THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1915

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Mildness

IVORY SOAP is mild. It can be used safely to wash anything which water alone will not harm.

Ivory Soap is mild because it does not contain uncombined alkali. It is perfectly made soap in the strictest sense.

Ivory Soap cannot irritate the tenderest skin; nor injure the most delicate fabric.

5 CENTS

IVORY SOAP.. 

..99 44/100% PURE

IT FLOATS

Ivory Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada.

"I said Dominion"

THERE'S no reason why a dealer should'nt gladly supply you with "Dominion" Tires—unless he prefers to make a bigger profit and give you less value for your money.

Nor is there any reason in the world why you shouldn't get "Dominion" Tires—unless you let a dealer switch you.

Nobby Tread

Best for all-round service, all the time, everywhere.

Grips the slipperiest pavements—saves 90 per cent of punctures.

Chain Tread

An effective anti-skid tire at a moderate price.

Plain Tread

The basis of all "Dominion" Tires - the masterpiece of tire - making skill.

Say "Dominion"—and stick to it

Every "Dominion" Tire carries our regular warranty of perfect material and workmanship and all adjustments are made on a basis of mileage—5,000 for Nobby and 3,500 for Chain and Plain Treads. Though they may cost a little more at first, "Dominion" Tires are most economical in the long run, because they give you extra mileage and service. Say "Dominion"—and stick to it.

And stick to the dealers who sell "Dominion" Tires and are proud of it. They promote their own interests by first looking after yours. If you have any trouble in finding those dealers, write our nearest Branch or our Home Office in Montreal. We will see that you are supplied promptly.

Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., Limited

MONTREAL 45

28 Branches in Canada **Head Office: MONTREAL, P.Q.**

The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLV Contents, August 1915 No. 4

$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 200-206 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St., London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.

Royal Vinolia
TALCUM POWDER

Ladies will find Royal Vinolia bland, soothing, cooling and antiseptic. It is easily brushed away and does not clog the pores. It is delicately scented with the charming Royal Vinolia Perfume and makes a perfect all-round Talcum Powder. See that the men folk find a tin ready for the morning shave.

BY APPOINTMENT
SOAPMAKERS TO H.M. THE KING

Large hinge-top tin, 25c. all druggists. Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder is one of the famous Vinolia family of Toilet Preparations, made in England and in Canada by

VINOLIA CO. LIMITED

Toronto London (Eng.) Paris New York

166

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

Are able to announce that on account of arrangements made previous to the commencement of the war, they have large stocks of their celebrated makes of Gloves on hand, and in work at the factories, which they are able to supply at their original and usual moderate prices.

NOW IS THE TIME TO REPLENISH YOUR GLOVE STOCK

All Mail Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.

LADIES' GLOVES

Real Kid Gloves, French make, manufactured expressly for The L.G.Co., from specially selected skins and obtainable in Black, White and every colour. 3 Buttons. **The "Lebon" 74 cents** per pair. **The "Meissonier" 86 cents** per pair.

The "ROYAL" Ladies' Real French Suede Gloves, manufactured expressly for The L.G.Co. in Black, White, Greys, Beavers, Tans, Browns and Mole. 3 Buttons. **80 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Best Quality French Suede, made from the very finest skins, in Greys, Beavers, Pastel, Tans, Browns, Mole, White and Stainless Black. **92 cents** per pair.

The "CONNAUGHT" Ladies' Superior Quality Cape Gloves, English make, in Tan shades, Spear Points, Prix seam sewn. 2 Press Buttons. **72 cents** per pair.

The "BLENHEIM" Ladies' Best Quality Fine Cape Gloves, English make, in Tan, Oak, Dark Grey, White or Black, Prix seam sewn, Spear Points. 2 Press Buttons. **92 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Strong Cape Gloves, English make, in Tan or Oak shade, 6 Button Length with Wide Arms, Strap and Press Button, Spear Points, Prix seam sewn, **$1.20** per pair.

No. 310—**Ladies' Best Quality] Chamois Leather Gloves,** Natural Colour, Hand sewn with Strong Self or Black Thread, Special Cut Thumbs, 2 Large Pearl Buttons. **86 cents** per pair.

No. 319—**Ladies' Doeskin Gloves,** Buck Finish, English make, in Dark Tan or Grey Shade, Prix seam sewn. 2 Press Buttons. **70 cents** per pair.

ELASTIC WRIST

Ladies, Doeskin Gloves, Superior Quality, English make, in Slates, Pearl Grey, Putty or Tan Shades, Saxe Shape, with Elastic at Wrist, Wide Top. **70 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Cape Gloves, English make, 6 Button Length, Saxe Shape, with Elastic at Wrist, Pique sewn. **97 cents** per pair.

MEN'S GLOVES

Real Cape Gloves, English make, Medium Weight, Spear Points, Pique sewn, 1 Press Button. **80 cents** per pair.

The "DREADNOUGHT" Strong Real Cape Coatskin Gloves, English made, in Tan Colour, Hand sewn, Spear Points, 1 Press Button. **$1.12** per pair.

REGULATION. Tan Rainproof Cape Gloves, Army Regulation Cut, Best English make, 1 Button. **92 cents** per pair.

No. 369—**Soft Finish Doeskin Gloves,** Best Quality, English make, in Tan or Dark Grey, Prix seam sewn, 1 Press Button. **74 cents** per pair.

No. 326—**Men's Best Quality Chamois Leather Gloves,** Natural Colour, English made, Prix seam Hand sewn with Self or Black Thread, 1 Large Pearl Button. **86 cents** per pair.

SPECIALTIES IN UNDERWEAR

THE "MERIDIAN"

A delightful make of summer underwear for Men, in Fine Cream Fabric of extreme softness, strength and elasticity; thoroughly recommended for comfort and durability.

Men's Undershirts with Short or Long Sleeves in 4 sizes, Slender, Medium, Popes or Outsize,
$1.00 each. **3** for **$2.58.**

Men's Pants. Ankle Length, in all the above sizes,
$1.12 each. **3** for **$3.20.**

Men's Knicker Drawers, (below knee), Slender, Medium, Popes or Outsize,
$1.05 each. **3** for **$3.08.**

"AIRLITE" CELLULAR UNDERWEAR

Porous, Light, Cool and Comfortable.

Men's Undershirts, with Short Sleeves,

Slender	Medium	Popes	Outsize
54 cents.	**56 cents.**	**58 cents.**	**60 cents.**

Men's Pants, (ankle length) to match,

Slender	Medium	Popes	Outsize
68 cents.	**72 cents.**	**78 cents.**	**84 cents.**

LADIES' "AIRLITE" COMBINATIONS

Low Neck, no Sleeves, or High Neck, Short Sleeves.
Slender or Medium sizes **86 cents** each.
Outsize **97 cents** each.

SUPPLIMENTARY DEPARTMENTS—Ladies', Men's and Children's Hosiery and Underwear, English manufacture, at equally moderate prices.

PRICE LISTS may be obtained free, on application to the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., 200-206 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Remittances, including postage, by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, General Post Office, London, England. Mail orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.

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

SUPERIOR AND RELIABLE FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING FABRICS

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children

Good quality Clothing Fabrics are always the most economical; they look nicest, wear longest, and have that distinctive and high-class appearance which appeals to Ladies and Gentlemen of taste and refinement.

Excellence of Quality is the foundation basis on which our world-wide business has been established, and we cordially invite you to examine our Fall and Winter ranges of Suitings, Over-coatings and Dress Fabrics, and judge of their high intrinsic merit.

SAMPLES ARE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON REQUEST, POSTAGE PAID.

Why not have the pleasure which the examination of a choice collection of Samples affords? A post-card mailed to us to-day will ensure this.

By Appointment to H. M. The Queen

№ 28.

Stylish Costumes as illustration *made to measure* and well-tailored in the Hercules "Royal" Navy Serge, a strong, substantial quality suitable for Fall or Winter wear, for $26.45. Duty and Carriage paid.

Also in many other fabrics, from $9.25. Duty and Carriage paid.

THE HALL-MARK OF

Egerton Burnett's "Royal" E.B. Serges REGD

INTRINSIC WORTH

For Appearance and Wear, Comfort and Protection,

our "Royal" Navy Serges can be highly recommended because they are manufactured from Pure Wools, without cotton or shoddy, and are dyed a rich, permanent, sun-and-weather-resisting colour.

READ THIS REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

"Mrs. L., is wearing a Serge Costume now that she had from them in May, 1905 and it really isn't shabby although it has been worn constantly."

Southport, June 3rd, '15.

ASK US TO SEND YOU SAMPLES

of these remarkably wearing Clothing Fabrics in weights and qualities suitable for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's wear at prices from 58 cents to $3.40 per yard, double width.

FOR YOUR PERSONAL EXAMINATION.

Handsome Tartan (42nd Clan) TRAVELLING RUGS

With fringed ends. Size 90 x 66 inches.

In the true design and Clan shades of blue, green and black.

Made in excess of Government Contract.

Special Price $8.20 **Usual Price $11.00**

FALL AND WINTER SAMPLES

of superior quality Fabrics for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, mailed on request, postage paid, with Price Lists, Style Plates and Measurement Blanks.

27 Royal & Imperial Appointments

Gentlemen's Suits as illustration *made to measure* in superior quality British Tweed Suitings in choice mixtures and fancy designs, from $15.40. Carriage and Duty paid.

Also in many qualities of permanent colour "Royal" Navy Serges, from $14.45. Carriage and Duty paid.

Address: EGERTON BURNETT, Limited

R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England.

BY THE WAY

Some persons do not subscribe to The Canadian Magazine because they think they cannot afford it. And yet the publishers receive many letters in which there is a sentence which runs something like this: "I cannot afford to be without it." Here is one, for instance, from a Western school-teacher :

> "I like the Magazine because it is interesting to read, and I take it because I cannot afford to be without it. The historical articles alone more than repay me because I feel that they help me to qualify for a better position."

Thousands of Canadians are helping to qualify for a better position by reading The Canadian Magazine

Are you one of them ?

$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.

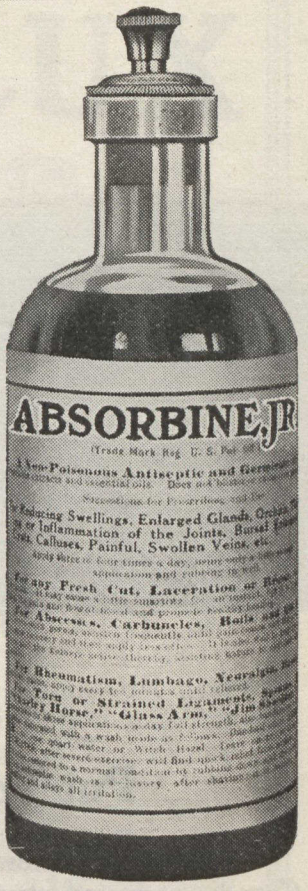
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

The Canadian Magazine

200-206 Adelaide Street West - TORONTO

Don't Suffer With Stiff, Aching Limbs

Don't be inconvenienced and annoyed by tired, inflamed muscles. Massage the parts with Absorbine, Jr., the American-made germicide-liniment, and rout out the trouble. Athletes do. They know that Absorbine, Jr., penetrates quickly and reduces the soreness and inflammation—that it is powerful and efficacious in cases of serious sprains, wrenches, torn ligaments and painful effections.



ABSORBINE JR
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Is a different kind of liniment. It is a safe ANTISEPTIC and GERMICIDE

Applied to an open sore or wound, it kills the germs, makes the part aseptic and promotes rapid and healthy healing. That is why it is so good for cuts and bruises.

Absorbine, Jr., is non-poisonous and non-destructive of tissue—it is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application. A 10% solution is sufficiently strong for most uses and is also germicidal. This solution may be used beneficially as a spray or gargle for infected sore throat.

HEALING—COOLING—SOOTHING

Absorbine, Jr., is also a discutient and resolvent, effective in reducing Bursal Enlargements, Cysts, Swollen Glands or Veins. Use Absorbine, Jr., where you want relief quickly and permanently.

Chemical Laboratory Examinations show that a 25 per cent. Aqueous solution of Absorbine, Jr., kills Streptococci Pyogenes.

A 20 per cent. solution kills Staphylococcus Pyogenes Aureus.

A 10 per cent. solution kills Bacillus Diphtheria and Bacillus Coli Communis.

A 6 per cent. solution kills Bacillus Typhosus.

A 1 per cent. solution kills skin cocci (from Eczema).

A solution, 1 part Absorbine, Jr., 2 parts Mucilage of Acacia, U. S. P. 7 parts distilled water, kills Diphtheria Bacillus in 2 minutes and should be an effective spray or gargle for infected sore throat.

Prescribe Absorbine, Jr., full strength as a liniment for Painful Affections, Sprains, Varicose Veins, Bruises, Swellings; or diluted as indicated for Boils, Infected Sores, Pyorrhea, Spongy Gum.

Athletes and Trainers use Absorbine, Jr., not only to overcome these conditions, but as a preventive. After severe exercise a rub-down with Absorbine, Jr., diluted (one ounce to a quart of water or witch hazel), limbers the stiff joints and muscles, stops inflammation, and prevents soreness. This solution is also antiseptic and germicidal.

Absorbine, Jr., is sold by druggists at $1.00 a bottle or sent direct, charges paid. Descriptive pamphlet and detailed laboratory reports by many American and European chemists free on request.

CAN. MAG. 8-15

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE

will be sent your address on receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist *today*.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 187 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which send me postpaid Trial Bottle Absorbine, Jr., pamphlet "Evidence" and laboratory reports.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Manufactured only by

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 187 Lymans Bldg.,

London : 4 Old Swan Lane, E. C. **MONTREAL, CAN.**

CANADA

Put Your Hand To The Plow!

Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

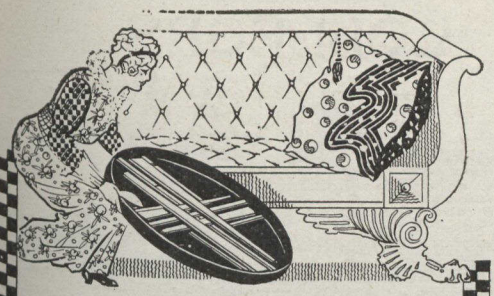
Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watch-word of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

W. D. SCOTT, Esq., Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

or

J. OBED SMITH, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,
11-13 Charing Cross, London, S.W., England.



UNDER THE SOFA

NO room is too small for a "Peerless" Folding Table, because it is so compact that it may be slipped under the sofa when not in use. Ready in a jiffy when you want it—for sewing—for lunch—for any one of a hundred uses. A

PEERLESS
FOLDING TABLE

is the greatest comfort imaginable. Every housewife knows, without being told, the myriads of ways in which it comes in handy. Thousands of families who are using it daily wouldn't be without one. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

Made in Canada

Write for FREE Booklet A describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables

HOURD & CO., LIMITED
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
LONDON, ONTARIO

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

MONTREAL

THE RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS OF McGILL UNIVERSITY

Students (both resident and day) prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually. For Prospectus and information apply to the Warden.

LUX

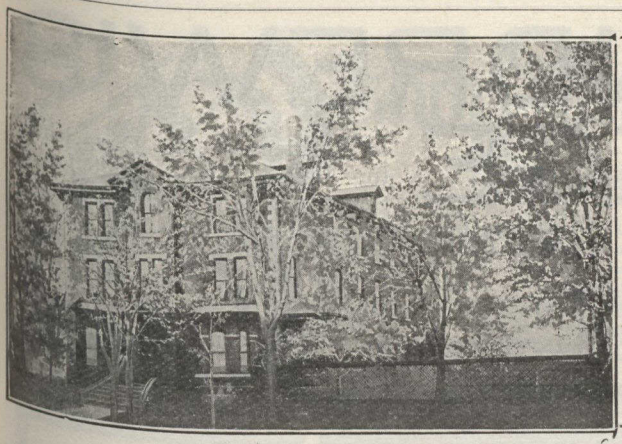
BLANKETS are luxuriously clean, soft and fleecy when washed with LUX. Every housewife knows that blankets are very liable to shrink in the wash and become hard and thick. LUX is the ideal preparation for washing blankets, all woollen things, fine laces, etc., because it cannot shrink them.

LUX is the economical cleanser—it dissolves readily in hot water—makes a foamy, cream-like lather which coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes.

8

Sold at 10 cents

Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

Residential and Day School for Girls

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

Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England

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

School re-opens September 14th.

New Prospectus rom MISS STUART.

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

NON NOBIS SOLVM

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

MONTREAL

SUCCESSES R.M.C. Entrance 2nd, 10th places, 1914. McGill Science, 1st place 1910, 1st place 1912, 2nd place 1913. Exhibition Arts, 1913.

Westminster College
Toronto
A Residential & Day School for Girls

Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. W.

Every educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation.

Music, Art and Physical Education.

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

SCHOOL RE-OPENS THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1915

FOR CALENDAR APPLY—

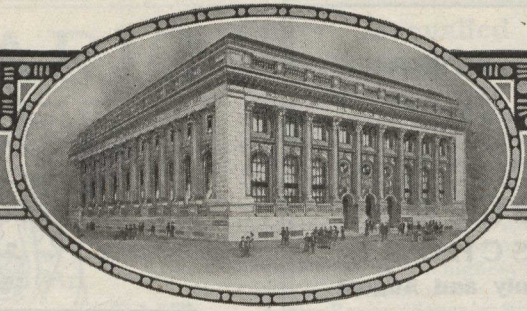
JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C.
President.

MRS. A. R. GREGORY
Principal.

RIDLEY COLLEGE
St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres. The School won University Scholarships at Matriculation in six out of the past seven years; three in 1913 and four in 1914.

REV J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.



The Household Exchequer

should include the keeping of a "Joint Savings Account" in the BANK OF TORONTO. Either of two persons in the household may then deposit or withdraw money as required.

A Joint Account in the BANK OF TORONTO is not only a convenience, but it is also an incentive to thrift, and to the accumulation of a desirable "Bank Balance."

Interest is added half yearly to the Balance.

Assets, over	- -	**$61,000,000**
Deposits	- -	**44,000,000**

INCORPORATED 1855

THE BANK OF TORONTO

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO — CANADA

A YOUNG GIRL'S HEAD

From the Painting by
Joseph St. Charles

Contributed to the
Canadian Patriotic Fund

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, AUGUST, 1915 No. 4

THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN NATIONAL FEELING

BY CLARENCE M. WARNER

PRESIDENT OF THE ONTARIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PRIOR to Confederation there was, in the hearts of the settlers throughout the various parts of what is now the Dominion of Canada, a certain local feeling of pride that they had been able to overcome the forests and establish themselves in the wilderness, that they or their fathers had successfully resisted a foreign enemy and that their country was gradually developing in commercial importance. This feeling was, however, distinctly local in its character, and Nova Scotia cared very little about the progress in Upper Canada, and Upper Canada took an interest in British Columbia only during the occasional fever of a gold rush. The Province of Quebec might well have been considered as a unit entirely foreign to the other settled districts. True there was in the individual Provinces, and especially among the French and United Empire Loyalists, a certain feeling of attachment for the home Province, but that was practically all. In fact, it may be stated that the various settlements had shown so much self-assertiveness that the years leading up to Confederation produced absolutely no national feeling. By the term "national feeling" I do not mean patriotism.

With Confederation an accomplished fact, the situation changed materially. It certainly created a new feeling, but one still far removed and of an entirely different cast from that which has existed among Canadians for the past fifteen years. The Provinces united in 1867 had existed as distinct units, and each citizen—the Nova Scotian, the native of New Brunswick, the Lower Canadian, and the Upper Canadian—quite naturally looked after the interests of his own Province, but the vast majority of these people, and particularly those in the English-speaking Provinces, could not forget the land of their

fathers, the land from which they had emigrated, and it took many years to transfer even a small part of their love to the land of their adoption. It was hard for them to realize that this was to be the native land of their children and their children's children, and that it was their duty to cultivate a love of their new home in order that the sentiment of nationality might be fostered in the next generation.

Distances were great and modes of communication very crude. Many great changes in economic conditions took place, each of which had its effect upon the scattered population of the Dominion. Going back to the days before Confederation, we find that the last Canadian tariff made in England was on September 8th, 1842, and, at the time of Canfederation, that the British North America Act gave the colony the right to manage and regulate its own customs, trade and navigation. The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company had expired and the Crown temporarily held those great fertile plains waiting for such time as the Canadians should be ready to open them for settlement.

The Rebellion Losses Bill of 1849 created the last annexation impulse that Canada was to have, and since that time there never has been any definite sentiment in favour of such a movement. There was some agitation about it from 1887 to 1891, but the talking was done by comparatively few and their ideas were not popularly received.

Confederation followed quite as a natural development, but it took years before the bitter political rivals like Macdonald and Brown could join forces and work out the details of that great movement. After the Provinces were joined many weighty problems had to be solved, and it was fortunate that the young nation had able men to work out her destinies.

The withdrawal of the last regular British troops from Canada in 1870, except for the few which were left on request of the Canadian authorities for purposes of instruction, made thinking men more clearly understand that a real nation had started on its journey. This tended to establish self-confidence.

The Macdonald years may properly be called the developing years in Canadian history, and Macdonald's was no light task—to make a homogeneous people out of the mixture with which he had to deal. Geographical contact was not found to be binding when the disparities of race or creed were present, and it required skilful manipulation to bring the factions together and form a unit. He had a composite people to handle. A combination of Pennsylvania and New York Dutch, Highland Scotch, old Normans and Bretons and Teutons made up the eastern part of the country. The middle west contained many French and Scotch half-breeds, while on the Pacific slope there were English, Scotch, Irish, and Canadian, and not by any means a high-grade assortment of these. However, the task of fusing these great elements had to be performed, and aided by well-chosen economic and immigration policies, the vast country gradually came to feel that it was really united for more purposes than that of administration.

Probably the two most potent influences in bringing Canada to her present state of concord have been her policies of immigration and of encouraging railroad enterprise. The fact that the two great political parties in the country equally divide the honours of legislation in aid of these policies no doubt shows that their importance always has been recognized by the thinking men of the country. It was nearly twenty years after Confederation that the first great continental railway was completed and we were in a position to ask the foreigner to come to our western plains.

What did these people who occupied our country in the eighties really think of the question of Canadian national feeling, or did they think of

it at all? My conclusions, after reading many articles written at that time, are that there were a few rather rare cases where individuals had this feeling, but that the vast majority of the people did not take the trouble to think seriously on the subject. This is by no means a condemnation. In those days we thought of ourselves, and all the world thought of us, as a "colony." The Canadian travelling in Britain was thought of as a "mere colonial," and although this was not intended as derogatory it is just possible that some visitors, being over sensitive, felt that they were not treated with a proper degree of respect. The emigrants who came to our country and found homes were usually more anxious to be considered as English, Irish, or Scotch than as Canadians. What else could be expected when our tremendous immigration is considered—an immigration which in several years has amounted to a total of four per cent. of our population? Rarely did we find one who when asked as to his native country would reply with the real spirit of self-gratulation, "I am a Canadian."

In many parts of the New England States Canadians were always thought of as French, and frequently surprise was expressed when people in that country found that all Canadians did not speak the French language. Many of our best young men, particularly those of Ontario, left Canada to make new homes in the United States, and one has but to contrast their attitude after three or four years' residence in their adopted country with the attitude of new settlers in Canada to understand the difference in national feeling.

We also had a spirit of sectionalism to combat. A good example had not been set for the Lower Canadians. As long as we had English, Irish, and Scotch in Canada, the Lower Canadians considered themselves as the true *Canadians,* but when the English, Irish, and Scotch became Canadian the French recognized the broader national feeling and were one with us. Canada may truly be considered as the American Switzerland, with language but a surface mark on the rock. In contrast with the Upper Canadians the Lower Canadians have long had many of the marks of a real nation. There were but eight thousand of them in 1673, but their descendants have so increased in numbers that the vast majority of the two millions who occupy that Province to-day can trace their lineage to the original band. They are wonderfully homogeneous and love the land they dwell in. This ancestral love of home is marked, and they are free from the almost nomadic life of the Upper Canadian. No one living in Canada could fail to understand what a difference this spirit has made in attempts to blend the French with the Anglo-Saxon in Canada.

The books which were written about our country by outsiders did not tend to increase accurate information as to the real conditions here. When they were not descriptive of the frozen north they usually portrayed scenes in frontier life or historic features from Quebec which were far from emphasizing the true type of Canadian. Is it strange, then, that the average Englishman had little conception of what Canada really was, that he thought he could have breakfast in Halifax and dine in Toronto, or that we were really beginning the construction of a new nation with real feeling and actually had some national sentiment? Very little was written about Canada by Canadians. We produced a few writers whose works were well received by the English reading public, but we had told that public little about our country.

The truth of the matter is that we had absolutely no Canadian national feeling. We had not learned the lesson of manhood. Our citizens were not awakened to a realization of their possibilities. Perhaps they were thinking too much about building

their homes, their churches, their schools, and getting their country into shape by the construction of highways and railroads. In this new and vast country there were many problems with which to contend. True, we had the splendid example set by the United States in opening up and settling her West, and we did copy many of their modes, but our country did not have the great volume of free advertising in the European countries with surplus populations to dispose of which was enjoyed by our neighbours, and it was more difficult to get desirable people to come here.

Our population, though small and made up of many units of vastly different interests and affiliations, was one which combined three grand qualifications. Almost all the people in the country were tenacious, thrifty, and self-assertive, and the climate in which they lived tended to develop these virtues, with the result that the newcomers felt the influence and gradually became possessed of the same qualities. The old illustration of the Italian, Hungarian, English, and North German immigrants may well be cited to illustrate the point. These four absolutely distinct types, with their prejudices and racial characteristics, came to Canada to found new homes. To-day it is hard to tell their grandsons apart by their "speech, their habits, their customs, or their ideals."

Thus we find Canada approaching the twentieth century as a vast self-governing British colony, little known to the outside world, with over a million of her sons living in the United States, because they more readily found great opportunities for advancement in that country, with a home population of about five millions, but with a knowledge gradually making itself felt in that population that great things were in store for them and their country. We had the foundations, broad and firm, set for a national edifice which we were all anxious to construct and which we wished to be constructed with prudence and tolerance, and we wished the whole to be cemented by "goodwill, benevolence, and a truly national spirit." We had grown from "the wobbling gait of childhood" and thoroughly believed in our country, but how best to develop it with a truly national feeling was a problem.

There were natural difficulties to overcome which were new in nation-building. The geographical tenuity of the country did not encourage unity. The length without breadth, with the middle part relatively barren, and the separation of British Columbia from the rest of Canada by the mountains and the peculiarity of its climate and Pacific interests, required that measures be taken to counteract these natural barriers. Doubt might have been expressed as to how far civilization could head towards the north.

About this time several things happened which had a great influence in shaping our course. First the election of 1896, when the Liberal party came to power with a brilliant leader at its head and that leader a Frenchman. Not that this change meant so much in the national policy of the Government, because the Liberals immediately adopted the essential features of this policy, but it showed the younger and more progressive of the people that things could be changed and that a change after so many years of rule by one party was beneficial. There was another thing the change of government brought about which was most essential: it unquestionably started a broad industrial development which, as the years went on, tended to keep Canada's people employed within her own boundaries. And when our people commenced to find opportunities at home they understood better what vast possibilities for nation-building lay at their own doors.

By this time the Canadian West had begun to feel the urgent need of more men to till the soil. After the

Canadian Pacific was built many of the younger generation from the Eastern Provinces went to the West to make new homes. The railway found it necessary to build many feeders for its system. Then came advertisement, and, encouraged by healthy support from the Government, it was not long before the opportunities of this country became known to the great emigrating centres of Europe. The West began to fill up. The new settlers locating beside the sons of Eastern Canada had a good influence. While each was in a new country with the same object in view, the national feeling shown by the foreigner for his homeland and people made the native Canadian think seriously of the subject. His pride was stirred, and it was not long before he, too, began to praise his home in as strong language as his new neighbour. This gradually roused both foreigner and native-born and the beginning of a united Canadian feeling was made.

About this time, and probably inspired by the impetus given settlement and development of the West, men began to write about Canada and the wonderful opportunities the country offered for the investment of capital. Books and magazine articles made their appearance in great numbers, so much so that a guide to this material was required to aid the student and librarian. In 1897 appeared the first volume of that splendid "Annual Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada,"* under the editorship of Professors Wrong and Langton. That this Review has appeared annually since that time and that the material for review has increased in bulk, is one proof that our authors have kept pace with the financiers.

In 1899 an Historical Exhibition was held at Victoria College, Toronto, which attracted much attention and brought to the minds of the people the history of their country as nothing else could. This was only one of the many signs that Canada was gradually awakening to a sense of her real place in the world. The country was unquestionably beginning to find herself, and it required only the opportunity to show herself to the world and to demonstrate her claims to possess international status to make her a nation—a nation whose people would with one voice declare themselves Canadians.

The opportunity presented itself in the South African War. That event did more to give Canadians a feeling of pride in their native land than any which had preceded it. Until that time, as has been stated, there was a certain feeling of new Canadianism gradually growing with the people, but uppermost, and particularly among the older citizens, was the reverence for the land of their nativity. This was the first time that the motherland had treated the colony as a partner, and Canada welcomed the opportunity of entering the partnership. The fact that she sent contingents of soldiers to help maintain British supremacy on another continent, and did so of her own volition, and that Britain accepted the aid in the partnership spirit, did much to build up national pride and feeling among Canadians. The Canadian contingents fought bravely, as all British soldiers have done for generations, and the Canadians at home read with great pride the results of the battles in which their brothers were engaged. The despatch of the contingents established a precedent for the despatch of others when the people of Canada similarly demand such action. The whole affair added to our national wealth, for it supplied us with glorious annals by adding pages of heroism.

After the war was over what influence strengthened this new national feeling and why is it so strong today? There are unquestionably many causes. First should be mentioned the growth in population and wealth

* Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

in our country that had never been equalled in our history. Cities sprang up in our West and flourished; our railroads expanded, in some cases double-tracked, and their revenues were wonderfully increased; our banks grew in number and wealth; our manufacturing enterprises multiplied, and our farmers were equally successful. An optimism born of fifteen years of steady national development now permeates the whole country. Everyone says, "The twentieth century belongs to Canada."

Another cause for this growth in national feeling is the attitude of other countries toward us and our position with regard to the United States. Canada has certainly developed more confidence in herself, and this has been particularly marked in her relations with the neighbour to the south. In some respects we have shown an increasing desire to be unlike the United States. We have been evolving our own type and have paid little attention to that of others. The national and independent spirit displayed by Americans and their pride in their country have unquestionably made us feel that we have been lacking in these respects and have tended to develop a new feeling in Canada. The recognition, first by foreign countries and then by ourselves, of our great institutions, our banks, and our railroads, had added to that pride. The rejection of the Reciprocity Agreement in 1911 was a striking example of this feeling for other countries. That verdict was not intended to show any unfriendly feeling toward the United States, but indicated merely that Canadians viewed the agreement from their standpoint as Canadians and that they had set to work to develop more or less independently.

Our relations with the Mother Country should certainly be considered in searching for causes for the development of our national feeling. In a recent magazine article addressed to Canadians a writer speaks in favour of what he calls "Historic Continuity," though he says that this expression does not convey much meaning to the average Canadian-born man or woman, because we have little appreciation of what it involves. He argues that the British who come to Canada should hold to the continuity with the homeland. What does he expect the other nationalities to do when they come here? What does he expect from Canadian-born children? Does he think we have never read those wonderful lines of Scott with the same deep feeling which they have inspired in millions of other peoples?—

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> "This is my own, my native land."

This writer has, I fear, missed the whole grand scheme of the British Empire. With us it is not a question of loyalty to Great Britain. This has never been questioned in the homeland or in Canada. There is a sincere affection for Great Britain throughout our whole Dominion which will probably never be changed, and in every national crisis involving her interests Canada's sacrifices are the best evidence of her attachment.

What we wish to note is the attitude England has taken in dealing with Canada and how our country has received the advances which have been made. It is not many years since the Englishman came to teach us; now he comes to learn. In those days he came to find fault; now he comes to admire. He came to criticize, and now he comes to sympathize. The great statesmen of England no longer look upon us as a colony, but as a part of Britain. By a gradual evolution we became a self-governing nation, and the Englishmen in their present estimates put us upon an equal footing with themselves. At the Imperial Conference held in London in 1911, in discussing the Declaration of London, the British Government agreed "to inform and consult

the Dominions in future in regard to all Hague Conventions and 'other international agreements affecting the Dominion'." And Great Britain has promised that at the end of the present war the Dominions shall be consulted about the terms of peace. The establishment by the United States, France, Germany, and Italy, through their Consul-Generals in Canada, and with the approval of the home government, of quasi-diplomatic, although not officially recognized, channels for direct communication with the Canadian Government, made Ottawa the place for settling questions arising with these countries in place of London, and was another factor in developing Canadian national feeling. Unquestionably there has grown up a feeling of partnership between England and Canada, and the feeling has been fostered very materially by the English, Irish, and Scotch who came to Canada, as immigrants, twenty or more years ago and who have prospered in their adopted country. While retaining a feeling of affection for the old home, they have unconsciously warmed to Canada. Many of these men with their new-found wealth have journeyed to the old land after years away from it, expecting to find the old home as their memories had carried it, but were disappointed that it was so small. Perhaps they had told their families how large and imposing it was. The home had not changed, but in Canada they had grown. When they came back to us they were better for the experience, and we were better because they inspired us with a stronger love for our own land. It is a source of gratification to Canadians to see so much space given to their country in *The Times*, when twenty-five years ago they were pleased to find a single paragraph. There is no question that Canada and Great Britain are more substantially one in outlook than at any previous period in their history, and this is bound to strengthen our national feeling.

Our ever-increasing trade has been another developer of the national feeling. We are now dealing with all the nations of the earth, and we are buying from and selling to these countries direct, while in former years a great many of the trades were made through England. The large trading companies have established branches in our commercial centres. These have located representatives of foreign nations with us, and a more independent and broader spirit has manifested itself. That we can do these things has given us a different feeling about our country.

There has also been in evidence a spirit of pride in our great men who have gone out into the world and made names for themselves—our inventors, our engineers, and our railroad men and our scholars. When we read of the first telephone communication across the continent, with the Canadian, the original inventor of the system, speaking to his assistant, another Canadian, we think more kindly of our land. This feeling naturally reflects on our sons in the United States and makes them proud of their home people.

That Canadian securities have been listed in foreign exchanges and are actively traded in, and that we in recent years have been able to buy back many of our own securities which were sold when we were not so well off financially, has undoubtedly had its effect. All this trading has made us travel more and has broadened our vision. We have come to appreciate the fact that we enjoy many advantages and that after all Canada has kept pace with other countries in matters affecting the comforts of life. When the Canadian stands in one of the great terminals at New York or Chicago waiting for his train for home he finds that his "Canadian," or "International Limited," or "Black Diamond" is as sumptuous in its equipment as any of the others, and he is pleased.

The great educational institutions which have been built and are build-

ing have unquestionably had a tremendous influence on Canadian manhood and national feeling. The so-called college spirit has shown remarkable development in the last fifteen years. It has been and is a great force to strengthen and stimulate us. The young men who graduate from our universities go out with a feeling that their *alma mater* has truly been a kindly mother to them, who has given them more than money can ever repay, and they are appreciatively loyal. To-day, as a result of the efforts of these men, trade, art, industry, science, and all the other enterprises are unceasingly at work, and everywhere is visible great progress. The universities have broadened. Exchange professors are lecturing in most of our Canadian universities and the newer parts of the country are building their institutions on broad lines. Canada has demanded and rightly received a contribution of well-equipped and strong-souled men from her educational institutions. With what degree of national feeling the Canadian tells the world that we have in our midst the largest university, in point of attendance, in the British Empire, can best be judged by the one who hears this remark made.

University work has also developed a younger set of writers and has had a great influence upon the press of the land. Our libraries have grown and the collections of *Canadiana* in them are more often consulted than in former days. We were fortunate in having a few brilliant writers when the new feeling first asserted itself, and this list has steadily increased until we have been able to put out a set of books covering our own history and written by our own men of which any country might well feel proud. Our newspapers, too, have attained a higher standard. The increase in numbers of really great newspapers published from one end of our country to the other reflects our national spirit in its true light.

Canadian Clubs, historical societies, and other institutions of like kind are undoubtedly the result of a demand by the citizens for opportunities of publicly expressing their views, but they have also been great factors in building up the national feeling. I would specially emphasize the wonderful growth and development of Canadian Clubs and the work which they have done, particularly in raising the business men throughout the whole Dominion out of ordinary competitive selfishness. The public addresses which have been delivered by prominent men to Canadian Clubs in this country and in the United States have kindled a feeling the strength of which it is difficult to estimate. They have given us opportunities to discuss these questions with our neighbours to the south in a friendly manner. One speaker, Sir George Foster, told the Canadian Club in New York in 1909 that the old Canada which the members had left behind years before was a new country made by Canadian energy, brawn, enterprise, hope, and resource. He said: "There is a lamp at the window always kept burning; there is a latch-string always hanging outside; and the old Canadian home, whenever you choose to come to it, will always give you a warm welcome indeed." When that address was flashed over the wires, it appeared in our papers from one end of the land to the other and was heartily applauded by all.

Another influence which these organizations have had has been to increase our respect for the flag. The historical societies in particular have worked to that end. The fact that the national flag now flies upon post-offices as well as customs buildings throughout the whole country is indirectly due to their influence, and it has been of benefit to inspire the younger generation with proper national feeling.

More than any other event the present terrible struggle in Europe has probably shown to the world in clear-

er light the great change which has come over Canadians. Our wish to aid the motherland at this time has been spontaneous. As soon as the machinery to handle large bodies of soldiers could be put in readiness, our men commenced to move. And they are continuing to move. And they will continue to move until the Allies have won the victory. One should study the forces at work in the Canadian mind to appreciate what that means. We were making great progress along material lines. Our great industries were turning every wheel. Our railroads were adding new mileage and new equipment to handle an ever-increasing business. Then the word came that Britain was at war with the greatest fighting machine that the world had ever known. We immediately gave our best thought and work in an endeavour to take our share in the burden. Our men enlisted, our counties raised large amounts towards patriotic funds, our Provinces gave of their products, our Government assumed liabilities, and our women have worked with a devotion and patriotism which should inspire a reverence for them throughout the world. While all this was going on, this shock to our usual quiet life, our great financiers kept their heads. When the war is over, the fact that we, a new country and a great borrower of money, were able to successfully pass through the financial uncertainty and unrest without a panic and without a financial crash, will stamp us as a nation. Does anyone imagine that without being united by the strongest ties in national feeling we could accomplish so much? Have we not in this great crisis shown ourselves as a unit? When the history of our part in this great war is written it is my belief that the historian will be able to use the words of our Premier, Sir Robert Borden, when he said: "One cannot but perceive an awakened national spirit and consciousness in this Dominion. . . . When the day came that searched their spirit Canadians did not fail to remember that there is something greater than material prosperity and something greater than life itself."

Yes, Canada has developed a strong national feeling. But we should not forget that in many ways we are still unformed. There is so much that is new and uncivilized in our national life, and it is lamentable that the Westerner and the Easterner know so little of each other and of each other's problems. Notwithstanding these omissions — these gaps in the continuity of our development—we have evidences of the national feeling wherever we turn. It is shown in the power of our public schools to foster the Canadian idea—of assimilating the children of recent arrivals. It is shown in our universities, in our social life, in our economic progress, and in our people—people who in their mature judgment realize that they have a part to play in international politics and who play it with courtesy and discretion.

The stranger travelling across Canada in a railway train cannot but feel that the idea of nationality is everywhere in evidence.

Our citizens, living in all parts of the country, have a stronger feeling of pride in Canada. Our men of letters write more of their own land, and the demand for Canadians is ever on the increase. Our travellers abroad are prouder to be known as Canadians. Learned societies of other countries recognize our national spirit and pay us more attention. Our great West is coming to its own, and the settlers there take a keener interest in their native land. For many years we have led a charmed life, and one great result has been to give us confidence in ourselves. The sense of uncertainty has disappeared, and a strong Canadian ideal has taken its place.

THE REAL STRATHCONA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

II.—THE NIGHTS AT SILVER HEIGHTS

IT is an old theory of friendship that the real qualities of a man can only be known by seeing him at his own table and in his own house. After Manitoba had been established and Donald A. Smith had begun his work as Land Commissioner (it may be added, as General Superintendent of Hudson's Bay Company affairs), he showed his taste and domestic disposition by acquiring property to serve as a residence and to give him an interest in what seemed likely to be his future home. One of the marked features in choosing the several residences in which he lived was his love for the historic and his admiration of the beautiful. Just as he acquired *Norway House* at Pictou, Nova Scotia, because it had been the residence of a former Hudson's Bay Company acquaintance, or Montreal as the scene of his earliest Canadian associations, or Glencoe for its picturesque and historic features, so he purchased the considerable property at *Silver Heights*, the former possession of the well known Hudson's Bay Company family Rowand.

Silver Heights, as its name implies, is an eminence some six miles west of Main Street, Winnipeg, overlooking the Assiniboine River, near the spot where the little Sturgeon Creek enters the larger stream. During the devastating floods in the Red River Settlement of 1826 and 1852, when the country was one vast sheet of water, this spot escaped submergence. Looking over the Assiniboine, which is a beautiful river, compared by a traveller to the Roman Tiber, *Silver Heights* is shaded in summer by groves of poplar trees, which also serve to shelter it from the fierce blasts of the Northern winter. When at home in Winnipeg, at the close of the day, Donald A. was driven from the Hudson's Bay Company offices to this haven of rest, which he thoroughly enjoyed. Very much improved by him, *Silver Heights*, with its added attraction of being well kept, became for years the prettiest spot in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg. Here, whether he was at home or not, his broad hospitality led to its occupancy from time to time by distinguished British and American visitors, including on different occasions the Governors-General of Canada on their visits to Manitoba.

It is true that the Commissioner's wife, to whom he was greatly devoted and who had a great influence over him, as was often seen by the writer in later years, never came to live at *Silver Heights*. She, a sister of the late Senator Hardisty, of Alberta, always claimed Montreal as her home. Montreal had been the centre of their Labrador life. The remoteness, in its early days, of Manitoba, the long journeys necessary over the wide plains, and the constant absences from home which characterized the life of a Hudson's

Bay Company officer, especially of the highest grade, made any fixed point almost impossible to be looked upon as a home. The writer knew Lady Strathcona afterwards well in Montreal, London, *Knebworth* and *Debden*, and remembers her great kindness, her devotion to her husband and her strong common sense. A little incident taken from her London life may illustrate her humorous persistence. At a small dinner given at Lord Strathcona's London residence in Grosvenor Square a melon was being served. Mr. Colmer, always his Lordship's right hand man, was present. In this connection everyone knows the fame of the Montreal melon, even in Boston. Lady Strathcona asked Colmer if this was a Montreal melon. Colmer said, "I think so, Lady Strathcona." "But is it from Montreal?" she continued. "Well, I really think so," was the answer. "But I'll not have it unless it's from Montreal." "Well," said Mr. Colmer at last, "at least I think the seed came from Montreal." Her sense of duty to Canada was very great. On the Dominion Day receptions, in her advanced age, she would stand for three hours and receive a thousand visitors. It was a sad privilege of the writer, after many years of acquaintance, to attend her funeral in 1913 in a London Church, and to witness her veteran husband following her to her last resting-place.

Returning to *Silver Heights*: Under the circumstances, in the absence of his wife, Donald A. had to become both host and hostess, and well he did his part. He was in his home, simple, affable, and had all the natural suavity and bright humour of the Celt. His thoughtfulness and good feeling toward his guests were notable. The writer remembers well the visit of the Marquis of Lorne and his suite at *Silver Heights* in 1881. With him was a distinguished staff of officers and the Chaplain was Dr. James Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh. The Chaplain, to the time of his death four years ago, was one of the writer's dearest Scottish friends. Lord Aberdeen was entertained at *Silver Heights* and Lord Strathcona had the story when Lord Aberdeen was about to pay a second visit to Manitoba and was in London arranging to stay at *Silver Heights*, on that very night a cablegram came from Winnipeg that the house at *Silver Heights* had been burnt. It has never been restored, but the memory of the early history in Donald A. Smith's time is very vivid to the writer. Time and again in the seventies the invitation came from the Commissioner to go out and spend the night with Donald A. and return to the city in the morning. In giving his invitation he always apologized for the abominably muddy road which led out through St. James parish to *Silver Heights*. Several times he remarked to the writer that we never could have good roads in Manitoba with its alluvial soil. It was useless to suggest to him that the case was no worse than that of "muddy little York," the Toronto of the early days of Upper Canada. He declared that the railway was going to be the only satisfactory means of transport over the prairie mud. Indeed, after the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886, he insisted on having a spur from the main line run into *Silver Heights*.

The scenes of those long nights at *Silver Heights* remain bright in the writer's memory. Appointment having been fixed, the start from the Commissioner's office was made by the faithful coachman. In due time after arrival dinner was served to the Commissioner and guest alone with all the skill and attention of a good chef. Donald A. was always very abstemious and had no sympathy whatever for making dinner a mere guzzle. He used later to attribute his good health and longevity as a nonagenarian to his temperate

use of both meat and drink. After dinner we returned to the drawing-room and there settled down to hours of reminiscence and story-telling. The writer cannot recall that in his long acquaintance with Lord Strathcona he ever talked politics. Later we may speak of his political career, but he certainly did not regard party politics with any favour. The writer in 1900 published his "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company." To Donald A. Smith in these "Noctes Ambrosianæ" at *Silver Heights* the writer attributes much of his success in picturing the life of the old company. Though in 1881 the writer obtained permission, from Governer Goschen of the Hudson's Bay Company, to examine all documents in the Hudson's Bay Company House in Lime Street, London, from 1669 to 1821, yet he is indebted to Lord Strathcona also for extending the opportunity of search to all documents of interest up to 1899. In these evening colloquies it was plain that Donald A. Smith never lost his interest in the Labrador experience of his early manhood. In these long night conversations he could tell of dealings with the Eskimos with pleasure, but was somewhat opposed to the Moravians at Nain for what he considered narrowness and bigotry. His stories of hairbreadth escapes and at times of alarming adventures were given with a trader's simplicity and no conceit or boastfulness. For hour after hour he could tell the stories concerning Rigolette, of the fishermen and sealers, and of the occasional famines when the Hudson's Bay Company had come to the relief of the needy. These tales were given more than thirty years ago, in days when we were unacquainted with the thrilling accounts of Grenfell or the pictures of the life scenes of Norman Duncan. While, as has been stated, the conversation would turn upon the Red River experiences during the Riel period, the character and life of the worthies of old Red River were objects of greatest interest to us both.

There was one prominent man belonging to the cloth, whose actions during the Red River fiasco were often the subject of good-natured humour to the Commissioner. This favourite character during the Riel rebellion wished to perform the acrobatic feat of running both with the hare and the hounds. With him Donald A. had no patience. This Mr. Facing-both-ways had little of the man in him. He fluttered about Riel, but when the sky began to look dark fled before the usurper. Riel, it is said, made a raid on Lower Fort Garry, to make a capture with his body-guard. Among others in the Fort was this timid man. What seemed to be an attack on the Fort led him to secrete himself in a dark closet. The rebel chief himself sought out the traitor. Discovered in his closet, the refugee begged for his life and protested his innocence in most eloquent terms. The story went throughout all the Red River Settlement as one of the humours of the hour.

One man of the old Red River was to Donald A. Smith and the writer, who were then newcomers, an object of great interest. This was Andrew McDermott, the great trader of Red River. He had come out with Lord Selkirk's people in 1812. He was an Irish lad and claimed to be a descendant of Brian Boru and the Irish kings. He was *the* great Red River trader. At a time when rivals were scarcely permitted in Rupert's Land McDermott, by his shrewdness and adroit management, gained a large trade. He had no animosities, took no part in politics, to which church he belonged was a question, but he was first and last a trader. He could supply a boat, a cart, a horse, or an outfit of any kind that was wanted. He was good friends with captain and voyageur, with chief factor and labourer, with métis, Selkirk

settler or newly-arrived Canadian. All were his friends, for all were his customers. To the Commissioner and the writer, as we talked over Red River people, he was a most remarkable man.

The genial and broad-minded Archbishop Taché, known to us both, was the subject of frequent reference in these early times. With the Archbishop's suavity it required all the Archbishop's diplomacy to lead his wayward métis. He was kind to a fault and singularly open in expressing his views. He had great public spirit. Fond of his native tongue, he was in later days one day travelling southward on the Red River Railway on business. He was a delightful and jocular travelling companion. Passing the station of St. Jean Baptiste, a rough young Canadian brakeman came rushing through the train, calling, "St. Jeen! St. Jeen!" The good bishop whispered to his English speaking companion, "It is terreeble! It is terreeble." When he was about to leave at the next station the cry was made, "Letellierr! Letellierr!" The bishop whispered, "It is 'opeless! It is 'opeless." After the bishop had gone, a traveller said to the brakeman, "The Bishop does not like your way of pronouncing French very well!" The only reply was: "I did the best I could! It'll do anyway for the other fellows."

Another of the Commissioner's stories comes to mind of a well-known Winnipeg man who was notoriously a great eater. He was travelling in the old days in a covered sleigh of the Burbank Company on the trail from Winnipeg to St. Paul. He lay covered up in the heavy robes very snug. With him were two or three young fellows who knew his gastronomic powers and were ready for a lark. They were approaching Grand Forks. The young men spoke of the bad character of the table at Grand Forks stopping-place. After deliberation they agreed not to take any dinner. The gourmand heard the decision and clung to his robes. The place reached, the young men went out one after the other to take a walk. Coming back just as the stage was starting they smacked their lips and complimented the dinner they had been given. "Stop! stop! driver," cried the victim, but no—the driver simply said, "Ye had yer chance! Ye had yer chance, we can't stop for ye." It was rather too bad no doubt!

One of Donald A. Smith's mutual friends whose deeds we often recounted was Chief Factor Robert Campbell, the discoverer of the Yukon. The Commissioner had a well-founded admiration for this stalwart Highlander, who was first to cross the divide from the Liard to the Yukon rivers, where the Indians had never before seen a white man. One incident told of this explorer, who was a very religious man, was that in the region of the midnight sun he was sitting, while his camp was asleep, down by the river, where it had high banks; and, with a religious book, "Hervey's Meditations" in his hands, was reading it without difficulty. That night the Indians, as they afterwards told him, had crept up to the top of the bank to kill him. Looking down they saw the white book in his hands and were puzzled. They thought it was "bad medicine" and concluded that it was safer not to harm him. They told Campbell afterwards of what had been their plan, but that the book had saved him. One of the stories that met the Commissioner in the region of Moose Factory on the shore of Hudson Bay, as illustrating the secrecy with which the Old Hudson's Bay Company carried out their plans and work, was given by a kind old Catholic parish priest on the Bay who was not very fond of the conflicting orders of his church. He was in the habit of saying, "Yes! Yes! There are just the three Great

Secret Societies: The Masons, the Jesuits, and the Hudson's Bay Company."

The story-teller of *Silver Heights* had no objection at all to the implication against the Hudson's Bay Company, whose initials were H. B. C., that probably it was true that they were "Here Before Christ." Whether again he believed it or not, he was highly amused at the Red River story that when old Sir George Simpson—the Great Governor—was coming up over Lake of the Woods he was much given to urge his crew in the canoe to go faster and faster. The stalwart métis boatswain became at last so irritated that with one hand he seized Sir George, who was a little man, by the collar of his coat, dipped him over the side of the canoe into the lake, and with a plentiful volley of *sacrés* deposited him on the seat again.

In one of our conversations twenty or more years afterward, when the country was quieted down, the writer ventured to suggest to Lord Strathcona that the Hudson's Bay Company should give to the city the site where the old stone gate of Fort Garry now stands—for a park. This part of the suggestion was carried out, but the further request was that in the little park there should be erected a building with the old "pavilion roof" style, which was often called by some the "rebellion roof," as a replica of the old office building in the Fort where the Riel prisoners were in part confined. This building could be a museum in which the relics of the old H. B. C. days might be collected. Donald A. strongly objected to this, as he said he would fain draw the veil of oblivion over the events of the Riel period.

Thus with story, reminiscence, legend and history we would sit up till two in the morning, then closing up our discussions with Lady Macbeth's dictum: "To bed! to bed!" Thus only could we stop the bombardment of quip, or joke or serious discussion when we recounted the deeds of the old heroes of Rupert's Land, the humours of the hour, or the dreams of future greatness of the prairies of the West. In the morning it was always, after a hearty breakfast, a hurried journey back to business and to work. In after days it was the good fortune of the writer to recall many of these midnight scenes in various places where Donald A. Smith, and afterwards as Lord Strathcona, had his abode. He never lost his love of recounting the humorous, the beautiful or even at times the sombre views of life.

As the writer knew from frequent visits to the Old Land, Lord Strathcona became even more hospitable, if that were possible, than he had been at *Silver Heights*. His great wealth, of which we shall speak afterwards, and the many honours heaped upon him in later days, increased rather than weakened the friendship of his earlier life. In his home in Grosvenor Square, London, where Lady Strathcona presided, he still delighted in recalling the humours of the past. It was characteristic of him that any old settler from Manitoba or Hudson's Bay Company man, however worn his coat or humble his manners, was received cordially and treated royally by "Donald A." In his new scene of activity his love of the humorous still asserted itself. One of his latest stories to the writer was of a lady high up in the social scale who called upon him in his office to get his advice as to her son, who was one of the doubtful class called in Western Canada "remittance men." The lady shown in to the Commissioner said she wished to consult him about her "dear boy" in Canada. "He had gone to Calgary and had done pretty well, poor boy, but he now wanted some money from her to try a new experiment." Lord Strathcona replied, "Madam, if I can do anything for your son I will be most happy. What is his scheme?"

"Well," she replied, "he wants to start a gopher farm—a farm to grow gophers." Lord Strathcona, remembering the bounties given and the efforts put forth to destroy these pests of the prairie farmers, involuntarily smiled. At this the lady sprang up and went out in high dudgeon, saying to his secretary in the anteroom, "The rude man, when I told him of my son growing gophers, he laughed in my face—laughed in my face!"

The writer, though invited to visit *Glencoe*, to which many of Lord Strathcona's friends went, was never able to go, but had the pleasure of visiting *Knebworth*, in Hants, where his Lordship had leased the property of Bulwer Lytton, with its unique picture gallary. Here where he invited year after year many thousands of Canadian visitors in July, he provided for them most lavishly, transport and entertainment.

One of the latest and most delightful reminiscences of his hospitality was that of my wife and myself, with a number of other friends, being invited to *Debden*, northeast of London, beyond Cambridge. Here his Lordship had purchased an estate of some fifteen or twenty farms and a manor house of the Georgian period. *Debden* is a beautiful spot. At this time Lady Strathcona and almost all the members of the family were present—their daughter and her husband, and other members of their family. Here during our three days' visit the writer found himself again and again alone with Lord Strathcona in some "coign of vantage" talking over scenes and subjects of thirty or more years ago which occupied us at *Silver Heights*. This visit was only two or three years ago, and though his Lordship was more than ninety his memory seemed as good as ever when he reviewed the events in which he an actor and the writer as historian had been so deeply interested. While there a sculptor was also present, who was engaged in making a bust of Lord Strathcona, and it was lifelike even then.

During many of these visits the writer spoke to Lord Strathcona of the pleasure it would give him to write the life of his Lordship. Again and again he said, "Oh, there is nothing to write about," and repeated, as he often did, "Nothing to write about." He said to the writer at different times, "Oh, you historians are always raking up the things of the past—the things of the past." Now that he has gone another has taken up this work, and the writer will do his best to help the litterateur who has undertaken it.

The present attempt is but a warm friend's plan to give a true picture of the man he knew, and to speak in subsequent chapters of the kind deeds he did, of the influence he exerted in Canada and of the quite remarkable service which he rendered to the Empire and to world civilization.

The third article in this series—"The Glamour of the Fur Trade"—will be found of intense interest, both as an historical document and for the further intimate impression it gives of Strathcona.

VERSES

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

I.

WHEN the cheering ceases, quiet falls,
And all the pride of Empire fades away,
And nothing in God's world is real to me
But you—
And you I cannot find in all the empty day.

Dear heart, I was a poet; but not now!
So far from you, to sing would be to weep.
And there is naught in this mad world to sing
But you—
And you come to me only in my haunted sleep.

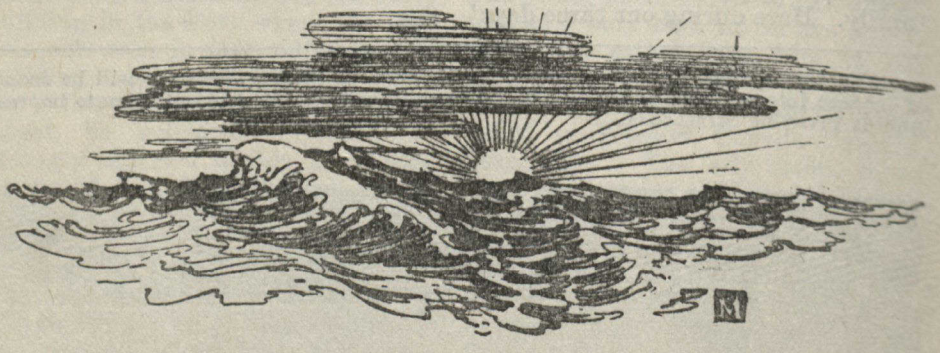
II.

He poured the wine in the cup with inscrutable smile.
"Drink, and ride on," he said, . . . melting and bright,
Flashing and warm, if flamed in the golden bowl,
Changeful and lustrous as dawns or summed delight.

"The wine in the cup is the vintage of life," he said.
"The dreams you have dreamed, the love you have loved. Drink deep,
It will fire your sword-arm with valour, and cheer your soul,
And rest your weary heart like a year-long sleep."

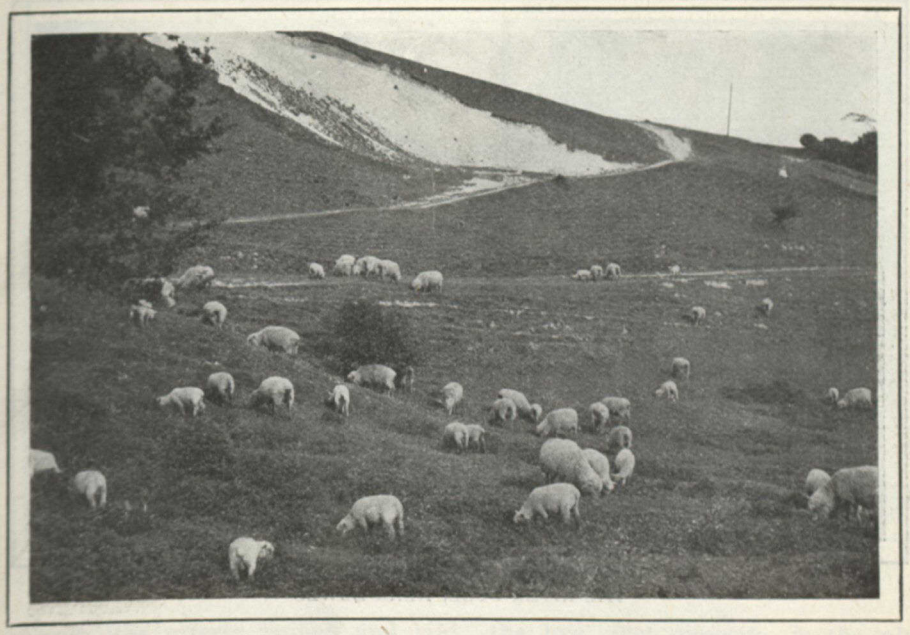
I drained the cup; and all life's magic was there!
The sweet June-madness of youth, the glory of years to come,
Love with a fragrance of roses, and love with a brightness of tears.
I drank—and my heart was heavy, my lips were dumb.

The stirrup-cup fell from my hand. . . . "Ride on," he said.
I urged my tired horse forward, mile upon mile,
With the magic in flavour of life on my parted lips;
But, like death in my heart, his inscrutable smile.



EVENING

Soft-ground etching
by Walter R. Duff



THE SUSSEX DOWNS, NEAR LEWES

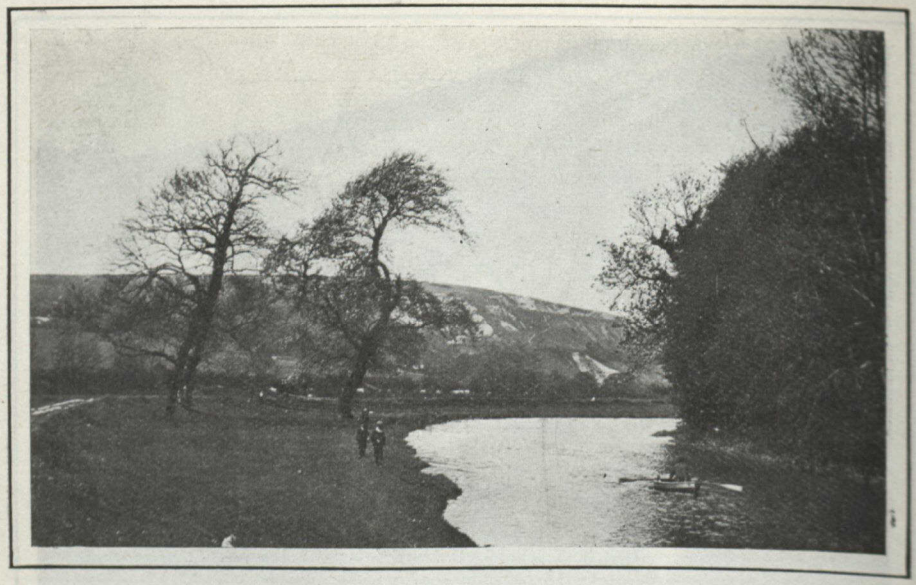
ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

BY M. FORSYTH GRANT

"BROIGHTON woitings, fresh from Broighton Beach! Oh, very foine whoitings! Fresh sole! I have *very* noice salmon and fresh Broighton whoitings!"

A lovely morning in August this, in the charming and picturesque town of Lewes, where one is roused from sleep by the cries of the fishmonger, who in the strongest nasal tone, with a Sussex accent, proclaims his white and glittering wares from his little cart, which is pulled by a strong horse from Brighton. At almost every house he disappears into the sensible "Tradesmen's Entrance," gets an order, comes out again, and proceeds to scrape, cut, and divide his stock of fish. The sharp knife does its work in a very clean and skilful way, and the refuse is slipped into a long leather bucket slung conveniently to the busy hand. Now and then a tidbit is given to a huge yellow-striped cat, which calmly takes his place beneath the cart with the air of an established favourite. Tinkle, tinkle down the pretty street comes the sound of a bell rung continuously by a young man in a white linen coat crying, "Hot rolls all ready for breakfast!"

The air of Lewes is delightful, and the exquisite prospect from the large bay-window of our dining-room gives a joy without interruption. The large four-storeyed house in which I have spent three happy weeks is covered with vines which, even now, are in glorious tints of crimson. A flight of steep steps leads down from the rear door of the hall to a big garden, where there is a riot of bloom of many kinds; splendid roses, fuchias, sweet peas, heliotrope, huge pink geraniums, nasturtiums, yellow and crimson dahlias, zinnias, snapdragon, and



THE RIVER OUSE, NEAR LEWES

stocks, interspersed with fruit trees bearing heavily. A miniature poultry yard is wired within one corner, and near by is heard the champing of Marquisa, the pretty thoroughbred, in her comfortable little stable. "Buffalo Bill,," a wonderful white and tan long-haired guinea pig, runs about disposing of succulent morsels in the way of grubs. Below the red brick walk leading down to a croquet ground are found more flowers and a kitchen garden which provides all manner of eatables. Standing or sitting on the garden walk or bank, there is a glorious prospect of purple-hued hills, with the first blush of heather, mingled with glimpses of white chalk pits, and on top a grand old windmill of an ancient design that is not often seen in England now; an old church with its pretty "God's Acre" is seen on the right slope, and beneath are the red-tiled and mossy roofs of a street in "Southover" of very old and lovely houses with exquisite gardens, and high under the eaves tiny windows opening into quaintest of old and panelled rooms. One of these houses was lived in by Queen Anne after her divorcement by King Henry. The old and new are forcibly brought to one's notice by the pretty lawn tennis and croquet club edging on the mournful ruins of the oldest priory in England. The walls surround the ancient and historic building, and the outlines of the room with their narrow window-casements are a joy to archæologists. This Priory of St. Pancras first existed in Saxon times as a little modern church. The magnificent church which was built afterwards was dedicated in 1145 with great pomp. The walls, which are still seen, must, according to research, have surrounded a splendid group of buildings, convent, cloister, chapter house, refectory, dormitories, infirmary, cellarers' quarters; and the cathedral, like the church, itself some 405 feet long, with the other proportions in accord, must have made up a perfect picture of conventual peace. In the priory King Henry III. took refuge when the Royalist forces were destroyed by De Montfort, and many interesting altars and tombs have been unearthed in excavations. All this splendour of the

ROTTEN ROW, LEWES

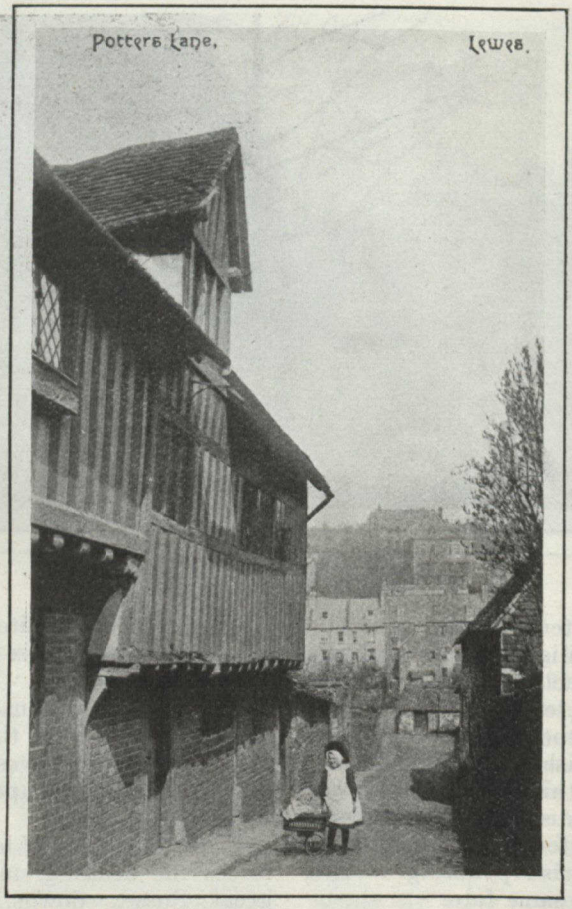
church was utterly ruined and laid low in the sacriligious times of Cromwell, and the actual account written by the chief actor in the crime is to be had in the interesting little "Guide" published by Mr. Hemage Legge. Everything was swept away in the most systematic fashion by an army of carpenters and "plummers," the dovecotes, fish ponds, granaries, all sharing the same fate.

St. Anne's Church is full of interest. It goes back to Saxon and Norman times, the stonework and carvings of the font are beautiful, and the spire is shingled with tiles of Sussex split oak.

Every day there is something to interest, and the races, for which Lewes is famous, wake the old town into stirring life; and amongst the dozens of automobiles it is delightful to see a splendid four-in-hand, driven by a gentleman, with several friends, on top of the huge brake, and a lady, very sweet and fashionably dressed, with a tiny Pekingese under her arm; smart grooms all *de rigeur;* I suppose some of the "County," who drove over to the races and stopped for the ever-ready tea at the Inn, where, by the bye, just opposite, is the place where sixteen Sussex martyrs were burned in 1556.

The quaint old houses are still left in many parts, with their heavy timbers, overhanging eaves, and bow-windows of curious shape, which mark their age.

From the other side of the house comes the health-giving air of the great Sussex downs, meeting and mingling with the salt breath of the ocean at Brighton, a short distance away, on the edge of which stands in stately gloom one of the third great prisons of England. The front, where the Governor resides, is ablaze with the colour of the beautifully-kept flower-beds; but an enormously high wall surrounds the other part, where prisoners' quarters are. Knowing there was a woman's prison, I thought it would be of interest to learn something of its arrangements, and a note to the chaplain brought a most kind answer, regretting, however, that no visitors were allowed without the express permission of the Home Secretary. It suggested that if I could give a short address, the order would be vouchsafed at once!



A QUAINT BIT OF LEWES

However, there was no time for preparation, and as my note was evidently thought to be that of a man, indeed, it would have taken too long for explanations.

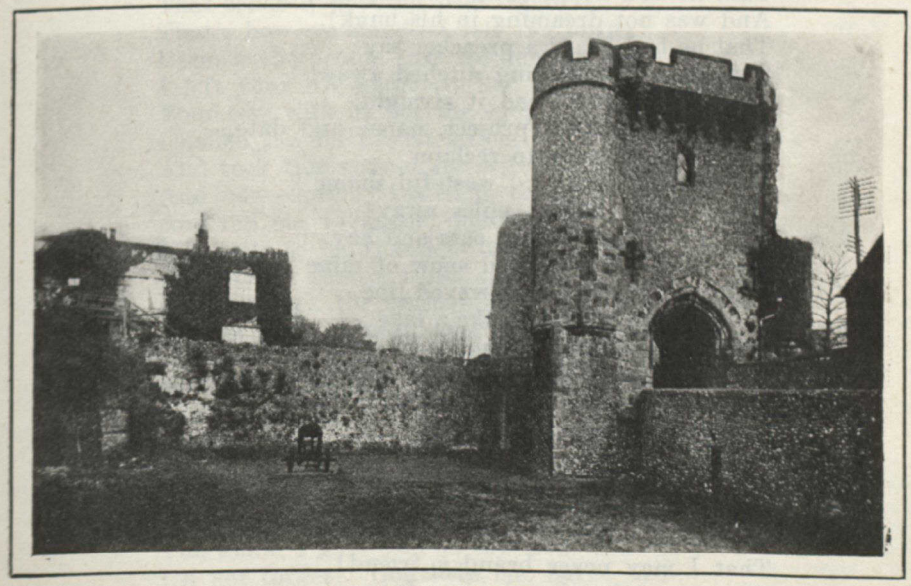
The walks on the great downs bring an ever-changing picture of green turf, quaint cottages here and there and, beyond, the purple hills from which are so often swept tremendous showers and storms of rain, to be succeeded immediately by brilliant sunshine, which dries up the damp ground at once. A friend coming from London by a late train went out for a walk, and presently rushed in with, "Oh, this air, this air, you can positively eat it." Walking down the narrow High Street, through which fly hundreds of motors of all kinds, from the heavy travelling car to the trim, hooded, double motor-cycle, the varied and ancient architecture of the houses, flush with the stone pavements, and with funny little shoe-scrapers set into the walls, the stately keeps and walls of "The Castle" of Norman times are seen down a pretty, steeply-sloping street. From the superb tower a magnificent view of several counties can be seen; I shall never forget seeing the brilliant glow of fields of scarlet poppies in every direction from the castle. Opposite the castle gate is the residence of Mr. Frankfort Moore, the well-known writer and author, who lives with his charming family in a

HIGH STREET, LEWES

Showing on the right, old-fashioned Bay Windows.

delightfully quaint, old-world house, which from its silver-handled, bronze-knockered door, attracts the visitor to innumerable artistic objects within.

Lewes is perfect for one who, debilitated from hard work and nerves, wishes for quiet in bracing, delicious air, and most interesting from its historical neighbourhood. The old churches are visited daily by many who come to admire their beautiful carving and old-time environment.



THE CASTLE RUINS AT LEWES

THE HERMIT OF WHISPERING CREEK

By CARROLL AIKINS

THE people say I've lived so long
(A thousand year, if I'm not wrong)
In this old shack, with floor for bed,
That I've got sawdust in my head.
We'll call them fools, and let it go;
They think I'm mad; they *are*, I know,
For not a soul of them can hear
My water-voices, singing clear!
Their city is a passing lie,
But these stream-voices shall not die,
At least—God save me from that fear,
They've been my friends a thousand year!

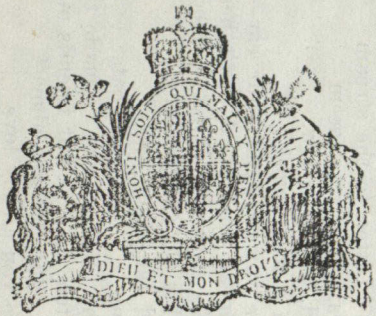
Stranger, you know old Siwash Bill,
Who lives behind the Eight-Mile Hill?
Don't know old Bill? His son's your guide!
The half-breed? Yes. Bill lost his pride.
An Oxford man he says he was,
Left England for the Big Because—
No matter what! But old Bill said,
And swore it on his father's head,
That he had heard (and was not drunk,
And was not dreaming in his bunk),
That he had heard a preacher say
This stream was being ditched away!
He said the pilot had it straight,
The whole damned project, name, and date,
To steal my water to reclaim
Dry Valley from its "wasteful shame".
Dry Valley—twenty miles away!
And just to grow their oats and hay,
They'd take this melted snow of mine
And coax it down a surveyed line,
And smooth it gently, like a lake,
For fear the ditch should wash and break,
And hamper it with pipe and drain,
And use it common like the rain,
A-smearing it across the field
To give their dust a double yield.
And they can do it—that's the worst!
A fellow doesn't fyle his thirst,
Record his mate, and God defend
That I may never brand a friend!
The stream is mine, in oral fee,
Because the waters speak to me.

A thousand year they've called my name—
Has any man a prior claim?
Not by the Greater Right! But, then,
I know your courts of lawyer-men,
Their book-wise wisdom, bound in calf,
And how the very judge would laugh
And ask me for the cubic-gauge,
The signed and sealed recording page—
No justice there! And that is why
I fear these mates of mine may die
And leave their places bare and cold,
With me beside them sick and old.
Sometimes (perhaps my hearing's poor,
I hope to God it's nothing more),
The voices seem to falter out
And whisper, where they used to shout,
Seem kind of sad, and weary, too,
Not laughing like they used to do;
And then I think of what Bill said,
And seem to see the stony bed
A-glaring at me in the sun,
With all the singing voices dumb!
And then I watch the water sink
Below that lower basin brink,
Go down and down, and how I fret
And feel to find if it is wet,
And wonder if the flow will stop,
If they have stolen every drop,
And clench my hands, and grit my teeth,
And curse that irrigation thief—
Until the bursting clouds bring rain
That sends it flooding back again!
That's how we stand—I left the town
Because the people trod me down;
I left your life and hate and lies,
Your city with its peering eyes;
I called the old life at an end
And took this stream for wife and friend!
And now—hush! Listen to the stream
And tell me, Stranger, does it seem
Not quite so loud, and is it low,
Low—lower than a while ago?
Hush! Hark the voices—bend your ear—
What's that? Speak louder! I can't hear—
What's that? No answer! What? Good-bye?
You're leaving this old channel dry
And going round the other way
To help them grow . . . their oats . . . and hay . . .
You're leaving me . . . you've made the start . . .
Don't like the ditch . . . but friends must part . . .
Remember you? But, Heaven above!
You know, I gave you all my love . . .
I'll not forget! God help me, lad!
They're drying—and I'm going mad!

ISAAC BROCK, ESQUIRE,

President, administering the Government of the Province of Upper Canada, and Major General Commanding his Majesty's Forces therein, &c. &c. &c.

TO *Joseph Bermy, Gentleman* — GREETING.



REPOSING especial Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, I do hereby appoint you to be *Ensign in the Fifth Regiment of Lincoln Militia* during pleasure, and of which *Andw Bradt Esq* is *Lieutenant Colonel* you are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of *Ensign* by exercising, and well disciplining both the inferior Officers and Men of the said Militia.——And I do hereby Command them to obey you as their *Ensign* And you are to observe and follow all such Orders and Directions as you shall from time to time receive from me or any other your Superior Officer, according to Law.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at Arms at *York* this *First* Day of *May* in the Year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *twelve* and in the *Fifty Second* year of His Majesty's Reign.

Isaac Brock Lt Gr
Lt Gov.

By His Honor's Command,

W. Stanton
Acting Secretary

A DOCUMENT OF 1812

Reproduction of a commission in the Lincoln Militia given personally by Isaac Brock to Joseph Bermey and now in the possession of a descendant of that gentleman

A HONEYLESS HONEYMOON

BY CLIFFORD MONTGOMERY ARLINGTON

"SUPPOSE we miss the train?" asked the girl laughingly.

"Oh! let's drive on a little farther; this is about the only time I've had with you to-day. Confound that fellow, Harrison! I believe he got up a picnic my last day here just to put a spoke in my wheel! And if I hadn't thought of taking a drive, he might have succeeded."

"His bet with you was awfully funny, Dan. What do you suppose made him get you on the subject of honeymoons?"

"Jealousy, I suppose, if you want to call mud, mud—and not alluvial deposit. But, all the same, if I have one, I'll win. I know I could be on a honeymoon and fool people, who didn't really know for sure."

"Perhaps you only think so. But, really, it must be getting late, and if we miss the train, you know there's no other west to-night. Look at your watch and see what time it is."

"Six-thirty," said the man, consulting his time-piece, "the train leaves in ten minutes."

"Oh! Dan, whatever are we going to do?" cried the girl; "we *can't* get back in time."

"I know it," replied the man coolly.

"But we must! What would the girls say? Turn around, perhaps we can make it yet. It may be late in starting."

Her companion stopped the horse.

"Well, if we do miss it, it won't be murder. Accidents like that have happened before. When we're old, we'll always be glad we did it. Why not have a little romance in modern life? The knights of old did as they wanted to. We're too civilized now, don't you think?"

"It would be a great stunt!" exclaimed the girl in a tone that was a mixture of nervousness and gaiety. "But they'd say we did it on purpose."

"Supposing they did, we can make up a good story, and if we stick to it they'll probably end by believing it."

"Now you're trying to waste time. We're debating here and meanwhile we're losing any chance of catching the train."

"We can't get back in time now. Let's make the best of it."

"But, Dan, what are we going to do?"

"Do you want me to tell you?"

"Why, of course; what do you mean?"

"Well, then, Margaret, come with me!"

"What!"

"You know after the rather cool treatment of your people here I can't stay any longer. We've had a wonderful week together again, but the separation that's coming is too long. I can't go away without you. Won't you come with me, sweetheart?" His tone was low and very ardent.

"Oh! I can't! What would mother say?"

"There are some questions you have to answer for yourself. If we part now, it may be for ever. What do *you* say?"

"I don't want you to go away from me, dear, but circumstances are so difficult . . ." her voice trailed off in a sigh.

"You know I love you, dearest," said the man slipping his arm around her, and turning her face up to his, "Can you say three little words in return?"

"I love you!" exclaimed the girl, throwing her arms around his neck, and hiding her blonde head on his shoulder.

Next moment their lips met in burning kisses.

"Now, we've got to beat it!" said the man at the end of a few minutes with a masculinely quick return to actualities.

"Oh! Dan, I can't go *now,* I meant to-morrow."

"It's this minute or never. I can't and won't stay longer."

"But you *silly man,* I've no clothes or anything."

"Get them at Brookdale," replied her companion succinctly, gathering up the reins, and starting the horse forward at a good clip.

"Oh! I can't, Dan. Let's go back! I'll make some excuse to mother, and we'll go to-morrow—if you still want me."

"Can't be done. Just got time to make the train."

"What train? Is there a later one home from Brookdale?"

"Hardly. The train we are going to catch is the Occidental Limited, East, but I think for the time being we'll re-christen it the "Honeymoon Express," that is, for ourselves, because I'm also going to win that bet."

"This is so sudden—Oh! I know that sounds bromidic, but I suppose I might have known you'd do something original," she said with about one part resentment and three parts grudging admiration in her tone.

"Then you will come?"

"Why, yes, of course, I will, Dan. But why do you ask? You were taking it for granted all the time."

"Just a good bluff up to this second," he replied with a sigh of relief. "Now I feel a little surer. But we've got to hustle; our train leaves at nine sharp."

Events then followed so rapidly as to leave on the girl the impression that they were living in a dream, not an indolent, after-dinner-hammocky dream, but a rapid-fire-Krupp-moving-picture-drama sort of dream.

Not without reason did business associates praise the man's executive capacity. Twenty minutes' rapid driving (which probably made the poor livery-horse wish that similar events should occur most rarely) brought them to the main street of Brookdale. A large sign, "Drygoods Emporium," caught the girl's eye, and she pointed it out to her companion.

"What have you to get?" he asked unthinkingly.

"Oh, lots of . . . things," she replied blushing.

"Well, look here, all I can give you is three-quarters of an hour. Will that be all right?" he said, passing her some bank-notes. "Meanwhile I'll attend to the other matters."

"I'll do my best," she said, "but you know—or you will know—it's hard for a woman to shop quickly."

"Got everything you need for a few days?" he said later, as he invaded a part of the store given over to women's dainty attire, the cynosure of several deeply-interested clerks.

"Pretty nearly, as far as necessities are concerned, but where am I to put them?"

"How will this do?" he inquired, motioning a boy carrying a suitcase to approach.

"That will be splendid! How thoughtful you are!"

Then in a moment they were back again in the buggy driving rapidly.

"Here we are!" he said, stopping before a square frame house.

They alighted, and before they had time to knock, the door opened and a rather young man in clerical garb

ushered them in with cordial welcome in every sign of voice and gesture. Two ladies, whom he presented as his wife and sister-in-law, came in, and the simple but binding ceremony was over almost before the couple could realize that now they were joined in holy wedlock in very reality—so vividly did it seem that they were watching objectively a rapid incident on the stage.

After the ceremony they enjoyed a little supper, which the minister and his family made gay with kindly tact. Then another short drive took them to the station in good time to arrange for the return of the horse and rig and the sending of several necessary telegrams.

At nine-five the express hurtled up, pausing just long enough to let them hop on. The train seemed crowded, so the man departed on a search for seats.

"Nothing left in the chair-car or Pullman. After going through about twenty-seven cars all I can find is one double seat. I've given an obstinate-looking man a couple of good cigars to hold that," he announced on his return.

"Oh! well, cheer up, we don't care!"

"I know you don't, but hang it! I like to do things well. You'd think I'd never travelled off the Pere Marquette."

"Oh; I know you've been all over Europe and America, don't worry."

They proceeded, pilgrim-fashion, to the seat reserved by the expedient mentioned above.

"There! We have seats anyway, though I'd not have selected a car filled with musical freaks, if I'd had my choice."

This last referred to the harmonious (?) efforts of a group of holiday-makers at one end, who were trying—successfully—to weave "Silver Threads Among the Gold" into new and startling symphonies of sound.

"But our troubles will soon be over. A clear run of two hours—and then the mountains. Just wait till you see the mountains, Mrs. Webster!"

"Mrs. Who?"

"Don't you know your new name yet? You'll have to do better than that if we're to win that bet. You get half if we win, you know," said the man laughingly.

"Of course, Dan, I *am* stupid," said his wife with heightened colour. "Where are we going?"

"Wildwood Inn, White Mountains, prettiest place in the East."

"You've been there before?"

"Of course! Wouldn't go a place I hadn't on a trip like this. Be too easy a mark for porters and other land-pirates."

"Good place to have a good time?"

"Wonderful!" said Webster reminiscently.

"What a clever man to take me to a place whose points of vantage you have tried and tested by previous sweethearts!" said his wife maliciously.

"But this is different," protested her husband. "Of course, I knew some girls before I met you. One has to have contrasts to form a judgment. You don't appreciate pleasure unless you have known pain, or summer unless there's been winter," he parried cleverly. "You've had lots of affairs, too. Why, Jack Spencer told me . . ."

"Jack is the greatest male gossip in Williamstown," interrupted the girl, "but I've not had any *since* we had our understanding. But, Dan," she said, changing the subject, "I've been very selfish. What are you going to do for clothes and so on?"

Her husband smiled.

"Didn't you notice the second suitcase?" he asked pointing up to the rack.

"Why, I did in a way, but I didn't pay any special attention to it. Did you do some shopping, too, when you left me in the store?"

"Well, no," was the answer, "I left one ready in Brookdale yester-

day. It was taking a chance, but . . . ''

''Daniel Webster, you had this all planned!'' exclaimed the girl, a number of little significant details becoming suddenly connected by circumstantial evidence.

''I'm afraid so, dear. What are going to do about it?'' was his triumphant answer.

''You naughty man! Do you know I'm going to punish you for that?''

She glanced around. They were in the back seat. No one was looking. She pulled his head down and kissed him on the lips. ''I'll torture you slowly and gorgeously when I get you alone.''

''Punish me some more!'' urged the man.

''Just wait till later,'' threatened the girl flushing.

''Are they expecting us at Wildwood?'' she asked after a short pause.

''Why, I sent an urgent wire yesterday—taking another risk—and I think it will be all right. They know me, of course, from previous visits and will probably do their best to oblige a former client. But then again, it's the night of the Fourth. We'll just have to take chances—but we're getting used to that, aren't we? Don't forget we've been married nearly a year. And, by the way, if you look in the ring you'll find a date ten months back engraved inside—an idea I saw done once. Clever, eh? Especially good for prying verandah cats.''

''Are you a descendant of *the* Daniel Webster?'' inquired his wife with apparent innocence.

Wildwood station was reached at eleven-fifteen. The waiting luxurious auto-bus in the scarlet and buff of the far-famed Wildwood Inn whirled them away.

''Ah! Mr. Bright, get my wire all right?'' said Webster to the clerk.

''Yes, indeed,'' replied the clerk, ''very glad to see you back again, especially since we didn't have you last year. I'm afraid the best we can do for you to-night, though, is a cot in the room of Mr. Anderson, whom you met here before I think. He happened to be here when your wire arrived and volunteered this suggestion when we were about to wire back that we had no room. As a matter of fact, we're crowded to the roof, and several are occupying hammocks on the verandahs.''

''But, Mr. Bright, I've Mrs. Webster with me. This is impossible,'' said Webster.

''You didn't mention that in your wire.''

''Why—no I didn't,'' said the man realizing for the first time that he had made a fatal blunder in the telegram, ''she decided to come at the last moment. You see I had to go to Europe on business last year,'' he went on more fluently, ''and when we were married I got an extra month, and we made it our honeymoon trip. This year it looked for a while as if we wouldn't have a trip at all, but at the last moment I managed to arrange it, and, of course, we came to Wildwood.''

Mrs. Webster, standing a few paces away, nearly choked in her efforts to keep from laughing at her husband's clever combination of truth and fiction.

''But, pardon me, I am forgetting. Margaret, this is Mr. Bright.''

''Very glad to meet you,'' said the girl coming forward with full-power smile. ''I'm sure you can remedy my husband's carelessness, can't you?''

''I'll go and see the housekeeper right away, Mrs. Webster,'' replied Bright. ''Perhaps she can suggest something. Be sure we'll do our best,'' he added gallantly, hastening away.

''This is the very devil, Margaret,'' said Webster with emphasis.

''Yes, isn't it!'' she assented warmly. ''It's so very inconvenient, but perhaps we'll be all right.''

''The best we can do is to give Mrs. Webster a cot in the house-keep-

er's room for to-night," said Bright on his return. "Even to do that we'll have to rig up another hammock for somebody. Then to-morrow we can probably arrange things better. A Mrs. Walker is leaving, and I'll give you her room. Will that be all right?"

Webster let slip a syllable which rhymes perfectly with bell, but recollecting himself he said, with as much nonchalence as experience in college dramatics and the University of the World had taught him:

"Oh! we'll make the best of it, Mr. Bright. I know you'll get us something better to-morrow."

"I suppose you are tired after your journey, and will want to retire at once. Front!" called the clerk.

Two bellboys seized a suitcase each and stood waiting—and observant. Plainly there was no loophole. Even Napoleon must have had some moments like these.

"Good-night, Margaret," said Webster with studied matter-of-factness. "See you in the morning about eight-thirty for breakfast."

"Yes, that will be about right," replied his wife, "and don't wait for me if I'm not down on time," she continued, playing up to his lead, "I know you don't like to wait, and I may be a little late."

But, of course, they breakfasted together.

"Wildwood is pretty, isn't it?" asked Webster as they gazed out of the window of the dining-room.

"Yes, indeed," assented his wife.

"Beautiful Wildwood, exquisite scenery," he ran on, "garage, tennis, golf—and two cots!"

A peal of silvery laughter rewarded his sally.

"This is an awful joke on us. Heavens! if it should ever get out that a supposedly experienced traveller like myself forgot to ask for reservations for two," he said.

"Oh, well, the unexpected always happens, you know," was her reply.

"Just let one more unexpected thing happen, if you want to see a first-class, A. No. 1, double-barrelled, self-oiling, ball-bearing volcanic eruption!" ejaculated Webster.

"But a bad beginning makes a good ending," she replied vivaciously.

After breakfast a stroll killed time very well till lunch. When I say stroll, I mean a stroll plus the discussion of a certain bungalow, which Webster proposed to build. In fact, they had only two rooms planned when it was time to return.

After lunch Mrs. Webster announced that she was going to take a nap. Her husband spent the time this occupied for her mooning around the smoking-room. He seemed unable under the new circumstances to recollect just how he used to fill up these little intervals—which shows perhaps how one's point of view may change.

At four-thirty Mrs. Webster came down for tea. Her husband presented her to several ladies he knew. Then the fiction of the European tour was casually produced and passed muster.

When Webster returned from an unsuccessful search for a non-existent book of photos taken on the trip, in which he was almost beginning to believe himself, he saw his wife and some of the ladies comparing and discussing rings.

"I'll bet old Mrs. Jenkins has noted the date on the ring," he thought exultantly, "and I'll have evidence enough to win that bet twice over," which later proved indeed to be the case.

Dinner was at seven. From force of habit Webster donned his evening suit, and strolled into the rotunda to wait for his wife. As the clock marked a minute or two to seven he was struck by a sudden thought. When I say struck, possibly flattened out would be more appropriate. What would his wife wear? She had no evening dress with her, and couldn't possibly have got a suitable one in the "Drygoods Emporium." But even

"Beautiful wild wood, exquisite scenery," he ran on, "garage, tennis, golf and—two cots."

as he was seeking the correct solution to this new problem, he saw her tall, shapely figure descending the stairway—and in a black evening gown, which set off her blonde beauty to perfection!

"How did you manage it?" he asked eagerly.

"I'll tell you later. You like it?"

"You look stunning!" he said, but if printed words could give the tone!

"You see, I remember that you like me in black silk," she rejoined.

The rotunda soon became animated by various groups, but the Websters felt each proud of the other, in case comparisons were made—which is very usually the case at summer ho-

tels. Of course, we're a democratic people, but—

Then the bomb exploded.

Webster went to get the key of the room promised by the clerk.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Webster," replied the clerk to his inquiry, "Mrs. Walker has at the last moment decided to stay another day. If you can only excuse this, to-morrow we'll positively have something. In fact, I'll give you my own suite, if all else fails. I'd do that now, but I've got to work there most of the night on accounts. We extremely regret your inconvenience, but it's all we can offer you till to-morrow."

"Well, Margaret," said Webster nonchalantly, "I'm in for another of Anderson's golf post-mortems, but it can't be helped. Shall we go and see what the chef has for us?"

"Yes, let's!" replied his wife philosophically. "I do feel rather peckish, and you can tell me a little more about 'dear old London', in case the house-keeper should get on that subject. I had a few narrow escapes last night, and as it is, I've told more fibs recently than in my whole previous existence."

Webster with that *sang froid* which only considerable experience can give, hypnotized the head-waiter with a single glance into giving them just the right table. After all personality counts in these matters.

The orchestra was discoursing sweet music. Solicitous waiters were bringing delicate viands. Flowers added their perfume. Webster was gazing across the table at a beautiful woman whose grace enchanted him. Mrs. Webster's eyes dwelt approvingly on a tall, distinguished man, who wore his evening-clothes with an air that was different.

Delmonico's definition that a perfect dinner consists of four elements —taste of exquisite viands, the perfume of flowers, the sound of entrancing music, and the sight of beauty—was perfectly fulfilled. But to be truthful there was a little fly in the ointment on this occasion.

"Tell me about the dress," said Webster.

"Don't you recognize it?"

"No, where'd you get it?"

"Well, I knew your preference for a certain little black silk dress, and so I wore it to the picnic. This afternoon, when I learned accidentally from one of the ladies that it was customary to dress for dinner here."

"Of course—this isn't Paris!" interrupted her husband.

"So I cut out the neck, shortened the sleeves, added a touch of lace, and there you have it! It would never have seemed plausible to come here without one—and I didn't want to strain your imaginative faculty in new inventions about lost luggage."

"I knew I was getting a pretty woman, but I didn't know you were so clever," said her husband with emphasis.

"Flatterer! I am adding that to your score, and I have a long memory!"

"Are you happy?"

"Yes," she said, but the simple monosyllable spoke volumes.

The superb, silent, scintillating evening was wonderfully beautiful, but suddenly its silence was interrupted by the staccato crashes of a tango from the Casino.

"Do you care to dance?" asked the man.

"Yes, but I don't know the latest. They wouldn't let us learn to do it at home. Is it hard to do?"

"No, very easy; I'll show you how to do it in short order."

They danced together twice. Then other new friends who sought introductions through the ladies she had met at tea claimed her; and all too soon the evening flitted past.

"Well, I guess it's the little cot for yours," remarked Webster as they parted at the stairs. "Good-night."

"Good-night, Dan, see you in the morning," replied his wife smilingly.

"Telegrams for Mr. Webster!" a

bellboy was calling as they met again next morning.

"Excuse me a moment, dear, while I see what these are," said Webster, taking the yellow envelopes, the first of which he opened and read. His expression changed from buoyant happiness to sombre depression. Silently he handed the message to his wife. This is what she read:

"California deal demands your immediate return for several days. Sorry interrupt your vacation, which you can continue a week later.

(Signed) "J. H. ARTHURS."

"It's the chief, and I've got to go! He's always awfully decent, and I know he'd not have sent this if it were not of the highest importance. Of course, he doesn't know I'm just married."

"Oh! I always have to keep the office posted regarding a change of address. Just a minute, I'll see when we can get a train."

"We can get one at eight-ten, right after dinner, which will land us in Boston half an hour before midnight. Do you mind?"

"Of course not, but where do we go then? I'm getting a little tired of hotels!" declared the girl.

"We won't have to go to a hotel; read that," he replied, passing her the second telegram.

It read as follows:

"Glad to let you have my flat. Am leaving to-night for two months' vacation in Muskoka. Janitor will let you in any time. Congratulations, you sly dog. Why didn't you let us know?

(Signed) "HARRY."

"I wired Harry Pierce, telling him to keep the news confidential, thinking it might come in handy later, when we were looking for an apartment. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, it won't be so bad," said the girl smilingly. "Besides, you know I'm just crazy to try experiments in cooking on an appreciative guest. You'll have to say you like it, whether you do or not."

On the chair-car at the rear of the express the Websters were sitting an hour or so later.

"You know, I can't tell you how badly I feel about this interruption," the man was saying for the 'steenth time.

"It's not your fault, dear, and you know, as I said before, a bad beginning always makes a good ending."

"The ending ought to be a whirlwind in that case. It's been a queer sort of honeymoon so far—a kind of honeyless honeymoon!" said Webster, "but I've a toast to propose. Here Sam," he called to the porter, "bring us some French coffee in glasses, good and strong."

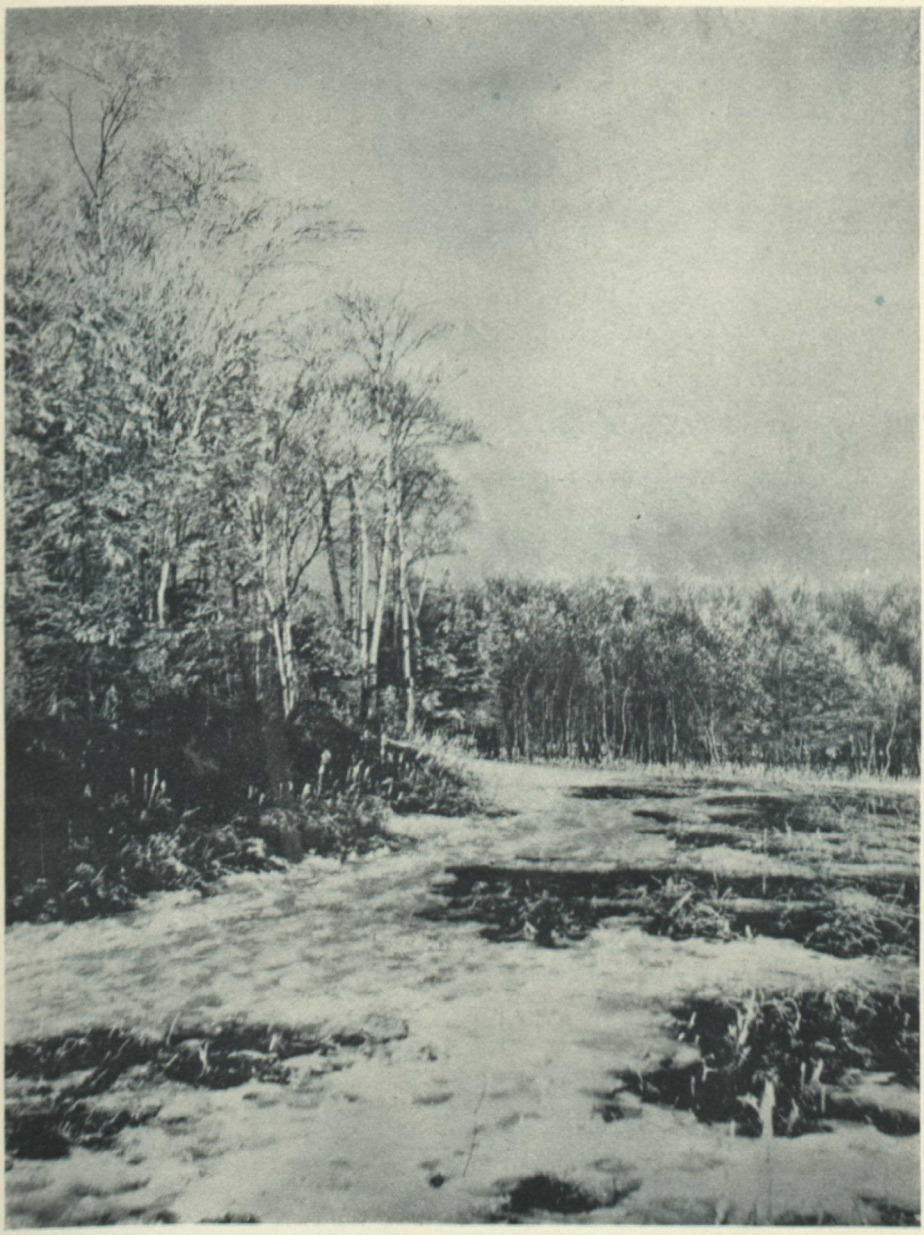
When it came, he said, raising his glass:

"Now, then, will you drink to a real honeymoon, free from clerks, hotels, and misunderstandings!"

She clinked her glass against his.

"To the end of a tragedy-farce! Here's to my big Boss, Boston, and Bliss!" said his wife with sparkling eyes.

The express arrived at eleven-thirty. A taxi whirled them to the Lennox Mansions. Webster found the janitor. A silver dollar illuminated his Swedish obtuseness. They were ushered into the apartment, and the door closed behind them.



HOAR FROST

From the photograph
by W. S. Louson

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VIII—THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY

BY JOHN MARKEY

THERE is a popular belief, so commonly held that it has become crystallized into a proverb, to the effect that "murder will out." The proverb is probably based, not so much on experience, as on humanity's faith in an all-ruling Providence, which sooner or later, in one way or another, will vindicate the cause of justice. The sober fact is that many of the world's most notable murders have never been followed by any vindication of justice, so far, at least, as human institutions are concerned. It is now thirty-five years since what was, perhaps, the most atrocious murder in the whole history of civilized Canada was committed, yet to this day nobody has ever been convicted of or punished for it. This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that quite a number of people must have been involved in it, and because it was never treated as much of a mystery in the section in which it was committed.

The reference is to the Biddulph tragedy. During the early hours of the fourth of February, 1880—somewhere between midnight and daybreak—the occupants, four in number, of the Donnelly home, on the Roman line of the township of Biddulph, in Middlesex county, were beaten either to death or a state of helplessness. The house was then set on fire and the bodies burned beyond recognition. The house itself was totally destroyed. Shortly afterwards another member of the Donnelly family was called to the door of his brother's home, about four miles away, and shot. A number of people were arrested. Six were finally held for trial. One of the prisoners, charged with being the ringleader, was placed on trial twice. The first time the jury disagreed. The second time it acquitted him. The other prisoners were released on bail with five indictments hanging over them; but to this day not one of them has ever been brought to trial. There is no probability now that anybody ever will be punished for this murder, notwithstanding that at least two witnesses for the Crown swore positively, and refused to have their testimony broken by cross-examination, that they were eye-witnesses and were able to identify some of the participants.

The story of the murder may be thus briefly related: On the Roman line of the township of Biddulph, about four miles from the village of Lucan, lived the Donnelly family. The Roman line was so called because it had been settled by Roman Catholics. It was thus distinguished from the Protestant line on one side and the Swamp line—so called from an immense cedar swamp—on the other. The Donnelly family at the time of the murder consisted of James, the father, aged sixty-four; his wife Judith, aged fifty-seven; their sons, Thomas, aged twenty-six, and John, aged twenty-three, and their niece,

Bridget Donnelly, but recently out from Ireland, aged twenty-four, all living on the homestead; William, residing at Whalen's Corners, about four miles away; Patrick, living at Thorold; Robert, living at Glencoe, and a daughter, Janey, living near London. The Donnelly name had long occupied a conspicuous place in the local history of the township. Rightly or wrongly it had been associated with a great deal of disturbance and not a little crime. Barns were burned, crops were destroyed, animals were mutilated. There were periods of terrorism when people scarcely knew where to look for safety. It was said that the father of the family had a prison record. It was known that he had had a lawsuit for the possession of fifty acres of land, and that he had lost it. It was known also that the man who had won the suit and established his claim to the fifty acres had his barns destroyed by fire and some of his animals disembowelled. There was little doubt that the fire was of incendiary origin, and if anybody hesitated to whisper his suspicion as to where the guilt lay it was probably through fear. The Donnelly boys drove stage from Lucan to London for years. Different rival stages were set up at different times, and these attempts to establish competition were followed by the destruction of vehicles and the mutilation of horses, the victims always being the would-be competitors.

This kind of work went on for years. It became a habit with some people to blame the Donnellys for everything in the nature of an outrage or daredeviltry that occurred. The Donnelly boys always claimed that they were persecuted and that they were the victims of jealousy and of rivalry. Eventually the people of the section were divided into three classes, the Donnelly faction, the anti-Donnelly faction, and the neutrals. The feeling at times ran very high. Some of the offences by which the peace of the community was disturbed were undoubtedly brutal and intolerable. Many others were mere acts of cunning and daring, regarded by their perpetrators as practical jokes, but magnified by the victims into violent outrages. There is no doubt that the Donnelly boys had no monopoly of the practical jokes, and there is little doubt that they came in for more than their due share of the blame.

The late Reverend Father Connolly, afterwards parish priest of Ingersoll, was then in charge of the Roman line church. He was a good man and a devoted priest; but his language was probably more impulsive than diplomatic at times. He has been held by some to be to some extent blameworthy in connection with the tragedy. It is no more than fair to his memory to say that those who were best qualified by actual knowledge as well as disposition to judge fairly have always fully acquitted him. He was sorely plagued by escapades and outrages which destroyed the peace of the community and brought disgrace upon his people, and it is very probable that he did demand, from the altar, if there was no way of putting an end to it all. This was probably the origin of the legend that he had asked if there was nobody who would rid the parish of the disturbers. It is true that William Donnelly, in his evidence, did say that the priest had called him a cripple and a devil; but it is more than likely that William was depending on hearsay evidence. What is known for certainty is that Father Connolly, in a final effort to secure peace and order among his flock, did provide a book, which was placed at the entrance to the church. Everybody in the parish who was willing to keep the peace himself and assist others in keeping order was invited to sign his name in this book. The book was freely signed, and among the first to use it were members of the Donnelly family. In time the book disappeared from the porch of

the church. It is said that it was taken over to the Cedar Swamp school-house, situated some miles from the church, and that it was there used in the organization of the Vigilance Committee. Father Connolly's name has been used in connection with the formation of this committee. There is absolutely no evidence that he had anything to do with it. He strove to get the members of his flock to pledge themselves to maintain order; but there was no organization. Afterwards a secret, oath-bound organization was formed, but this met in the Cedar Swamp school, not in the church, and there is no evidence that Father Connolly had anything to do with it.

In spite of the efforts of the priest and of the Vigilance Committee the trouble continued. A climax was reached when the barns on Patrick Ryder's farm were destroyed by fire one night in the early part of 1880. Suspicion fell on the Donnellys. James Donnelly and his wife Judith were formally accused. They were summoned to appear before a magistrate at Granton for preliminary examination. They did appear, but owing to the absence of a witness the case was adjourned till February fourth. When that date arrived they had gone before a higher tribunal. It was on the morning of the fourth that the murder took place.

History is indebted to a remarkable circumstance for all it has to tell about the murder itself. As the Donnellys were due at Granton on the fourth, a young lad was brought down from Lucan to feed the pigs and look after the stock during their absence. This was Johnny O'Connor. He was only eleven years of age, but appears to have been unusually bright and self-possessed for his years. His story furnished the main evidence for the Crown. It was told again and again—at the inquest, at the preliminary examination, at the first trial, and at the second trial—and always it was substantially the same. It was corroborated to some extent by the evidence of William Donnelly, and afterwards by the alleged confession of William Feehley. Moreover, it furnished a reasonable explanation of how it came that the Donnellys allowed themselves to be so easily disposed of in the end. The Donnelly home was known to be well prepared for defence. There were firearms of various kinds distributed through the house. The old man, at any rate, was known to be a crack shot, and there was never any doubt in the mind of anybody familiar with the facts that the family could have made a spirited defence. Why did they allow themselves to be murdered without striking a blow or firing a shot? The boy's story furnishes an explanation. Briefly told, his story was as follows: He went to bed with old man Donnelly. Mrs. Donnelly and Bridget, the niece, slept in the adjoining bedroom. Tom slept in the kitchen. John had gone over to William's place at Whalen's Corners and had not returned. About two o'clock in the morning young O'Connor was awakened by some talk. Old man Donnelly had already arisen and a man was standing at the door of the bedroom holding a light so that he might dress. This man was James Carroll, the constable. Donnelly asked Carroll why he was disturbing him now, and Carroll replied that there was another charge against him. When the old man went out into the kitchen the boy heard him ask Tom if he were handcuffed. Tom replied, "Yes, he thinks he's smart." Then a crowd of men rushed into the house and began beating the two Donnellys. Tom managed to rush out through the front door, but somebody cried to smash him on the head, and he was driven back in again. Bridget tried to escape by running upstairs, but some of the crowd followed her. When the trouble began the boy slipped under the bed and took refuge behind a large clothes-basket there. From this posi-

tion he declared that he was able to see a part of what was going on. He positively identified James Carroll, the constable, and John Purtell. Having disposed, as they thought, of all the occupants of the house, the men poured coal oil on the bed under which young O'Connor was hiding, and set fire to it. Then they left. When the coast was clear the boy slipped out from his hiding-place, which was already becoming uncomfortable, and ran across the road to the residence of Patrick Whalen. He told the story of the murder, in part at least, but Mrs. Whalen refused to call the boys, fearing that they might be killed, as she said, and it was some time before old Mr. Whalen went over to the burning building to investigate. The house was burned to the ground and the occupants were beyond recognition.

The story told by William Donnelly, who lived at Whalen's Corners, was to the effect that his brother John, who was sleeping at his house that night, was awakened some time between midnight and morning by the cry of "Fire!" As he went to the door to investigate he was shot. William realized, presumably, that he himself, and not his brother, was the victim sought, and he allowed his sense of self-preservation to keep him well under cover, but he declared that by peeping out from behind the window-blind he was able to get a fairly distinct view of what was going on outside, and he was positive that among the crowd of men in front of the house he identified James Carroll, James Ryder, and John Kennedy. Carroll, he said, he knew only too well as a constable. Ryder he had known from boyhood, and Kennedy was his brother-in-law. He said he heard Kennedy remark, "Brother-in-law is easy at last."

The coroner's jury returned a verdict against parties unknown. Meantime several arrests had been made. Finally six men were held for trial, namely, James Carroll, John Kennedy, Martin McLaughlin, James Ryder, John Purtell, and Thomas Ryder. An attempt was made to secure a change of venue on the ground that a condition of terrorism prevailed in the community, which would make it very difficult to secure a competent jury. It was decided, however, that the trial should go on at London. The trial was held early in October. Five indictments were returned against each of the six prisoners, one for each of the murdered victims. James Carroll was the only man actually put on trial, and he was charged with the murder of Judith Donnelly. The other indictments were held in abeyance. Mr. Justice Armour was the trial judge. The late Sir Æmelius Irving, Q.C., conducted the prosecution, assisted by Crown-Attorney Hutchinson. The late Judge MacMahon, then practising in London, conducted the defence. The chief evidence for the Crown was that already outlined in the stories of Johnny O'Connor and William Donnelly. The defence depended partly on the very able cross-examination of the leading witnesses by Mr. MacMahon, and partly on an attempt to establish an alibi. A witness was produced to testify that Carroll had slept at the Ryder home on the night of the murder and could not have been at the scene of the tragedy. The case lasted all week, and the jury, after deliberating for nearly seven hours, reported than an agreement was impossible. The jury stood seven for acquittal, four for conviction, and one undecided. The judge's charge, while judicial and temperate, was generally interpreted as bearing strongly against the prisoner. Carroll was again put on trial before a special court the following February. Mr. Justice Cameron presided, and the counsel for the Crown and the defence were the same as before. The evidence was largely a repetition of that produced at the previous trial, with the addition of evidence in rebuttal of that produced for Carroll's

alibi. A new witness swore that Carroll was not at Ryder's house up till ten o'clock on the night of the murder. The jury, after deliberating for an hour and a quarter, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The verdict was greeted with great applause, in which the prisoners joined. It was generally conceded that young O'Connor stood the severe ordeal of examination and cross-examination remarkably well.

The prisoners were all liberated on bail to appear if called upon again. Against Carroll there still remained four indictments; against all the other prisoners the original five indictments remained. The prisoners had been in confinement for about a year. That imprisonment was all the punishment ever inflicted by the law on any of them. No successful attempt was made to bring any of them to trial again. Nor is it likely that any attempt will ever be made. The trial judge in releasing the men said that the jury had taken a lenient view of the evidence against them. Purtell remained in London; the rest of the prisoners returned to their homes in Biddulph after a spirited celebration of their release. Carroll remained for some years in the township, and then went West, where he disappeared from public view. William Donnelly kept a diary of local affairs in Biddulph, in which he tried to show that the hand of retributive justice was heavily laid on the accused; but as a matter of fact his evidence was not convincing. There was no real evidence that fate was more severe with the accused than with their neighbours.

The release of the prisoners was not the end of the attempt of justice to vindicate itself. In the May following the trial, two brothers, named James and William Feehley, former residents of Biddulph, were arrested at Saginaw, Michigan, on the strength of an alleged confession made by one of them. Johnny O'Connor in his evidence had stated that on the evening previous to the murder James Feehley paid a visit to the Donnelly house and remained for a time in conversation with the inmates. This statement was borne out by the alleged confession, in which James Feehley was made to say that he was induced by members of the Vigilance Committee to visit the Donnelly home for the purpose of ascertaining who was there. Feehley had quarrelled with some of the accused, and it was said that he was accustomed to boast at times that he had the necessary information to hang them. According to the alleged confession he was a witness of the whole awful tragedy, but took no part in it, beyond paying the visit to the Donnelly home. His story, according to the confession, corroborated the evidence of young O'Connor in a general way, except in one particular. He said that the boy was mistaken in his identification of John Purtell, who was not present. There was something like a general belief in the neighbourhood that the boy was mistaken in regard to this man, for Purtell was always credited with having been friendly to the Donnelly boys. The Feehley brothers were brought back to Canada and committed for trial, on a charge of murder, but there was no evidence against them except that which they were said to have furnished by their own talk, and nothing came of it.

The Donnelly boys who survived the tragedy are now all dead. Patrick, the last of them, died at St. Catharines only a year or so ago. He was a man of excellent reputation both in Biddulph and elsewhere. Father Connolly declared that had Patrick remained at home the murder would probably never have been committed. Father Connolly also declared that he had never had any trouble with either of the old folks. John Donnelly was also generally acquitted by the people of the district of any serious participation in the crimes that were charged against other members of the Donnelly family. William

Donnelly was credited with being the chief disturbing element. People said that he made the balls while others fired them. He also made many ballads, which he was accustomed to sing to familiar song-tunes which he played on the fiddle. In these ballads his enemies were often held up to scorn and ridicule in a way that was not calculated to promote the spirit of good feeling. On one occasion when a large party of Vigilants, armed with clubs and sticks and slabs, made a reconnaissance in force in front of William's home, he met them with his fiddle and dispersed them by playing airily, "Bony Crossing the Alps."

Biddulph gained a very unenviable reputation because of the tragedy, and this remained with it for many years; yet the testimony of those who knew the people well has always been that the great majority of them were kindly, hospitable, and peaceable, and the fact remains that since the awful tragedy the township has enjoyed comparative peace.

ON A SEASON'S RAMBLES

By ROBERT CARY

THAT wildflow'rs this winged, buzzing Summer I
In mead and greenwood, field and swamp have seen.
Fivefinger, with its tiny palms; wild-bean,
Ox-eyes, and Susans, the weed named butterfly;
Loosestrife, so golden starred; the vain Joe-Pye;
Great Mullein, much perched of kingbirds; wintergreen
With berried-blossoms; from foot of fairy-queen
White moccasins that sandal fair July;
All-bounteous Nature, how abroad hath he
Since tender years been at thy beck and call
Whose spirit, from flow'r to weed, like to a bee
Hath been disposed to suck with sweets life's gall;
He who has heard in spring's bird-melody
The buds bloom, and a soundless requiem of fall!

THE GOLDEN CIRCLET

BY JENNY ZELDA KARLAN

JOHN CAMPBELL walked past the main entrance of the *Royal Theatre* with the curious state of mind of one who is partly able to regard himself from the outside. In front of him were bill-boards announcing a play whose *première* was soon to take place—"The Golden Circlet," by Conrad Howe. Even though he had struggled hard and failed often, though he was now within sight of success, he found it hard to believe that prosaic John Campbell was Conrad Howe, the author. He watched the many people who stopped to look at the advertisement, and a feeling that he was guilty of a serious misdemeanour crept slowly over him, for he was taking them, as it were, at a disadvantage. He was almost inclined to tap one elderly gentleman on the shoulder and assure him that no deception was intended.

The secret of the authorship of "The Golden Circlet" had been well kept, for only three people knew it and not one of them was a woman. Campbell had assumed the other name with a feeling that his own had brought him no luck; and as he stood there he imagined he could see passersby shrugging their shoulders and remarking: "What! Campbell still writing plays? What a fool a man is, to be wasting his time on that." He therefore had put down the pen and Conrad Howe had taken it up. Nevertheless, Conrad Howe had actually written a play which seemed to have in it the elements of popularity.

"The Golden Circlet" — three words that represented six months' grinding work, during which time John Campbell practically shut himself away from the world, had declined all invitations, had paid no calls and had risked all on this one last throw. When the thing of his great concentration was finished, it seemed like again coming into fresh air, and with the new breath came back to memory names he had almost forgotten, foremost of which was that of a girl whom he had thought it would be wiser to forget, and, strange to say, while his work-mania was with him he had, it seemed, almost forgotten. It is wonderful what hard work will do with a man, for a time; but when the pause comes, human nature must always have its backward glance, its old searchings and reviving pains.

As Campbell stood near the entrance of the theatre, quite suddenly his attention was drawn by a passer-by who happened to be one he did not at that moment care to meet. Prompted by sudden thought, he slipped into a doorway just in time to escape the eyes of a girl who was walking very quickly in his direction. He waited for a moment—she did not pass. He soon ventured to glance out, and, to his satisfaction, she was leaving the theatre. His first impulse was to overtake her and make a clean breast of it all, but a moment's reflection suggested to him that, having restrained himself for so long, it would be foolish to take a doubtful step now.

The girl could have had no idea that the name Conrad Howe served as anything more than a cloak for John Campbell, and this seemed to show Campbell an opportunity for a little emotional comedy. Now that his position had grown to be one of some little distinction, he felt free to indulge in humour. He walked carelessly up to the box office and asked with a downward glance, "Did a lady take seats a moment ago, a lady with a red hat and fur-trimmed cloak?"

"Pretty?" asked the ticket-seller.

"Very pretty," answered Campbell, with a smile playing about his eyes.

"Yes," came the reply with a searching look, "the lady has secured a box for two."

"Two!" scowled Campbell, with an inner question in the word. "Is the next seat taken?"

The man in the office looked at his plan, then said, "No, sir, it is not."

"Then give it to me, please," said Campbell, and a moment later he walked leisurely away, closely examining his ticket and feeling at the same time that he had done a good morning's work. He had, at any rate, made sure of a seat near Maxine. If her companion should be a gentleman, it would matter a great deal; if a lady, it, of course, need not matter. He winced a little as he thought what great changes might in six months take place.

Maxine was in no way bound to him. True enough, they had seemed to understand each other, and at the same time between them there had always existed a pleasant friendship. But he, as a struggling writer with nothing but debts to his credit, had not dared to lay those debts and a doubtful future at his lady's feet.

During the following week his time was fully occupied, but when the great day came and the final rehearsal was over, he had a few hours in which to feel that almost unendurable excitement which precedes an evident ordeal, the result of which is not in one's own hands. His part of the great work was over, but the appalling idea was, would the players, after all his hard and conscientious work, rise to theirs? He assured himself that they would, but what mattered his enthusiasm, when the result depended on what others would say. His excitement was almost doubled by the prospect of watching the effect of his hard work on the face of Maxine Burrell.

He reached the theatre a few minutes before the curtain rose. While standing looking listlessly at the usual rush and pell-mell of theatre-goers, he suddenly saw Maxine in the company of a man whom he had never before seen. He hurried quickly into the theatre, trying to avoid meeting anyone he knew, and was ushered to his seat, which was done just in time to escape so far unobserved by Maxine. He waited till she was comfortably seated beside him, then exclaimed in a low voice, "You are as interested in plays as ever?"

"Mr. Campbell!" she cried, half turning to face him; and he was almost sure that the hand she held out to him trembled a little.

"May I ask your forgiveness for my having neglected you during the past six months? I have been working terribly hard — almost night and day."

She stared vacantly, and at the next instant almost a look of care swept over her face as she asked, "At a play?"

"Yes, at a play," he replied slowly.

"You are forgiven," she said sweetly, "for you are brave and courageous to stick to your ideals."

"Then I am rewarded," he murmured, with a downward glance.

A swift look at her face assured him that she was not less beautiful. The soft brown eyes, the prettily curved lips as well as the peach-like tint of her nicely rounded face were yet unchanged.

"Do you know who is this Mr. Con-

rad Howe?" he asked indifferently.

"No. No one seems to know. His identity has been kept a secret, and most successfully," she answered, with a puzzled look.

"Do you suppose it isn't his real name?" he cautiously asked.

"I have an idea that it isn't. It sounds to me, somehow, assumed. What do you think?"

Just then came an interruption from the third party, and Maxine suddenly, with embarrassment, realized that she had entirely overlooked the simple courtesy of their introduction. Then, with a quick turn, she said, "Tom, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell, this is my cousin, Captain Irving, who is just home from India." And as they bowed stiffly to each other she went on cheerfully, turning her glance to her cousin, "We were discussing whether the name Conrad Howe is a real or a pen name. What do you think?" he was asked.

"I don't know anything about these writers," he said, shifting a little uneasily. Then he almost snapped out, "I don't know why they shouldn't use their own names unless they are ashamed of them."

"Perhaps you don't understand," Maxine suggested.

"Perhaps I don't," he scowled.

"The climate of India is so trying," she whispered, under her breath.

"It must be," said Campbell, smiling.

Their attention at this point was drawn by the orchestra, as it played softly. Then the curtain rose.

As the author saw his work develop before his eyes he had the feeling of one who stands aside and beholds an audience in breathless interest. He did not begrudge the experience that had gone towards the making of it, nor did he regret that he had toiled so hard for his ideals.

When the curtain fell upon the first act the clamour of applause was the true outcome of genuine emotion aroused by legitimate means. Campbell became weak and almost sick as he realized vividly what it all meant to him, and he realized, above all, what little value it would be should he fail in the greater matter of his love.

Maxine leaned towards him, and with tears in her eyes that betrayed deep feeling for what had been produced in the first act, she said, "This is the sort of play we have been waiting for—it speaks of what is quite true and human."

Campbell looked up with a sign of triumph on his face and added, "Conrad Howe should be a happy man tonight—if he is in the house."

To this Maxine replied with excited anxiety.

"I hope he is," she said, "there's sure to be a call for a few words, being that this is a new play and such a grand success!"

"It must be pretty hard on a man," he said, and his heart thumped so fiercely that he was afraid she could hear it.

"Why don't you write plays of this kind?" she asked casually.

"It's the sort of thing I've been aiming at," he said amusedly.

"Go on aiming and you'll succeed," she exclaimed, as she braced herself a little.

"With your encouragement I feel I could do anything."

"This isn't a bad play, is it?" broke in Captain Irving.

"Why it's splendid," flashed Maxine, with much enthusiasm.

Irving thoughtfully tapped his programme, then fairly blurted out, "The author certainly knows something about plays, too. There's none of that puzzling that leads one to nowhere." Then he went on, apparently with deep interest: "And the heroine is perfectly delightful—so genuinely emotional."

"She is!" said Campbell.

As a matter of fact, both she and her work were the result of a careful study made by Campbell of Maxine,

and for some reason, thought Campbell, but she appeared to be entierly unconscious of it.

"There are only three acts, too," observed the Captain, seemingly well pleased. "Now that's sensible. Four and five acts, with long waits, are killing. I should call it taking your money on false pretences." Then, with a shrug as though annoyed, he added, "One doesn't come to a theatre to hear the band play."

When the curtain rose again all noise in the house instantly settled so that for fully a half minute utter silence reigned. Maxine leaned forward with the eagerness of a child. Even Captain Irving sat forward so that interest could be read not only on his face but also in his slightly curved back.

Campbell again began to feel master of himself. Part of the future at last, he thought, is now favourably solved, and to a man so anxious to be told of his standing, his watchful eye needed no more than the expression on Maxine's face and comments he had just received from the critical Captain Irving. Yes favourably, he silently mused, and Oh! how much that means to a man that steps from poverty to the pleasant security of success can only be realized by those who have striven wretchedly from a likewise position. Then he smiled as he thought,

"The mere fact of being able to pay a debt with promptitude is indeed capable of affording a great deal of joy," and to John Campbell the thought was like the breath of pure air filling a world of smoke. Now that so much was within his grasp he longed with all the height of desire just as does the every-day world. The height of our desire grows as we advance. Only a few months before he had travelled innumerable miles of wearying rickety roads, of trying hours when others slept snugly in their comfortable beds, hours that were to mean (perhaps) success—and many other things.

In the second act was a simple love-scene that held the audience in a spell of surprise. It was most touching and convincing. Campbell's sharp gaze confided to him that there was no laughing or even snickering—a thing almost unforgivable (provoked by someone or other) in a theatre when sentiment is being displayed. This gave him much satisfaction, and he dropped quietly back in his seat and slowly closed his eyes.

When the curtain again fell, Maxine almost impetuously cried, "You didn't see all of that act. Are you tired—or were you asleep?"

"I'm neither tired or sleepy, and I heard everything," was the soft reply.

"Didn't you think the love-scene beautiful?"

"Yes," he said, and he blushed a little at his own candour.

"I didn't think much of that," said Captain Irving with humorous hauteur. "I suppose it's because I can't picture myself saying pretty things to a girl." Then he blurted out: "It's not my style, you know. I feel 'em, but can't express 'em. My notion is that the girl should make love to me."

At this all three sat back and gave way to hearty laughter, and Maxine said, "But you must surely begin."

"That's just the hardest part of it," came the reply, with a little shake of the head, "I can't."

Just at that moment Mr. Campbell rose and rather apologetically said, "I'm sorry, but I must leave you now, having promised to attend at another part of the house. When the play is over will you remain here till I return to claim my chair beside you?"

He finished the words with a look that was mingled with pleading. Then he added, "I have an idea that I can find out who this Conrad Howe is. Should I be right, may I bring him to see you?"

"Please do!" said Maxine. "I shall wait for you.

With that he went out into the street and lighted a cigarette, glad

to again look at the blue sky. The aspect of the world was now changed for him, and he saw as with a microscope even the small uninteresting stores; and with new eyes viewed the cars, the horses, and had more interest than ever from the dirty-faced little newsboys who went noisily about their work. Every person upon the pavement seemed a friend, at times the maddening noise of the street traffic was to him even something grand. The stars above the housetops looked down and blinked with kindly eyes. The cool air put fresh courage into his veins, quieted his throbbing pulse and made hope loom up bright and real before his hungry eyes.

Inside the theatre, it had been altogether difficult to see clearly through the existing substantial facts, but out in the confusion of the street it proved an easy matter. He told himself there was no doubt about "The Golden Circlet" nor about there being not far away a Maxine Burrell, nor was there a doubt as to himself of whom he could hardly think at such a time as this when there was so much gliding smoothly into the filling cup. It was no dream. But the name "Conrad Howe" flared at him from the placards. Was it a real name? He touched the large black letters with his fingers to make sure they might not vanish as if touched by a magic wand.

Ten minutes passed before he reentered the theatre by the stage door. There he was met in the wings by the manager, who came forward with overwhelming congratulations. Campbell accepted them expectantly and did not resent the vigorous handshake.

"There is bound to be a call for "The Author" said the manager. "You'll speak a word from the footlights, won't you? It's always better —pleases them, you know." Then he went on to ask, as if it were something important that he had almost forgotten, whether Campbell felt at all nervous? Come round to my office and have something refreshing. This is a great success, Mr. Howe—nothing like it for years. Just listen to that applause, and there's no doubt as to who is the cause. Come along and have a drink."

Campbell went readily enough, and glad of the opportunity, for the atmosphere of the theatre seemed stifling and was again playing on his nerves a little.

When the closing curtain fell, cheers rose from all over the house. The mysterious secret was a success, and in the midst of the noise, before he could realize it, Campbell found himself before the curtain, profusely bowing, dazzled by the foot-lights and at the same time straining his eyes to see one particular face, and, as if in obedience to his longing, the face rose before him, flushed and excited, with eyes from which delight and astonishment had hardly died away and lips that smiled tremulously as two glistening tears trickled down towards them. Ah, this was the supreme moment of his triumph!

As quickly as he could make his escape, he found his way back to the box. Maxine was alone. As he approached, she raised her head. The colour had deserted her cheeks. As she rose, he held out his hand, and looking her full in the eyes slowly said, with a growing smile, "I have brought you Conrad Howe."

The first shock of surprise having left her, she stood with considerable calmness, and could he have but had a glimpse into the heart that was full of passionate pride, it would have greatly gladdened him, but instead of Maxine at that moment making any such revelation, she faced him and quite emphatically said, "Why did you not tell me before? Mr. Campbell, it was cruel of you."

"Perhaps it was," he answered, a little shamefacedly, "but should I have failed I could not bear that you should know it."

She softened a little as she said, "Such an act I should not call one of true friendship."

"Did I ever profess true friendship for you?" he asked before she had time to look, which caused her to draw a quick breath and turning her gaze downward she nervously played with her fan.

"You see," he went on, as if then were the time to speak, "I was so very much alone in the world that I had to make my mark in my own way. A few months ago things were very gloomy for me, and I just shut myself up and plugged."

"It must have been horribly hard for you," she said, "to lock yourself away like that from everything."

"It was hard," he said with a sigh. "Nor am I going to pretend that it wasn't. I had hope—not very bright perhaps, but still it was enough to keep me from going under."

"You had confidence in yourself and in your work," she added with vim.

"I had more than that," he urged. "Can you not guess what it was?"

Their voices rang out curiously hollow in the theatre, which was now almost empty.

"I daresay you hoped to gain success and money?" was her questioning reply.

"Yes, and more than that," said Campbell, straightening up as if to provide himself with more courage, as he added: "Maxine, the redeeming secret of my success was in the hope to in time win your love. Could you not guess?"

He took a step forward and continued with a sorrowful expression:

"Don't kill my illusion—don't ring down the curtain on my romance, Maxine, and leave me hopelessly groping in the dark. Everything I did was for you—yes, for you. You were the inspiration of whatever good is in "The Golden Circlet". Maxine, don't you—can't you—understand that it was the very thought of you, and you only, that kept my head above water. I feel I am come to you now with the very best God has given me to offer."

As Campbell finished, his words seemed to come from a depth that caused them to sound somewhat choked, and as he turned his head, she saw for a brief moment in the reflection of a light under which he stood that he looked pained and that doubt was marked plainly upon his face.

Maxine stood looking at him for a moment, and in the stillness she thought she heard him stifle a sob. She pictured him standing there so manly, and strong; she thought of what good friends they had been, what utter respect he had always shown her and how she had always admired him and thought of him as being the only man in all the world to whom she could loosen the bonds of her heart and truly admit him worthy. There he stood, tense and still. Could he possibly think it in her to wish to refuse.

There was not a sound, until suddenly she stepped close up to him and with one hand on his arm and her eyes full of tenderness, she said. "You might have come before. You need never have been ashamed, and I could perhaps have helped you."

His head was in a whirl; everything was turning out just as he had hoped and prayed. How he longed to hold her clasped in his arms, but he told himself that he dared not risk it until he could feel sure she would be his.

With this last hope surging in his brain, he turned to her excitedly and said, "Darling, now that the dark days are over, you won't turn from me and say that I don't need your help. For believe me, I need it and you more than ever."

Lifting her face to his she held out both hands to him, and he thought she looked sweeter at that moment than anyone he had seen in his whole life.

"I am yours always," she said. "But I think you could have asked me this one question long ago. As it is, think of the golden hours we have perhaps both forfeited."

Campbell took her in his arms, in spite of a watchful, grinning usher standing close by, and said, "Never mind, the future holds everything for us both." Then with rising spirit he went on, "They may even damn my play now if they like."

At this point they were aroused by the loud protest of Captain Irving's voice.

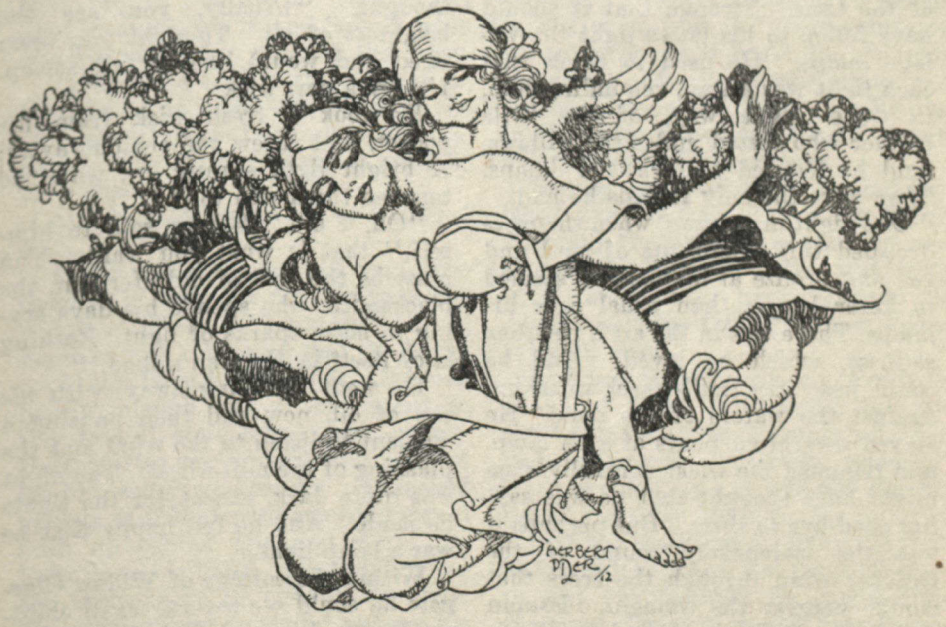
"I tell you," he was saying, "I did leave a lady in this theatre when I went to call for my car, and she hasn't come out yet. I've had a taxi waiting thirty minutes."

"It's Tom," Maxine whispered mischievously. "And to think I had forgotten all about him!"

"Miss Burrell is quite safe. We have just been settling a little matter which is of great importance to us both," said Campbell, with a side glance at Maxine.

Captain Irving, smilingly, looked studyingly into each of their faces, and as he stood back, one could read on his face an expression that showed he had understood.

"The Devil you have," he murmured under his breath. Then he said aloud, looking just a little excited, yet pleasant, "Well, Maxine, I cannot keep the cab waiting any longer. I congratulate you, Mr. Howe, on your "Golden Circlet". That was a neat little surprise you'd hatched for us. I like your play—I even think I'll like you when I know you better. Won't you have supper with us? We'll drink to the hope that you will produce the other golden circlet with equal success, old chap."



THE STRANGE LIGHT

BY MARGARET BELL

THEY had called him Barton, after the little mother, whose light flickered out when he came into the world. The folk of Litchfield did not pay much attention to him, except to say that he was a very strange child. And his old grandfather was deaf, and spent his evenings nodding on the doorstep, if it was summer, and before the rusty stove in his shop, if it was winter. All day long he mended shoes.

So Barton was left to himself most of the time. Strange that it should have fallen to his lot to light the village lamps. He used to think that each light was a soul, reminding him, in some vague way, of the little mother who rested under the willows. And he learned to love the lamps. They were the only friends he had.

One night in autumn, when the trees dropped tiny fragments of gold and red and bronze at his feet, he seemed to loiter longer than usual over his lamps. There was in the air a peculiar sadness, which he loved. And he could hear the mill-wheel splashing against the waters of the pond. He stayed several moments at each lamp, and trimmed the wicks carefully. One might have thought that he was saying good-bye to them. But perhaps it was the melancholy sound of the October wind through the trees that would suggest the thought. Barton whistled a little air he had heard his Sunday school teacher sing. It was not a joyous air, but had something in it which seemed to harmonize with the melancholy in the wind. Barton always told himself that there was sadness in every song, perhaps hidden, but always there. He seemed to feel a satisfaction in the song, whenever he whistled it. He was a funny little fellow, the villagers said.

He came to the light outside the blacksmith's house. It flickered peevishly for a while, then went out. Barton could not understand why, as there seemed to be enough oil in the lamp, and the wick was good.

"What a strange little soul," he thought. "Usually, you are the brightest of all. To-night you seem tired and would like to fall asleep. I'll try a new wick.

He took a fresh wick from his pocket, and threw the old one away. A bright light sprang up, when he touched the match to it.

"Oh, I see," Barton said to himself," that is what you want. You must be the soul of old Herman, the blacksmith, who spends his days trying to make sparks of light. Nothing is of itself in Herman's shop."

He went whistling away, with his can of oil, now and then pausing a moment to listen to the wind and the plashing of the mill-wheel. The night was quite dark, except for the lights he made. And he felt happy that he was a lamp-lighter.

Within the cottage of Widow Glasgow he could see several small children grouped in a circle before a neat, new, shining stove. The mother sat sewing, and did not seem to notice the melancholy of the wind. That was how there was such a happy fire in

the stove, and why all the children went to the village school by the widow's sewing. So Barton thought she had no time to listen to the wind or the mill-wheel. For a moment he felt that he would like to steal in and sit quietly in a corner, just to hear what they were saying. He was quite sure that the mother was telling some wonderful story. But there were still several lamps to light. And Barton knew that the old innkeeper at the edge of the village would be very cross if his light was not shining in good time. For there were people who came in automobiles sometimes, and stopped there. Barton had had a ride in one, once. He happened to be lighting the lamp, just as a big car drove along. There was a woman in it who was very kind. She had asked him his name and had taken him out for a long ride, while her husband and his friend were in the little inn.

The widow's lamp gleamed bright and seemed to light up a larger space than any of the others. Barton felt glad when he saw it, and looked again toward the group around the stove.

"I love the soul in that light," he thought. "It is the biggest in all the village and never has to be coaxed to shine. The Widow Glasgow must be very good."

And he took up his can and walked on.

There was a queer old man who lived in a little hut not far from the widow's cottage. People said he hid his money in a hole, so that the banks could not have the use of it. He took barely enough out of his hoard to buy bits of stale bread and cheese. Barton often saw him stealing around his hut, carrying a candle. He looked always as if he feared someone would rush up behind him and strike the light from his hand. He watched for the lamp to be lit outside the gate. For when it was he would put out his candle and go to bed. Barton always noticed that he had to fill the old man's lamp every night. The widow's would burn the whole night through, with only half a bowlful of oil. And the chimney of the miser's lamp was murky. Barton carried a special cloth to clean it. He felt sorry for the old fellow, and thought how hard it must be to live always in darkness, except for a light from the outside.

On this night he saw the old man seated at a table, his head on his hands, and beside him a bag from which coins tumbled to the floor. A tiny bit of candle fluttered at his elbow, and the shade on the window flapped in the wind. Barton stood filling the lamp, but the old man did not move. In a moment or two the candle gave a last sputter and went out. Barton thought it best not to disturb the poor old creature, so he went on toward the inn. But he noticed that the wind seemed to whistle a more mournful dirge over the miser's hut.

The innkeeper was fuming with anger. His lamp was not lit, and a party of men had motored out from the city. Barton touched his match to the wick, and the light sputtered up so furiously it broke the chimney to pieces. The innkeeper swore and struck him on the head. So he ran to the little store and bought a new chimney out of his savings.

Barton felt glad when he had finished that night. The souls which flickered through the streets seemed at war, he thought. He was very tired, and would have liked to lie down beside the fading autumn leaves to go to sleep.

But just then he saw another light ahead of him. It flickered for one short moment, then disappeared, then flickered again. Barton wondered what it could be. It was not like his lights, it was so restless. He followed it past the innkeeper's, along the path which led between the rows of elms, in and out through the night time shadows. Now it would dart into a bunch of shrubbery on the roadside, and lose itself for a moment. And Barton would wait on the edge of the path. In a few minutes it would

reappear and beckon him into broad, open spaces, where the summer grass lay browned by autumn frosts. And on and on it went, past rows of dark green hedge and fields of mellowed corn. And Barton followed, forgetful of the other lights he had left away behind. It found the path which led to the millpond, and it took him past the clump of pines which sighed so mournfully. Away in the distance the mill-wheel had ceased its plashing and the miller was asleep. A little breeze struck his face in a kind of caress. He felt very happy. For the new light was a new soul, he thought, beckoning him on and still farther on—to happiness.

It floated here and there, just a few feet ahead of him, and paused at last. He ran after it, and felt himself sink into the waters of the pond.

The firefly waited a moment, then fluttered back to the village, where Barton's lights still gleamed before the cottages.

A REQUEST

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

WHEN I am dead
I would that ye make my bed
On that low-lying, windy waste by the sea,
Where the silvery grasses rustle and lisp;
There, where the crisp
Foam-flakes shall fly over me,
And murmurs creep
From the ancient heart of the deep
Lulling me ever, I shall most sweetly sleep,
While the eerie sea-folk croon
On the long dim shore by the light of a waning moon.

I shall not hear
Clamour of young life anear,
Voices of gladness to stir an unrest;
Only the wandering mists of the sea
Will companion me;
Only the wind in its quest
Will come where I lie,
Or the rain from the brooding sky
With furtive footsteps will pass me by;
And never a dream of the earth
Will break on my slumber with lure of an outlived mirth.

WAYSIDE PASTURE

From the Painting by
T. Austen Brown

In the National Art
Gallery of Canada

GUSTAVE

BY H. B. FOLSETTER

DOWN in that pyrogenic section of Vancouver, in the halo of the hash-houses, fried fish and chipped potato shops, liquor houses, blatant shooting-galleries, hock bureaus, and labour bureaucracies; in an apartment over the *Siwash Saloon*, lived one Knoot, with his wife and child.

Knoot was a yellow-headed Dane. He had just washed in a small tin basin, and as he mopped the soap from his ears with a diminutive towel he observed the writing on Humenhink's board being added to by a pussy individual of venous colouring. It was an intimation of additional opportunity to the associated, enforced idle throng of the kerb and street. It read:

Wanted—Five pick and shovel hands on railroad work, forty miles from city.

Knoot regarded it favourably, though he was one of those who go down to the sea in ships, prodigious of shoulder, uncomplaining in his look of resolution. But he treasured a woman and had elected to stay on shore. He turned, wiping thoroughly each thick finger.

"Look," said he with anxious brevity, and his wife, already beginning the performance of bathing the baby in the basin, pushed basin and baby to the centre of the table and hurried to comply. Her eyes encountered the battery of windows opposite, then dropped to the thronging pavements and the labour advertisements. A day had come in the history of the Province when workmen were being stopped by the Government from crossing its borders to seek employment, and a hopeful light leaped to her eyes.

"Why, that is not Humenhinks in the door!" she observed.

"Him sell out to Leignitz," said Knoot. "Humenhink gone broke."

"I don't like that man," said she.

"Give me two dolla," said Knoot holding out one hand and throwing the towel on a nail with accurate aim. Mrs. Knoot looked up into her husband's eyes, then down. It meant digging deep into her resources.

"You got to go to bank, eh?" observed Knoot with a whimsical smile as she smuggled her hand down the length of her stocking.

She passed him the money and Knoot kissed her and splashed and kissed the crowing baby, dived for his coat and disappeared out of the door down the stairs and into the street. She saw him cross the street and enter Humenhink's, then she turned away from the window, back into the room.

The four walls of the room with its drab paper were meagrely pictured. Everything was scrupulously clean, the gas stove with its simmering kettle had a polished glint, but it was the life of the brawling infant, the disclosure of love that rescued it from mediocrity. Lean times had revoked her habitual good nature and her cheery smile, as she kissed the baby. "A yob for papa. Papa going to buy a yob," followed by a chuckle of

mirth, spoke well of her fortitude.

In the labour agency Knoot held parley with Leignitz. He was a near corpulent man with the glassy green eye of over-stimulation, and the short-windedness of the unexercised. His Derby hat was of the latest brand, his fat chubby fingers sparkled diamonds. He lolled a straight round cigar between his full-blooded lips and bore heavily on the pine-board counter. When Knoot left him, it was to secure blankets and meet four others at the ferry. They were to walk to the job forty miles over one of the toughest trails in Christendom.

Scarcely had Knoot gone when Humenhink, coming down the opposite side of the street, from supper, observed Leignitz surreptitiously looking up and down the crowded street, then proceed to obliterate the advertisement on the board. Humenhink was behind him before the last of it was gone, and Leignitz, turning round, instinctively panted his surprise in Humenhink's face.

"You know not to do that, Leignitz," said Humenhink with a sour frown and an inviting step indoors away from the curious eyes of the crowd. Inside he pounced on him with his eyes. "Low down dirty fraud," said he angrily. "Look here, you agreed that not until to-morrow were you going to take possession. I've a mind to have you pinched. But you'll get yours. You see all that new front in the store," he went on, calmly pointing to the marks of carpentry of a later date than the store in general. "And you see all that hungry, half-cocked, penniless mob out there. There's some guys among that bunch more power than Sandow ever was or any other strong man that ever played in vaudeville. I fell heir to this place after McCurdy, and he was a bigger man than you. One of them guys came in here after just such a dirty deal as you've given that five. He'd the punch of a powerful hammer and the grip of a bear-trap. He just gathered McCurdy in a grip, tore belly and all, and bunched him through the window. The front went with him, timber and all. McCurdy went from the sidewalk to the undertaker's, then to the cemetery. The mob walked up around the guy that done it and he never was heard of again. McCurdy got his."

In Leignitz's eye dawned a new light of respect for that mob. He had reckoned them law-cowed and shackled with the fear of industrial intimidation. It joggled his overweening confidence in his estimate of men. In the space of three blocks were five hundred of them. Men, hulking giants of six and seven feet, that could cut into timber with the precision and the monotony of a machine. Trappers from the raw-ribbed wild, prospectors from the maintained fastnesses, fellows in adversity with civilization breed, architects, bakers, mechanics of every denomination, ex-parsons, and unfrocked priests. labourers, professors, drummers, enervates from the pen and the scourings of Europe. Here was no veneer, the faces had an idea gnawing and grim. The city for a while had boasted draining from the world two thousand people every month and a portion of this glut of human misery paraded itself before the eyes of Leignitz.

"You never told me that the ex-boss of this city had been agitating for a civic and provincial labour bureau, when you sold me your damned place," snarled Leignitz pushing the previous evening's *World*, with a prominent editorial on the subject, under Humenhink's nose.

"That's what got ye. You got to figuring that you had better make hay while the sun was shining and get your money back, eh?" sneered Humenhink.

"Leignitz," said Humenhink with a sinister look and a knuckling of fists, "you've spoiled my good name. I was a-going to stay here and now I've half a mind to light on you

with both hands, then finish you up with the police."

Leignitz backed off and rounded the counter. He placed his hand on something hard and cold under the boards.

"I ain't afraid of no sucker," said he defiantly, "and you should worry about staying in a place what's got as many guys on the streets on the bum. Look at 'em!"

"You can have your money back, minus the price of hunting up them guys, if you say so," said Humenhink, knowing the firearm below the counter to be the reason of Leignitz's sudden boldness.

Leignitz did not reply, and Humenhink, with a cold steely look at him, pulled his hat straight on his head and passed out.

Over the street and up a storey above the *Siwash Saloon*, Knoot rolled everything into a blanket.

"I bin the son of a gun of a bindle stiff now vifee," said he, rising to his feet with his bundle on his back and grinning at her. "Come back reech man. Buy ze booze-joint below and go sleep all ze time."

"Oh, no, Gustave. No place to drink. Bad! Bad!" laughed she.

"Got to do something wid all ze money comin'," observed he in the mood for teasing, and tying the knot in the rope circling bundle and waist. "We start a dairy farm and make milky milk, Gustave."

"Leesten," said Knoot, putting his hand to his ear. The ragtime from a cranky piano floated up with the tinkling of glasses and the wordy brawling of humans. "You tink any son of a gun know to drink milk in dis tuff countree," said he solemnly, suppressing his laughter.

They embraced.

Mrs. Knoot blinked back her tears. "Good-bye, Gustave, good-bye. You soon be reech man. Forget about poor wife."

He was lumbering down the wooden stairs with his clumsy boots and heavy bundle. "Me forget bout baby. Going to make him Politician Meenister of Public Works. Gustave Knoot, he, he! The fat leetle son of a gun," called Knoot back to her. His powerful tones boomed jovially in the chamber as he echoed her good-bye.

Under the garish welcome at the ferry where they were to start were his mates of the road. A Slavonian, a Russian, a couple of Swedes. They started off on the long hard trail together.

If there was anybody capable of making Leignitz toe the line of decency it was Mrs. Leignitz, and Humenhinks took the precaution of informing her of her husband's misdeeds as a safeguard to himself against blame in the event of something happening. Next morning she came down to the Labour Bureau after leaving Humenhink.

"Did you do that, Joe?" said she, flaring at him. "Now you told me. Now you had pretty near to get out of 'Frisco. You told me. Oh, I could scratch you. If we've got to get out of here. I'll—I'll, oh, you pig—" (and who knows a man better than his wife). She selected a crayon from a box on the counter and walking out to the boards, wrote: "Wanted—A Seamstress."

She came back in, gave him a glare, threw the crayon in the box. "I'm coming down here to watch you," she shouted, then walked into the street again.

Over the street and up a storey, Mrs. Knoot had watched the performance. She dropped the baby in a chair, dived downstairs and across the thronging street and into Leignitz's.

"I be a seamstress. I bin want a yob. How much you want?" said she, panting.

"Fifty cent," said Leignitz obeying his commercial instinct, though unacquainted with the nature of his wife's advertisement. "Vat job? Vat you say, wumans? A seamstress, vat seamstress you speak of?" He came around the counter and looked at the

board. Then down the street after his wife. He became a little subdued, then a little exasperated. "Ask the wumans," gasped he, throwing up his hands.

Mrs. Knoot did, then rushed back to her baby. So it came about that she and her child moved into the rear of the Leignitz Labour Agency to help Mrs. Leignitz with the making of her spring clothes.

Leignitz probably had no intention of immediate further crookedness, but his wife's nearness was a power for his good undisputed, and her peeping through the partition door when patronage crossed the threshold settled all qualms of the wary as to the substantiality of the Leignitz agency.

In that door one day she saw a bearded man appear. His eyes were calm until they fastened on Leignitz, when they filled with wolfish dreadful expression and remained. Her heart stopped beating. She silenced the tongue of Mrs. Knoot immediately and watched like a lynx the motions of the man.

Her husband's notrils became dilated with apprehension and the cold sweat of fear burst out in beads on his forehead. Both his hands were wide apart, on the counter the bejewelled fingers spread.

The door shut like a flip of a whip, the man putting his back to it and throwing down his blanket.

He came to Leignitz in two quick strides, with the crouching poise of a beast. And the Labour Agent looked down into the emaciated face beneath the grisly hair, into the blue eyes, pools of concentrated light and hate.

The vibrant voice of Humenhinks recited remotely yet dominantly in the recesses of his mind the announcement of reckoning.

Leignitz lived quick in the space of a second. With deft imperceptible manipulation he confronted the man on the level of the stomach with a gun of large calibre.

Knoot knew nothing of its potentialities. He was a man-handler, knowing only the grapple and the knife. With a quick blow of his fist he shattered the grip of Leignitz, and the exploding gun crashed through the glass into the street.

"I bin walk my hide off, but I save some for you," said Knoot, preparing to leap over the counter at Leignitz. Mrs. Leignitz, sitting paralyzed with terror, finally broke her hold and rushed out. Mrs. Knoot, unable to see, surprised by the shot and in a panic at hearing her husband's voice, followed her, the baby in her arms.

"Gustave! Gustave!" she screamed.

Without seeing her, Knoot brushed aside Mrs. Leignitz and she staggered to the floor, where she lay stunned.

"Gustave, Gustave," sobbed his wife, putting the baby on the counter in front of him and preparing to hold him from killing Leignitz.

The baby was an obstacle, impeding him. With one quick hand, Knoot, blind with cold passion, raised the snowy bundle high to cast it down. It was soft and alive and wriggling, and his hand came down on the perpendicular with sudden and awful care. Its delighted eyes, its crowing mouth, its dimpled satin skin, confronted him.

"Gustave, ze baby!" he gasped. "Gustave!" Then he saw his wife and the rising Mrs. Leignitz, and his eyes became calm and enduring. He turned gravely to Leignitz, but the Labour Agent had gone *via* the rear.

The crowd peered through the window and a policeman knocked at the door.

"Gustave," entreated the father, trembling at what he had been about to do, and kissing and fondling his child.

So Humenhink fell heir to the agency again. Let us hope there may not always be a little child between Leignitz and eternity.

THE DIARY OF ROBERT CAMPBELL

I.—THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT

THE FIRST OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CANADA

BY G. W. BARTLETT

THE yearly trade boat of the Hudson's Bay Company, on its annual trip to York Factory in 1830, left on the pier there a raw-boned young giant who, hailing from Glenlyon, in Argyle, naturally boasted the name Campbell. Robert Campbell, like many of his fellow Scots, brought few assets to the new land except a stout heart, an iron constitution, and a youthful ambition to advance his fortunes in the service of the company of adventurers. These were qualities which made him a leading figure in the explorations of the remotest Northwest in the days of expansion under the rule of Governor Simpson. But it is not the adventurous career of the explorer which we purpose to trace here. We shall content ourselves with a peep at Winnipeg and the Red River colony as revealed through his diary of eighty-five years ago.

Campbell landed at York Factory in the summer of 1830, and at once set out with the York boat brigade over the long chain of rockbound lakes and raging rivers to Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Red River. In this mad turmoil of waters, Campbell could not see the undeveloped power whose riches we are but beginning to tap, for "electric power" was then an uncoined phrase. Nor could he dream that the grim gray rocks were the strong-box of the vast treasures in which we are now but beginning to dip our fingers. Even more remote from his wildest fancies was the idea that some day the shriek of a transcontinental railway flier would echo in these wilds, the fourth option in the Canadian section of an all-British world itinerary. The brigade entered the Red River the 21st of September, and after about twenty miles' rowing, camped near the foot of Chute la Biche (St. Andrew's Rapids). "It was indeed a pleasure," he writes, "after the lonely region we had traversed, to note the evidences of life and civilization, to see the smoke curl up from the chimneys, to hear the familiar sounds of the farmyard, to listen to the hum of human voices. The infant settlement looked like an oasis in the desert—a world of its own, in which peace, comfort, and contentment seemed to reign. Its interchange with the outside world was limited to two mails a year, one in June by the canoe route from Montreal, the other in autumn by the York Factory ships." It has been frequently remarked that modern commerce, even though diverted for a time by artificial causes, inevitably returns to the old trails blazed by the pathfinders of the West. The Kamin-

istiquia and Dawson routes to the West are now indelibly etched into the rocky countryside by the steel of three great transcontinental railways, supplemented by—who shall say how many passenger and freighter craft on the lakes? This great Canadian route had gradually been gaining precedence over the northern route by Hudson Bay as a passenger line; but still each was rendering the colony the precious boon of one annual mail. After many years the expansion of the East into the West, and the building of railways, left the northern route a by-way, almost a myth to the mass of Canadians of the succeeding generation. But to-day the whistle of the construction train, working northward and eastward from the prairies, announces that the Hudson Bay route is coming into its own. What bloody strife of primitive man, what cool relentless warfare of rival fur companies, what knavery and jangle of political discord in later days have woven their webs of red and black and yellow about these rival routes!

But we must return to the prophetic vision. A hungry young Scot is impatiently awaiting his supper of whitefish and hard-tack with, we hope, a few fresh eggs sent down by a friendly settler on the farm above. As he eats his simple meal, Campbell sees nothing of the great St. Andrew's lock which has given us six hundred miles of navigation from the foot of Lake Winnipeg far into the United States. He sees only a shallow tawny flood brawling down over the rocks—a troublesome piece of tracking with the tow-line, nothing more. No sign does the young adventurer see of the busy city of Selkirk; it is still a poplar wilderness. A few pits in the rock a few miles south mark the site of the new fort the company is preparing to erect—partly in resentment at the insubordinate conduct of the French métis at The Forks, and partly to avoid the troublesome rapids. This fort, completed two years later, served its purpose for half a century, and still remains complete in its warehouses, stone walls, flanking towers, the most perfect relic of former times now remaining in a prosaic West.

"At 2.00 p.m.," resumes the journal, "we arrived at Fort Garry. The old fort was situated at the junction of the two rivers." Nothing remains of it to-day but the old stone bastion of the landward gate. The rest of the wall was sold by a soulless corporation for a mere pittance, as building stone. The group of houses inside, all that then was of the present city of Winnipeg, have since rotted away or been moved out of the way of the traffic of South Main Street.

"The population consists of four elements: The natives (Indians) occupy the lower part of the settlement toward the lake; next above come the English and Scotch retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who married in the country. Then at Kildonan were the Selkirk settlers, a prosperous community with good farms. The French and half-breeds, mostly retired servants of the Company, are located around St. Boniface and along the banks of both rivers for some distance above."

The Indians are gone from St. Peter's. The growth of the city of Selkirk made the Indian lands valuable. The inevitable occurred. The Indians sold out and retired to a reserve on Lake Winnipeg. The descendants of the old Company's servants above Selkirk remain to perpetuate such historic names as Gunn, Hay, Bunn, Isbister, on the ribbon-like river lots of St. Andrew's parish. As old officers of the Company, they formed almost the total membership of the Council of Assiniboia, and left a deep impression on the social and political life of young Manitoba. As for the Kildonan settlers—who of the West does not know the McBeths, the Mathesons, the McIvors, the Hendersons, the Munroes, the Polsons, and a dozen other pioneer families of these arcadian days! In the whirl and turmoil of such stirring days these

sturdy Scots formed a nucleus of solid respectability around which the elements of law and order could ever crystallize to save the colony from anarchy. The volatile French métis are still on the river lots above; the stock which has produced the Riels, Lepines, Delormes, and others who have played their part and gone to their account. Let us not, while condemning the rashness of one, minimize the service they have rendered as a restraining influence on their hot-blooded kinsmen, the red buffalo-hunters of the plains, in the days when the whites were less than a handful in the prairie vasts.

But though these elements are prominent in the complex life of the West, the white-washed log cabins of the pioneers have given place to palatial suburban residences. Electric trams, automobiles, and motor-boats have transformed the river and the trails as far as St. Andrew's into suburban streets of the city of Winnipeg. The river lot is being turned into the real estate sub-division, and the back country into five-acre market-gardens.

"The spiritual welfare of the Catholics was looked after by Bishop Provincher, assisted by two or three priests. The bishop was a fine portly man, beloved by his people and respected by all. The Protestants had two Church of England clergymen. Reverend David Jones, an eloquent speaker and a superior man in every respect, lived in St. John's parsonage, where an excellent school was established under his superintendence. Reverend William Cochrane was an excellent man of practical turn of mind, whose advice carried much weight among the settlers. 'We have no lawyers, and only one doctor,' remarked Mr. Cochrane to me, 'nor is there much need for either. So harmonious is the intercourse that prevails throughout the community, and so healthy the climate. But for the occasional dropping-off of old people, death should be forgotten by us altogether!' "

At the fort, Campbell finds men whose names are now historic. Governor Simpson wintered there that year; Robert Logan, a former Governor, was operating a wind grist-mill, experiencing little competition from the water-mills on the Seine and Inkster's Creek, for "these were so often out of order that they could not be depended on."

Governor Donald McKenzie, of Assiniboia, was a veteran of the Northwest Company in the days before the union—"a famous old hero, and withal a fine, kind-hearted man," says his admiring countryman. Under him were Mr. McMillan and Mr. Duncan Findlayson, four clerks, and the requisite complement of servants. Campbell worked on the farm, assisted in the survey of the fifty-acre lots at St. Andrew's Rapid, hunted buffalo, which were then valued at "twenty shillings a carcase, delivered at your door." He also accompanied a party to a salt lake fifty miles south of Pembina, where they evaporated brine for the supply of the fort. These salt lakes, together with the streams of Winnipegosis region, supplied the colony in the days before the railway brought a cheaper supply. Next year Campbell was sent to Norway House, and thence to McKenzie River. From this point his career of exploration begins—the Stikine, the Yukon, the starvation winter at Deese's Lake, but each is an unpenned epic in itself.

The second article in this series will follow Campbell in his daring explorations into the Upper Stikine.

BRITISH WARS AND THE POETS

BY R. K. GORDON

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

THE dealings of English literature with war have been long and interesting. It is a story of ten centuries and of many aspects, in which war has at different periods checked, stimulated, and altered the activity of literature.

The first wars of which we can trace the influence on our literature are the long struggles against the Danes, which began at the end of the eighth century and dragged on for about two hundred years. The immediate effect on literature was destructive. A flourishing literature in the north of England was practically blotted out, and some of the monastic centres of learning were sacked. We cannot guess what we have lost from the wholesale destruction of manuscripts. The terror inspired by these raiders is vividly implied in the lines of an old Irish poet, thus translated by Dr. Kuno Meyer:

Bitter is the wind to-night,
It tosses the ocean's white hair;
To-night I fear not the fierce warriors of Norway
Coursing on the Irish Sea.

An often-quoted sentence of King Alfred's gives a suggestive picture of the decay of learning at the time of his accession in 871: "It had," he says, "so entirely declined in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their church services in English."

Literature, however, owes something to the Danes. The only three English poems of note written between the time of Alfred and the Conquest were inspired by the struggle against the invaders. The defeat of the Danes and Scots in 937 at the battle of Brunanburh was sung in a poem which would have been "long since mute" but for Tennyson's vigorous translation. The taunt flung at Constantinus, King of the Scots,

Traitor and trickster
And spurner of treaties,

has a strangely familiar sound at the present moment. It might have come from William Watson.

The other two poems are among the great things in our early literature. The apocryphal story of Judith is told in one with power and exulting with the purpose no doubt of rousing feeling against the ravagers of the land. The last of these three poems records in simple lines the defeat of the English at Maldon in 991, and their unavailing heroism. It was written almost immediately after the battle, possibly by a survivor, and its simple creed of refusal to admit defeat is finely expressed by one of the old warriors: "Thought shall be the harder, heart the keener, courage the greater as our strength grows less." This stubborn hardihood is typical of English courage. It finds perfect expression in Tennyson's words:

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The retreat from Mons is one of the

last emphatic declarations of the spirit in action.

The poem on Maldon is the last strong utterance of Old English verse. The passing of England under Norman rule marks the disappearance of the old Teutonic world and the greatest single break in the history of English literature. The Norman cavalry riding down Harold's axemen and spearmen symbolize the triumph of the literary fashions of France over the more rugged and simple literature of England. England learned, like the rest of Europe, to bow the knee to the rhymes and stories of France. When in course of time, the two peoples were fused together, there resulted a new race, speaking a language immeasurably enriched, and finding supreme expression in our first great literary master, Geoffrey Chaucer. But this took time. The first result of the Conquest was to discourage the native literature. It is a mistake to suppose that any deliberate attempt was made by the Normans to suppress English, but the presence of a more cultured urbane rival put the rougher language out of countenance. It was many centuries before English prose mastered its new elements and learned to use them with clarity and grace; and not till the fourteenth century did English poetry produce work which could compete with French in well-bred ease and polish.

The first wars after the Norman Conquest which concern literature are the long series of Scottish campaigns. English verse is discreetly silent in the matter of Bannockburn. But its hero is the subject of one of the greatest books in early Scottish literature, "The Bruce," by Robert Barbour (1376), valuable as history and excellent as romance. The Scottish tactics are vividly pictured, their preference for the defensive, their positions among the hills and mosses, their swift retreats to the forest, the ravaging of the country before the advancing enemy and their sudden night attacks. When the English finally learned the secret of combining dismounted cavalry and archers, the result was disastrous for Scottish pikemen, and English poetry had a chance to speak out. Laurence Minot's poems are no great matter as literature, but they represent almost the earliest verses in England which can be called national. In celebrating Edward's victories, they express a fierce hatred of French and Scotch:

Scots out of Berwick and of Aberdeen,
At the Bannockburn were ye too keen;
There slew ye many sakles, as it was seen,
And now has King Edward wroken it, I ween.

The long bow, the cloth-yard shaft and the English yeoman are the heroes of the Hundred Years' War and of the literature inspired by its triumphs. The knight, though important, is a less significant figure. Portraits of both types were drawn by the keenest observer of the fourteenth century, Geoffrey Chaucer, in lines which have been often quoted:

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.

He had fought far afield in Alexandria, Prussia, Granada, Russia, and his doublet was still soiled with the rust of armour. In the picture of the yeoman we see the victor of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt:

And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pecock-arwes brights and kene
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily;
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly;
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.

Of such men as these actually in the thick of battle contemporary English literature has remarkably little to tell us. Chaucer, in spite of his share in the campaign of 1359-60, scarcely mentions the great war. His contemporary, John Gower, is silent

or else moralizing, except in such occasional vivid words as these, which might be applied to the present misery of Belgium:

The cherche is brent, the priest is slain,
The wif, the maide is ek forlain,
The lawe is lore and God unserved.

Agincourt was a great subject for the poets in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Popular ballads and songs of thanksgiving were heard in London, just as after Waterloo, and in the music halls of to-day. Three memorable years, 1415, 1815, 1915. One of these contemporary songs on Agincourt has come down to us with its music:

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro Victoria!
Our King went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might and chivalry;
There God for him wrought marvelously,
Wherefore England may call and cry,
Deo Gratias!
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro Victoria.

The heroes of the battle are the subject of a very spirited poem of the sixteenth century:

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot,
Or known to no men?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killed the French like tame sparrows,
Slaine by our bowmen.

Drayton's famous Ballad of Agincourt and Shakespeare's picture in Henry V. of the English army on the eve of battle are among our national possessions. The intolerable winter just ended in France and Flanders is recalled to us by King Henry's words:

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.

And when honest Fluellen indignantly denounces the killing of boys as being "expressly against the law of arms," we remember Mr. Kipling's recent story, "Swept and Garnished," and certain black charges against the Germans.

Elizabethan poetry illustrates what is a common relation between war and literature. The victories of the day are not recorded by the great poets, but a general stir of pride and exaltation is felt in the literature following the defeat of the Armada in 1588. The intense patriotism of the time ransacked English history and made narrative poems and historical dramas out of ancestral exploits. Drayton sang of Agincourt, not of the Armada. There is some naval verse, as, for example, Deloney's ballads on the Armada, but one would gladly throw all of it overboard for Tennyson's "Revenge," or Newbolt's "Drake's Drum."

The naval decadence of the next two reigns is lamented by a Devonshire poet, William Browne:

Those vessels lie,
Rotting like houses through ill-husbandry;
And on their masts, where oft the ship boy stood,
Or silver trumpets charm'd the brackish flood,
Some wearied crow is set, and daily seen
Their sides instead of pitch caulked o'er with green.

England's prime is past and he feels that:

Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more.

Their fame is still undimmed, and Henry Newbolt's poem, "Drake's Drum," reminds us that Devonshire has not forgotten that,

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas.

The army of Elizabeth's reign gave small excuse for exulting poetry. Its power to defend England was never tested; the fleet held the narrow seas. When used for offensive purposes towards the end of the reign, it was anything but efficient. One reason, no doubt, was the abuse of the system of compulsory service, by which the able-bodied men bought themselves off and the weaklings were sent to the wars. Shakespeare shows us Sir

John Falstaff's methods of raising troops, "I have misused the King's press damnably," he confesses, "I have got in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers three hundred and odd pounds." He is engagingly frank in describing the men he finally chooses, "No eye hath seen such scarecrows. . . . There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's or the red-nose innkeeper at Daventry. But that's all one. They'll find linen enough on every hedge."

The change in weapons is reflected in the literature of the time. To the disgust of the older generation, the archer was giving way to the musketeer. One of these inconsolables, the Reverend William Harrison, complains that "our strong shooting is decayed and laid in bed." The new types of infantry are carefully enumerated in a ballad celebrating a victory won in Flanders in 1600:

"Stand to it, noble pike men,
And look well round about;
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out;
You musket and caliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,"
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

The effects of the Civil War on literature were many, intimate and varied. It came home to men's minds and bosoms in a way that no foreign campaign could do. Few writers kept their lives and fortunes untouched by the struggle. Some became exiles, some prisoners, some soldiers. Even Milton, who in so many things "was like a star and dwelt apart," was whirled into the turmoil of public events. The growing mutterings in England recalled him from Italy. "I considered it dishonourable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." George Wither, who sold his estate, raised a troop of horse for Parliament and was taken prisoner by the Royalists, expressed his devotion in words which could have been echoed by many writers on either side:

Our callings and estates we flung away;
Our plate, our coin, our jewels, and our rings,
Arms, ornaments, and all our precious things,
To you we brought as bountifully in
As if they had old rusty horseshoes been.

Milton is the greatest figure on the side of Parliament, but the majority of the writers were Royalist in their sympathies. Sir John Denham fought for Charles, and on the collapse of the King's cause fled to France; Sir William Davenant won his knighthood at the siege of Gloucester, and when the Royalist hopes were broken he, too, went overseas. Cowley and Cleveland were both driven out of Cambridge and joined the King's party in Oxford; Fuller and Jeremy Taylor were chaplains in the Royalist army; Waller plotted for the King and went into exile; John Earle was deprived of his living and became a chaplain to the future Charles II. abroad; Francis Quarles was plundered by the Roundheads of his valuable books and manuscripts. Lovelace presented a petition to Parliament that the King be restored to his rights; he was imprisoned in the Gate House at Westminster and from there he wrote the famous lines:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

James Howell, the letter writer, a Royalist spy for ten years preceding the outbreak of war, fought at Edgehill and in 1642 was thrown into the Fleet. His account of his seizure is a vivid example of the harsh contact between war and literature. "One morning betimes there rush'd into my chamber five armed men with swords, pistols, and bills, and told me they had a warrant from the Parlia-

ment for me; I desir'd to see their warrant, they deny'd it; I desir'd to see the date of it, they deny'd it; I desir'd to see my name in the warrant, they deny'd it. At last one of them pull'd a greasy paper out of his pocket and shew'd me only three or four names subscrib'd and no more; so they rush'd presently into my closet, and seized on all my papers and letters, and anything that was manuscript; and many printed books they took also, and hurl'd all into a great hair trunk which they carry'd away with them."

Amid all this tumult a few writers practised their art in peace and quietness. The drums and tramplings of war did not break in upon the rapt meditations and absorbing hobbies of Sir Thomas Browne, and Izaak Walton remained a simple wanderer by English streams. But they were the exceptions.

This fierce preoccupation with public affairs was inevitably a check on literature of the higher sort. The greatest poet of the age is the best example. Between 1640 and 1660 Milton wrote scarcely any poetry, and the little he did write was partly inspired by the men and events of the time. His energy found vent in political pamphlets. It is idle to lament such a loss, and the girded strength of Milton's later poetry may serve to remind us of the bracing effect war sometimes exerts on literature. If Milton had not cast himself with complete devotion into the struggle and had not willingly spent himself for his cause, the spirit of "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes" would be a poorer thing.

"The distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil war" brought about the closing of the theatres in 1642 on the eve of hostilities. The five companies of actors then in existence were broken up. They were almost unanimous in Royalist sympathies, and among several who enlisted we have records of only one who joined the Parliamentary side. The dramatists had to find a livelihood as best they could. James Shirley, for instance, fought for the Royalists, fled to France after Marston Moor, and afterwards crept back to England. When the King came into his own again in 1660 the drama revenged itself on the war by turning its attack on Royalist and Roundhead. John Lacy, an actor who had fought for the King, satirized the soldiers of both parties in a comedy called "The Old Troop" (1672). Puritanism and false Royalists were held up to ridicule in Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman Street." The greed and hypocrisy of the Saints were exposed in Sir Robert Howard's play, "The Committee," which Sir Roger de Coverley approved as being "a good Church of England comedy." In other plays Cromwell was the butt of the satire.

The most typical literary form in which the strong party feelings of the time found expression was satire, pamphlets of hard-hitting prose, verses bitter or humorous. Satire seldom outlives its victim and most of the satirical literature of the Civil War consists of squibs long since burnt out. But these forgotten pieces reveal, as greater literature does not, the state of contemporary feelings. Wit and numbers were on the side of the Cavaliers, and the Roundheads offered many points for ridicule. One of their wittiest assailants, Alexander Brome, contrasts their religious devotion and their rebellious spirit in "The Saints' Encouragement":

'Tis for religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good;
By robbing churches, plundering men,
And shedding guiltless blood.
Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone, we shall be blest
The clean contrary way.

The poem ends with no comfortable words for the saints:

But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to heaven
The clean contrary way.

The Scots who played no small part in the shipwreck of the King's hopes did not escape the lash of the Cavalier satirists. John Cleveland is the most bitter, and England's northern neighbours have seldom been more harshly treated than in his poem, "The Rebel Scot":

A land where one may pray with cursed intent,
O may they never suffer banishment!
Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
Not forced him wander, but confin'd him home!

But out of the whole mass of satirical verse, only one poem of any length has a lasting place in literature, Samuel Butler's "Hudibras," the best burlesque in the language. Butler took no part in the struggle, but after the Restoration he appealed in his poem with immediate success to the anti-puritan party. The poem became a text-book of the Royalist cause. The moral of "Hudibras" is simple—that men were fools to fight for religion and that those who pretended to do so were knaves. Butler lets his satire play on the motley crew who set out in the hope of reforming religion:

The oyster women lock'd their fish up
And trudg'd away to cry "No Bishop".
. . . . .
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church,
Some cried the Covenant instead
Of pudding, pies, and ginger-bread.
. . . . .
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.

The prose satire has no more intrinsic merit than the verse. The pamphlets which Milton's great name bears up are almost the only ones which have won a footing in literature. One other may be mentioned, "Killing no Murder," by Colonel Sexby. For frankness it has few rivals in English, for it is nothing else but a vigorous incitement to the assassination of the protector.

War creates journalism. It is to the Civil War that we owe the real beginnings of English newspapers. In November, 1641, appeared the first printed periodical of domestic news. During the struggle each side had its journals. Satire and the giving of news were the two main objects. The Parliamentary writers were superior in numbers and coarseness, the Royalists in wit. Some papers appeared daily. "A diurnal," says Cleveland, the Cavalier satirist, "is a puny chronicle, scarce pen feather'd with the wings of time. It is a history in sippets, the English Iliad in a nutshell, the true apocryphal Parliament—Book of Maccabees, in single sheets. It would tire a Welsh pedigree to reckon how many Aps 'tis removed from an annual; for 'tis of that extract, only of the younger house, like a shrimp to a lobster." This mass of journalism written to catch the public ear had a double effect on literature. It helped to simplify English prose and also to create a reading public.

There is an amusing passage in one of Addison's Tatlers which, though written nearly seventy years after the Civil War, applies equally well to that period. Nor is it quite out of date yet. He describes the exploits of the news-writers in the war with France: "They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle." The imaginative reporter is still with us.

The intrusion of the Civil War into literature is more clearly seen in books not dealing directly with the conflict. The clash of arms is heard, for instance, in one of the loveliest of all English lyrics:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

In Milton's poetry contemporary questions constantly thrust themselves forward. In "Paradise Lost" Satan is the hero and his unsuccessful rebellion is recounted with sympathy by one who felt for the lost cause of Puritanism. The politics of Hell are not described without reminiscences of the politics of Westminster. The archangel Michael discusses with Adam the origin of monarchy, and they decide that it is a necessary evil, a judgment sent by God on a degenerate people:

Tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse—
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice and some fatal curse annexed,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost.

When the archangel Gabriel reproaches Satan with treachery, he is really voicing Milton's indignation at General Monk's desertion to the side of Charles II. and his faithlessness to the Parliament:

O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? To thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head!
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?

The military triumphs of the Commonwealth were the theme of more than one poet. Andrew Marvell did justice to Cromwell's Irish campaign and to Blake's great victory over the Spanish fleet at Santa Cruz in 1657. The few triumphs of the two Dutch wars of 1665 and 1672 were sung by Dryden and Waller, while the inefficiency of the navy and the slackness of the Government invited satire. After the burning of the English ships in the Medway, Marvell spoke his mind on the country's slovenly naval policy:

Meantime through all the yards their orders run
To lay the ships up, cease the keels begun,
The timber rots, the useless axe does rust,
The unpractised saw lies buried in its dust,
The busy hammer sleeps, the ropes untwine,
The stores and wages all are mine and thine.

England was in greater danger of invasion than she has been at any later time, except perhaps in Napoleon's day. Halifax, a distinguished and neglected writer, put the case strongly in "A Rough Draught of a New Model at Sea," a pamphlet which is full of interest because of its surprisingly modern tone. "The first article of an Englishman's political creed must be that he believeth in the sea. Without that there needeth no general council to pronounce him incapable of salvation here."

Marlborough's brilliant campaigns in the reign of Queen Anne have not received full justice in literature. Of three sets of verses, for example, on the battle of Blenheim (1704) Prior's are playful and of no great value, Addison's are a polished effusion showing more scholarship than passion, and those of John Philips are too bad not to quote:

Now from each van
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrid flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous; intermixt with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirled aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
Th' ensanguin'd field.

Poetry of this sort adds to the sufferings caused by war.

Marlborough was not only unlucky in his eulogists; he also fell foul of the greatest writer of the age, Jonathan Swift. The mainstay of the Tory party, Swift, wished to bring the war to an end and the pamphlets, in which he argued for peace, were the greatest political journalism of the day. His argument was that war

did not pay, and in "The Conduct of the Allies" he poured contempt on the flimsy trophies England might win. "It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall, which cost an hundred millions whereof they are paying the arrears, and boasting, as beggars do, that their grandfathers were rich and great." The pamphlet appeared November 27th, 1711; a month later Marlborough was stripped of his appointments. Literature has seldom intervened so emphatically in the fortunes of war. It is interesting that the present war with all its intricate causes and with the large number of countries involved, has revived the pamphlet as a simple method of bringing home to the people the nature of the struggle which is convulsing Europe.

War, however, fills but a small space in eighteenth century literature. Smollett in his novels gives a vivid picture of naval life, its hardships, its filth, its amusements; and Captain Marryat, the friend of boyhood, does the same work half a century later. There is, too, the gentlest of all English soldiers, the least formidable of veterans, Sterne's Uncle Toby. Nautical plays, so numerous as to form a definite literary type, delighted eighteenth century audiences with their mixture of farce and patriotism, but they were things of the day and have been long forgotten.

In the real poetry of war there is little or nothing in England to compare with the Scottish verse inspired by the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. The indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715 is described in a witty poem:

There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sherra-muir,
A battle there was that I saw, man.

Prince Charlie's dashing victory at Prestonpans in 1745 over Sir John Cope drew a song of pawkie sarcasm from Adam Skirving, a farmer of the neighbourhood. Especially good is the appearance of the English general at Dunbar, minus his army:

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' this morning."

It is said that a lieutenant in Cope's army, aggrieved by the song, sent a challenge to Skirving to fight him at Haddington. "Gang awa' back," said the farmer to the messenger, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa." But Charlie's fortunes gave few chances for exulting and many for the expression of that personal loyalty and devotion to a lost cause which are so characteristic of Scottish literature. The wistful longing of

Royal Charlie's now awa'
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again,

is the burden of many laments, both in Gaelic and Scots. Few things in our literature have a more piercing note.

The Napoleonic wars were not fully recorded by our poets. Wordsworth has left us most that is memorable; some noble sonnets and "The Character of the Happy Warrior," a half real, half ideal portrait of Nelson:

Who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.

Byron's splendid but hackneyed rhetoric, "There was a sound of revelry by night," is still unfaded and impressive. A young Irish clergyman, Charles Wolfe, is remembered as the author of the famous lines on

"The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna," the greatest poem dealing with any single incident of the war. The ringing verses of Thomas Campbell from which a century has taken none of their fiery vigour almost complete the sum of great poetry inspired by the struggle with Napoleon. Warren Hastings expressed a wish that Scott would write a poem on the exploits of Nelson. After reading Scott's stiff utterances on Waterloo, we cannot regret that he left the navy to Campbell, even though we regard his "Pibroch o' Donald Dhu" as one of the finest calls to arms in our language. Southey as a conscientious poet laureate wrote of the great battle, but the result is a sort of patriotic guide-book in rhyme. The truth would seem to be that the subject was too vast to be grasped by a contemporary and made servant to his art. Thomas Hardy's great panoramic drama, "The Dynasts," is the first attempt in our literature to display the vastness and complexity of the whole struggle.

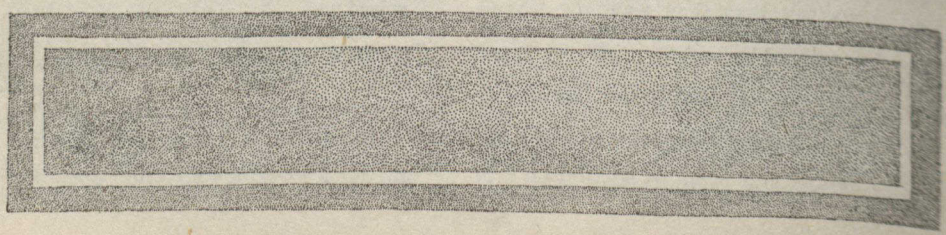
The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny have left strangely little mark. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Defence of Lucknow" are their only permanent literary records. Of South Africa Mr. Kipling and others have spoken.

It is not possible to tell the effect the present war may have on our literature. The variety of the past relationships between literature and war makes prophecy folly. It is not always the great battles and campaigns which receive their due in poetry. The Armada's defeat was not worthily sung till Mr. Masefield's "Philip the King" appeared a few months ago. The stress of the fight has already called forth poems which we will not easily forget from Hardy, Vernède, Kipling, Binyon, and others. The name of one poet is very closely linked with the war, that of Rupert Brooke, who died on a French hospital ship at the Dardanelles a few weeks ago. One of his last poems, a memorable sonnet, seems to foretell his own fate, and it speaks for the unnumbered English dead who are lying and who will shortly lie on foreign fields:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

But in spite of the present poetical activity, it may be that the complex interests of modern literature will not be greatly affected even by such a vast upheaval as is now shaking Europe. It is equally possible that some poet in the future will turn,

Our dreaful marches to delightful measures.



From the photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS, NEW ZEALAND

WILY MISS WILTON

BY W. E. NORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE SQUARE PEG," "NOT GUILTY," ETC.

"WE will not," said Mr. Hickson, standing with his back to the fire and addressing his son, "waste more words upon an issue so clearly defined. You are determined, you tell me, to marry a woman who skips about the boards of a London theatre under the name of Letty Maltravers. You point out that you are of age, assert that you are of sound mind, and claim the right to marry anybody you like. I, on my side, have merely to repeat the answer that I gave you some time ago. Marry, since you are bent upon it, a woman whom neither your mother nor I can receive; only understand that on the day when you take that step, the handsome allowance which you have hitherto had from me will be reduced to a sum of £300 per annum and that you will get nothing more than a corresponding amount of capital on my death. There is no occasion for us to quarrel; but we both now know how we stand, and I believe you are pretty well aware that when I say a thing I mean it."

"Same here," quietly observed the tall, dark-haired young man with the slight upturned moustache who sat facing the speaker.

A looker-on would probably have judged that the appearance of the two men was such as to lend support to their common boast. The elder — square-shouldered, gray-bearded, keen-eyed, architect of his own very large fortune, proprietor of the many broad acres which surrounded Dropfield Hall, and member of Parliament for the neighbouring borough of Netherhampton—had the air of one born to command; the younger—subaltern in a smart cavalry regiment which he would assuredly have to quit, should he persist in his matrimonial craze—had inherited the paternal mouth and chin, and possessed, in addition, a certain aspect of sleepy serenity and obstinacy which was all his own. Neither showed the slightest sign of anger, while each (so a looker-on might have guessed) secretly anticipated that the other would end by giving in. However, there was no looker-on, except poor old Mrs. Hickson, who scarcely counted as such, for her vision was blurred by tears. To Mrs. Hickson it was all very dreadful indeed. Dreadful that Hugh should have been led astray by this wicked, designing actress; almost more dreadful that he should be threatened by pecuniary ruin; most dreadful of all that she should be severed for the rest of her days from the son whom she adored. Because, although John might choose to talk about not quarrelling, it was only too obvious that nothing short of surrender by one of the disputants could possibly avert a quarrel. So Mrs. Hickson, conscious of personal impotence, could but twist her jewelled fingers together miserably and weep.

She sheltered herself hastily behind a newspaper when the butler came

in and handed a card to Mr. Hickson, who, after glancing at it, grunted out:

"Oh, all right. Show the lady into the library."

The card exhibited the name of Miss Violet Wilton, beneath which was scribbled in pencil, "from *The Universe.*" Mr. Hickson had promised to grant an interview to a representative of that enterprising journal and, although he was not best pleased at finding that he was to be cathechized by a female emissary, he recognized the necessity of receiving her. He was, in one way and another, a prominent personage, and a General Election was imminent, and to give offence to *The Universe* would be to make a rather bad start. Moreover, long experience had taught him how to deal with interviewers—even with the voluble, discursive feminine variety of the genus—so he told himself that he would be rid of this one in twenty minutes at the outside.

If at the end of half an hour he had not yet got rid of her and was in no great hurry to do so, it was not only because Miss Wilton, so far from being voluble or discursive, proved to be singularly quick and practical in her methods, much less because she was quite young, nice-looking, and becomingly dressed. What appealed to Mr. Hickson, as a man of affairs, was the girl's grasp of the business that she had in hand. Her highly eulogistic sketch, which she read aloud to him, was already complete, save for the personal touches which she added to it while she talked; the few queries that she put were pertinent, not impertinent; her synopsis of her subject's public career and titles to distinction required no amending.

"Yes," she murmured, as she closed her note-book and tapped her chin with her pencil reflectively; "I think I've got it all now, except the local colouring. I should like, if I may, just to have a look round the house and grounds before I go. Oh, and, by the way, Mr. Hickson, there's this affair of your son and Letty Maltravers. What am I to say about it?"

"You will say nothing at all about it," answered Mr. Hickson, turning a displeased countenance upon his bland interrogator.

Miss Wilton met his gaze with unruffled composure. "Just as you think best," she returned; "only there has been a great deal of talk, you know, and I hear that even in your own constituency people are accusing you of ruthless severity. If I might venture to advise, I would point out that a very good effect would be produced by your intimating that you don't really intend to cut the offender adrift."

"My dear young lady," answered Mr. Hickson, "I cannot allow my domestic concerns to be dragged into a political contest."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Wilton good-humouredly. "After the kind way in which you have received me, I must, of course, respect your decision, though I am afraid it may cost you votes. I am simply bound to make some allusion to the matter in my article; but I'll let you down as lightly as possible. I shall say, 'Upon this delicate topic Mr. Hickson is evidently disinclined to enlarge. He smilingly puts it by and proposes a visit to his famous conservatories and hot-houses.' "

Mr. Hickson had not been going to propose any such thing; yet he presently found himself exhibiting the orchids of which he was justifiably proud to an appreciative, intelligent and sympathetic visitor. Curiously appreciative and intelligent, this newspaper woman; more and more sympathetic, too, while she chatted easily about this, that and the other. Mr. Hickson, who entertained old-fashioned ideas respecting the legitimate sphere of feminine activity, was not disposed to view lady journalists over favourably; still he had a hearty esteem for all fellow-mortals, male or female, who know how to earn an independent livelihood somehow or other. She was an orphan, she told

him, in reply to a question which he felt sufficiently interested in her to ask; her father, a country parson, had left her but a few hundred pounds; so, having fortunately discovered that she had a knack for her present craft, she had adopted it.

"I suppose," she remarked, "you would not approve. You would think governessing much safer and more respectable. Well, perhaps. Not nearly as amusing though, and so long as one has sense enough to take care of one's self, what does one's trade matter? Personally, if I could dance like Letty Maltravers, I'd apply to-morrow for the part that she's throwing up."

"Then," said Mr. Hickson sternly, "you would do a very wrong and foolish thing. Yours is a perfectly honourable avocation. That it is not exempt from dangers for a lady who is very young and—er—attractive I don't deny; but no doubt, as you say, you can protect yourself from annoyance and insult. Ballet-girls couldn't do that if they would, and I am afraid not many of them would if they could."

"I daresay you know all about them," Miss Wilton observed demurely. "I have been told that they are neither better nor worse than their neighbours; but one can't believe all one hears. Anyhow, I quite understand your not wanting your son to marry one of them. What I don't understand is your threatening to disinherit him. That sort of thing is so out-of-date! And it's always a pity for a public man to be out-of-date. I should have thought a much better plan would be just quietly to cure him of his disease. Apply a counter-irritant, I mean. He's only three or four and twenty, isn't he?"

"Not twenty-four yet; but—"

"My dear sir, one need never despair of them at that age. Stave the crisis off and get him to fall in love with somebody else. Any moderately good-looking girl will do."

Mr. Hickson was a good deal amused at the notion of directing destiny in this off-hand style. "You don't know my son Hugh," said he with a grim smile.

However, she was soon to make good that deficiency. The inspection of the hot-houses had occupied some time, and it was now so nearly the luncheon hour that Mr. Hickson felt constrained to offer a hospitality which was promptly accepted. Thus it was that surprising things came to pass. It was not, to be sure, so very surprising that the stranger should at once win her way to the good graces of simple, kind-hearted Mrs. Hickson; but to convert the bored indifference with which Hugh sat down to table into the interested animation which he displayed before he rose was really no small feat, and this Miss Wilton accomplished without any visible effort. Her host, watching her and listening to her, could not but admit that she was an uncommonly clever girl, and his opinion of her rose still higher when, as he was escorting her to the front door (for she had to leave immediately after luncheon) he overheard his son murmuring something to her about meeting in London. He also heard her laughing reply of—

"I'll say good-bye now, please. I want one last word with Mr. Hickson before I go."

This last word, which was spoken on the doorstep, was not less frank than her previous utterance.

"Well," said she, "there you are! I thought I'd just show you. It's as easy as that, you see."

"I see what is easy to you," was Mr. Hickson's slightly bewildered reply. "Whether it would be easy to anybody else is another question."

He paused; then resumed, with that swift decision whereby so many of his commercial triumphs had been won: "It has been a great pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Wilton, and I should be sorry to think that we were not to foregather again. In about a fortnight, as you know,

the election is to take place. Possibly the spectacle might have some value for you from a professional point of view. If so, and if you cared to run down to us as our guest for the last few days we should be very glad indeed to see you."

While he made this somewhat audacious proposition, his clear eyes stared straight at hers, which were dancing with merriment. Of course, she realized—was, in truth, meant to realize—why she was asked; but she took no umbrage.

"Oh, thanks awfully," she replied. "Yes, I'll come. It will be rather fun, I think."

And, as if this were not a sufficiently plain intimation that she accepted the part assigned to her—"Chain up your son in the meantime," she went on. "Make out that he's wanted here for shooting parties or something. The essential is to prevent him from returning to London and his Letty."

Upon the morning of the day appointed for the taking of the poll at Netherhampton Mr. Hickson passed the events of the previous fortnight in mental review and asked himself whether he was satisfied or not. On the whole, he felt able to reply in the affirmative. His return was virtually assured, and although at some of the meetings there had been rude interruptions relating to his family affairs, it had undoubtedly told in his favour that his son had almost always been at his side on the platform. He was entitled, he thought, to take credit for some strategic skill in that he had contrived to detain his son at Dropfield the whole time, and it was gratifying that not once during the course of it had the young man alluded to Miss Letty Maltravers. On the other hand, what was to be thought about the astonishing Miss Wilton, who for several days past had formed one of the rather large party assembled under his roof? There was really only one deduction that could be drawn from her behaviour: she meant to marry Hugh, and what was more, she was going to do it. Of course, the unspoken past had involved a danger—if danger it ought to be called—which so shrewd a man as Mr. Hickson was not likely to ignore; only he had not regarded it as serious or imminent, because he had good reason to believe that Hugh, whatever else he might be, was not a weathercock. But who can explain or account for the whirling tergiversations of youth? What was beyond question was the completeness of Miss Wilton's conquest. Hugh and she had become inseparable; the young man was her undisguised, abject slave; everybody was laughing about it. Mr. Hickson himself would have laughed, had he not felt it a little irritating and a little humiliating to be the father of so unstable a fellow. For the rest, let him marry the girl, by all means, if he wanted to marry her. He might, it was true, have done better for himself; but then he had nearly done so much worse! Miss Wilton, when all was said, was a gentlewoman by birth and manners. However, the time seemed to have arrived for speaking plainly to Hugh, who was accordingly drawn aside after breakfast and brought to book with:

"Now, look here; you've been carrying on for some days in a style which I oughtn't to allow in my house, unless it means what I presume it does. It's my duty to ask you what it means, because I don't forget—though perhaps you do—that scarcely a fortnight ago you were proclaiming your unalterable determination to marry a dancing girl called Letty Maltravers."

"That's all right," answered Hugh composedly. "I haven't changed my mind."

"The deuce you haven't! Then all I can say is that you have given Miss Wilton, not to mention myself, grave cause for complaint."

"I don't see it, sir," drawled the

young man, as he lighted a cigarette. "You can't fairly complain of me for taking a hand in your transparent game. You ought to have known that I'm a man of my word, like yourself. And, after all, I don't suppose you would consent to my leading Miss Wilton to the altar, would you?"

"Consent!" cried the disconcerted schemer; "of course, I should consent! Only too thankful to see you married to a girl who is worth a dozen of you!"

"Really? I thought perhaps you and she were only pulling my leg. Sorry to disappoint you; but, you see, I'm pledged to Letty, and I don't break my pledges."

"Very well," said Mr. Hickson curtly; "go your own way then. You are aware of what the consequences will be."

Mr. Hickson headed the poll with a substantial majority. Miss Wilton was the first to shake the re-elected member by the hand and congratulate him upon "a well-deserved victory."

"Thanks. Wish I could return the compliment," was the somewhat ungracious rejoinder.

This was in an upper chamber at the Town Hall, where a large concourse had assembled, and before Miss Wilton, whose countenance had assumed an expression of innocent interrogation, could open her lips, Colonel Battersby, the rosy, good-humoured high sheriff, thrust his way towards her.

"Well, Miss Letty, this is making acquaintance with the county under happy auspices—what? Give you joy with all my heart!—and you, too, Hickson. You've done the right thing in the right way, sir. I've no doubt you were as well aware as anybody that there were stupid and malicious rumours about your having forbidden your son's marriage and that they weren't doing you any good with the electors; but you're not the man to offer explanations to people who had no right to ask for them. You preferred to let facts speak for themselves. As for me, I must say that I never gave a moment's credence to that silly talk. I've known Miss Maltravers, on the stage and off it, long enough to know that anybody might be proud to welcome her as a daughter-in-law, and I know you, Hickson, a great deal too well to mistake you for an obstinate, prejudiced jackass."

It is not certain that Mr. Hickson altogether merited the above encomium; but what may be said for him is that under no circumstances did he lose command of his wits. Enlightened on the instant by Colonel Battersby's harangue and Miss Wilton's subdued smile, he replied:

"Much obliged to you, Battersby. As you say, I'm in the habit of conducting my own affairs after my own fashion, and I don't know that I've ever had reason to regret that rule."

Not for another quarter of an hour was it possible for him to breathe a word, without being overheard, to the young lady who remained at his elbow. Only as they were quitting the building did he manage to whisper in her ear:

"A pretty trick you've played me, you two! I'm sure I don't know what you expect to get for your duplicity—"

"Oh, but I think you do!" the girl gently interrupted. "It was your fault, not ours, remember that a trick had to be resorted to. And I took care to be as truthful as I possibly could. My name really is Wilton, and my father really was a clergyman, and I really did get *The Universe* people to employ me as an interviewer."

Mr. Hickson burst into a short laugh. "Oh, you're clever," he said; "a good deal cleverer than I thought you were this morning, I may tell you. Well, of course, you win the game. If it comes to that, though, I don't exactly lose either; for I told Hugh I should only be too thankful to see him married to Miss Wilton, and when I say a thing, I mean it."

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WITH a total casualty list representing nine battalions at war strength Canada is being brought nearer to the heart of things where her sons are facing death with such sublime courage and devotion. After eleven months of war the British nations are settling down to the prosaic but necessary task of organization. It is the one great lesson which Germany has taught Britain—the value of organization. War is more than ever a vast complicated machine for killing men. Into its gory maw must be fed a continuous supply of men and munitions. The effect of organization on war was never lost sight of by the great master-minds of the deathless armies whose deeds are recorded in history. Frederick the Great, in his account of the Seven Years War, relates how he collected vast quantities of stores, munitions, and accoutrements to cover all possible contingencies. He never underrated the importance of detail and organization in preparing for war. Germany is *par excellence* the home of organization. Moltke was the great organizer of victory in 1870. The story goes that when France was at last jockeyed into war Moltke, aroused from his slumbers, went to a pigeon-hole, handed over the plan of campaign to an officer, and retired once more to enjoy a good night's sleep. To a greater extent than is generally recognized the United States and Canada are striking examples of this *penchant* for efficiency on the part of the German people. One has only to enter any district peopled by Germans to realize to what a remarkable degree this is true of the American continent. On the other hand, the British race, with that fine contempt for shackles of all kinds that distinguishes it throughout history, is jealous of its liberty and seeks ever to avoid methods that tend to enslave the individual. German efficiency as perfected in the Fatherland means the enslavement of the German people. It has given the German army initial advantages that have cost the Allies dearly, but against these temporary advantages in war time must be placed the lowered morale of a machine-made nation compared with a nation which voluntarily surrenders its individual rights for the good of the commonwealth in the hour of necessity. Nor must we lose sight of the permanent injury wrought in peace times in a country like Germany, where democracy has no place. It is well to remember these things in view of the clamorous Conscriptionists in the United Kingdom. The suggestion in this quarter that democracy has developed to dangerous extremes under the British Liberal régime, 1905-1914, that a country in which democratic principles prevail is unfitted for war compared with a nation like Germany, shows the danger that Britain would run were the necessities of the hour to force the United Kingdom into the hands of any party that regarded conscription, industrial or military, as other than a temporary expedient.

The difficulties of the British War Office are not due to defects inherent in democratic principles. From the outset Kitchener had a free hand and all the demands made upon the taxpayers were cheerfully and instantly complied with by a House of Commons which, in respect of personnel, is the most democratic assembly in the world. Nor is the trouble to be sought for in the party system of government. It is inherent rather in the character of the British people, irrespective of party. In his Autobiography, the late General Sir William Butler—whose warnings before the South African campaign, if heeded, would have saved the British many disasters—observed of the English people:

> "I have sometimes thought that, for some inscrutable reason, the Almighty had given the English people a marvellous faculty of acquiring wealth in peace, only equalled by their wonderful power of wasting wealth in war—'muddling through,' I think they call it. I remember the Greeks in Cyprus used to exclaim as they watched our ways, 'Is it not a pity that God, who has given these people so much money, should not have also bestowed upon them some brains?' Or is it only
>
> 'A way they have in the army?'
>
> 'A way they have in the navy?'
>
> And if this be the case, could not the many 'Varsities which we now possess lay their hands at mending that particular 'way,' lest it should end all our other ways?"

On the whole, however, most people see much good in what some would describe as the idiosyncracies of the British people. They are slow to draw the sword. Germany is where Britain was three centuries ago. The British having once tasted of the greater freedom there is little likelihood of a *coup d'etat* by the reactionaries.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech on the Munitions Bill in the House of Commons is presumptive evidence that a democratic people, living under democratic institutions, are capable of defending their heritage. The gist of his speech was that the problem of victory is to exceed the munitions output of the enemy, which in shells alone totals a quarter of a million a day. The one bright spot in the whole business was his assurance that whereas the enemy has attained the limit of possible output of munitions, Britain has only just crossed the threshold of her possibilities. Hitherto the organization of the nation for war has been largely the work of departments. Henceforth the work will be nation-wide in scope. The importance of the munitions problem may be grasped more readily by the civilian when it is stated that the French hold their trenches by a few rifles and the support of their wonderful 75-mm. guns; while the British hold their trenches mainly by rifle fire. The French system has been described as "expensive in ammunition. Ours is expensive in life."

Those who grumble over the prospect of another winter campaign do not seem to realize the extent of the opposition. War maps, as Hilaire Belloc points out in one of his lectures, have been responsible for much of the unfounded optimism that prevailed when war broke out. It is forgotten that the enemy countries are densely populated while vast tracts of Russia that appear in war maps are very sparsely populated. A survey of the geographical area combined with population will modify considerably the views of those who believe that Austria-Hungary and Germany are facing long odds. Another delusion cherished by most people at the opening of the war was that Germany could not long maintain the fight owing to economic conditions. The industrial condition of Germany to-day is far from unsatisfactory. Unemployment is comparatively small, and following the confusion of the first month life is now more or less normal throughout the country. During the second month of the war army purchases on a large scale commenced. By next August it has been calculated that the army contracts placed in

Germany will be almost equal to the total export trade in times of peace. The nation has been reorganized on a war basis, piano manufacturers now turning out barbed wire, and so on through all the various industries. The need of men is distinctly felt and many industries are short of labour. The coal output has diminished owing to labour shortage, but until autumn it is believed that the effects of this shortage of men on the comforts and necessities of civil life will not be apparent. The German people still dream of victory and look forward to balancing their war losses by the huge indemnities which they hope to make the Allies pay.

A remarkable series of articles has appeared in *The London Evening News* from the pen of a neutral citizen who has travelled several times through Germany and Austria since the commencement of the war. These articles have been republished in book form, "What I Saw in Berlin," (Eveleigh Nash), and have arrested a good deal of attention in England. It is the story of the author's wanderings since the beginning of the war, during which he visited eight capitals and travelled fifteen thousand miles. In the march of historic events it seems a long cry to Craigavon and the Ulster Volunteers. That the author was visiting there in April, 1914, and from other internal evidence in his book, it is safe to conclude that "Piermarini" is a newspaper correspondent or a secret service agent, and not, as he says, a medical doctor. At Craigavon, on the occasion of his visit, were present Sir Edward Carson and a few officers of H.M.S. *Pathfinder*, then patrolling the Ulster coast for contraband. The *Pathfinder* and its officers found a watery grave after the war commenced, and Sir Edward Carson's statement that "In any case, we are training here some jolly good troops" has come true.

The author has visited Berlin twice since the war broke out, the last time in December. What he observed there and in other belligerent capitals is set down in chronological order, and being a shrewd observer and a graphic writer the author has added to the list of war books one of engrossing interest. How the peoples at war live and move while Europe is agonizing in the throes of a new birth is of tremendous interest to the general reader. The trip from London to Berlin was carried out without much difficulty, although the author was under arrest several times. Berlin on the surface had not changed her habits much in December on account of the war. London, he states, shows more marked changes than the German capital. Places of amusement were opened as usual, food prices were very little higher, and there were none of the evidences of famine and war panic referred to in English newspapers. "Everything seems pretty normal," writes the author in October, 1914. Fifty thousand boys of sixteen years were drilling all over the country anxious to be ready as volunteers in February. Enthusiasm for the Kaiser, the army, and the Fatherland was evident on all sides. "The confidence of the people, fed on false news, on fantastic reports, on gigantic illusions, is unbounded." The Germans despise their Austrian allies and glory in their isolation. "One hears in the street people talking like this: 'We are bound to win; it is fatal and it is ridiculous to see a few decrepit nations trying to stop God's will. We are the only race of dictators; we will have the whole world at our feet and impose our laws on every nation.'" Some Germans talked glibly of getting "a concession for maize plantation in Algeria," or an "ostrich farm in South Africa"—so sure were they of ruling the world. Only in military circles is the gravity of the struggle realized, but the fears secretly expressed do not reach the people, thanks to a wonderfully organized press.

Austria's crimes against nationality cry to Heaven for vengeance. In this war she has dragooned the reluctant Slavonic races, over which she rules, to fight her battles. The Bohemians and other branches of the Slav race within the Dual Monarchy may yet complete the ruin of the Hapsburgs. The country that produced the great reformer, Jan Hus, and Jerome of Prague, is entitled to a place in the sun with the other Slavic peoples who look to this campaign as a war of liberation. There are few, young or old, who have not enjoyed reading the delightful fairy tales of the brothers Grimm, but few know that this book laid the foundations of a literary movement in Bohemia which kindled the sacred fire of nationalism that was soon to sweep over the face of Europe. The civilization of the Bohemians goes farther back than that of the German-Austrians, and in literature and arts occupies an independent and distinctive place. It was not until after the disastrous battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620, and the substitution of Teuton absolutism for the Bohemian constitution that the dark centuries of intellectual barrenness clouded the land. The lands of the Bohemian nobles were confiscated and given to Austrian generals and noblemen, the people of the cities were driven into exile and their places taken by aliens in race and language. The Austrian policy of denationalization became identified with the pillory, the gallows, and the whipping-post, and even the books of the country, the national literature that formed a link with the past, were publicly burned by order of the Hapsburg rulers so that the Bohemian people might be divorced from their historic past. Many works were smuggled abroad, and these to-day are the sole fragments of the literary history of the country prior to the seventeenth century. But the Bohemian has not forgotten the past and awaits the moment when once more he regains an independent national existence, either under the protection of Russia or as an independent State.

Germany refuses to forgo her piratical methods of warfare, and completes the insult to an intelligent nation by professing a tender regard for the laws of humanity. What Germany really wants are the fruits of naval victory without any of the attendant risks. Britain's supremacy at sea has tied up her commerce. By violating the recognized rules of warfare the Teuton submarines built at a small cost, are to be allowed to neutralize the effects of the British blockade. Germany ignores the real point: that no warship is warranted in carrying on war that is not competent to search vessels at sea for contraband and to secure the lives of non-combatants while capturing or sinking a contraband cargo or enemy's mercantile shipping. Murder on the high seas has no justification in any recognized law of nations.

The Library Table

THE FALL OF CANADA

A Chapter in the History of the Seven Years' War. By George M. Wrong. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

THIS is a tall octavo of two hundred and seventy pages devoted to one year of Canadian history, the year following the Battle of the Plains, a year which historians generally have neglected, as if unwilling to admit that anything worth telling could have happened so soon after Wolfe's dazzling victory. "The campaign of 1760 was an anti-climax," says our favourite historian, William Wood ("Canada and Its Provinces," Vol. I., p. 308); and this is the typical attitude of writers in this period. But, as we are informed by the work now in hand, the battle which the British lost outside the walls of Quebec in April, 1760, seven months after the Battle of the Plains, was "the most severely contested struggle of the whole war" (p. 152). "The bad news caused dismay in England. Pitt saw in it the danger of final failure to the work of years" (p. 154). And this battle was only an incident in the military drama of the year—the drama which was staged and enacted at Quebec and Montreal and along the lines of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu.

At first view, the present volume appears to exhibit some forbidding features to the ordinary reader. Most of us find original sources and professors of history pretty dull, and this book is a detailed narrative from original sources by a professor of history. Most of us, too, like an occasional beat of the "big drum," but there is no such beat here. And we are generally attracted by a devil-may-care recklessness of style which scorns grammar and defies all cut-and-dried rules. But the style of this writer is scrupulously pure and ceremonially clean. In the whole book there is not even a sentence beginning with the word "And". This will be regretted; at any rate by us who have been brought up on the good old English Bible; for we particularly enjoy this good old Anglo-Saxon word, with a capital letter, beginning a new sentence. And it is a mystery to us how any writer can get on without it.

But we have before us the exception which proves the rule and forces us to waive our predilections for the time being. The proof of the apple is in the eating; and if we find it sweet and good we are not likely to complain because it is not the same kind of apple we ate last year or the sort we have always thought good to eat. And we have been too greatly interested in reading this book by Professor Wrong to find fault with it, or even to examine it with that critical microscope which Professor Wrong himself uses and recommends to every reviewer of books. We confess, indeed, that we have never read two hundred and seventy consecutive pages of history with a more continuous and fascinated interest.

This may seem incredible, but it is not even surprising, when we remember that Professor Wrong is a dual personality—a veritable Hyde and

Jekyll of history. As Hyde, he wrote a school text-book; as Hyde, he presides over the history department in the University of Toronto; as Hyde, he founded "The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," which is the terror of every aspiring historical writer in Canada. But, as Jekyll, he has done a great many useful things. For example, he is the editor of that wholly delightful and popular series known as "The Chronicles of Canada," which is now being published. And, of course, it is as Jekyll that he has given us the present book.

We are tempted to make a survey of the book and print some of its striking passages. But we shall do better if we simply recommend it to our readers as a book to buy or borrow, and read. It is a good story, well told. It reproduces for us with vividness and fidelity that dark winter of 1759-60 in Quebec and Montreal. When spring comes, we go with Lévis on his march down the ice-strewn St. Lawrence. We are with Murray at Ste. Foy. We hear the glad shouts of the hard-pressed and starving British soldiers on the arrival of the relieving fleet. When Murray advances on Montreal we accompany him; we see what he saw and experience what he experienced. Presently we are at Amherst's camp on Lake Ontario. Then we see the converging British closing in from three sides on the doomed remnant of the French army, now making a last stand at Montreal, and we are present when the brave French officers lay down their arms.

We close the book feeling that we have witnessed a great spectacle and have lived the life of that memorable year in Canada. Above all, we are glad to think that we now know intimately all the actors in the moving drama—among them the impetuous and ambitious Murray, the villain Bigot and his scoundrels, the garrulous and shallow but well-meaning Vaudreuil, the skilful, bold, and persistent Lévis, and the slow, thorough-going and masterful Amherst. Not elsewhere, as far as we know, do these men live again as they live in Professor Wrong's pages.

MR. HILLAIRE BELLOC

Author of "A General Sketch of the European War"

The book is beautifully and almost impeccably printed. There are excellent plans to illustrate the narrative and new portraits of Murray and Amherst. We suspect, however, that the author is not responsible for the curious geography of the map at the end of the volume. And surely "Geoffrey" Amherst is something new. It is generally Jeffery or Jeffrey. But we find very few flaws in this distinguished and well-nigh perfect book, which we welcome as a most valuable addition to our shelves of Canadian history.

*

A GENEREL SKETCH OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

By Hillaire Belloc. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

WE must regard this as perhaps the most important series of books that has been attempted as a result of the present war. Not only is the author an outstanding literary man, but he happens to have had a technical training perculiarly fitting

him for the great task of reviewing the war as it progresses. He is an English writer, but he has served in the French artillery, has a minute personal knowledge of the French frontier, and apart from that he has made a hobby of the science of war. He won honours in history at Oxford, and by a term as a member of the British House of Commons he served a practical apprenticeship in politics. Representing one of the large London newspapers as military expert, he already has earned a solid reputation as an authority. The first volume of the series, which is to hand, is entitled "The First Phase," and it deals with problems and causes leading up to the conflict. Here is a brief summary of what Mr. Belloc regards as the attitude of the various powers confronting Germany:

In the matter of sea-power England would answer: "Unless we are all-powerful at sea, our very existence is imperilled." In the matter of her colonies and dependencies England would answer: "We may be a Teutonic people or we may not. All that kind of thing is pleasant talk for the academies. But if you ask whether we will allow any part of our colonies to become German, or any part of our great dependencies to fall under German rule, the answer is in the negative."

The French would answer: "We do not happen to think that we are either decadent or corrupt, nor do we plead guilty to any other of your vague and very pedantic charges; but quite apart from that, on the concrete point of whether we propose to be subjugated by a foreign power, German or other, the answer is in the negative. Our will is here in conflict with yours. And before you can proceed to any act of mastery over us, you will have to fight. Moreover, we shall not put aside the duty of ultimately fighting you so long as a population of two millions, who feel themselves to be French (though most of them are German-speaking) and who detest your rule, are arbitrarily kept in subjection by you in Alsace-Lorraine."

The Russians would reply: "We cannot help being numerically stronger than you, and we do not propose to diminish our numbers even if we could. We do not think we are barbaric; and as to our leadership of the Slav people in the Balkans, that seems as right and natural to us, particularly on religious grounds, as any such bond could be. It may interfere with your ambitions; but if you propose that we should abandon so obvious an attitude of leadership among the Slavs, the answer is in the negative."

The book will be read as well for its literary style as for its material.

*

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY

By Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS volume has been called quite properly "a creation of a whole community of personalities." The personalities are the spirits of dead bodies saying to the world they have left just what the author thinks they would say if they wished to speak the truth and reveal themselves. For instance, here is what Knowlt Hoheimer has to say:

I was the first fruits of the battle of
Missionary Ridge.
When I felt the bullet enter my heart
I wished I had staid at home and gone to
jail
For stealing the hogs of Curl Trenary,
Instead of running away and joining the
army.
Rather a thousand times the county jail
Than to lie under this marble figure with
wings,
And this granite pedestal
Bearing the words, "Pro Patria."
What do you mean, anyway?

Having read those ten lines, we seem to know much about Knowlt. We know, indeed, as much as might be told ordinarily in a few pages. But, ordinarily, men do not think of commemorative monuments as Knowlt thought of them. Knowlt is under the sod, and he can afford to put a pinch of irony into his remarks. He is at least a skeptic. Hare Drummer is a different kind of spirit. He asks questions, it is true, but he is pleasantly, even if pathetically, retrospective:

Do the boys and girls still go to Siever's
For cider, after school, in late September?
Or gather hazel nuts among the thickets
On Aaron Hatfield's farm when the frosts
begin?

For many times with the laughing girls
and boys
Played I along the road and over the hills
When the sun was low and the air was
cool,
Stopping to club the walnut tree
Standing leafless against a flaming west.
Now, the smell of autumn smoke,
And the dropping acorns,
And the echoes about the vales,
Bring dreams of life. They hover over me.
They question me:
Where are those laughing comrades?
How many are with me, how many
In the old orchards along the way to
Siever's,
And in the woods that overlook
The quiet water?

You can go through this book and select any one of these little biographies and get a chapter from life. Here is Johnny Sayre:

Father, thou canst never know
The anguish that smote my heart
For my disobedience, the moment I felt
The remorseless wheel of the engine
Sink into the crying flesh of my leg.
As they carried me to the home of Widow
Morris
I could see the school-house in the valley
To which I played truant to steal rides
upon the trains,
I prayed to live until I could ask your
forgiveness—
And then your tears, your broken words
of comfort!
From the solace of that hour I have
gained infinite happiness.
Thou wert wise to chisel for me:
"Taken from the evil to come."

Then there is the Town Marshal:

The Prohibitionists made me town mar-
shall
When the saloons were voted out,
Because when I was a drinking man,
Before I joined the church, I killed a
Swede
At the saw-mill near Maple Grove.
And they wanted a terrible man,
Grim, righteous, strong, courageous,
And a hater of saloons and drinkers,
To keep law and order in the village.
And they presented me with a loaded cane
With which I struck Jack McGuire.
Before he drew the gun with which he
killed me.
The Prohibitionists spent their money in
vain
To hang him, for in a dream
I appeared to one of the twelve jurymen
And told him the whole secret story.
Fourteen years were enough for killing me.

There are two hundred and thirty-six of them, and all are more than worth the reading. It is a book of infinite variety, of infinite observation, of infinite jest and irony, of genuine modern philosophy.

*

POETRY

By Anna Wickham, Edward Shanks and Frances Cornford. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

AT the small price of from sixpence to a shilling the Poetry Bookshop, which has a discriminating taste in poetry, is issuing a number of delightful, even beautiful, little booklets of verse. The three before us are well worth the attention of all lovers of verse. The one by Frances Cornford is illustrated with wood cuts by G. Raverat. Although the title of the book is "Spring Morning," we quote "Autumn Evening":

The shadows flickering, the daylight
dying,
And I upon the old red sofa lying,
The great brown shadows leaping up the
wall,
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

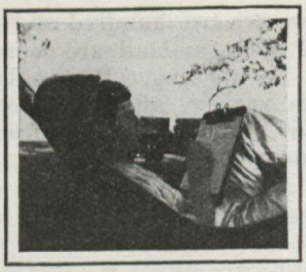
I thought to send my soul to far-off lands,
Where fairies scamper on the windy sands,
Or where the autumn rain comes drum-
ming down
On huddled roofs in an enchanted town.

But, O, my sleepy soul, it will not roam,
It is too happy and too warm at home:
With just the shadows leaping up the wall,
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

From "The Contemplative Quarry," by Anna Wickham, we quote "The Mummer":

Strict I walk my ordered way
Through the strait and duteous day;
The hours are nuns that summon me
To offices of huswifry,
Cups and cupboards, flagons, food,
Are things of my solicitude.
No elfin folly haply strays
Down my precise and well-swept ways.

When that compassionate lady, Night,
Shuts out a prison from my sight,
With other thrift I turn a key
Of the old chest of memory.
And in my spacious dreams unfold



MR. ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of the "The Hand of Peril," at work in a hammock on his farm at Cedar Springs, Ontario.

A flimsy stuff of green and gold,
And walk and wander in the dress
Of old delights, and tenderness.

And from "Songs," by Edward Shanks, we take this "Sonnet":

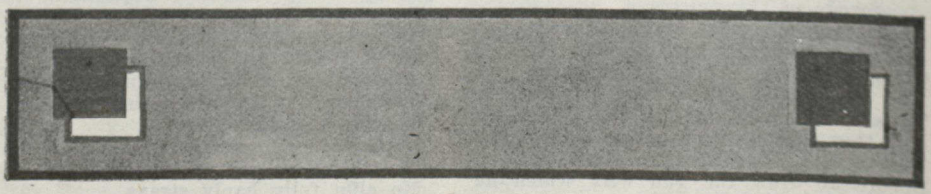
O dearest, if the touch of common things
Can taint our love or wither, let it die.
The freest-hearted lark that soars and sings
Soon after dawn amid a dew-brushed sky.
Takes song from love and knows well where love lies,
Hid in the grass, the dear domestic nest,
The secret, splendid, common paradise,
The strangest joys are not the loveliest.
Passion far-sought is dead when it is found,
But love that's born of intimate common things
Cries with a voice of splendour, with a sound
That over stranger feeling shakes and rings.
The better love, the highest ecstasy
Lies in the intimate touch of you and me.

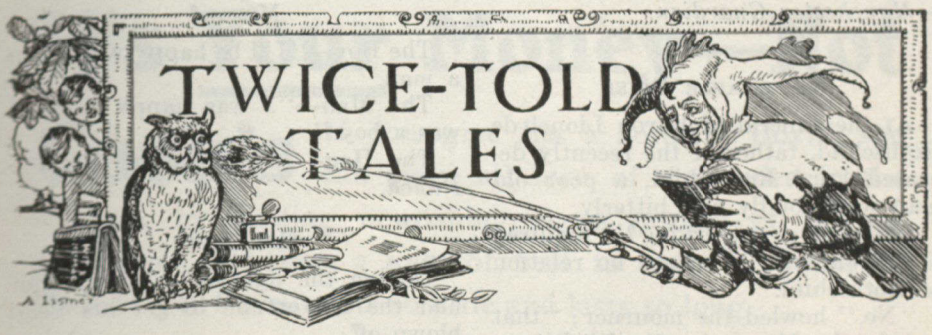
THE HAND OF PERIL

By Arthur Stringer. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this novel must possess two personalities, otherwise, how could he write his recent volume of poetry and then turn around and write this detective story? For it is a big jump from Stringer's blank verse to Stringer's melodrama. However, there are readers who like blank verse and more readers who like thrilling novels. If a writer can cater to both, so much the better—or the worse. This novel is in the same class as the author's other fiction.

—"Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast," a guide-book for scientific travellers in the West. Edited under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Illustrated with nineteen text figures, twenty-nine half-tone plates, and fourteen maps. (San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company).





Ship of the Desert

"Johnny," said the teacher, "what is a dromedary?"

Johnny did not know, but Ralph did.

"I know," he said promptly. "A dromedary is a two-masted camel."—*Christian Register.*

*

On the March

"Cheesemakers are in high spirits. They are finding a keen demand for newly-made cheese at prices well over eighty shillings per hundredweight, and indeed the cheese is moving off as fast as it is made."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Headed by the Gorgonzolas, whose agility is well known.—*Punch.*

*

A Busy Font

Sexton (to young farmer who has called to arrange for the christening of his child)—"Doantee bring 'e Toosday—Vicar be fishing o' Toosday."

Farmer—"Well, then, say Monday."

Sexton—"Noa—not Monday. Font will be full o' minnows Monday."—*Punch.*

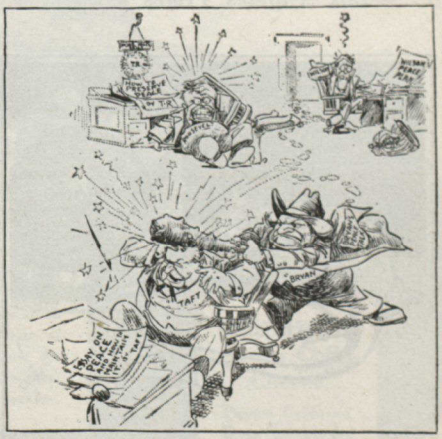
A Conflict

"What brought you here, my poor fellow?" a missionary asked a convict.

"I married a new woman, sir," the prisoner groaned.

"Aha!" said the missionary, "and she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No," replied the prisoner; "but the old woman turned up."—*Tit-Bits.*



Bryan's unique idea of the way to organize a universal-peace movement.
—*The Des Moines Register and Leader*

Narrow Accommodations

The funeral of Baron and Baroness Reuter took place yesterday afternoon at Kingswood, Surrey. The chief mourners were the son of the Baron and his wife, in the uniform of a private in the Sportsmen's Battalion."—*Manchester Guardian.*

❊

Reasonable Grief

At the funeral of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, father of the recently deceased Lord Rothschild, a poor old man wept loudly and bitterly.

"Why are you crying?" inquired a by-stander. "You are no relation of Rothschild."

"No," howled the mourner; "that is just why I'm crying."—*Tit-Bits.*

❊

A Long Life

Sir Walter Scott, while travelling in Ireland, was one day accosted by a beggar. He felt in his pocket for a sixpence but, finding that he had nothing smaller than a shilling with him, gave it to the woman, with the words:

"You must give me the change next time we meet."

"I will, sorr," replied the beggar, "and may yer honour live till ye get it."—*Los Angeles Times.*

A Tempting Morsel
—*The Critica* (Buenos Aires)

A Long Drink

Extract from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."—*Scraps.*

❊

Moral?

The Boy—"I'll be happy when I'm a man."

The Man—"I was happy when I was a boy."

The Hog—"I am happy now."—*Punch.*

❊

His Grief

During the fighting a Highlander had the misfortune to get his head blown off.

A comrade communicated the sad news to another gallant Scot, who asked, anxiously:

"Where's his head? He was smoking ma pipe."—*Tit-Bits.*

❊

Could Fill the Bill

He had told her the age-old story, and, torn with emotion, waited for a few short words that would decide his fate.

"George," she said, "before I give you my answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance. Was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear.

"Anything," he said.—*The Medicine Man.*

❊

To the grouchy-looking person who had boarded his car the conductor said, as he returned him his transfer:

"This transfer expired ten minutes ago."

Whereupon, with a growl, the man dug for a nickel, and, as he handed it to the conductor observed:

"No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—*Harper's Magazine.*

It's Your Money—Not Cook's

If you give her a bottle of Bovril, she can make all sorts of economies in the kitchen, by making nourishing stews instead of buying more meat. It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril—yet Bovril costs so little and lasts so long.

NON RUSTABLE

D&A CORSETS

The War tax on corsets adds nothing to the retail price of a D & A or a La Diva Corset.

Because they are Made-in-Canada—But, about fifty cents, out of every dollar paid for imported corsets, now goes for customs duties and profits on them, which add nothing in corset value.

2-15 *"BUY MADE-IN-CANADA CORSETS"*

Made by the "Dominion Corset Company," one of the best equipped Corset factories in the World.

Clark's Pork and Beans

Plain Sauce Chili Sauce Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited - - Montreal

"To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight"

—Third promise of Boy Scouts Oath.

Any boy who makes that promise, and keeps it, is sure to become a good citizen.

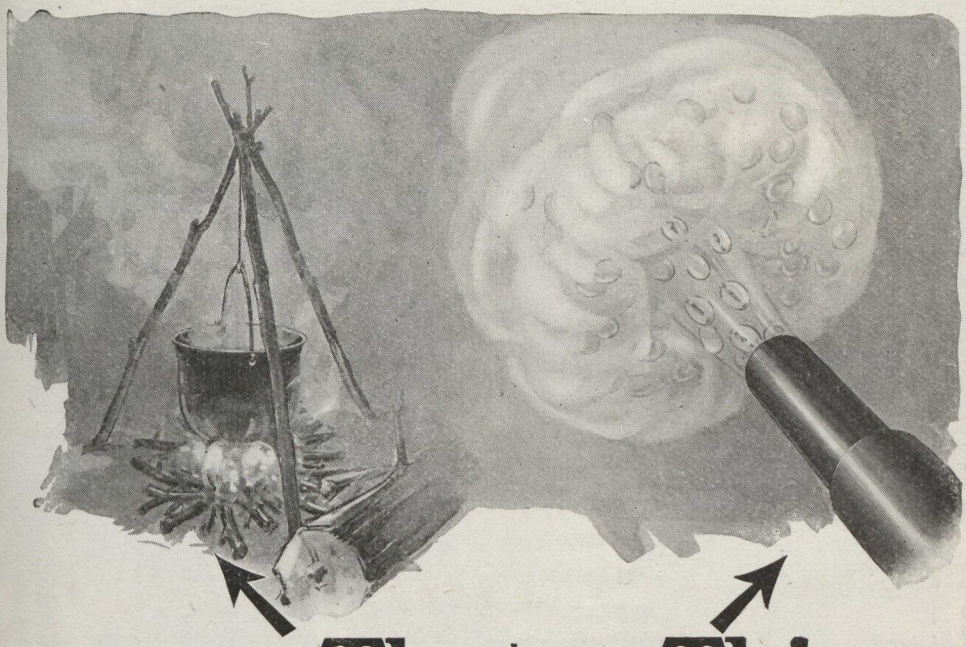
The world needs men who can plan, and work, and endure; and in building boys into such men, right food now is of utmost importance.

Grape-Nuts

has delicious taste, and contains the vital food elements of whole wheat and malted barley, which Nature easily converts into strength and energy for body and brain.

Boys—and girls, too— can definitely get ready for future success; but there's only one "Road to Wellville"—right living—and that calls for wholesome, easily digestible food.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts



From That to This In Cooking

How Puffed Wheat and Rice Evolved

Even the ancients—even barbarians—knew that grain must be cooked in some way. They boiled it or parched it or baked it. Modern peoples improved their methods, but little improved their results.

The effect, both in ancient times and modern, was to break up part of the food cells. Only a part. The rest were left unbroken, as in raw grain.

Then Came Efficiency

Then men awoke to efficiency, which means eliminating waste. In every line, things always done in half-ways were done better.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, then of Columbia University, applied efficiency to cooking. He said, "There must be some way to make all the grain food cells digestible."

And he found it. He found a way to explode each cell by turning its moisture to steam.

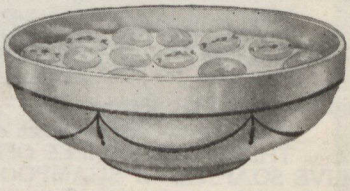
The process is long and heroic. It involves fearful heat. The grain must be shot from guns. But the result is Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice —grains eight times normal size— with every food cell literally blasted to pieces for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These foods mark the limit in cookery. But their enticements alone have won millions. These are bubbles of grain —crisp, airy and toasted. Almost as fragile as snowflakes. With a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections. Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with fruit, float them in your bowls of milk. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts.

But always remember that they easily digest, and that every atom feeds. These are perfect all-hour foods.



The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Sole Makers (981) Saskatoon, Sask.

When "Palmolive" Was Young

3,000 years ago the women of ancient Egypt, skilled in toilet arts, learned the wonderful cleansing qualities of Palm and Olive oils.

While *their* "Palmolive" was necessarily a crude combination of these oils in their natural state, modern women, inheritors of this invaluable discovery, enjoy their combination in PALMOLIVE SOAP, made of the famous Palm and Olive oils.

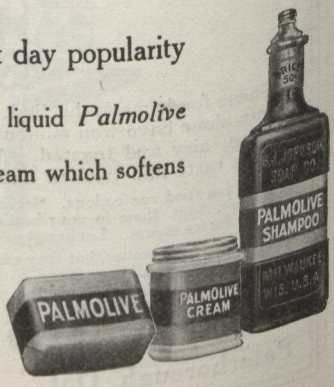
Thus the fame of the first Palmolive has survived the centuries, handed down from generation to generation——

—From the time when Cleopatra ruled to the present day popularity of the "PALMOLIVE Doctrine of Soap and Water."

Next in popularity comes PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, the liquid *Palmolive* prepared to make the proper care of the hair easy.

Ask, also, for PALMOLIVE CREAM, a delightful cold cream which softens and invigorates the skin.

To make the acquaintance of all three accept our THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER—A miniature cake of PALMOLIVE SOAP, bottle of SHAMPOO and tube of CREAM, attractively packed, mailed on receipt of five 2-cent stamps.



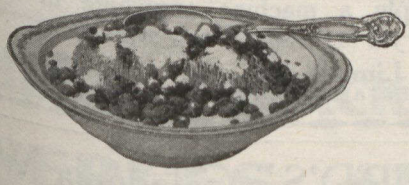
B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Limited
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.
American Address: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Your Wife's Vacation

Spending three or four weeks in the country is a wonderful vacation for you—but it is not a vacation for your wife if she has to cook meals in a bungalow or Summer home. A kitchen is a kitchen whether in the mountains, on the seashore or in the city. Our kitchen is your kitchen when you know

Shredded Wheat

and the many delicious dishes that may be made with it without any kitchen worry or knowledge of cooking. We do the baking for you in our two million dollar kitchen, the cleanest, finest, most hygienic food factory in the world.



Shredded Wheat is real whole wheat bread, all the rich, body-building, muscle-making elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked in crisp, brown, tasty little loaves. So easy to prepare a deliciously wholesome and nourishing meal in a jiffy by crisping a few of these Biscuits in the oven and serving with berries or other fresh fruits and cream.

Made only by

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year :

> "The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state :

> "Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT

"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"
Non-Poisonous

Catches the Germ with the Fly

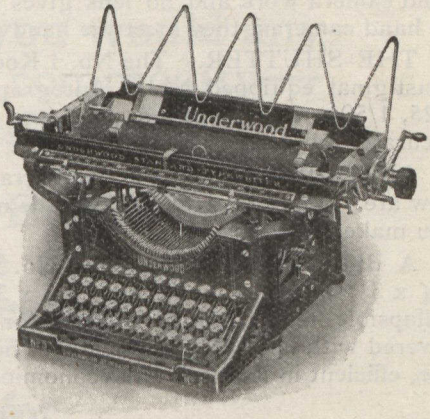
Made in Canada by

THE O. & W. THUM CO.

Dept. 275 **Walkerville, Ont.**

American Address : Grand Rapids, Mich.

THERE are thirty models of the UNDERWOOD for every purpose of recording, accounting, or statistical work.

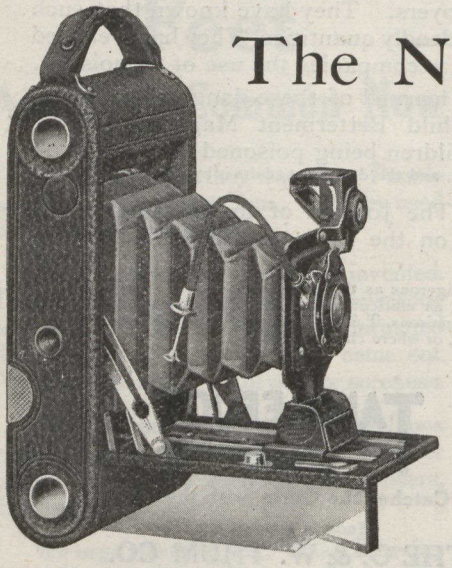


Concerning one of these special purpose UNDERWOODS a manufacturer says :

"The condensed Billing Typewriter which you installed for us has saved its cost every three months. We consider it the best investment we ever made."

United Typewriter Company, Limited
Underwood Building
135 Victoria Street, Toronto

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



The No. 1 Autographic KODAK, Junior

Now fitted with the new Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f.* 7.7 and the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter.

Price, $15.00

Here are efficiency ***and*** economy.

THE LENS. The Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 7.7 lenses are slightly faster than the best Rapid Rectilinears. But their marked superiority lies in the perfect definition (sharpness) which they give up to the very corners of the picture. They are not as fast as the most expensive anastigmats, but they are fast enough for the usual hand camera work and no lens gives *sharper results.* Made exclusively for use on hand cameras, they meet the hand camera requirements.

THE SHUTTER. The No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter furnished with the anastigmat equipped No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Junior, has variable speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second, and the usual time and "bulb" actions. It is accurate, reliable and remarkably free from jerk or jar.

AUTOGRAPHIC. It is "autographic," of course. All the folding Kodaks now are. You can date and title the negative easily and permanently at the time you make the exposure.

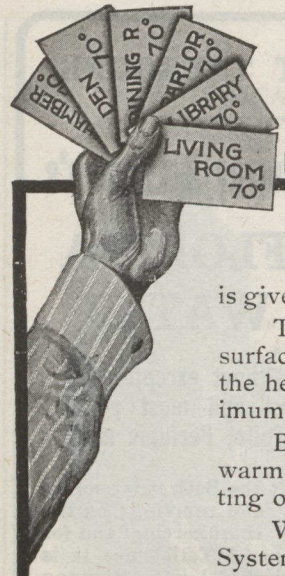
A BIT OF DETAIL. The No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Jr. makes pictures 2¼ x 3½ inches. It measures $1\frac{7}{16}$ x $3\frac{5}{8}$ x $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Has brilliant, reversible, collapsible finder, tripod sockets for both vertical and horizontal exposures; covered with fine seal grain leather and is well made in every detail. Simple to use, efficient in its work and economical to operate.

THE PRICE

No. 1 Autographic Kodak, *Junior*, with No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.*7.7,	$15.00
Do., with No. 0 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Rapid Rectilinear lens,	10.50
Do., with meniscus achromatic lens,	9.00
Autographic Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2¼ x 3¼,	.20

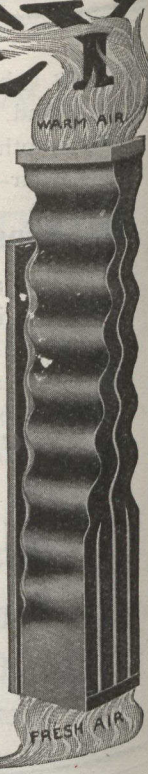
All Kodak dealers'.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto.



KELSEY

ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE



Special Attention

is given each separate purchaser of a KELSEY Furnace.

The Zig Zag Heat Tubes have a greater heating surface than that of any other furnace, thus utilizing all the heat from the fire and consequently giving the maximum degree of comfort with a minimum supply of fuel.

By a patented device in the KELSEY System more warm air can be thrown into any room without shutting off the heat from the rest of the house.

We invite the closest inspection of the KELSEY System and we will be pleased to plan the heating arrangements for your house.

It will pay you to investigate the KELSEY.

Free Booklet sent on request

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited
Brockville, Ont.

O'Keefe's

Pilsener Lager

The Light Beer in the Light Bottle

Best for Purity Health and Flavor

402

Glaxo

Saved the life of this little one.

In writing us her mother says:

"When she was born she weighed eight pounds. From the first it was necessary to find a suitable food for her, and I experienced the greatest difficulty in getting anything she could digest. The first four months of her life were the most distressing I ever knew, for she wasted away till she only weighed five pounds. She was so delicate at this time that I could not handle her without supporting her on a pillow.

"We had all given up hopes of saving her life when the Doctor ordered me to get Glaxo for her. The Doctor told me all about Glaxo—of its purity—its freedom from starch and the ease with which it is digested, and considered that the baby's only hope lay in Glaxo.

"Results proved the doctor's words to be true. From the day I started to use Glaxo she began to grow healthy, strong and happy. She is now two years and two months old and it would be impossible to find a more healthy or bonnier baby."

SEND NOW FOR THIS FREE BOOK

GLAXO, 418 Dominion Bank Building, Toronto.

Please send me your FREE 72 page Baby Book

Mrs .....

Address.....

610 .....

British Made Glaxo **British Made**

"BUILDS BONNIE BABIES"

Be Healthy

For nervous break-down, over-work, over-exertion, as well as for the correction of disorders of the blood, the nerves, the heart and premature decline of vital powers

Wilson's
INVALIDS' PORT
(à la Quina du Pérou)

IS SPECIFIC.

It will maintain the physical strength and energy of the body, animating all the organs of the human system to healthy vigor.

253

BIG BOTTLE ASK YOUR DOCTOR ALL DRUGGISTS

Can You Write Short Stories?

You never know until you try. It is interesting work and can be made quite profitable. Send 5 cents in stamps for our "Help Booklet", which gives several useful pointers and explains how we are prepared to assist new writers to get a start. Our service has the best recommendations.

Box 34 **Canadian Authors' Service Bureau**
General P. O., Toronto.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Office Records. Send sketch for free search of Patent **INVENT** with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised **FREE** **WANTED, NEW IDEAS.** Send for our List of Patent Buyers.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 835F Washington, D.C.

NIAGARA TO THE SEA

Here's a Vacation trip you'll "write home about"

Nowhere else in the world will you find a holiday-trip so diverting or so full of variety. Eight hundred miles of lakes, rivers and rapids, included in our trip from Niagara-to-the-Sea. From Niagara Falls to Toronto; thence over Lake Ontario, through the picturesque Thousand Islands; followed by the exciting descent of the marvellous Rapids to Montreal and quaint old Quebec; then on down the Lower St. Lawrence and up the famous Saguenay Canyon with its capes "Trinity" and "Eternity"; and finally along the Gaspe Coast to the Summer resorts of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. Sounds attractive, doesn't it? Then write for our beautifully illustrated book that describes it fully. Enclose 6c. in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

FARES FROM NIAGARA FALLS

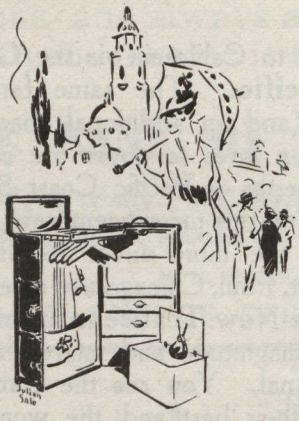
To Montreal and return ...	$18.55
To Quebec and return	25.90
To Saguenay River and return	34.55

Thomas Henry, Passenger Traffic Manager
Canada Steamship Lines, Limited
26 Victoria Square, Montreal

"JULIAN SALE"

THE NAME BEHIND THE GOODS IS YOUR GUARANTEE FOR THE QUALITY

A handsome and useful Present for the Bride



Could any article that one might present make a more sensible—more useful—better appreciated and a more lasting remembrance of the "happiest of days" than one of these perfectly appointed wardrobe trunks.

A most appropriate gift for Bride or Groom.

Rite-hite Wardrobe Trunks

the most completely appointed and fitted trunk on the market to-day —great capacity—very compact and made for service. The prices are

$30, $38.50, $45, $60, $75, $80.

Berth-high Steamer Wardrobe Trunks

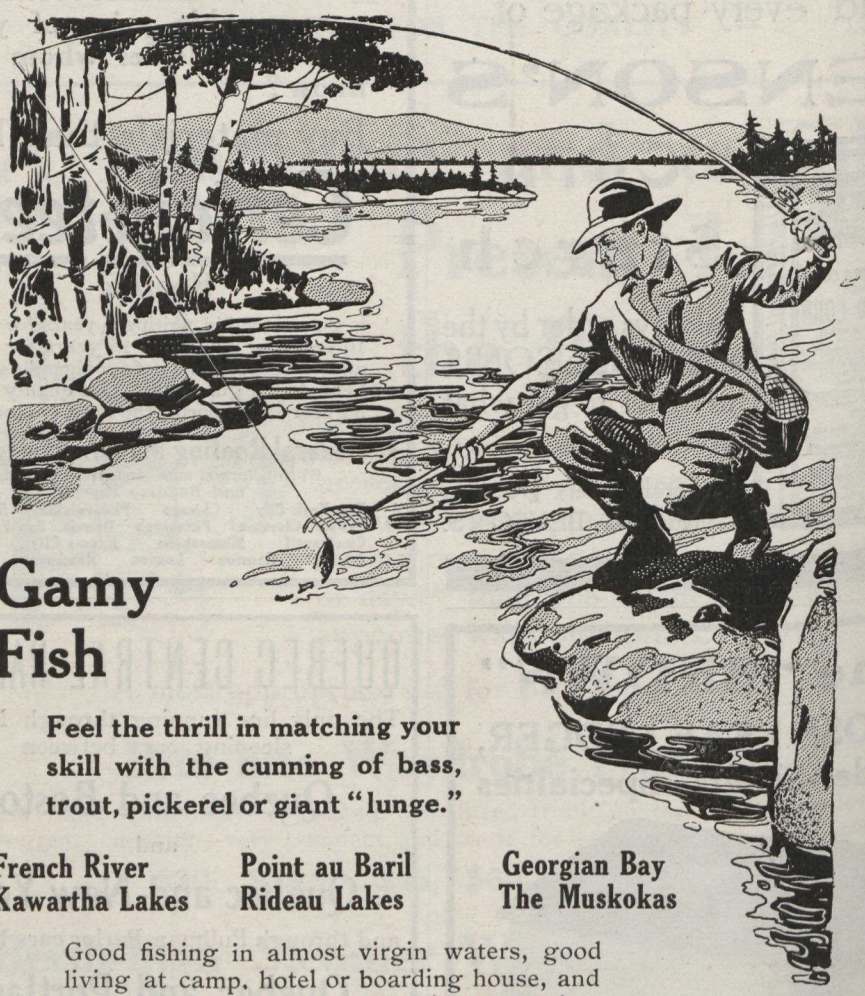
with a garment capacity nearly double that of any other trunk of the same size. Equally suitable for land or sea travel. The prices are

$30, $37.50, $40, $50.

Write for Special Booklet

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO



Gamy Fish

Feel the thrill in matching your skill with the cunning of bass, trout, pickerel or giant "lunge."

French River
Kawartha Lakes

Point au Baril
Rideau Lakes

Georgian Bay
The Muskokas

Good fishing in almost virgin waters, good living at camp, hotel or boarding house, and Out-of-Doors to put red blood in your veins.

For new Folder, "Resorts in Ontario," write

Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or write M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

A CUP OF COFFEE

may mean almost anything —— Good, Bad or indifferent.

But a cup of

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

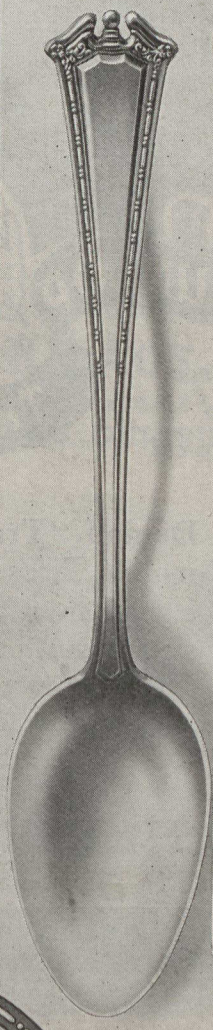
157

MEANS JUST ONE THING—the most delicious beverage ever poured into a coffee cup.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"



The Continental Pattern

The Continental is an example of the beauty that lies in simplicity.

Charming for its historical suggestion and most fitting to the line of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate - the trade mark which is an American institution.

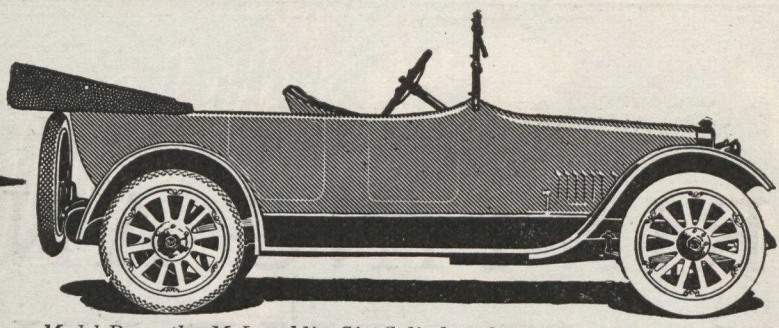
Sold by dealers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
Limited
Hamilton, Canada

Meriden, Conn. Chicago
New York San Francisco

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate



Model D45—the McLaughlin Six-Cylinder, five-passenger touring car; Famous Valve-in-Head Motor; 40-45 H.P.; Wheelbase 115½ inches; Cantilever Springs; Full Floating Rear Axle; "Delco" System of Electric Lighting and Starting; One-Man Top; Complete Equipment. **$1,385 f.o.b. Oshawa.**

Why Buy a Four—

Two Canadian Giants of Power

cylinder car, when you can possess this high-grade SIX-cylinder 1916 McLaughlin touring car for the same money?

No other motor car at any price insures its owner as great value, dollar for dollar, as this McLaughlin Valve-in-Head "SIX" for 1916.

Twelve Branches throughout Canada guarantee a "Service" unsurpassed in the Dominion.

Literature gladly mailed on request.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO. LIMITED.
Head Office & Factories
OSHAWA, ONTARIO.


Libby's
Hawaiian Pineapple
Golden Hawaiian Pineapple, picked and packed the same day, retaining all the matchless flavor and fragrance of the sun-ripened fruit.
Libby, McNeill & Libby
of Canada, Limited, Guelph, Ont., Canada
Insist on Libby's in the Can with the Blue Triangle

It's the Little Things of Life

That go to make up the big things—

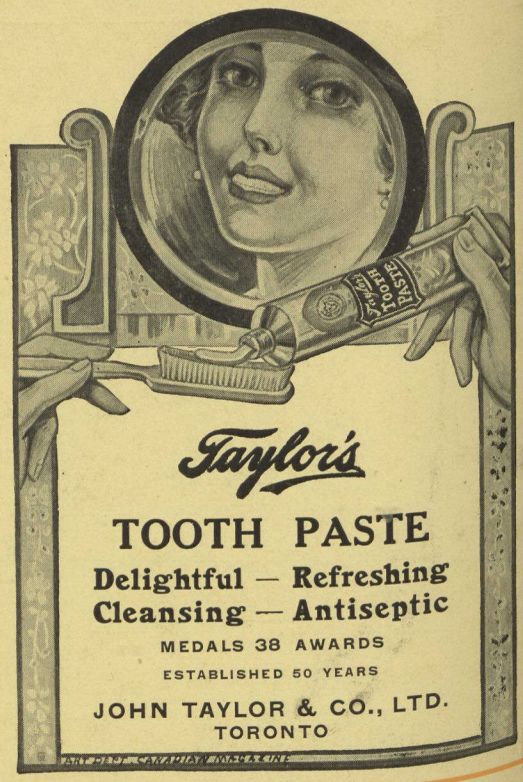
Health, Wealth, Success, Happiness.

For a start, quit coffee and use

INSTANT POSTUM

—the pure food-drink.

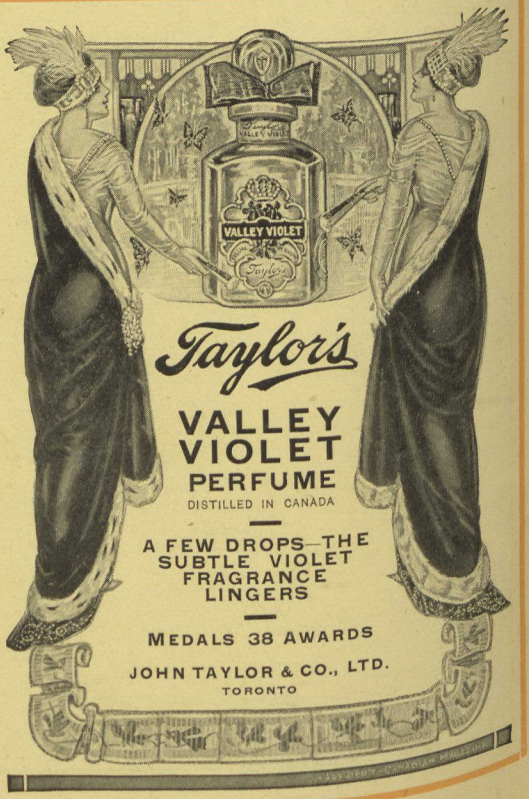
"There's a Reason"



The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT



T. H. BEST PRINTING CO. LIMITED, TORONTO