THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1915

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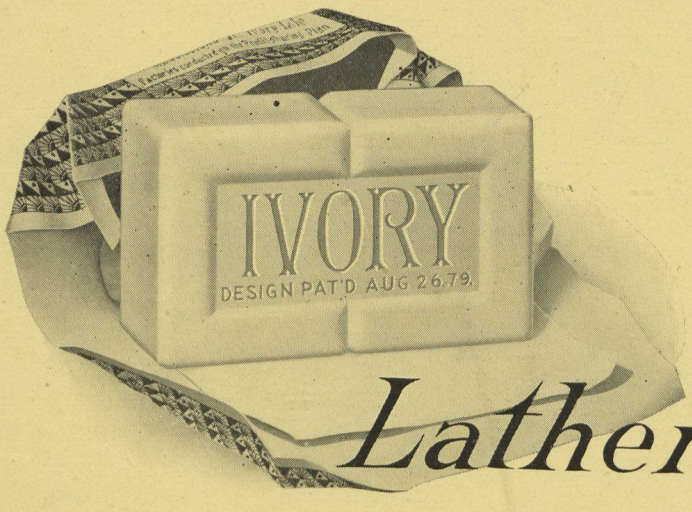
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



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Vol. XLV Contents, October 1915 No. 6

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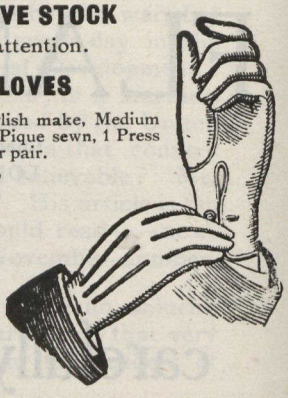

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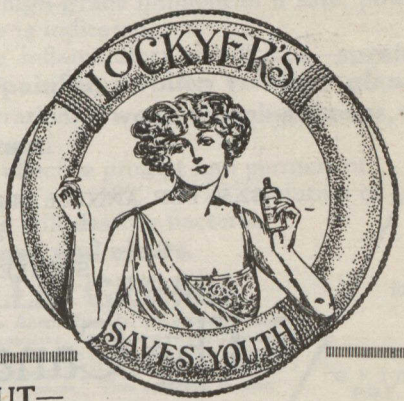

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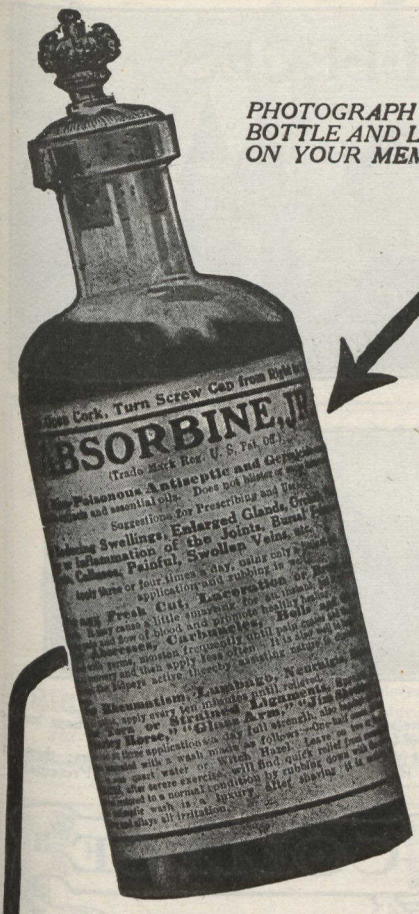

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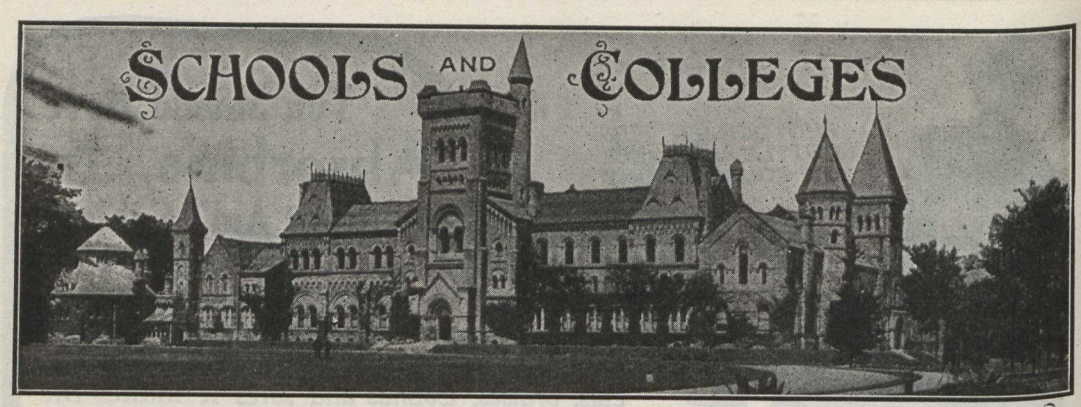

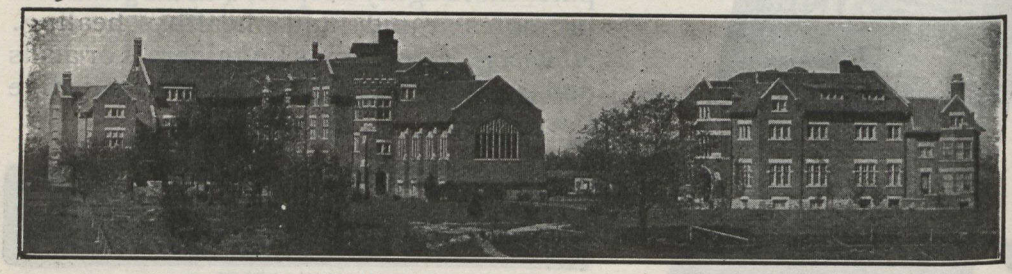

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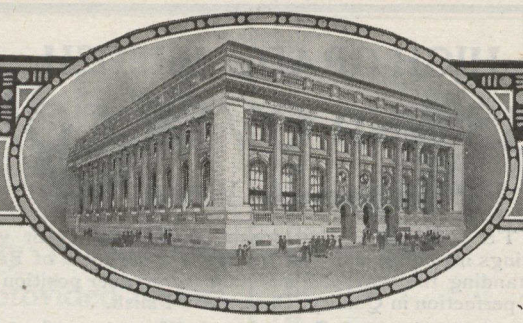

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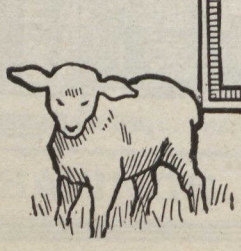


Made in Canada.

DEBORAH

From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1915 No. 6

FORTUNE OF ENDERBY

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

(JANEY CANUCK)

"The lore o' men wha' hae dwelt wi' men in new and naked lands."

"FIFTY-TWO years ago it was since last I trekked this road, then a thread-like trail in the wilderness," said old man Fortune of Enderby, as our motor-car dipped down a hill into the heart of the Sturgeon Valley, between Edmonton and the little French-Canadian village of St. Albert.

"This is a comely country, madam, with its lily-sprinkled meadows, but what I like most about the place is the feel of it."

"Yes, it was in '62, the year after gold had been found in the Cariboo, that I joined the rush from Minnesota. They called us the stampeders and said we were gold mad, but, to my thinking, it isn't the greed of gain that takes folks into the wilderness so much as the lure of the things beyond—or, if you will have it so—a hunger of the heart. Of course, there is the chance, too, of snap fortunes, but these have to be taken on the wing just as birds are taken. Sometimes our westerners miss the birds, or the fortunes, but as a general thing they are fair shots.

"It was nigh three thousand miles to the Cariboo district in British Columbia, and there was no railroad in those days. Edmonton, now a human riotous city, and the capital of the Province of Alberta, was then a Hudson's Bay fort in charge of Governor Dallas. The fort was surrounded by a wooden palisade upon which were posted two small cannon and a man on 'sentry-go.' Inside the stockade were kept five hundred train and cariole dogs who had teeth like saws and who made the nights hideous with their clamour."

"Were there any white women in the fort?" one asks old Fortune.

"No, madam, none, but there was a marvellously handsome breed-woman with charming manners, but more I cannot say.

"There were one hundred and fifty of us when we reached Fort Edmonton, including Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Schubert and their three children.

For a few days our little colony tarried here to rest and to prepare by-laws and regulations for self-government. We appointed three men to act as captains. The laws we made were not always strictly obeyed, but most of the men behaved well.

"There was no bridge on the Sturgeon River then, and I forded it," muttered the old man as if talking to himself. "Over fifty years ago it was, fifty years ago."

And now the big yellow motor pants up the hill and swings around a grove of trees till, with a shudder of brakes, it comes to standstill at the door of Monseigneur, the bishop of the French folk. Soon we are inside enjoying the comfortable hospitality of the *See House*, courtesying to an autographed picture of her Majesty the Queen of England sent to Pére Lacombe, the black-robed voyageur; fingering an illuminated address on birch-bark; admiring the huge chairs and buffets carved out of black wood by the Oblate brothers, and marvelling at the needlework of the cushioned seats.

"You see, we had plenty of time in pre-railway days," said Brother Gregoire, "especially to practise the arts and crafts. This chair was Bishop Grandin's, but he has been dead this many and many a year. The cross on the window with the superimposed rushes was his official crest."

As Brother Gregoire talks, the personality of this old bishop seems to rise from the grave with hypnotic force and to rivet your attention. It might have a monograph all to itself, this subject. Surely a bishop who dare lay weeds on the cross, weeds that were symbolic of his loneliness and hardship, was a man of consideration.

I have no doubt this northern prelate was a gaunt, huge fellow, well calculated to fight the wind and the weather, to say nothing of the subtle wiles of Satan. Old Fortune of Enderby thinks so, too, and says wherever you see a cross in the wilderness it only means to the traveller that a white man has come this way, and has no necessary connection with a church or the death of the Nazarene.

Maybe it was this talk of the pioneers or the sympathy of the aged Gregoire that led old Fortune of Enderby to tell about the trail of '62. Or maybe this was the very spot he packed the Schubert children on his back across the ford of the river. We were talking about the farmers' wives hereabout being lonely, and one woman of our party, a Scotswoman who had come north thirty years ago, in a Red River cart, ejaculated, "Godsake, man! every farmer's wife can be happy if she wants to, and happy women, you may hae noticed, never grow old. She should hae a book on stars, or stones, or flowers, so as she could learn a bit about her surroundings. I don't mean one o' those cut-and-dried books they hae in schools, but one for greenhorns wi' muckle o' coloured pictures and some literature about them. My own fad is the study o' edible foods, and what most fule folk call 'weeds'. I hae learned one thing—no's for naething."

It was at this point that I, with the objectionable cocksurness of the after-comer, made a wager with this Scotswoman that no mortal person had ever discovered a use for toadstools. "Aha! I have you there," said I. "Other than poison for one's enemies—a use which carries with it certain disabilities—the toadstool can have no right to exist."

And now I am under the necessity of eating my belt-buckle, which is a painful waste, it being a perfectly good one, for dried toadstools—any chit of a child could tell me—make the finest smudges in the world. No mosquito, however wayward or bloodthirsty, can brave the smoke of toadstools.

"Ye'll be minding, I'se warrant," she continued, "how the Scripture says a man canna live on bread alone, but there's mony a one wha hae lived

on birch bark pounded to a pulp. An' in spring-time, the tender tips o' young spruce an' the inner bark o' the flirty cottonwoods hae kept alive mony a puir laddie wha' hae lost his trail. It would be a bonny thing if some o' these daftie writer loons set down how you can take bluid frae a stone if you only ken the way. I hae learned o' mysel' a toothsome manner o' cooking wild rice, and how to make a bannock frae' sun-flower seeds. The oil o' the seeds can be fashed into a bonny sauce for marshmarys and dandelions.

"This may sound boastfullike, but it's naething to what is to follow. I hae learned o' necessity how to make brown sugar frae the milkweed, and a bland flour for parritch frae Indian turnip, a fearsome root, which all the world kens would blister the tongue o' the brazen serpent itsel'."

"Yes! yes!" agreed Brother Gregoire, "what you have told us is highly extraordinary. But then the forest is God's own garden, and a very pleasant one it is. He has provided all these foods for us, His children. The trouble about the forest is that it can be bought and sold, cut down and burned up. It ought to be an open house to all, and no one should be disallowed."

"True! True!" exclaimed old Fortune. But did you ever have to live on rosebuds, Brother Gregoire? There's lots of posies written about 'roses, roses all the way', but you can believe me they are sorry faring for Christian folk. Maybe some day we will have the story of a new Robinson Crusoe living in these woods of the north country, and how he managed to exist like a king on rosebuds, wild leeks, and mint leaves, but I can tell you in '62 Mrs. Schubert's tongue was almost withered in her head for a pannikan of tea, and all our mouths watered for a dish of savoury meat. Every day for the meat course we had a rosebud or two, and a lick of our fingers for dessert.

"It is very interesting what this lady has told us and, without a doubt, such learning is of much value. She should set it all down for the aftercomers so that he who runs may read the writing of the woodways."

"Tell us about your Cariboo stampede," said I, "and about Mrs. Schubert. How did you come to run short of food, and where did you find it again?"

"It's such a long while ago now," said old Fortune of Enderby, "such a long while. They tell me the Canadian Northern Railway have built their new grade along this old trail that runs through the Pass and down across the height of land to the sea.

"Maybe some of you have been through this Pass yourselves. It is the wide hall in the hills known nowadays as the Yellowhead, but in those times when it was the fag-end of the world we used to call it Tête Jaune Pass, like the French *coureur de bois*. You see, Jasper Hawes, who lived there over a century ago, was one of the 'gentlemen adventurers' of the Hudson's Bay Company, and this was the territory over which he had ruled. He was an honour-worthy man, the Indians tell, and no sleep-soaked brave to stay at home with the women and the kettles. He lived at Tête Jaune Cache, so-called because of his cache of furs. Indeed, he had many caches, but they all rotted away, because Tête Jaune disappeared one day and was never seen again. The Crees had suspected all along that he was a god and now they were sure of it, for had not Manitou, the All-Above Person, he who rules the rain and the lifespan of men, carried off Tête Jaune and set him in the milky-way, which is the paths of the spirits? And now this Tête Jaune is among the Again-Goers who return to earth and teach the palefaces to do such wise and wonderful things. He is vastly kind to the Crees of the hills, so that often they set aside a piece of meat for his spirit."

"And why didn't the Indians open

the caches?'' asked I. ''He must have had some marvellous furs, this Jasper Hawes?''

''Without a doubt he had, madam, without a doubt, but it would be hard to explain the reason to you city people with your short views of what you call 'statutory offences,' the, the—'' (and here old Fortune felt for a word till the veins stood out on his forehead like the rivers on a relief map), ''the inviolability, yes! that's the word, of a trader's cache on the trail. To have possessed themselves of Tête Jaune's cache of furs would have been equal to stealing 'the elements' from the table of Monseigneur's cathedral across the way —an impious hideous thing, not to be even considered.''

''It was a weary journey we stampeders made to Tête Jaune and along a trail that threaded the forest, a trail worn deep with feet, but withal somewhat corrugated. Our shoulders ached with the sore burden of the pack, but the wayfaring hope is that to-morrow the pack will be lighter and it may be the road will be better. It's queer that people should be so silent in the woods. Sometimes I think it is because there is nothing to talk about, or because the travellers are usually looking for a chance shot, but oftener there seems to be something fabulous about the hush of the woods themselves. They are lonely and unpeopled like the sea. It must be this hush that lays a finger on our lips.''

''Then a man soon grows tired of the trail?'' queried one of our party, ''and wishes himself back in the town? Woodsmen seldom acknowledge this.''

''Well, not 'soon,' although there does come a time when a man must come out or go mad. It is hard to explain, but there is something alluring about an open trail through the woods. It suggests adventures that can never take place except you traverse it. You are the one thing needed to set them moving. Maybe this is what they call the viking or the buccaneer spirit.''

''Yes,'' said Gregoire, the Oblate, whose mind was still running on the woods as God's garden, and God's pleasant corral. ''I found out the other day in my studies that the word 'buccaneer' means primarly one who smokes or broils fish and meat. Yes! this must be the very spirit of the trail.''

''It was close to this trail, at Lac St. Anne, that we came across a thing to astonish the heart,'' continued old Fortune. ''Here we found three sweet and well-deserving women, Sisters of Charity, living alone in the wilderness with no white folk near.

''I was a lad just out from the university and they heard I spoke French, so they sent for me to come and talk with them. They were sadly discouraged, the little nun-lassies, for they came to teach their homely pieties to the Indian women, but the braves kept moving across country till there was no following after. They called their missionary work a casting of their bread upon the water, these three, but maybe you've noticed the trouble about this operation is that the bread only gets wet.

''Although I am an old Protestant fellow, I must own to Brother Gregoire that the nuns are the best teachers in this country if they get the smallest kind of a chance. They don't talk concerning fame to the Indian children, like we do to ours, but just try to teach them cleanliness and industry, two traits Gitchie Manitou, who is notoriously absent-minded, left out in the Indian's make-up. Yes! it's a pity all right that the bread merely gets wet, for we must acknowledge, no matter to what church we belong, that our best laid plans to turn the Indian lads into deeply-virtuous, hard-working, non-swearing young gentlemen have not been as permanent as we could desire. Book-learning to an Indian is a plain absurdity, just like feeding doughnuts to an elk.''

"Now, what was it I was telling you? Oh, yes! it was about the trail to Tête Jaune Cache. There was one other thing that stands out in my memory; it was the death of Robertson, of Goderich, and another man whose name I forget. They lashed two canoes together on the Athabasca River to move our stuff with more ease, and these canoes were swamped on a sand-bar, which the northmen call a batture. We lost most of our stuff, and this is how we came to run short of food."

"Robertson, of Goderich, wasn't a swimmer, then?" asked someone.

"It was a cramp that did it," replied old Fortune, with a tremour in his voice as though the accident happened yesterday. "He was a civil engineer and only twenty-eight years old—a fine figure of a fellow and always he swung light-footed in the lead. His companion was rescued, but died two days later of pneumonia.

"At Tête Jaune our party of stampeders divided, some electing to travel down the Fraser River on rafts, and some to take the overland route. Among the latter was Mrs. Schubert, who rode on horseback with her youngest child, a boy who is now the member of Parliament for our constituency. I was one of those who took the overland route, and a hard time we had of it. It wasn't long till starvation was hard on our heels, for game was scarce in the thick woods. On a certain Friday we shot a beaver. At first the Catholics of the party would not eat it, not knowing whether it was flesh or fish, but we persuaded them it was fish. I have heard tell that some young priests once submitted this same question to Rome and were advised that the beaver was fish. Of course, our argument and this decision were both wrong, for the beaver is an animal and his flesh is very rich eating.

"Once I got a bead on a cow moose, but my bullet only notched her, and so we continued to be hungry. It is a love-lorn lady the poet makes to say, 'He cometh not,' but, in real life, they are the big-game hunters who say it most often.

"It was of nights we felt worst when we got into camp and there was nothing but two or three partridges and a couple of rabbits to satisfy the hunger of so many. Because I was starving I used to lie awake in the dark and listen to the lynxes fight and howl in the trees. And there were other noises, such as a rabbit might make when an ermine grips its windpipe or guttles its blood. But more often there was only the throaty, tongueless howl of the wolves singing their sorrows to the moon and, believe me, ladies, the wolf is a singer who fears nothing. If madam here were not from the Highlands I'd be saying he is the bagpipe of the forest.

"We had an Indian in our party, but he would not shoot the wolves for fear of interfering with the success of his winter's catch. He could not 'make fur' if he followed one. If a wolf met him that would be quite a different matter, but, then, a wolf is not anxious to meet an Indian who carries a gun.

"Like the bagpipes, though, this ruin-song of the wolves always seemed to blend with the wind. Maybe you've noticed this when you have heard the pipes on the far hills or the wolves in the distant trees. When we camped in a valley among the thick deciduous trees, the wind had a crafty sound, or maybe it was most like the whine of bed-going children, but up on the mountains among the conifers it was a man-song with strange discords and, more than once, it seemed to be defying God Himself. It must have been that I was madly hungry from my diet of rosebuds, for this wind fastened itself like an incubus on my brain and would not let me go. When I am in the dust, I shall have to waken of times when it calls.

"But all the time we were growing

more hungry and consequently weaker, till we were forced to throw away our guns and every pound of superflous clothing. We could think of nothing but our shabbily-filled stomachs so that practically we were all stomach. One morning in a narrow slot in the hills we awoke to find we had been lying in the midst of human bones and scraps of clothing. It was a nerve-breaking episode, for six or seven people had died here, and not so long ago.

"The Indians said these had perished from smallpox and that 'the no-tail animal'—by which they meant the bear—had picked their bones clean. The Indians could not have been dead more than three months for, a short distance off, some potatoes had been planted, which were now fully grown. This was a meal of shining memory, and none of us suffered in spite of the fact that we had been almost famished.

"Near the potato patch was the shack of the dead folk, now inhabited by owls. The Indians danced to frighten them away."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Brother Gregorie with amazement. "This happened once before. Somewhere there was an empty house with owls and wild beasts and dancing. I'll have it for you in a minute," he said as he turned over the pages of his Bible. "I'll have it in a minute. 'Twas Isaiah who said it of Babylon. Listen! 'Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there. Neither shall the shepherds make their folds there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.'

"It would seem as if all the things which happened in Babylon, Greece, and Italy happen once more in this primitive north. It must be that our men are living the same kind of life. It was only last year a pack of wolf-dogs tore their master in pieces on the trail, and you'll remember how Glaucus, the Corinthian, was killed in the same manner by his infuriated mares.

"But I interrupted you, sir," apologized the Oblate. "Pray tell us where Mrs. Schubert and her little ones came to rest, or did she die on the trail?"

"No, she didn't die. Mrs. Schubert is still living in British Columbia and, in spite of her eighty-seven years, is more hearty than you could believe.

"It was only two days later when we reached Kamloops, a trading-post which had been established fifty years before by David Thompson, a Welshman, who had captured the Astoria fur-trade.

"The puir body must ha' been gey glad to get there—she and her wee bairnies," remarked the Scotswoman with an upward intonation that demanded an answer.

"Yes! I think she was—indeed—indeed—I'm sure she was, for that very night her fourth child was born."

"God's mercy!" exclaimed the Oblate, "I never heard the like. The Mother Mary must have been watching over her all the way. And the little daughter, what was she christened?"

"It was a long time, Brother Gregoire, before she was christened, but her mother called her Rosa Kamloops and, knowing her story, all the men thought this name to be a highly fitting one.

"No! there were no other white women in the country except Scotch Jeanie, and she was at Cariboo."

"Tell us about Scotch Jeanie," her countrywoman begged, "an' about her family."

"Jeanie had no family, so to speak, but she was mother to everybody. She wasn't what some folk would call a good woman, but she had all the characteristics of one."

"Ho! ho!" said I to myself. "I know you now, old Fortune of Enderby. Your real name is Sir True-

heart. This is what I shall name you secretly."

"Mrs. Schubert didn't go on to Cariboo, but her husband did. She stayed at Kamloops and supported her family by doing laundry work. After a bit she sent her two eldest children to school at New Westminster, and then she had to haul up the water from the river herself. It was tough work for a woman, but she kept on at it for twelve years and then Schubert took a hankering for home."

"An' he brought her a fine bit o' gold after all these years. Don't say he didn't," broke in the Scotswoman, "it would na be right any other way."

"Not so!" answered old Trueheart. "She heard tell her man was coming back in rags, so she went out to meet him with a bag of new gear so that he could come home like a fine gentleman. That is what she did. And then Schubert took up free land at Spillimachene so that he could go farming, but Mrs. Schubert kept on working to buy stock for the farm. She was a matron in a school now, and it took her four other years to accomplish her task."

"And what did she do then?" asked I. "Tell us all there is of the story."

"There isn't any more to tell except that she went to live on the farm —this was many years ago, mind you —and she is there yet. Schubert died a year or so ago, but he was nigh unto ninety. No! there's nothing more to tell. This is just a bit of a story about the first white woman who made the Pass and followed the mountain trail to Kamloops," but I knew, and all who listened knew, that Mrs. Schubert was a heroine who, because of her persistent resolution, but withal unfailing gentleness, stood first on our unwritten list of pioneering women. Maybe some day a writer of sense and sensibility will seek out their story and set down aright for you and me.

LITERATURE AND LIFE

BY HAROLD GARNET BLACK

NEARLY seventy years ago that eccentric ascetic young American, Henry David Thoreau, was living in his self-made cabin on the edge of Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts, hoeing his beans, studying, writing, and meditating on the meaning of life. In his "Walden," the outcome of his two years spent alone there in the woods, he devotes a section to the "noble intellectual exercise" of reading, and in its dozen brilliant pages attempts to rouse the citizens of Concord from their mental apathy, to stimulate them to intellectualize themselves, and thereby to "throw one arch at least" over the dark gulf of ignorance which surrounds them. In a word, he utters the universal cry of the educationist. Thoreau's advice is by no means unique; thousands of others by spoken or written word have similarly tried to excite among the people an appetite for literature and to give them that culture which a wide and generous reading affords.

Not long ago I was looking over a hospital chart on which were registered a patient's pulse and temperature. The temperature "curve" was almost normal, but that of the pulse considerably higher, so that the "clinical picture" showed lines which, though zigzag, were approximately parallel. The lines never overlapped; they were totally divorced. Now some people have affirmed, though it seems to me quite thoughtlessly, that between literature and life there is a similar divorce. As a matter of fact, however, is it not true that literature is life only, as it happens, compressed between the covers of a book? "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are," wrote the young Puritan who afterwards was to pen the greatest epic in the English language; two centuries later Thoreau was writing, "Books are the treasured wealth of the world and the fit inheritance of generations and nations." For, after all, spoken words are but the expression of some thought or emotion, and books but the transcription of those spoken words to more permanent form, a "fixing" of the passing image on the photographic plate, an effort to make enduring that which would otherwise be ephemeral—in short, an attempt to immortalize mortality itself. Life and literature, then, are not divorced; they are identical. Literature *is* life, and conversely life is literature—at least in the sense that men are each day writing fresh pages in the great book of destiny.

Not that I would emphasize, however, the value of a book life to the exclusion of the physical and the more practical; only it seems sometimes that we unduly exalt the latter at the expense of the more purely cultural side of life. The best result, of course, is gained where the two are so blended as to give each its due importance.

I recall a young woman, the daughter of well-to-do and intellectual parents, who at the age of twenty con-

fided to a friend that she had never read a book through in her life, and I question whether she has since done so. Her mind did not run towards books. Knowing her lack in this respect, she should have disciplined her mind and cultivated a taste for reading, just as many people have to cultivate a taste for olives, for properly to develop a love for literature sometimes requires training. I also recall another person whose time has been spent almost wholly among books. Now, these two lie at opposite poles. Neither life has been a sane, healthy, well-balanced one. The truth is that the normal life, the golden mean, lies between these two extremes.

Among our more noted contemporaries perhaps Theodore Roosevelt embodies and illustrates the judicious mingling of these two sides of life as well as any, for despite what we may think of his political methods or of his present "progressive" political programme, he has been by turns soldier, cowboy, hunter, naturalist, police commissioner, Governor, Vice-President, and President, as well as student, historian, traveller, lecturer, and writer. Through a third of a century his varied activities have been a constant illustration of "the strenuous life," a phrase which he fittingly made the title of one of his earlier books. While few men have the immense physical energy of Roosevelt, yet all can admire his industry and in some measure emulate his example as student and reader.

I once heard Booker T. Washington, that high-idealed representative of the American negro race, say that every once in a while he liked to get out and dig in the garden and get his hand in actual contact with the moist warm earth, because then he felt that he was in touch with reality again. Such contact with the elemental acted as a tonic to him. We should never forget, then, when reading and thus trying to regale and satisfy the intellectual appetite, that the world of reality with all its stern relentless facts stands just beyond our doors. Outside with most of us lies our vocation; only inside can we pursue at leisure our avocation.

Why should we read? The question of the motive for writing poetry —and consequently, I suppose, for reading it—was settled by Horace in a single line. It should be written, he said, "either to instruct or to delight." Renaissance literary critics in Italy, and later on those in France and England, took up the same question and answered it now this way and now that. Horace's dictum, which seems a good one, does not, however, apply to poetry alone; it applies to reading in general. The only improvement one could suggest would be to change the alternative "or" to the copulative "and"—"to instruct *and* delight," for if proper care be exercised books can be so written, I take it, that they give pleasure while imparting knowledge. Any book to which, this revised Horatian touchstone cannot be applied had better remain unread, if one would preserve one's self-respect, dignity, and —temper!

Reading is undoubtedly the source of much enjoyment. The other day I heard a clergyman tell about a little boy, who, on returning from church after a missionary sermon followed by its logical sequel—a missionary collection—astonished his father by asking him if the heathen wore clothes. "No, my boy," he replied, "Why do you ask?" "Well," said the observant son, "I noticed you put a button on the collection plate!" Many of the heathen perhaps have little or no clothes; one may pity (or even envy) them, as one pleases, on account of it; but what is infinitely worse, one might say tragic in comparison, is that, lacking as they do the fruits of civilization, they are unable to appreciate the intellectual side of life, and hence are denied the luxury of those mental joys and pleasures which we so abundantly and yet often so undeservedly possess.

Through literature we can come into vital contact with the best minds which civilization has produced. "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," declared Milton. "Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library," Emerson once wrote in a notable passage. "A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom." Is it not something to have the master intellects of the world at your elbow to instruct, to warn, to counsel, to guide, to delight you? Reach thither thy hand and at thy will have St. Paul, St. Augustine, Shakespeare, Goethe, Carlyle, Tennyson commune with thee. Doubtless these and many other great worthies immensely enjoy each other's company as they rub shoulders on that shelf of thine—have many a grave philosophical discussion or crack many a sly joke, as the case may be. Pray, why not have them join thy society, teach thee the way of life, point out its sudden pitfalls, show thee the hidden depths of the human heart, or enliven thy daily pilgrimage with their sunny smile?

With some few people there is always a tendency to make a fetish of the printed page, to bow down to it and worship it as though it contained some divine oracle fresh from the mouth of the gods. No greater mistake, however, could possibly be made. We should read, as Bacon once said, "to weigh and consider." One need not—indeed cannot—believe all that one reads. All books contain ideas of some sort; they present certain ways of looking at things, certain doctrines or beliefs, some interpretation of life; while taken chronologically, they represent stages in the evolution of the world's thought.

Each individual is, however, entitled to his own opinion and to his own point of view. Gentle reader—and I use that good old phrase purposely, fully aware that Dr. Samuel Crothers, one of the foremost of contemporary American essayists, and other good men as well, have declared that the "gentle reader" has passed away and is now only a pleasing fiction, a fine superstition, a literary tradition—gentle reader, I ask you, "Is your point of view any better than mine, any loftier, any safer, any saner?" The answer to this question itself inevitably turns upon the point of view. That brilliant French essayist Montaigne as he sat there meditating in the quiet seclusion of his ancestral castle near Bordeaux, made much of the principle of relativity; and Walter Pater in his "Gaston de la Tour," in which he describes an imaginary visit of his hero to Montaigne, does well when he labels one of his chapters, "Suspended Judgment"—splendid phrase! All men look at life with its countless perplexities from at least slightly different angles, and therein lies what we call the personal equation. Who shall say which is right or whether, indeed, any is right? Perhaps all are right—only from different standpoints. Who knows?

Is Pacific time earlier or later than Eastern Standard time? When it is 6.00 a.m. in San Francisco, for instance, it is 9.00 a.m. in Boston; that is, at any given time it is three hours *earlier* in San Francisco than in Boston, for is not 6.00 a.m. earlier than 9.00 a.m.? On the other hand, Bostonians get the sun three hours sooner than do Californians; that is, the western day begins three hours *later* than does that in Boston. Are San Franciscans, then, earlier or later than Bostonians, or are they neither, or both? It all depends, you see, upon what you mean by "earlier" and "later"; in other words, upon the point of view.

Of books, then, it may be said that they often give us a new point of view, a chance to see life, or at all events cross-sections of life through other men's eyes and thus to compare

their ideas with our own as viewed from our particular angle. Such a comparison may either modify or substantiate our own previous conceptions. "How many a man," to quote Thoreau again, "has dated a new era in his life from the reading of a book!"

Reading is, of course, a capital means of self-improvement in other ways than those which I have already indicated. To some extent, for example, it may be made a substitute for travel; indeed, I know of more than one man who has made it a very effective substitute; but better still is it when used as both antecedent and supplement to travel. To prepare oneself thoroughly by carefully selected reading before going abroad is to give new zest to one's enjoyment. Inaccurate, defective, or insufficient information may be readily corrected or supplied by recourse to books.

It goes without saying that every man should have a library of his own, no matter how small or rudimentary, for it is not well to be under the constant necessity of relying on either a public or a university library for one's mental pabulum. In selecting one's books, however, one should not be like the man whom I once read about in *The Outlook* who, when he got enough means, provided himself with hundreds of "dummy" volumes which he placed behind carefully locked glass doors. Longfellow called books "sepulchres of thought," but such volumes of these were only sepulchres of deception and monuments of folly.

Fortunately books are now so cheap that no longer is a select and comprehensive library incompatible with a shallow purse. Most of the masterpieces, the classics of literature—books which Lowell said are "always new and incapable of growing old"—are now easily available in cheap editions and in good translations, so that one may secure at relatively small cost a collection of books which will be at once varied, extensive, and suited to any taste. Is it history, or science, or politics, or philosophy, or *belles-lettres?* It makes little difference. There stands your library from which to pick and choose; only see that you pick and choose well. It is your Pierian spring—therefore drink deep! Thoreau loved to hoe his beans, but I like to indulge the fancy that he loved to read even better.

Some men accomplish an enormous amount of reading. One year I attended a lecture course in Comparative Literature given by one of Harvard's younger professors—an excellent scholar and penetrating literary critic, though only now in his middle forties—and was perfectly amazed at the breadth of his reading. No matter what writer was discussed my professor seemed to have a thorough knowledge of the man himself, his literary work, his relation to his contemporaries, and his influence on the general stream of literature—a knowledge which embraced English, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, American, and Russian literature, besides that of Greece and Rome. Sanskrit he knew at first hand. So far as I could discover that year the only author that he had not read—for he freely and smilingly admitted it one day—was Maxim Gorky! I think we could easily forgive him for Gorky. Sanskrit alone would easily atone for that!

Only the close student, the expert, the professional man of letters, of course, can hope for such vast intellectual achievements. At present, however, I have in mind not the scholarly *littérateur,* but rather persons in the ordinary walks of life who enjoy intellectual entertainment and the possession of knowledge of various kinds, and who can comfort themselves with the thought that in a matter of this kind quality counts quite as well as quantity. I am therefore addressing myself to them in the hope that they may more justly appreciate the advantages for wide and liberal reading which the present day

offers. I am attempting to recall them from the grosser and more material things to the more purely spiritual and cultural, to that side of life which the old *litterae humaniores* were intended to develop. Even with many college men, reading, I have found, is unfortunately already a lost art.

Americans have for a long time—and I fear all too justly—been charged with a gross materialism, with being too much taken up with temporal affairs — building sky-scrapers, constructing railroads, multiplying dollars; with neglecting the things of the spirit and letting the field of the intellect lie barren; in short, with what Matthew Arnold would call "Philistinism." Recent American writers, however, have been trying to explode this idea, repudiating it as a slanderous libel against their nation. A similar accusation will doubtless soon be made against Canadians—indeed its low rumble can already be heard along the horizon. A new country like our great Dominion, for instance, with its enormous natural resources and growing opportunities for commercial expansion, is peculiarly, constantly, and increasingly menaced by this danger of materialism, and to it, for a time at least, Canadians will doubtless succumb.

Reading aloud often doubles one's enjoyment of a book, for it allows a free discussion and interchange of ideas which are bound to prove profitable. It was thus I made my acquaintance with "A Tale of Two Cities." Last summer a friend read to me Bliss Perry's "Park Street Papers," a most delightful volume of essays by a most delightful writer. Longinus said—if I remember correctly—that true genius was shown in an author by his ability to see similarities and differences so vividly as to crystallize at a flash some idea into a clear crisp metaphor. The ex-editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* easily answers to this definition. Hamilton W. Mabie has well said of him that as a writer of the essay he preserves and continues "its best traditions of sanity of thought, humour, and soundness of forms."

But what shall I read? Ah, that is another question, for the saying, *de gustibus non disputandum,* is as true as it is old. Tastes vary with the individual. Perhaps you will have a small sirloin with onions while I prefer roast duck and potato. A hardy man indeed would he be who would write out *your* literary menu. Yet the late Lord Avebury, better known in the republic of letters as Sir John Lubbock, Lord Morley, Agnes Repplier, Stevenson, Henry Van Dyke, and scores of others have given counsel on the reading of books; various people have written—fatuously, of course — on "The Hundred Best Books"; and only seven years ago Dr. Charles W. Eliot, then president of Harvard, appeared before the public with his famous "five-foot bookshelf," replete with history, drama, art, biography, fiction, epic, saga, travel, poetry, science, and philosophy, the careful reading of which would in his opinion furnish anyone with a liberal and well-rounded education.

One often reads a book, it is true, on the recommendation of another. An Ontario doctor, who has a keen appreciation of literature, once strongly urged me to read Tolstoy's "Anna Karénina," saying that he thought it a marvellous book and its heroine one of the most lovable women in the whole realm of fiction. It is, indeed, what Ernest Rhys calls it—"a tragic masterpiece," though I shall here attempt no criticism of it. The wife of a University of Toronto professor recommended to me "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," the latest volume of the well-known English essayist, Arthur C. Benson, which recounts autobiographically a very remarkable psychological and religious experience. Another friend was so charmed with the sheer literary beauty of Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son," a book of biographical recollections, that I followed his advice and got it

from a library. Delightfully written it certainly is; in somewhat the same fashion as Tourgénieff's volume with nearly the same title, "Fathers and Sons," it shows clearly the radical differences in opinion and belief that can spring up in so short a time as one generation, only the former is deeply religious in tone while the latter is political and nihilistic. A fourth was so enthusiastic over the classic style of Goldwin Smith's "The United States: A Political History" and had read it with such evident gusto that I was persuaded to get that excellent and informing volume; while a fifth, an American lady in her eighty-fourth year, brought me the other day "The Dairy of Caroline C. Richards (1852-1872)," a real diary of a real girl, giving a vivid picture of village life in central New York half a century ago, and in its last pages pathetically touching on the Civil War—artlessly written, yet provoking many a smile with its abundant and all but unconscious humour.

In the final analysis, however, one must follow largely one's own predilection and choose his own reading. When Napoleon went on his Egyptian campaign he carried with him, if I remember aright, the Bible, Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," Goethe's "Werther," and MacPherson's "Ossian." Roosevelt's "pigskin library," which he took with him on his African expedition, included none of these except the Bible. Your library likewise will be quite different from mine; your sirloin and onions, metaphorically speaking, are perhaps history and philosophy, while my duck and potato may be biology and fiction. A young collegiate teacher—a grandnephew, by the way, of Thomas Carlyle—told me one day in Toronto that he had just been reading the first volume of Gibbon, and as he spoke, his face fairly beamed with delight; another friend handed me Horace Fletcher's "A.B.-Z. of Nutrition" with a similar glow of pleasure; while a third praised Meredith's "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" with all the exuberance of youth "because it is so much more than a mere novel."

What one reads will depend partly on one's age and sex. "Robinson Crusoe," "The Deerslayer," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Settlers in Canada," "Swiss Family Robinson," are healthful books for healthy boys —as good boys' books as were ever written. A similar list for girls might easily be named. One's reading also depends upon one's individual taste and temperament—often upon one's early literary training. One of the first Rhodes scholars from this side of the water once told me that he was just then reading Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and that he considered it the most interesting and most wonderful book that he had ever read. Strangely enough I had just finished reading it, although I could not altogether share his enthusiasm—great book as it undoubtedly is. This difference in opinion merely argued a difference in taste and temperament.

Antiquarians may with similar satisfaction pull down from their shelves the great epics of antiquity and of the Middle Ages—Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Virgil's "Æneid," the Sanskrit "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata," the Scandinavian "Eddas," the Anglo-Saxon "Béowulf," the German "Nibelungenlied," the French "Chanson de Roland," and the Spanish "Cid"; while the more curious may take delight in such diverse things as Dante's "New Life," the "Love Letters of Abelard and Héloïse," Cartier's "Voyages," or the famous fulminating "Counterblast" of King James.

One's mood at any given moment often determines one's choice of books. To-day one may want to read poetry, to-morrow history, the next day fiction, while next week nothing short of science or philosophy will answer. Yesterday I picked up Mabie's "American Ideals," a volume of selected addresses recently delivered in Japan,

attempting to interpret to the Japanese people the spirit of American democracy by a discussion on broad lines of her history, politics, literature, and art—a book full of interest and of penetrating insight, written with freshness, simplicity, and literary finish; to-day perhaps a play of Brieux's, or a novel of Dickens's engages my attention; to-morrow—ah, to-morrow—it may be something as luminously judicial as Carl Schurz's essay on "Abraham Lincoln," as socially daring as Ibsen's "Ghosts," or as whimsically philosophical as Voltaire's "Candide."

It is well, I think, to vary one's reading considerably, being careful, of course, to read only those books which are distinctly worth while, for everyone has a wide range from which to choose, and furthermore the average mind takes readily and naturally to anything that is of vital human interest. Terence put into the mouth of one of his characters: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me"—a sentiment which is as true of the individual now as when penned more than two thousand years ago. Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," Franklin's "Autobiography," Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," Macgowan's "Lights and Shadows of Chinese Life," Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit," Watson's "The Life of the Master," Eliot's "Silas Marner," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Bruce's "Scientific Mental Healing," Omar's "Rubaiyat," Jackson's "Fact of Conversion," Keller's "The World I Live In," Balzac's "Père Goriot," Perry's "The American Mind," Israel's "Rembrandt," Neilson's "Essentials of Poetry," Hugo's "Les Misérables," Schurman's "Agnosticism and Religion," Gibbon's "Memoirs," Howells's "Italian Journeys," Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," Byron's "Don Juan," Oman's "England in the Nineteenth Century"—with books as varied in character as these familiar titles suggest I have spent many pleasant and profitable hours. They are all human documents.

Fitchett's "Unrealized Logic of Religion," which a good friend counselled me to read, I found fascinating and spiritually helpful, though I have been told that it is not deeply philosophical forsooth! Jackson's "Studies in the Old Testament" is a popular presentation of the more scholarly attitude now taken toward the Scriptures. Begbie's "Twice-Born Men," which the author calls a "footnote" to William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," gives a dozen striking religious biographies of men reclaimed from the slums of London and furnishes an unanswerable argument to the truth of Christianity. These four books would make a valuable acquisition to the religious section of any man's library.

History is always entertaining as well as instructive, for it is, as Macaulay long ago pointed out, essentially biographical. American, Canadian, English, and continental histories have been written by scores of reputable historians. Histories of literature are illuminating as revealing the mental activity and mirroring the progressive life of a nation.

Historical novels serve a double purpose. They are valuable as history in so far as they accurately reconstruct and revivify the past; and as fiction in so far as they succeed in portraying human life against the given background. Hundreds of people have learned about different world epochs from precisely this source, just as many an Englishman has admittedly derived his knowledge of English history solely from reading the historical plays of Shakespeare. Unfortunately, however, some writers have taken such infinite pains to get a correct historical atmosphere in which to place their *dramatis personae* that they are actually handicapped by the sheer mass of historic detail, and consequently the story loses in interest.

To this class belongs "Romola." In it the author has so heavily embroidered her garment of fiction with the facts of history that it does not "set well." As historical novels, Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," Scott's "Kenilworth," Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" have perhaps never been surpassed.

In poetry we can have as constant companions Shakespeare, Keats, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, and dozens of others of various times and races. Biography offers an exceedingly tempting field; so also does the drama. Science, philosophy, essays, and books of travel likewise make their special appeal.

The literature of prose fiction is very extensive as well as very inviting. One should guard, however, against reading too many novels. Some years ago, for example, I read nothing but fiction during all of one winter. A little later when I took up a volume of heavier reading called "Egyptian Fellahs and Explorers," by Amelia B. Edwards, a novelist who latterly turned Egyptologist, I found it quite impossible—instructive and charmingly written as it subsequently proved to be. We are, I think, all too prone to read fiction, and especially the latest book, the "best seller." Some months ago I had a letter from a lady nearly eighty years of age and she (bless her heart!) was quoting "Pollyanna" and its "glad" philosophy to me. Most modern novels, however, are of but indifferent quality and do not bear the marks of greatness. Let us lay down "Laddie" and "The Broken Halo" and take up a classic, a real masterpiece. Exeunt Stratton-Porter and Barclay; enter Eliot and Thackeray!

But there are books and books—and one must discriminate. The author of "Oliver Twist" never uttered truer words than when he wrote in that novel that "there are books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts." When Bacon declared that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," he might well have added "some are to be entirely eschewed," for unquestionably many have been written which should forever remain unopened. Some instil into the youthful mind false ideas of heroism and are all too often an exciting cause in promoting criminality; some, while professing a high motive, make their inflammatory appeal with brutal frankness to the baser human instincts and passions; some present life in its ugliest and most forbidding aspects and foster a tendency to morbidity; while others stimulate wrong ideals and set up false social, moral, and ethical standards. Such books are dangerous; they should never be read; they lack the essential quality of good literature; they are what the genial Charles Lamb would call "books which are no books."

Last summer a friend was paddling me along the shore of one of the Muskoka Lakes, when suddenly on running into a little cove, she spied a canoe lying in four feet of water. The melancholy thoughts associated with a sunken canoe were so suggestively unpleasant and gruesome that she could never be persuaded to go near the place again. To many readers the name of Zola is similarly unattractive and even repellent; it suggests the harsh, the sinister, the ugly, the repulsive. Zola's frantic effort to mirror "life" in literature furnishes the classical illustration of the extreme limits to which realism and naturalism may be pushed.

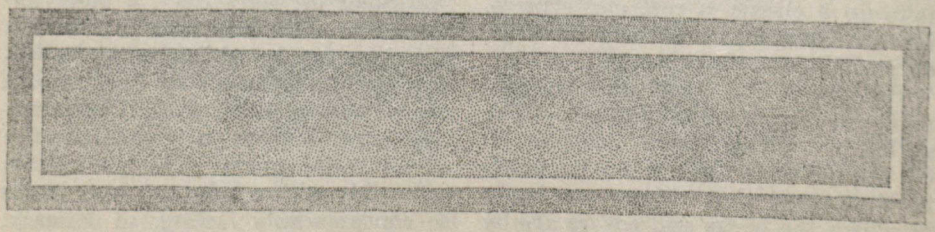
I remember reading not long ago "A Song of Sixpence," a story intended to show how unsatisfactory a marriage can be which has as its motive and justification not love but an overpowering ambition and unfaltering determination to rise to the top of the social spiral. Though written ostensibly with a lofty purpose, it was so conspicuously lacking in delicacy, grace, and beauty, so devoid of every

literary excellence, that when I took up my next book, a novel of George Eliot's, I felt the atmosphere completely changed. "Here is real literature," I said to myself, "for it shows everywhere the work of the accomplished literary artist." It was like suddenly emerging from a malarial swamp and breathing once more the air of heaven. I was on solid ground again, having "the firm earth beneath my feet, and overhead the sky."

The chief trouble with all of us, however, is that the daily duties and activities of our modern world, with its rush and whirl and ceaseless clatter, are usually so pressing and exacting that they leave little time for the cultivation of the mind. Your professional man, your city-dweller, throws down his napkin before his wife and children are half through breakfast, dashes off to his office, spends a busy day, and hurries home for dinner at half-past six. Political, church, and club meetings, together with professional and social engagements, conspire to rob him of many evenings which otherwise he would gladly spend quietly at home with his family. To such a man reading would be welcomed as an agreeable and profitable relaxation; by thus renewing his mind and spirit, it would fit him for the insistent demands of the morrow. In making us forget ourselves for the moment, it acts as a tonic and restorative.

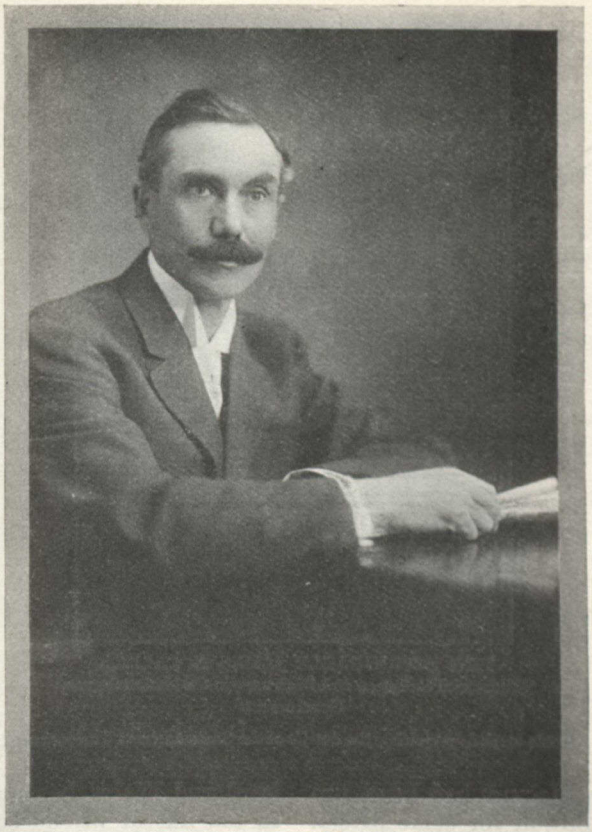
To cultivate an acquaintance with books is to widen the circle of one's friends. Moreover, as Macaulay has well observed, "these friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened and dissolved." On the contrary, they are a daily solace and inspiration. They minister to the spirit; they aid in answering those questions which are constantly and universally springing up from the depths of our human nature; they enable us to look at life from some new coign of vantage, to interpret it more clearly, to give it fresh significance—in a word, "to see life steadily and see it whole," to change slightly Matthew Arnold's fine phrase. For after all our true task, as Barrett Wendell wisely remarks in his "Mystery of Education," is not one of accumulating facts, but of synthesizing them—a task of philosophy. The reading of good literature gives us a complete change of atmosphere, greatly broadens our intellectual horizon, enriches the mind, stirs the pulse, quickens the emotions, enlarges the sympathies, kindles noble aspirations, and by so doing adds immeasurably to the enjoyment and meaning of life.

Sir William Temple's quotation from a Spanish writer is singularly appropriate. "I shall conclude," he wrote in a charming essay published towards the close of the seventeenth century, "with a saying of Alphonsus Surnamed the Wise, King of Aragon, *that among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the course of their lives, all the rest are bawbles, besides old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.*"



ST. THOMAS
HARBOUR

From the Painting
by Franklin Brownell,
in the National
Art Gallery of Canada



THE HONOURABLE WALTER SCOTT
Premier of Saskatchewan

Whose Government was the first in Canada to assume the responsibility of Abolishing the Hotel Bar.

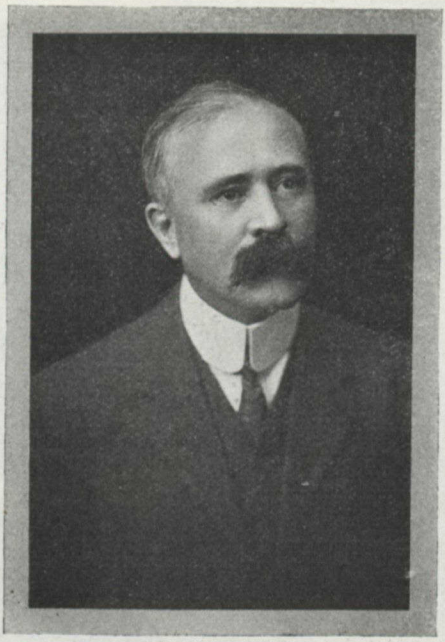
WESTERN CANADA GOING DRY

IN SASKATCHEWAN THE HOTEL BAR HAS GONE—IN ALBERTA IT WILL GO ON 30TH JUNE, 1916—MANITOBA WILL TAKE THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT

BY A. VERNON THOMAS

SASKATCHEWAN and Alberta are to-day the amazing twins of the Canadian family of Provinces. They are twins because they were born on the same day. They are amazing because they have suddenly and quietly accomplished what other Provinces have long talked about without accomplishing. They have given the liquor traffic notice in writing to quit. In the case of Saskatchewan the writing took the form of a legislative statute, written by the people's representatives. In the case of Alberta the people themselves did the writing by marking ballot-papers "Yes" or "No", but "Yes" by a huge majority.

On the point of accuracy someone will object, and rightly so, that



THE HONOURABLE JAMES A. CALDER
Minister of Railways and Highways in the Saskatchewan Government

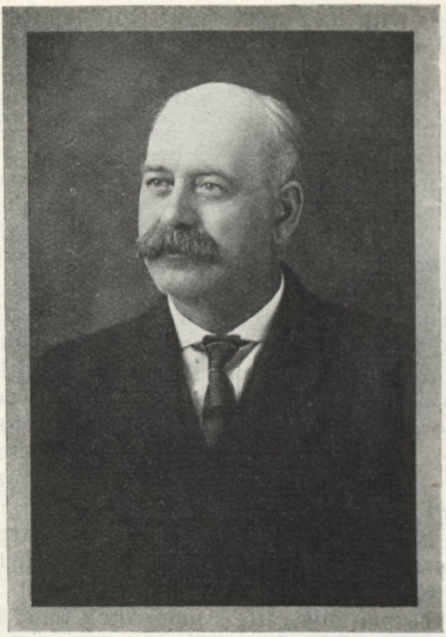
Who did a notable work in preparing the details of the Saskatchewan Temperance Legislation

Prince Edward Island has been under total prohibition for some fifteen years, and that Prince Edward Island is a Canadian Province. Of course, it is, and we are all proud of it. But with due deference to the feelings of the Islanders, prohibition in an area one-twenty-fifth the size of England and Wales is not the same thing as prohibition in Alberta, a Province five times the size of England and Wales, larger than Germany or France, and nearly as large as Germany and France together.

In passing, the honest chronicler must say that prohibition in Prince Edward Island has been far from satisfactory to those who were instrumental in bringing it about. However, better administration of the law is promised. Nova Scotia, little more than one-third the size of England and Wales, is under total prohibition, with the exception of Halifax, its chief and capital city. New Brunswick, less than half as big as England and Wales, has total prohibition in ten out of fifteen counties and in two out of three cities, as well as in some smaller jurisdictions.

The Province of Quebec has 859 out of a total of 1,168 parishes under total prohibition. Ontario has 535 "dry" municipalities out of the 842 municipalities comprising the Province. Manitoba has fifty-one out of 154 municipalities under local option, but Portage la Prairie, with some 6,000 inhabitants, is the largest urban municipality in Manitoba under prohibition, and this dates only from June 30th last.

Saskatchewan and Alberta did nothing with their local option law that is worth mentioning. There may have been more than one cause for this, but the chief cause, at any rate, was local jealousy or rivalry. That is to say, one city or town did not wish to go "dry" if its rival was to remain "wet". Some years ago all the Saskatchewan cities voted on local



THE HONOURABLE GEORGE BELL
Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan

Who says: "The Hotel Bar is the scientific method of selling the maximum amount of Intoxicating Liquor"

option and Moose Jaw went "dry". It was very much disconcerted, however, to find that its neighbour and keen rival, Regina, had remained "wet". So Moose Jaw immediately began an intrigue to get its local option by-law quashed and wasn't happy till it succeeded in doing so. British Columbia, in regard to temperance legislation, is the Cinderella of the Canadian Provinces. It has no local option law and no "dry" territory.

Such was the position in Canada prior to the recent drastic action of two of the Prairie Provinces. It had taken long and wearisome effort on the part of the temperance forces to achieve this much—wearisome political campaigns, wearisome political promises, wearisome political performances. Canadian politicians have habitually flouted the temperance vote as negligible, if not mythical. They have always assumed—and with appalling justification—that the temperance voter, while not loving temperance less, loves party more. Will Irwin's dictum that the rural citizens of South Carolina combined a purely theological loathing for the demon rum with a purely personal liking for liquor has its counterpart in Canada in a purely personal preference for party.

It is the war that has changed the popular temper towards the liquor traffic. It is the war that has moved many things, long held to be undesirable, if not impossible, into the realm of desirabilities and possibilities. Well for the war that it has done this much. Temperance reform was in a vastly different position in August, 1914, from what it was in July. Russian vodka and French absinthe were bundled unceremoniously out of the national life of Russia and France. Germany, whatever else may be said of her, never had a temperance problem, at least not as far as intoxicating liquor was con-

cerned. Intoxication with her was of another kind and came from another source.

Only in England did Bung struggle successfully. Only of England was it to be said that a statesman, who had to his credit more concrete achievement in social reform than any other statesman of modern times, had to sheathe his sword when Bung stood sullenly in his path. The Dean of Canterbury, highly placed in the established church of his native land, told England that, Germany or no Germany, he couldn't do without, and didn't intend to do without, his glass of liquor.

More happy, in this respect at least, the Provinces of Canada! While we still put up with certain economic evils unknown in the motherland, the liquor traffic has with us no such octopus-hold upon the national life as is the case in the United Kingdom. It is not, thank Heaven, so interwoven with our social fibre as to afford a parallel for the Dean of Canterbury's ultimatum to his countrymen all.

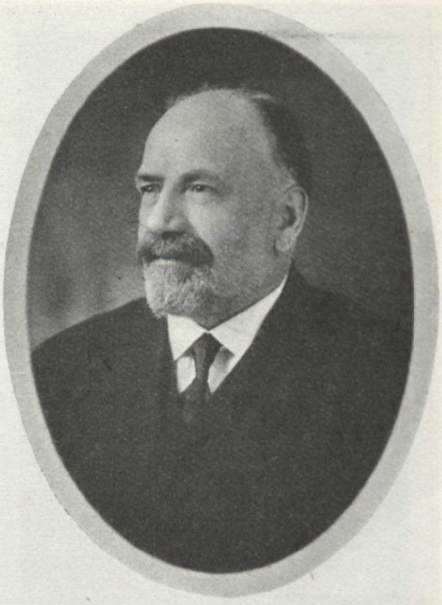
But to return to our amazing twins, the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. On March 18th last Premier Walter Scott, of Saskatchewan, announced at the little town of Oxbow, in the southeast corner of the Province, that his Government had decided to abolish every hotel bar and every club licence in Saskatchewan, take the bottle trade in liquor entirely out of private hands and establish in its place a system of public dispensaries.

This announcement was so clear, so definite and withal so sudden that Canada read it at breakfast on the morning of March 19th thrilled and breathless. Premier Scott has kept his word. The Provincial Legislature met on May 10th and prorogued on June 24th. Between those dates it passed two temperance bills, which had been prepared with infinite pains and which were discussed from every angle. On June 30th, three and a half months after Premier Scott's announcement, 405 hotel bars, seven club licences, and thirty-eight wholesale licences went out of existence in Saskatchewan. The thing was done. More than the temperance party of Saskatchewan had asked for or hoped for had come about.

In place of 450 privately-controlled establishments for the sale of liquor there are now in Saskatchewan twenty-three Government-managed and Government-controlled dispensaries. The legislation provides for a possible maximum of eighty of such public liquor stores. But the establishment and also the closing of these stores is to be subject to the popular vote, the whole Province being divided for this purpose into sixty-seven liquor store districts. In Premier Scott's opinion there will never be more than some forty of these public liquor stores in existence.

In inaugurating this system of public dispensaries, to take the place of the privately-owned stores, the Scott Government has proceeded with the utmost caution. Following its invariable custom the Government got what first-hand information it could as to the working of such a system. It sent a commission, consisting of two men, one of whom was a prominent business man of Regina, and the other a college professor, a first-rate political economist, to South Carolina to study the liquor dispensary system which has been in force there for about twenty years. The commission's report is a very interesting document. It goes fully into the South Carolina system and does not fail to emphasize its weaknesses and shortcomings.

These weaknesses and shortcomings the Scott Government has made an honest effort to avoid. The whole provincial dispensary system has been placed under the management of one man, who can be removed only by vote of the Legislature. He does all the purchasing for the system. If anything goes wrong he is responsible. There is also a Director of Pro-



THE HONOURABLE GEORGE LANGLEY
Minister of Public Affairs for Saskatchewan

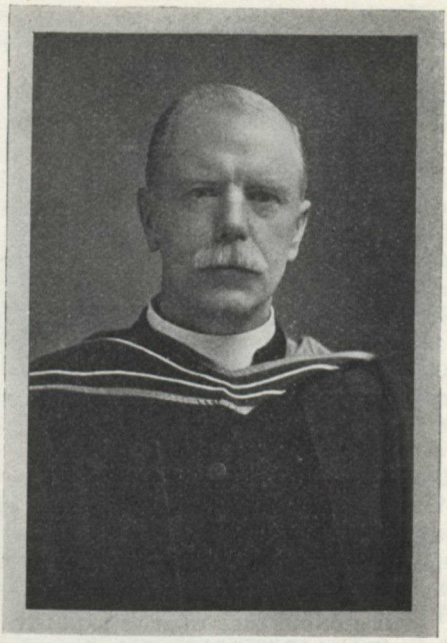
Who says: "The Bar has a slimy trail leading up to it and a slimy trail leading away from it"

secutions for the whole of Saskatchewan, and each dispensary district has a special magistrate before whom all liquor cases must be heard. For every offence the law prescribes a maximum and a minimum penalty, so that nominal punishments are not possible. The Provincial Auditor is made responsible for the accounting of the system.

No newspaper advertising of liquor is allowed in the Province under the new legislation. No manager or employee of a dispensary has any interest in the number or amount of sales. No mirrors are allowed in the stores and no display of any kind. The interior must be visible from the street. Sales can only be made in sealed packages of recognized brands, and for cash. The dispensary hours are from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. These are examples of the restrictions imposed and the precautions taken, but they by no means exhaust the list.

The experience of two cities since the legislation came into force may be cited. In Regina thirteen hotel bars or club licences and five wholesale stores have given place to two public dispensaries. One of these is being managed by a life-long temperance worker, who undertook the task at the request of the Provincial director of the system. The director satisfied him that to manage a dispensary in the spirit of the Act would be an opportunity to serve the public. In Saskatoon, where there were prior to July 1st seventeen licenced places for the sale of liquor, there are now two public dispensaries. One of these is managed by a prominent Presbyterian, who also was persuaded to accept the position with a view to seeing that the provisions of the Act were faithfully carried out.

An integral portion of the Scott Government's temperance policy was "An Act respecting Hotels and other Places of Public Accommodation." This piece of legislation embodies a vast amount of forethought in regard to the changed position of hotels, par-



ARCHDEACON G. E. LLOYD, OF SASKATOON

Who led the fight for a Barless Saskatchewan and who predicts that the people will soon be as proud of their Hotels as they are of their Schools

ticularly in the villages and smaller towns, with the bars eliminated. Provision has been made for temporary municipal and provincial assistance to hotels in these small places, to tide them over the difficult period of readjustment. Under the Hotel Act permanent municipal assistance can also be given to hotels towards the maintenance of rest and reading-rooms and for travelling libraries. Permission is given to municipalities to go into the hotel business if they choose to do so.

In explaining the Hotel Act in the Legislature, the Honourable J. A. Calder said: "We are breaking new ground. This is the first piece of drastic social legislation passed by the Scott Government. In future the hotels of Saskatchewan will be places of rest, recreation, and entertainment for our people. In future our farmers' wives and children will not need to wait in a store or loiter on the street while the farmer does his business. As things are they will not go to the hotel, and everyone knows why."

At the first December municipal elections following the end of the war, but not before December, 1916, the provincial electors are to say by means of a referendum whether the bars shall be revived. In December, 1919, they are to say, in the same way, whether the public dispensary system shall continue or go out of business. In the meantime, as already stated, the municipal electors in the sixty-seven dispensary districts will have opportunities to say whether their local dispensaries shall continue, or, on the other hand, whether a dispensary shall be established where one was not in existence.

In the Province of Alberta total prohibition is coming about in a way entirely different from that followed by Saskatchewan in abolishing its bars. The temperance party of Alberta has been the first organized body to utilize the direct legislation law passed by the Alberta Legislature

MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG
Canadian Author

Who stumped Alberta and Manitoba for Total Prohibition in the Referendum Fight

two or three years ago. The temperance party fulfilled the condition of this law—a most mild one from the direct legislationist's standpoint—and achieved the immense success of carrying total prohibition by some 20,000 votes out of a total vote of about 80,000. Prohibition, however, is not to come into force till July 1st, 1916. In the meantime the Alberta Legislature will doubtless make some provision for the changed economic position of hotels in smaller places.

If my own humble opinion as to the respective merits of the Saskatchewan and Alberta procedure in regard to bringing about these drastic changes is of any interest to anyone, I say quite definitely that I prefer a thousand times the Alberta method. And in saying this I have a lively appreciation of the courage of the Scott Government and of its political instinct in abolishing the bars in the efficient and expeditious manner in which they were abolished.

I am also prepared to admit that a referendum in Saskatchewan would have shown an overwhelming majority for the Scott Government's temperance legislation, and very probably the people would have accepted total prohibition with as large a majority as did the people of Alberta. I go even further and say that I have some contempt for those opponents of the Scott policy who suddenly discovered themselves to be staunch democrats and demanded that the legislation be submitted to the people before it went into force. For the majority of these objectors had never before in their lives had a democratic spasm or drawn a democratic breath.

What so greatly appeals to me in the Alberta method is that this question of total prohibition was debated by the people of Alberta from one end of the Province to the other. It was discussed by farmers over their fences or on the road allowance, by

travellers in trains, by guests in hotels, and on all the highways and byways of the Province. It was discussed by every family at many mealtimes, by every high school, by every college, by every church organization, and, in fact, by *every* organization. Hundreds of people who never before had taken an interest in social legislation must have been provoked or stimulated to ask the question: "What's this bill everyone's talking about?" And I see in the asking of that question a greater promise for honest and good government in Canada than I see in any other direction.

Few Canadian governments have shown the courage, inspiration, sagacity—call it what you will—which the Saskatchewan Government showed when it assumed the responsibility of abolishing the bars and taking over the rest of the liquor traffic. In 1911 the Government of Manitoba was petitioned by 20,000 electors to do what? Not to banish the bars or enact prohibition, but merely to take a referendum on the question of abolishing the bars. This request was year by year steadily refused. The new Liberal Government is pledged to take a referendum on total prohibition after the next session of the Legislature. Unless all signs fail that is the way in which drastic temperance reform will come about in Manitoba. All things considered it is surely healthier that the responsibility for a great moral and social change should rest upon the shoulders of the people themselves.

Let it not be inferred that no temperance missionary work was done in Saskatchewan. This review is woefully incomplete if it fails to mention the splendid zeal of the leader of the Saskatchewan temperance forces, Archdeacon Lloyd, principal of Emmanuel College, Saskatoon. When an English Anglican parson takes his coat off, rolls up his sleeves, and takes the stump in a popular fight, he is hard to beat.

I heard Archdeacon Lloyd for the first and only time in my life on a Sunday afternoon in the Regina city hall. The temperance bills were then before the Legislature. I went with a certain prejudice against him because of some utterances on another public question. But Archdeacon Lloyd's obvious sincerity on the temperance question and his noble enthusiasm quite captivated me and I put on the collection plate a larger coin than I had ever intended to.

As a sample of the Archdeacon's forceful figures of speech may be cited his description of the bar-room as the diseased appendix of the hotel, which had to be cut out before the hotel could become a healthy organism. With almost wicked delight in his eye Archdeacon Lloyd told his audience that he had arranged to tour England later in the year and that he dearly wanted to rub it in to his Anglican brethren there that Saskatchewan was fifty years ahead of England in temperance reform.

But most of all I liked Archdeacon Lloyd's portrayal of the bar-less hotel. Wherever he went, he said, the people insisted on showing him their school-house, but they never insisted upon his seeing the hotel. Yet the time was fast coming, declared the Archdeacon, when the people would be just an anxious to show him their hotel as to show him their school-house. His vision of the hotel under the new dispensation was a quiet and homelike place, abounding with restful, artistic, and literary suggestions. It was to contain above all things a reading-room and a library.

Archdeacon Lloyd's vision takes concrete form in the Scott Government's legislation, which is nothing less than a social revolution. That unchanging human nature of which some people still sagely talk is changing to-day in Saskatchewan before our eyes. The children of the next generation will know little or nothing of the brutish beastliness which their mothers had to put up with at the hands of weak and selfish men.

CHRIST AND SOCRATES

BY R. GOLDWIN SMITH

CHRIST.

"Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment? . . . But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—According to St. Matthew.

SOCRATES.

"I have told you to take no care either for the body or for riches prior to or so much as for the soul, how it may be made most perfect, telling you that virtue does not spring from riches but riches and all other human blessings, both private and public, from virtue."—According to Plato.

SOCRATES lived and did his work among men four hundred years before the advent of Christ. The twin peoples, Greece and Israel, bordering on the same Midland Sea, developed their own peculiar world-gifts, each for the most part unconscious of the other. It was not until the Apostolic and post-Apostolic days that the course of the blended mystic stream of Greek and Persian thought was turned to feed the limpid river of Hebrew-Christian religion. It may be taken as certain that Christ never so much as heard of Socrates or his work.

Socrates was the idol of sincere men in Athens, while he was hated and condemned to death by those in authority. Christ was the adored of the true and just in Jerusalem, even while he was despised and delivered for crucifixion by both the temporal and spiritual masters of Judea. Striking as is the similarity of their experiences in the days of their flesh, however, the close identity of their standpoints in life, as handed down to us by their respective disciples, is even more worthy of comment. These two commanding personalities, setting aside all the superficial emoluments of this life, rallied the youth of their day to the standard of sincerity, and led them far on the highway to the perfect life.

The two quotations that head this article are selected from a number of others that are strikingly parallel. The first is an abstract from the defence of Socrates at his trial, when he was condemned to death in Athens in 399 B.C. Being falsely accused of various things, he set forth in terse but vivid paragraphs his philosophy of life, his care for humanity, his belief in the deity, and his hope of immortality. The second is an abstract from "Christ's "Serman on the Mount," in which the reader is given a digest of Jesus's outstanding teachings. As a matter of fact, these two quotations, and various others, might be interchanged without robbing either speaker.

Despite the fact that ingenious Christian philosophers of the early Christian era to a great extent overshadowed Christ's teachings with their own speculative theories, to which, unfortunately, the modern orthodox churches have become heirs,

the youth of the English-speaking world is fairly familiar with the Christianity of Christ. He has read his Bible as well as his Catechism. This is fortunate, because the latter is strongly adulterated with Greek and Persian philosophy. The Beatitudes, the arraignment against sham-religion, the heroics of loving your enemies, and of unostentatious service, of being above all else sincere, these teachings of Christ are known. Socrates, however, is not known, except by students. Because of the close identity of his life and teachings with Christ's, if for nothing else, he should be known and revered.

Socrates when condemned to death was over seventy years old. He had a chequered career. In early manhood he had been a soldier. Socrates was almost a giant in frame, and if his busts, shown in our public places, are a true indication, he was decidedly homely.

Stories are told of his camp and barracks life, when in revelry he could easily handle three men in a "bout." He could also drink the whole assemblage under the table, remaining himself apparently immune to the usual immediate effects of such excess. So far his life was entirely different from that of the Galilean, whose youthful steps were ever in the ways of piety. Throughout Socrates's military career, however, the seeds of greatness were springing. He would not do injustice to a fellow man, even when commanded to do so by his superior officers, by the Democracy, or later by the Hierarchy. More than once he risked his commission and his life by refusing to despoil a fellow citizen in order to enrich himself and those in authority.

Later in life a change came over him. As a result of a process of introspection, he saw the folly of his wild soldier life. The soldier gradually gave place to the philosopher. From then forward he lived a just man, giving himself up wholly to service, not of the state as an institution, for it was rotten, but to the individuals that constituted the state. He turned his attention to the young men, hoping thereby to rear a generation of just men, who would themselves evolve a righteous government.

Socrates was married and had children. The philosopher must have been a trial to his wife sometimes. It is recorded of him that one day on his way home to dinner he became engrossed in following out one of his problems, with a perspicuity that made him the terror of the sophists. He stood, as was his wont, stock still on the street for hours in one place without moving a muscle. Meanwhile the dinner prepared for him by his careful wife was spoiled and when he arrived he was sorely taken to task.

Even our kindergarten teachers have adopted the Socratic method in developing the consciousness of the child, a process of questioning, by which the child is made to think and discover for itself. In Socrates the method was hated, because he used it against the sophists and others, who, while they knew very little about anything, thought they knew all. They resented disillusion. In the famous dialogues of Socrates, edited and greatly elaborated upon by his beloved disciple Plato, the pseudo-philosophers of his day were made to appear ludicrous. In his day Socrates was proclaimed to be the wisest man, and he was anxious to discover if this was true. After long investigation, in which he catechized every reputed wise man he met, he finally concluded that he was the wisest man, because while he knew very little about anything, he was aware of it, and in the latter respect he stood alone. It was out of this experience that his famous maxim, "Know thyself," has been handed down to us. Socrates thought this the beginning of wisdom.

Adhering to his humble and conscientious vocation, however, Socrates was courting death, and he knew it. During his trial speech he compared himself to a gadfly and Athens to a

well-bred but lazy horse, which it was his duty to rouse from indolent content, even at his own expense. That the horse would endeavour to kill the gadfly he expected. This gadfly bit deeply, too. Probably no group of men were more similar, in position and their general attitude, to the Scribes and the Pharisees of Christ's day than the rulers of Athens in the time of Socrates. They were hypocrites, they were unjust, they were "whited sepulchres," but above all they were self-deluded. The arraignments of Socrates against them were almost as severe as Christ's notable condemnation of the Scribes and Pharisees, found in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew.

This Athenian hierarchy had its hold on the helm of state. It had assumed an authority over an incompetent people that had not been invested upon it. Those glorious days were long past when every Greek was a statesman. Retrogression, the offspring of enervation, had set in. The people had become a mob, and a demagogue could sway them. Only a few years after the legal murder of Socrates, their fickle passions were roused against Aristides, "The Just," and he became an exile.

The day came when the "Scribes and Pharisees" of Athens dare wait no longer. This man, Socrates, was undermining their authority. Just as the rulers of Jerusalem feared Christ, they began to take Socrates seriously. They conferred and spoke thus, to borrow from the Bible: "If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him. . . . Then from that day forth they took council together for to put him to death."

The trial of Socrates was as great a mockery as that of Christ. Socrates had the foresight to know that he was already sentenced in the hearts of his judges and accusers. His defence, therefore, was brief and principally for another purpose than to save his life. He did not endeavour to conciliate his judges. Never in his dialogues with the Sophists had his thrusts gone so deep, nor was his sarcasm so keen. His defence was virtually his "Sermon on the mount". He wanted once more to drive home his principles of life. He was hated just as Christ was hated afterwards, because he stood for sincerity in opposition to hypocrites, and they had the power to put him to death.

The charges brought against Socrates were three in number:

1. Socrates, a wise man, occupies himself about celestial matters and has explored everything under the earth, and makes the worse appear the better reason.

2. Socrates does not believe in the gods.

3. Socrates corrupts the youth of Athens.

Answering the first indictment, Socrates denied it flatly, and called for witnesses to prove that he had ever interested himself or mentioned these things in his discourses. No one spoke. Then he pointed out that the indictments No. 1 and No. 2 were contradictory, because, he said, he could not busy himself about divine things if there was to his mind no divine being concerning whose matters he was accused of interesting himself.

Answering the second charge he proclaimed and proved his belief in the deity. It was in obedience to the deity that he had spent his life seeking out a wiser man than himself.

Answering the third charge, Socrates called upon any who had heard him discourse, or a friend of these, to confirm the accusation. No one spoke. The three indictments stood bald and entirely unsubstantiated. Then Socrates told his accusers to their faces before the assembled court that their enmity was the father of their charges and that that would condemn him and not any guilt on his part.

Socrates devoted the rest of his time to a reflective discourse of the *summum bonum* of life, the prospect of death, and the folly of fearing it.

The thing to be anxious about, he declared, is not death, but whether a man is just or unjust. He confessed that he had no competent knowledge of the things of Hades. "But," he said, "to act unjustly and to disobey my superior, whether God or man, I know is evil and base. I would be foolish, therefore, to be base rather than enter upon the unknown which might be blessed. I cannot cease to pursue my present course of life. It would be disobeying the deity, a divine spiritual influence, who has prompted me and led me. I am ready to die. It is not possible to be long safe, who sincerely opposes your course of injustice."

Then followed one of Socrates's sublime speeches, which was a foretaste of Christ: "O Athenians, I honour and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you, and so long as I breathe and am able I shall not cease studying philosophy and exhorting you and warning anyone of you I may happen to meet, saying as I have been accustomed to say, 'O best of men, seeing you are an Athenian, of a city the most powerful and renowned for wisdom and strength, are you not ashamed of being careful for riches, how you may acquire them in greatest abundance, and for glory and honour, but care not nor take any thought for wisdom and truth and for your soul, how it may be made most perfect?'" For teaching these things Socrates was put to death. How parallel this was to the position of Christ. Could Christ, too, not have saved himself by renouncing his gospel? How like the experience of Christ throughout those ministering years, which led inevitably to the Cross. Could not Christ have saved himself and acquired worldly gifts by becoming a Pharisee?

Some would plead for mercy, Socrates pointed out. This would be wrong, because it would be an admission of the possibility of favouritism in one who was the representative of justice. It would be dishonourable.

Socrates believed he had been especially sent by the deity. Note once more the similarity between Socrates and Christ in the consciousness of a divine vocation. "That I am a person," he said, "who has been sent by the deity to this city, you may discern from hence, for it is not like the ordinary conduct of men that I should have neglected all my own affairs and suffered my private interests to be neglected for so many years, and that I should constantly attend to your concerns, addressing myself to each of you separately, like a father or elder brother, persuading you to the pursuit of virtue."

At the close of his defence, Socrates was pronounced guilty by a majority of voices. At that he half humorously passed a verdict on himself, claiming that for his services he should be maintained in comfort for the remainder of his life at the expense of the state. The judges then passed sentence of death on him.

Socrates after warning his condemners that they would in the nature of things receive due punishment for their injustice, turned in a friendly way to those who had voted for his acquittal. To them he proclaimed his convincing belief in immortality. He argued that because the divine voice within him, which had hitherto always led or restrained him, had not forbidden him to take his present stand, what had befallen him appeared a blessing. "Death," said he, "cannot be an evil. We may conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing, for to die is one of two things, annihilation (having no sensation), or it is the passage of the soul from one place to another. If annihilation, it would be like a sound, dreamless sleep; and what in memory has been sweeter than a night of dreamless sleep? If removal to another place, where the dead have gone, what greater blessing could there be than this, for it would be release from unjust judges into the hands of just judges. At what price," he continu-

ed, "would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus, Musaeus, Hesiod, and Homer? I should be willing to die often if this be true." Then Socrates added with sublime humour: "But the greatest pleasure of all would be to spend my days in questioning and examining the people there, as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise and who fancies himself wise but is not."

"You, therefore, O my (true) judges," he proceeded, "ought to be entertaining good hopes with regard to death and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil neither while living nor while dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. What has happened to me is better for me." Then came a touch almost as pure as one of the seven words from the Cross. Socrates told them that he bore no resentment towards those who condemned him, because they had inadvertently condemned him to happiness. "But," he closed, "it is now time to depart, for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to everyone but God."

Such was Socrates, or as much of him as space will allow, when he was about to pass into the unknown. He approached his fate with a serenity that comamnds veneration. His life and death were the vindication of his own words that the just man has nothing to fear in life or death. For some time after his trial, Socrates, in his prison cell, continued to discourse with his visitors. According to custom, he was granted the privilege of taking his own life by drinking hemlock. He did this without flinching.

In this man there was the serenity of Christ. To him the voice of conscience was the "Spirit of Truth," and he gave his life rather than renounce it. He conceived himself the embassy of Heaven sent to persuade men to the pursuit of virtue. Array all dogmas and doctrines and metaphysics against such a consciousness, and they are as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The teaching of Socrates was a foretaste of the Gospel. The primal question with both Socrates and Christ was not found in any particular belief, but in sincerity. Neither the Athenasian Creed, the Nicean Creed, nor the Westminster Confession sprang from Christ. The theory of his divine birth was not a product of his own mind, but of other men, and was due to a debased conception of human nature. In spite of the recorded words of Christ at the Last Supper, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins," the most truly representative theologians of this day have born witness that Christ could not have entertained the thought that his death was a propitiation for sin. Even James Denney breaks from orthodoxy in explaining away the alleged propitiatory aspect of Christ's death, in his "Studies in Theology," while he clings to the terminology. A professor in systematic theology, in commencing a course of lectures, quoted from II. Corinthians, 5-19, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," and he said, "That text is the motive centre of the Christian ministry". The principle of that text is a direct contradiction of the principle of propitiation. Indeed, few theologians will come out straightforward and say, "I believe that Christ paid the price demanded by God," which is the root idea of the word propitiation. They are too sincere. They would be ashamed of such a doctrine, because it is a heritage from heathenism, when human sacrifice was instituted to appease the deity.

Christ had far other matters to concern him than metaphysics. He was calling upon men to be sincere, to love one another, to seek righteousness. Nor was the idealism found in Plato's writings the product of Socrates; it was his own. The latter denied that he dealt with these matters. Both

Socrates and Christ were seeking truth, not *a* truth.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate of Christ, as though it were something absolutely outside a man, or an idea. How clearly both Socrates and Christ recognized that truth is not a thing or an idea, but a state of mind, an attitude of sincerity towards everything and every idea. One must accustom oneself to the fact that no man is infallible, neither Paul nor Peter, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, nor are the early Church Fathers infallible. The student must accept from them what appeals to his judgment. The learned Christian may enjoy in a marvellous degree the highly speculative metaphysics that religion offers to the imagination. It is refreshing to discover, however, that Christ had no creed, as Socrates had no metaphysics. This is the reason why the humblest citizen may be a Christian in the purest sense of the word, because in his circumscribed round of life he can adopt as sincere an attitude as those invested with Imperial authority or ecclesiastical prerogatives.

There is indeed much virtue to be found in the teachings of the early Church Fathers. From Polycarp to Augustine, they became Christlike in the life they led. It must always be borne in mind, however, that the leaders among these, those who made the most profound impression on religious thought, were Greek philosophers before they became Christians, and they remained Greeks intellectually. It was their heritage. St. Augustine had been a Manichean, then a Neoplatonist. St. Paul himself was steeped in Greek philosophy, having been born and nurtured in Tarsus. Now an outstanding principle of Neo-platonism was that of the Trinity. The gap between a far-off deity and debased humanity was bridged by the Logos, of whom St. John speaks. The value of historical criticism cannot be overestimated in that its representatives have sifted the doctrines of the Christian Church, and referred them to their respective sources. Greece had much to give. So also had Persian thinkers. In much greater degree is man to-day beholden to the Hebrews for religious principles and example. But it is the duty as well as the right of every intelligent being to search and understand what he is to believe, to choose one teaching and discard another, according to his own judgment. Only one thing is demanded of any man and every man, viz., that he be sincere. Whether he accepts all or none of these doctrines is beside the question. He is a Christian if he is sincere. It is because Socrates stood for this in so practical a manner that he ranks high among world figures.

There are some who maintain that in essentials no man can be compared with Christ, that in his vocation and in the nature of his person he stands alone. This might be true if Christ had a metaphysical birth, if he alone paid the price of our salvation to an angry, just, or what-not deity, if, in a word, the Nazarene were the supernatural being he has been popularly represented to be. It would seem, however, that not he but some of his followers conceived these things about him, and as Christians we are not obliged to accept them. Is not the Christian rather to be guided by the ethical or spiritual teachings of Christ and become a disciple of his life, than to follow any other formulator of the churches' manifold doctrines? Christ seemed to be all that a man could be. His merit was not that there was a peculiar supernatural element in Him, but that He proved Himself in everyday human experience to be a perfectly poised soul, a person of sincerity. All who have ever attained to His attitude of mind are Christians, whether they lived 400 years before or 2,000 years after the days of His flesh.

It appears an unfortunate error of history that Christ has been placed by Himself in a qualitative sense.

when the distinction between Him and other men is one of degree. On the evidence of history and in the estimation of personal consciousness the Christian has, it appears, rightly exalted Christ to a high place, to a divine capacity. The Unitarian says that Christ was *only* a man. According to Christ, it would seem that He was not divine, because he was unlike men, but because men and He Himself were like God. Could we sin if this were not so? Could we have a sense of sin otherwise? Christ recognized it on almost every page of the Gospel, although he did not propound it as a doctrine. He thought that way about Himself and humanity.

How could men conceive of a saviour or a god that was not human? Man's consciousness is human. He thinks entirely in human relations. Man's consciousness is as comprehensive as reality. It is identified with reality. It is reality. Surely God is reality.

A strangely inconsistent habit of mind has existed among thinkers to get away from human relations and facts in estimating God. Spinoza and Kant are two outstanding examples of this. They have placed God in the category "unhuman" and then have tried to describe Him on metaphysical grounds. They dare not, according to their system, appeal to facts, because facts are human, every one. Of course, their metaphysics was human also, only it lacked foundation in fact. Examples of these pre-suppositions are the "Virgin birth of Christ," the "Substance" doctrine of the Nicean Creed, the "Substance" axiom of Spinoza, and the "synthetic activity" of Kant. Religious systems, especially, are of too vital importance to be based on "generally accepted" axioms. If God is not human in its most actual and scientific sense, if He cannot be referred to in terms of sensations, feelings in certain time and space relations, then religious agnosticism is inevitable, except the knowledge that one knows nothing. If God is anything He is a human being, or man is a divine being. The terms "human and divine" are interchangeable. Either one can be used so long as God, Christ, and man are placed on common ground. No assertion can be made about divine things that is not human.

How long will it be before the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Unitarian, and Christian alike rise to this consciousness, see the limpid star of destiny rise from the murk of their own self-debasing enervation, and, setting their faces towards it, come unto their own. Socrates, like the Baptist, was a forerunner; St. Paul and St. Augustine became followers of Christ, the purest light, but has the race not the divine nature, which is the core of man?

But in treating Christ in this exalted manner and in recognizing men as coheirs with Him, what of the Second Person of the Godhead? What is the relation of Socrates to Him? Christ thought of the Second Person as the "Spirit of Truth" in men, not a personality independent of man. While the mystic power of that all-pervading spirit is still the wonder of the world, it is no longer a question of doubt. It is a fact of every consciousness. What man is there who does not know what the spirit of sincerity means? The liar, the hypocrite, the vicious are conscious of it. It is there in the heart of them, always stirring. It sprang eternal in the human heart before Christ came, like the fire upon the ancient sacred altar. It shone out brightly in such men as Socrates, and he talked of the Spirit of Truth and of its influence over him as familiarly as did Christ. In the dark period before the advent of Christ the flame dwindled to a smoking flax. Christ came to fan it into a consuming fire that swept across continents. This was His world-gift.

It is a fact of consciousness, this Holy Spirit. But as men transform-

ed the personality of Christ into a metaphysical uncertainty, so have they beclouded the Spirit of Truth, so that men have lost its identity and wondered if there was one. It goes by many names—The Second Person, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, Conscience, the Sense of Sincerity. Terminology is the cause of much confusion, but the unsubstantial theories for which some names stand are more confusing. A student with questioning doubts that would not rest was walking arm in arm with an aged theologian. "Is there any difference," he asked, "between the Holy Spirit and Conscience?" "Why," replied the theologian, laughing the youth to ridicule, "all the difference in the world. Conscience, my boy, is a faculty of the mind, while the Holy Ghost is a personality outside the mind and altogether independent of it." The student had nothing to do but doubt, failing to find evidence for that metaphysical uncertainty. A study of consciousness and of history, however, finally convinced him that Conscience and the Spirit of Truth were one and the same thing, because every function credited to the latter is identical with the former. Conscience is a fact, however, while the Spirit of Truth, as popularly represented, has been a dogma. The Spirit of Truth is a fact, not a theory, a recognized power in all personalities, not a personality. Call it human or divine, it is the same thing, a sense in man inspiring him to sincerity. It is for this reason that the Decalogue may be said to have been divinely given. It was inspired by the great lawgiver's sense of truth. For this reason the discourses of Socrates were divinely given, and any fragment of sincerity that springs from the heart of any man is divinely given. From the standpoint of fact, where is there any qualitative difference? It is because of this all-pervading spirit that Christ said: "I am in the Father, and ye in Me, and I in you," and all are by nature one. Not in the Pharisaism of Socrates's day, Christ's day, or our day, but in sincerity are men to concern themselves. So said Socrates, so said Christ, so says the Spirit of Truth in every man.

Both Socrates and Christ claimed a divine vocation. Both of them died for the triumph of sincerity over hypocrisy. Both of them unfurled a blood-red banner of virtue to charm the lives of the youth of their day. It is time to cease thinking of Socrates as *only* a man, and of Christ as an official. Merit is not to be judged by the theories with which it is approached. Theories, if they are desired, are to be evolved from merit, from facts. The *summum bonum* of life is not to be found in creeds, but in an attitude of careful sincerity. The life of Socrates was a triumph, a limpid star of the first magnitude, leading men to the manger in Bethlehem.

EVENING

From the Water-Colour Drawing by J. M. Barnsley, a Canadian Painter of much merit, in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE OX

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

THE canal, so far as he could see, seemed safe enough. The war was far away. No one would be tampering with the gates on a night like this. Warm rain was sweeping across the brilliant avenue of electric lights marking the canal's curve through the velvet-black night. A crazy wind, leaping through the rigging of a Norwegian freighter that was just passing out of the near lock into the lower level was shouting vain threats. A lock-keeper, cursing the ship for keeping him out so late on such a night, was locking his shanty, preparatory to going home. Other people had been snug and asleep this hour or more, thought the sentry. With a grunt, as the lock-keeper departed, he re-draped the water-proof over his ungainly bulk and composed himself, stolidly, to thought, in the midst of the bluster; butchering was his proper trade, not sentry-go, though when the rest of the militia regiment had volunteered to act, he had offered lest he be laughed at for a coward. His mind stole back, three miles, to the canal-side town where his meat-shop lay.

He was glad to be let alone, after the confusion of the day. In the presence of other human beings he had to be continually alert against the sallies of witty people whose figures were not so difficult to manœuvre in close quarters as his, and whose faces lacked that blonde mildness which, in him, seldom failed to invite abuse. Thinking was a fumbling process for him, and being vigilant against the merry-makers left him little time for the trivial memories and tremendous ambitions which he loved to thumb over when he had the chance. Five years before, largely on account of the jeers of his fellow soldiers and despairing drill sergeants, he had deserted the German Fourth Army Corps at Madgeburg, in the first three months of his military service. The badinage there had been cruel: here in Canada, whither he had hurried to secrete his ponderous bulk, it was tempered with liking for his amiability. He had joined the Canadian militia in a moment of gratitude toward the freer air of America. Yet often, when his face was draped with smiles for the customers of his meat-shop, he was inwardly raging at the sudden recollection of a Madgeburg insult, one which he had not had time to answer then, but to which, in Canada, he had framed lengthy and overwhelming replies. Now he was alone. His timid mind crawled into open communion, and his face glowed beatifically with the thoughts of an electric meat-grinder which he contemplated installing in the shop.

Without warning, one of the big electric lights over his head blinked out, and some bits of broken glass fell beside him. Three others followed, one by one, leaving the gates for which he was responsible, in shadow. The Norwegian vessel too seemed unnecessarily slow in leaving the stretch of clear water below the set of locks. But the sentry was absorbed in imaginings. Just as he was picturing the new meat-grinder on his cracked marble counter, a short figure in a sou'-

wester and oil-skins appeared by stealth on the canal-bank opposite. It busied itself lifting noiselessly some small but heavy object toward the far end of the water-gates. The militiaman saw nothing, for he had suddenly plunged into a recollection of the mighty blood-puddings which he had loved in his youth; the pretty Prussian girl he had almost kissed—the day he was eighteen. He had been, even then, a butcher, forced at an early age to succeed his late father in the family shop. He, Karl, had been indulged in everything by a faded mother and by a deformed elder brother, who wrapped the parcels in the shop, and who, between customers, read poetry, because poetry never mentioned the legs of its heroes. Secretly, the butcher was afraid of the cripple—though the cripple was the only male he had ever dared address with authority—because the brother's wit moved with dazzling speed and his eyes, at times, burned madly. He called the butcher, half in admiration, half in sarcasm, "My Big Dog Brother!" and with furtively extended hand would sometimes touch the giant's forearm as if to see if it were real. When the cripple, in their common bedroom, read poetry aloud, the butcher grew uneasy, or fell asleep. On the day he was summoned to Madgeburg for his military service, Kurt—that was the deformed one's name—watched him out of sight with envious eyes, and in the first mail sent him a poem to the Kaiser, which he had composed himself. They had had to hire a butcher to take Karl's place in the shop. He had not seen his native town since his desertion. Kurt had written him once. His mother was dead.

Now the figure on the opposite bank of the canal had moved out on the narrow gangway on the top of the gates, and was intertwining something like a heavy white cord, with the grillwork under the handrail of the gates. He was working swiftly, and with occasional glances downward toward a packet which he had lowered, a moment before, far down beside the gates. The cord—whatever it was—was attached to that packet. Finishing his work, the figure on the gangway flashed what seemed to be a pocket-light, in the direction of the Norwegian vessel—it was obviously a signal—and from the stern of the loitering vessel a lantern seemed to make reply. The sentry, emerging from his preoccupation at that moment, caught the flash of a second signal from the gates.

" 'Oo ghoss der?" he croaked, " 'Oo—"

The man on the gates replied in German and while the puzzled sentry hesitated, darted toward him.

"Wait!" he cried, " 'Tis I, Karl—Kurt! 'Tis I-"

The militiaman paused and then, as the intruder came in reach, swept off the sou'-wester, and pulled open the oil-skin jacket that hid the crooked form. A pause.

"Thou!" he muttered.

"I. Thou hadst not forgotten?"

"Thou?" repeated the butcher.

"Thou rememberest me—surely, brother?"

"I—I must arrest thee. What wast thou doing on the gates?"

"Arrest!" cried the other, his timid hands half extended, "Arrest! Why, brother—there must be one German in the family—since thou wearest the enemy's uniform for the enemy's sake. I thought—I thought thee a spy! For the Fatherland?"

"What wast thou doing on the gates?"

"Hush! I came by yonder vessel—a Norwegian. She has a Hamburg captain, a patriot! As she passed through thy lock, I dropped down on the far side, on the embankment. Then with the air-rifle"—he showed a diminutive weapon under his jacket—"I broke the lights—one, two, three, four! Didst thou not hear the tinkle of the glass?"

"Why camest thou?"

"Couldst thou not guess?"

"Speak it!"

"The canal—it is the feed line of

the enemy! Dost thou now—"

"What enemy?"

"The British!"

The butcher was silent, bewildered.

"Listen," continued the cripple, "I have made the fuse long, so that we may reach the Norwegian in plenty of time, and be hidden in her bellyful of wheat—on a pile of sacks which has been prepared, on top of the grain. It is the last that shall leave this country for some time—after to-night. See. Here is the fuse. Light it, thou. A blow for the Fatherland!"

"But I am Canadian."

"*Ach*—"

"I have papers to show—"

"Papers! I tell thee—"

"I would not take the treatment they gave me at home, at Madgeburg. Here I have *everything!* I have a shop. Why should I play fool with—with blowing up canals?"

"*Pfui!* For shame!" retorted the other. "This is war! Many weeks ago, in our little village, I heard the beginnings of things; one by one the men went away from their homes. In the night I heard marching and an endless rumble of great motor-wagons moving swiftly toward Madgeburg. This is no holiday preparation, think I. This is war, coming. And from every house in the village goes a man—to fight! Except only from our house! I am Kurt the Deformed, whose brother—dost thou not see? O big brother?

"I sold the shop. I came here to find thee. Thy shop I find with a boy minding it. Thou? Thou hast gone to be a guard on the canal. What canal? The great one which lets the ships of the sea sail into the middle of America and dip up wheat—for England! Do you think because I limp I am so slow to *think?*

"I found a true German working in a quarry. He stole for me twelve sticks of explosive and fuse and told me how to do with them. See," the cripple pointed at the white line trailing from his feet, across the gate and, vaguely, downward. "I found the master of the Norwegian ship, which was being lightered so that she could pass through the canal, sipping his drink in a bar. I knew he was German by the cut of his linen. We talked very discreetly. He brought me here and he will carry us away with him—under the Norwegian flag. So, quickly now! Here is the match. This shall be thy honour. Strike—and we shall be on our way—*Heimat.*"

"*Halt's Maul!* Be quiet!" replied the butcher, "I must think what is to do with thee. I should be arresting thee now. My shop—"

"*That* for thy shop. Here is the match. I give thee the honour!"

"Be still! *Listen!*"

In the distance someone was running. The sound came toward them. It was like the jingle of spurs. The sentry fumbled with his rifle, to bring himself to attention. As he did so he saw a match flare—at his very feet. Saw the cripple bending over it. Saw something beside the flame start to splutter.

"Quick!" cried the crippled one. "It is burning. Cross the gates. Keep to the darkness and gain the steamer's side. There is a ladder trailing on the bank!"

Next moment the cripple, in his queer darting gait, had gone. The sentry trembled. The sound of spurs came closer. There was a shout, a shot—and he, too, fled.

A young officer, panting, reached the gate, caught the smell of the fuse, found it, and pinched it out. It was still far from the dynamite. Meantime with a pea-whistle he summoned assistance. Men responded. They mapped out a plan of search and scattered. At the end of the canal, as daylight broke, a Norwegian tramp, down-bound, was stopped and searched half-heartedly. Nothing was found, but meantime, on a pile of sacks on top of the golden cargo, two men sat breathing on their skinned knuckles, skinned by the hasty ascent of the ship's side. The larger of the two, with a dazed expression,

was drawing off his regimentals and donning the clothing of a sailor. The other, with burning eyes, watched the transformation. In the deep water of Lake Ontario the uniform was tossed overboard, weighted with coal. The ship cleared Montreal for Rotterdam the day before the Canadian port was closed.

II.

An outpost of Uhlans belonging to the Fourth Army Corps dragged before the senior commanding officer of that division two men who had stolen toward the lines, from the Dutch frontier. One was a cripple and voluble; the other was an indifferent mountain of flesh, pale from sea-sickness.

"I have seen him before," whispered one junior officer to another, as they waited for the commander to open his morning court. "Isn't that —by the Day!—isn't that our old friend the Ox?"

"Quiet!" snarled the commander. "Out with the story, Captain."

"Herr Commander," stated the officer of the outpost, "we found these two men crawling toward our lines, during the hour before dawn. The cripple was in the lead, Herr Commander. He seems to be the spokesman."

"Herr Commander," shrilled the cripple, "let me speak!"

"Speak."

"Herr Commander, this is my brother, Karl. He is a great fighter. Trained, sir, with your men at Madgeburg in 19—. In a moment of weakness—on account of a very beautiful woman, Herr—"

"Hurry, fool. Drop the details."

"He deserted, sir. He went to Canada, where he built himself a great trade in meat. Then, Herr Commander, hearing of our Emperor's call for men, he made to atone his desertion."

"Quite so—the Emperor has forgiven those who came back under such circumstances. Identify him."

"But, Herr Commander—Sir—" pleaded the cripple, "this man, my brother, single-handed, planned the destruction of the great canal at—; to stop the food-line of the British! It was not his fault, sir, if it failed."

"This man? How do you know?"

"I saw him do it, Herr—"

"Hmph! Major Schenck, verify the identification and make use of him. Strong as a mule by his looks."

The butcher, like a drowsy bullock, followed this new master, while the late one, his brother, was gently kicked to the rear of the lines.

III.

Across a sun-steeped stretch of meadow country two bodies of troops prepared for an encounter. To the west lay a part of the allied forces, waiting, entrenched, still as poised death. To the east were German forces in somewhat greater strength, who had been deployed into one tremendous front, with reserves, Teuton-fashion, massed behind the wings. Over all hung the glowing saffron light of a September afternoon, and an almost perfect quietness. The sun glittered on the stirring leaves of trees beside a deserted farm-house from whose windows peered the cold eyes of British Maxims. Others were concealed in a gigantic stook of golden grain, each sheaf glowing like burnished brass. A blasé breeze moved here and there, boldly lifting and letting fall the pennants of the crack brigades, as if with an appraising finger—but he took no side. Air-scouts were absent, moving over more important battle-ground. Midway between the opposing forces lay the tangle of two aeroplanes that earlier in the day had dashed together, after a furious attempt to out-manœuvre each other, and had dropped like a single stone. From far away came the drumming of machine guns like the sound of distant game-birds rising in flight. The quiet of this meadow-stretch remained, for one tense period, perfect, save for that, and the cry of a cicada.

Then came the German rush, like the loosing of wind before a great

thunder storm. The long front rank swept forward like a wave rolling up on a sandy shore. Behind it came a second, and a third, and a fourth—waves of gray, all gray, pricked here and there by the glint of sun on pointed steel. That day they had placed the butcher with a crack brigade of infantry, and because he was reputed a brave man, and because his old record had not yet been remembered, he was now in a front rank. He knew this was an honour and it would have pleased him had not his mind, at that moment, been congested with impressions that for many days had been coming too fast for him to classify. Word of his great attempt in a far-off British colony had precluded the possibility of derision for his appearance. Behind his broad back men whispered about him, in admiration. He knew this, or part of it, and was still more puzzled. He craved a place where he might *think*. Meantime he rolled forward, with the others. Far ahead of them were the brown lines of trenches. Directly facing the butcher's company was the pile of wheat sheaves, screening the machine guns of a British regiment.

Presently the butcher's fellows dropped on their bellies and began to crawl toward the machine guns hidden in the heap of wheat sheaves. He imitated them. The Maxims must have grown hot, for they fell silent, and to guard them infantry had been placed around the pile of wheat. The faintest tingle of excitement was beginning to make itself felt in the butcher's heavy frame. He thought it would be a good thing to drive those fellows away from the yellow heap, but he had no thought of killing. He had merely fired his gun, as he had been told to do.

Suddenly his gray company leaped to foot and charged! The butcher with them had not the same grim lustre in his eyes, but he kept up. He was beginning to feel exhilarated. With quick, tense movements the company advanced. Now it lay down and crawled; now it ran forward in the face of fire. It ran, it crawled, it flinched, it pushed on again—and then, as if without warning, they were at grips with the defenders of the guns. Something had struck the butcher in the arm. Something else had singed an ear. His excitement had changed in a twinkling to rage, the rage which he had dreamed of once, but had never before dared loose. Men cut, thrust, and shot point blank in one another's faces. Someone bumped the butcher's knees, in an effort to swing his bayonet back ready for a lunge. The numbers in gray began to thin noticeably. Once they wavered, and an officer, sensing they had had too much, screamed a command. As his fellows withdrew they called back to the butcher—a giant, fighting like an infuriated cyclops, wielding his heavy rifle, club-fashion, and swinging it lightly over his head.

"Come! Come!" they cried, and they fled.

IV.

That night a British search-party found the butcher, dead, where he had fought. The broad face, whose mild expression had inspired so many wits against him, was set in a leer of fury. By his head sat the German cripple who had led him into war. He held the head of the dead man across his wasted knees, and on the butcher's chest had placed his battered helmet. He was singing, in a high chanting voice, as the searchers approached.

"Aha!" he cried—and they noted his eyes, as the yellow light fell upon his face, "You came to see—my brother! A real hero! Had they all been like him," bitterly, "you should not be gloating now—victors!"

Then his spirit suddenly melted and the cripple fell forward, weeping, upon the great chest of the dead man.

When the orderly tried to rouse him, he, too, was among the slain.

THE REAL STRATHCONA

IV.—THE FIRST RAILWAY TO WINNIPEG

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

IT is almost impossible for a traveller on the palatial trains of the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk Pacific, as to-day he leaves Toronto for Winnipeg and accomplishes a journey of upwards of twelve hundred miles in about forty hours, to realize what that trip meant when by the shortest route available the writer made his first journey thither some forty-four years ago — taking ten days. A college companion of the writer going to China at that time could ascertain how to reach his destination without fail, but no railway, steamer, or stage company would issue a ticket or guarantee a passage to Fort Garry. The only answer to inquiry obtainable was: "Go from Toronto to Chicago, next to St. Paul, Minnesota, and then jump into space."

The writer on leaving Toronto had to anticipate a journey over the prairies from St. Paul of 450 miles, a ride on horseback or in a Red River cart, a partial journey down the Red River by steamboat, or possibly a considerable tramp on foot over the prairies. But the journey in 1871 was compulsory. It must be made at all hazards, and made it was. On Chicago being reached, it was the morning of the terrific Chicago fire—a sight never to be forgotten by anyone who saw it. By rail through Prairie du Chien, and up the bank of the Mississippi River, St. Paul—a place at that time of 13,000 people, with no Minneapolis—was reached. The first disappointment met was the news that the Red River steamer serving for the northern half of the journey had ceased to run on account of the shallow water. During the very week before arrival the famous "Burbank stage line," which had been taken off the Union Pacific route on the opening of that railway, had been transferred to run from St. Paul to Fort Garry. It was a commodious four-horse coach. Besides the writer, on the day of beginning the journey, there were four Dominion Government officials all bound for Winnipeg. Running over the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota the coach took five or six days to reach its destination. The stage changed horses at convenient stations and lay over at some station every night. These night "stopping-places" were atrocious—even alarming. Where the city of Grand Forks now stands there was but one log building. All travellers were required to sleep in the attic—one undivided room filled with beds side by side. We had the company of about a dozen strange men, who seemed of doubtful character.

Proceeding, in time we made the American boundary line at Pembina and here was another forbidding hotel. Our party had now reached a point some sixty miles or more from Fort Garry. There was, as we saw it, not a single town or even respectable village along the route. There were

two Hudson's Bay Company forts—Georgetown and North Pembina—both on the banks of the Red River. The vast continuous prairie over which we had passed had no inhabitants, after a day's journey from St. Paul. True, along the trail the stage passed a number of deserted houses, one of them known as "Pomme de Terre," with a stockade around it. These deserted ruined homesteads had their story. Nine years before (in 1862) the terrible Minnesota massacre by the Sioux Indians had taken place. Some bands of these refugee Sioux had crossed the line into the Hudson's Bay Company territories, and the writer, a year after his arrival in Manitoba, saw an old Indian hag who had killed seventeen white infants in the massacre. Immigration in northern Minnesota had been absolutely cut off. In 1871 confidence had not yet been restored and for several years after that date the Indians were still, in some places farther west, as much in revolt as when the Custer massacre took place.

In 1871 settlement in northern Minnesota was at an absolute standstill. The Northern Pacific Railway from Duluth had not yet reached the Red River. Our stage-coach stopped at Moorhead, toward which the Northern Pacific was approaching. Moorhead was a tent town of fifty or a hundred people. A "shooting" had taken place on the night before our arrival. The vigilance committee had given the murderer the choice between decamping at once or instant hanging. Our whole journey for three hundred miles so far had been over a treeless prairie, broken now and then by a narrow strip of "timber" along the Red River. Winnipeg was reached in due time, and we set eyes on Fort Garry just as the shades of evening were falling. Winnipeg had 215 inhabitants by actual census in that year. It was utterly dispiriting in its primitive single street, which was chiefly of log buildings.

During the next three years, however, immigration came by covered wagon, by ox cart, Red River steamboat, or stage-coach. The flower of Canadian youth—numbers of aspiring university men, and able representatives of all the professions, business enterprises and trades—flocked in from all parts of eastern Canada. With their high ambitions, unblemished character, youthful enthusiasm, and progressive spirit these newcomers set themselves to lay the foundations of a new West.

Winnipeg grew. In 1872 a telegraph wire on strange, gnarled posts was strung to connect the new capital with the outside world, but the cost of a telegraphic message of ten words to Toronto was $3.10. The Burbank stage made three trips a week in winter from the nearest railway point of 225 miles—Moorhead—carrying the mail, subject to severe snow blockades and storms. At times there was no traffic possible for three weeks. By springtime the best shops ran out of nearly every staple commodity, awaiting the approach of spring and the arrival of "the first boat" on the opening of the Red River.

On one winter day arrived a sleigh from civilization, concerning the cargo of which a local newspaper announced that it was laden with "hams and other delicacies." All these salient points indicate the incongruities, inconveniences, and discouragements which no intelligent and enterprising community could long endure.

By 1873 Winnipeg had grown to be a place of 3,200 inhabitants, and it was at that time incorporated as a city, without passing through the stages of village and town. In consequence of the difficulty of transport little immigration arrived in winter. In summer the Red River route and the emigrant's wagon were available, but very unsatisfactory. To members of a high-minded community—whose former life had known better things, who were largely made up of virile Canadians — the social, commercial, and transportation conditions were

simply intolerable. What was to be done? Constant appeals were made to the local Legislature and the Dominion Parliament for relief. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which was projected in 1872 to pass through Canada from ocean to ocean, had been counted on by many immigrants when they took their "trek" to the West. But unfortunately the great enterprise had received a check by the well-known "Pacific Scandal," which led to the change of Government in Ottawa. At this time British Columbia was pushing for the building of the Transcontinental Railway which was promised when that Province entered the Dominion in 1871. As said, Winnipeg was clamorous and all Manitoba was quite as ardent. The pressure on the new Dominion Government of Honourable Alexander Mackenzie in 1873 became more and more intense. Premier Mackenzie, though so short a time in office, was forced to deal with the railway problem. He at length undertook to build the Transcontinental Railway by a plan of which the provisions will be stated in a later chapter. He sought to satisfy Winnipeg by promising to build a branch railway to connect it with the American railways. Donald A. Smith, as knowing the urgent demands of the people and feeling the necessity of better transit, was looked upon as the pivotal man of the situation. The American connection was involved in difficulty. After the collapse of the Northern Pacific Railway, following the failure of Jay Cooke and Company, bankers, of New York, the railway having acquired the St. Vincent branch, which was the one of its subordinate lines known as "the St. Vincent extension from St. Cloud to the international boundary," the situation left these branches as dead as Imperial Caesar turned to clay. To use the dialect of the time "it was a dead dog".

The writer knows from a most prominent authority that Donald A. Smith had received in 1873 a pressing "letter from a committee of Dutch bankers, with headquarters in Amsterdam, who held most of the bonds of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway." This committee wished to know if Mr. Smith would be willing to furnish money to complete the line from Winnipeg to St. Vincent. On his way back from Montreal to Winnipeg Donald A. Smith, as stated to the writer by a Hudson's Bay Company chief factor, stopped off at St. Paul and was taken by N. W. Kittson, an old resident of Red River settlement, and at the time agent of the Hudson's Bay Company transportation line on Red River, to J. J. Hill, a Scottish-Canadian, who was also an agent at St. Paul of Red River steamboats. So strongly did Mr. Hill oppose the purchase that he stated, "the St. Vincent line, running as most of it did for a great part of its length through an unsettled country, could not possibly be made to pay for several years to come." The matter then dropped, and for some two or three years the conditions became worse and in the case of the railway there were several lawsuits to foreclose the mortgages and attempts to compromise between the bondholders and shareholders. These events heightened the "winter of their discontent" in Winnipeg. As a branch of the Canadian Pacific, however, some progress was made in 1875 in grading of the greater part of the sixty or more miles between Winnipeg and the boundary line. This was under the direction of the famous contractor, Joseph Whitehead. As in the next year no further progress was made, on the outcry of thousands wishing to emigrate to Manitoba from Eastern Canada, Premier Mackenzie opened up a so-called "amphibious route" of row-boats along the old fur-traders' track of some 300 miles from Fort William to the Lake of the Woods and then for 110 miles by wagon road to Winnipeg. However well-intended, the plan proved tedious, uncomfortable, and impracticable.

The agitation in Winnipeg continued unabated. The population had now grown to more than 5,500. To soothe the public mind the Burbank stage began to run from Winnipeg to Moorhead—225 miles—in thirty-six hours continuously. This, however, was more than flesh and blood could endure. Mayor Kennedy was sent as delegate from the city to Ottawa and reported that it was hoped that in the following autumn the branch railway might be running. But hope deferred brought on the usual heart-sickness. Time wore on. It was proposed to have the bridge across the Red River built at Winnipeg, and the city pledged $200,000 to bonus it, but all was in vain. An editor of the time sums up the three years' agitation in Winnipeg thus:

"Public meetings! Mass meetings! Indignation meetings! Delegation to Ottawa! Attempt at local railway building! Clamours for a bridge! Criticism of the slow approach of the Yankee railway! Threats of appealing to the foot of the throne! General denunciation of everybody above us in authority! All has been without success."

Donald A. Smith was in desperation as Parliamentary representative. He had succeeded in securing the passage of a bill for a charter to the "Pembina Branch Railway," through the House of Commons, but it had been thrown out by the Senate in a fit of super-loyalty against the Americans.

Threatened, thwarted, abused, urged, and caricatured in turn, to Mr. Smith the railway question had become the obsession of his life. In the middle of April, 1875, J. J. Hill by invitation went to Ottawa and met a number of Montreal capitalists, led by Donald A. Smith. The question discussed was "the purchasing of the outstanding bonds of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway held by the Dutch committee, which holding covered a majority of each of the different classes of bonds." It was determined to make an effort to ascertain at what price the holdings of the Dutch committee could be bought. Donald A. Smith at length said to Mr. Hill: "If you will see what we can do with the committee, I will take the matter up with some financial friends."

In the autumn of 1876 Mr. George Stephen—cousin of Donald A. Smith, and afterward Lord Mount Stephen, president of the Bank of Montreal—and R. B. Angus, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, came to St. Paul in company with Donald A. Smith to examine the assets of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway. Negotiations then took place with the Dutch committee, but with no result, and the matter was referred to the New York representatives of the committee. After a time an agreement was reached by which all bonds held by these representatives were to be delivered in New York to be held in trust under a contract to purchase the same and to pay for them after the foreclosures of the respective mortgages were completed. In the time being the purchasers were paying the interest of the agreed price of the bonds. In the meantime the news trickled out that some agreement had been reached, and some confidence was gained when the Governor-General—Lord Dufferin—and Lady Dufferin paid a special visit to Manitoba, and on the 24th of September, 1877, drove the first spike of the Pembina Branch Railway. In the spring of 1878 the purchasing party, Donald A. Smith, George Stephen, N. W. Kittson, and J. J. Hill, representing Hudson's Bay Company influence, Montreal bank resources, and large personal means, raised in Montreal about a million dollars to complete the railway to St. Vincent. This was done under the management of the Receiver in the United States Court pending the foreclosure suits. At this period it was quite legal for those interested in the management of a bank to deal with their own bank. While a spasm of delight had over-

taken the people of Manitoba on the call by Thomas Nixon, on January 24th, 1878, for 165,000 railway ties, on November 3rd, 1878, a large party of ladies and gentlemen from Winnipeg were taken by train to where a gap of 125 yards was yet incomplete. Two gangs of men in the presence of the company laid down the ties and rails, while certain selected ladies, under great applause, drove the last spike. The city of Winnipeg then having reached a population of 6,000, was after these years of agitation in a state of glee. It had railway connection with the outer world.

During the winter of 1878-9 the different foreclosure suits were pushed through and the property was sold under foreclosure in the spring of 1879, when the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway was organized in May of that year and the property was taken over on the 23rd of June following. When the title was being adopted for the new company the name "Manitoba" was added at the request of Mr. Smith, as a large portion of its business would be to and from that Province.

The officers of the company were: President, George Stephen (Lord Mount Stephen); vice-president, R. B. Angus; general manager, J. J. Hill.

Donald A. Smith was a prominent member of the board, and it has been said by one who knew that during all these transactions Mr. Smith was always ready to do whatever was in his power to advance the construction of the railway, and, in fact, everything that tended to aid in building up the new country open on both sides of the international boundary line. Mr. J. J. Hill, in speaking to the writer as late as January last, said: "In all the dealings between Lord Strathcona and myself, and they have been many, I will say that Donald A. Smith never made in my hearing any other than an absolutely clean suggestion."

The critics of to-day forget the conditions under which the brave men who faced the railway difficulties of 1873-8 laboured. It was the courage of these men who took great risks that brought prosperity to the growing West, and brought a real deliverance to Manitoba in its irritated state of mind. True they were made multi-millionaires, but they faced great odds and won. The men who risk so much and gain success are the heroes of our race. Less noble minds can see no grandeur in a daring adventure like that of Scott to the Antarctic, of Garibaldi in freeing Italy, of Sir John Franklin in losing his life for the sake of discovery among Canadian icebergs and polar cold. The pioneers of Western Canada who faced the great hardships of a settler's life, the daring men who opened the treasures laid up by the Creator in the Yukon or the Porcupine, or our brave sons who have gone to give their lives on the battle lines of Flanders are all criticized for their supreme folly of the sleek and well-fed dilletanti or the foppish sybarites, but the Canadian pioneers who struggled and so grandly succeeded deserve in full measure our admiration and our praise.

The grateful people of western Canada can never forget Lord Strathcona.

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

IX.—THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN MOTT

BY IRVING E. STRUTHERS

THE Roman Catholic cemetery of Montreal occupies the south-western slope of the mountain and stretches down to the sleepy little village of Cote des Neiges. After the visitor has passed through the arched gateway, flanked by embattled towers, and has proceeded some distance up the main driveway, he cannot fail to observe a lofty monument rising from a terrace to the left and towering above the surrounding graves and vaults. It is a column of gray limestone, erected half a century ago to the memories of those who suffered in the rebellion in Lower Canada. Affixed to the four sides of its base are marble tablets on which are inscribed the names of those who fell in battle, also the names of those who perished on the scaffold or were condemned to exile in distant lands.

"A religious and historical monument to the political victims of 1837-38"—so runs a translation of the inscription in French, which also chronicles the principal steps in the political agitation that led up to the insurrection.

Among the names inscribed on the tablet dedicated to the exiles is that of Benjamin Mott, who, with others, was banished to the distant and comparatively little known Australasia. Benjamin Mott was a citizen of the United States, a resident of the town of Alburgh, just within the borders of the State of Vermont, adjoining what is now the county of Missisquoi, in the Province of Quebec.

One of the curious stories of those troubled times is that of the Vermonter, Benjamin Mott, whose participation in a Canadian rebellion brought him within the shadow of the gallows and then sent him an exile to the other side of the world.

In order to place the case of Benjamin Mott in its true setting, it will be necessary only to mention the preceding events of the rebellion. The uprising of the autumn of 1837 had been put down in such a manner as to demonstrate to all able to weigh the importance of events that the authorities possessed military strength adequate for all possible contingencies. At the outset one temporary success at St. Denis seemed to give the rebels some ground on which to base hope of decisive victory, but those hopes were shattered a few days later at St. Charles, and crushed by the hard blow struck at St. Eustache by Sir John Colborne. During the winter there were a few small raids from over the border, but on the whole the Province was quiet and the flames of insurrection seemed to have been stamped out.

In the spring came Lord Durham, with high resolve to cure the political ills of Canada, not by treating symptoms, but by removing causes. He was not permitted to finish his work. In fact, he had only commenced it when, in November, 1838, he resigned and returned to England because of his treatment at the hands of the Home Government in the matter of

his merciful but illegal banishment of convicted rebels to Bermuda. On his voyage home the brilliant statesman, then suffering from the disease that three years later ended his life, wrote in part at least that famous report on Canadian affairs, in which was foreshadowed the bringing together of the British North American Provinces, which was effected twenty-nine years later by Confederation.

While Lord Durham was crossing the Atlantic homeward bound, the smouldering fires of insurrection in Lower Canada once more burst into flames. Early in November insurgents began to assemble at the village of Napierville, and within a few days six thousand men had come in, some armed with muskets, some with pitchforks, some with rudely-made pikes—a rabble of half-armed and wholly untrained enthusiasts, drawn for the most part from hitherto peaceful farms, whom two short but sharp conflicts taught that war, even on a small scale, is a dangerous game to play.

Napierville is about forty miles south of Montreal. It stands back about four miles from the Richelieu River, and to the south about fifteen miles is Rouse's Point, in the State of New York, standing at the foot of Lake Champlain, where the lake narrows and becomes the Richelieu River.

The hurriedly-formed camp at Napierville was looked upon by the insurgents as the nucleus of a new nation. The army declared Canada a republic, its leading spirit being Dr. Robert Nelson, and with him were associated Dr. Coté, and a French soldier of fortune, Charles Hindenlang. A few months earlier Hindenlang had arrived in New York from France. Disappointed in his hope of finding commercial employment in the American metropolis, Hindenlang drifted north to Lower Canada and joined the "Army of Patriots." Owing to his military training, he was regarded by the insurgents as a most valuable acquisition. He had not been long at Napierville when, to his surprise and confusion, he learned that he had been placed in command of the insurgent forces. His acceptance of the post was a long step in his journey to the scaffold, for Charles Hindenlang was one of the real victims of the insurrection.

Along the Alburgh frontier, where Benjamin Mott had his farm, was a band of men, some of whom had fled from Lower Canada because of their participation in the uprising of the preceding autumn, while others were American sympathizers, ready to assist the infant Canadian republic in its conflict with the established government. Under the leadership of a runaway named Gagnon, the band during the summer and early autumn had kept the border Canadian parishes in a state of alarm by midnight raids on isolated farmhouses, and now these marauders were desirous of joining the army at Napierville so as to participate in the campaign that was to firmly establish Nelson and Coté's republic. The frontier band possessed a considerable supply of muskets and amunition, and a six-pound field cannon; and of these arms and munitions the army at Napierville was much in need.

General Hindenlang's first move was to send a force from the headquarters at Napierville to the frontier at Rouse's Point, where a junction was to be made with Gagnon's men, who would cross the lake from the Vermont side and meet the rebel corps at the Rouse's Point frontier.

On Monday, November 5th, Hindenlang sent forward six hundred men towards Rouse's Point. At night the corps bivouacked at St. Valentine, continuing its march next day along the road that ran due south to the frontier, skirting the field in which stood the old Lacolle Mill, where a handful of British troops in March, 1813, defeated the American army of invasion. On the afternoon

of the second day the rebels reached the frontier and encamped in a field within six hundred yards of the international boundary, but only a short distance from the lake.

The expected reinforcements from the Vermont border had not yet come over, but at three o'clock in the following morning a boat crossed the lake, bringing eighty men and three hundred and fifty muskets. Three hours later a barge came over, bringing the six-pound cannon and forty more men. The junction had been effected, and the next move was for the reinforced corps to return to its base at Napierville, but this part of the plan was ruined by the arrival on the scene of two small bands of militia.

One band of militia was collected and led by Colonel Odell, of the parish of Lacolle, and the other band came from Hemingford, the nearest village to the west. Its leader was Colonel Scriver, father of the late Julius Scriver, who represented Huntingdon county in the House of Commons from 1872 to 1900.

By means of night marches the two bands of militiamen early on Wednesday morning came to the meeting-place agreed upon about two miles to the northwest of the rebel camp. An immediate attack was agreed upon, and the militia at once advanced.

When the militia came within half a mile of the rebel camp the rebels opened fire with muskets and the six-pounder, which was loaded with grape-shot. They were lying along the fences and behind the farmhouse and barn that stood within their lines. The volunteers continued to advance, firing as they came on. For twenty minutes the rebels stood their ground, but when they saw the militia quicken their advance to the charge, they broke and fled, most of them running south across the boundary-line, leaving on the field eleven dead, a considerable number wounded, the cannon, a keg of powder, a quantity of ball-cartridge, and a large number of muskets and pikes. Two militiamen were killed, William and Robert McAllister, farmers of Hemingford.

The farm-house on the battlefield was burned, but the barn escaped destruction. Two or three hours after the scattering of the rebels, four militiamen whose homes were on the east side of the Richelieu, in what is now the parish of St. Thomas, Missisquoi county, while walking around the barn, saw a man lying beneath the sills or foundation timbers. Upon coming closer they recognized the man as their neighbour from across the Vermont border, Benjamin Mott. Seeing that he was discovered, Mott came out from under the barn, answering the salutation of his neighbours with the protestation: "Yes, it's me, but I am no friend of the Patriot cause. I came here accidentally." He was taken in charge and marched with the other prisoners to Fort Lennox, on Isle aux Noix, in the Richelieu, about fifteen miles north of the scene of the fight.

Two days later the battle of the "campaign" was fought. With one thousand men, Hindenlang set out from Napierville for the Rouse's Point frontier, no doubt hoping to collect the remnant of the force scattered by the fight at the "lines" and recover the lost cannon and muskets. The force met with no opposition until it came to the Methodist stone church on the Odelltown Road, standing about half-way between Lacolle and Rouse's Point. Using the church as a fort, Colonel Taylor, with two hundred men, opposed the further progress of the rebel army. With the aid of the cannon captured two days before on the Rouse's Point line, the militia beat off the rebel attacks on the church, and after a spirited fight, lasting through the greater part of the afternoon, the rebels were repulsed. They scattered in all directions, carrying away a large number of wounded and leaving fifty dead.

On the following day General Hindenlang was captured while trying to make his way to the frontier, and the Canadian republic, set up at Napierville a week or two before, had ceased to exist.

On April 10th of the following spring, Benjamin Mott came up for trial before the General Court Martial sitting in Montreal. He was charged with assisting in rebellion, with making war upon the Queen's subjects, and with being a party to the murder of Robert McAllister, one of the two Hemingford farmers killed in the fight on the Rouse's Point frontier. The proceedings of the trial are set forth in full in Volume II. of the State Trials of 1838-39.

The facts of the battle were established by the testimony of Colonel Scriver and other participants; the finding of Mott under the barn was proved by his four Canadian neighbours, who discovered him hiding under the barn-sill; and two witnesses at least swore that Mott was an active participant in the fight. One of the latter testified with respect to the landing of the cannon, brought across the lake from the Vermont shore. "The prisoner, Mott," testified this witness, "was there assisting to disembark the cannon. He spoke and encouraged the others to make haste. He was addressed as Captain Mott by some of them."

The witness who brought home to the prisoner his participation in the fight was Jean Baptiste Couture, a Canadian farmer, who was in the rebel ranks that day. He saw Mott fire the cannon twice "with a piece of lighted wood about two feet long, which he kept alive by waving it in his hand. I was within a few feet of Mott."

When asked how it was that he knew the man, the witness replied that he had worked for the prisoner on his farm two years before. This fatal testimony was corroborated by the testimony of several others, and then the Crown closed its case.

Mott did not deny his presence on the battlefield, but he denied that he had gone there with the rebels or for the purpose of aiding them. His presence there, he claimed, was the result of one of those tragic accidents which often turn from its natural course the whole current of a man's life.

In his written summing up of the case, Mott claimed to give an account of his movements that led him to the barn on the battlefield. He left his home, he said, on November 6th to go to Odelltown, in Canada, a few miles north of Rouse's Point, for the purpose of collecting a debt due him from a Canadian farmer. Crossing the lake from the Vermont side, he spent the night at Lewis's tavern in Rouse's Point. In the morning he set out for Odelltown, following the lake shore, as it was the shortest and best route. After crossing the frontier into Canada, he struck across fields, as that path was the most direct. That brought him close to the rebel camp, and as he approached he heard the report of a cannon. The fight was on, and for safety he ran to the barn, crawled under the sill and hid himself. There he was found two or three hours later by his Canadian neighbours. "I then took occasion to protest," said Mott, "that I was going in the direction of Odelltown upon business, and that I was not nor had been in connection with the rebels."

The court-martial did not believe Mott's debt story, by means of which he attempted to account for his presence among the rebels on the field of battle—the court did not believe that story, but, on the other hand, it did believe the testimony of the Crown witnesses, who told of Mott assisting in bringing over the cannon and of his having acted as the gunner during the progress of the fight. Mott was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. That sentence, with many similar ones, was commuted to exile in Australasia.

One summer evening ten years later, a Canadian farmer who had been one of Mott's neighbours, was standing on the wharf at Rouse's Point watching the approach of the steamboat that then plied daily through Lake Champlain from Whitehall. The steamboat made the wharf and the gang-plank was run out. The first person to land was a man, white-haired and bowed with years. It was Benjamin Mott, coming home from the long journey commenced on November 6th, 1838, when he set out, either to collect that unlucky debt from the Odelltown farmer or to assist in the attempt at establishing the Canadian republic.

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT—MAY, 1915

By ONE UNFIT

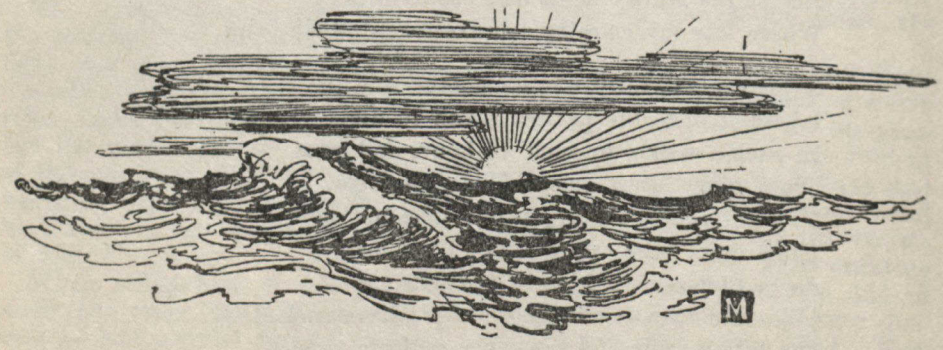
PEACE . . . peace . . . the peace of dusky shores
And tremulous waters where dark shadows lie;
The stillness of low sounds—the ripple's urge
Along the keel, the distant thrush's call,
The drip of oars; the calm of dew-filled air;
The peace of after-glow; the golden peace
Of the moon's finger laid across the flood.

Yet, ah! how few brief fleeting moments since
That same still finger lay at Langemarck,
And touched the silent dead, and wanly moved
Across the murky fields and battle-lines
Where late my country's bravest kept their faith.

O heavenly beauty of our northern wild,
I held it once the perfect death to die
In such a scene, in such an hour, and pass
From glory unto glory—Time, perhaps,
May yet retrieve that vision—Oh! but now,
These quiet hills oppress me: I am hedged
As in that selfish Eden of the dawn
(Wherein man fell to rise); and I have sucked
The bitter fruit of knowledge, and am robbed
Of my rose-decked contentment, when I hear,
Tho' far, the clash of arms, the shouts, the groans—
A world in torment dying to be saved.

Oh God! the blood of Outram in these veins
Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here
In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck!
In one fierce moment to have paid it all—
The debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!
To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dank world's corruption, to have passed,
A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for *their* homes,
Their orchards, fields, and cities. They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power.
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from its foe:
They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
"That what they died for be not overthrown".

Peace . . . peace . . . not thus may I find peace:
Like a caged leopard chafing at its bars
In ineffectual movement, this clogged spirit
Must pad its life out, an unwilling drone,
In safety and in comfort; at the best,
Achieving patience in the gods' despite,
And at the worst—somehow the debt is paid.



MOONLIGHT

From the Photograph by W. S. Louson

JOHN McCASKEY, JUNIOR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

BUT John McCaskey never stirred;
He watched the high sky's blue; no word
Came from his steady lips, his eyes
Were cool and gray; no compromise
Moved in them as the father talked;
The boy was set. He only walked

But once across the room, and then
'Twas to stride slowly back again,
Resume his stand where window-pots
Glowed in the sunshine and made spots
And streaks of shadow in the room
And played in patterns on the broom.

The row of plants reached for the air
As if, if one of them should dare,
The rest would follow, and be quick
Out in the budding spring, where thick
The meadow grasses could be seen
In dancing hosts of vivid green.

Snow-on-the-mountain raised her face,
Grown pale complexioned in that place;
Three red geraniums tall and grand
Made up a buccaneering band;
The foliage plants would willing go
If someone first the way would show.

All at the square gold window strained;
Only a crocus bud remained
Squat in her pot to pertly say:
"It's pretty windy out to-day,
That big green world has more of death
Than has this kitchen's cosy breath."

So John McCaskey by the plants,
Stood in the kitchen; chance by chance
For speaking he sent slipping by,
To all his father's speech made no reply;
With words for that tense conference
But once he'd let his lips commence,

And then they opened but to say:
"Father, it stands about this way.
I want to go. It's not just wild,
This talk; I've thought, and I'm no child,
So I am off. Things in my head
Are bigger than this old homestead."

Just speech that once, and for the rest
Of the long hour, since he'd confessed
His great desire, silence. No more
Remained for saying. The open door
Of Spring was calling to that world
Where the blue smoke of cities curled

Up in the morning, and swift cars
Beat up and down the street while stars
Yet glowed above—and where 'twas life,
Life always, and a kind of strife
To test a man and give him zest
And help him up, bring out his best;

No dullards there, but every man
Must jump to be the best he can.
It's hustle, hustle all the day,
But when you've done you get your pay;
And take it out in cash and learn
Just what you're worth to your concern.

A man's a man when he does that,
He wears a decent style of hat,
And looks about at life and sees
Things bigger than a load of peas
Stalled in the lane, or twenty hogs
Worried from clover by the dogs.

He gets a chance to understand
The life that his Creator planned;
He meets new people, sometimes goes
With happy friends to happy shows—
He gets behind the push of things
And puts his shoulder in, and sings.

So John McCaskey stood and dreamed
While words his father said half seemed
To come from distance with a sound,
But with no meaning more profound
Than water running, or the beat
Of the black engine threshing wheat.

But John McCaskey, senior, knew
That many of his words were true,
Too true were some of them, he felt,
And some had left a gray hard welt
Of difficult remembrance
On his own heart; a circumstance

Of thirty years ago was now
Putting tense wrinkles in his brow,
And he was seeing one spring hour
When he had felt the city's power,
And stalked into the world to learn
His total worth to the concern.

. . . This city fever is not new,
It is as seasonal as dew;
In every age a young brood comes
In its own time to hear the drums
With merry, far-off marching beat,
And longs to follow with swift feet.

This age may be a little worse,
Because it knows a blacker curse
Than some have known of pleasure-greed,
And young men seem less apt to heed
The invitation to be kind
Which Nature puts within the mind.

But our time of the whirring wheels
And raucous horns, at worst reveals
A mood of our humanity;
The day will come again when we
Shall love the meditation hour,
And pluck contentment with a flower. . . .

So John McCaskey, senior, knew
That many of his words were true;
Long since the city's dizzy ways
Had stolen the peace from out his days.
But long since, too, his quiet fields
Had called him back; and now their yields

Perpetual harvest brought him in
No city tilling e'er could win
From that loud acreage of noise
Which no glad harvester employs
With heartening labour so they send
Home fragrant wains at the day's end.

The senior man of those tense two
Had dreams of what the son should do—
Take up the farm, with ready hand,
Fulfil what long the father planned.
He knew the boy could be no more
Than a mechanic in the roar

Of the black city, with no dreams
Beyond the rivetting of seams;
While on the farm he'd come to feel
Deep things the farm life would reveal.
And with the century's proffered means,
With new convenience, new machines,

Make into interest and content
The whole of life, nor feel it spent
In vain, but rather made more worth
With benediction of the earth
Breathing about it day to day
From sunny June to gentle May.

The father dreamed a deeper thing.
He dreamed of children in the spring,
Living with nature, feeling her
Great elemental pulses stir;
Down hushed, long pathways in the woods,
Amid the starry multitudes

Of lilies breathing the rich air,
He saw a boy and girl, a pair
Of spring-time wanderers, with feet
Shod with the wings of Joy, and fleet
To follow Laughter where she was
Shaking amid hepaticas.

He saw those children of his child
Feel the insistent purpose mild,
As they grew up, of nature's deep
Great will with them; in them no cheap
And tawdry thought, but thought that springs
From life with elemental things.

All this he tried to tell his boy;
How glut of city ways would cloy
His individual appetite,
And then he'd fight a losing fight.
Too likely this would be the way,
He'd know when his bowed head was gray.

And all the while his heart would bleed
There in the city while he'd need,
To save its dream lest it should die,
The opal, cloudy peopled sky,
And chat beside the pasture bars
When the blue heaven is full of stars;

Or, when the cattle in the lane
Had come up slow between the grain,
With sunset glowing red, he'd need
To hear them tied up for their feed,
And hear the busy, purring stream
Of the rich milk that makes rich cream.

And he would need that hour, too,
After the chores—as all men do—
When quiet comes, and family chat
Goes round the fire of this or that,
And the girls talk, and mother thinks
Of prettier ways to plant her pinks;

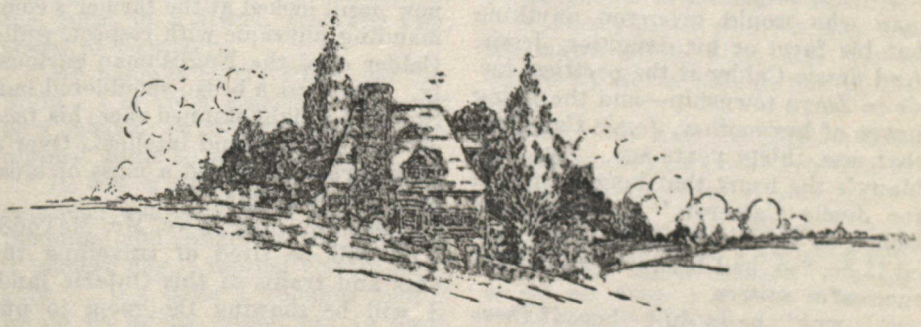
When boys with school-books would have lore
Richer than that from any store
Pressed 'twixt the covers of a book—
The tales of that new way they took
To come home by, by woodchuck's den,
And how they'd go that way again.

When young John's father paused at last
The boy's eyes still were gazing past
His father's face and the dim room,
To where the orchards were in bloom;
A bee came drowsing through the door;
The father had not two words more.

But John McCaskey never stirred,
He watched the high sky's blue; no word
Came from his steady lips, his eyes
Were cool and gray, no compromise
Moved in them . . .

. . . In a while he said:
"Father, it's something in my head;

I may learn what you say I'll learn,
But I must learn it. My concern
Is with myself; so I must go."
He turned from the gold window's glow;
And all the little sunny plants
Watched him go forth to take his chance.



THE PROMISE OF THE SKY-LINE

BY PERCY WALTER WHITAKER

"YON'S the house," said the agent, pointing up the concession line.

Blair looked towards the dwelling with much interest, for under its roof were the people of his life for the coming year. Fronting on the brow of the hill which sloped to the sideline, a two-storeyed square house stood solid and uncompromising, an integral part of the landscape. The windows commanded a view of the rolling stretch of country to the south, bounded by the skyline of the South Oxford Hills.

"What sort of a man is Dan Calder?" Blair asked the question as Burrows turned his team into the soft maple avenue leading up to the barns.

"Honest as the day, hard as granite, but if he likes ye, a kind-hearted man who would give you anything but his farm or his daughter, Jessie. And Jessie Calder is the prettiest lassie in Zorra township—and the living image of her mother, Jessie Cameron, that was, thirty years ago. Aye, lad, Many's the heart that longed in vain for Jessie Cameron," and Burrows sighed so heavily that Blair wondered if he, too, had been one of the unsuccessful suitors.

"It won't be so dull, then, if there is young people," said Blair.

"Ye'll be putting all thoughts of the young lady out of your head," replied Burrows. "Dan Calder is not so friendly to the English, for his grandfather was aye fond of talking about the battle o' Bannockburn."

"I only meant—" began the English pupil.

"That's Calder on the stoop," interpreted the agent, pulling up his team at the gate. "Here's the boy who will learn the farming, Calder. Well, the wind blaws chill, and to Woodstock is a matter of twelve long miles. Good-night to ye, and be a good lad, Blair."

Handing out the Englishman's portmanteau, Burrows turned his buggy around on the circular driveway, and with a crack of his whip drove rapidly away, leaving the two contracting parties staring at each other.

Dan Calder was tall, gray and wiry. Though more than sixty, he had the stamina and strength of youth, being born of that sturdy backwoods breed who age at ninety. His new pupil looked at the farmer's commanding physique with respect, while Calder eyed the Englishman curiously. Blair was a broad-shouldered lad. Stock of a light-skinned race, his face showed delicacy and intellect. Over a high forehead twined a mass of clustering brown hair.

"Good evening to ye, Mr. McTodd. You will be tired of travelling the seas and trains of this Ontario land. I will be showing the room to put your bit baggage in."

Blair followed Calder, too much aghast at the confusion of identity to explain the mistake. The farmer led the way into the house, striding through the big kitchen, and up a narrow stairway leading into a com-

fortable low-ceiled room. Blair noted with satisfaction that the floor was carpeted with a warm handsome carpet; and the big bed looked soft and downy. Besides, there was a mirrored bureau and wash-stand. It was clearly a room for comfort and a place to feel at home in.

"There will be the pitcher; ye may carry your own water or cleanse on the stoop."

When Calder withdrew, Blair sat down to adapt himself to his new setting.

At the tolling of the supper bell the Englishman entered the kitchen, and a lithe, straight figure came tripping towards him with cheery words of welcome.

"Mr. McTodd, ye'll be pleased to be acquainted with my daughter, Jessie."

The girl smiled and bowed slightly at the introduction, while Blair gave an inward gasp as he looked at her. Dressed in a plain white waist, she presented a picture of rare loveliness. Jessie Calder's abundant wavy hair was yellow with a glint of gold shinning through the tresses, such luxuriant streaming hair as the mind would picture on a Viking maid of northern lands. The oval face was of fine purity and delicacy, with eyes of the deepest blue untouched by anything unborn of innocence. She looked at the guest in a frank, friendly way, shorn of coquetry.

"My name is Harry Blair, not McTodd. I'm from England. It must be a mistake on Burrow's part," explained Blair in some confusion.

"It was a Scotchman from Glasgow who was contracted to learn the farming, and Burrows will hear of it market day," replied Calder irritably. "It's little I thought that I would be hiring myself out to teach the English."

"Never mind, father, Blair is a much prettier name than McTodd," said Jessie mirthfully, "and you know our forefathers taught the English how to run at Bannockburn."

"So we did. It will be little that ye'll be minding my girl's fun," replied Calder, eyeing Harry humorously.

"Not at all, Mr. Calder, for sometimes the fortunes of war were on our side," answered Harry, delighted at the turn the conversation had taken.

"Well, laddie, we had our fights in days of yore, and there'll have been sore wrongs on both sides doubtless. We have our Burns and Walter Scott, and the English have their Shakespeare and Dickens, fine lads all."

Dan Calder's good humour was now fully restored and the hearty Canadian welcome made Blair feel that this was to be a happy year.

During his first month's stay at the farm Blair realized with astonishment that the standard of worth and usefulness determined a man's social desirability with the sturdy Canadians, and he set himself to overcome a national prejudice.

By faithful diligence Blair won the liking of a race slow to friendship, and to the wonder of the Zorra folk an English lad was seen driving Jessie Calder to church, and the same lad often escorted her to the countryside dances. In winter evenings Jessie taught him to dance the Scots dances, so that he might really be one of the people at the merrymakings.

So Harry Blair won his way from the status of an alien and was accepted by Zorra folk as one of their own.

About this time his English sisters became uneasy at the tone of Harry's letters, of which one extract read:

"I can safely say, though it sounds awfully conceited, that I am becoming the most popular fellow in Zorra. You ought to see me dance a Scotch reel with a pretty sparkling Canadian girl for a partner. The mater would open her eyes, and pater wouldn't know young hopeful—he's grown so versatile. And O Connie! you ought to see Jessie Calder, she's the prettiest girl, with sun-kissed hair, and so dainty."

In such poetical strain Blair wrote

many pages, and great was the uneasiness of his prim relatives who thought that "really Harry was entirely too adaptable," and greatly feared that he might be trapped into undesirable connections. Since the dawn of time kinfolk have planned futures for their own, but a passing glance from a pair of pretty eyes oft lights a flame that only years can quench.

When the thaw came and the wild weird cry of the loon and bittern winging northward sifted down from the sky, Blair tasted the joys of a new existence. The surging impulses of a new man in a new land coursed through his veins. The thrilling tang of the Canadian spring sends the heart of youth mad with joy. The bursting into leaf of maple, beech, and elm follows the wild rush of snow waters to lake and sea. From the low pine swamps the shrill, continued piping of frogs sounds wild-noted music, and from the blue vaults comes the melancholy plaint of wild fowl speeding to the lone breeding-grounds on northern marshes.

In six months Harry Blair broadened in build, and a warm coat of tan, blown by stinging winds on to a fair clear skin, shaped him into a handsome lad. And then the inevitable happened. What could a boy like Blair, thrown into daily contact with pretty winsome Jessie, do but love? And could Jessie do ought but return it?

Dan Calder, being an observant man, noted the way things were shaping, but he made no sign of disapproval until Blair spoke out what was in his heart. He listened quietly as the boy spoke of inherited money, sketching out a glowing future for himself, with Jessie sitting as a queen enthroned in the very centre of the rosy picture.

"It will be too soon, laddie, to think of marriage. Now, if ye had garnered the siller yourself, it would be proof of the head to keep it. I'll be reserving my consent for a whiles, for I'll not be denying that I've had other plans for Jessie."

So Harry was fain to be content that his suit had not been openly rejected and himself banished from the farm.

On a glorious sunny May afternoon Jessie sat in the shade of a clump of lilacs in the old-fashioned garden, looking down into the upturned face of Blair. The boy lay at her feet reclining upon the thick luscious clover.

"Your father made me promise that I would not talk of love or marriage to you for a whole year," said Harry petulantly. "He said that he had always thought of you marrying a Scotsman, and he'd like a year or two to think it over. Isn't it disgusting?"

"You should never make rash promises," teased Jessie, "and you have no reason to be uneasy, Harry, for no other man shall talk of love to Jessie Calder."

Jessie smiled tenderly into his eyes as she made this soothing declaration, and the boy's clouded face cleared.

"He's a grand old man," enthused Harry, and he recalled the quiet look in Dan Calder's eyes as he said: "I trust my daughter Jessie with you as a leddy in company with a gentleman. A year from to-day I'll speak my mind."

A stern old man's dictum to wait a whole year seemed an eternity to young hearts, but who can fathom all the love and pride in his daughter in the heart of a man like Dan Calder. He wanted to give the lad a chance to prove his mettle, so he had his way, and the young people must "bide a wee".

Even to a fretting heart the longest year rolls on in joy or travail. Another season's snows came and passed, and Blair's period of probation came to an end. On the very evening of the waning year they came before Calder in the garden, hand clasped in hand. Jessie's face was flushed with all the beauty of love

and hope, and they looked at her father appealingly, as culprits to a judge.

"It is true, ye have been a good man, an' have guarded my interests well, but whiles ye have inherited money it's no proof that ye'll be keeping it."

Jessie's eyes softened tearfully at this stern arraignment of unproved worth, and Blair looked gloomily down. Calder's shrewd gray eyes twinkled humorously at the dejected youth.

"But I'll not be too hard on you," he resumed. "In a manner of speaking, ye'll be considering yourselves engaged. But, Jessie, you'll not be sitting up later than ten, if the laddie should drop in of an evening," and something glistened in Calder's eyes as they walked away together. "She's Jessie Cameron, my own Jessie that's dead and gone," he murmured. "Well, life is a sore trial when ye've buried your hopes," and Dan Calder walked into the house with bowed head.

After Calder's cautious consent to the engagement, Blair purchased two hundred acres of land, adjoining Dan's place, on the tenth concession. Early and late he toiled, for he had that in his heart that gives men courage to clear the wilderness. The long summer days droned pleasantly away to the happy lovers. In the beautiful afterglow of autumn days they strolled through leafy aisles of red-tinged maples, dreaming wonderful happiness for the years to come.

On a clear, late September evening Harry and Jessie walked down the lane leading to the little church where Zorra folk gathered to hear the preaching of the Word. The quaint, steepled little building stood on the edge of the big swamp behind the Calder farm, where the great sombre pines lent grateful shade.

"Come, Harry, I want to show you the skyline," whispered Jessie. "All my girlish dreams centered around this scene, for I knew some day that my other self would be with me."

From the high knoll on which they were standing the pointed roof of the church transferred the vision to the level of the tree-tops of the low swamp; on the rise of land beyond a spreading grove of maples flamed red-leaved against the green of the pine, with the dying sun shooting streaming bars of yellow light along the skyline. Shading her eyes, Jessie pointed solemnly westward.

"It's the promise, Harry, of life and love forever, that will come after the dark and dreary night."

As Jessie spoke, glancing rays of light flooded over the wood, merging maple and pine into one vast sea of yellow, and the sun slowly sank into a huge bed of crimson clouds. Awed with the beauty of the scene, the lovers gazed silently until the gathering gloom, and the wild cry from a lone wild goose winging over the swamp warned them that night had come.

"Take me home, Harry; it is dark and cold, but we have seen the promise," cried Jessie.

"I never knew the skyline could be so beautiful, and promise things, until I saw it through your eyes. I wonder if the beauty is there," and Harry leaned towards her.

"There now, Harry, two's enough," and blushingly Jessie pulled away.

On the following day Harry let his team stand in the furrow and held a long conversation with his neighbour, Red Sandy McDonald, who farmed fifty acres of swamp land back on the side line. A strange affinity had linked Sandy and the Englishman in bonds of friendship. At first sight Sandy had said:

"Ye'll no be like the shiftless loons that's spending parent's siller putting strong drink into weak noodles. Juist be counting me a freend, laddie." And so it had been.

Sandy perched himself upon the rail fence and listened in sympathy to Blair's troubles, nodding his head wisely at the recital.

"If ye could juist imprees the Calder body by a sharp horse trade, he would be seeing that ye'll no be cheated so easily, and the wedding will follow close."

"But, Sandy, I'm not much on trading horses," protested Harry.

"Well, lad, you will be making a bit trade on market-day for me, and Dan Calder will be hearing of it. Who's to say that I didna get the same horse back. Neil Murray is aye a close body, and Neil will keep my horse the whiles I have Neil's, and nobody hurt."

Red Sandy winked knowingly at Harry, letting out a roar of mirth at his own shrewdness, and Blair consented to try the plan, though urging the necessity of great secrecy upon his friends.

Within a month the township was talking of what a shrewd lad at a horse trade was Jessie's Englishman, and Dan Calder listened to the talk, making light of it, but secretly he was greatly pleased. Unknowingly Blair brought a greater trial upon himself, and realized sorrowfully the truth of the old rhyme:

> Oh what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.

In late autumn came the event of the year in the county fair at Tavistock, where all the breeders of the countryside met in friendly rivalry for medals of honour. Blair drove Jessie over early and they sat together in the grandstand overlooking the field. Jessie's eyes shone with delight as she watched the changing scene. In the lanes leading to the pens spirited horses champed the bit, fighting for freedom, their satiny coats bearing witness to months of careful grooming. And were cattle ever so fat and sleek as these prides of the dairy?

Harry pointed out the judges walking from group to group. Keen-eyed, low-talking men were they, who knew the points of stock as a mother knows her babe.

"Calder will be wanting ye for a meenit, laddie."

This hail from Red Sandy disturbed Harry from his pleasant occupation, and with a smile of consent from Jessie, he left the grandstand. At the tying-rail he met Dan Calder leading forward a young roan horse.

"You will be using good judgment these days in horseflesh doubtless. This beastie is getting a bit fractious, just trade off the best ye can for me."

Placing the halter-rope in the hands of the amazed Blair, Calder stalked away.

"Here is where I lose credit for a good business head, Sandy," said Blair, confiding his misgivings to Red Sandy, who stood, face agrin, at the lad's predicament.

"These traders will skin ye alive, mon, there's na doubt of it," replied the Scotsman.

"Confound it, Sandy, don't be a Job's comforter. You got me into this mess; can't you help a fellow out?"

Sandy scratched his head thoughtfully, seeking in vain for an idea.

"I'll be giving up, laddie, but if ye have a plan, count on Sandy to help you."

Blair stood thinking in perplexity, for he knew that Dan Calder was bent on trying out his business capacity. A sudden light of mingled mirth and mischief came into his face.

"I've got the idea, Sandy, but I need your help,"and he whispered the details of his plan into Sandy's ear. Sandy punctuated the eager lad's hurried sentence with doubtful shakes of his bushy red head, and suddenly developed a conscience which balked against his own strategy.

"Nay, laddie, I couldna think of doing the like, it's awful deception. Don't be tempting a freend to his downfall."

Laughing ruefully at this manifestation of Sandy's spiritual nature, Blair pleaded with him for half an

hour and gained a reluctant consent.

"It's awful to think of so much deceiving, but as the intent isna bad I'll juist help, though I've sore misgivings, for Dan Calder isna a fool body. With this kindly warning Sandy pledged his aid to Blair in carrying out his audacious plan, and Harry returned to Jessie, happy in the knowledge that Sandy's friendly craftiness would bring him triumphantly through the ordeal.

As the day wore on into evening the various contests were decided, and proud lads led home the prize-winners gaily bedecked with streaming coloured ribbons. The event of the season was over, though every detail would furnish fireside gossip in the long winter evenings. When the crowd streamed off the field Blair escorted Jessie to Dan Calder's buggy.

"I'm going to trade off the roan for your father," he said importantly. "He wants to try out my business sense."

"Oh, Harry, these traders are so keen, you should never have undertaken it."

"Never fear, girlie, I'll come out on top, you see if I don't."

Harry stepped into the buggy as he spoke, and when the top dropped back, Jessie was blushing in sweet confusion.

Blair joined Sandy down the street where little knots of sharp-featured bantering traders had gathered, the overflow reaching into the vacant lots. Leading the roan horse into the dickering throng, Harry was fairly overwhelmed with offers of various ring-boned, spavined nags in exchange, and, as one man, the owners demanded boot. These offers Blair laughingly declined.

Over by the fence, Dan Calder's massive figure loomed up through the crowd like a pillar of granite. He stood silent and stoical, apparently quite uninterested in Blair's doings, showing but a passing gleam of interest when Sandy McDonald led up a fine horse, and after a minute's bartering paid over money and led away the roan. Some of the old hands marvelled at the Englishman's shrewdness, eyeing him with more respect, for, undeniably, he had made a good trade.

A shower of trading offers were now hurled across the ring at Blair, and within a few minutes he traded again, and then again, each time receiving a roll of bills as boot money. Also he had possession of a better horse than Calder's roan. Grizzled old barterers who had travelled the fairs of Western Ontario these twenty years marvelled at the acumen shown by this fledgling at the trading. Harry was tasting the intoxicating fruits of a popular success and glanced proudly at Jessie's father.

A quizzical look beamed in Calder's eye as he murmured, "The laddie is bent on getting siller, but I was not born yesterday." He called to Blair: "I'll be stepping home with Jessie. Ye'll be coming to visit the night."

When the setting sun sank in a splendour of glory behind the Oxford woods Harry made his final trade, receiving back Calder's young roan. In the gathering twilight he walked down the concession line with Sandy McDonald, gleefully chuckling at the good impression his trades would make on Dan Calder.

"I would cheerfully have paid a thousand, instead of the hundred I divided between the three of you, Sandy, to win the old man's censent to an immediate wedding."

"Aye, laddie, but I wadna be sure that Dan will no ken the facts of the case," and shaking his head dubiously Sandy turned down the sideline leading to his own house. Happy in an undercurrent of cheerful thoughts Blair tied the roan in the barn and walked proudly into the house.

"Well, laddie, and how did the trading go?" asked Calder.

"Not so bad, Mr. Calder, there's

one hundred dollars and the same horse back," replied Harry, laying a roll of bills on the table.

"It's a good trader can do the like," said Dan dryly.

"Oh, I've learned a lot from you; and, say, I want to ask you about Jessie. You see, I've got a good farm and—"

"Let's hear of the trading first," interrupted Calder. "So you brought back the roan and a hundred—it's a bit staggering, man. Firstly, ye traded with Red Sandy. A canny lowland Scot is Sandy, but he hasna a penny. And it's then that you skinned Jock McPherson. A sharp hand at a trade is Jock. I'd be afraid to lead the beastie home that Jock paid over money on. It's wonderful the smooth-talking tongue that got boot out of Jock. And it was Andrew Sutherland that you put in a good trade with, too, was it? And Andrew was picked for a judge in Toronto three years ago. It's him that knows the points of horseflesh with any man in Oxford. It's a wonderful story I'll be listening to about the trading. Nay, boy, it cost ye a pretty penny to make the trades, take up your money."

With crestfallen face, Blair listened to this stern scoffing, and his heart sank, while Jessie looked sad and tearful, for she feared her father's stern morality would brook no deception.

"Harry meant no harm, father," she said pleadingly, "and I'll stand by him."

Crossing the room she took Blair's hand, and smiling through her tears the pretty head sank down upon his shoulder, while Harry's arm stole round her.

"Have ye no shame, woman," began Calder severely. Then a tender smile lit up his rugged old face, for Jessie was sobbing, with her face hidden on Harry's breast.

"Tut, lassie, I was but trying the faith of ye. It's wonderful the trading was, but it's more wonderful still what a lad will do to get a lassie, an' while he's no trader he's got the good heart. Ye have my consent to marry as soon as ye have the heart to leave your poor old father. Jessie, you will be sending home the Blair laddie before the stroke of twelve."

At the conclusion of his speech Dan Calder turned to leave the room, but Jessie, radiant and blushing, flew into his arms, while Harry tried to shake hands.

"Tut, children, you will be keeping an old man from his rest."

Drawing his stately figure up to his full height, Dan Calder strode from the room, his face impassive and emotionless, leaving them alone with their happiness.

"Harry," whispered Jessie, "tomorrow we must go to the church for—"

"The promise of the skyline has come to me now," interrupted Harry. "Look, Jessie!"

Over the Oxford woods a silver moon sailed high, bathing the trees with fairy light, and in the north played streams of pale beams from the mystic brilliant aurora.

THE DIARY OF ROBERT CAMPBELL

III.—THE LAST LONE FRONTIER

BY G. W. BARTLETT

IN our last article reference was made to the century-long struggle waged by Spaniard and Briton, Yankee and Muscovite, for the Pacific coast of North America, a struggle waged with all the weapons and craft and cunning, force and fraud. In general, the rivalry of the first three powers is well understood by general readers of history; but the story of the Russians in North America is a by-path explored by few English readers.

The plan of Russian exploration seems to have originated in the fertile brain of Peter the Great during his famous visit to England and Holland. In the latter country he was urged by interested geographers to send an expedition east from Kamschatka to settle the question of a possible connection between Asia and America. While in England his interest in the matter was deepened by a study of the methods and the vast scope of the work of the great company trading in Hudson Bay. "They offer a rivalry for those trades which have so long been the monopoly of Muscovy fur-hunting and fur-gathering," he writes home to Russia. It is said that on his return to his kingdom he sent out an expedition to eastern Siberia, but that the outbreak of the great war with Sweden forced him to recall it.

The interrupted project was resumed by Czarina Catherine the Great. Captain Vitus Bering, a Dane, who had done gallant service in the newly-created Russian navy, obtained command of the expedition, which set sail from Kamschatka in 1728. The result of this voyage was the defining of the east coast as far as Cape East, and the discovery of a channel into the Arctic.

In 1733 the energetic navigator set out on a second voyage among the islands of the northern sea. He carried on his explorations in this and a third voyage, when in 1741, he was shipwrecked in the sea that bears his name; and perished with many of his crew, stricken with famine, cold, and scurvy, on the island which since that time has been called Bering Island. During the next half-century the trade of these new lands was carried on in a desultory way by independent merchants and companies, whose lawless conduct led to bloodshed among themselves and frequent fights with the natives. In 1794 200 Siberian convicts were sent to Kadiak to supply the traders with cheap labour—an experiment similar to the disastrous attempt of the Hudson's Bay Company about the same time to solve the labour problem in their northern department. In the same year the Orthodox Church sent out

its first missionaries to the Aleutian Islands, and soon a large part of the new territory was organized into parishes and mission-fields.

In 1799 the Russian-American Fur Company was organized, with an Imperial charter and a capitalization of £260,000. It was given the entire right of government, trade, navigation, and fisheries in the New World. The company was organized on the model of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commercial and political importance it was expected to rival, if not eclipse. On its part the company was to maintain police and justice, to supply adequate munitions and provisions for any Russian forces which might be required in the territories, but was required to pay no royalties or dues, other than the regular customs duties on their imports from foreign countries. The company disposed of most of its furs in north China, importing in exchange immense quantities of tea, which yielded the Government large returns; but otherwise the commercial side of the venture could scarcely be pronounced a success. Politics and bureaucracy, favouritism and incompetence, hampered its activity. Its remoteness from the seat of government prevented effective supervision, while its captains and merchants lacked the skill and initiative of their British and American rivals.

Yet this great Company was a power to be reckoned with. Though its traders did not penetrate the country, they established themselves at points along the American coast. Taking into partnership the great chiefs who ruled with almost kingly power over the thousands of tribesmen of the coast and mountain valleys, they strove to control the trade even of that region which extended far beyond the confines of the Russian zone. They also had the interested support of predatory tribes of the passes, who like the robber-barons of old, levied tribute on the passing trade. The Russian method was to trade only at the mouths of the rivers and along the coast, leaving the inland trade in the hands of the chiefs, who accordingly used all their power to keep out rival fur-traders. The Russians gradually extended south and in time opened a trade with the Spaniards in California, thus securing a supply of cheaper trading goods, and so strengthening their hold on the country.

By the dawn of the nineteenth century the pioneers of the Northwest Company had worked their long way across the continent to the Arctic and the Pacific. How this hard-bitten, harassed, but ever-victorious handful of Scotch-Canadians held their own against all-comers, from the north, south, and west, is one of the wonder-tales of the Canadian West. The union of this company with the Hudson's Bay Company was followed by a period of expansion which alarmed their Russian rivals. An Imperial ukase was issued by the Czar, forbidding merchant ships of other nations to come within one hundred miles of the coast. After a few years of strife the Russians receded from this position, and in 1825 made a treaty with Britain fixing 54° 40′ north as the boundary. They also conceded to British vessels the right of navigating streams rising in British territory but entering the sea in Russian territory.

In 1833 Baron Wrangel, Governor of Sitka, disregarded this agreement and fired on the Dryad, a Hudson's Bay Company ship which was entering the Stikine. A period of strained relations followed, during which the British traders exhibited marked aggressiveness in exploration and in crowding the Russian partisans out of the trade west of the Rockies. To this period belongs the expedition of Robert Campbell from Fort Halkett to Dease's Lake and thence into the Stikine valley, as described in a previout article.

As soon as the Russian partisans had been crowded from this area, Campbell was directed to turn his at-

tention to the north branch of the Liard, and after tracing it to its source, was ordered to cross the divide in search of any rivers flowing westward.

"In pursuance of these instructions," says the explorer's journal, "I left Fort Halkett in May in a canoe with seven men, among them my trusty Kitza and La Pie, and the interpreter Hoole, ascending the stream some hundreds of miles we entered a beautiful lake, which I named Lake Frances, in honour of Lady Simpson. Leaving the canoe and part of the crew near the southwest extremity of this branch of the lake, I set off with three Indians and the interpreter. Shouldering our axes and blankets, we ascended a river, which we traced to its source in a lake ten miles long. These I named the Finlayson Lake and River."

Thence the explorers set off across the ridges, till after many adventures they came to a fine stream, which Campbell named the Pelly, after Sir H. Pelly, the Hudson's Bay Governor. Little did the voyager dream that he had reached the upper waters of the mighty Yukon, and entered upon the most memorable adventure of a chequered career, which would engross all his energies for the next ten years or more. In 1839 the Russians, finding the competition in the south unprofitable, had leased to the Hudson's Bay Company all their seaboard from 55° 40′ as far north as Cape Spencer for a yearly rental of 2,000 otter skins. But Governor Simpson had heard of unusual activity on the part of the Russians, in penetrating the interior of Alaska, and was anxious to forestall them if possible. Campbell, therefore, after establishing a fort at Pelly Banks, on the newly-discovered stream, in 1842, descended as far as the junction of the Lewes, where a large band of Wood Indians were encamped. They related such blood-curdling tales of the ferocity of the Indians on the lower river that the explorer thought it best to return to Pelly Banks for further information and instructions. These Indians of the lower river were mixed bands of outlaws and desperadoes, with some coastal Indians. One of their chiefs, a veritable Old Man of the Mountains, is recorded as keeping "a large band of men wonderfully expert in the art of assassination who obeyed his slightest bidding." All these savages had directly or indirectly come under the influence of the Russians. All had their various motives for keeping the English out of the territory. Undoubtedly these reports were exaggerated by the Indians of the upper river, who desired to keep the English traders to themselves. Yet enough of truth had been established to terrify the most dauntless. On the last journey beacons were seen blazing on various conspicuous hillsides, and the adventurous explorers were dogged from point to point. Only the lack of boats by their pursuers and afterwards the cool self-possession of the whites in the face of danger saved the party from massacre. In 1848 Campbell began the last stage of his journey. He had in the meantime established Fort Selkirk at the mouth of the Lewes River, and from this point he began his exploration of the lower stream.

"We came across large bands of natives, generally very friendly, and we always landed to have a talk with them. They were astonished at seeing us and our boat, for they had never (except those whom we met near Fort Selkirk) seen either a white man or a boat. Our accoutrements were a mystery to them. They were destitute of almost every article of civilized usage. The only arms they had were the bow and arrow; their substitutes for axe and knife were stone and bone. Their kettle was made of small fibrous roots of a tree, split neatly and knotted up close like a basket. After using it for a time it became waterproof and fit for cooking provisions—the method being to heat stones and drop them into the

kettle with a pair of tongs made from a bent stick, and continuing the operation until the water was boiling and the food cooked. By the time this was accomplished the water was converted into a thick soup, not with vegetables like Scotch broth, but with sand and ashes from the stones.

"These Indians spoke in very loud tones, and were very anxious to give and receive information."

The dress of these tribes was made of cariboo or of reindeer, the summer garment without the hair, the winter garment with the hair turned in. In summer the footwear was simply a pair of moccasins, but in winter they wore heavy stockings of woven hair and grass. Both sexes were very fond of decorations. For this purpose duck's wings, stained porcupine quills, and beads were chiefly used. They painted their faces and bodies with native ochre and dyes of vegetable juices and berries. Anyone fortunate enough to secure a piece of tin or copper lost no time in working it up into ornaments.

"After descending the river some hundreds of miles the range of mountains recede, the river widens and for about forty-five miles wanders amid countless islands. Then traversing this level stretch we came in sight of a fort, which turned out to be Fort Yukon, at the confluence of the Porcupine River, and here I was delighted to find my old friend, Mr. W. L. Hardisty, Mr. W. H. [A. H.?] Murray having just left with the returns for Lapierre's House."

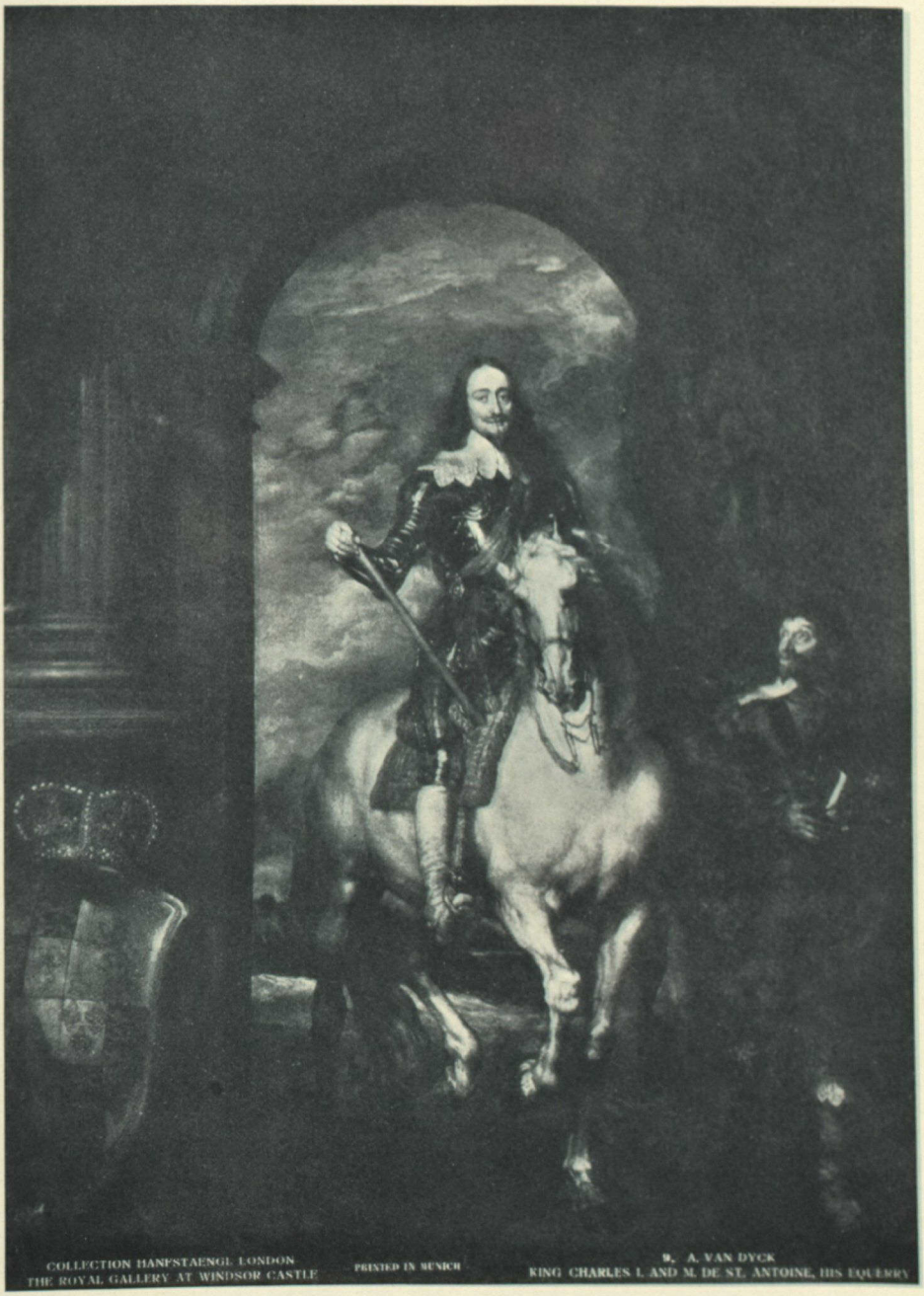
Fort Yukon was established by the chief trader, A. H. Murray, in 1846, as a sequel to the exploration of the Porcupine the year before, by J. Bell, of Peel River post. "I had now the satisfaction of confirming what I had already conjectured," writes Campbell, "that the Pelly and the Yukon were identical."

In 1835 the Russians, under Glassunoff, had explored the delta of the Yukon, and in 1842-43 Lieutenant Zagoskin ascended as far as Nowikakat. Only the appearance of the English on the upper river stayed their progress by robbing them of all hope of trade in the interior. But for this they would undoubtedly have established themselves at the head of navigation and laid a claim not only to the gold fields of the Yukon, but probably to the valley of the Liard and the Porcupine, which claim would have been transferred to the United States with the sale of Alaska in 1867.

For two years Campbell at Fort Selkirk saw the new post grow in importance as a trade centre, in spite of the opposition of hostile Indians of the West. On August 21st, 1852, a band of these outlaws, Chilicoots and Chilikats of the passes, descended upon the post in the absence of the trader, turned out the occupants, and pillaged the stores. They then beat a hasty retreat, after destroying such booty as they could not carry away.

With the shell of a damaged fort on his hands, Campbell set off 2,000 miles across country, making most of the journey on snowshoes, in hope of meeting Sir George Simpson on his annual inspection tour and securing his consent to the restoration of the post. Failing to overtake him, he hastened on to Crow Wing, Minnesota, and then *via* New York to England, to lay his suit before the Hudson's Bay Company directors. Such zeal was worthy of a better reception. Time and conditions had changed meanwhile. Fort Seikirk had served its purpose, and the fiat went forth that it should be abandoned to its fate. Its buildings were soon pulled to pieces by the Indians for the invaluable nails and iron, and the wood was burned in the camp fires of passing voyageurs. Now only the foundation ruins are to be seen.

Campbell was given charge of the Athabaska district until 1863, when he was transferred to Swan River. He retired from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1872, after forty years' strenuous service, and died at Strathclair, Manitoba, in 1894.



KING CHARLES I. AND HIS EQUERRY

From the Painting by Van Dyck, in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle

THE HOUSE OF SAVOY

BY HAROLD SANDS

SINCE Canadians have won immortal fame on the battlefields of Europe there naturally has followed an awakening of interest in this country regarding the lands across the Atlantic with which this Dominion is allied in the cause of right, humanity, and progress. Italy, for example, has come in for more attention here since it freed itself from an unnatural alliance with the Germanic nations.

When, last May, the soldiers of Italy, in the words of King Victor Emmanuel, unfurled their country's colours in the sacred lands which nature gave them as their frontiers, a thrill went through Canada. That action meant not only that the warriors of Italy felt the call to release their countrymen in the Trentino and Trieste from the long subjection to Austria, but also that Italy had taken its proper place beside Great Britain, her colonies, and other allies, in keeping alight the splendid torch of liberty.

The course pursued by Victor Emmanuel was only what the world, outside of the Teutons and the Turks, had the right to expect from the great house of Savoy. Cradled in the Alps, where liberty ever has been held dearer than life itself, the ancient house of Savoy must have gone contrary to all its traditions if it had joined the Germanic league for the suppression of the liberties of Europe. The world knows how Italy was duped by Bismarck into entering the Triple Alliance, and the world knows how, in the supreme hour, Italy nobly subscribed to, again to quote Victor Emmanuel, "the bond of blood in war against a common enemy".

When Italy threw its weight onto the side of right it gave to the Allies the support of the oldest reigning family in Europe. Moreover, it extended to them the aid of a real war lord and one who only drew his sword to uphold justice and to beat down oppression. As a warrior king, Victor Emmanuel stands out in splendid contradistinction to that "mailed fist" of Germany whose overweening ambition to make Europe his footstool provoked the terrible conflict.

The Alpine house of Savoy was a power in middle European politics several centuries before the present imperial dynasty of Prussia was founded. The counts of Savoy won renown years before Rudolf of Hapsburg conquered Austria, and the present descendant of the illustrious family has proved himself to be far more progressive and liberal than the heads of the militarist nations who have brought so much woe upon the earth. King Victor Emmanuel delights little in that pomp and display which is as the breath of his nostrils to the Kaiser. He is a fresh-air prince who loves simplicity.

Victor Emmanuel III. had a Spartan upbringing. Although very delicate as a boy, he was early destined for the army, of which, like his able and Herculean grandfather, the first ruler of United Italy, he took supreme command when "the solemn hour of

the nation's claim struck." In order to fit himself for that command he underwent a training so rigorous that the ordinary Canadian boy of to-day would stand aghast were he asked to subject himself to such a life of hard work and self-denial.

Italy's King, when but a boy of twelve years, was placed in charge of Colonel Osio, a distinguished soldier who had fought against Austria in the campaigns of 1859-60 and 1866. He also followed the British expedition against King Theodore of Abyssinia. Mr. F. M. Underwood, author of "United Italy", gave the world a vivid pen picture of this remarkable man when he said of him: "A cultured man, and a rigid not to say alarming disciplinarian, his stern severity covered a noble and tender nature which gained the love and esteem of his young pupil, who, shortly after he ascended the throne, made Colonel Osio a count, and, when his former governor died, sent a wreath with an inscription expressing his gratitude and friendship."

Colonel Osio always insisted that the prince should be treated exactly like any other boy. Once, when Victor Emmanuel had, just like any other boy, indulged in action which laid him open to reproof, the colonel told him to "remember that the son of a king, or the son of a cobbler, when he is an ass, *is* an ass." Osio didn't believe in flattery. He expected from his pupil the strict fulfilment of every one of his duties. The result was that when the prince's school days came to an end, Colonel Osio was able to write to General Pianelli, who had shared in the task of education, that the prince was prepared "to fight the battle of life in his special position with a resolved soul, a clear and precise conception of his duties, and an elevated comprehension of his difficult and important mission."

In no way would the colonel allow the future king to be pampered. It was an understood thing that he must rise at six o'clock, winter and summer, have a cold bath, and go for a morning ride. One day, when it was pouring with rain and the prince had a cold, Professor Motandi, another of his tutors, suggested that the morning ride might be omitted.

"And if there was a war, would the prince not mount because he had a cold?" demanded Colonel Osio.

The prince mounted, cold or no cold. "With these soldiers one cannot reason," declared the physician of the household who had overheard the exchange of sentiments between the professor and the colonel.

To-day the manly king shows the benefits of his colonel's severity, but one of his early diaries which has been preserved contains the rather pathetic observation that the stern programme he was compelled to adhere to "poisoned all his amusements."

And his outlook on life might also have been poisoned by the manner in which he came to the throne—that dark hour in which his father was assassinated by the American anarchist, Bresci, of Patterson, New Jersey. At that time of tribulation, when the world was horrified at the base and meaningless crime, the training of Colonel Osio stood him in good stead. Victor Emmanuel showed himself resolute and modest and in every way fitted for the exalted position to which he was so hurriedly called.

He himself has known what it is to be the mark of a would-be assassin. On March 14th, 1912, his life was attempted by a young mason named d'Alba. On that day, in company with Queen Elena, he drove through Rome to the Pantheon, where his father and grandfather are buried, to hear a mass for the repose of the soul of his martyred parent. While the royal procession was passing along the Corso, the main thoroughfare of the Eternal City, the would-be assassin fired twice at the carriage in which the King and Queen were seated. Queen Elena proved her de-

votion on that occasion. She saw d'Alba draw his revolver, and crying, "Take care, he is going to shoot!" she clasped her husband in her arms in order to protect him with her own body. Happily their Majesties escaped unhurt, but the commander of the escort, who was riding beside the royal carriage, was seriously wounded.

The demonstrations of loyalty which this event brought out proved how deep was the affection felt by the people for their King and his tall, beautiful, and black-eyed consort. This affection has been increased by the invariable sympathy and aid extended to the people by the royal couple at all times of trouble. Their love and tendernes was shown during the terrible days which followed the earthquakes in Italy in the autumn of 1914, as well as at the time of the catastrophe in January, 1909, which turned the beautiful and prosperous city of Messina into an abode of the dead.

It is, as Mr. Underwood points out, a tradition of the house of Savoy that where suffering and sorrow have stricken their people there is the place for the king to be, giving that personal supervision and human sympathy that does so much to console the sufferers and to urge to further efforts those whose duty it is to afford relief. In the terrible days of the Roman inundation of 1870, the great Victor Emmanuel, then newly come to the throne of United Italy, exhibited this splendid family trait. King Humbert followed his noble example when visitations by fire and flood afflicted some of his people, and there never has been an occasion which has brought sorrow to Italian families but that Victor Emmanuel III. has been foremost in restoring hope and courage by his practical aid, courage, and energy.

So, when the fateful moment came for Italy to array herself on the side of those opposed to Teutonic tyranny, the representative of the house of Savoy faltered not. He placed himself at the head of his army and navy and personally took the field with those whose aim is, as Lord Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States, has so well said, "to establish peace on a foundation of justice more firm than has been in many centuries." Under Victor Emmanuel III. Italy is following her best traditions, and her ancient friendship with Great Britain, and through the mother country with Canada, has become all the more firmly cemented.

DAWN

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

THE fleeing night-clouds hurried towards the west,
The east grew pink with rosy break of dawn,
The birds awoke, but we were still at rest;
The dew-drops shone like diamonds on the lawn,
A robin chirped, the last small star went out,
The sun arose and put the dark to rout.

THE FOOD SHIP

BY ETHEL HAMILTON HUNTER

ANN BOYLE had spent her last shilling. It was Friday evening. She had been out most of the day, looking for work; her feet were sore and her back ached. The smart skirt and the pretty hat she took such pride in had been wet through and through. Despair gnawed at her heart as she trudged wearily towards home.

For three days she had had scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, and now the last penny had gone, leaving her dependent on charity. For herself she did not care, but for the little life within that was so soon to wake from sleep—what then? What then? How would it all end? Would she have strength to wait and work and struggle until these hard times were over?

It was Ann Boyle's pride that suffered most. The Irish are peculiarly sensitive in this way. The little lamp was kept burning still o' nights, casting its cheerful glow upon the clean and orderly room where Ann had spent many peaceful and happy days. The semblance of comfort remained, but weeks of poverty had left a dark stain behind. The many sacrifices that she had made! The wan endeavours to bridge over the dreadful cavity that day by day grew and grew was apparent, in her eyes at any rate.

She pushed open the door with a dread fear. Was her husband waiting? She had little to bring. Since he had been dismissed because of his adherence to the Transport Union an indolent lazy and utterly unmanly viciousness had taken possession of him. He who had been kind and honest and upright was now loafing, unkempt, demoralized, night after night, with a herd of angry, virulent, passion-wrought followers at street corners or in some lighted den. Sometimes he brought in a shilling or two, (He had not contributed to the Union and so received no relief pay), sometimes a kind word, but more often a volume of abuse that shocked and frightened Ann and made her heartily despise and dread this unhappy strike, which was paralyzing the happiness and serenity of so many homes.

She was not wise enough to understand who was in the right or who was in the wrong; but she dreaded, as the knowing heart of a woman will, the ravages that strife and bloodshed and want incur. It would take long months to make good their monetary loss; it would take long years (hot tears were blinding her) before their respect and pride recovered.

She had no penny left for the gas stove, but she boiled some water over the lamp and sat down to her solitary meal. The dry bread choked her. She tried to think collectedly.

Hark! Somebody was knocking at the door. Hastily she tied on an apron to hide the dampness of her skirt. Then she rose and hid the remnants of food that remained.

Two of the neighbours stepped across the threshold. Both were women in comfortable circumstances. Ann kept herself aloof from all

others, but distress had effected them also. She noted how thin and pale they looked.

"Where have you been, Ann?" one of them asked; "we haven't seen you for days."

Ann was ashamed to say she had been looking for work.

"No more you have," she answered listlessly; "but I've been no place particular. It's turned very wet, hasn't it?"

"Sure; and it's drenched you are, Ann. You're not taking enough care of yourself, and that you're not. These harrd times has left their marrk on you. Kate and me was just sayin' as we cum up, sure there's many a woman in Dublin this night that's dreamin' of th' ship."

Ann affected ignorance.

"What ship?"

"Why, th' food ship that's bein' sent over from England to feed th' hungry, them that's starvin' and haven't a bit to ate or a sup to drink. Of course, th' likes of us don't need it."

"No," said Ann tremulously, "we don't need it."

"It will be a harrd winter surely."

"I see months and months of terrible poverty for the land," said Ann fiercely. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes bright. "Poor creatures brought to the depths of despair be th' strife of them that ought to know better. Rent in arrears. Strength gone. Furniture and clothes in pawn. Idleness to be overcome. I *hate* strikes!" She clenched her hands menacingly. "I hate and despise th' bitter angry words that makes beasts of men and women, and if I could I would go through th' wide world and tell everybody so."

"You do be talkin' very tall, Ann."

"I mean it, every word. Think of th' faces you and I know. Picture them before this strike occurred! Think of them now! Be nights hot and roused. . . . Thoughts of vengeance and hatred. . . . Bated breath and clinched fists. . . . An empty stomach. . . . A drink or two. . . . And then" (Ann lowered her voice and spoke with vehemence), "murder, murder, not alone of body, but of soul. And the women. . . . The little bits of finery they prized, worn out. . . . The few pounds, or perhaps shillings, they had saved gone. . . . Face to face with long weeks of idleness. Oh! honest work is better for us women nor loafing aimlessly round. . . . Little worrds stir up anger then. . . . And be nights the gleam of the picture-houses. . . . The mass meetings. . . . The excitement of the mob maddens the blood that is often times too hot already. It's all wrong."

And had risen and clasped her hands fiercely across her breast.

"It's all wrong, I tell you! Beasts, they're makin' of us, and we ourselves are helpin' them. God help us all! For there is dark times before us surely."

"Just as Kate an' me was sayin'. Whist! Sure I'm comin', Kate. We'll be sayin' good-evenin' now, Ann; you're too wet to talk more."

They both rose.

"Drop in soon, Ann," said the other woman. "Where's himself?"

"He's out."

"With th' strikers?"

"I suppose so."

"Bring himself, too."

"Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Too weary to rise, her wet clothes clinging to her tired limbs, Ann remained crouched low in the chair. How long she sat there she did not know. A thud upon the flood roused her. A body was lying across the little room. The air was foul with the neuseous odour of liquor. It must have been the noise of the falling that woke her!

He was too heavy to lift, so she unloosed his collar, took off his boots, laid a pallow under his head, and covered him with an old rug.

Then she wept.

She could not sleep. The wet clothes had chilled her through and through. The lamp had burned out. There was no food or money. The man would remain inert for hours, perhaps even days. Her strength was failing.

But there was the ship!

She clenched her hands. She, who had held her head so high! Ann Boyle among the starving rabble! Ann Boyle, raising her suppliant arms to receive gifts from those who had robbed her of peace and happiness and contentment! No! To be seen among the poor! To be recognized with the starving! Watched perhaps by those very women who had sat as friends in her room tonight! She would rather. . . .

She sat up and pressed her poor, cold hands against her worn body, stifling back the echo of a scream.

Such sounds are not uncommon in these surroundings at night; so no one seemed to heed her, and when the pain that only a mother knows had passed, leaving her limp and exhausted, she half unconsciously clasped her hands in prayer.

For the sake of the child she would go for food. Thus the dawn found her.

The man still slept upon the floor. Ann passed out, locking the door behind her. A kindly fog enveloped her figure as she sped furtively along. She would hide in the friendly shelter of a wall or corner and wait unseen for the ship. She tied a dark veil over her face. Perhaps that was why the water looked so dark!

But the fog was lifting. It was drizzling now, slowly but surely. Happily it was too early for many to be around. Oh, the shame, the agony! Ann Boyle receiving charity!

On, on, she went, stumbling, tottering. People were hurrying forward now. Once or twice a child ran past with petulant haste. Above the inert sound of voices rose the shrill siren of a steamer.

She found a quiet corner at last. Others were waiting also, though it was still very early. She slunk away into the background. A little white dog, thin and hungry-looking like herself, pushed his poor, dirty snout into her half-open hand. Ann was glad of his company. Together they waited, warming and comforting each other. And so the hours passed.

Ann raised her head. It was now time to move forward. She listened intently to the babble round her. It had been the topic of conversation for days, this longed-for ship, which was to stay the crying of the little children and the blasphemy of the hungry men and women that were now freely discussing the situation.

A surging mass of hungry forms pressed close against her. She felt faint and sick. The little dog—so many hours her faithful companion—crept as near to her as possible, and then they went on. Blinding tears were in her eyes. She dared not look round. The ticket in her hand was like a menace. A voice kept calling in her ears, "Ann Boyle! Ann Boyle!" until she felt all the world must hear. And thus she stumbled on. She scarcely knew when the moment arrived and the dreaded weight of the food was in her arms. If anyone saw her! If she, Ann Boyle. . . .

Where was the little dog? He had waited so patiently, she would like to feed him now!

She turned to seek him and came face to face with two hurrying forms, two forms thickly veiled like herself and carrying dreaded parcels like her own.

Her head was swimming, but a new peace took possession of her bruised and aching heart, chasing away the dumb agony that had besought her earlier in the day. For the two figures were her friends.

Not a word was spoken, but she understood. Tears were blinding her. If she suffered and tried to hide it, others suffered, too.

Thus Ann took up the sorry burden of her life again.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ALL goes well at the front, arm-chair critics notwithstanding. There is no weakening anywhere in the unity of purpose of the Allies, no break in the wall of steel that encircles the central European powers, and that one day will crush the haughty ambitions of the Teutons. Russia has eluded the knock-out blows aimed by Hindenburg and is still able to keep in the ring, dealing out terrific punishment to her powerful adversary.. Every attempt to bring the weaker Russian armies to decisive battle has failed. Enveloping movements have been tried in vain. The main objective of war, the destruction of the enemy, has signally broken down. Germany, by the occupation of the fire-swept plains of Poland, has obtained no adequate compensation for her terrific losses in men and material. From Riga to Bukowina the Austro-German armies on the eastern front are still confronted by the intact armies of the Czar, and are sinking deeper and deeper in the Serbonian bog of marshy Poland, with winter riding hard on their harassed flanks. Russia's reply to German hopes of an early peace is the presence of the Czar at the head of his troops. The superstitious reverence in which the Russian peasant soldier holds his Little Father is a psychological factor in the war which the enemy would be foolish to underrate. Overshadowed by the strong personality and military prestige of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the presence of the Czar at the head of his armies would be shorn of much of its glamour. The strength of the Grand Duke lay not only in his own splendid resource as a brilliant exponent of subtle strategy and the science of war, but also in the men who formed his headquarters staff. The Czar as the head of the Council of War on the field of battle will reap the glory of a victory which no one in Russia doubts. Whatever the ulterior motives for transferring the Grand Duke to the Caucasus, victory for Russian arms, when it does come, will prove to be a powerful unifying influence, binding Throne and People more closely together. War always is a gamble for the dynasties that survive, and no reigning sovereign, most of all the Czar, can ignore the opportunity, presented by a victorious war, of strengthening his hold on the loyalty of his people. The change in the command of the Russian army synchronizes with a rising tide of liberating thought in the great Slavonic Empire. War has given the Russian people the opportunity, eagerly seized, of proving their capacity for more extended powers of self-government. The unreadiness of Russia, following the humiliation of the Russo-Japanese campaign, has driven a nail into the coffin of the Russian Shoguns. Whether blameworthy or not, failure in war is invariably visited on those in power. The Grand Dukes, and Court influence, constitute the last relics of feudalism. The only hope of salvation for the Throne is to throw in its lot with the people. Reform or

revolution stares the Czar in the face whatever the issue of this war. His presence in the field, coupled with the drastic programme of reform presented by the Duma, lend confirmation to the belief that not military policy, but the exigencies of the political situation in Russia, decided the Czar in his resolve to take the field and reap the honours of a crowning victory over the hereditary enemy. Russia's great blunder has been in preferring promises to deeds in her relations with the Poles.

The condition of Poland is desperate. Never in her previous days of suffering has Poland been so awfully scourged. For a year over two millions of Germans and Austrians have been at grips with the Russians upon her territory. The tide of battle has ebbed and flowed over the land, and left a blacker desolation every time. Mgr. Sapièha, Prince-Bishop of Cracow, has issued an appeal for help, and in an article supporting this appeal the *Nova Reforma*, one of the Cracow papers, declares:

"Twelve million Poles are, at the present moment, plunged in the deepest misery. Several millions of them are literally dying of cold and hunger. Not only have they lost everything, but we are doomed daily to see thousands of our fellow-countrymen dying of hunger and exhaustion. Mothers are going mad with sorrow at being unable to feed the hunger of their children. Many people have no home but the trenches that have been abandoned by the armies, and no food but the bark of trees. The country watered by the Dunajec, the Wisloca, the Vistula, the Nida, the Pilica, and the Warta has been transformed into a vast desert, covered with ruined houses and graves. One may go far without meeting a single living being, on the banks of the Dunajec and the San, as well as on those of the Vistula, which in days of peace was a well-populated district."

And yet in the midst of all this desolation Berlin newspapers pretend that the Germans have been welcomed with open arms by the Poles.

On the western fronts there is at present an ominous calm, broken only by the incessant roar of big guns. When the smoke lifts we may get a glimpse of the closing scenes of the great European drama. There are signs and portents that point to the launching of titanic forces pregnant with fate for civilization. But it were unwise to look for immediate victory and the ending of the war. There is no reason to believe that we shall again witness in this campaign the hurricane shocks of contending armies. Germany has nothing to gain by an early capitulation and it may be taken for granted, unless the unexpected happens, that peace terms will be dictated by the Allies in Berlin. This means a desperate war of defence by the Teuton in which artillery and trench will continue to play a prominent part, and in which the advance of troops under any circumstances must be a slow and costly enterprise. What is in the minds of those responsible can only be conjectured, but it were idle to pretend that the enemy is powerless to put up a desperate fight for his existence and that months may yet elapse before the end is in sight.

The Kaiser now wears a triple crown of infamy—*Lusitania, Arabic, Hesperian.* Nothing in the recognized code of international morals can justify the sinking of passenger ships and the murder of innocent civilians. Before The Hague rules of war came into existence such deeds in the eyes of chivalrous people were associated with barbarism. There is no essential difference between the Turkish and German methods of war. The slaughter of the Armenians by the fanatical Turk is not more heinous than the launching of a deadly torpedo at the vitals of a mammoth liner freighted with women and children and unarmed men. This is not war, but cowardly assassination, all the more dastardly in that the crime is committed by a nation that claims to be highly cultured. Are the people of the United States so engrossed in the manufacture of munitions and so

seared by the material gains from a war in which they are not engaged that they cannot spare one day to demonstrate before the world their horror and indignation at the cumulative wrongs done by Germany to civilization?

Aerial raids on English coast towns are growing more frequent. London has been visited by the Zeppelins, but the curiosity of the people led them to brave all risks in their anxiety to see these ships of war that pass in the night, leaving a trail of death in the homes of many citizens.

The work of the women in this war is a marvellous revelation of the strength of the maternal instinct that leads matron and spinster alike to cast their gifts on the altar of national service. An American observer, writing in *The Morning Post* on rural France in war-time, pays the following warm tribute to the work of the women:

"Everywhere one is impressed by the general well-kept and orderly appearance of the country. I have never seen the farms and villages of France so neat and well cared for. The reason for this seems to be that in the absence of the valid manhood of the country 'with the colours' the care of the farms and small properties has devolved upon the women, aided by the old men and the children. In the absence of her 'homme' the peasant woman of France has made it a matter of pride and 'amour propre' to keep the little property of the family in better condition than ever. So general is this sentiment and so well have the French women succeeded in giving it practical expression that the results strike the eye and are immediately remarked by visitors who know the country well. I am told that therein lies one of the greatest sources of moral comfort and courage for the combatants at the front."

Letters from the front are still the most interesting of all human documents. Here are a couple picked at random:

"During the next few days we shall be facing death every minute. If I am taken off, do as the Roman matrons of old—keep your tears for privacy, steel your heart, and try and get a dozen recruits to fill my place. Pray hard for me, and, if God wills it, I shall see it through with a clean heart, and if I emerge I hope I shall have proved myself a man and a leader, and thereby have justified the confidence of my commanders."

Another touching letter, taken from the tunic of a dead Irish soldier by Patrick McGill, the "navvy poet", "somewhere in France", showed that it was from the dead hero's sweetheart in far-away Connemara:

"My dear Patrick,—I got your letter yesterday, and whenever I was my lone the day I was always reading it. I wish the black war was over and you back again—we all at home wish that, and I suppose yourself wishes it as well. I was up at your house last night; there's not much fun in it now. I read the papers to your mother, and me and her was looking at a map. But we didn't know where you were, so we could only make guesses. Your mother and me is taking the Rounds of the Cross for you, and I am always thinking of you in my prayers. You'll be having the parcel I sent you before you get this letter. I hope it's not broken or lost. The socks I sent were knitted by myself, three pairs of them, and I've put the holy water on them. Don't forget to put them on when your feet get wet; at home you never used to bother about anything like that; just tear about the same in wet as dry. But you'll take care of yourself now, won't you, and not get killed? It'll be a grand day when you come back, and God send the day to come soon! Send a letter as often as you can. I myself will write you one every day, and I'll pray to the Holy Mother to take care of you."

A falling birthrate is the most serious menace to Britain at the present moment. The official returns go to show the lowest recorded birthrate in England and Wales since civil registration was established. A falling birthrate, a rising deathrate, and a marriage rate almost stationary raises a serious question of vital concern to the future of the Empire.

Juan Shi Kai, the President of the Republic of China, has been constituted President with succession to his heir. This may be a first step to a Napoleonic coup d'etat. In the opinion of many who know China intimately the fibres of monarchism are too deeply embedded in the soil of

China to admit of the rapid progress toward western ideals for which the revolutionaries are contending. For centuries they have been accustomed to look up to their Emperor as "the Son of Heaven", and the influence of the mandarins is still strong for bureaucratic control. The President is a strong man, and in the present stage of national evolution it is perhaps imperative that there should be continuity of policy until more stable conditions are reached, and the country has recovered from the years of revolution.

The agitation for conscription in the United Kingdom has made little progress in official circles. With a volunteer army of over three million men there does not seen to be any burning need for plunging the country into the throes of an angry controversy. At least this appears to be be the view entertained by Mr. Asquith. If this is going to be a war of trenches and high explosive shells the necessity for a larger army is not so pressing as the manufacture of munitions of war. The maximum strength for a mile of front is five thousand men. The retreat from Mons was executed with an average of about three thousand British troops to the mile. With an average of five thousand men to the mile the entire western front could be held by 1,500,000 men, plus supports and reserves and guards on lines of communication. It is difficult for mere laymen to appreciate the insistent demands for conscription in face of the official figures and assurances given. It will be time enough to talk about conscription when Kitchener insists upon it. It would be a fatal mistake to divide the British people into hostile camps over a question which is not yet one of national necessity. According to Mr. Asquith nearly a million men are now engaged in the manufacture of munitions in the United Kingdom, while the daily war expenditure approximates to twenty million dollars. New sacrifices in men, money, and munitions will be demanded as the war proceeds, but at the present moment the question of chief concern is finance. A new note of credit for war purposes of $1,250,000,000 has been passed by the British House of Commons, which brings the colossal total to $6,310,000,000. Britain has not only raised the money required with apparent inconvenience, but has also advanced to her allies and to the Dominions the enormous total of $1,250,000,000. At the present moment financiers representing Britain and France are in the United States to raise a billion dollars without collateral security. The Morgan interests are behind the British and French proposals, but at the time of writing the banking interests in the United States are sharply divided on the question. The drop in British exchange calls for an immediate understanding between the Republic and the Allies on the whole question of finance. Canada is represented at the conference now proceeding in the United States. The German element is naturally working hard to prevent the loan, but the interest of American manufacturers in the steady supply of munitions to the Allies will undoubtedly be a powerful factor on the side of the Allies in the financial bargaining that is going on.

The speech of Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords was emphatically optimistic. A great deal of harm is being done in Canada by certain pessimists who pay flying visits to Britain. If the truth were known these men have gained their impressions through close association with the Northcliffe circle. It is not likely that Kitchener would appeal to some of these garrulous busybodies as a particularly brilliant or safe man to have at the head of affairs. A brief visit to the War Office would have a very chilly effect on a man who fancies he is about to be entrusted by the Sphinx with the secrets of the British Army Council.

The Library Table

LINES IN MEMORY OF EDMUND MORRIS

By Duncan Campbell Scott. Printed privately.

WHEN the late Edmund Morris the painter was procuring material and subjects for the series of Indian portraits that now hang in the Parliament Buildings in Toronto he had occasion to consult the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. As a result he was thrown into contact with the poet Duncan Compbell Scott, who at that time was secretary of the department. The two thereafter—poet and painter—travelled together amongst various tribes of Indians in the West, and as a result there grew up between them a warm friendship. Morris had a great fondness for writing letters, but most of his script was illegible. Near the end of his life, which was caused by drowning at Quebec a couple of years ago, he wrote a letter to Scott, and the present poem is Scott's reply. The brochure in which it appears contains therefore an epistle in verse form, and is an unusually lofty piece of literature. Professor Pelham Edgar regards it as one of the finest poems ever written by a Canadian. The theme is unhackneyed, the treatment novel, and the style only such as is commanded by the veritable poet. And while the circumstances of the poem are interesting, they have nothing to do with its merits simply as a poem. The brochure should be read therefore because of its own value. But if Edmund Morris had left nothing to be remembered by but the *raison d'etre* of this poem he still would have left much. There are a few lines than can be appreciated fully only by those who are acquainted with the suggestions. For instance:

> I have your unanswered letter
> Here in my hand.
> This—in your famous scribble,
> It was ever a cryptic fist,
> Cuneiform or Chaldaic,
> Meanings held in a mist,

calls to mind Morris's illegible handwriting, and a few verses farther on we read:

> Is that Phimister Proctor,
> Or something about a doctor?

Phimister Proctor is a Canadian sculptor who is famous in the United States. Morris was greatly interested in his work, and was instrumental in having some of it exhibited in Canada and examples bought for several Canadian collections of art. The poem is divided into several sections. Perhaps the finest is the tragedy of Akoose. We reprint this section in full:

> Here, Morris, on the plains that we have loved,
> Think of the death of Akoose, fleet of foot,
> Who, in his prime, a herd of antelope
> From sunrise, without rest, a hundred miles
> Drove through rank prairie, loping like a wolf,
> Tired them and slew them, ere the sun went down.
> Akoose, in his old age, blind from the smoke
> Of tepees and the sharp snow light, alone
> With his great grandchildren, withered and spent,

THE LATE MR. RUPERT BROOKE (RIGHT) AND MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

From a photograph taken in Mr. Scott's Garden at Ottawa

Crept in the warm sun along a rope
Stretched for his guidance. Once when sharp autumn
Made membranes of thin ice upon the sloughs,
He caught a pony on a quick return
Of prowess and, all his instincts cleared and quickened,
He mounted, sensed the north and bore away
To the Last Mountain Lake, where in his youth
He shot the sand-hill-cranes with his flint arrows,
And for these hours in all the varied pomp
Of pagan fancy and free dreams of foray
And crude adventure, he ranged on entranced,
Until the sun blazed level with the prairie,
Then paused, faltered, and slid from off his pony.
In a little bluff of poplars, hid in the bracken,
He lay down; the populace of leaves
In the lithe poplars whispered together and trembled,
Fluttered before a sunset of gold smoke,
With interspaces, green as sea water,
And calm as the deep water of the sea.

There Akoose lay, silent amid the bracken,
Gathered at last with the Algonquin chieftains,
Then the tenebrous sunset was blown out,
And all the smoky gold turned into cloud wrack.
Akoose slept forever amid the poplars,
Swathed by the wind from the far-off Red Deer,
Where dinosaurs sleep, clamped in their rocky tombs.
Who shall count the time that lies between
The sleep of Akoose and the dinosaurs?
Innumerable time, that yet is like the breath
Of the long wind that creeps upon the prairie
And dies away with the shadows at sundown.

*

1914 AND OTHER POEMS

Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons. London: Sidgwick and Jackson.

NO writer of our day has sprung so suddenly as the late Rupert Brooke into the front rank of English poets. A year ago he was known

only to the few who interest themselves in fine aspects of letters. He had been classed with what the anthologists call the "Georgian" poets. He had published a book entitled "Poems," and when the war broke out had just returned from a journey around the world. He was at Antwerp during the bombardment, but returned to accompany the Royal Navy Division to the Dardanelles, where he died under a sunstroke and was buried in the island of Lemnos. He had written some sonnets on the war, or, rather, sonnets inspired by the war. A few of them, one of them in particular, were immediately reprinted all over the world. Critics pronounced them among the very finest gems in the English language, and the superlatives in some instances were actually sweeping. In *The Fortnightly Review,* where there is a fifteen-page review of the poet's life and work, the author, Mr. S. P. B. Mais, places him as the greatest poet of his time. Perhaps greatest is not the best word to use, for Brooke was only twenty-seven when he died, and his output is not great. What there is of it, however, is very fine in quality, superfine, indeed, and full of much beauty. On his journey around the world he visited Canada. At Ottawa he went to see Duncan Campbell Scott, and, singularly, as now it appears, Scott gave him a note of introduction to Edmund Morris, the painter whose letter inspired the poem by Scott about which we have just written. Brooke carried with him to Scott an introduction from the poet John Masefield. The volume containing his last work includes the 1914 sonnets and poems written in the south seas. We shall not here review it, for all who are properly interested will want to get the book for themselves. We shall reprint, however, one sonnet—"The Dead":

These hearts are woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

*

MRS. MARTIN'S MAN

By St. John G. Ervine. Dublin: Maunsell and Company.

THIS is one more volume that will be added to the ever-increasing list of publications following in the wake of the literary revival in Ireland. Until it appeared the author was not widely known outside the United Kingdom. He had written several novels and had had some plays produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, but it is the present novel that has brought him into immediate prominence. We cannot say that we like it, nor can we say that we dislike it. It contains two exceedingly fine character studies. Martin himself is one of them—a sailor who goes and comes according to his fancy. Mrs. Martin is the other—a woman who, to use a nautical expression, sticks to the helm in her husband's absence. Martin is the kind of man who sits around the house for months enjoying fare and shelter provided by others and then gets up, takes his cap and announces as a commonplace that he is off to sea. He does not come back in months, perhaps years. But before he goes his sister-in-law is distinguished as his "fancy woman", and his wife knows of it. Here, then, we have these two Ulster women, sisters,

living together, the one the abandoned wife, the other the abandoned mistress. Both know, and both know that they know. On the subject few words pass between them. The wife, who cannot depend on her man sending money, opens a hardware store, and it is a success. Shortly after her husband's leavetaking she bears a second child—a girl—and this child grows into young womanhood before any tidings are received of the father. And the tidings contain the blunt announcement that he is coming home. The household now consists of a grown son, a fine, rollicking lad; the mother, a tall, lean figure with a look of determination; the sister, a pensive, fading spinster, and the daughter, a rosy Irish maiden. Into this household comes the man, who now looks more like a tramp than a sailor. And it is in this household he remains, humbled, but still clinging to a shred of his former arrogance. Many persons would say that Mrs. Martin should have "chucked" her man and be done with him; but we rather think that she is doing what many another woman does every day of her life—tolerates her man simply because she has to tolerate him.

*

A BIT O' LOVE

By John Galsworthy. London: Duckworth and Company.

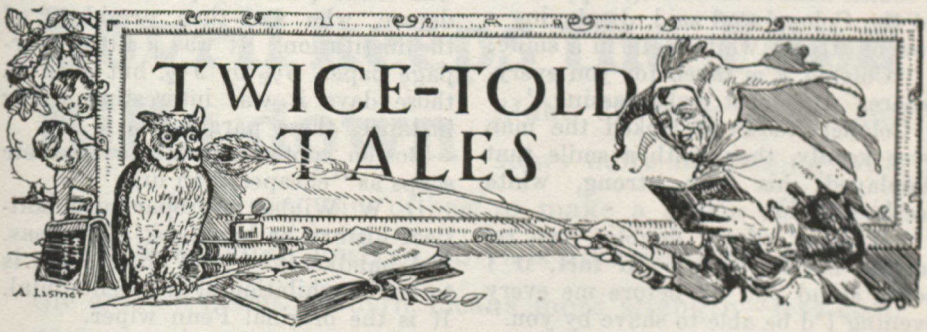
THIS play in three acts by one of the foremost of British novelists is a splendid example of the reaction from the overly theatrical productions of recent years. If anything, it reacts too far. It is a most interesting study, however, a sketch of a most lovable character. Michael Strangway is the kind of man who does not wish to harm or restrict any living creature. When one of the village girls brings to Confirmation class a skylark in a wooden sage, Michael Strangway seizes the cage and releases the bird. No wild thing, he says, must be caged. He is soon called upon to give his principle a wider extension, for his wife, who has been absent from him all the winter in the south of France, comes back to say that she has given herself to another man, and to ask that he will not ruin her lover by seeking for a divorce. He loves the woman dearly, but his eye falls on the cage, and he consents to her freedom. The interview is overheard by the outraged owner of the skylark, who has come back to look for her sixpence, and, being surprised, has concealed herself behind a curtain in the window. By her the story is put all over the district, so that we next see the village inn sitting in solemn conclave on this man who is less than a man. Michael Strangway is hissed as he comes out of church, and some of his poems that have been discovered are chanted in the darkness. He goes home determined to make away with himself, but when he goes out to the barn for the purpose he is frustrated by a little child whom the dancers have left behind. The little child gives him the "bit o' love" which is necessary for every living thing. Michael Strangway is saved, and determines to go on living.

*

THE SPELL OF SOUTHERN SHORES

By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a sumptuous volume dealing with what an observant traveller might encounter in going from sea to sea in Italy. It is, in fact, a sequel to a previous volume entitled "The Spell of Italy". It begins with the Ligurian Riviera, traverses the Ionian and Sicilian Seas, and goes thence to the Adriatic. The style of writing is quite personal, so that after reading the first page or two one feels that one knows the writer well and is beginning to know her companion. One knows at the same time the charming places they visit, a combination to be desired in a book of travel.



It Would Do

Henry Ford, congratulated in Detroit on his splendid movement for the cure of drug fiends, smiled and said:

"We now know that drug fiends are curable. It was wrong in the past to deem the drug fiend as hopeless as the baldhead.

"Once a man who was fast growing bald said to his doctor:

"'My hair is coming out. Please give me something to keep it in.'

"'Well,' said the doctor, 'here's an old pill box. Will that do?'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*

Prayed for Enemy

The British Weekly tells of a minister's wife, who, visiting some soldiers' wives in her district, found one speaking, as she thought, somewhat bitterly about the Kaiser. She remonstrated mildly, and reminded the woman that, as a Christian, she ought to pray for her enemies. "So I do," was the reply. "And what do you say?" "Oh, just like this, ma'am! 'Almighty God, keep your e'e on that loon, the Keyser; saften his hert an' damp his pouther'."

Ambidextrous

Very few people are ambidextrous; that is, able to use the left hand as readily and skilfully as the right, remarks *Youth's Companion.* But there is a story of an Irishman who was careful to cultivate that art. When he was signing articles on board a ship he began to sign his name with his right hand, and then changed the pen to the left hand and finished it. "So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer. "Yis, sorr," replied Pat. "Whin I was a bhoy me father (rest his soul) always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut yer finger nails with yer left hand, for some day ye might lose yer right!'"

*

A clergyman was discussing with an illerate member of his flock, in an orthodox church in Georgia, religious topics of varied interest. The member said that even the best were none too good in this vale of sin and tribulation.

"You believe, then," interposed the preacher, "in the doctrine of Total Depravity?"

"Yes, I do," responded the member, "that is—er—er—when it's lived up to."—*Christian Register.*

The Doubles

Colonel Roosevelt, as all the world may not know, shaves every evening before he goes to bed. Apropos of this odd fact there is a little story.

Before *The Outlook* office one day a robust man of middle age approached the Colonel and said, displaying a row of strong, white teeth in a smile:

"Colonel, I'm taken for you everywhere. It's most embarrassing."

Colonel Roosevelt looked the man over keenly, then, with a smile that displayed his own strong, white teeth, he said:

"Well, of all my doubles, you resemble me the most. In fact, if I could stand you up before me every evening I'd be able to shave by you."

*

Dinner in the Vestry

In a small country village in Yorkshire on Sunday the villagers observed the following notice posted on the church door: "On Tuesday next the annual meeting will be held in the vestry at 2 o'clock, D. V." "What does D. V. mean?" was the question each man asked himself and his neighbours. No one could solve the difficulty. At last they went in a body to the oldest man in the place. But even he was puzzled. "D. V., D. V.," he kept on saying. "I never heard of D. V. Why, that means 'Dinner in the Vestry,' of course." Imagine the vicar's surprise when on Tuesday all the vestrymen came punctual to the minute and each laden with a mug, knife, fork, and spoon, after the manner in which Yorkshire rustics generally go to a tea-meeting.—*London Tit-Bits.*

*

British Gaiety

"During the raid, Southend," said one eye-witness, "looked more or less as it does in holiday times. The people were out, many of them in their night attire, with an overcoat hastly put on."—*London Morning Post.*

Kansan Quips

Last week's issue of *The Kansas Industrialist,* published by the State Agricultural College, started on "Vol. 41." The first issue appeared April 24, 1875, and its publication was made possible by John A. Anderson, who was then president of the institution. It was a little four-page paper, 6½ by 9½, but even in those days it was interesting. For instance, these paragraphs:

Boston apothecaries advertise their soaps as "cheaper than dirt."

D. W. Wilder is preparing a political history or handbook of Kansas.

A handkerchief of William Penn is to be on exhibition at the Centennial. It is the original Penn wiper.

Delaware has adopted a new flag, six by six and a half feet. It will be spread over the State to keep the frost off.

Single ladies should be at church early so as to be on hand when the minister gives out the hymns. They might get one.

The New York *Herald* thinks that when an Indian is caught who has undoubtedly killed another Indian the true course is to give him a new gun and $5.—*Kansas City Star.*

*

A Blithe Coroner

"Wednesday was a beautiful, bright, sunny day, and in the afternoon we observed that Mr. Richard Mason, the district county attorney, availed himself of these enjoyable conditions to drive out, accompanied by Mrs. Mason, to the Riby Wold Road Farm of Mr. Addison. Here he held an inquest. . . . Mr. Mason must have many pleasant drives in the spring and summer, as his district embraces ninety-one parishes, and many of the wold villages are very beautiful, and well worth a visit."—*The Grimsby News.*

One can almost hear Mr. Mason saying to his wife: "It's a fine day, my dear. Let's hold an inquest."—*Punch.*

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is delicious, "good luck" nourishment for body, brain and nerves.

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Some night when the boy is eating his dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, tell him this story about it.

Each grain of that wheat contains 100 million food cells, made up of many kinds.

Each food cell is a globule which must be broken to digest. That's why we cook or bake it. Raw wheat would not do. But, until late years, no process was known which would break up all those food cells.

Prof. Anderson's Discovery

Prof. Anderson found that each food cell held moisture. He conceived the idea of converting that moisture to steam.

To do this he sealed up the grains in guns. Then he revolved those guns for one hour in a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns and the steam in each food cell exploded, blasting the cell to pieces.

Think of it—a hundred million steam explosions occur in every Puffed Grain. That's what puffs them into bubbles, eight times normal size. And that's how whole grains are made wholly digestible, so every atom feeds.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
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Except in Extreme West

The same story applies to Puffed Rice.

Tell it to children, boys or girls. 'Twill increase their respect for grain foods, which are better for them than meat. And for Puffed Wheat and Rice, the best forms of grain food.

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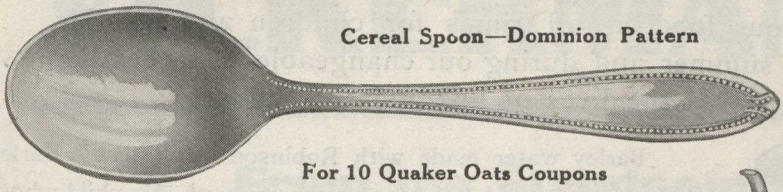

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You can get it at your nearest store, without any extra price. You can get it always, for this brand never varies. Don't you think it worth while to specify this grade in buying food like this? It will come if you say you want it—if you specify Quaker Oats.

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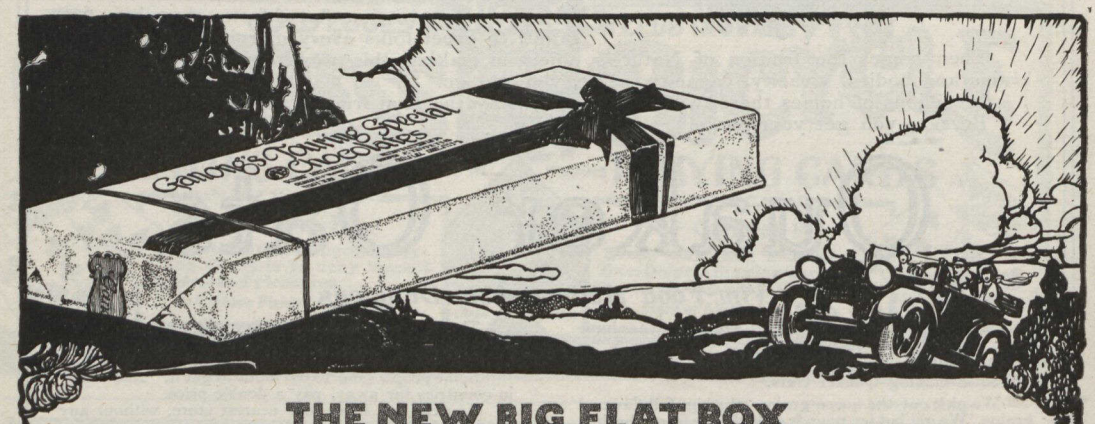

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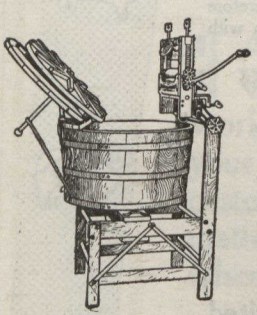

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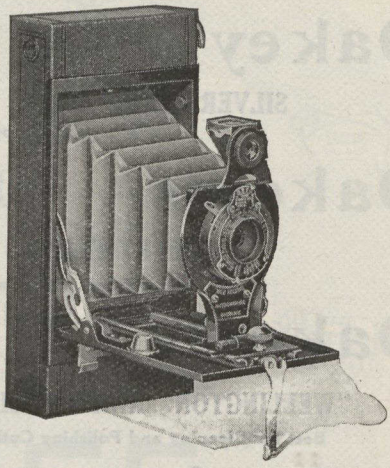

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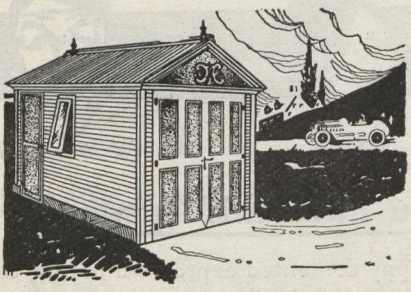

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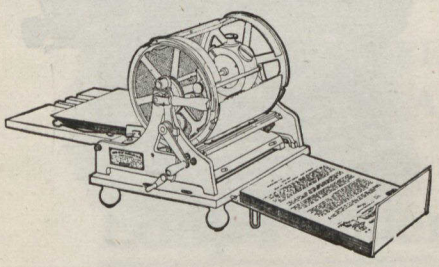

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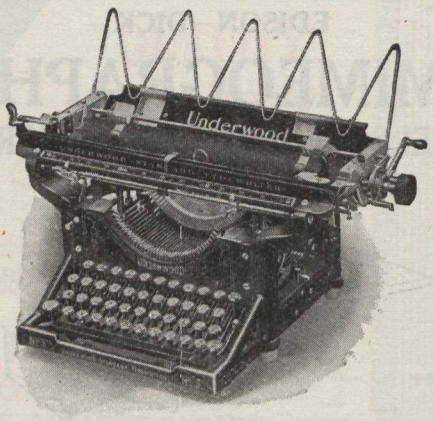

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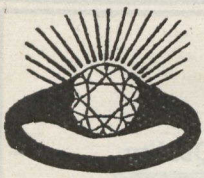

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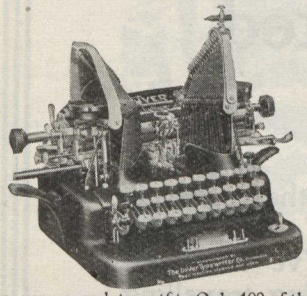

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What a great Newspaper says about Telephones:——

With telephone service recognized as a necessity in the home, the factory, the school, the departmental building, it was not surprising that the telephone exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition attracted the attention of and created much interest among all classes of the community. The manufacture of telephone equipment by independent firms making their products for sale to the general public goes back comparatively only a few years, but during the time that these manufacturers have been in the business there have been great and rapid strides made in the development of telephone equipment for all the purposes mentioned above, and the great improvement and advancement made in the telephone art may be largely credited to these manufacturers.

This was demonstrated by the exhibit made in the Process Building by the Canadian Independent Telephone Company. This company is the pioneer independent telephone manufacturing company in Canada, and has confined its efforts to telephone equipment only, constantly developing new features in its equipment with a view to increasing efficiency of service and simplicity in maintenance. It aimed especially at supplying the local telephone companies with equipment, and has been actively identified with the development of the independent movement in Ontario particularly, and throughout Canada generally.

The exhibit included switchboards, central office equipment of all kinds, telephones for every service, as well as construction materials and linemen's tools, of which the company maintains a large stock constantly on hand. In telephones there was the central energy telephone, both automatic telephone capable of serving systems; the magneto telephones and switchboards for rural party line systems; the Presto-Phone, an automatic telephone capable of serving 100 telephones without the aid of an operator for factories and private systems; special types of telephones for schools, and small inter-communicating systems. All this equipment was of the very highest class of workmanship, and demonstrated not only the ability of the company to produce apparatus of quality, but also indicated the progressiveness of the engineering staff of the firm. "Made in Canada" was the sign the company had on its exhibit, and certainly the exhibit indicated that there was no necessity to go outside of Canada to purchase telephone equipment, for whatever service was desired.

The company has left its old factory, which was badly damaged by fire early in the year, and is now installed in the fine new building at 263 Adelaide Street West, and their representative stated that, while the fire had been a bad experience, they had come through it successfully and were now in a better position than ever to give prompt service to all customers and to turn out telephone equipment of uniform quality for every service.

The company also solicits correspondence from anyone interested in telephone matters of any kind, as their engineering staff will gladly supply any information desired.—Toronto Mail and Empire, September 11th, 1915.

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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,
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You and Big Ben

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He will start you on the "straight - ahead" track with extra steam and capacity for that *big* job in sight, and you'll look forward to the wind-up time with a feeling of *security*.

Big Ben will share your room like a bully-good companion—shoulder your "get-up" troubles, and regulate your habits. He will make the morning call any way you say — with a straight five minute ring or with ten gentle taps at half-minute intervals.

Big Ben stands seven inches high—has a clear white dial with black numerals and bold hands. His price is $2.50 in the States, $3.00 in Canada. If your jeweler hasn't him, a money order addressed to his makers, *Westclox, La Salle, Ill.*, will bring him to your door with all charges paid.

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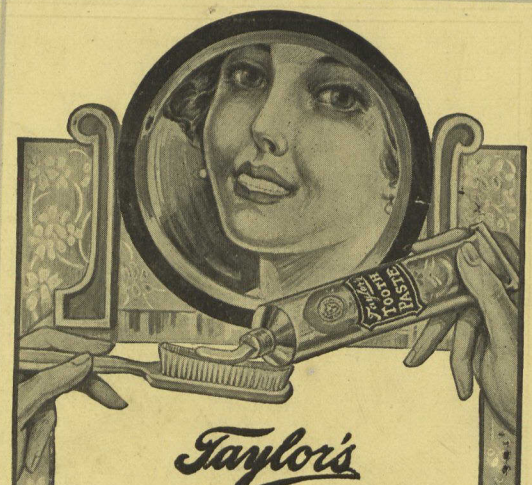

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