzie's Message*.

By reason of increasing years and rather straitened circumstances, some friends of the old leader opened a fund for the purchase of a residence for Mackenzie as a personal tribute of appreciation, and the house at No. 82 Bond Street, marked a few years ago with a historical tablet by the Canadian Club of Toronto, was presented to him, and here he lived with his family until his death in 1861.

Of the many places thus associated with Mackenzie and his great contest for Responsible Government in Upper Canada, this house and the old rendezvous, Doel's, at the crossing of Bay and Adelaide Streets, alone remain; but it is well to recall from time to time the events that took place during that struggle and the men who led the movement, for out of it was born the free and liberal system of government under which we in Canada now live.



WAITING FOR A DRAMATIST

BY FRED JACOB

SELF-EXPRESSION must be the outstanding sign of national consciousness just as it is the indication of growing consciousness in the individual. Canada is finding expression in the prose writers of the country, and the day has now arrived when they can secure a hearing in their own land without going abroad and sending their work back with the stamp of foreign approval upon it. Our poets have been singing sweetly for many years. Their voices are chiefly lyric, but perhaps they reach the heart more surely for that very reason. We even possess our own composers, and they receive due appreciation. Indeed, when Dr. A. S. Vogt is compiling a programme for his great Mendelssohn Choir, he can place one of his own compositions side by side with those of the musicians of other lands and be sure that it will win more applause than would have been considered proper to accord an artistic citizen of our own country a few years ago. But Canada still lacks a dramatist, and it will not be possible for us to claim that our self-expression is complete until some aspect of the life of the nation has been placed behind the foot-lights.

It must not be thought that a maker of plays is a Canadian dramatist because he happens to have been born some place in the vast territories that make up the Dominion. There are several native sons of Canada writing for the stage to-day, but all of them have been adopted by other countries, to the life of which they give expression. James Forbes may have been born in Salem, Ontario, and he may have received his education in Galt, but he does not belong to us. "The Chorus Lady" and "The Travelling Salesman," his most successful comedies, tell us that he has become in spirit an American dramatist, and so far as Canada is concerned, he might as well have been born in Harlem. When anything with which the name of Edgar Selwyn is connected comes to a town inside our borders, we hear that he also claims to be a native of Ontario, but his theatrical fame has centered in New York. He has earned prominence among the producers who have made the stage a great commercial enterprise, but the man who is to be counted as Canada's first dramatist must achieve more than that.

It is true that Mr. Selwyn came back to the land of his birth to find material for a play when he made a dramatized version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "Pierre of the Plains," but this drama served to show only how completely out of touch he was with all things Canadian. He catered to the popular notion, now happily dying out, of the civilization to be found in the northern half of the continent. For stage purposes, Canada has been regarded as a land of melodrama; a land where men wear buckskins and ride prancing horses; a land where the pagan white is thrown into conflict with the savage redskin; a land where disputes are settled by hiding in the bush,

leaping upon your enemy and fighting to the death. It is a bleak land, existing merely for adventurers who love barren wastes.

No man will accept a picture as a portrait of himself because some one choses to place his name neatly on the frame. If all the plays with our name on the frame were gathered together for one repertoire, they would leave a very strange impression upon the minds of those who might seek to make our acquaintance through them. It is true that a land called "Canada" has been made the scene of a few dramas in the past, but in every case the name only served the purpose of telling the audience in advance that they were to be entertained by lawlessness and thrills.

Now, as a matter of fact, Canadians have grown to think themselves fairly advanced in the process of civilization, and most of them even believe that the nation has a personality of its own at least partially developed. The majority of Canadians will acknowledge that they only know the typical Jack Canuck through the medium of the cartoon or the stage. The country contains a great many more people in whose hands a six-shooter would be chiefly dangerous to themselves than "bad-men" capable of being a terror to anybody. Knowledge of the wilds is secured by a holiday in Muskoka or by taking a canoe trip sometimes as far as six days' journey from a good restaurant. Is it any wonder then that some of the play-goers would like to see Canada pictured a little more accurately on the stage than it has been shown in dramas like "Pierre of the Plains" and "The Wolf," which have now become faint memories?

If no serious attempt has yet been made to express Canada through the medium of the drama, it might seem to some persons that the subject is hardly worth discussing. There are so many achievements to be considered in the world of literature that possibilities can not be given a great deal of attention. That is a truth which no one will attempt to deny, but at the same time it cannot be a waste of time to point out that we are still a country without a drama. Much more important is the consideration that we do not need to pass through all the kindergarten stages in the development of this side of our literary life. The first Canadian playwright will not have to evolve for himself any technical standard or form; he will not be forced to experiment with the conventions of the stage so as to find how naturalism is produced; he will, in short, be the heir of all the dramatic ages.

The fashions of the stage change more rapidly than the fashions of the novel, and that may account for the many alterations which have come about during the last quarter of a century in the technique of the theatre. There has been a rapid movement towards every means that serves to make a story more natural in its telling. For that reason plays which were regarded as realistic enough fifteen years ago frequently appear creaky and limping when revived, and the most obvious melodrama, such as "The Whip," which has enjoyed very wide success, shows that the modern dramatic laws are being obeyed by even the playwrights who are looked upon as hack workers. All the artificialities have been wiped out—or rather it seems to us that none can be left. Plays are no longer filled with irrelevant detail, but move straight on towards their goal; conversation has ceased to be rhetoric, and though it may be more witty than ordinary persons can manage to produce without the aid of second-hand jokes, it strikes the ear as human; and rounded periods are not considered necessary in order to give a literary quality to a play. Of course, asides, soliloquies, and similar verbiage passed into disrepute long since.

It is hardly necessary to mention that some modernists have committed

excesses in the name of technical skill. Simplification is a great thing, and it is well to have a play compact, but a drama is not great simply because the story has been told with one setting and five characters if the piece has nothing beyond ingenuity to recommend it. The best dialogue is that which suggests actual conversation, but it is to be hoped that no realist will ever be so accurate in depicting the way ordinary people talk that his play will become as hap-hazard and as hazy as the ordinary chat that we hear about us all the time. Dramas are now to be found in our library shelves that show a tendency to both these excesses, but when the Canadian dramatist comes suddenly before us, he can inherit all the wisdom of the modernists without classing himself with the "ultras."

It might be urged that all such considerations place too much importance upon the technical side of stage literature. Some people will tell you that the average play-goer does not care very much about the construction of a drama so long as it furnishes him with an evening's entertainment. The average play-goer would probably make this assertion himself without realizing that he has been slowly trained to recognize by instinct when a drama is well made. He has grown accustomed to modern standards, and while he may not take the trouble to define them, he resents anything from which they are conspicuously absent. Furthermore, the average play-goer, though very important, is not the only person to be considered. Our national drama, when it comes, will have to meet the criticism of the discriminating, and form can be considered secondary only to ideas in anything that is to prove permanent.

The playwrights who are working to-day have found a fortunate age in which the air is comparatively clear of controversy, and there is a wider understanding of such much misused terms as the "problem play" and the "drama of ideas." Not so very long ago, a dramatist had only to raise aloft a flag bearing the words "Problem Play," and immediately his effort became the centre of abusive attack and equally abusive defence. Then by some mischance—the most ardent defenders of the problem play undoubtedly deserve a very large share of the blame—theatre-goers found themselves confusing the problem play and the drama of ideas. Anything that was sordid, anything that dealt with the unlovely side of life went under these headings, which were accepted as almost synonymous.

The clarified vision of our day has caused the two classes to be pulled asunder. Among the dramas that contain ideas there are many that cannot be described as handling problems, just as there are many problem plays, and popular ones, too, that could not be said to offer any genuine ideas. The problem play is almost sure to fall more and more into the past, while the drama of ideas is certain to be the dominant force of the future.

It has been found by a long series of experiments that the stage does not lend itself to the satisfactory handling of a complete problem. Scope cannot be found for the full demonstration of every side of a question, and the more a playwright seeks to prove, the more likely he is to find himself warring with men of straw set up to suit his strength and valiantly knocked down. He must face the fact that no problem under the sun can be completely stated in a single concrete case. It is easy enough to build up a story that will prove one view, but it is equally easy to unfold another story to prove something exactly opposite, and that is why the stage has been found so inadequate as a medium for handling problems in the large. The old kind of problem play which asked very big questions, and then gave very weak little answers couched in highly emotional language cannot stand before the drama that contains one real

idea that is worth thinking about.

The man who has the belief that the drama of ideas always deals with something that makes big demands upon his mentality is labouring under an unfortunate delusion. The experiences and observation of every individual lead to the formation of opinions—or perhaps in some cases they would be better described as prejudices. The dramatist who works with ideas has merely learned that he can entertain and at the same time contribute something valuable, a comment on a certain side of life, a message regarding an ethical consideration or at least one well formed and expressed thought that will linger in the mind of even the most careless. In such popular successes as "Milestones," "What Every Woman Knows," "Man and Superman," and "The Poor Little Rich Girl," ideas stand out so prominently that they cannot be overlooked. In fact, the majority of plays that are worthy of any consideration at all contain ideas as their backbones.

When our national dramatist arrives, he will have to possess something worth saying about life as he finds it. In the United States many playwrights had come forward with stories of the Wild West that interested but said nothing to arrest lingering attention. Then came Professor Vaughan Moody with his slightly over-estimated drama "The Great Divide," but he had something definite to say. He dealt with the conflict of two types of human nature, one curbed and formed by the Puritanism of the Eastern States, and the other uncontrolled and wild with the unlicensed freedom of the West. This play has been accepted as a classic. Is it not probable that some idea may be found in Canada as typical of our life as "The Great Divide" was of the United States, and also just as wide in its appeal to humanity even in lands where conditions are different?

It is possible also that a drama may be typical of a certain country even when its central idea is not so purely national and when its criticism of life is greatly broadened. Indeed, one may venture to foretell that the first important contribution of Canada to the stage will be more in the nature of a genre picture, perhaps even doing for the Dominion what "Bunty Pulls the Strings" did for Scotland or "The Playboy of the Western World" did for Ireland.

One more quick glance at the American drama, and we shall notice that the most successful playwrights have been those who excelled at expressing some phase of the strangely varied national life. The late Clyde Fitch made plays that would merely have been trivial stories if he had not possessed such keen observation. He caught the manners and the social customs of the leisure classes in the great commercial centres of his native land, and limned them sharply into his stage pictures. The same keen appreciation of the personality of his countrymen has made George M. Cohan a force on the stage. In many respects, his comedies may be only smart and vulgar, but he has portrayed better than any other writer of the day the superficial thinking, the love of laughter, and bright lights, and the breathless pace that characterizes Broadway. Even dramatists like Edward Sheldon and Eugene Walter may be studied with advantage in order to learn what it means to catch the spirit of one's own country. It must be admitted that both of them are theatrical—that they will sacrifice truth to a situation and substitute platitudes for thought—but they handle first of all character types and subject matter peculiar to their own land.

Surely the first Canadian playwright has been afforded plenty of guidance by the dramatists of other lands. It is not too much to hope that we shall soon find in our midst a man who can paint a stage picture of this country which could be recognized even though he placed no name

upon the frame. He must do his work so that it can stand the critisism of the people who know the subject intimately, but he will have to treat it so as to interest a larger public as well. The material lies ready to hand, and all the necessary hints regarding the use of it have been given by the writers who have worked in this field. There are no signs as yet upon the literary horizon of the arrival of our dramatist, but we are waiting expectantly, for we feel that he should soon come now.

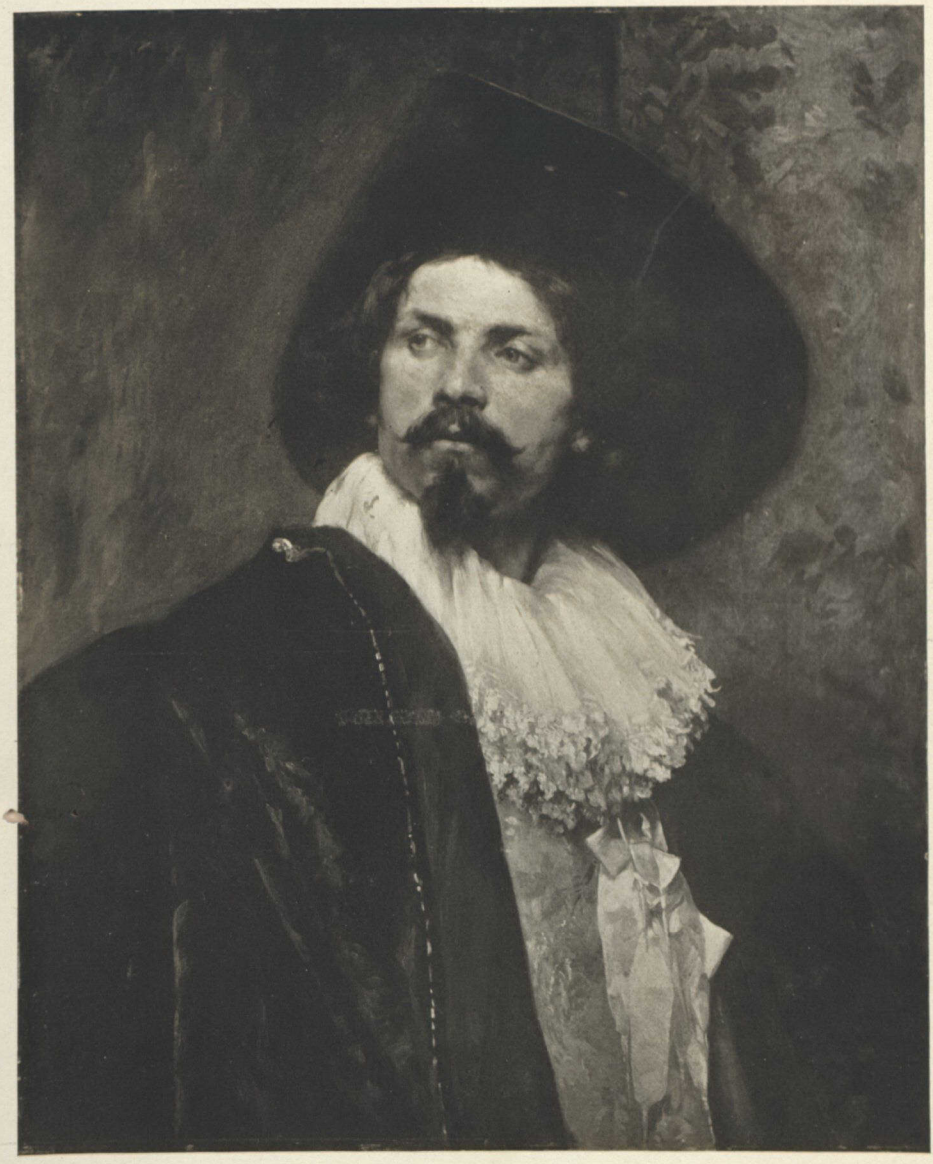
TO THE MEADOW LARK

By MARY CORNELL

BIRD from whose dulcet strings
The early winds shake sweetest melody,
When tremulous summer sings
Her faint adieux to spring from grove and lea,
Thou'rt heard, and still thy wings
Buoy the rare rapture of thy voice over the autumn dree.

The nightingale has here forgot her fame;
The skylark, like a ghost from fairy lore,
Weaveth a magic round her whispered name;
Imagination conjures fruitful store
Of burning rose leaves, choice
And peerless peach-plush, summer's charméd lispings,
And hears that far still voice.
When burgeoning spring forgets
To sound thy prelude, may her streaming veins
Congeal, her violets
Fail in blanched langour from their purple stains,
Faint for the dewy jets
That ceased to glimmer when were spent thy mellowing refrains.

Now for a breath the choristers are still—
Thou sing'st thy cavatina to the sky;
Sweet-throated winds, sonorous o'er the hill,
Or fluting through the silvery poplars nigh,
Playing on reed and wood,
Are the orchestral chords harmonious, subdued to thy rapt mood.
Thou art our visioned priest,
In tabernacle of the air dost dwell,
From celestial fanes released;
With heart-throbs we implore thy oracle,
For it from heaven's feast,
Melodious optimist, has stolen the bliss thy notes do tell.



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THE
INSULT

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

FIFTY-FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT

BY HAROLD SANDS

TWICE during the one hundred years of peace Canada and Great Britain came close to being embroiled with the United States because of disputes over the boundary line separating British and United States Territory west of the Rocky Mountains. If the jingoes of Washington had had their way in the forties land engagements would have been fought along the banks of the Columbia River and naval battles in the waters of Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca. An element in the United States was as eager to go to war with Great Britain, in 1844-5, over what is known as the Oregon question as another element was anxious, ten years later, to settle the San Juan boundary dispute at the sword's point.

Although both these disputes took place prior to Confederation and mainly affected what is now the Province of British Columbia, all Canada was as vitally interested as Great Britain, and undoubtedly if there had been a conflict troops would have been sent to the Pacific from Toronto, Montreal and other mustering places in the East.

Already the story of the San Juan trouble has been told in *The Canadian Magazine*, and it has been shown how perilously near to war the nations were. They were even closer to it when "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight" was made the slogan of the Presidential campaign in 1844. That cry, in fact, was styled by Americans as the "Marseillaise of '44," the year in which James K. Polk, the man from Tennessee, became a national figure by being nominated as the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. He rode into office on that warlike slogan and cheerfully claimed the whole Pacific coast from California to Alaska.

The reason for the great interest taken in the forties in what was loosely called Oregon is found in the fact that the country then first attracted settlers from the Eastern States who were astonished to find, on arriving on the Pacific coast, that the Hudson's Bay Company was in possession. That great company did not encourage settlement in what it looked upon as a portion of its game preserve; nevertheless, it gave the early American settlers much valuable assistance, and its hospitality became proverbial on the coast. Testimony to the "kind and gentlemanly treatment" of Americans by the officers of the company is on record in the Archives at Washington in the shape of reports from United States path-finders, among whom were men who vigorously pressed for the military occupation of the country at a time when such occupation could hardly have failed to result in war.

Conditions were ripe for an outbreak in the early forties. The Oregon country was then the goal of ardent spirits from the Atlantic States, keen for any adventure. "Fierce-eyed, fearless men," one American writer describes them. They set out in caravans for the country

west of the Missouri River, and historians who wrote for American audiences spoke of them as a "warlike people," resolved "to hold that land and increase it." Part of the famous Oregon trail over which those "fierce-eyed, fearless" settlers passed still exists and the route over which they travelled is spoken of as "the trail over which our people outran their leaders." Those leaders were playing politics back in Washington, and happily the play resulted in preventing a war which the "fierce-eyed" were willing to bring about.

Truth to tell, "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was first a monumental American bluff. It was then taken up as a campaign cry and so appealed to the American people that the Democratic leaders were bound to make another bluff at carrying out their first bluff. Documents prove that official Washington never intended seriously to claim any British land north of parallel forty-nine, but political exigencies drove them to assert a right to territory as far north as Cariboo and Prince Rupert.

So vast is the territory at that time known as the Oregon country that today it is composed of a portion of the State of Oregon, all the State of Washington, and most of British Columbia. As far back as 1804 negotiations began between Great Britain and the United States for the delimitation of the Oregon boundary. In that year the United States was satisfied to claim the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary. Great Britain, somewhat modestly, many British Columbia people believe, argued that the line should be the forty-ninth parallel as far west as the north-eastern branch of the Columbia River, and the middle of that river from that point to the Pacific. Failure to agree on the subject led to the agreement of 1818 for the joint occupation of the country. This was followed in 1827 by a convention whereby the whole country in dispute was left open to citizens of both countries.

For sixteen years there were no further negotiations, but in 1843 the boundary between Maine and Canada was settled by the Ashburton treaty. That troublesome matter disposed of, attention was once more drawn to the disputed territory on the Pacific Coast.

First serious mention of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was made in 1844 when Senator Lewis F. Linn of Missouri, who declared to have done "more than any other man to save Oregon to the United States," introduced a bill in the United States Senate for the occupation of the Oregon country. He asserted, without justification, that Great Britain was systematically preparing for war with the United States. "Sooner or later the war will come," he declared, "for Great Britain is determined upon it, and we should roll back the thunder upon her own shores." He made what time has proved to be the ludicrous observation that "the man is alive, and with a beard on his face (though it may not be I), who will see an American army in Ireland and an American general in the streets of London."

Naturally the fifty-four forty claim was the theme of "dress debates" in the British Houses of Parliament and of wondrous "patriotic" harangues in Congress. Across the water Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston and other British heavyweights made the oriel windows of St. Stephen's rattle with their oratory. United States senators and representatives, eager to make themselves solid with their constituents, shook the dome of the Capitol with their vigorous assertions that the "clear and unquestionable" rights of the Republic were to all the territory on the Pacific Coast from the Mexican border to Alaska. Pamphlets upholding this claim were turned out by the bushel in the United States. The language in some was so fiery that it is a wonder the paper did not catch fire.

The frenzy across the border reached its highest at the Democratic convention at Baltimore which nominated Mr. Polk for the Presidency and chose its battle-cry for the campaign "Fifty-four Forty or Fight." The reoccupation of Oregon was declared to be one of the great American measures which the convention recommended to the cordial support of the democracy of the Union.

Polk won his way to the White House, and Clinton A. Snowden, author of a "History of Washington," says the expectation of the majority who gave Mr. Polk their votes was that he would stand for fifty-four forty as the boundary line "and make war for it if necessary." This expectation was strengthened by the declaration made by President Polk in his inaugural address on March 4, 1845, that it would be his duty to maintain the title of the United States to the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains.

President Polk, however, had already found that when in office one's views are often not quite so radical as when in the cool shades of opposition, and he modified his campaign utterances by engaging sacredly to respect all obligations imposed by treaties. In other words, on his first day in office Polk "hedged."

His language was sufficiently forcible, nevertheless, to enable the Tory party in Great Britain to make a savage attack on the Peel ministry in the British Parliament for the manner in which the Government had dealt with the boundary questions. Lord Clarendon, in a speech in the house of Peers, asserted that Polk, in his inaugural address had evinced a studied neglect of that courtesy and deferential language usually observed by governments in treating on international affiairs, and he hoped the ministry would not shrink from vindicating the honour of the British nation. Lord Palmerston, in an equally severe arraignment, expressed his apprehension that another "Ashburton capitulation" was about to be concluded with regard to the Oregon boundary. Peel took the starch out of the opposition by quietly remarking that his government intended to maintain the rights of Great Britain in Oregon, which, he said, adopting American style, were "clear and unquestionable."

As proof that Peel had not been "asleep at the switch" of empire, and as showing how serious the affair had become, it may be mentioned that a fleet of British warships had been quietly assembled in North Pacific waters. H. M. S. *Fisgard* was in Puget Sound near the Hudson's Bay post of Fort Nisqually. The sloop-of-war *Modest*, carrying twenty guns, was anchored in the Columbia River near Fort Vancouver. At other points were the armed steamer *Cormorant* and the warships *Constant* and *Inconstant*. H. M. S. *America* also was on the coast. Lieutenant Peel, son of the Prime Minister, was aboard this vessel, and he took a letter to the Hudson's Bay authorities at Fort Vancouver, from Captain Gordon, saying that they had been sent by Admiral Seymour to assure Her Majesty's subjects in the country of firm protection.

This "sudden abundance of British protection" was regarded "almost as a menance" by the Americans in Oregon, who were much disturbed by the presence of the warships. However, those ships were not required to clear for action. While they were on the spot ready to defend the honour of the British nation, negotiations for a settlement were proceeding at Washington between Sir Richard Pakenham, the portly representative of Great Britian, and James Buchanan, United States Secretary of State. President Polk sincerely anxious "to promote peace and harmony between the two nations."

Still the ground was uncertain under the feet of both nations, and there is no knowing what might have happened if the point of cost had not

been brought into the discussion. In boundary questions as in most others money talks. After Britishers and Americans had exhausted their extensive vocabularies, after a proposal of arbitration had been made by Sir Richard Pakenham and rejected by Mr. Buchanan, after Lord Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary, had significantly directed the attention of the American minister in London to the large additions Great Britian was making to her armaments and the Americans had retorted by introducing in Congress a proposal to increase their military and naval forces, a sudden and remarkable change came over the character of the correspondence on the subject of the Oregon boundary. This was due to the fact that measures were introduced at Westminster and Washington which would effect the pockets of the traders of both nations and would have an influence on the cost of living. Peel introduced in the British House of Commons his celebrated corn laws, and the Democrats at Washington were ready with their tariff reductions. The removal of the duties on corn imported into Great Britian meant money for Americans. The reduction in the United States tariff on goods of foreign manufacture meant more business for the British. Men on both sides of the Atlantic who had excited themselves over the Oregon question suddenly became of the opinion that it would be foolish to resort to extreme measures over a slice of territory in the wild West. They found it eminently desirable to lessen their heat over Oregon in order that there might be an enlargement of commercial activities between Great Britain and the United States.

Differences over Oregon were quickly healed, and the plenipotentiaries indulged in the blessed act of compromise. The United States receded a long way from fifty-four forty, and Great Britian gave up her claim to land beyond the Rockies south of parallel 49. On June 15, 1846, the Oregon treaty was signed at Washington by Sir Richard Packenham and Secretary Buchanan, and thus was removed a bone of contention which but for trade considerations might have prevented the celebration of the peace centenary. Trade has its victories as well as war.

IN JOYOUS GARDE

By ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

YOU have come back from all your wandering
To find me as you left me, still at work,
Grubbing among my bulbs (an earth-bound soul!),
While you with wingèd feet like Ariel
Have girdled all the world since last we met.
Thrice welcome you, and should you not be glad
That there are those who simply stay at home
A-weaving welcomes for you wanderers?
You come with your enthusiams fresh;
I'll share them with you gladly, if you like,
But do not try to make me envious.

Your happy eyes have seen the Parthenon
Since last you stood beneath our prairie sky,
And you have heard the Adriatic's call,

Fed with your very hand sweet Hilda's doves,
And plucked the asphodel in Sicily!
Well! I have heard our blue lake's friendly swish
Upon the shore. The song-birds are my friends
Who come with joyous twittering at my call.
Then late in March I found hepaticas—
But here's no Parthenon, I grant you that!

You say no sound can ever greet your ear
Like that bewildering old temple-bell
There in an ancient grove near Tokio
That boomed a melody you'll ne'er forget.
You tell me how in the great Abbey's nave
You heard a lad carolling high and higher
Some old Te Deum, till your heart began
To swell with rapture rev'rent, till it seemed
As if you scarce could be alive, so sweet
The sound, so great the scene. Ah! Yes, I know!
Sometimes at early dawn I steal from bed,
Open a door, and o'er the threshold step
Into a world where everything's dew-washed.
The air is silvery, pearl-like, luminous,
So pure, so morning-pure, one is afraid
To sully it with deed, or word, or thought.
One lonely star, perhaps, is lingering.
It seems the very morning of the world
And I the first to greet it—hush; what's that?
A note—a cadence—quivering through the air
Rising crescendo in an ecstasy
Of thanks to God and greeting to the day.
A song-sparrow, his wee, brown chorister!

You vow we have no artists here at home
Who rank with the great masters or can vie
With unassuming Orient artisans
Whose daily tasks are truly miracles?
Now tell me, was there ever Nippon bronze
Or Eastern tapestry which can compare
With yonder tracery of green and gold,
Sunlight and shadow, on the velvet ground?
And only look where, there against the sky,
The cornel lifts its shapely pointed spires
Of opening leaves, like tiny flames of green
Raising Spring's incense to the God of Light!
I cannot think those distant mystic shrines
Of which you speak with wonder in your voice
Could make my heart swell with more ecstasy
Than does this smell of rain-washed earth in May.

I am a painter, too. My canvas spreads
Only this little acre, in the sun,
But with this earth-stained trowel that you see
And bags of bulbs, queer roots, and tiny seeds
I paint my growing picture, year by year.

A "Spring-time" did your Botticelli paint,
I know it well, and think of it each time
I loose the earth about my primroses—
See where they smile, a very flash of gold!
All last October, when the early frost
Had turned the sassafras from gentle green
To a mosaic, flaming red and gold,
I plodded on my hands and knees for hours,
Digging and changing, humming as I worked,
A little tune of very olden times.
You know it, "Violets, like Juno's eyes"!
Now it is Spring, and blossoming in the shade
Here is the song, writ out in purple notes—
Puvis would call that colour good, I think,
Which I—helped out, 'tis true, by rain and sun—
Fashioned just here, a violet madrigal.

There where the pyrethrums are raising pink
And cheerful faces to the sun, it seemed
A bit too pink a spot, so t'other day
I took my trowel and dug up that root
Of pale forget-me not, and planted it
In front of all the pink. That night a shower
Fell, and next morning you could never guess
But Nature's brush those colours had combined
So right they looked, so reasonably they grew;
One helps the miracle where'er one can—
But there are miracles one cannot touch!
Not long ago, out in the April sun,
I swear I saw Mertensia change the tint
Of her pink buds into that wondrous blue
She jangles bell-like in the frosty breeze.
One might go round the world a hundred times
And never catch that trick of hers again.

I have not seen the marbles of the Greeks
Except as we do get them, second best,
But still I dare, with shears and pruning-knife,
Attempt a certain sculpture of my own!
I clip the shrubs to make a better bloom,
To curb them shapely, and let in the light
On humble blossoms growing at their feet.
But, oh, I'm careful! And I watch to see
How Nature does it, and I follow her
So you would never think them touched, but say,
"With what luxuriance, when let alone,
These wild things grow, and spread. I like them so!"

Perhaps some day I too shall travel far,
Hearing and seeing all that man has done,
Meanwhile I dig my garden, hum my song.
Who will may come to see my garden grow,
Smell the earth's incense, listen to the birds,
Breathe the soft breath of peace which here exhales,
And there's no man can make me envious.

A SONG OF THIS LAND

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

(JANEY CANUCK)

"OUT of the North comes tumult," say they who are poets, "and clangorous challenge to battle."

True, O poets! And out of the north come men of robust mood who will keep our nations honour, for this is a country where courage and truth are inborn, a land which sways the souls of its citizens unto high endeavour. From this country, where, of old, dwelt the bow-bearers who were eaters of strong meat, will come high-hearted men of loyal temper; for this is the world's House of Youth. This shall be its nurse of heroes.

"Money-flingers and careless, are these Northmen," says another, "and wasters of wealth."

True, O Sir Time Lock, but when the gods would be thrifty they give their money away. The gods are master-spenders and have learned the wide wisdom of being foolish. Do you follow me aright?

And this is the wisdom of our Northmen who have well tamed Dame Fortune and have set their sure brand upon her.

But, if money sticks not in their purses, and if they haggle not over coins, yet are these men businessful, with a purpose for large enterprise. In these latitudes, we have deep-councilled companies of traders who, while they love the sweet power of money, have ever bartered fairly and know the "mine" and "thine" are different words which rhyme well in all reckonings. I have sure grounds for knowing this and am minded to say, "Hail and all hail!"

"The North is a numbed and haggard land of arid snow," say many voices. "In its vast voids lives a dark spirit which lures men on and tricks them so that they come, in time, to love that which punishes them. And if by some fair hap they are led into any other and softer climes, then do they fret and fever for the wolf-lands of the Yukon or the Mackenzie as though some secret and unforbidden magic had entered their blood forever."

I will not speak contrawise to these men, for it is meet that I should speak fairly. The love of the North, like the fiery kiss of genius is a sorrowful gift and none can say whether it is greater in joy or pain. She is an exacting mistress, this white bodied, rude-muscled North, and of times she breaks and hurts a man till he drags his brokenness away to die. Yet, is she beautiful and passionately human; full of vigour and drunken with life, and her house stretches from the dawn to dayfall.

And why should men complain of the stabbing cold and of the unrestricted range of the young winds? Why do they wish to regulate God's snow and rain? What could be more hateful to men than unfaltering sunshine and ever-flowing fields?

In the winter of the fortressed North animals turn white, as do the birds and the very earth itself. All

were pallid and colourless but for the yellow belt of the setting sun and the black-green tree shadows that fall toward the pole. Rivers cease their singing; the birds are silent; and all is still to the bounds of the world, save only the sonorous wind which is the breath of Claeg, the Round One, who is the earth. Here the north-east wind is Lord Paramount, and the Crees and Chipewyans have long known that Death comes from his direction.

Listen! I made an error to say that all is stilled, for of occasion there is the mewl of the lynx, the yap of the timber wolf as he gives tongue in pursuit of *ah-pe-shee moos-oos,* the jumping deer; the howling infamy of the huskies seeking their meat from God; and the raucous roar of the hulking moose blind with rage of love.

Listen! I made an error to speak of an all-whiteness, for where the Aurora pins her colours to the sky it is like unto an angry opal. This is Beauty Absolute. Her swinging swords of flame none have measured: who shall tell the measure of this land?

But listen! It is not beyond our understanding that men should feel the urge of this Northland and its strange enticements. Some there are who speak of it as the lure of the North, the fret of spring, or the call of the red gods. Surely we may understand aright if we do but watch the birds flock hither of spring time, and how the fish fight up against the streams though it be to suffer and to die. These cannot resist the drag of the magnetic pole, any more than you or I who have souls and are feeling folk?

But it is not always frigid here, for we have spring-tide and the season of seven sweet suns.

"Good morrow!" shouts the tired Winter in the time of melting snows.

"Good morrow!" shouts back the nimble Spring as he throws a mist of green over the aspens.

"Come fly with me and touch the sun," pleads the eagle to his sweetheart.

"Come with me and be my love," woos Kiya, boatmen of the Athabaska; "already the young birds are in their nests and will soon fly away. Soon will the time of mating be past."

Aye! But the summer winds are honey-mouthed.

Aye! But the skies are star-enchanted, and there are fair stories I might tell about yellow grain fields and of red lilies like blown flame, but none save those who are prairie rangers would understand aright.

Besides, there are woolly mouthed men and chattering daws who say secretly that we of the North are boasters and that we tell ill tales.

But though we are impeached, yet will we say that our song is tinged with no lie. We are young men, and sowers of grain, and it is pleasant to glorify the largess of our harvest.

We are boasters, they tell, and full-mouthed; but why should we keep hidden and unshared the all-golden treasures of our fields? We will not hide this thing in our hearts, but with fair speech will sing it in a million-voiced canticle of praise. There is no need that we sing restrainedly of our goodly dower, or in measured words, for we are no servile race of hirelings but free men, and proclaimers of this land. Because we are witnessess that the talent of our country is folded in the fecund earth, we will speak aloud to our neighbouring Saxons of friendly mind, and to the brotherhood of the soil throughout the universe. We will speak with them concerning our gold and vineyards and fine flour, of our forests and fisheries and apple orchards, till their veins stir as with the tang of old wine. These folk have need to know that in the North prosperity groweth widely; that here the unbelievable is achieved. This is the true fairy land where swineherds, and barbers, and much labouring men are raised to riches and power. Here is a dining-hall whose

friendly feast is spread for all. Here every man may come and eat of our cakes and melons, of our honey and fat things.

The North has no need of an interperter: it has need of heralds. Then, ho! for our fierce and beautiful country, our strong and fertile country.

We will send these tidings Europeward and the far-delivered message shall not fall to the ground. It is a blithe young tune we shall sing, with a resonant chorus of "Canada, O Canada."

Fitting is it that we should sing to the Isles of Britain, for from them, is the birth of this breed and theirs is the royal stamp we bear upon our fighting arm. We are the wide-ruling seed of the Saxons and ever shall we answer to the rally of the race. All hands around! We will pledge the homeland of Britain.

And who will sing this song of the North? Sit you here till we talk of this thing. I pray you prompt my pen as its forgets.

They have come hither to sing it from Ottawa, which is the Place of Councils, and the soverign city in this fair house of Canada.

Hither have they come from the tobacco plantations of Essex; the yellow corn-fields of Lambton; the luscious peach groves of Kent, and the vineyards of Welland. These are lusty fellows and of fine fibre.

Here are men of consideration from the thick-leaved apple orchards of Nova Scotia and from the dairy steadings of Oxford. Have you never heard concerning the round towers of Oxford which are stacks of grain, and of the herds of black bulls which feed fatly on her meadowlands? Then it is the small knowledge you have of this Dominion and the bright fortunes of this people.

Others have joined our chorus who are from mailed Quebec, which is the eye of Canada; from Montreal whose traffickers are among the honourable of the earth, and from Niagara where, with subtle cunning men have bridled Neptune, the Lord of Waters, and made his trident into one of fire.

These courtly and free-handed fellows have hailed from Toronto! Beautiful Toronto! the city of work and play. I like well its stately homes and its women with honey-throated voices.

And, here where I write at Edmonton under the aurora, these men of the Southern Provinces have assembled with our lads of the North and West who are leather-fleshed and hard-sinewed but, withal, comely. This Edmonton on the Saskatchewan which the bow-bearers call by another name meaning "the great river of thronged city of the north; the city of the plains." This is the stranger that has merited a cheer. It is here our glorious Lady of Alberta has placed her throne whereunto all her sons come up that they may pay her tribute of honour.

To this place come the farmer-folk from the wheatlands of the queenly Peace, and the priests and trappers from the Athabasca which the bow-bearers call by another name meaning "the great River of the Woods." And hither come the traders and road builders from the pass between the cleft mountains where of old, dwelt Jaune of the yellow head; these, and the horse-taming men from young Calgary. We who love games and the glory of them stand at salute.

These are the men from Winnipeg, the Mother City of the North. Honour upon honour be to her!

Right pleasant is it to present the likely-looking lads of Regina and of the deep soiled plains of Saskatchewan. On the plains, the straight-blowing wind is scented from the grassed headlands dappled with flowers. On the plains, dwell strong, glad men in the joy of their youth. On the plains, there lives some common mother of the commonweal who is the ancestress of our kings to be.

These others whom I have held

back until now, that your attention might not faulter, are the dauntless, high-adventuring men who crossed the mountains to where the land lieth soft to the sea. These are the men of the new appointed City of Prince Rupert, the men of the fortunate, far-built city of Victoria, and those of sure seated Vancouver. May they build strongly and well. It is seemly that the forefront of our royal house of Canada should be of far-shining splendour.

We have high delights in this Province of British Columbia; in its unshorn hills that are furrowed with rifts of roses, in its fair-watered fruit-lands, and in the rice and silk ships that come reeling down its bays. This is a new-peopled land of fostered folk and, of times, men's hearts fail them lest these stranger-guests march not in step with the genius of the race. We who are your sister provinces, O Columbia by the Sea, stretch forth our hands to you and pray you as sentinels to keep our portals straightly but, notwithstanding, that you be wise in love to all things living..... And, now, to the hither side of the mountains have come these Western men of erect spirit to sing with us the song of the North and of Canada.

I wish my pen might tell you of our song, but this were a hard task, for while our voices are tuned to one chord our themes are manifold. Whatsoever things a man may desire, these may he find in his Mother Canada. Some men sing of her ample skies and the incorruptible glory of them; of her changing climes, limitless fields, and law loving spirit. Others have pleasant cause of song in the rivers that give water to the people; in far-strung wires and clear highways to the sea; and in her great institutions of beneficence which conserve the moral energies of the citizens.

Some, in voice which sounds like supplication, sing that a sense of safety may be preserved in our homes, and that sweet tranquillity may be the lot of our aged folk.

Others would have it that our ballot-strips fall from clean hands, and that no man think only of his own Province but of the well-being and good health of all.

"May our children, O Canada, have strong bodies and souls above the lusts of gain," urges one, "and let the women of our Dominion be skilled in mother-craft, but with their house windows open to the intellectual breezes of the world."

And I, of myself, am stirred to do tribute of praise, I am thy child O Canada, dear Mother! How shall I have wisdom to order my words aright? O my lips sing this song! Sweet, my pen, tell this tale, for the fulness of my heart has made heavy my hand.

I will make a crown of maple leaves for you and will twist them with flowers of the lily. See! I bring you native flowers; mint and roses, and clover blooms. I bring you goldenrod and marigolds and berries that are red. Take these from my hands. Good Mother! My heart is awed and I cannot speak aright.

Listen! All of us who sing to you have joined hands—Northmen and Southerners and men of the Coast-line. It is our wish to tell your glory aloud that all may hear. It is wiser still to leave a part untold, that the world may the better know it.

Hail to thee, O Canada, and hail to the flag! We who are thy children salute thee!

ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN SILVER

BY LOUISE MORRIS

MRS. JOHNSON was unhappy. Mrs. Johnson was in despair. She had just been looking at herself in the glass, and that contemplation had been most distressing. She was forty-five, and her figure was plenteous and rotund. How she wished she were twenty, and in appearance like a sylph!

Now the principal cause of Mrs. Johnson's sorrow and sadness was the remembrance that last night she and Jim had been entertained at dinner, and Jim had sat beside a long, *narrow, green, satin snake*—yes, snake, who had looked at Jim with lingering glances. Mrs. Jim had seen it all; oh, yes, indeed, but never a word did she say. Oh, no! She was too wise for that, but nevertheless the next day it worried her.

She sat in her beautiful Louis Quinze drawing-room and sighed for the days of her red plush parlour and tidies, the days before Jim struck Cobalt and didn't have green satin snakes to take in to dinner. But Jim was ambitious, and now the fruits of his ambition were here in concrete form: a period house—Georgian dining-room, Louis Quinze drawing-room, Adams study, Marie Antoinette bed-room, a limousine, a touring-car, everything and anything that this world puts before the unlimited grasp of a plutocrat. Money had piled in on Jim so quickly that Mrs. Jim had hardly time to breathe before she found herself the unwilling mistress of a palace and a horde of servants that made her tremble.

Jim seemed to delight in heaping the grandeur round her. Poor Mrs. Jim! Her diamonds worried her, her satins and furs and laces distressed her, the grand course dinners gave her bilious attacks. She sighed for the old "kimona" mornings, "blouse" afternoons and corn-beef dinners that she used to cook herself and that Jim enjoyed. A year of all this magnificence and grandeur found her sighing for "all the comforts of a *home*"; to tell Jim, who revelled in it all, so proud and happy to think he could buy these wonderful things, would be too cruel. So she dressed and drove and dined, and tried to enjoy everything. And she was just beginning to feel that perhaps the hankering for the old life would go when that dreadful thing happened last night.

So here she was, surrounded by all her artistic possessions, miserably jealous.

"Oh," she sighed and sobbed to herself, "never did I think my Jim could look at another woman but me. Yes, I've heard how in society the women go about robbing other women of their husbands. But she won't get him, no, not that sliver! These things never came into my head in the old days when Jim and me had our little home up west. I was too busy. He was too busy. Yes, I've heard when men made their money quickly, they sometimes cast off the old wife and get a young one to show off their wealth, but, my Jim's not one, I'm sure. But that snake!"

Her eyes were red and her hair all a jumble when Jim came in.

"Hello, Susie! Sitting in the dark! What's up?"

He switched on all the lights in the gorgeous apartment. You could not say "room"; it was too grand for that. When the lights came on, and he saw his wife's miserable face, he was in great distress.

"Why, Susie, for heaven's sake what's the matter, old girl?"

"Oh, nothing, Jim, I had a headache, but I'm better now."

"Well, I should hope so. We'll go to the show to-night. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair asked us to go in their box. I met him down town to-day; so hustle up, get into your glad rags, and that'll do you good."

When her husband first came in, showing concern about her headache, she began to feel soothed and ashamed of her wicked, suspicious thoughts. But now! Mrs. Sinclair! The name of last night's green snake! *She* was going; that's why Jim wanted to go. Oh, never mind *her* headache, never mind how *she* felt. Oh, no, it was not for *her* sake that the theatre party was planned. No, Jim wanted to see his charmer again. All these thoughts ran riot in her tortured brain. Very well, she would be *game,* would see how the land lay.

So with no sign on her face that showed how her mind ran, she turned to her husband with a sort of sickly smile and said:

"Very well, Jim, I'll be on deck."

"All right, old girl, fix yourself spruce and let 'em see my old Dutch knows how, as well as the best of 'em."

Mrs. Johnson went upstairs to her "Marie Antoinette" bed-room and threw herself on her *petit trianon* lounge. Oh, of what use was all that expensive Frenchified fixings when her Jim had let his eyes play truant to gaze on seductive, satin slimness!

She finished her interrupted weep and then got herself ready for the fray, but the battle seemed uneven.

"Now," she mused despondently, "what use is it for me to go against her. I, with *my* shape, or, rather, my want of it; and she with her fashion plate figure."

When Mrs. Johnson was arrayed in all her finery she really looked comely. Certainly, she was sumptuous in proportion, but nevertheless she was good to look on, and so thought Jim Johnson when he came up to dress.

"Say, Susie, you certainly look good to me," he exclaimed on coming into her room.

Now, her mind was so poisoned by her jealous thoughts that everything he said was distorted and twisted to suit her own fancy.

"Oh, yes," she thought to herself, "just a bit of taffy to put me off the track."

Several things had been the cause of her feelings: Her digestion during the whole year since they had become wealthy had been put to a sore test. She loved sweets, but in the pre-Cobalt days could not afford them, and now she had revelled for twelve months in a sustained enjoyment of saccarine dainties. Naturally, she suffered much from dyspepsia. Then, in the old days she had been a very energetic woman, and now she lolled and drove and sat in the lap of luxury, with nothing to do. Besides, she had been reading the "six best sellers", and these combinations, with the fact that her glances last night had been—well, if not for the scarlet woman then for her first cousin, the green lady, with the result that now she seemed to be looking through the wrong end of the opera glasses.

As soon as Jim was ready for the evening, he came into his wife's dressing-room looking happy and contented.

"Well, Susie, ready?" he asked.

"Yes!"

She spoke in a very apathetic tone.

"Say, look here, Susie, what is the matter with you? If you are not well we won't go. You don't seem

like yourself. Tell your old man, won't you?''

He looked at his partner of twenty-five years' standing with eyes of quiet affection and consideration. But did Susie see those eyes? Or if she did, she mis-read their expression.

''Oh, I'm all right—sure we'll go,'' she said, while thinking to herself, ''Yes, a good excuse to leave me at home.''

During the dinner in their dining-room of beautiful colour schemes and expensive decorations, which the decorator had told them was quite the proper thing for a Cobalt King, Susie was quite bright. It would not do for their imported English butler to see any signs of the tempest raging within her. But this man was like unto the heathen gods; eyes had he, but saw not; ears had he, but heard not; neither had he utterance with his tongue; that is, up stairs, but—below! Ah, well, he was neither deaf, dumb nor blind there. Susie and Jim acquired him with the rest of their golden glory. Neither of them had wanted to branch out so glitteringly, but Cousin Jane said they owed it at least to society.

Cousin Jane was a lady of meagre dimensions, clear brain, uncertain age, large aspirations and a slender purse; but she knew what was in the social swim, and had helped them to launch their palatial yacht on the troubled waters.

When Jim came into his heritage of all-of-a-sudden silver, a troop of poor relations came tumbling out of the background and got right into the centre of the picture. Jim sorted them out, then put them back in their places with a little sum each to do in percentage to see how much was coming to them every year from the amount that their rich relation settled on them. But Jane was retained, for she promised to be a valuable asset in the business of spending the money. It is as hard sometimes for some people to spend money in the right way as it is for others to acquire it. So Jane made her home with her cousins and was now their social pilot. She steered them safely over the rocks of over-ostentation and kept their vessel away from the reefs of under estimation of themselves and their belongings. To Jim she was a boon, for he liked to spend money freely. But he easily acquired the gift of ''know how'', although to Susie it was a hard task after so many years of saving and scrimping. It gave her pain at first to spend on one dress more than she used to have for her yearly outfit. But under Jane's able tutelage she was improving and could squander a ten-dollar bill now without feeling she was doing herself out of next year's hat.

As to Jane herself, she was a born spender—without the money. But after Cousin Jim gave her the position (unofficially) of Keeper of the Keys of his treasury, she was in her glory, and revelled in her position. Just now she was away, travelling in Europe (of course at Cousin Jim's expense) and Susie missed her breezy personality, which always put her on the right track. Susie felt sure that if Jane had been home the situation would have worn a different aspect. Jane would have shown her how to rout the enemy. But as it stood, here was Mrs. Johnson, wife of a Cobalt millionaire, a being envied by many, a woman who should have been the happiest in the land—here she was, her body over-fed by too many and too much of the flesh pots of Egypt, and her mind tortured by a consuming jealousy, with no palliative in the shape of Jane's sound common-sense and matter-of-fact manner to make her see things in the proper light. Of course, to tell Jim was out of the question. So she, like the Spartan boy, let the fox of doubt and suspicion gnaw at the vitals of her brain and heart.

During dinner Jim kept watching Susie, very worried about his ''old girl''. However, since she declared

she was all right, off they went to the theatre. Mrs. Jim hardly took her eyes off *the snake*. This time she looked more like a boa constrictor, with a scaly glistening effect all over her. Susie felt the difference in their appearance most acutely, and Mrs. Sinclair was quite aware of the trend of her thoughts. What woman is there who weighs 135 lbs. and is five feet, ten inches high, with a beautiful face and form, who does not know how another woman, who tips the scale at 175, measures five feet, nothing, and is merely pretty, feels towards her? How those women know one another!

Well, this sort of thing kept up for some weeks. Each time that Susie met Mrs. Sinclair looking more ravishing than ever, her feelings would go down to zero. Jim was at a loss to understand what was the matter. He attributed it to Jane's absence, and suggested that Susie visit her sister for a change; and Susie put it down to his desire for her to leave him.

Now it happened that one afternoon she had just finished reading "Old Wives for New" and pictured herself as *Sophie*. She sat over the fire in the Italian fireplace and wished herself back in the little cosy sitting-room up west before the days of silver and sorrow, for she seemed to see stretching before her a future Jimless and joyless. Her imagination was running riot in a chaotic luxury of unmitigated gloom. She walked up and down the length of the library surrounded by priceless treasures that to her meant no more than the contents of the five-and-ten-cent store. Pearls before swine was no comparison as to the value that all these artistic possessions meant in Susie's eyes. In her perambulations up and down the room, she saw the morning paper lying on the table. She sat down and listlessly at first she turned the pages. Then all of a sudden she sat up in her chair, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, for she saw an advertisement that seemed written in letters of fire to her—words that looked as if she were seeing her salvation in the printed lines. This is what Susie read:

Are you losing your husband's
love?
Come to us and lose your superfluous
flesh and gain more than
you lose
In Admiration
and
Love
from the other sex.
Are you forty and wish to look
twenty?
Ten years of neglect cured in ten
weeks.
COME TO US!
We will
Multiply your charms.
Subtract your blemishes.
Add to your beauty,
And you will not have to
Divide your husband's
affection
with any one.
Mme. NATHALIE & CO.,
102 Spruce St.
Consultation private.

Of course, to-day was too late to do anything, but the thought of what she was going to do cheered her up so much that that night at dinner Jim thought she was getting normal again.

Next morning, as early as possible, she went to her interview with Mme. Nathalie, and afterward there was a period of hard work on Susie's part. For a month she kept up the treatment. Getting thinner? Yes, but losing her comeliness also. Where her flesh was firm and plump, it now began to hang in festoons round her bones. Her couple of chins were dissolving themselves into scrawny bags. Of course she did not eat much, and each day the desire for the good things of life increased more and more.

Now after this drastic treatment had continued for more than a month, and Jim saw his wife looking ill and with no appetite apparently, he became alarmed and urged her to see a doctor. But she objected, and as her flesh decreased, her jealousy increas-

ed, and her good spirits departed. She was slowly making of herself a mental and physical wreck. Jim was very much worried, but Susie put down the anxious, distressed looks in his face to his pining for the unattainable.

Matters were in this most uncomfortable state when the climax arrived one afternoon. Susie had had her morning's treatment and felt completely worn out. She felt she must indulge again in her beloved afternoon siesta. So she fixed herself snugly on the lounge in her *boudoir* and was soon sound asleep.

About four o'clock Jim thought he would go home. He felt worried about his wife and made up his mind he would make her see a doctor. When he went into Susie's little room off her bedroom and saw her lying on the lounge asleep with all the muscles of her face relaxed and looking as she did, he got a shock. He had not realized actually how bad she did look. His mind was immediately made up.

"By heavens she *will* see the Doctor," he muttered to himself, "now's the time."

He gently tip-toed through the room beyond, which was the "den", shut the door, sat at his desk, took up the receiver of the telephone and spoke to the doctor.

"Say, Doc, when you have finished off your afternoon patients, could you come right over to me? You could come at once? Good, will explain later."

Then he gave instructions to his man to have Dr. Williams come up at once to his "den". He tip-toed back once more to see whether Susie was still sleeping.

About twenty minutes later, she woke up with a start, to see her husband and Dr. Williams standing before her.

"What's the matter," she exclaimed?" "Oh, Jim, are you ill?"

"No, siree, not *me;* but you're the one. Now, see here, Susie: I've had enough of this tomfoolery. You've *got* to let the doctor see you. I'm not going to be monkeyed with like this here any more. I'm worried and anxious about you this month past, with you not eating and getting flabby and haggard looking, losing all your health and good looks too. No, siree! Dr. Williams is going to put you right or my name's not Jim Johnson."

Susie looked up at her husband, and, seeing the stern determination and consternation on his face, began to ask herself had she been a fool? Was she all wrong? She started to say something, but the sudden shock to her nerves at seeing the two men suddenly, combined with her condition of semi-starvation and Mme. Nathalie's "treatment" and the bitter feelings she had entertained towards her faithful Jim, was too much and she burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"Leave her to me," said the doctor, and Jim, thinking all manner of horrible things, waited an hour in his study for the diagnosis.

When Dr. Williams recalled him into the room, Jim realized a transformation. Susie looked brighter and happier than she had looked in months. Dr. Williams had got all the facts of the case from her, told her in polite terms what a complete fool she had been, advised her to tell her husband *everything,* and denounced Mme. Nathalie as a *quackess* with her drugs and nostrums. He advised her to drop it all, and go back to her sane and normal life, and one of the best tonics he could give her was when he told her how poor Jim was nearly broken hearted at the thought that she was so ill and that perhaps he might loose her.

"Nothing the matter at all," said Dr. Williams, "a good square meal and a cry on your shoulder will fix her up O.K."

Jim looked dazed and astonished at the doctor's diagnosis and prescription. Dr. Williams patted his

patient on her still plumpish back, shook Jim's hand and was off, leaving the shame-stricken woman to make a clean breast of it to her husband.

Then she told him all her jealous fears, about her visits to Mme. Nathalie, and when Jim heard all the story he laughed a good deal and told her how very foolish she had been.

"Why, my dear," said he, "sure I admired Mrs. Sinclair's good looks. A man don't get cataract of the eye because he's married! Don't you like to look at pretty pictures and things? But, Susie, old girl, you and your health are more to me than all the money, good looks or anything else in this gol-darned old world. Don't you go playing any more monkey tricks with yourself. Don't you know how your old man loves you? There never has been and never will be any other woman in this world for me. You and I ought to know that by now. So dry your eyes and be your own bright jolly *fat* self again. You're *all* right, with the accent on the all. And I'm going to take you away for a trip. We'll join Jane and forget all our troubles."

And then Mrs. Jim sighed a large sigh of utter content and said,

"Oh, Jim, I'm *so* happy, and *so* hungry."

APPLE BLOSSOMS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

SHY, amorous,
The brown-haired dryads of the apple trees
I saw this day.
Shy were they in among the blowing blossoms;
Their white knees,
Hidden by blossom tapestries
The wind had woven, weaving cunningly.

Yet their arms and faces,
And shoulders bloomy pink, by swaying spray
I saw; and their long glances,
In the sunny garden places
Where the sunlight dances,
Held me in sweet trances;

While they begged me come to play,
Bathe with them in blossoms,
On a white spring day!

From the Painting by
Charles Furse in the
National Art Gallery
of Canada

THE LILAC
GOWN

"The last word in summer playgrounds"

LAKE TIMAGAMI

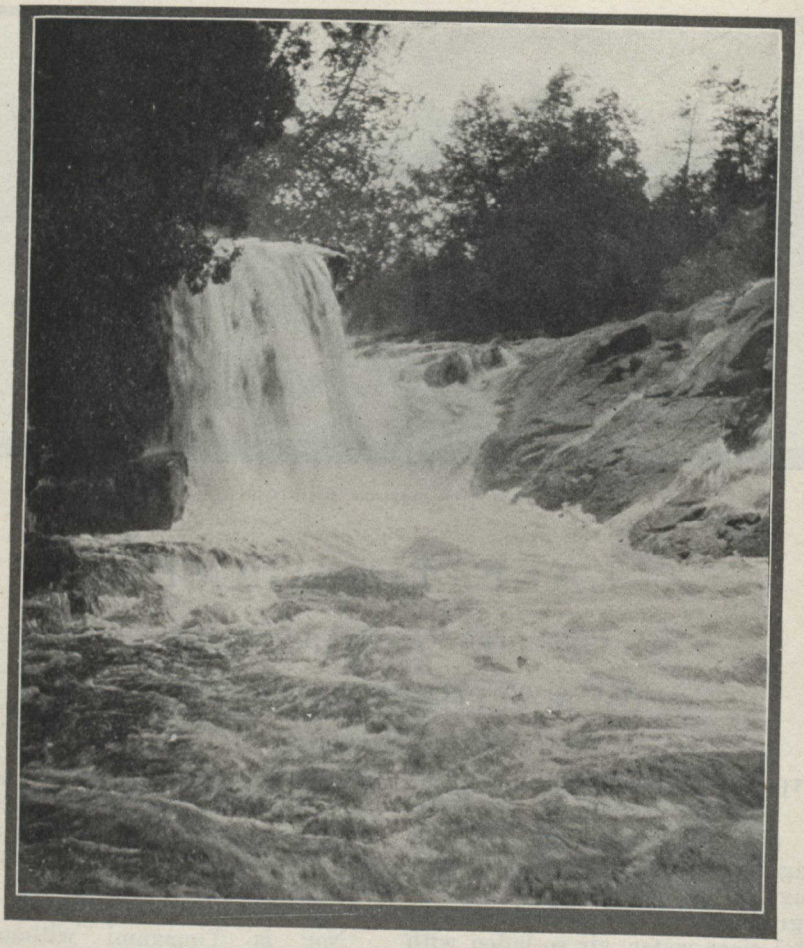
A NORTHERN ONTARIO PLAYGROUND

BY MATTHEW PARKINSON

THREE hundred miles north of Toronto, nestling in the midst of the everlasting green of the Timagami Forest Reserve, lies Lake Timagami—the last word in summer playgrounds. Hundreds of miles of crystal clear water, air so laden with balsamic odours that one cannot inflate one's lungs sufficiently, an arch of empyrean blue often unflecked by even a fleecy cloud, and green, evergreen, receding hillsides ranged rank over rank in "gay theatric pride" make Timagami an ideal resting-place during the "dog-days" of July and August. Here the brain-fagged, nerve-racked, denizens of our great cities may find rest, real rest, from the clash and clang, the hurrry and the worry of the ten months' grind in the treadmill of business life.

Timagami! Pronounced, *ti-mog-a-me,* with a full, open, deep chested tone. How the very sound carries one off into the northern woods! From it you catch the odours of the balsam and the pine; in it you hear the sounds of roaring cascades and lapping waters; and with it settles down into your heart's heart the mystery, the witchery and the peace of the wildwood. *Timagami!*

Nor is Timagami without its romance. Those young men and maidens chatting in that soft wilderness tongue under the pine trees there are the lineal descendants of Hiawatha and Laughing Water. For did not schoolcraft learn the Indian legends from the Objibway chieftains of these Northern Ontario lake lands, which he afterwards cited to Longfellow who embalmed them in those singing verses which all English speaking people have learned to love so well? These islands bore, two hundred years ago, the mystic symbol, *H. B. C,* which the Hudson's Bay Company of "Gentlemen Adventurers" used as their sign of ownership and domain. These portages have born the print of the feet of



"Roaring cascades and lapping waters"

frowsy Indians, black-robed priests, picturesque *coureurs de bois* for hundreds of years. And the soil and the rock now trodden by the unthinking trapper and traveller, lumberman, fire-ranger, and tourist have been made sacred by the footsteps of many fired with light hopes for the spiritual emancipation of the native race and these clear waters have often given back the image of the tonsured head of Oblat, or Recollet, or Jesuit.

But, you will properly ask, how do we reach this modern "Land of Promise"? What hardships must we endure before we may enjoy this pristine wilderness? Absolutely none! Standard Pullman Coaches, and solid vestibule trains, the *Cobalt Special* will drop you off at Timagami station on the Lake; and, then a string of comfortable hotels, boarding-houses and camps linked up by a fleet of commodious steamers make your comfort a foregone conclusion. Although in the heart of a wilderness of 5,900 square miles of pine and fir from which no stick has ever been cut you are entertained in a hotel which would put many pretentious city hostelries to shame. Although in the morning you may dispute passage with a sleepy brown bear which has taken possession of the portage before

you, or stalk a lordly moose feeding among the lily pads in a neighbouring lakelet, you have passed the night on a comfortable mattress in a well ventilated bed-room and eaten breakfast from a table supplied not only with well-cooked food, but with the supposedly necessary accompaniments also of bright silver and spotless linen. Timagami combines the comfort of

Timagami is reached from Toronto by the *Cobalt Special* running over the Grand Trunk, and Temiskaming and Northern Ontario lines. It leaves Toronto at 8.30 P.M., Buffalo at 12.50 P.M. over the Lehigh Valley), and puts you off at Timagami at 8.46 next morning just in time for breakfast, which is waiting for you at the *Hotel Ronnoco,* the first of a pair of

"In five minutes you have passed from civilization into the 'forest primeval"

home with the freedom of the absolute wilderness. Of course, many, the majority in fact, prefer the tent to the hotel, the spruce boughs to the mattress; and therefore, immediately on arrival they secure a canoe and outfit, purchase supplies for a week or a month and betake themselves to the forest from which they emerge at the end of their stay, browned and unshaven but healthy and happy singing:

Crystal Timagami, Wasacsinagami!
Low waves that beat on thy shadowy shore,
We will come back and sing for encore;
Back to the wilds again, show me the way,
Make me a child again, just for a day.

hotels owned by the Timagami Steamboat and Hotel Company.

The clear, dry, northern air has already begotten in you a Timagami appetite, and as you sit and devour a luscious *red* steak cut, not from a Canadian steer, but from a twenty-pound, pink, Timagami lake trout; and as you feel the breath of the wildwood breeze sighing through the open lattice fresh from whimpering wavelets which lie crisping in the sunlight just outside the window, laden with the pungent odours of pine and balsam, you have time to realize you are at last in the wildwood with all the worry and bustle of the big city left far behnid you for at least a few glad

days. Your nerves relax, your cares roll away, and the great, glad, unconventionalized heart within you free from the trammels of modern social life, you are ready to doff the christie and the four-button sack for the cap, the sweater, and the moccasins, and resign yourself to the wilderness.

But the toot, toot, of the *Belle of Timagami* lying at her wharf, a stone's throw from where you are sitting, dispels your day-dream and warns you that time is up and you must be off to enjoy the marvels which this entrancing lake-land has in store for you. At last you are seated well forward in the bow on the upper deck, around you are a few tourists; one or two fire-rangers on their way into these interminable forest mazes watching for incipient fires, the result of careless campers; the inevitable Objibway, possibly with his frowsy squaw, looking for engagement as a guide to some timorous or lazy tourist.

The engines throb; the ropes are thrown off the snubbing posts; the *Belle* makes headway from the wharf; her nose points to a tiny passage-way between two islands; a sharp bend in her course; and, behold, an intervening island shuts out the view of the wharf, hotel, and railway station and in five minutes you have passed from civilization into the "forest primeval," from the land of "fire horse" and the "boiled" shirt to the land of the canoe and the sweater. Ahead is a tortuous channel, winding between islands clothed in green. On either side receding hillsides covered with pine and fir as far as the eye can reach.

"There nestling among the pine trees rests the Timagami Inn"

For fifteen delightful miles this northeast arm bends and twists, each succeeding turn disclosing new vistas of surpassing beauty. At last Metagama Point is reached, a swing to the right, a sweep to the left, and you round the angle of Timagami Island; and, there, nestling among the pine trees rests the Timagami Inn, the

second of the pair of hotels owned and operated by the Timagami Steamboat and Hotel Company. Here you may rest for a day, a week, or a month, there is good fishing all about you; and interesting canoe trips may be taken from the Inn up and down Timagami's myriad waterways.

But the lure of the wilderness is in your blood and the early morning sees you off again. As you leave the Inn the good ship *Belle* breasts out into the open lake. Here Timagami spreads out into an expanse some two or three miles wide, broken by islets, and flanked by the towering green hills of the mainland. The scene beggars descripton. Before you lies a kaleidoscopic view of open water, island and pine covered mountain, which is unrivalled in the world. Almost immediately you are in full view of Bear Island, just two miles away. Veering to the right, the Indian village lies spread out before you. Then, on that jutting promontory stands the Fire Rangers' Hall. Here the wardens of this great Timagami forest preserve congregate, from here they are sent out two and two on those lonely journeys over portage, lake, and stream, ever watchng for the signs of devastating forest fire. There, on the receding hillside stands the Catholic Church; its spire a heavenward pointing finger; bell tolling out in the far away wilderness the story of the fidelity and heroism wrapped up in the lives of the Jesuit Fathers who first carried the story of the Cross to the Indian tribes in the forest fastnesses of Canada.

"Wabi-Kon Camp, showing as splashes of white on its background of green"

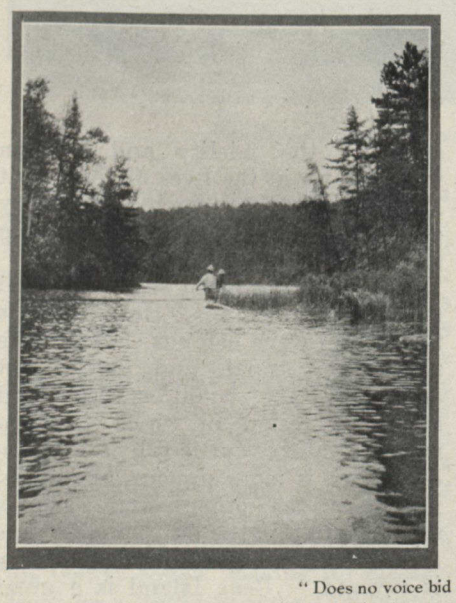
Timagami has often been compared to a gigantic octopus. Bear island is the heart of the octopus. From there stretch out north and south, east and west, the countless legs and arms and feelers of which this immense, watery, cuttle-fish is composed. Each is more sinuous, and enticing than the other; and each is swallowed up in the interminable pine forest with which the whole country is covered. Bear Island is a great outfitting point. Many have out-

fitted at Timagami Station, many prefer to outfit at the Inn, but many come to Bear Island.

Now the trouble comes to outline your itinerary. Six miles north lies Keewaydin Camp, five miles east Wabi-Kon Camp stands with its canvas houses showing as splashes of white on its background of green; and six miles south there is a busy hive of young lads along with many of their grownup admiring friends.

But you are not for any permanent camp. Yours is the canoe, the springy balsam bed, the portage, the spinning reel, the tugging trout, the glinting moonlight on the shimmering waters, the life in the wildwoods.

Timagami has all of this in store for you. The North Arm stretches its tortuous coils up twenty-three miles to Sharp Rock Portage leading on through Diamond Lake to Lady Evelyn, with her marvellous waterfall lying embowered in its fairy glen. Ko-Ko-Ko Bay with its winding channel beckons you up its eght miles of lily decked waters. Has the Obabika Inlet, with its mazy waterways now lost only to be found again behind some sheltering island or jutting point, stretching some twelve miles into the luring west, no voice to bid travel its way? But why enumerate the South Arm, the South West Arm, Portage Bay, or Shimmering Wood Bay, they are all alike alluring, all alike marvellously beautiful. The sadness is that one short summer is not enough to explore any even small part of Timagami's wonders. If we tarried forty days each year, and visited four of her beautiful islands each day, it would take us ten succeeding years to visit once her sixteen hundred isles and islets. If we explored her three thousand miles of shore line we should have a canoe trip from Halifax to Vancouver and some two hundred miles out into the Pacific ocean. And this is Ontario's heritage. This lake which ten years ago was scarcely marked on a Government map, and absolutely unknown except to the Indian, trapper, and Hudson's Bay trader.



"Does no voice bid you travel this way?"

THE GREAT LAKES

A SONNET SEQUENCE

By HOWARD M. JONES

SUPERIOR

MOTHER of mighty mysteries am I,
Of cold dead dawns and sudden even-close,
And strange weird fogs that swirl with seething snows;
The mournful winds that shriek their symphony
Across my barren breast, and with shrill cry
From nameless graves in formless, phantom rows
Call up lost fleets, hurled deathward with fierce throes—
These are my children and they cannot die.

Man plants his watch towers on my lonely shores,
And digs his harbours with Titanic pain,
And in frail ships presumptuously explores
My icy waves, but at his feeble reign
Down untamed blasts ironic laughter roars,
Clanging like shaken swords in battle-pain.

HURON

BENEATH the summer sky a beach of sand,
Ribbed like the bones of dead men and as pale;
The rippling wash of water as the frail
Fleets of white foam ride slowly to the land;
Swift gulls that dip and flutter o'er the strand,
Then skim across the lake, where one bright sail,
Poised on the far horizon's golden rail,
Faints like the first touch of a lover's hand.

These are my playthings—cloudless, sunsoaked sky
And shimmering lake and distant, white-winged ship,
Careening like a summer butterfly;
With them I laugh and change and dance and skip
Till night comes on with wave-washed lullaby
And into moods of murmuring dream I slip.

MICHIGAN

ALL day the shifting steamers swiftly ply
Their paths across my waters, and by night
They seem, with mast and porthole dipped in light,
Great constellations fallen from the sky;
Like threaded jewels woven skilfully
Into the web of trade, with sleepless might
Upon the lake's dark loom in patterns bright,
The vessels follow as the shuttles fly.

They weave my bonds, these ever-changing ships,
Hither and thither moving through the deep,
And so sometimes I raise an arm that drips
With liquid water-gems, and seize and keep
The lordly merchant craft, and with wet lips
Sometimes I kiss them and they fall asleep.

ERIE

THE glare of furnaces is on my coast,
And gaunt black wharves and writhing snake-like cars
Filled with red ore, from which man forges bars
Of steel and iron to bind me; but when most
Of his supreme dominion he would boast,
Then I unleash the winds to wage their wars,
And their wild laughter blows away the stars;
My shallow waves become a seething host

Of frightened storm-whipped billows; with a roar
As though a hundred years were to assemble
Their mingled thunders, wrathfully I pour
My hell-brew over ledges that resemble
The walls that bound in Hades, till the hoar
And adamantine gorges shrink and tremble!

ONTARIO

THE Northern Lakes are sisters and they hold
Their sunlit bowls upraised to catch the snows
When all the dumb, dead northward overflows
With melting, madcap music, and the old
Hemlocks and larches shake their load of cold,
Shivering with springtime as the water goes
Down the long inland seaway to its close,
Where I, least of the lakes, stand last enrolled.

Wistful and sad I watch my sister queens
In royal blue and golden sunshine glowing,
Till in the distance die their flashing sheens;
Then, with a sob, my isolation knowing,
I turn—and lo! entangled in the greens
Of the Thousand Isles seaward a stream is flowing.

From the Painting by John Lavery.
Exhibited by the Canadian National
Exhibition

THE
EQUESTRIENNE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

BY MADGE MACBETH

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The crimes of the Thugs (A Thug is a deceiver, from the Hindi verb "thugna," to deceive. It is pronounced T-u-g, slightly aspirated) in India were not seriously taken into account by the British Government until about 1820. Before that time reports that reached authorities were treated as enormous exaggerations, it being almost impossible to believe that such a system as Thuggee could exist. By its very audacity did it flourish! Its strength lay in the fact that its members found in it not only a source of luxurious living, as a result of their depradations, but a religious significance—it being countenanced by the goddess Bhowanee, the Destroyer. Thugs lived double lives in the literal sense; they were often married to charming and virtuous women, had families who loved them well, and were models of respectability in the cities. Most of them were merchants. They never, with one or two exceptions, attacked Europeans, by which clever far-sightedness Europeans were kept in ignorance of their practices. The constant broils between petty princes and their dependents induced foreigners to consider Thuggee, as far as they knew of it, as the ordinary native dispute. This series of stories is taken mainly from facts gathered by Colonel Meadows Taylor.

I.—HIS DEEDS IN BLOOD AND GLORY

JOHN BRADLEY, Commissioner of the Munshi Nugger District, Bundelkund, stood at his office window looking out upon the sun-baked street. A crowd of naked children stopped a moment in their play to listen to a native professional singer, who for some reason best known to himself, chose this unprofitable spot and hour in which to lift his voice in song; a holy mendicant droned his prayers under the shade of a stunted tree, the while he mechanically plucked vermin from his sacred person; a sweets-seller created a diversion by placing with great show and bustle a tray of fresh sweet-meats on view. The children darted over to the stall with a hungry whoop and stood with bulging eyes and watering mouths in a dark semi-circle round it.

But Bradley's gaze included none of these accustomed sights. He was watching a cloud of dust which presently resolved itself into a cart containing a young man and a native driver, and which drew up before the Commissioner's door.

As Frank Chisholm stood on the threshold waiting for his eyes to grow accustomed to the semi-darkened room, Bradley took stock of him with a rapidity and accuracy born of long experience in judging men. To himself he said, with a sigh of relief:

"Thank heaven, he'll do!"

Chisholm advanced with outstretched hand.

"You are the Commissioner, I suppose?"

"Yes, and you are Chisholm. I am glad you felt that a change would be acceptable, for I've got work to

do which will put a good man to the test. Did you understand that I don't want a tin-pot assistant?"

"Yes, and I am glad of it—thanks for the trust."

They sat down after Bradley had closed and locked the office door.

"Coming to the point at once, then," he said, "you know what Thuggee is, I suppose?"

"Oh—er—in a vague sort of way. It is a kind of brigandage or the like, isn't it? You see, sir, I have been in Keepur so long, that I am quite out of touch with the world. For that reason, if no other, I was glad to get your call to a field of action."

Bradley smiled a little grimly.

"You should have plenty of action and a good deal of risk, my boy," he said. "In India, it seems that we can't have one without the other. The situation is this: Wandering marauders have banded themselves under a strong and well-organized system called Thuggee. The members are Thugs whose patroness is the goddess Bhowanee."

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Chisholm. "She is the old girl who demands human sacrifices."

"Exactly! And their duty to her requires that they strangle the victims they plunder in a peculiar way known only to a comparative few. Men are especially trained for this work, which is carried on in such a wholesale manner that entire caravans disappear—men, women, children, servants and escort, without a trace to tell of their fate or their murderers. Reports which have hitherto reached us have been for the most part discredited because they seemed too monstrous for belief; evidence has come in latterly, though, to prove that it not only exists and that no report however monstrous is too exaggerated to be true, but that many hereditary and chief officers of villages have had connection with Thugs for generations, affording them facilities for murdering travellers upon their lands and allowing such atrocities to pass with impunity—to say nothing of sheltering the murderers in times of danger. In return for these privileges they receive either a stipulated sum or a proportion of the plunder, and immunity from attack against themselves, their families and their dependents."

Chisholm whistled softly.

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse, if possible," answered Bradley. "For the chances of tracking the actual criminals are slim—it is not to a Rajah's advantage to kill the hen that lays the golden egg, you see. Who is there to inform or to give a clue? Why, just listen to this report!"

He opened a drawer, from which he took an official communication, and read:

May 5th, 182—

To the Commissioner of Munshi Nugger, Bundelkund.

Sir,—In compliance with the instructions contained in your letter of January 9th, I have ascertained the following facts:

1. On the eve of February 7th, fifteen people arrived in the village of Tuhka. They were Ram Das, a trader from Hyderabad, on his way to Poona, two daughters, a female servant, a grown son, two assistants, three male servants, and five armed men as escort. They carried considerable treasure—gold cloth, jewels, and so forth. No trace of them can be found after that evening, but a bullock cart and four bullocks, said to belong to Ram Das were sold in the bazaar at Azmar on February 11th, together with a quantity of gold brocade and some jewels. No clue is to be found of the men who made these sales.

2. On the 16th of March, the Rajah of Zurapure sent three soldiers with valuable jewels to a place of safety in Orissa. He feared that, owing to the lawlessness of wandering bands—consequent upon the war between Holkar and Sindia—his domain might be raided and his palace plundered. These three men entered Chatara on the 19th, and the jemadar remembers recommending them a safe lodging for the night. The native town magistrate, who is known as the "kotwali," distinctly recollects seeing them leave town on the following morning in the company of a considerable number of armed men whose acquaintance they must have made during the night, and whose party they

probably had joined for safety. The Rajah's men were never heard of again—I cannot gather the smallest clue as to their fate, but two magnificent emeralds belonging to the Rajah were sold in Delhi on April 14th, and other jewels identified as being his, have been sold between that date and now in various towns of the Dekhan.

3. On March 20th, Gooda Singh, a sub-collector of Genespoor, was sent with private papers to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Gooda Singh and the seven men who formed his escort have been traced only a short distance; then nothing more can be learned of their movements. Neither the men nor the despatches reached their destination.

In addition to these individual and authenticated cases, reports have reached me of the disappearance of several other parties and the loss of considerable treasure between the dates of February 15th and the end of April. There is no doubt, Sir, in my opinion, that Thuggee is responsible for these mysterious disappearances, and I would suggest that an immediate and concerted effort be made to check this infamous traffic. Of the disappearance of unfortunate travellers we know, but of the horrible manner of their undoubted death we have yet to learn, positively. I hesitate to set down, herewith, rumours which have reached me concerning the practice of strangling victims at the same time their necks are being broken by a deft manipulation of the knuckles, fearing that you will find them impossible to credit.

I have the honour, my dear sir, to be
Your most obedient servant,
ARTHUR HENDERSON.

"You are still anxious to undertake the work?" asked the Commissioner, after a pause.

"How much, per head, do I get for the devils as I round them up?" questioned Chisholm, in return.

Bradley smiled as he held out his hand.

"I wish I could go with you," he said in parting. "I suggest that Baum is a good starting-point for your operations, and, further, that you and the two Eurasians who will accompany you masquerade as superintendent and assistants of a survey party. This subterfuge will furnish an excellent excuse for wandering about the country, unsuspected. Good-bye, and good luck!"

The bazaar at Baum offered Chisholm many advantages as a starting-point. Here Mussulmans, Pathans, Sikhs, Rajputs, Maharattas, Pindaris,, Brahmins, and Hindus met on common ground; here came merchants and traders to exchange everything from a jewel to a wife.

Chisholm and his party arrived in the morning; he sent his men, instruments and bags to the Dak bungalow—a residence always reserved for European travellers—and lost no time in mixing with the people. Wandering aimlessly about the bazaar, he found no special feature to attract his attention at first. Then a harsh voice fell upon his ear.

"By the beard of the Prophet! You clumsy dog!" shouted a lean, thin-lipped merchant, as his driver dropped a bale of cloth in the dust. "I will break every bone in your body if you throw my precious cloth of gold in the dirt as a prayer-mat for any greasy son of a pariah to walk upon!"

The driver grovelled with apologies, but his master was not appeased. His angry voice and torrent of abuse soon gathered quite a crowd of onlookers to the spot, amongst whom Chisholm noted two stalwart Mohammedans. He fancied that a look passed between them as they stepped forward to assist the furious merchant.

"Perhaps the bales are too heavy for the back of a jackal," suggested Hossein, the shorter of the two, with great politeness. "Allow us!"

Peer Khan accepted their services greedily, advising them how to lift his goods out of the road into a place of safety.

"*Mashalla!*" he exclaimed, when the work was finished. "But for your honoured help, I would have been forced to see my precious cloth and damask lie like rugs in the road to be worn to threads by the feet of ten million of the Faithful!"

"He is a worthless reptile, that driver!" said Aniwar Ali, speaking for the first time. "I should have

beaten him on the mouth with a slipper!" Which pleasing suggestion met with the boisterous approval of the merchant.

"It is hot, here, in the sun," said he. "Shall we not have some sherbert and a *hookah* together?"

The invitation was immediately accepted, and Chisholm watched the three walk off. He then made his way to the Dak bungalow and his mid-day meal.

The *jemedar,* or steward, met him effusively.

"Your honour's presence is comforting to me," he said. "It brings peace and protection here, where danger lurks like a panther."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Chisholm, laughing.

The steward looked furtively round before replying.

"No one is safe, nowadays," he whispered seriously.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Thugs are infesting the district, Excellency."

"But what do *you* know of Thugs?"

"Alas, sahib, I know too much of them! My brother has undoubtedly met his death at their hands."

Chisholm looked up quickly.

"Tell me the circumstances," said he.

Glad of an audience the *jemadar* began:

"Bullala Sen was a poor man; he often used to carry valuables to various places for rich men who chose him for this work because they thought that his poor appearance would not attract attention. Last month he was hired to carry bills of exchange to Kothanpore over the road upon which so many caravans have disappeared. Imagine, then, how lucky he considered himself when soldiers invited him to join their party which was marching to fight for Sindia."

"And was the protection not sufficient?" interrupted Chisholm.

"Protection, sahib!" cried the steward. "Bullala Sen gave himself unwittingly into the very hands which were to murder him! Neither he nor the bills ever reached their destination, and I have come to the conclusion that the men who approached my poor brother were not Sindia's soldiers at all, but were *sothaees.*"

"And what are *sothaees?*"

"A *sotha,*" answered the other, "is a Thug of pleasing appearance and ingratiating manner, who is trained to inveigle travellers to join his party for protection against the dangers of the road. He assumes many disguises and plays many rôles; and I am certain that Bullala Sen fell a victim to his wiles."

The scene at the bazaar reappeared to Chisholm—Peer Khan with his precious bales of damask and his two volunteer assistants. He lit a cigarette thoughtfully.

"I wonder!" he said to himself. "I wonder!"

In the meantime, Peer Khan and his two friends repaired to the *caravanserai.* They made themselves mutually agreeable—the merchant providing refreshment and the two adventurers supplying the entertainment. They well knew the road upon which Peer Khan had to travel, they declared; indeed, they were going that way themselves.

"Why should we not go together, then?" asked the merchant. "I find your company most agreeable."

The two men accepted the compliment modestly.

"You are most kind," answered Aniwar Ali. "But the fact is, we are members of an escort journeying north to bring back the Begum (wife of a rajah) of Pultanabad, so unless you honour us by joining *our* forces, I fear our ways must separate."

Peer Khan's eyes brightened.

"The very escort for me!" he exclaimed. "Where is the rest of your party?"

Hossein pointed to a grove of mangoes.

"The other six are there," said he, "and we leave at sunrise."

Chisholm never determined whether it was coincidence or fate which took him past the refreshment shop at the precise moment that the merchant and his new friends were leaving it for the mango grove. Which ever it was, the circumstance had most far-reaching results, for in following the move of Peer Khan he put himself in touch with one of the greatest criminals India has ever known. As soon as he learned the merchant's destination he turned back to his bungalow to develop a course of action.

At nightfall, he sent two trustworthy men whom the steward had recommended to watch the camp where Peer Khan and his servants had elected to sleep. These spies were to report to Chisholm at sunrise unless any suspicious move on the part of the escort occasioned an earlier message. They stationed themselves behind some trees and waited.

Shortly before the camp settled itself for the night, the leader, who was no other than Aniwar Ali, the boldest Thug in all the system, held serious parley with two of his men. Presently these two departed, passing quite close to Chisholm's spies—so close, indeed, that they were discovered without realizing it. They had no suspicion that when the two returned to their chief shortly after leaving his presence, it was of themselves they spoke. Had they heard the words of command Aniwar Ali gave, they would have quitted their post basely and fled back to the bungalow and the protection of the British arm. For the great Thug spoke in this fashion:

"Trusted Ones, there is work for you to-night! Go north two miles until you find a glade between two cliffs. Follow the bed of a dried-up stream and presently you will come upon a row of seven poplars. Beneath the first of these there is a large, round stone. Roll away that stone and prepare graves for four people."

"We obey, sahib," replied the men salaaming.

But when they returned with the information that the camp was watched, Aniwar Ali undisturbed, amended his order in this manner:

"Proceed as directed, my faithful ones, only remember that you prepare graves for *six* persons, instead of four. Peace go with you!"

A professional strangler of enviable reputation was Budrinath. He had strangled more victims than any living Thug, and no man was too strong for him to attack single-handed. Aniwar Ali conferred with him a moment and saw him depart in the opposite direction to that in which the spies were concealed. He knew that when everyone slept Budrinath and his companion would circle in upon their unsuspecting victims and that their lifeless bodies would be brought into camp and wrapped in the tent cloth which was to have sheltered the grave-diggers, now many furlongs away. He passed a dreamless night and awoke long before sunrise serene and untroubled. In less than an hour the whole camp was moving northward, and Peer Khan, with his precious bales, was not the least merry of the party!

They halted for the mid-day meal in a beautiful glade between two wooded cliffs—not on the beaten track, but a few paces to the right, in the bed of a stream, long since gone dry. And a little farther on, beyond a gently-rising knoll, waved the heads of seven poplars.

The meal finished, the party settled down for a smoke and a siesta. Hossein related with great animation one of his adventures in which a dancing girl of rare beauty figured with such alluring fascination that Peer Khan grew impatient at the delay which kept him from the delights of the city. He urged moving forward and failed to note the circumstance that a man gradually and without seem-

ing intent, moved close behind him and his servants until they were each shadowed, as it were.

"*Please pass the tobacco!*" murmured Ali quietly.

It was a signal. Instantly four handkerchiefs whipped through the air over the victims' heads. In another second four men were writhing on the ground, face downwards, while four pairs of knuckles bore cruelly into their necks. Presently, after a greater convulsion than the last, Peer Khan lay very still, his face turned slightly to one side, his eyes bulging quite out of their sockets. Even Aniwar Ali was sickened at the horrible sight.

"Come quickly," he said, addressing the buriers, "and make an end of this business! We must away before our clever European appears!"

Where the grave-diggers began, the buriers finished. The merchant and his three dependents were speedily stripped and laid in the cavern which yawned beneath the foot of the first poplar tree. Then Hossein ordered that two tents be unwrapped, and from their folds were taken the bodies of Chisholm's spies. They were buried with the merchant, and the earth spread quickly back into place. Thorns were strewn on the top to prevent jackals from unearthing that which their human brothers could not scent. A thin layer of leaves, grass, and dirt was added—and the party moved away.

At sunset they halted in a small village where Hossein enacted his little adventure with the charming dancing-girl to the letter, and no qualms disturbed his night's enjoyment.

At sunset, too, Frank Chisholm halted in his journey. He had awakened much later than he had intended, depending upon the two spies to come and report. When he called the steward and learned that they had not returned at all, he dressed hastily and went in search of them. The camp beneath the mango trees was deserted, his men were gone and no one had seen a sign of them, but the party who had spent the night in this spot, he learned, had long since journeyed northward.

He followed. But owing to his late start, as well as the fact that he was obliged several times to stop and consult his instruments for the benefit of travellers who looked with too much curiosity at him and his companions, he found no trace of those he sought. At sunset, then, he reached a glade between two wooded cliffs; he wandered to the right where a stream once had purled its way to the river, but which now was dry. And he came to a spot where seven tall poplars swayed gently in the evening breeze. At the foot of the first one was a large, round stone. Chisholm took out his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe, contemplatively. Then he sat down upon the stone.

"I wonder," he said, as he puffed the smoke, "where they could have got to. I wonder how they spirited my men away. And I wonder what the deuce old Peer Khan is doing now!"

The second story of this series is entitled "The Human Note." It further introduces the reader into the deviltries of Thuggee and displays the great dangers that Chisholm must confront in his attempt to apprehend Aniwar Ali.

REDISTRIBUTION IN THE COMMONS

BY ARNUTT J. MAGURN

THE special committee of the House of Commons of Canada have already drafted recommendations for the redistribution of the seats in that chamber.

By section 37 of the British North America Act of 1867, it is provided:

> The House of Commons shall, subject to the provisions of this Act, consist of 181 members, of whom eighty-two shall be elected for Ontario, sixty-five for Quebec, nineteen for Nova Scotia, and fifteen for New Brunswick.

That fixes the representation up to the year 1871, and from that date the representation is to be determined in accordance with section 51 of the same Act, as follows:

> On the completion of the census of 1871, and on each subsequent decennial census, the representation of the four Provinces shall be readjusted by such authority, in such a manner, and from such time as the Parliament of Canada from time to time provides, subject and according to the following rules:
>
> (1). Quebec shall have the fixed number of sixty-five members.
>
> (2). There shall be assigned to each of the other Provinces such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population (ascertained at each census) as the number sixty-five bears to the number of the population of Quebec (so ascertained).
>
> (3). In the computation of the number of members for a Province a fractional part not exceeding one-half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member shall be disregarded; but a fractional part exceeding one-half of that number shall be equivalent to the whole number.
>
> (4). On any such readjustment the number of members for a Province shall not be reduced unless the proportion which the number of the population of the Province bore to the number of the aggregate population of Canada at the then last preceding readjustment of the number of members for the Province is ascertained at the then latest census to be diminished by one-twentieth part or upwards.
>
> (5). Such readjustment shall not take effect until the termination of the then existing Parliament.

This is not so complicated as it sounds, and the fact that it has worked with little friction for a period of forty-five years reveals a mechanism of government with more resiliency than the average piece of legislation. In fact, the whole of this marvellous Act of Confederation, notwithstanding many criticisms, stands to-day intact as a great legislative instrument.

Under the redistribution of 1872 Ontario was allotted eighty-eight members, Nova Scotia twenty-one, New Brunswnck sixteen, Manitoba four, and British Columbia six.

By the redistribution of 1882 (under Sir John Macdonald) Ontario received ninety-two members, Nova Scotia twenty-one, New Brunswick sixteen, Manitoba five, British Columbia six, Prince Edward Island six.

In 1892 the numbers were: Ontario ninety-two, Nova Scotia twenty, New Brunswick fourteen, Manitoba seven, British Columbia six, Prince Edward Island five, Northwest Territories four. At that time Sir John Abbott was Prime Minister.

In 1903, which is the last preceding redistribution, the allotted numbers were as follows: Ontario eighty-six, Nova Scotia eighteen, New Brunswick thirteen, Manitoba ten, British Columbia seven, Prince Edward Island four, Northwest Territories ten, and the Yukon one. At that time Sir Wilfrid Laurier was Prime Minister.

The new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were subsequently, in 1907, given a statutory representation of ten and seven, respectively. This was done under power conferred by the British North America Act amendment of 1871, which declares that Parliament may establish new Provinces and make provision for their representation in the House of Commons. It will be noted that all the vast area of British North America (except the Island of Newfoundland) is thus brought under the control and sovereignty of the Parliament at Ottawa.

All this time the representation of the Province of Quebec remained and still remains at the fixed number of sixty-five. The total number of members of the House of Commons at Confederation, and upon each subsequent redistribution was as follows: 1867, 181; 1872, 200; 1882, 211; 1892, 213; 1903, 214; and the addition of the two Prairie Provinces, adding seven, brought the membership up to 221, at which it stands at the present time.

In dealing with the unit of representation as ascertained by the census of 1911, and how it works out, it will be useful to give the population of the several Provinces, as found in 1911, as follows:

Alberta	374,663
British Columbia	392,480
Nova Scotia	492,338
New Brunswick	351,889
Prince Edward Is.	93,728
Saskatchewan	492,432
Ontario	2,523,274
Quebec	2,003,232
Manitoba	455,614
Yukon	8,512

Taking the population of Quebec and dividing it by sixty-five, we obtain the unit of 30,819. Applying this unit to the population of the several Provinces the representation in the next Parliament will be as follows:

Alberta	12
British Columbia	13
Manitoba	15
New Brunswick	11
Nova Scotia	16
Ontario	82
Prince Edward Island	3
Quebec	65
Saskatchewan	16
Yukon	1

This will give the new House a total membership of 234, an increase of thirteen. But the Government have reserved the case of Prince Edward Island, because, if their representation is reduced from four to three, that Province will present the anomaly of having more members in the Senate than in the House of Commons. When the first Confederation conference was held at Charlottetown in 1864 the delegates from Prince Edward Island refused to enter Confederation with only five members. They contended that such number would give the island no position at Ottawa. In a memorandum drawn up last autumn at Ottawa the Prince Edward Island Government submit that the fixing of the number at five was an oversight or mistake at the Quebec conference. It is also declared that the decline in the Island's population is due in some degree to the failure of Canada to carry out its contract to place the Island in continuous communication with the railway system of the Dominion. So it would seem that the present representation of the Island (four) may not be disturbed which would bring the total membership of the Commons to 235.

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island as well submit a joint claim to the right to have their original representation restored.

But the legal right of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to retain their original representation was referred to the Supreme Court of Canada in 1903 and denied, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England held this decision to be correct. In view of this they now urge other grounds, chiefly that they have given their sons and daughters to the West, and are part owners of the lands given to the Western Provinces. In other words, they have helped to build up the West and the new Provinces there should not profit in representation at the expense of the Maritime Provinces. There is, however, small chance of these considerations overtopping the legal barriers, and why the Government have reserved the case of Prince Edward Island in the present bill is known only to themselves. The case must be disclosed when the committee makes its report.

The following table will show the changes in a nutshell:

Present House of Commons	221
Next House of Commons	234
Present members of five Eastern Provinces	186
Present members of four Western Provinces	35
New number from the East	177
New number from the West	57
Decrease from the East	9
Increase from the West	22

The changes in detail incident to the census results and the new unit of representation are what the Committee of the House are now working out. Before the year 1903 these changes were always brought down as a schedule to the bill, having been fixed arbitrarily by the party in power. In that year, however, the practice in vogue in the United Kingdom was adopted, the practice of referring the arrangement of the schedules to a committee chosen from both sides of the House, the Government side having a majority of one on the committee. That course has been adopted on the present occasion. In 1903 it worked out quite smoothly, almost without any friction at all. The Committee sat then in the Railway Committee-room, which was open to the press and to anyone interested. This time the Committee is sitting in camera. Why the changed procedure has been adopted is not known to the writer.

In Ontario a number of ridings will be wiped out, and in one or two cases whole electoral divisions, while some ridings will be amalgamated and the urban representation increased. Toronto will have three additional members. Ottawa may be divided into East and West, instead of, as at present, returning two members for the one electoral division. Toronto and the County of York together will have ten members. The unit is not applied to the large cities, otherwise Toronto would have a dozen members. There are good reasons for this, which are not in dispute. It is expected that East Huron, East Grey, West Northumberland, North Lanark, North Middlesex, Brockville, and Russell will disappear and be incorporated in adjacent ridings or counties. Municipal boundaries are to be preserved as far as possible. Upon that point both leaders and parties are in agreement, and it helps them to get together. In Russell part of the electoral division is in the County of Carleton, and part in the municipality of Ottawa. It is proposed to restore these and add the rest of the division to the County of Prescott, with which the County of Russell is united municipally and in which the seat of government for the county is situated.

In Quebec six seats will be amalgamated or divided. Montreal will have twelve or thirteen seats for the whole island. In Nova Scotia it is intended to merge the counties of Digby and Yarmouth, Antigonish and Guysboro, Richmond and Cape Breton South, the latter, however, returning two members. In New Brunswick an amalgamation of four of the counties

into two pairs will effect the required reduction and no difficulty is anticipated. In the West there are no county boundaries and the mapping out of the new districts ought to be comparatively simple, regard being had to population, the unit being the guide. Of the five new members for Manitoba two will go to Winnipeg. In British Columbia Vancouver City will have three members instead of one as at present.

The inevitable result of redistribution will be dissolution, as it would be impossible to continue legislating with the West undermanned by twenty-two, and the East overmanned by nine. There is no law, however, to prevent the holding of another session. That, many believe, would be an obvious mistake for the Government, so the coming autumn will probably see the two parties again in the field *a outrance*.

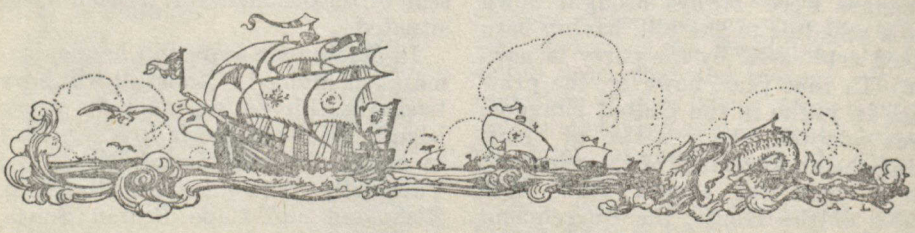
HOPE

By PERCY H. PUNSHON

WHEN you the kiss of wanton fortune miss,
And all the joys of life seem placed in pawn
When dark clouds overhang, remember this:
The darkest hour is herald of the dawn.

When in the mists of doubt you blindly grope,
And all the paths of life are dull and gray,
Remember there is such a thing as hope:
The day will break, the shadows flee away.

The dawn will break, yea, break it surely will,
And love will then redeem your joys from pawn;
So in your darkest hour, remember still:
This hour is but the herald of the dawn.



THE WINNING NUMBER

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

FROM his chair in the shade Martin watched the day's trade close with the vehemence of a hard bargain. The store stood at the edge of the kafir country of Manicaland, a circle of domed, brown huts grouped on the crown of a little hill, whence one looked forth over a world crumpled into mountains which thrust up from the sweating level of the bush. Walker, with his hat jammed low over his eyes and all his body strung in earnestness, was fighting the last stages of a commercial battle with a skinny black family which had three quills of river-gold for sale and a high notion of their value. Martin smiled as the shrill kafir voices failed before the assurance of the fluent Walker.

He was a tall man; his pose, as he sprawled at large on the canvas deck chair, accentuated his loose gauntness, and the monocle he wore in his right eye stood oddly out of his general effect of slackness. He wore only a shirt and trousers, belted about him with a strap, and a pair of those soft shoes of undressed leather which are called *veld-schoen*. Something vague and gentle in his manner and regard was his foremost characteristic, a delicacy that touched all he did.

The day slanted toward its close through all its slow degrees of heat, and presently the kafir family, outmanœuvred and still protesting, took its departure, straggling down the hill in single file. Walker, his face red and wet with sweat, came to where Martin sat.

"They wanted the earth," he explained wearily.

Martin smiled again. "I heard," he answered.

"Three quills," said Walker; "and half sand at that. I never saw such a set o' sharks."

He stared down along the valley below, where the bush, crimson and yellow and raw green, lay level between the abrupt hills like a strange sea. "'Bout time Hancock was back," he suggested.

Martin nodded absently. Hancock, the third partner in the store, had gone that morning to Macequece over the hills, to bring back the English mail. There was always a letter for Walker, whose parents kept a public house at Wandsworth; commonly he would read it aloud at supper. And two or three times in the year there would be letters for Hancock or Martain as well, and these the recipient would read in a grim privacy, whence he would emerge moody and thoughtful.

In Manicaland, that scrap-heap of humanity, each man's past is his own. Nothing touches the grave of his dead days save the English mail, those scanty letters which are welcomed so eagerly and read and re-read so often. A sentiment has grown up about the matter; and it never occurred to Walker, with his ingenuous memories of Wandsworth and his regular letters, to wonder why his partners never spoke of home.

"There he is," he said suddenly, and pointed.

They could see from their hilltop a spot at which the bush thinned and let a patch of stony ground show; and there appeared, tiny in the distance, a figure that made no pause to wave to them, but plunged forward and was lost to sight forthwith.

"He's making haste, all right," said Walker. "P'raps he's got a bag full o' letters for us this time, Martin."

"Perhaps," said Martin.

"Well," said Walker. "A letter's something in this country. If I can't have a stroll down the Wandsworth Road and over by the Common, and a glass of beer with a pal, I'd as soon have a letter from there as anything. It'll be a change from hagglin' with those niggers, anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Martin. He turned his head languidly and looked at Walker where he squatted on the ground beside the chair with some manner of mild curiosity.

"You'd like to get back there, eh?" he asked.

Walker laughed. "Oh, I'd like it right enough," he answered. "For about a week, say. Long enough to get the taste of it again. But—well, a week 'ud be enough." He yawned, casting back his arms and making the most of it.

"Only a week?" asked Martin.

"Just a week," said Walker. "After all, you know, this gets hold of you." He waved a hand to the mighty panorama of hill and tree-choked valley, mellow under the westering sun that stood over the horizon like a disk of glowing bronze. "It's living," he said. "It's not what you'd call comfortable, crowded with bugs and niggers like it is, but it's living. In Wandsworth a chap wasn't what I call alive."

Martin nodded, smiling. "I understand," he said. "You're lucky."

Walker put his hat on and made to rise. "It might be different if a chap had plenty of money," he admitted. "But I never had none to speak of."

He went off to superintend the cook boy, and the noise of his activity came forth to the calm of evening. Martin remained where he was, waiting for Hancock. The sun drooped across the sharp horizon and a little wind came up with a rustle and a touch of chill. The hour that atones for the day in Manicaland was at hand; already in the eastern sky a powdering of pale stars stood white and told against a background of deep velvet; from the valley there came the noises of a world that woke for the night—the sequel of some small beast, the brush of leaves—and with them the faint, clean smell of earth reviving from the day-long oppression of heat. Martin knew it all, as one knows a familiar feature on one's daily life; it was a tick of the clock which marked for him the slow passage of time. It had no power to rouse him from his langour of patience. Even when the sound of shod feet upon the stones at the foot of the little hill made him aware that Hancock was at hand he did not stir from his attitude of ease.

Hancock came up the hill at a stumbling run.

"That you, Martin?" he called as he arrived.

"Yes," said Martin. "Any letters?"

Hancock had not stopped. "Hang the letters," he panted, as he made for the huts. "Come on in, man!"

He made for the big hut which served them for a living-room and sank on a seat. In the light of the lamp which stood on the table among their supper things he showed a face drawn with fatigue and streaked with dust and sweat. Martin came at his heels with Walker.

"Where's those tickets?" gasped Hancock, struggling with his breath.

"What tickets?" demanded Walker.

Martin put his hand on the man's shoulder, "You didn't tell me what letters there were," he said.

For some moments Hancock could

not speak, but he pitched a packet of three letters on the table. Martin took it; there was one for each of them. He picked up his own and glanced at the handwriting on the envelope, and his monocle fell from his eye. He replaced it.

"Now," he said, "what's the matter? What have you been running like this for?"

Hancock was bowed in his seat, with his hands to his sides. He looked up.

"Get the tickets," he repeated, and as they stared at him he laughed breathlessly. "The Sweep tickets," he cried. "I do believe—"

Walker uttered an exclamation of understanding and excitement. Like most other men in Africa at that day, it was their custom to buy tickets periodically in Phillips's Sweep, the great racing lottery of Johannesburg, which sucked up gold all over the continent like some huge sponge, to discharge it again in a single stream upon some lucky speculator.

"How much have we won?" cried Walker.

"Get the tickets," cried Hancock. "I'm not sure of our numbers, but I think—where did you put them?"

"I'll get 'em," said Walker, and he ran out of the hut.

Martin smiled as Hancock brought out a soiled slip of paper from his pocket and unrolled it.

"You're pretty keen, aren't you?" he said. "You seem to have travelled rather fast."

"Keen," said Hancock, and he stared at him. "Keen." He laughed shortly. Despite his weariness his eyes were bright and restless. "Man, it's the big prize."

"Yes?" said Martin.

"Anything from ten to fifteen thousand pounds," said Hancock. "It means—it means—if it's my ticket—if only it's my ticket, I can get out of this, get back to everything. It's not too late; with that money I could do it."

The fever that burned in him could not let him sit still. He sprang up, and his shadow fled grotesquely over the whitewashed wall of the hut as he walked uneasily here and there. He was younger than either Martin or Walker, slender and quick in gesture, ardent, and nervous. Though neither had spoken ever of the days before they came to the tolerant obscurity of Manicaland, Martin and Hancock knew that they were of the same world. It was like a link they acknowledged only in a certain informality in their dealings with one another. But now Hancock seemed to have cast off his long reserve.

"Ten thousand," he repeated, while Martin watched him. "It would put everything right — and leave enough over to go on with."

"Would it?" said Martin.

Hancock swung toward him, with a staccato laugh. "You don't know what I'm talking about," he said. "You can't understand. But—but it was a money matter—of a certain kind—that brought me to Manica."

Martin nodded. "I see," he answered slowly, and at that moment Walker entered. He had the three blue tickets in his hand.

"Thought for a bit they were lost," he said cheerfully.

Hancock's slip of paper was scrawled with the winning number he had seen posted up in the store at Macequece; and the three men bent eagerly over the tickets as Walker laid them out on the table. Hancock uttered an oath; Walker whistled; Martin fingered the tickets into a nest line where they lay. The middle one —it was crumpled through being carried in a pocket loose—bore the winning number. For a moment they stared at one another, almost aghast at this intrusion of fortune into their lives.

"Whose ticket is it?" asked Martin.

The question, demanding their attention, brought them out of their stupour. Walker turned the tickets over and pushed them nearer the

lamp. He laughed a little harshly.

"Well?" cried Hancock, in a voice that broke in the middle of the syllable.

Walker turned. "We forgot to mark 'em," he said. "There's no names on 'em. We'll have to divide."

"Divide!" said Hancock. "What's the good of dividing? What's the good of a third?"

"Well," suggested Walker, "we can toss for it then."

"Of course," said Hancock, in a voice of utter relief. "All or nothing, eh? The winner takes the lot. You're game, Martin?"

Martin hesitated, looking from one to the other of them, and again his monocle fell. He screwed it back in his eye with deliberation.

"As you like," he said; "but after supper, please."

"Why not now?" demanded Hancock.

"Well," said Martin slowly, "there's no hurry. You see, if we played now, and I won, I'm not quite certain what I should want to do. By the time we've finished supper I shall know."

"But think," said Hancock impatiently. "It's ten thousand at the least—"

Martin interrupted. "We'll leave it for the present," he said slowly, and tore open the flap of his letter. Upon the inclosure the handwriting sprawled untidily, a woman's unthrifty script.

The meal was something of an ordeal. Walker placed the winning ticket in the middle of the table, under the eyes of the three of them, and upon it the dice box which is part of the furniture in every establishment in that country. The gawky, unclad kafir boy put the food on the table and withdrew, leaving them to the company of that piece of paper, mighty with possibilities. Hancock, who sat directly in front of it, pushed his plate away with an exclamation of impatience and helped himself to whisky. Behind him, framed in the door of the hut, there stood a slice of blue-black sky, spangled with great, still stars, white and magnificent. He screwed round on his chair, with the iron mug in his hand, and looked at it.

"My God," he said, in a low voice. "And to think that London's still there."

Walker looked up from his food, only half understanding.

"That's so," he agreed. "And for ten thousand pounds you could buy everything in sight."

"Suppose you won it, Walker," suggested Martin. Hancock turned with a start at the words. "What would you do with it?"

Walker grinned, consciously. "Spend it," he answered promptly. "All of it. I might mean to be different. I'd make up my mind to save an' invest an' all that; but I know what would happen. It 'ud all go." He sighed thoughtfully. "It'd be a lark while it lasted," he added. "There's not many fellows can get more fun out of throwing money about than I can."

Hancock laughed unsteadily, not looking at either of them.

"Somebody'd murder you for it," he said.

Walker nodded indifferently. "They might," he admitted. "I shouldn't wonder."

"You'd put it to a different use, eh?" asked Martin.

"Me?" said Hancock, "Yes." He drank from his mug and set it down before him. "With that money—and it's never less than ten thousand now—I could go back again."

"You think so?" Martin's voice held a doubt.

"Why not?" cried Hancock. "I could—pay up," he stammered. "You don't know the facts, Martin. I tell you, it's just a matter of a check. You've got some infernal notion in your head; but I tell you, it would be all right. It wants only money."

He was shrill, and now and again

he shivered as though with cold. His eyes shone out of the pallor of his face with the fever of his excitement. Martin did not answer.

"It wants only that money," repeated Hancock. "Why shouldn't I go back?"

Martin showed again that little manner of hesitancy.

"You should know," he said, uncomfortably. "Only, in my experience, a man who has *had* to go can never get back. That's all."

Hancock stared. "You mean *you* couldn't, if you wanted to?" he demanded.

"That is what I mean," answered Martin. They finished supper in silence and a shout from Walker brought the boy in.

"Now," said Martin, when the boy had left them; "what is the arrangement? Are we settled not to divide the money?" He had taken charge of the proceedings instinctively; and with the same instinct the other yielded him place.

"Play for the lot," said Hancock briefly, and Walker nodded.

"Very well," said Martin. "Since you're agreed, we'll play. Three throws with the three dice, and pick up what you please, eh? Is that satisfactory?" They nodded again. "All right. Hancock, you're youngest. Will you throw first?"

Hancock picked up the box in silence, emptied the three cubes into his hand, dropped them back into the box and rattled it. The game was familiar to all of them; Martin and Walker leaned forward on the table to watch the throw. Hancock looked from one to the other sharply, and on a sudden his face was shiny with beads of sweat. He cleared his throat and threw with a drawing action that spilled the cubes forth in a line.

"A six and two threes," observed Walker conversationally.

With two flicks of his forefinger, Hancock scooped the threes back into the box, leaving the six on the table. Martin drew it aside out of the way of the next threw. The shadow of the hand and the box leaped up the wall as Hancock rattled for the next throw.

"Six and three," reported Walker, as the cubes came forth again. Without speaking, Martin laid the second six beside the first. It needed only another six to give Hancock the highest score possible. The nerve of the gambler came to his rescue, and his hand was steady as he shot the third cube, the three, back into the box. He wore a little frown of intentness, and he gave the box a single shake and then gently, almost idly, rolled the die forth. It was a four.

"Two sixes and a four—sixteen," said Walker. "Not bad, Hancock. There's a chance for you to paint London red, yet." He reached for the box and swept the dice into it. Hancock laid both hands on the edge of the table and gripped it. Walker had none of the airs and graces of the game. He gave the box a single turn in his hand and strewed the cubes forth. Four was the highest. "Rotten," he exclaimed, and picked them all up. The second throw gave him a six.

"Now, Hancock, here's at you," he said, and made his third throw. He leaned over the dice where they lay and burst into laughter. "It's a tie," he shouted. "A pair o' fives."

Hancock said nothing, but the knuckles of his gripping hands whitened as he leaned over the table to observe Martin's luck. He gasped hoarsely as the first throw yielded a six. Martin looked up at him, his face milder and vaguer than ever in the lamp's crude light. He put the six aside and threw again—a four and a two.

"Rotten," commented Walker, and the elder man smiled as he picked the dice up.

"This settles it," he said. "I won't keep you in suspense."

He threw, and leaned back in his chair. The cubes rolled out on the

table to the foot of the lamp and lay there in its fullest light, in front of Hancock. He did not move. Walker craned across to look.

"Of all the luck," he cried. "A six and a five—seventeen. Shall I call y'r lardship's carriage?" he inquired.

Martin reached his hand for the ticket and looked at it curiously. At that moment Hancock dropped his head on the table, and his shoulders heaved with the violence of a sob.

"Here," cried Walker helplessly. "Here, Hancock."

"Sorry," said Hancock. "Couldn't help it—for a moment. Things seemed so—so easy, you know, and then—well, perhaps you were right, Martin. Perhaps one couldn't go back."

Martin frowned and his lips stuttered on his words. "I—I think I was right," he replied. "It's what I've observed, myself."

Hancock checked a sneer. "Well," he said, "there's no use talking, anyhow. But when I think—" he let his hands fall to his side with a gesture of despair. "London," he said, "London in the evening!"

Walker was eager to escape from under the loom of the bitter thing that had intruded on them. He laughed now rather fatuously. "And the Wandsworth Road," he cried. "And beer—real beer."

Martin looked at him in kindliness. "You can go there if you like," he said, putting the blue ticket back on the table. "Take some of this money—take a thousand pounds—and have a trip home, Walker."

Walker gasped. "D'you mean it?" he roared. Martin nodded. "I'll pack to-night," said Walker. "Martin—*Mister* Martin, I *should* say, you're a gent. You've got blood in you. Shake this 'ere hand of mine, and thank you." They shook, and Hancock watched the ceremony with tight lips.

"Now, Hancock," said Martin, when the prolonged and elaborate handshake was over, "a word with you. I told you you couldn't get back. No man who has to come to Manicaland ever can. It's been tried, man, again and again, and it doesn't work. But you don't believe me, do you?"

"No," said Hancock, over his shoulder. "What do you know about it? If I'd won that money, things could be put right."

Martin shook his head. "Things never can," he said. "But you can try, if you like."

"What do you mean?" demanded Hancock. Martin sighed, took his monocle and fell to polishing it with a scrap of paper.

"You can take the rest of that money, and see for yourself," he said. "You'll find I'm right, I'm afraid."

There was a while of silence. "Martin," cried Hancock brokenly. "I—I *can't* refuse," he said.

"Of course not," said Martin. "Why should you? But don't embarrass me with talk, please. We'll take the thanks as read."

"But what will you do?" asked Hancock, with belated compunction.

Martin laughed. "I'll keep the store going till you come back," he said.

From his canvas chair next morning he saw their departure down the hill, with the little train of kafirs who carried their belongings. Where the track entered the bush, they turned to wave to him; he waved back a friendly farewell. Then the undergrowth swallowed them. He stared for some moments at the spot where they had vanished and then drew his last night's letter from his pocket. It was folded in three, and as he looked at it he could read one broken paragraph: "—left me a week ago and has not written since, so I am alone. No one here will speak to me, and, after all, I am your wife, and if you had understood me better I should not have been driven—"

He did not unfold the letter to read further. It was all in that paragraph.

From the Painting by
Edouard Frere. Owned
by Mr. Chester D. Massey

THE CHILDREN'S
LUNCH

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

STEPHEN HALES: PIONEER IN VENTILATION

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS

IT has happened again and again in the history of discovery that some of the most important advances in a particular science have been made by persons not engaged in the profession or pursuit of that subject. The truth of this is strikingly brought out in the life of a man of the name of Stephen Hales who, though a clergyman of the Church of England and a man who had never studied medicine nor taken a medical degree, was the first person in England to make any serious attempt to provide for the artificial supply of fresh air to places where it could not enter by natural means. The Reverend Stephen Hales, M.A., D.D., was *the* pioneer in hygiene of ventilation.

Parallel cases there have been in other sciences. The Marquis of Worcester, though not an engineer, invented the steam-pump; Leeuwenhoek, though not a member of the medical profession, made fundamental discoveries in physiology and microscopical anatomy; Captain Cook, though neither a physician nor a biologist, investigated from the practical side the cause of scurvy with such excellent results to the health of sailors that he was awarded the Copley medal of the Royal Society; Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the wife of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, was instrumental in introducing inoculation for smallpox into England; Helmholtz, though not an ophthalmologist, invented the ophthalmoscope; Pasteur, though not a doctor of medicine, introduced inoculation of attenuated virus for the cure of hydrophobia; and, in our own day, has not Metchnikoff, trained as a zoologist, exercised a far reaching influence on the doctrines of bacteriology as well as those of practical medicine?

Mankind apparently did not arrive by the aid of "the light of nature" alone at a knowledge of the supreme importance of ventilation. While it is true that to some results of vast practical importance purely natural instincts have guided men, yet as regards the quality of the air to be breathed and what constitutes pure air, the natural teachings are exceedingly ambiguous. Certain things have long ago been voted non-edible or poisonous, certain waters have been declared non-potable, but there is no general consensus of opinion as to air that is non-breathable. The natural man is all right as long as he remains under the open heaven, but as soon as he surrounds himself with four walls he seems not to know that he must keep constantly changing the invisible air around him. No doubt it is because it is out of sight that the air is also out of mind; certain it is that even at the present moment there are vast multitudes of people who never conceive of air as a real thing, as real as their meat and drink, and just as necessary to be

kept fresh. Cave-men had no trouble with ventilation nor had those in "the tents of Shem," but from the day that man began to sleep inside stone and lime, he had to face the problem, although he was not in the least conscious of it, how the foul air could be removed and the pure air be brought in without the production of a chilling draught.

All living things vitiate air on breathing it even once; all living things subsist by means of absorption of oxygen; this oxygen, being continually abstracted from the air breathed, must be renewed from outside sources. Plants as well as animals need oxygen, that is, fresh air; this was what Hales grasped, and he saw how very far many members of the community were from being in a position to command at all times a supply of this absolutely necessary, though invisible, material. Hales in England and Leeuwenhoek in Holland, neither of them medical men, were at the beginning of the eighteenth century probably the two men who saw more clearly than any one else in Europe the prime necessity for ventilation; that is, the constant change of air in the neighbourhood of living beings. Hales did a very great deal in science besides devising ventilators; he was a pioneer in the experimental method in both vegetable and animal physiology, a hundred years before physiology as an experimental science existed in England: as a benefactor of mankind, it is not too much to say he is conspicious in the first half of the eighteenth century. We know very little of his success as a pastor of men's souls, but it is certain that he had a great solicitude for the care of their bodies; his pamphlet against the evils of intemperance in the use of alcohol, "A Friendly Admonition to the Drinkers of Gin, Brandy and Other Spirituous Liquors" (1734) is probably the first of its kind in English.

Hales had grasped the very essence of the principle of ventilation; *that air must be changed,* whether air for plants or for animals, or the air over corn in granaries or over water stored for drinking purposes, or enclosed in hot-houses, in mines, in the holds of ships, in prisons, or over timber or around gunpowder; *air must be changed.* He knew that fresh air was against putrefaction, mouldiness and mustiness of every kind. He invented an apparatus for blowing air through water stored in ships for drinking purposes. On long voyages in the old "wooden walls" such water became putrid. Hales showed that it could be made "sweet again," if only enough air could be blown through it. We now know what was going on, namely, the oxidation of organic matter; but Hales died in 1761, thirteen years before oxygen was discovered. It is interesting to note that Hales had the most definite conceptions as regards the necessity for oxygen without, however, knowing what it was that sustained life, and without knowing, in anything like the fullness of its meaning, the importance of Black's discovery that animals breathe out carbon dioxide from their lungs. Black's discovery was published at Glasgow in 1754, only seven years indeed before Hales died; but it is certain that Hales was not indebted to Black; on the contrary, Black was profoundly indebted to Hales. Black wrote: "I was partly led to these experiments" (namely, on carbonic acid gas) "by some observations of Dr. Hales, in which he says that breathing through diaphragms of cloth dipped in alkaline solution, made the air last longer for the purposes of life. In the same year I found that "fixed air" (carbon dioxide) is the chief part of the elastic matter which is formed in liquids in the vinous fermentation."

Before we further examine the value of the contributions made by Hales to the science of ventilation, it will be as well to trace the order of discovery of the gases of the atmos-

phere without which ultimately, of course, no scientific basis for the solution of the problems of ventilation could have been arrived at. Carbon dioxide was discovered under the name of "gas sylvestre" by the Belgian chemist J. B. Van Helmont (1577-1644) about the year 1640. Having burned a known weight of wood, he noticed that only about one-sixtieth of the original weight remained in solid form, the other fifty-nine-sixtieths he regarded as something volatile to which he gave the name of "gas," a word he coined to designate this "spirit of wood" and other kindred spirits. Gas sylvestre, because it came from, or was produced by, the burning of wood, was the first name under which carbon dioxide became a chemical concept in the minds of men of science.

The next contribution to accurate notions about breathing, and, hence, the necessity for ventilation was made by Thomas Willis (1621-1675), who clearly laid down that three things were necessary for the act of respiration. These were: a free and continuous access of air, a constant supply of combustible material, and the necessity for the continuous removal of the products of the combustion, for Willis clearly identified the burning of a flame in air with respiration in a living animal; he saw that the two were chemically the same thing. It was in 1660 that the Honourable Robert Boyle, who did so much for the early study of the atmosphere and gases, performed the fundamental experiment as regards ventilation; namely, to exhaust the air round a living animal. He showed that long before the vacuum was perfect, a sparrow and a mouse both died, and the flame of a candle went out. Boyle also understood that there was something besides the vapour of water that rendered expired air unfit for being further breathed by animals.

The next step was taken by the Cornishman, Richard Lower, who before 1669 clearly perceived that the blood in the lungs was purified by absorbing something from the air breathed in, namely, what we now know to be oxygen. Lower was also quite certain that the air breathed out was noxious and ought to be removed. Were there no need for this removal, "we should breathe," he writes, "as well in the most filthy prisons as amongst the most delightful pastures." A further advance was taken by another Englishman and Oxford man of science, John Mayow. Working between 1668 and 1674, Mayow virtually discovered oxygen in a physiological sense. He gave it the unfortunate name of "nitro-aerial particles." Mayow died in 1679, and in England nothing was done in connection with respiration or ventilation until the time of Hales, who rediscovered a great deal that Lower and Mayow had known perfectly. Though not a physiological chemist, Hales was the discoverer of a method of enabling respiration to go on in the absolutely irrespirable atmosphere of coal-mines or burning houses. He suggested that the apparatus might be of service also to divers. He was the father of all such as descended into fire-damp, choke-damp, black-damp, and after-damp, provided with a supply of air for breathing in an apparatus capable of absorbing the exhaled carbon dioxide. He was the Jubal of all such as handle rescue-apparatus.

In point of time nitrogen was the next constituent of the atmosphere to be identified. This was achieved in 1772 by Daniel Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Rutherford was the maternal uncle of Sir Walter Scott. Within two years more oxygen had been separated, by Joseph Priestley, from mercuric oxide as "dephlogisticated air." By 1775 Priestley had found that this gas supported both combustion and respiration. Had it not been for the "phlogiston" theory, to which he clung with fatal tenacity,

Priestly would have been the undisputed discoverer of the gaseous basis of life, but, as is well known, Lavoisier was the man who understood what he had discovered, when, by the end of 1774, he had isolated oxygen and given it that name.

Hales's first paper on the importance of ventilation in mines, hospitals, prisons, and ships was read to the Royal Society in 1741; the title-page of the treatise in which Hales described his invention reads thus: "A description of ventilators whereby great quantities of fresh air may with ease be conveyed into mines, gaols, hospitals, workhouses and ships in exchange for their noxious air, and in preserving all sorts of grain dry, sweet, and free from being destroyed by weevils, both in granaries and ships."

In this paper Hales speaks of "the rancid vapours from human bodies," so that he knew that besides something poisonous from the lungs (carbon dioxide), there were other noxious vapours which had to be removed. Now, the very latest opinion as to the deleterious nature of breathed air is that it is not due to the carbon dioxide, but that the headache or distress is due to the moisture, heat, and volatile organic effluvia from the skins and lungs of the persons in the confined space. Those in authority were not slow to avail themselves of the benefits of Hales's ventilators, although their adoption in prisons, the ventilation of which was notoriously insufficient, was undoubtedly hastened by the deaths of the Lord Mayor of London, two judges and an alderman, all of whom became infected with gaol-fever caught at the Old Bailey Sessions. The Royal Society was called upon for advice, and a committee was appointed to look into the question of the ventilation of the prisons. "A ventilator invented by one of the Committee was erected in Newgate reducing at once the number of deaths from eight a week to about two a month. Of the eleven workmen employed to put up the ventilator, seven caught the fever and died," wrote Sir William Huggins. This, of course, alludes to Hales and his invention.

In 1749 Hales's ventilators were installed in the Savoy prison by order of Mr. Henry Fox, later the first Lord Holland. Between the years 1749 and 1752 four prisoners died of gaol-fever as compared with between fifty and a hundred per annum previously. In the year 1750 out of two hundred and forty prisoners, only four died; and of these two died of smallpox and one of alcoholism, so that the salutary effects of Hales's system were immediate and striking. In 1752 the ventilators, operated by a windmill—for the earlier ones had been worked by hand like the bellows of an organ—were introduced into Newgate Prison, each having ducts leading to twenty-four cells or wards. As the result of this, says Peter Collinson the friend of Hales, the ratio of deaths after the ventilation to those before it was as seven to sixteen; that is, the deaths were reduced to less than fifty per cent. Ships at this time were floating strongholds of death: between scurvy, poisoning by bad food, and ship-fever or poisoning by bad air, only the most robust men ever came through the ordeal. In 1755 Hales read a short but most interesting paper to the Royal Society entitled: "An account of the great benefits of ventilators in many instances in preserving the health and lives of people in slave and other transport ships." He speaks of "finding means to procure them fresh, salutary air, instead of the noxious, putrid, close-confined, pestilential air which has destroyed millions of mankind in ships." In this paper Hales published a letter dated London, 1749, from a Captain Thomson, of the frigate *Success*, which is interesting reading: "Our rule," he wrote, "for ventilating was a half an hour every four hours; but when the ventilating was sometimes neglected for eight

hours, then we could perceive, especially in hot weather, a very sensible difference by the short neglect of it. All agreed the ventilators were of great service, men did not need to be urged to work them. Two hundred men aboard for a year, pressed men from gaols with distemper, all landed well in Georgia. This is what I believe but few transports, or any other ships can brag of, nor did I ever meet the like good luck before, which, next to Providence, I impute to the benefit received by the ventilators. This certainly occasioned all kind of grain provisions to keep better and longer from weevils than otherwise they would have done, and other kinds of provisions received benefit from the coolness and freshness of the air of the ship which was caused by ventilation." Hales goes on to say that the Earl of Halifax told him of the great benefit derived from his ventilators installed in transport ships to Nova Scotia, the ratio of the deaths in the ventilated ships to those in the non-ventilated ships being as one to twelve. This Earl of Halifax is the nobleman after whom the capital of Nova Scotia is named.

Through soliciting the interest of the French man of science, Du Hamel du Monceau, Hales contrived to have his ventilators installed in certain prisons in France where English prisoners were confined. The reverend sanitarian closes his paper with these words: "They little consider that it is the high degree of putrefaction, that most subtle dissolvent in Nature, which a foul air acquires in long stagnating, which gives it that pestilential quality which causes what is called the gaol-distemper, and a very small quantity or even vapour of this highly attenuated venom, like the infection or inoculation for smallpox, soons spreads its deadly infection."

Now, this is a somewhat remarkable paragraph to have been written in 1775: it undoubtedly refers to typhus fever, known under all the following names, putrid fever, ship-fever, emigrant fever, hospital fever, and gaol-fever. It was, for it is happily now rapidly disappearing, *the* fever of bad sanitation, the scourge of ill-fed, badly-housed, unwashed, neglected specimens of humanity. Even now its precise cause, whether a bacillus or other fungus, is not known. The very latest suggestion is that it is an ultra-microscopical virus, transmitted by an insect that infests unclean skins. But the very fact that, at the present time, we have not isolated the virus, is sufficient proof of its excessively elusive nature, a very attenuated poison, indeed, as Hales knew.

Hales's artificial respiration apparatus consisted of a bladder divided up into compartments by four partitions of flannel or linen soaked in solution of potash or "sal tartar" capable, as we now know, of absorbing the respiratory carbon dioxide; respiratory valves completed the mechanism. The nostrils had to be closed, as they have to be in all mouth-breathing forms of such apparatus even at the present day. The receiver held between four and five quarts of air; Hales thought that with one gallon of air and four diaphragms respiration could be supported for at least five minutes. Hales distinctly contemplated its use for saving life in mines. In view of the prominence which lifesaving apparatus has attained at the present time, it seems to the writer exceedingly interesting to know that before 1726 an attempt had been made to devise an artificial respiration apparatus. This simple invention of the country clergyman is the humble parent of the various forms of the ingenious life-saving apparatus in use now, the Fleuss, the Draeger, and others, which enable a man to remain for upwards of two hours in a poisonous or even deadly atmosphere.

The details of the life of Stephen Hales are neither numerous nor romantic. He was born in 1677, the

son of Thomas, eldest son of Sir Robert Hales, Baronet of Bekesbourne, a pleasant village not far from Canterbury. His mother was Mary, daughter and heiress of Richard Wood of Abbots Langley. At the age of nineteen he went to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge University, of which he became a fellow in 1703. In time he graduated M.A., and took his B.D. degree in 1711. His early scientific leanings may be inferred from his having studied anatomy, chemistry, and botany as a recreation. He studied plants on the Gog-Magog hills near Cambridge and made collections of fossils and of butterflies. He did not neglect astronomy, for, according to one account, he constructed a "planetarium in brass" on Newtonian principles. Having taken Holy Orders, Hales was presented in 1710 to the perpetual curacy of Teddington in Middlesex. He also held the living of Farringdon in Hampshire. In 1717 at the comparatively early age of forty, Hales was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and twenty-two years later was awarded the Copley medal, the highest honour in the gift of that learned body. Hales was a friend of the poet Pope whose will he witnessed in 1743. Other friends of his were the Duke of Cumberland, Sir James Smith, Horace Walpole. Peg Woffington, the actress, was for a time one of his parishioners.

In 1726 his famous "Vegetable Statics" saw the light, dedicated to His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, and in 1733 Volume II. "Hæmostatics" dedicated to the King's Most Excellent Majesty. These dedications are to the same person.

Hales's more immediate patron seems to have been Frederick, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of George II. The Prince died in 1751, during his father's lifetime. His widow Augusta, daughter of Frederick Duke of Saxe-Gotha, who was for the last ten years of Hales's life the Princess Dowager of Wales, had a very great regard for the reverend Doctor, and there is no doubt whatever that had Hales desired it, he might have become a bishop. The utmost he would allow, refusing a Canonry of Windsor, was to be made Clerk of the Closet, or Almoner to the Princess Dowager. After Hales's death, this princess erected to his memory a mural monument in marble in Westminster Abbey: he is not buried there but underneath the tower of his old church at Teddington.

The memorial, by Wilton, in the Abbey, is in alto-relievo; it represents the figures of Religion and Botany supporting a medallion of the philosopher, below which is a globe with the winds portrayed on it in allusion to Hales's invention of ventilators. The following is a translation of the inscription, which is in Latin verse: "At Hales's tomb, which Augusta caused to rise with gleaming stone and to have due beauty, Piety and gray-haired Faith and supreme Virtue, a sacred band, drop constant tears; while above the dead prophet divine Wisdom proclaims—'He was skilled in helping men's troubles; he, too, in tracing God's works. No lapse of time will weaken your praise, Great Hales! or your titles! England is pround to enroll you amongst her noblest sons, England which can boast a Newton.'"

A QUESTION OF MOTIVE

BY ESTHER WINNIFRED DENGATE

LETITIA VANDERBURG vigorously brushed her hair before the cracked mirror in her Western boarding-house. She felt the odds were in her favour. But Mrs. Sibbald, mistress of the shack, might have told a different story.

Miss Vanderburg was twenty-one. In the college circles where she was popular she was merely "Van", for appropriateness and brevity. She was a tall girl, loosely built, with snapping black eyes and a red mouth. Her nose spoiled her good looks, but added to her general piquancy. As to her character, the subject had little interest for her, but you will see she had an optimism hard to dampen. Unfortunately, Mrs. Sibbald's eyes were also black and snappng, and she was only twenty-two herself. The alluring Eastern ways of Miss Van were not a whit more effective than the direct and vigorous manner of her landlady.

As the young and human schoolteacher leisurely dressed, she reviewed the events of yesterday. In the persons of herself and Mrs. Sibbald, Greek met Greek daily. It began in the morning when she asked Mrs. Sibbald to hook her dress. She possessed a number of remarkable Eastern creations *en princesse,* into which she could not struggle unaided. And Mrs. Sibbald possessed that quality of mind which is all alive to a new style in gowns, but her interests did not embrace the hooks and eyes. Just at the hour when these were thrust upon her, she was toasting Miss Vanderburg's bread and frying Miss Vanderburg's ham (two luxuries which the Sibbalds themselves did not enjoy and the provision of which was the first scratch on the woman's placidity.)

So the toast that morning had been burnt, and the ham too crisp. Van left both untouched, and as Mrs. Sibbald passed to and fro from dining-room to kitchen she remarked tartly, "I can't hook dresses and turn toast."

"Of course," remarked Van, as she complacently surveyed her pink linen gown in the cracked mirror, "of course, I have my own little faults."

She knew she had made quantities of fudge in Mrs. Sibbald's kitchen and then had forgotten to wash the pans. She had fuzzy black hair which flew about the room when brushed, and every sweeping-day Mrs. Sibbald confronted her with a handful, a weekly reminder of her increasing untidiness. She had gone out looking for raspberres, and had forgotten to bring home the pails. "Little old lard tins, anyway," she said to herself—"what does it matter? And besides," she concluded sagely, "my staying here is so hard on the Sibbald's baby. The madder she gets at me the more she pounds the baby. Little Van, you'll have to go."

But where? Boarding-houses in Saskatchewan do not crop up in charmed green circles, like puff balls.

"The Kemps! The very thing! Warm, stone house, lots of room, and she'll be decent to me. I'll go and ask her now!"

She pulled her red felt knock-about over her head and went out to saddle the buckskin. It never occurred to her to explain to Mrs. Sibbald where she was going, and in a few minutes she dashed past the kitchen window. Nothing irritated Mrs. Sibbald more than this reckless, fool-hardy galloping. She looked toward her husband.

"Just look at that girl, Jo," she exclaimed. "She'll break her neck yet."

But Jo was forty, and mild, and indifferent to the ways of hot-headed women. So he resorted to the vernacular:

"Aw, go to grass, Jen, and eat hay!"

And Mrs. Sibbald, who adored her indifferent husband, made the churn-dasher fly and said no more.

It was a Saturday morning in October, with warmly blue skies and coldly gleaming clouds, flaming trees in the bush, and always the swift blue Saskatchewan. Van flew along the trail, through the buckwheat field, and on down the hill toward the river. The Kemps lived half a mile from the bank. As she drew rein before the door, she shouted:

"Anyone home?"

Dip came to the door.

You might think Dip was a dog, but she wasn't. She was a little girl eleven in years, seven in stature, and thirty in face. Her colourless print dress suggested scant underclothes. She had slept in the dress for a week. Llewelyn clung to her skirts. He was five. He had enormous gray eyes and a pathetic mouth. But he was obstinate as an imp. He began to kick Dip for holding the door open so long.

"Mamma says for Miss Vanderburg to come in."

Dip extended the invitation with grim, unchildlike courtesy, and Van entered. The house was not yet finished. Flapping canvas hung in the windows, and scraps of oil-cloth partitioned the walls. A home-made table, some benches, and an expensive organ were the furniture. Gay calendars and some impossible oils hung crookedly on the walls. Mrs. Kemp was fussing over a baby of five weeks. The baby was bedraggled beyond expression, but the lace on her clothes was fine. The woman talked incessantly, and it would have been the same if no one had been there. She talked as other women breathe.

Van stated her case. She glowed with pride at her own magnanimity at having stayed at Sibbald's so long. Mrs. Kemp was full of maudlin sympathy. Indeed, she quite understood. Mrs. Kemp was a fine little woman, but everyone knew her temper.

"Now, Mrs. Kemp, you really must take me in." Never had Van used those black eyes for which she was famous to better advantage. "I'll buy a cot or blankets and pay you anything you want, but I won't go back to that place."

"Of course, you can come, Miss Vanderburg. But you'll have to sleep with me and the baby. And if you can put up with that, Kemp and I will feel honoured to have you. I don't see how a young lady like you can stand our Western ways at all. Kemp and I understand; we've had good educations ourselves. (There, there, darling. I'm calling her Annie Meridith, after Annie Boleyn and my own great-aunt. Poor little Annie Boleyn! I always feel sorry for her, with that husband.) Oh, yes, we're rough, Miss Vanderburg, but we've known very different ways. In our house in Wales we had forty different kinds of roses in our garden and a Queen Anne window in the drawing-room. Think of that, you know. And Kemp, he went to church in his silk hat and long coat every Sunday. Ay, my, it's fine of you to start a Sunday school in the school-house, Miss Vanderburg. My Dip is that fond of you."

Dip and Llewelyn, who had been listening to the oracle, scuttled off when it descended to personalities.

So Van had to return home and tell

Mrs. Sibbald about her changed prospects. She did not enjoy the task. It was dinner-time, and the two women were alone, the men being off threshing. Mrs. Sibbald was gracious to a degree, and urged Van to take second helpings of the roast prairie chicken and chocolate pie, in the cooking of which she was past mistress.

A short, sharp conflict followed.

Speaking the truth in love did not obtain, as neither woman was overly familiar with the practice of St. Paul's injunction. Finally, Mrs. Sibbald took a base advantage, by assuming the role of outraged innocence. She had, of her own accord, washed a silk kimona of Van's, to rescue it from the washwoman's blue-bag. As Van was packing her trunk, Mrs. Sibbald mutely presented this, as if to say, "Behold the martyr." To Van's dismay, this master stroke of the enemy sadly compromised her own dignity, and she got out as quickly as she could.

That was Saturday. Sunday was uneventful. She spent it in her new boarding-house. Some little peculiarities of the Kemp household came to light. They served cucumbers without salt or vinegar, being out of both articles. Van found them very tasteless things, that way. At eight in the evening the lamp went out, and as the oil-can was empty they cheerfully sat it out in the darkness. Their bread was of the tough solid variety. Mrs. Kemp explained in detail that it couldn't rise in the cold, with Dip refusing to cut more wood. Moreover, the blanket to wrap the pan in could not be found, though it was afterwards discovered in the stable, Llewelyn having thoughfully thrown it over the pony to keep it warm.

"He has a kind heart, that boy, Miss Vanderburg, and he doesn't get it from Kemp either."

Van was somewhat bewildered to find that fine dimity note paper, onions, spools, ink, a comb, butter and the baby's talcum powder were all kept on the organ.

Yes, Sunday was quite uneventful, but no such charge could be laid against any other day of the teacher's sojurn. Monday night, returning from school, Llewelyn met her halfway. He looked frightened.

"Mamma's fallen down cellar. Dip, she can't get her out. You got to come quick."

Van took the limp, thin little hand, and they ran through the pretty avenue of poplars between them and the house.

A trap-door led to the cellar. Mrs. Kemp had fallen down the ladder and cut her leg on a nail during the descent. She was bewildered and badly shaken, but they got her up. Though she was white with pain, her conversation never flagged.

"If Kemp was only here; he'd be that careful of me. All he thinks of is me and the children. The people in Saskatchewan don't think much of him because he can't handle a hayfork smart or run a homestead, but he can teach them how to be a gentleman. He never went out without a collar in his life. Oh, the pain Miss Vanderburg. Dip, you little owl, stop your staring and do what Miss Vanderburg tells. That water feels so good, Miss Vanderburg. Oh, I think the Lord must have sent you here."

Van laughed at this, as she bathed the ugly cut. She belonged to a Methodist church in Toronto, but she would scarcely have ascribed to so worthy a source her constant encounters with Mrs. Sibbald and consequent change of boarding-house.

"And you're so bright about everything—just like my little sister Kate that married the milkman."

. . . . . .

It becomes needful at this point to speak of Mr. Kemp. But he must be kept strictly in the background, because of his certain tendencies to overrun everything else. He was lean, sharp and penetrating—a human screw. He was a tailor in town, fifteen miles off, and returned to his

own fireside only when his family needed half a pound of tea or five cents' worth of yeast. True to his interest in wife and children, he decided that canvas doors and windows were not the thing in the family of a gentleman, much less oil-cloth partitions. So he engaged a plasterer to come out and finish the lower storey of the house. He was scarcely a graduate in household economics, this Welshman whose children went barefoot in the snow, but who scorned the snug, cheap shacks of the other homesteaders and was hated by them for it.

So Tuesday morning the plasterer arrived. When Van got home that evening, she felt a bit nonplussed. Down stairs was empty, and the cold October wind blew in at the empty doors and windows. The household-goods had been arranged upstairs to make way for operations below. Van groped her way up the half-finished stairs, then gazed about, speechless. It was almost dark; the only light came from the reflected glow of a wood fire. Mrs. Kemp, suffering intense pain from the injured leg, sat in a rickety steamer-chair and disconsolately hugged the baby. It was cold, for there was a hole in the roof. Dip sat on the floor, her cold little legs drawn under her print dress. Llewellyn, black as a sweep, in a pretentious sailor-suit that had once been cream, snuggled up to her for warmth. At intervals she pinched him, and in response he wailed. The floor was littered with pans, kindling-wood, beets, and bedding. The Oracle talked; the baby cried, the plasterer smoked, with his coat-collar turned up and his hands in his pockets. It was nearly six, but there was no sign of supper. Mrs. Kemp rose to her position as hostess.

"This is our school-teacher, Mr. Booth. Mr. Booth has come to do the plastering, but Kemp seems to have made some mistake; the laths haven't come. I can't understand it, careful as he is. I'm sure Mr. Booth has been very good getting the things moved. My leg is so bad I never could have done it, and Dip here's a lazy little limb."

"That's not what I was hired for," came laconically from the plasterer.

"Yes," drawled Llewellyn, "I'm better than her."

Van glared at him; not that she hated Dip less, but Llewellyn more. She took off her things and sat down on a box by the stove. Nobody spoke. For a few minutes she watched a little rift of snow piling under a board. Then she laughed long and merrily and everyone else stared ill-naturedly.

"That's just her, Mr. Booth. I'm sure I don't see how she stands our rough ways at all—just my little sister Kate over again. What would your Auntie Kate think of us now, Dip? She's used to seeing you in your white smocks and velvet coats, and just look at you now."

Everyone looked, and Mrs. Kemp mingled her tears with the baby's.

Van sprang up: "What we all need is tea," she exclaimed. "Dip, what about potatoes? Fried, they would be delectable."

Dip brightened and shot out her bare little legs.

"They're in the cellar, but I'm afraid to go alone."

Poor Dip got another scornful glance, this time from the plasterer. Though unacquainted with the mysteries of the fatal trap-door which had caused all the trouble, he offered his services.

"Give me a match and I'll go myself," he said.

"Indeed, Mr. Kemp, we haven't one; we used the last to light the fire. We expected some more with the laths. Dear me! What can Kemp be thinking of?"

The plasterer swore and sat down. Probably he thought one broken leg enough.

So Van boiled beets and attempted to make coffee, but there was no more water. Mrs. Kemp suggested making it with milk.

"When my sister Katie had the fever, the doctor suggested steeping her tea with milk as it was more nourishing, so why wouldn't coffee be, too?"

But alas, there was no milk. Again Mrs. Kemp was resourceful.

"Dip, take to your heels and milk a pint—that is if you can find Daisy."

The plasterer arose in his wrath.

"Madam," he almost shouted, "don't you know your cow will go dry if you treat her like that?"

"La," said Mrs. Kemp desperately, "what if she does? We've got to have something to drink."

So they supped coffee and ate beets and toast made on the stove lid, while they sat on a bench near the stove, because near the table the air was too frosty.

. . . . . .

Things in the Kemp ménage went from bad to worse. Mrs. Kemp's leg kept her in bed, and housekeeping duties fell on Van. The plasterer developed symptoms of a canny wit, and daylight revealed the fact that he had merry blue eyes and close curling hair. And he was young. In after days Van was wont to say to her incredulous, admiring friends down East:

"The plasterer was my only support. When the silverware got lost through chinks in the walls, and the cat would eat up the stew, I'd make out by cooking a prairie-chicken a neighbour would sometimes give us, because everyone knew Mr. Kemp could never shoot anything. And when we got reduced to one teaspoon among us, I would dip it in my hot tea till it was melted clean and then pass it to him; then we'd look at each other and roar with laughter and prepare for the next tragedy. Mrs. Kemp would be in bed behind her oil-cloth partition, raving about woman's suffrage or Lloyd-George, and she used to wonder what in the world there was to laugh at."

The plastering went on in jerks. The laths came, but not the sand, then the sand, but not the lime. The plasterer himself had to draw the water from the river. These enforced delays when the Scotsman had to wait for one commodity and then another made him furious and amused Van vastly. She would come in about five, and find him sitting moodily by the stove. Throwing her books down with a bang, she would give him a saucy look and sing:

"Everybody works but the plasterer;
He sits round all day."

When at length he got the first coating on, the temperature took a sudden drop and it was all ruined. Mr. Kemp raved at the loss. The Scotsman wanted to know whose fault it was, and shook the dust of the place forever off his feet.

At last Van's school term was almost ever. Meanwhile Mrs. Kemp's leg had become gradually worse. One Sunday morning Kemp walked out from town and announced with a magnificent air that a doctor was coming out during the day to see his wife. He wasn't going to have *his* wife die of neglect. Consternation reigned. Mr. Kemp alone was undismayed. He had carried out two pounds of sausages, and with such riches in the larder he feared no mischance.

About noon the doctor arrived. Van was deliciously excited. She hoped she felt a proper degree of sympathy with the woman who lay in bed in a paroxysm of terror lest the doctor should use his knife. But the doctor was a McGill graduate, and the first civilized man she had seen in six months. To be sure he regarded her with a purely professional eye, but it was refreshing to see a linen collar and (*mirabile dictu*) he wore a fraternity pin in his waistcoat. It made her sigh for the flesh-pots of Ontario.

At the psychological moment of his entrance, Van was sweeping. She had just collected four piles of lime

and other débris and was in the act of collecting a fifth. Mrs. Kemp wailed from behind the oil-cloth during the intervals when she could control the chattering of her teeth. Mr. Kemp turned sausages, against that time, two hours off, when the doctor should need them for a lunch.

Van led the doctor behind the oil-cloth, Mr. Kemp following. His self-assertion had vanished between fear for his wife and awe of the doctor.

Rubbing his hands together spasmodically, he stammered out,

"She has a weak heart, doctor; I just thought I'd tell you."

Nobody paid any attention to him, and he went back to his more responsive sausages.

"Oh, Miss Vanderburg, hold my hand; you don't think he'll cut me? Send Kemp away, he'll just a muddle things."

But the doctor's face was like the Sphynx. He looked at Van.

"Hot water, please—two bowlfuls," he commented.

Van put on the kettle, and while it heated the doctor looked out across the prairie. She wished he wouldn't be quite so taciturn.

"Now, if you will get me some clean towels and handkerchiefs."

She smiled to herself at the disparity between supply and demand as she produced her one remaining bath-towel and her own handkerchiefs. The young doctor deftly folded four together and poured something out of a bottle. Van held them to the woman's face. The odour of chloroform was filling the room, when Kemp entered again, still nervously rubbing his hands.

"She has a weak heart, doctor, I thought I'd mention it again."

Another ignominious retreat in silence.

The woman on the bed was slipping into unconsciousness, but roused at the sound of his voice.

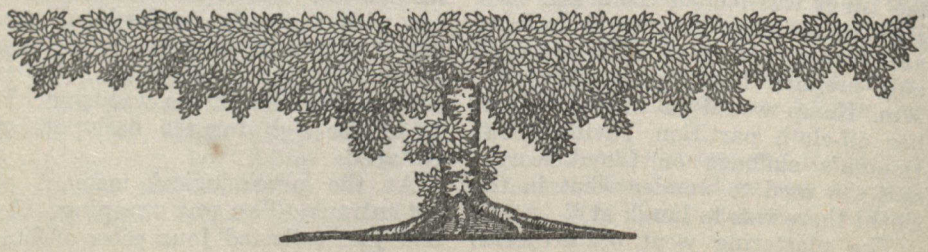
"Keep Kemp out, let him tend his sausages," she muttered.

With a sharp knife the doctor cut the discoloured flesh. There was a clean ripping sound as of scissors cutting new linen. Always a collector of new sensations, Van made herself watch, but felt a sense of repugnance. She looked round at the utter squalour, and for once her heart sank—the woman's dishevelled hair and deathly face, the dirty tumbled bed, the littered floor and scantling ceiling. She was shivering with the cold. The air was redolent of sausages and chloroform; she looked gratefully at the doctor's clean-cut, capable young face and unconsciously let the burden of the Kemps fall on his stronger shoulders. In response to his monosyllabic instructions, she handed him splint, cotton or gauze.

The simple operation was over and consciousness returned to the patient. Immediately she began to talk—sobbingly, incoherently.

"I've been out in an automobile with Kemp (oh, is it over?), and the wheels came off. But Kemp, he couldn't fix them. . . . Don't let go my hand, Miss Vanderburg. . . . Oh, I'm sure the Lord sent you."

Van smiled again, but this time she didn't contradict. Perhaps the woman was right. Nothing mattered, anyway, for she was going East in the morning.



NEBULOUS POLITICS

BY VINCENT BASEVI

IT is a pity that the Montessori system of education cannot be applied to politics. In every country there are two academies of political thought maintained at the expense of the monied classes. From these centres there radiate essays and lectures and homilies on the political problems of the day, or such problems the existence of which is acknowledged by the professors of politics. In British communities these academies are known as the Conservative and Liberal parties, and they exude faith in themselves.

The voter learns from the press of the two parties, from their chosen representatives and their pamphlets what he should think on various subjects. If he ventures to disagree with the doctrines of both parties, he ceases to have a voice in the government of the State, or at best he helps to govern it in a manner contrary to his beliefs. The plain voter must accept political instruction. If he ventures by himself in the field of political study, he becomes as a leper to organized society.

The principle of rule by a governing class has been abandoned in theory, but not in practice. Who pays the piper, calls the tune; and they who finance elections dictate policies. For the salaries paid to parliamentary representatives by the State are but a drop in the ocean of money spent on the preparation and sustenance of parliaments; and the supporters of the system, the generous subscribers to party funds, are the actual rulers.

We are told almost daily that the party system works well, and that at any rate it is the only feasible one under a thoroughly democratic franchise. It has worked well in the past. But there is a subtle difference between a system working and a system being worked; and the difference is seldom noticeable until after a change has taken place.

It may be assumed that the evolution of political machinery is similar in all countries that tolerate a broad franchise. Various nations are in different stages of development, but the processes of evolution are uniform. For the sake of convenience, then, I will limit myself to Canada and Great Britain when seeking established customs to verify my theory.

During the Victorian era the balance of power shifted from the landed to the industrial and financial classes. Some of the landed gentry in Great Britain do not realize even now that this change has taken place, but their want of perception does not alter facts. A landed proprietor has a certain number of votes limited by the number of constituencies in which he holds property. He may support Liberal or Conservative candidates, or even be a candidate himself, as many of the landed gentry are, and possibly win a seat in the House of Commons as a supporter of one of the recognized parties. But the financiers and commercial men have the ears of the astute mendicants in the headquarters of the parties, and they decide what the land-

ed gentry may support or oppose with their votes.

Doubtless the welfare of the country, as they see it, comes first with a vast majority of men who run the marionette shows called parliaments. Nothing is further from my intention than to suggest that the landed gentry in the past or the commercial interests of our own times have made a practice of using their corporate strengths knowingly for their own benefits and to the detriment of the State. The fact remains, however, that power has been shifted from one class to another, and power over the proletariat remains.

It is difficult at present justly to locate final responsibility. That is to say, if men starve, or if industries are ruined and unemployment is rife, economic conditions, tight money or the general cussedness of everything may be held responsible; but no one is to blame. Nothing has been evolved to take the place of the feudal system which, with all its faults, recognized the responsibility of some men for the welfare of others. It was a thoroughly bad system because it was open to abuses, full advantage of which was taken; so it had to go. And in its stead we have—representative government? Control of the State by the people? The government of the people by the people and for the people? We have nothing of the kind.

In Great Britain feudalism vanished slowly, and in place thereof arose an administration shared by the Crown, the Church and the landed gentry. For centuries mutual jealousy secured a reasonable measure of progress, with sometimes one and sometimes another of the estates of the realm dominant. As time went on power devolved more and more on the Commons, the representatives of the people. Representatives of fiddlesticks! Rotten buroughs, feudal influence that had not died with the abandonment of feudal practices, and balloting in public with no limit to election expenses kept the House of Commons reasonably exclusive.

The next forward step was the establishment of the party system proper. This has not changed in principle, though it has in degree and method, since its inception. With the passage of time the party has become all powerful, and the private member now is little more than a cog on a wheel. The party system consists of two groups of men meeting in the headquarters of their respective organizations, formulating policies or giving new names to old creeds, finding candidates to advocate their views and possibly subscribe to the cost of their campaigns, and then permitting the people to choose between two cut and dried programmes of legislation.

In one important detail the party system in Canada differs from that of Great Britain. Candidates seldom help to finance the campaigns of their parties in the Dominion. Funds are discovered in the coffers of the central organizations, and true believers are left to infer that the earnest wage-earners, who devote their spare time to the study of statecraft, subscribe their dollars and their quarters to further causes in which they have so much faith.

Yet there are whispers, loud ones sometimes, about corruptions at elections. The victorious party seldom does more than retort with a *tu quoque*. The people remain unmoved by threats of revelations. The man in the street shrugs his shoulders and assumes that both parties are tarred with the same brush, and anyhow he is too busy to bother about it. He is governed by a class that has complete command of the electioneering machinery, and on the whole he has little to grumble about. In all so-called self-governing countries the parliaments are little more than appendages to organized commerce, and in new countries the politicians themselves are too often brought in close personal contact with the men who

virtually are their very employers.

There comes a time, of course, when the feeling of the public is clearly expressed at the polls. A government that has been long in power usually earns resentment. An administration with a vast majority is liable to become too autocratic, and thus merit a snubbing from the people. Now and again a really popular issue will arise, and for the moment politicians and their supporters are carried along on the tide of public sentiment. But even then they are directed by the people on one or two issues only, and they continue to direct what are to them, as a governing class, the important events. They control public works, grant subsidies and make appointments. More important still, they frame the budget. Let us admit that on the whole it is well and properly done, and still we have no excuse for pretending to enjoy self-government or popular representation.

We are maintaining a colossal humbug because it has worked so far with success. The day may come when public interest will find itself diametrically opposed to the dictates of the ruling class. When that time arrives, it will be as costly to secure the dominance of the proletariat by the party system as it would by revolution. For elections are expensive to contest.

The ruling class has members in both parties. Each side has passing fads and fancies; each one stands more or less permanently for admirable theories. But the conduct of one party in office is very similar to that of the other. For evidence of this the reader may refer to Hansard for the closing weeks of the past session at Ottawa. The debates on the Post Office estimates were in themselves a liberal education.

What right has one party to-day to be called Conservative and the other party to call itself Liberal? What have members of the present Opposition in England in common with the party that followed Lord Salisbury? And in his day of power Lord Salisbury did little to develop the idea of Tory Democracy inaugurated by his former leader, Disraeli.

Has the Liberal party in Canada any connecting link with the Liberalism of Lord John Russell or of Mr. Gladstone? Beyond a reverent genuflection to the idol of Free Trade, which is omitted from the ritual when the party achieves power, the Liberals of to-day profess a faith that is contradictory in all respects to the individualistic precepts of the Manchester school. How can an individualistist like Dr. Michael Clark row in the same boat with a social reformer like Mr. Rowell? The former believes in opportunity, a Spartan creed; the latter accepts the theory of responsibility. Yet it can be done because they are the mouthpieces of the governing class, and because parties and policies acquire significance only on the rare occasions when public feeling is aroused. No one realizes how similar are the two parties to the same extent as he who has crossed the floor. As a Liberal Mr. Churchill professes the same principles that he advocated as a Tory. He might be a leader in either party. Provided a politician can make a platitude sound like an axiom, it matters little what causes he advocates, he will attract a following. Hence the need for the Montessori system in teaching politics.

Of those who prate about representative government, the Socialists are the only politicians who stand on logical ground. While their most virulent diatribes are directed against landowners, they have another brand of vituperation, but slightly inferior, for financiers and employers of labour. They are genuinely opposed to the existence of any governing class, and to most other things. How is it, then, that Socialism has failed to acquire an influential position?

The reason is, I think, that Socialism so far has been one-sided. It

has concentrated attention on the rights of wage-earners, and ignored the rights and uses of employers in their capacity as directors of labour and creators of business. More important still, it has forgotten the duties of man while arguing always for his rights. And duty comes before all else. In a very beautiful essay that contains many helpful thoughts Stevenson says: "In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others".

Here, I think, is the creed for which Socialism is groping. Man must try to bring happiness to others. It is the only justification for any kind of government. The trouble with most reformers is that they seek to bring happiness to a particular class or section of the others. Carefully analyzed most political creeds will resolve themselves into a declaration that it is the turn of some other section of the community to have a good time. How many Socialists would not sacrifice ten years of genuine progress to see the Duke of Norfolk compelled to work as a garbage man?

Highly cultured Socialists like Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Shaw can adumbrate most attractive policies and methods before enlightened audiences. But I have heard the same Mr. Bernard Shaw preach the doctrines of Karl Marx before an audience at Bow and Bromley in the east end of London. Yet modern Socialists profess to have outgrown the primitive struggles of Karl Marx to find a solution to the social problem.

My own conviction is that the best kind of government would be absolute rule by a class the members of which would have no private interests to serve. But I realize that the day for such a government is past. Modern discovery has produced so much that no man is in a position where he cannot desire more than he has; and human nature is of necessity acquisitive. The ideal governing class, then, cannot be found; and I deny that a party system which requires the financial support of acquired interests is in any degree removed from class rule. The public is left with a choice of masters, not a choice of servants.

An enlightened Socialism may ultimately provide an escape from the ridiculous position in which we now stand. Duty, the basic principle of life, would have to apply alike to the director of labour and to the worker. It is not sufficient to demand that the director shall do his duty, and the worker shall get his rights. Age should not bring destitution to those at one end of the social ladder, nor should it bring a feverish desire to compromise with Providence by endowing charities and financing churches to those who have climbed the ladder. The discharge of duty should assure both competence and easy conscience in old age.

An enlightened Socialism would have to recognize discipline as necessary to the proper discharge of duty; and to keep discipline it would have to recognize rank acquired by merit. But before an enlightened Socialism could be introduced, human nature would have to be altered.

We are now half way between feudalism and some form of government in which there will be real popular representation. What form the government of the future will take must depend upon the result of universal education during succeeding generations. At present our politics are nebulæ revolving round a magnetic centre known as the business world. The trouble will come when this business world gets too greedy.

IN SUFFOLK

From the Painting by Arnesly Brown in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

CURRENT EVENTS

THE Canadian Minister of Militia acted in sympathy with the best popular and official opinion when he determined to debar hereafter the liquor canteen from militia camps. It would be a good thing also if he could regulate against militiamen visiting accessible bars during the standing of the camps, but that might be regarded as rather too much restraint on personal liberty. But this tendency is in line with what is taking place in other countries, particularly in the United States. It is perhaps not generally known that in this regulation the Canadian Minister is just ten years behind the banishment of the sale of alcoholic liquors from the army canteens and army posts of the United States. But of more recent date and almost within a year Secretary Bryan succeeded in having the use of alcoholic liquors discarded at all diplomatic dinners, and President Wilson has discontinued their use in the White House. As the White House is the private residence of the President, no one could rightfully criticize its practices, but in the case of the diplomatic dinners something could be said for those who are there obliged to dine without wines, liquors, or cordials, table accessories that they have been accustomed to all their lives. The reply is, however, that when these diplomatists and others are in Rome they should do as the Romans do. While spirituous liquors for years have been taboo in the United States army officers' mess, malt and vinous liquors have been allowed to the officers of the navy. But after July 1st the officers of the navy, who, by the way, are not supposed to stint themselves, will have to crack their jokes over dry ginger ale and black coffee. *Current Opinion* accounts for the change as follows:

"For this bomb that has been exploded thus cruelly in the wine-mess of every ship in our navy, four men seem to be jointly responsible. Secretary Daniels, who hails from the prohibition state of North Carolina, issued the order. President Wilson approved it. Rear-Admiral Braisted, surgeon-general of the navy, recommended it. Colonel L. M. Maus, chief surgeon of the Eastern Division of the United States Army, seems to have instigated it. Some months ago Colonel Maus wrote an article on "Alcohol and Racial Degeneracy," for *The Journal of the Military Service Institution*. This article, it seems, reached the eye of Secretary Daniels. He sent it to Rear-Admiral Braisted with a request for his views on the subject. On the admiral's favourable reply, the Secretary seems to have based his reply. Colonel Maus, in his article, refers to alcoholic drink as "the most baffling obstacle to man's progress and higher evolution." He refers to the fact that Lord Kitchener allowed his men no spirits whatever in the Soudan campaign, that Lord Roberts was equally opposed to its use in South Africa, and that Sir Frederick Treves, who served at Ladysmith, said that "the drinking men fell out and dropped as regularly as if they were labelled with the big letter D on their backs."

The Colonel refers to one of Lord Wolseley's experiments, in which his troops were divided into three marching squads. The first had a daily ration of whisky, and at the start it marched daily ahead. The second had a ration of beer, and it soon overtook and passed the whisky squad. The third squad marched on water. It maintained an even, steady gait, passed both the other squads and reached its destination long before the others. In the manœuvres of the Connecticut militia last summer, Colonel Maus notes similar results. The majority of the young men who fell out of the line in the hot weather were declared inefficient by the medical officers because of the drinking of beer."

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Not long ago the distinguished Irish poet William Butler Yeats called the attention of English readers to the work of a Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore. Tagore had come to England, and had made several translations from his works into English. His fame soon became continental, and when the Nobel prize for literature was bestowed upon him his renown became world-wide. He has been on a lecturing tour in the United States, where his readings, particularly the mystic drama, "The King of the Dark Chamber," have been heard with much favourable comment. There are several volumes already done into English. The first, "Gitanjali," was issued in a limited edition in 1912 by the Indian Society, but its popularity has led to several editions by the present publishers (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). "The Crescent Moon" and "The Gardener" have also gone into several editions, and now "Chitra," a play of one act and nine scenes, bids fair to outrank all the others in point of interest. It is regarded by some critics as an unconscious message to women, for, although it was composed twenty-five years ago, its publication just now in English seems to be timely. It is the story of a princess who has been reared as a boy, but who on reaching maturity tries to recover the real attributes of her sex. In all Tagore's work so far, as translated into English, there is no rhyme in the ordinary sense of the word, nor does the text take the form of blank verse. It appears as prose made up into short paragraphs, many of them only one short sentence in length. It is the thought that is poetical, and the form while not obviously rhythmical is full of poetical beauty. One critic interprets Tagore as aiming to discover God not in some abstract region of truth and beauty, but in things as they are, and the following lines are supposed to sum up the theme embodied in "Chitra":

> "He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust.
> "Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down to the dusty soil. . . .
> "Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

The plot is based on an ancient legend in the Mahabharata; but Tagore uses the dry tale as Shakespeare used the older plays and stories upon which he founded his dramas, as a point of departure. The Hindu Princess Chitra has been brought up as a boy. She asks Madana, God of Love, and Vasanta, God of the Seasons, to lend her again those feminine graces which her manly education has taken away from her. "Give me," she implores, "the power of the weak and the weapon of the unarmed hand!" For upon one of her hunting excursions she has seen the hermit Arjuna. When he first saw her he thought her a boy. She returned to him in a woman's dress, and he rejected her.

In the last scene the princess appears once more in her true form garbed like a noble youth. Her final words, which may be interpreted in

A BURNING ISSUE
—Sykes in Philadelphia *Ledger*

a variety of meanings, constitute the most beautiful and most signfiicant passage of this remarkable play:

"I brought from the garden of heaven flowers of incomparable beauty with which to worship you, god of my heart. . . . I am not beautifully perfect as the flowers with which I worshipped. I have many flaws and blemishes. I am a traveller in the great world-path, my garments are dirty, and my feet are bleeding with thorns. Where should I achieve flower-beauty, the unsullied loveliness of a moment's life? The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman. Here have all pains and joys gathered, the hopes, and fears, and shames of a daughter of the dust; here love springs up struggling towards immortal life. Herein lies an imperfection which is yet noble and grand. If the flower-service be finished, my master, accept this as your servant for the days to come."

It would not surprise some observers if Mr. John Redmond, after all, were not to become the first leader of the new Government in Ireland. This, of course, presupposes that there is to be a new Government; and, according to the statement of Mr. Redmond himself, nothing short of the impossible can prevent it.

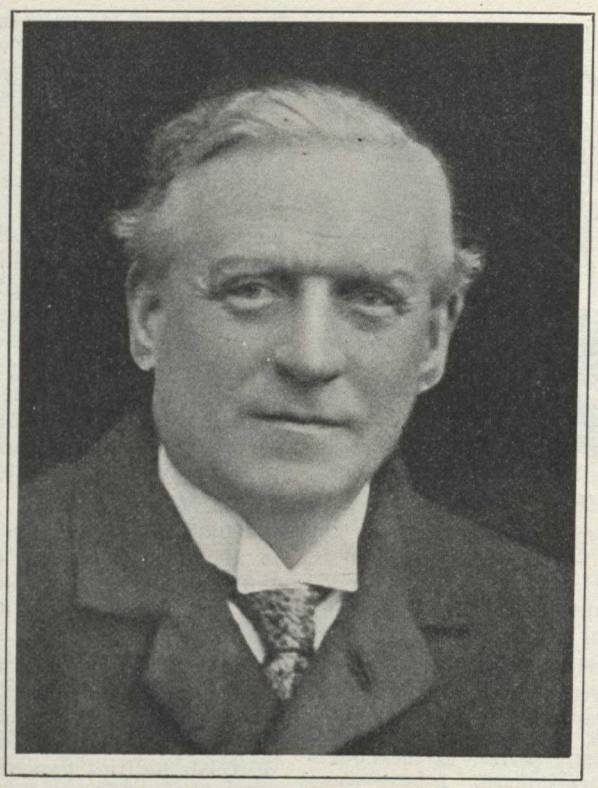
"The Home Rule Bill," he explained to Mr. Lindsay Crawford, staff correspondent of *The Globe*, "which for two years we have been told could never pass into law, will in a few days receive its third reading in the House of Commons. This is virtually its enactment. Once it leaves this House for the third time after the expiration of two years from its first introduction it must automatically become law, unless, indeed, the Parliamentary session suddenly comes to an end before the expiration of one month. This, of course, everyone knows cannot take place, and therefore the third reading of the bill in the House of Commons means its enactment. Its formal or technical enactment will come when the King gives his royal assent in about six weeks from now."

But if after the present struggle is at an end there should be any truth in the present supposition that Sir Edward Carson will become leader of the Unionists and Mr. Redmond accept some post more secure and congenial to himself than leader of the Irish Parliament there will be removed from the immediate arena of Irish politics two of the outstanding opponents.

*

Two brilliant London journalists, Mr. H. W. Massingham and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, have been appraising recently the parliamentary genius of the present Prime Minister of England. Mr. Massingham says that Mr. Asquith is now at the height of his career. Nothing can well increase his authority in his party or his distinction as a public man. He is supreme in the British Parliament. He has no rivals within the ranks of his own Cabinet, surrounded, thought he is, by brilliant men and able ones. His ingenuity and his inexhaustible fertility in resource seem equal to the task of piloting the Home Rule Bill to the end of its stormy voyage.

Mr. O'Connor observes that the present British Ministry is richer in striking and potent personalities than any British Cabinet that has preceded it in recent times. But great as



THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

Accorrding to Mr. H. W. Massingham and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Asquith is the greatest figure to-day in British politics

these colleagues of his may be, Mr. Asquith holds not only the highest office, but an easy intellectual and personal supremacy over them all. Among his many other gifts, Mr. Asquith has the power of attracting the loyalty and the friendship of those with whom he works.

First, Mr. Asquith has very remarkable intellectual gifts. Rarely has there been in his post a mind more rapid, broader, more penetrating. One can always rely on him. The attack upon him and his policy may seem to be devastating, but one has only to look at him with his easy smile, his scornful shrug of the shoulders, to be reassured. One knows that the answer, complete and triumphant, will come the moment he rises, serene in temper, easy in language, quiet in delivery. His is essentially a masterly intelligence.

Were Mr. Asquith roused from slumber in the middle of the night to answer some attack, it has been said, his speech would issue with the same deadly and automatic accuracy. The sentences are occasionally lengthy, there is a certain stateliness in their sequence, as though it were a procession of words such as De Quincey was so fond of marshalling. One would always be certain that the sentence, when completed, will be perfect in construction, without a loose end, in grammar as faultless as though it were the carefully revised language of the writer instead of an impromptu utterance.

THE MIRACLE MAN

By Frank L. Packard. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

WITH the publication of this book the author steps at once into the front rank of present-day American writers of fiction. Although a Canadian, a resident of Lachine, Quebec, Mr. Packard is known as a writer mostly in the United States, where for a number of years he has had a ready market for all his output. His first work to appear in book form was a number of short stories issued under the general title of "On the Iron at Big Cloud," a volume that stamped him as a writer of stirring, vigorous prose. His second volume, a novel entitled "Greater Love Hath No Man," was, in our opinion, not so good a piece of work as we might have expected from his pen, but we have to admit its popularity and ultimate success. "The Miracle Man," however, is a novel that will give him his place. Its theme is peculiarly American. Four New York crooks, with Doc. Madison at their head, discover in a small village, not many miles from the metropolis, an aged and blind deaf-mute who has a local reputation for curing the various ills of mankind, and is known as the "Patriarch." Madison conceives the idea that if they could "pull off" a number of fake cures and herald the results abroad, they could easily start a shrine to which the sick and crippled would come to be healed. There is naturally a good deal of mystery about the old man, and one of the chief actors is Doc Madison's paramour, a beautiful young woman who comes to the village and pretends to be Helena Vale, a great-niece of the Patriarch. Madison and this girl are madly in love with each other, but it is the lustful, sinful love of the New York under-world. They expect to reap a great harvest in the gratuitous offerings of those who visit the shrine; and, indeed, so well is the game played, that the result far exceeds their expectations. Instead of being a fake, however, the miraculous influence of the Patriarch, even over themselves, the chief actors in the game, quite upsets all their calculations, so that towards the end Madison finds that, while he is reaping a harvest of gold, he is losing the love of Helena. All the other participants

MR. FRANK L. PACKARD
A Canadian writer, author of the stirring novel entitled "The Miracle Man"

in the original fraud experience a change of heart, and at length Madison himself has to confess that there is no peace of mind for him until he has given back all that he has received in money and jewels and gone out into the world again with Helena, honourably married, to do their duty by their fellow-men. The plot is worthy of Barnum himself, and although it is a revelation of present-day tendencies towards faking, it nevertheless ends with a fine spirit of optimism. This is the kind of novel that is worth reading.

*

THE NEW DAWN

By Agnes C. Laut. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

THIS is a very ordinary novel. The motive is ordinary, the characters are ordinary, the incidents are ordinary. The only extraordinary feature is the style, and that is melodramatic. Melodrama in words is only a little worse than melodrama in incidents; and when we say that the style of this book is melodramatic, we mean that the author has attempted, by the free use of lurid, ranting, almost hysterical sentences, to give an impression of force, dramatic situation, intense passion, quick, vital action. Surely there was no thought of fine, dignified writing. Miss Laut has a fairly good reputation as a writer, and some of her historical work has received high praise; but as she is a Canadian we are doubly sorry that she has written this book. The story of Tom Ward's rise from obscurity to be the head of one of the greatest trusts in the United States, with all the incidentals of the neglected wife who seeks solace elsewhere, the young woman who recalls her to her senses, the villain who does not achieve his vile purpose, and the final "new dawn," which brings peace and love to all, is not worth while unless it is well done. But we cannot see how it would do anyone any good to read this book.

*

LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

By Walter S. Herrington, K.C. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

PROFESSOR GRANT is right when he says that in this volume, at last, we have "one county history fit to place in any library." While he paid this tribute to the author, he undoubtedly had in mind also the excellent form in which the volume has been issued by the publishers. One has but to read a paragraph of the text to discover that Mr. Herrington possesses a felicitous style, and while one would naturally suppose that a volume so restricted in scope as to include only one county in one Canadian Province would not have a very wide appeal, that the contrary

is the case can be seen from this paragraph, which is taken at random from the 427 pages of the volume:

"Some of the historic old landmarks in and about Bath are still standing. In driving along the bay shore a little less than one mile west of the outskirts of the village there may still be seen on the farm now owned by Mr. Isaac Brisco, an old one-storey frame dwelling that differs little from many other old houses in the county, except that it bears the unquestionable marks of antiquity. That was the old Finkle tavern, the first public-house between Kingston and York. About twenty yards west of it stood the old basswood tree, the first whipping-post in Upper Canada. From the highway we can command a view of the bay shore, and jutting out into the water is a gravelly point now overgrown with scrubby cedars and showing not a trace of the industry that was carried on there a century ago—the shipyard from which was launched the first steamer built in Upper Canada."

There are no less than eighty-three half-tone illustrations.

THE VALLEY OF THE HUMBER

By K. M. Lizars. Toronto: William Briggs.

A GREAT many persons would think that the Humber River, which at the present time is a small and insignificant stream which empties into Lake Ontario immediately west of the city of Toronto, would scarcely be of sufficient importance to inspire the writing of a volume of one hundred and seventy pages of history. Nevertheless, Miss Lizars, who is well known for her splendid work in connection with the two volumes entitled, "In the Days of the Canada Company" and "Humours of '37", has succeeded in showing the importance of the Humber Valley as a trade route in the early days between Lake Simcoe and Lake Ontario. She begins with the romantic wanderings of Champlain and La Salle and follows with the development of the country through which the Humber flows down to the present time. The picturesque side of the subject is never neglected, with the result that we have an entertaining book which is as well profusely illustrated with maps and reproductions of drawings and photographs.

HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS RELATING TO CANADA

Edited by George M. Wrong, H. H. Langton, and W. Stewart Wallace. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

THIS is the eighteenth volume of a most excellent annual review. It deals with the year 1913 and gives a brief survey of practically everything published that year that has any bearing, whatever, on the history of Canada. Nothing that appeared in pamphlet, magazine or book form is ignored, and therefore to all who wish to get in touch with these things the volume itself is invaluable. An idea of its extent can be formed from the fact that there are at least two hundred and fifty items that come under special consideration, and it must be taken for granted that every item is considered by some person peculiarly fitted to deal with it.

HOW TO SING

By Lilli Lehmann. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MADAME LEHMANN'S chief assertion, as well in this second edition as in the first, is that no matter how well the singer may be endowed by nature, the result is insufficient unless he attains a certain amount of technic. It is much the same with the human voice as with any other instrument. Practice, intelligent, well-directed, daily practice is necessary. There are a good many theories regarding the art of singing, and it is only reasonable that one should consider carefully the experience and advice of one who has achieved great success as an exponent of this art.

MISS LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of a prize-winning novel entitled "Diane of the Green Van" and published by The Copp, Clark Company. Review to appear later.

MISS BILLY: MARRIED

By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: The Page Company.

THE author of "Pollyanna: The Glad Book", "Miss Billy", and "Miss Billy's Decision" here follows up her former successes and contributes again to the pleasure of her host of readers. To many it will seem strange to read about Billy in the dignified rôle of wife, but as there never has been too much dignity to Billy, there is no disappointment, but much amusement.

*

THE AFTER HOUSE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS novel is something of a departure from Miss Rinehart's usual style, or perhaps it would be better to say her methods. In some respects it is not so clever as some of her work, not intended to be so humorous or farcicial or even brilliant, but rather tending to be a mystery story, with the secret revealed perhaps a little earlier than the author intended. A young medical student, convalescent after an attack of typhoid fever, takes pasage as a member of the crew of an old schooner fitted out as a yacht. During the cruise no fewer than three murders are committed, and it is around these murders that the interest of the book revolves. The descriptions are good, and altogether the novel is decidedly reasonable and interesting.

*

ROBIN HOOD'S BARN

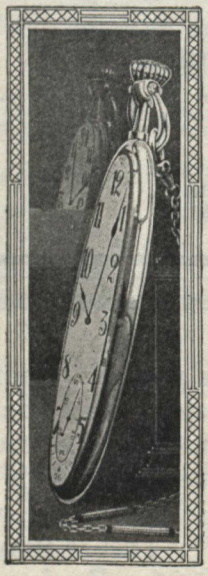
By Alice Brown. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a wholesome charm about this writer's books that is always acceptable to many readers. The book in hand deals with an author whose purpose is to perpetuate the memory of a man who has done good service to the community. The plot is unusual and there are many delightful situations. There is also a love story of quiet charm and told with considerable reserve. This book should add considerably to the author's reputation.

*

—The heroine of "In Search of a Husband," if we may accept her own reiterated declaration, is an adventuress. Not the picturesque, flambuoyant type that one meets with on the stage, but an adventuress of position and respectability. In her own words: "I was one of those pretty virgin adventuresses who are, after all, the greatest adventuresses in this world, because, being good, they have no conscience about how they attain the ends they seek." This remark may be more profound than it seems. Certainly the implication that the ordinary adventuress is troubled with conscience will go far to re-establish her in the minds of many who have formerly condemned her, now that we picture her tossing on her sleepless pillow, the victim of remorse. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

Waltham Watches



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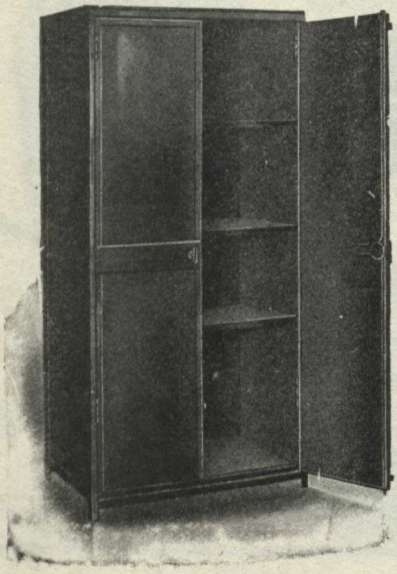

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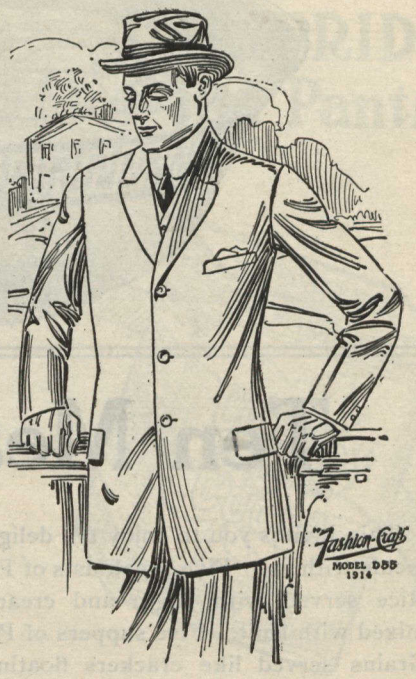

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"Hair," was the reply.

"The patron, some 20 years later, had occasion to buy another mattress and again he asked:

"What's the best kind, John?"

"Cotton."

"Cotton?" the patron cried. "Why, you told me 20 years ago that hair was the best."

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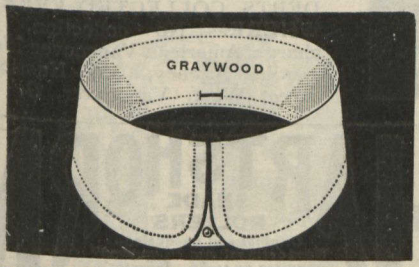

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For 30 years Tanglefoot has been America's surest, safest, most sanitary fly-destroyer. It is non-poisonons, easy to use, and costs but a trifle. Each sheet is capable of killing 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that *destroys the germs* as well. In buying, ask for the genuine "TANGLEFOOT"—it costs you no more and lasts twice as long as the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper. or sticky fly-paper.

Made only by The O. & W. Thum Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

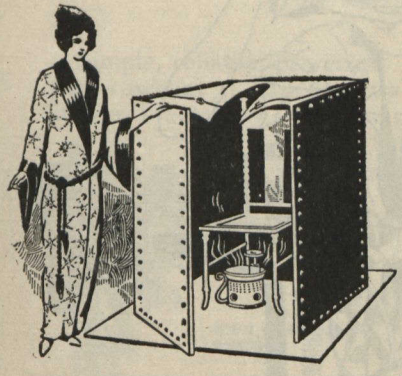
Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

How to Use

Open TANGLEFOOT slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place TANGLEFOOT on chair near window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the TANGLEFOOT window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the TANGLEFOOT, where they are caught. (33)

2 Cents Gives You Luxurious Turkish Bath At Home

Every bit as refreshing and a great deal more convenient and satisfying than the kind you pay $2 or $3 for in Turkish Bath Establishments.



Don't have any "off days." Don't allow any internal body-waste to get ahead of you. Keep yourself under control—in "fighting condition." This wonderful cabinet bath right in your own home will give you an invigorating sweat every few days and take all the dirt, poison and accumulation of waste right out of your pores and make you and keep you internally and externally clean and vigorous month after month, year after year. Get rid of your La Grippe, Fever, Hard Colds and Rheumatism in this way. Its the ideal way that builds you up all over.

You Can Add Years To Your Life

just by this little, systematic, careful attention to the needs of your body. You can make yourself superb in health, strength and the good looks that go with them.

ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., Ltd. 221 Robinson Bldg. Walkerville, Ontario.

For the Wife *and* Kiddies

WOULD'NT your wife get more real enjoyment out of your rowboat if it were transformed into a safe, speedy, reliable little motor boat? Think of the times you're not around to do the heavy hauling—times when she'd like to fix up a lunch and take the youngsters across the lake to the Woody Point for a day's outing. And there are only the old back-breaking oars to drive the boat with. End this! Get a

Wisconsin Detachable Row Boat Motor

Simple, reliable, powerful. Just a twist of the wheel and away skims your rowboat at any pace up to nine miles an hour. Never a miss, stall or breakdown. Nothing complicated to get out of order. It's a positive blessing to the rowboat owner or renter—to the fisherman, the picnicker, the resorter. Fits any rowboat. Adjusted in a minute—started in a second. *High Tension Magneto Ignition.* Steers with a *rudder.*

Made in the same shop and by the same men who make the long-famous **Wisconsin Valveless Marine Engines.** Send today for **free catalog** and find out why the WISCONSIN is the **best rowboat motor.**

WISCONSIN MACHINERY & MFG. CO.
1562 Canal Street - MILWAUKEE Wis.

There's just one question to ask after you've heard an

Edison Phonograph

"How soon can I get one?"

The wonderful new hornless instruments have talked and sung and played themselves into popularity. The silent, smooth-running motor, the diamond reproducing point that does away with bothersome changing of needles, the beauty of design and the sweet-toned, unbreakable Blue Amberol Records require no argument.

Listen and see for yourself. Any up-to-date phonograph dealer will be glad to give you a free concert on the Edison today. Insist upon hearing the Edison. You can get one without delay.

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue - Orange, N. J.

Columbia Records

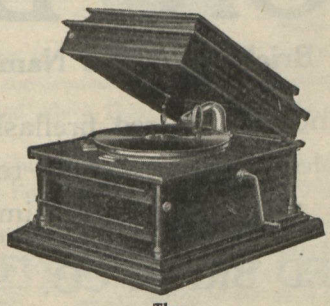
Fit Your Machine Columbia or Victor

85 cents each is the price of a full thousand ten inch Columbia Double-Disc Records—quality, tone, reproduction and durability unexcelled and so guaranteed to you. Other Columbia records all the way up to $7.50. Ask for catalogs.

DANCE

If you think you have danced to the best dance music that your talking machine can produce, have your dealer play any one of these :—any dealer should be able to supply them, and *every* Columbia dealer certainly has them ready *now*.

TANGOS. If you can keep your feet still when you hear them you are music proof. A-1463-10 inch, 85c.; A-1466-10 inch, 85c.; A-5526-12 inch, $1.25. **ONE STEPS AND TURKEY TROTS.** Full of the rythm and spirit of the dance itself. A-1307-10 inch, 85c.; A-5496-12 inch, $1.25 ; A-1458-10 inch, 85c. **BOSTON AND HESITATION WALTZES.** You will never be too tired when these waltzes are played. A-5494-12 inch, $1.25; A-5525-12 inch, $1.25 ; A-1460-10 inch, 85c.



The Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" $65

Favorite in name and favorite in fact. Other Columbia Grafonolas from $32.50 to $650.

Columbia Graphophone Co.
365-367 Sorauren Avenue
TORONTO Ont.

SEND THIS COUPON WITH 30 CENTS (STAMPS WILL DO)

Columbia Grapho-phone Co. 365-7 Sorauren Ave, Toronto, Ont.

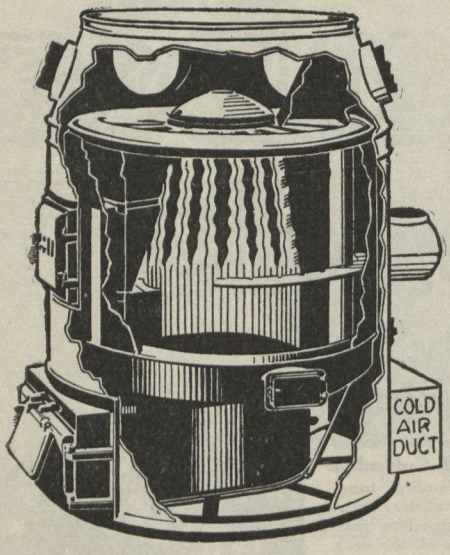
30 Cents Enclosed

Send me your special sample record with "Good-Night, Little Girl, Good-Night" on one side and the musical experiment on the other. And give me the name of the nearest Columbia dealer.

I own a _____ machine

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Don't Worry and Stay Awake Nights

thinking how you can warm your home.

THE

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

is the heater you want—you want the best, IT IS THE BEST. Its corrugated sections with large warming surface—its long indirect fire travel—its positive cap attachment, conveying warmed, mild air to most distant rooms—its small consumption of fuel—its durability, are some of its chief features. Every pound of coal it uses does its work. There is no waste.

Our booklet, to be had for the asking, tells you all about it, and gives genuine Kelsey opinions. Read them.

The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."

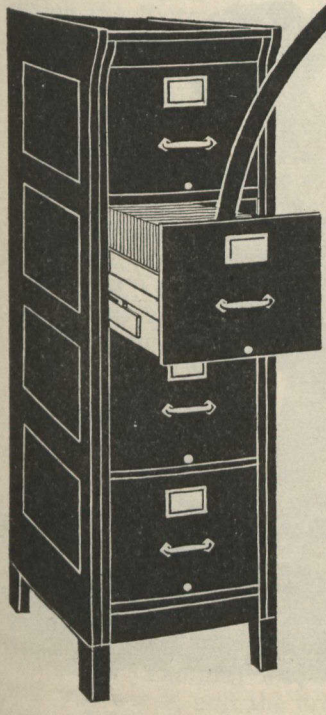
are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO

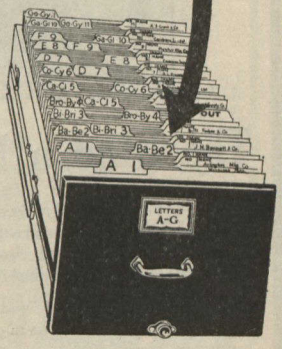
Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office - - - - 50 Adelaide Street W.



Errorless Filing

No possibility of inaccurate filing by the Office Specialty Direct Name System of Vertical Filing.



Undoubtedly this is the simplest system that has yet been devised in connection with Vertical Filing. It is simplicity itself, and what is more, assures *accuracy* in Filing, entirely eliminating the possibility of errors in *mis*-filing.

Briefly, the principal of the Direct Name System is that you find letters by *name* and refile them by *number.*

On the right hand side of the File Drawer appear the folders in which all relating correspondence to and from regular correspondents is kept. Down the center of the Drawer will be seen a double row of Press Board Guides which constitute the permanent index of the file. Beside the Alphabetical Index on the tab of each guide is a *number.*

The tabs of the folders bear, in addition to the name of the correspondent, the number of the guide behind which they are filed, so that while correspondence is found by name it is refiled by number,—A much simpler method to follow than that of having to locate a complicated alphabetical index, and which at the same time prevents the possibility of filing behind the wrong alphabetical subdivision.

Office Specialty Saving Systems

These features, together with several other distinctive points, mean that it is well worth while for you to investigate this system and consider its immediate adoption.

Ask us right now to send you a complete descriptive Folder on the Direct Name System.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS
OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED
AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD
CANADA

Largest Makers of Filing Devices in the British Empire.

Head Office: 97 Wellington Street West, Toronto.
Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver.
Factories: Newmarket, Ont.

The Kind a Man Likes

These are the kind of Sweater Coats every man likes. They are thick and soft, made of pure, 6-ply Australian Merino Wool, closely knitted and accurately shaped by special machines.

The sleeves, pockets and joins are knitted together instead of sewn, as in ordinary cases, making garment practically in one piece and all pure wool. The top of pocket is welted to make stronger. To wearers of Sweater Coats this will be recognized as an immense advantage.

"CEETEE"

Shaker-Knit

SWEATER COATS

are acknowledge to be the finest made in Canada. Worn under any cloth coat, they will keep one warm in the coldest of weather, keeping out all drafts and chills. In the summer they keep one warm in the chill of the evening, or after violent exercise—absolute insurance against colds.

At most good dealers, or sent direct by mail' postpaid, for $6.00. Send for one to-day.

Guaranteed unshrinkable and absolutely satisfactory or money refunded. Special offers for clubs, etc., in club colors.

THE C. TURNBULL CO.
OF GALT, LIMITED

GALT - - - ONTARIO

Also manufacturers of "CEETEE" Underclothing. Turnbull's ribbed underwear for Ladies and Children, and Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants.

There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

F. W. Fearman Co., Limited, Hamilton.

The Canadian—1913 Model.

"Eh—ah—er—," said the gentleman with the tawny moustache, making those preparatory sounds by which the Briton warns the world of his intention to speak, "jolly little place this Canada—and all that sort of rot. Kindly feelings towards all you colonials, too — quite so. But have you a taproom or an inn where a chap can get a pint of ale and a finnan haddie?"

The Canadian scratched his head. "Well, now, I dunno. Up to the Washin'ton hotel, though, you kin git some Chicago ham and Milwaukee beer and New York crackers. I'm from Ioway myself—just moved north last winter—but I'm glad to see you, even if you be English. Who's king over in your country now?"

*

A Dublin Story

Our notes on the Dublin which loved a riot with its dramatic entertainments, remind one of the story of a little battle in the Dublin Theatre. It all arose of the fare provided on the stage. The play was bad, the acting was worse, and the orchestra was too awful for words. It was up to the audience, then, to supply their own entertainment. They fought and amid the din one Galleryite was heard threatening to throw another over into the pit. Then up spake a third from the back row: "I hope ye'll not be after wasting him," he yelled, "Kill a fiddler wid him."—*London Chronicle.*

*

Learning English

A Frenchman arrived in England and began the struggle with the language. One day he came with his conversation book to an English friend:—

"Ze polar bear—vat does he do?"

"What's that?" said the puzzled friend.

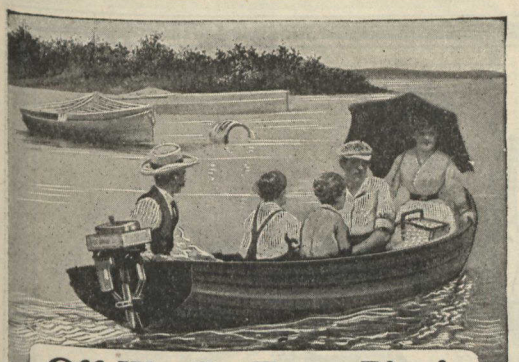
"Ze polar bear—vat does he do?"

"Oh, he don't do a darned thing but sit on the ice and eat fish."

"Non! non! I not accep'."

"Why's that?"

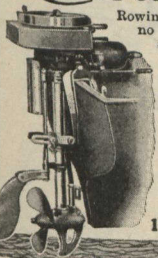
"I been invite to be polar bear at a funeral."



Off We Go For a Picnic With Our Caille

Far across the lake is an ideal outing spot where we have often longed to picnic. In the past the long, tiresome row always discouraged us. But now Dad has a

Caille Portable Boat Motor



Rowing is no longer a bugbear. Distance makes no difference. We take our row boat, attach our motor by simply turning two thumb screws, give the flywheel half a turn and we're off at the rate of 7 to 9 miles an hour or we can run slow enough to troll. Our motor weighs 55 lbs. It steers with a rudder like a launch. Is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern. Develops 2 H. P. Runs in salt or fresh water; furnished with battery ignition or reversible magneto. Send for catalog. Dealers wanted.

For Larger Launches

we build motors from 2 to 30 H. P. If interested ask for our special Marine Motor Blue Book.

THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO.

World's Largest Builders of Two Cycle Marine Motors

1436 Caille Street Detroit, Michigan

COUNT THE PLEASURES

that come with the ownership of a canoe. Glorious days or evenings on the water, gaining health and strength with every dip of the paddle—the days with your canoe will be ones you will always remember.

PETERBOROUGH CANOES

are the aristocrats of the canoe world. They are light, yet strong, and designed for speed as well as safety.

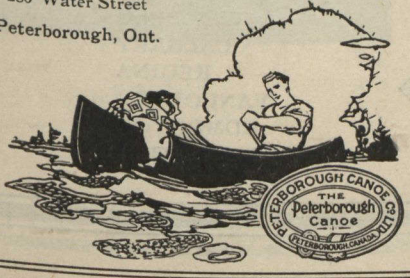
If you look for the Peterborough Trade Mark on the deck you will be sure of the quality of the canoe you're buying.

Write for Catalogue.

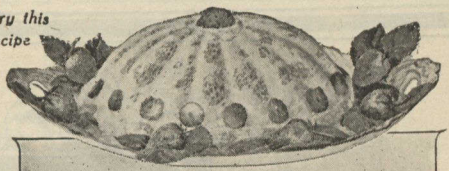
PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO., Limited

280 Water Street

Peterborough, Ont.



Try this recipe



Strawberry Supreme

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to 1 pint cream and ½ cup sugar and stir in beaten white of egg. When cold add 1 cup pineapple and strawberries which have been chopped in small pieces; also the 1 cup chopped nuts. Serve ice cold, decorating with whole strawberries that have been rolled in sugar.

You will have success with your

Desserts Jellies Puddings
Salads Mayonnaise
Ice Creams Sherbets Candies

if you use

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

It is the Granulated Gelatine that your mother used and her mother used.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE is put up in two packages—the PLAIN SPARKLING No. 1 is a Yellow package, and the SPARKLING ACIDULATED No. 3 is a Blue package. The contents of both packages are alike and make the same quantity—TWO QUARTS of jelly—except the ACIDULATED package contains an extra envelope of LEMON FLAVOR—a great convenience to the housewife—saving the cost of lemons.

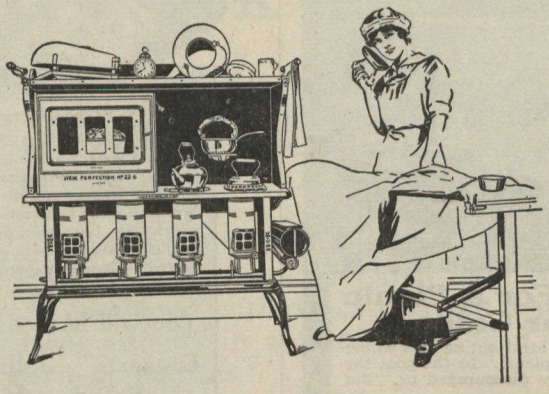
Only one thing to do

Send your grocer's name and we will send you FREE our illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

If you want a Pint Sample of KNOX GELATINE, enclose a 2-cent stamp in your letter

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal, Can.

Yellow Package **Blue Package**



A COOL KITCHEN

A cool kitchen on ironing day is possible with a

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

The heat is centred where it will do the most good.

No waste, no smoke, no smell. Burns kerosene—clean, inexpensive.

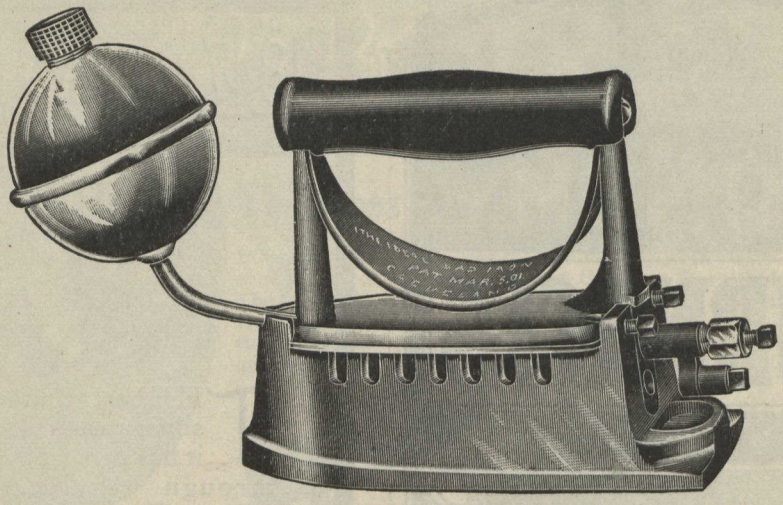
The New Perfection broils, bakes, roasts and toasts. Better cooking at less cost.

ALL HARDWARE AND GENERAL STORES.

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

TORONTO
OTTAWA
HALIFAX
MONTREAL
QUEBEC
ST. JOHN

WINNIPEG
CALGARY
REGINA
VANCOUVER
EDMONTON
SASKATOON



This Self-Heating Iron on Ten Days Trial Free

After you have once tried this self-heating iron you will have no further use for any of the old style sad irons. It is the nearest approach to the electric iron, without electricity, that has yet been invented. It is safe to handle under all circumstances. Indestructible to ordinary wear. It costs only a fraction of a cent an hour to do the heaviest ironing perfectly and quickly. It is complete in itself. There are no parts to assemble. It may be readily put in order for work at any time.

Send us your address and we will give you the name of the Hardware Dealer in your Town who will explain the features of the "Ideal" Self-Heating Sad Iron; show you how to get the best use out of it, and let you have one on ten days trial free. That is the bargain. You take the iron for ten days and if at the end of that time you are not satisfied you may return it and there will be no charge made whatsoever.

Let us send you descriptive circulars. Drop a post card to:—

Taylor - Forbes Company, Limited

Guelph, Ontario

A Class Distinction

Young Raymond had been busy all of the afternoon with his little pail and shovel on the beach. Bedtime came and wearily he stood while his mother undressed him. Then prayers were next in order and by that time he was almost in the land of nod.

"Now, be a good boy, dear, and say your prayers. Thank God for His goodness to you." His head had fallen on her shoulder. "Raymond," she said, sternly, as she shook him, "you cannot go to bed until you have thanked God for His blessings, for giving you a nice comfortable home and a lovely beach to play on, and a mother to love you. Think of the number of little boys to-night who are hungry and without a home and no nice clothes to wear, and—"

Here Raymond's interest became roused sufficiently to protest sleepily:

"Mother, I think them's the fellers that ort to do th' prayin'."

❋

A Parable

Once upon a time there was a young man who had urgent literary aspirations, but nothing to say. In his extremity he went to the Sage and asked him what to do about it.

"Write, my son, write," advised the Sage.

The young man followed this advice. He wrote diligently, and, lo! his writing became very popular and his name was famous throughout the land.

"How do you explain it?" asked a critic of the Sage one day.

"It is very simple," replied the Sage. "As the young man had no ideas, there was nothing to distract him from a strict attention to literary style, which he developed to a point of perfection.

"But what is literary style worth without ideas?" queried the critic.

"Everything to the populace; nothing to the philosopher," declared the Sage. Moral: Vox populi vox populi —*Judge.*

Traveller's Inquiry Department

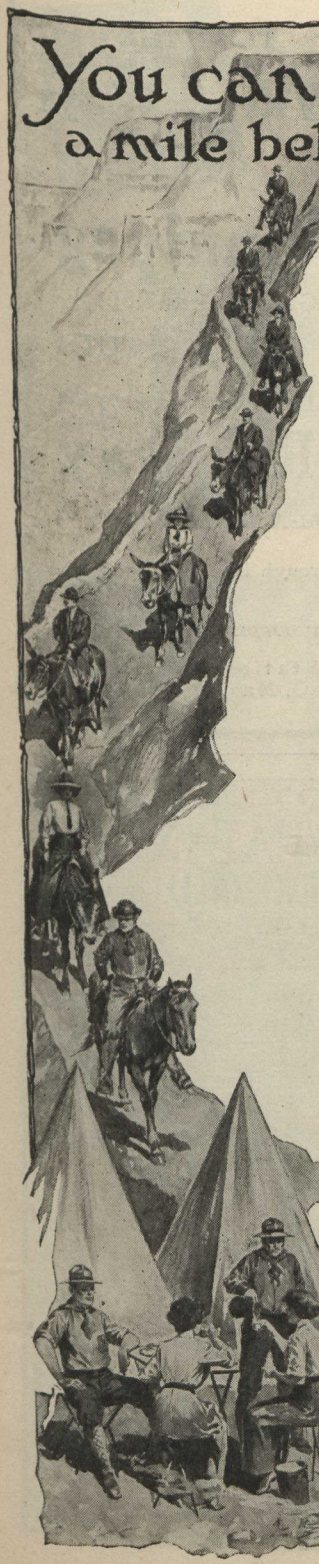
Subscribers to the Canadian Magazine who are contemplating a trip for business or pleasure, either at home or abroad, are invited to write us for free information concerning routes, hotels, etc.

Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired it can be obtained by addressing

The Canadian Magazine
Travel Bureau

200-206 Adelaide Street W.
TORONTO *CANADA*

You can camp out a mile below earth's top crust at the Grand Canyon of Arizona



You ride along the brink of a mile-deep abyss. You breathe thin air and pure, with scent of pines and cedars. You descend a safe trail into earth's depths. And camp, at night, far down below, shut in by stupendous walls that shut out the world.

Many glorious camping trips can be taken at the Grand Canyon of Arizona. All are under management of Fred Harvey; you are assured every comfort consistent with "roughing it de luxe."

One outing requires a three days' stay down in the titan of chasms. Another leads across the Painted Desert to the mesa home of the Hopi Indians. Still another is to the underground home of the Supai Indians, in Cataract Canyon. Or camp in the pines along the rim beyond Grand View. A more strenuous jaunt is across the Canyon to the wild game wilderness of Kaibab Plateau.

And always you are confronted by that most marvelous of Nature's marvels, the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

To say that it is a mile deep, miles wide, hundreds of miles long, and painted like a sunset, only begins to tell the story. For the rest, go and see for yourself.

Fortunately, the way there is easy, as a side trip from Santa Fe transcontinental trains. Round-trip fare, Williams, Arizona, to Grand Canyon, is only $7.50. El Tovar Hotel, managed by Fred Harvey, provides highest-class entertainment. At Bright Angel Camp the charges are less.

You can glimpse the scene in two days. Stay three days or a week, and see more of it.

A word regarding the Santa Fe's through California trains:

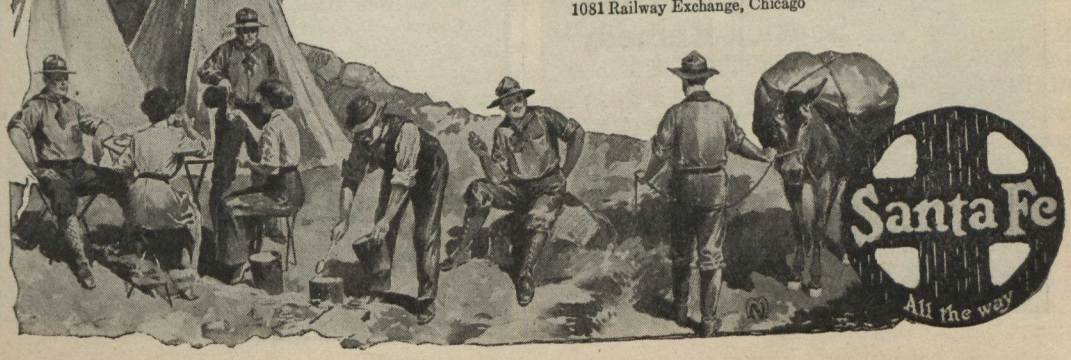
The **California Limited** is the king of the limiteds—all-steel Pullmans—daily the year 'round — between Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco — exclusively for first-class travel — has a sleeper for Grand Canyon.

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 send you our two illustrated travel books, "Titan of Chasms — Grand Canyon" and "To California Over the Santa Fe Trail."

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System
1081 Railway Exchange, Chicago



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory

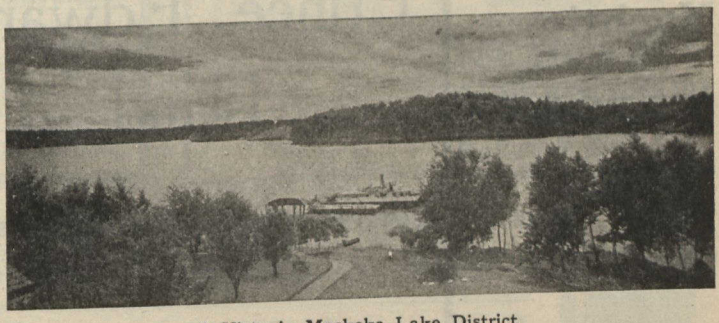
HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

INCLUDING

Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Algonquin Provincial Park, Timagami, Georgian Bay, Etc.

Nominigan Camp—Algonquin Park

15 lb. Salmon Trout Caught in Lake of Bays



A Vista in Muskoka Lake District

Spend Your Summer Holidays in One of these Delightful Territories

REACHED IN PALATIAL TRAINS OVER THE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Ideal Canoe Trips

Good Hotel Accommodation

Splendid Fishing

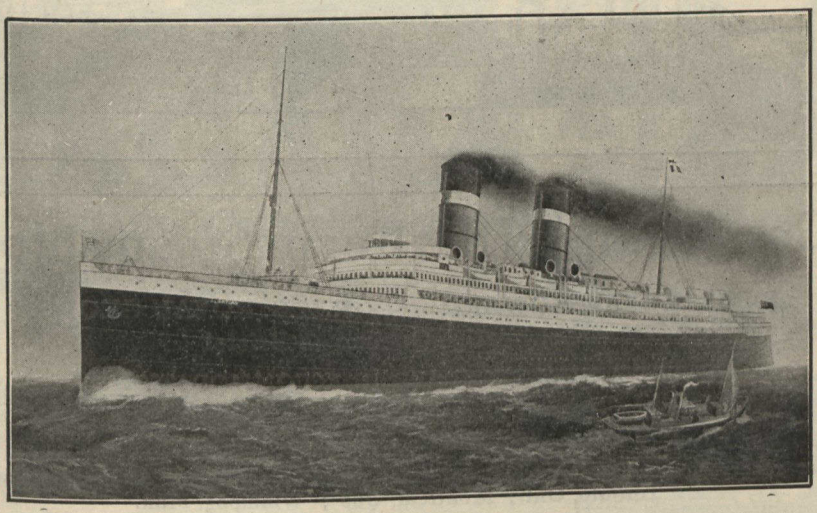
Finest summer playgrounds in America. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment and send for free folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out-of-the-ordinary-resorts. All this recreation paradise. easy of access. Address C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal or any Agent of the Company.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

H. G. ELLIOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
MONTREAL.

Allan Line Steamship Co., Ltd.

Quebec Liverpool	Montreal Liverpool	Montreal Havre-London	Montreal Glasgow	Boston Glasgow	Philadelphia Glasgow



New Steamships "ALSATIAN" and "CALGARIAN"
Quadruple Screws. 18,000 Tons. Turbine Engines.

LARGEST and FINEST STEAMERS CANADIAN ROUTE

TO EUROPE IN 1914

on these "passenger" ships *par excellence* provides

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN OCEAN TRAVEL

The magnificent accommodation includes Dining Saloon (60 ft. x 70 ft.); Smoking Rooms, Library; Card Room; Grill Room; Lounge (18 ft. high in centre); Gymnasium; Passenger Elevators; Telephone System

Sleeping Apartments comprise staterooms en suite, including bedroom, sitting rooms, private toilet and bathroom—also a large number of ONE BERTH ROOMS.

Orchestra of Skilled Musicians Carried.

For further information, reservations, tickets, etc., apply LOCAL AGENTS or

H. & A. ALLAN, General Agents

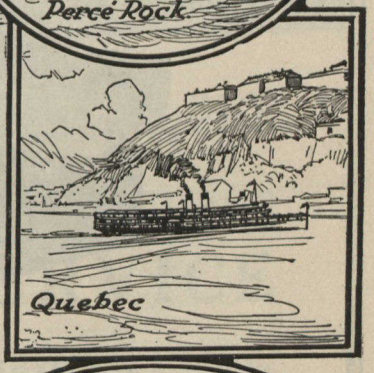
2 St. Peter St., MONTREAL 675 St. Catharine St. W.

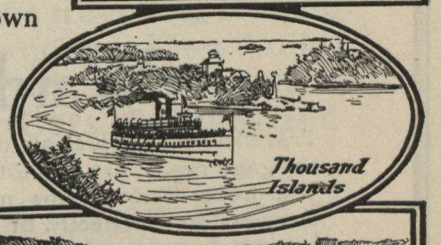
THE ALLAN LINE
95 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.
320 Homer Street, Vancouver, B. C.

W. R. ALLAN,
General Western Agent
364 Main Street, Winnipeg. Man.

NIAGARA to the SEA

Richelieu and Ontario Division





A charming summer cruise through a land of indescribable beauty. A trip that embodies a score of picturesque features of world-wide interest.

THAT mighty cataract, Niagara Falls—Toronto and its beautiful ravines—Thousand Islands, the garden spot of the North—the thrilling passage down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence—Montreal, the metropolis of Canada—Quebec, the ancient walled capital—Murray Bay, Canada's most exclusive summer resort—Tadousac, the first French settlement—the Saguenay River Canyon, with its lofty cliffs, beautiful bays and quaint French villages—Capes Trinity and Eternity, those high masses of solid rock towering 1800 feet from the water's edge.

A veritable fairyland of startling beauty and grandeur.

For particulars apply any ticket office or tourist agency, or send 6 cents postage for illustrated guide. Address

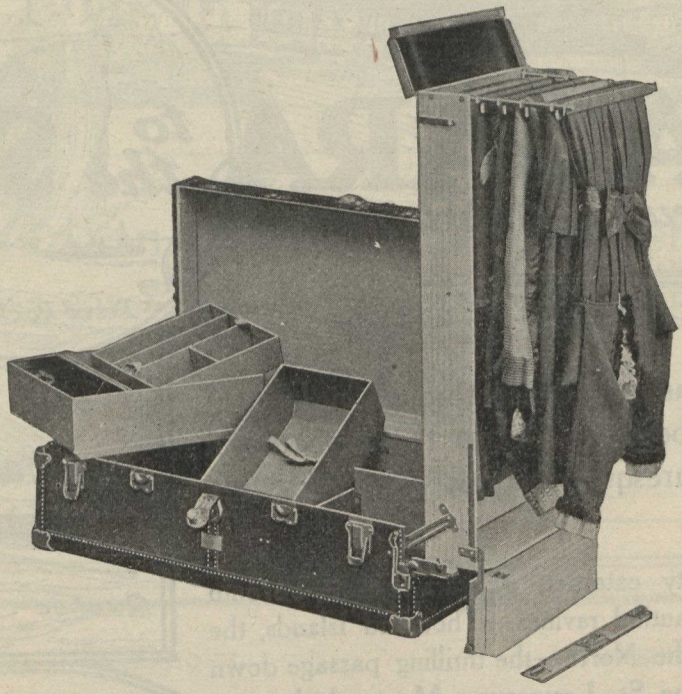
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

Canada Steamship Lines, Limited

9 Victoria Square - Montreal

"Julian Sale"

The Name Behind the Goods is Your Guarantee for the Quality.



Wardrobe Trunks

Travellers who appreciate comfort, convenience and capacity in their baggage needs, are loudest in their praise of the "Julian Sale" line of Wardrobe Trunks—the most modernly appointed—best finished—strongest and perfectly fitted trunks on the market today. The illustration represents the

Berth-high

Steamer Wardrobe Trunk

and to the person contemplating a sea voyage it certainly will prove itself the best of travelling companions—its capacity seems next to incredible when you know just what can be conveniently and carefully packed away in it.

A full description of the fittings and appointments in a specially prepared booklet. Write for it.

$45.00 and $60.00

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Limited

105 King Street West - - - - Toronto

"I want a shave, but I've had three or four whiskies. Will that make any difference?"
"Oh no. I've had six or seven myself."

ONE ON GEORGE III.

It is said that not long before the soundness of the king's mind finally gave way a certain high appointment had to be filled, and ministers had repeatedly—though in vain—endeavoured to obtain his Majesty's signature. One morning, however, Taylor again urged upon him the importance of settling the matter. "Oh, give it to the D—l," said the king. His secretary paused a moment, and then remarked, very quietly:

"And would your Majesty desire that the appointment be drawn up in the usual manner—to our right trusty and well-beloved cousin?"

The current of his thoughts being thus turned to comedy, the king, who was by no means deficient in humour, changed his mood.—*Taylor Papers.*

*

A well-known poet and benedict is accredited with a good bon-mot. A lady the other day said to him:

"Oh, Mr. ——, I have just seen your wife for the first time since your marriage. But I had supposed that she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I last saw her."

"Certainly," replied the poet, solemnly. "She has married and settled down, you know."—*Exchange.*

The Battle Cry Is On!

All over the country the people are of one voice in the fight for "Safety First."

More than two years ago we were telling motorists that Safety was the First Consideration in buying tires. We knew then, as we know now, that **Dunlop Traction Tread** is the one tire that ensures Safety in automobiling.

Dunlop Traction Tread having settled the point of the motorists' Safety, the battle cry is now tending to the Safety of "the man on the street." **Dunlop Traction Tread** while protecting the motorist in his car also protects the pedestrian, even if he is negligent in his own regard, because perfect control of the car means perfect control of the situation. The Master Tire is always master of events.

Overland $1250

$1425—With electric starter and generator. Prices f. o. b., Hamilton, Ont.

Costs 30% Less

THE 1914 Overland is a large, magnificent, five passenger family touring car—having a powerful motor, a long wheel base and large tires. It is built to stand without stress or strain the hardest kind of work. Mechanically, the chassis is as sound as that found in the most expensive cars in the world. This new Overland is beautifully finished, absolutely durable, unusually comfortable, and comes completely equipped—even with a full set of the most up-to-date electric lights.

Yet, it costs 30% less than any other similar car made.

The Overland is a remarkable economical car on both gasoline, oil and tires. This is due to its perfect mechanical balance. It never wastes a drop of gasoline or oil.

Yet, it costs 30% less than any other similar car made.

Check up its specifications, the length of its wheel base, the size of its tires, the horsepower of its motor, the completeness of its fine equipment, its roomy tonneau; in fact, check every detail, part and piece with corresponding specifications of any other car in its price class. Then compare the costs and you find—

That the Overland costs you 30% less than any other similar car made.

The motoring season was never better. Roads are opening up in every direction. Nature, herself, is beckoning you out in the open. All out of doors is coaxing and teasing you to get a car.

But!

Buy with discretion; examine carefully this the sturdiest of cars and you will find it, without question or doubt, the most inexpensive car to buy, and the most economical car to operate.

Remember it is 30% under the market.

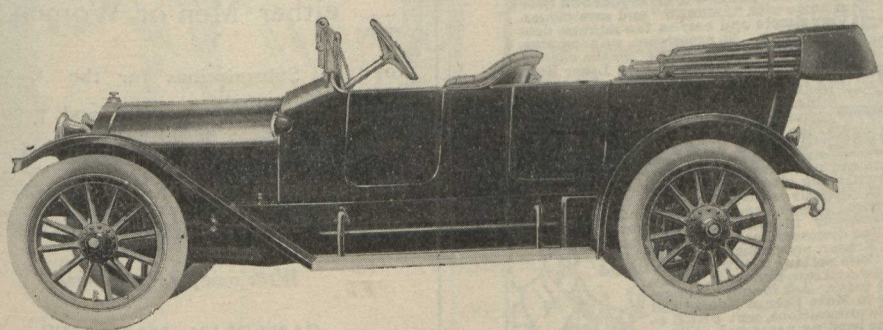
Your order placed now means a prompt delivery. Do not delay another day.

Literature on request. Please address Dept. 4.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited

Hamilton, Ont.

Distributors of the famous Garford, and Willys-Utility Trucks and Overland Delivery Wagons. Full information on request.



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

Cosgrave's Famous XXX PORTER

Physicians recommend it as a tonic and builder of good rich blood.

For convalescents and nursing mothers it is the ideal liquid food.

THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.

For Half a Century in Toronto

The ONLY Chill-proof Beer.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

The beauty of womanhood has its foundation in the clean skin and clear complexion of radiant girlhood.

Your little girl will enjoy Fairy Soap for the toilet and bath just as greatly as you will.

FAIRY SOAP

You may be sure that everything in Fairy Soap is helpfully and healthfully cleansing—non-irritating to the softest skin.

The fine vegetable oils and the cleansing constituents of Fairy soap are so mingled that each cake is firm and lasting, wearing down to the thinnest wafer.

The white oval floating cake fits the hand—a little thing, but a GREAT convenience. No matter what you pay, money can not buy better soap than Fairy Soap.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

A skin you love to touch

Why it is so rare

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people understand the skin and its needs.

Begin now to take *your* skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment *regularly.*

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. It cost 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.* Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury Preparations.

Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** *Dept. 109-Q Perth, Ontario.*

Buy your Milk with your Groceries

Just the purest, richest milk obtainable, with half the natural moisture removed.

Make a note *now* to have your grocer include a can of Libby's Milk with your next order.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Health First—
Pleasure Follows

Grape-Nuts

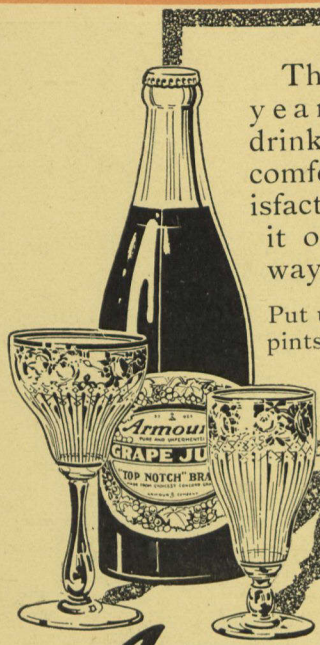
is a scientifically made pure food.

Contains all the nutrition of wheat and barley, including the natural phosphates grown in the grains, easily digested and delicious to taste.

The food for those who value health is Grape-Nuts—

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville." in packages.



The all-the-year-'round drink for health, comfort and satisfaction. Keep it on hand always.

Put up in quarts, pints and splits.

Armour & Company
Dept. A-24
Chicago

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

Cleans the Woodwork

Makes it hygienically clean—preserves the varnish and adds to the life of the furniture.

O-Cedar Polish

the varnish food. Gives a hard, dry, durable lustre. A cleaner—not a coating or veneer.

Use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish Way

Pour a few drops of O-Cedar Polish on a damp cheese cloth. Clean the furniture and polish with a dry cloth. Cleaner, brighter and prettier furniture is the result.

Buy a 25c bottle as a test, use it the O-Cedar way. Your money back if you are not delighted.

25c to $3.00 sizes at all Dealers.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd., Toronto
Channell Chemical Co., Chicago

A better Talc Powder

ALL talcum powders are not alike.

There is just the right proportion of that mild and efficient antiseptic, boric acid and other sanative ingredients in

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

A wide choice of perfumes insures the satisfaction of all preferences. Our new "Baby Talc" is a joy for mother and babe. Trial size sent for 4c. in stamps.

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