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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



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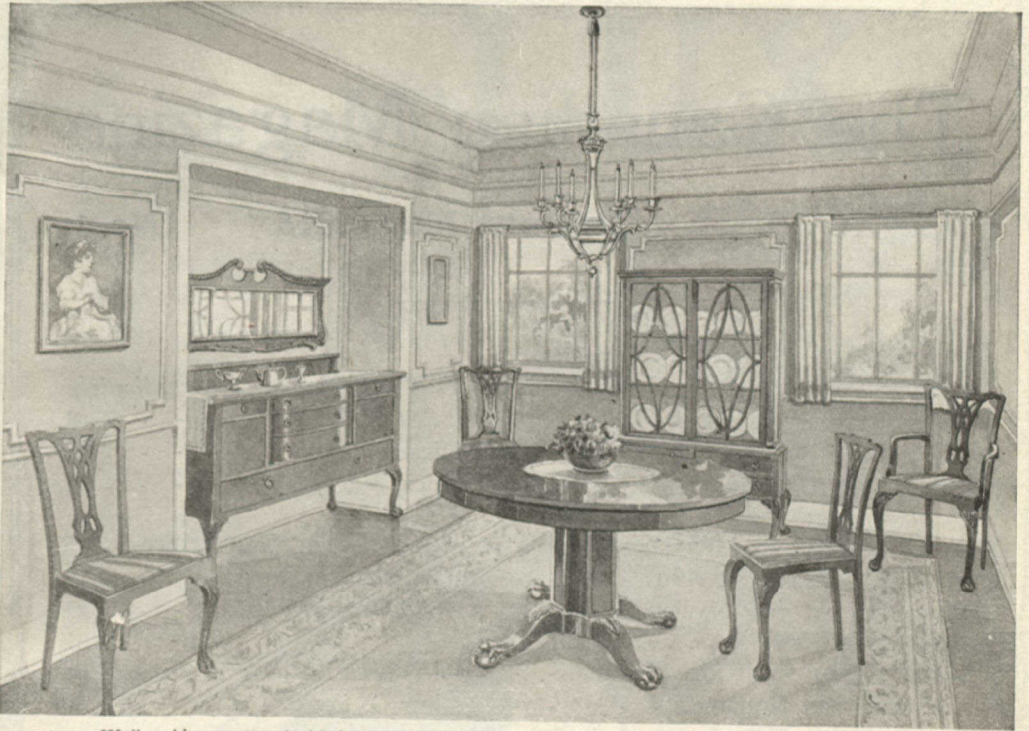
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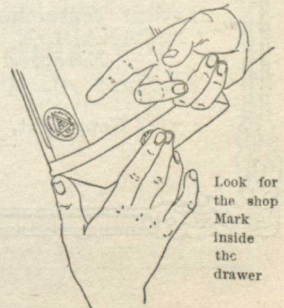
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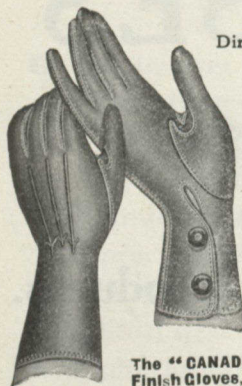
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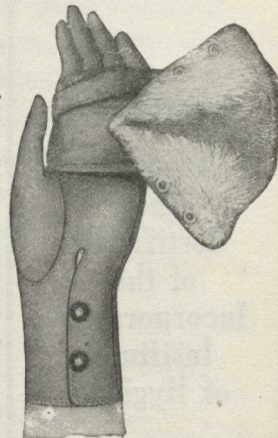
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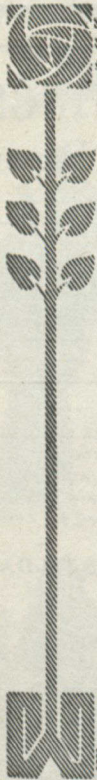
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"MODERN war is made by resources, by money, by foodstuffs, as well as by men and by munitions. While war is our first business, it is the imperative duty of every man in Canada to produce all that he can, to work doubly hard while our soldiers are in the trenches, in order that the resources of the country may not only be conserved, but increased, for the great struggle that lies before us. 'Work and Save' is a good motto for War-time."—
SIR THOMAS WHITE, Minister of Finance.

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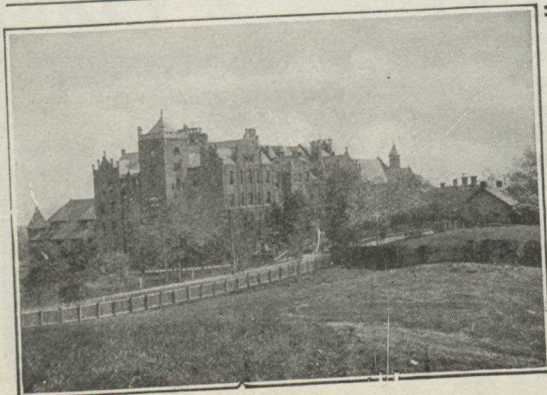
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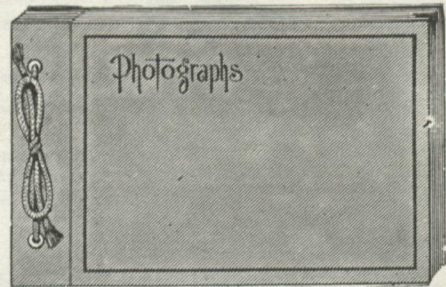
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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

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

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Profits to Policyholders exceeded Estimates one-third and a further increased scale goes into effect for 1916.

The following comparative statement shows the excellent progress made in recent years:—

	1909	1911	1913	1915
Insurance in Force.....	\$14,189,613	\$20,237,984	\$27,118,375	\$34,820,327
Insurance Issued.....	5,011,227	7,369,183	8,828,189	11,060,511
Total Assets.....	2,927,055	3,589,797	4,645,695	6,075,323
Policy Reserves.....	2,667,513	3,278,616	4,226,152	5,459,242
Premium and Interest Income.....	754,307	959,185	1,295,840	1,666,122
Rate of Interest Earned.....	6.57%	6.68%	6.81%	7.08%

Our "Endowment at Life Rate" is one reason for the remarkable progress of the Company.

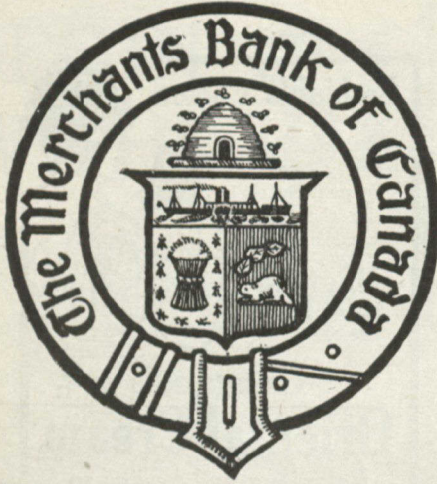
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J. G. RICHTER, F.A.S
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Paid-up Capital - - - \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 7,245,140

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 Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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

General Banking Business.

The Verdict

of the Canadian public again favours The Great-West Life enabling its Agents during 1915 to write a larger business in Canada than the Agency force of any other Company.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000 **Reserve Funds** - \$ 13,236,000
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		A. J. Brown, K. C.
		D. K. Elliott
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Executive Officers.

E. L. Pease, Managing Director	C. E. Neill, General Manager
W. B. Torrance, Superintendent of Branches	F. J. Sherman, Assistant General Manager

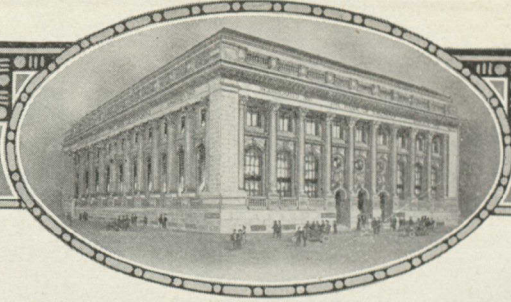
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INCORPORATED 1855

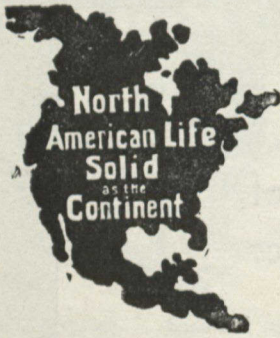
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HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

North American Life

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"



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New Business issued during the year 1915 exceeded that of the previous year by One and a Quarter Millions. Total Business in Force at December 31st, 1915, amounted to over \$56,200,000.

PROSPEROUS.

Net Surplus held on Policyholders account increased during the year by \$385,927, and now amounts to over \$2,500,000, while Assets amount to over \$15,716,000. It is a Policyholders Company. A "Solid as the Continent" Policy is a safe and profitable one to hold.

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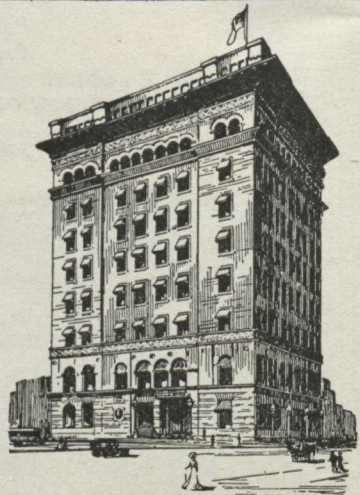
BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS	\$3,475,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
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CANADA

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

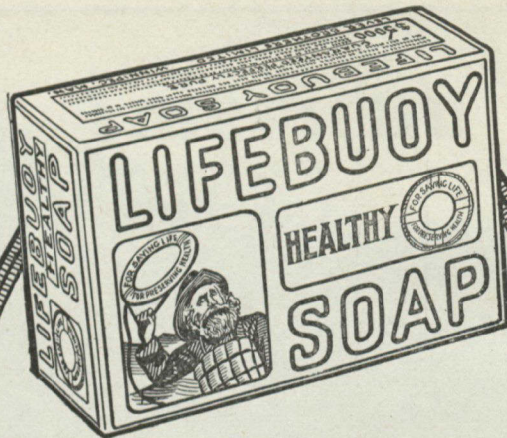
Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much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

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

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

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From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

STARR'S POINT, NOVA SCOTIA

The Basin of Minas, which is historically interesting because it was upon its waters that the Acadians set sail at the time of their expulsion, contains no more interesting spot than Starr's Point, which as a community is not even a village. It contains, however, a few homes, and there is a delightful sandy beach, with battered cliffs and caves. Large orchards stretch back into the country, while the view in front embraces the promontory of Blomidon, at whose base may be found deposits of amethyst and other interesting, even if less valuable, formations.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, MAY, 1916

No. 1

JOHN HENRY THE SPY

By Charles S. Blue

A DISTINGUISHED British statesman has declared that "wars are won as much by emissaries as by armies". It might be said with even greater truth that the agents of diplomacy and militarism not only win wars but provoke them. No one can study the inner history of the struggles which marked the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century without being impressed by the important and sinister part played behind the scenes by designing ambassadors, secret agents, and common spies. They served the State with zeal, but not always with discretion, and sowed seeds of distrust and disaffection which too often ripened into war and revolution.

Despite the iniquity of the Stamp Act, and the egregious policy of George III. and his Ministers, it is doubtful whether Britain would have lost her American colonies had it not been for the mischievous activities of the American agents in London.

"There are men walking the streets of London to-day who ought to be in Newgate or at Tyburn," observed one writer of the period, referring to Franklin, Quincy, and other representatives of the colonies; and it was the opinion of Goldwin Smith that Franklin, "by the dishonourable publication of an exasperating correspondence, which he had improperly obtained, shared with Grenville, Townsend and Lord North the guilt of bringing this disaster (the loss of the American colonies) on the English race".

With still greater historical accuracy can it be said that but for the intrigue and treachery of a Canadian secret agent, the War of 1812 might never have taken place. Concerning what is usually referred to as the "Henry affair," our historians are somewhat reticent. In their view, it was a discreditable business, of which the less said the better; and, accordingly, it is dismissed in the text-books

with a brevity which leaves the reader rather in doubt as to the facts. He is informed that at a critical period, when the hostile attitude of the United States towards Great Britain seemed to presage war, the Governor-General, Sir James Craig, despatched one John Henry across the border on a confidential mission, with the ostensible object of ascertaining the state of public feeling in the New England States regarding the probability of hostilities; that Henry reported on the situation in a series of letters addressed to the Governor's secretary; and that, subsequently, failing to obtain a reward for his services, he betrayed his mission to President Madison, who made use of the information to inflame public sentiment in the United States against Great Britain, and so brought about a condition which culminated in war.

That is practically all that the historians tell us of an episode as singular as it was grave. Who John Henry was, how he came to be employed as a secret agent, the precise nature of his mission, and the circumstances under which he was led to betray it, etc., are matters upon which little light has been shed.

Of Henry, Kingsford says, "nothing is known but his conduct," and other writers are equally uncommunicative. There is less doubt as to his character, however. Henry Adams, the American historian, gibbets him as "a political blackmailer, an adventurer and, like a good many of his political superiors, more or less of a liar". According to other authorities, he was also something of an impostor, who cleverly deceived the head of one State, hoodwinked that of another, and pocketed a handsome fortune as the proceeds of his infamy. But, as Macaulay once observed, "spies, and deserters, by whom Governments are informed of conspiracies, are generally bad men" who have at least one redeeming virtue—there is usually an interesting story attached to them.

And John Henry was no exception.

His was a strange and romantic career, the record of which is not unworthy of preservation among Canadian annals of adventure.

Born in Ireland about the year 1775, Henry emigrated to the United States when a youth of sixteen. One story has it that the motive which induced him to cross the Atlantic was, not so much an ambition to push his own fortune, as a desire to participate in that of a rich uncle in New York. Presumably, his expectations were not realized, for in 1793 we find him editing a newspaper in Philadelphia and married to a local lady with means. Of his restless and adventurous spirit there are early evidences. Abandoning newspaper work, he started a wine merchant's business, which, in turn, he gave up to join the army raised by President Adams. Obtaining a commission as major in an artillery corps, he served at various points in New England, and when soldiering palled he took to farming in northern Vermont. Here he remained for five years, relieving the monotony of his bucolic pursuits by studying law and writing for the press articles strongly denunciatory of Republicanism, his pet aversion, and of Napoleonic tyranny.

According to some authorities, it was these journalistic anathemas which brought him under the notice of Government circles at Quebec and led to his migration to Canada. Another view is that, having made the acquaintance of some of the prominent fur-traders of Montreal, he was persuaded by them to try his fortune where his political opinions and business talents would, in all likelihood, find readier recognition and reward. Whatever may have been the inducement, it is, at all events, the fact that in 1807 he removed to Montreal, where he lost no time in using what influence he possessed to advance his interests. He had not been many months in the country when there occurred the famous embroglio which resulted in the dismissal of Judge Thorpe from the Court of King's Bench in Upper Can-

ada; and though he possessed absolutely no qualifications for the office, nothing would hinder Henry from applying for it. Among his friends were Edward Ellice and William McGilivray, the fur magnates, who strongly backed his claims, and he was not without supporters among the leading men of Upper Canada; but Lieutenant-Governor Gore would have none of him. "An Irish adventurer, not even called to the bar, and a citizen of the United States who has obtained the favour of the merchants of Montreal by advocating their conduct in a party newspaper". Such was the caustic characterization of the applicant which Gore communicated to the Under Secretary of State, and it effectually settled the matter.

Disappointed in one direction, Henry promptly turned his attention to another. What Upper Canada had refused, Lower Canada might offer. There his influence was stronger, and he was better known, perhaps, also, more liberally appreciated. By his contributions to the press in support of the English party in Quebec, as well as through the good offices of the "furgentry", he had found a friend and patron in H. W. Ryland, the able, if somewhat self-assertive, secretary of Sir James Craig. That keen politician recognized in the Irish-American a man of ability, vain and ambitious, and not over scrupulous, whose facile pen and knowledge of affairs in the United States might be of service to the Government.

An opportunity to make use of him soon presented itself. In March, 1808, Henry received intelligence that his agent at Boston had suffered considerable losses in consequence of the embargo imposed on American shipping by President Jefferson. The disastrous effects of that restrictive measure, intended as a blow at Great Britain, were nowhere more severely felt than in the New England States. There the Jefferson régime had never been popular, and the adoption of a policy which interfered with the lucrative

commercial intercourse that had developed with Canada, and which threatened to paralyze trade generally, was not calculated to improve the temper of a people many of whom, attached to the Federalist party, had become so embittered as to threaten secession from the Union.

The situation thus presented was interesting to the Government at Quebec, not merely from the point of view of Canadian trade, but because of the increasingly hostile spirit shown by the United States Administration towards Great Britain. Consequently, when Henry found it necessary to cross the border for business reasons, it was not unnatural that his friend Ryland should conceive the idea of turning his mission to political account. In the event of war, the attitude of the people of the northeastern States would be of vital importance, and there was no man in Canada better qualified to gauge the potentialities of the situation there than the former Vermonter.

Accordingly, in March, 1808, we find Henry on his way to Boston, carefully taking notes of the state of public feeling, as he passes from one place to another, and communicating his impressions to Ryland. In northern Vermont he reports that the clamour against the Administration is such that armed resistance to the embargo law may be expected. At another point he finds "every caste of society against the Government"; while at Boston, "the men of talents, property, and influence are resolved to adopt without delay every expedient to avert the impending calamity, and to express their determination not to be at war with Great Britain in such a manner as to indicate resistance to the Government in the last resort". His summing up of the situation is that "in case of a war, the States on our border may be detached from the Union, and, like the Germanic body, each State consult its own safety and interest". Incidentally he informs Ryland that, owing

to the failure of his Boston agent, he has lost \$8,000, a significant hint which was probably not lost upon the Governor-General's astute secretary.

Anxious to do his friend a good turn, Ryland handed over Henry's correspondence to his chief, who, impressed, apparently, by the nature of the information disclosed, forwarded the letters to Lord Castlereagh. "Mr. Henry," he wrote, "is a gentleman of considerable ability and, I believe, well able to form a correct judgment of what he sees passing. He resided for some time in the United States and is well acquainted with some of the leading people of Boston." Sir James Craig added: "He has not the slightest idea that I should make use of his correspondence, which, therefore, can have no other view than that of an unreserved communication with his friend, who is my secretary".

From this it is clear that, whatever may have been the understanding between Ryland and his friend, the Governor-General had not, up to this point, committed himself to any engagement with Henry. Indeed, the suggestion that the latter's services might be further requisitioned seems to have emanated, not from Sir James Craig, nor even from his secretary, but from Downing Street. Thus, in a letter dated July 7th, 1808, the Colonial Secretary writes: "The secret intelligence transmitted . . . appears to come from a person of good information and discretion, and he deserves encouragement". The point is of some importance, since it proves that if, in employing Henry as a secret agent, Sir James Craig acted indiscriminately, as most historians allege, he acted with the authority, if not approval, of the Home Government.

A few months later Ryland informs Henry that, "the extraordinary situation of things at this time in the neighbouring States has suggested to the Governor-in-Chief the idea of sending you on a secret and confidential mission to Boston"; and, by way of in-

ducement, the secretary adds, "There is no doubt that your able execution of such a mission . . . would give you a claim, not only on the Governor-General, but on his Majesty's Ministers, which might eventually contribute to your advantage". Influenced probably less by a desire to serve the public interest than by the prospect of a substantial reward for his services, Henry promptly accepted the invitation; and among the records is a letter, signed by Sir James Craig, setting forth the objects of the mission and giving instructions. Henry was to endeavour to obtain the most accurate information of the true state of affairs in the New England States, and to report upon "the state of public opinion both with regard to their internal politics and to the probability of war with England, the comparative strength of the two great parties in which the country is divided, and the views and designs of that which may ultimately prevail". The appearance of being an "avowed agent" of the British Government was to be avoided, but if any members of the Federalist party wished to "enter into any communication with our Government" he was authorized to receive and transmit such overtures to Sir James.

Armed with these instructions, a credential to be used if necessary, letters of introduction, and a cipher code, Henry set out for Boston in February, 1809. Since his previous visit, however, the political situation in New England had considerably changed. The embargo had been removed in the interval, and though a good deal of dissatisfaction and unrest remained, the possibility of secession was no longer seriously entertained. Even the dread of war with Great Britain had, for the time being, vanished. In these circumstances Henry had to be content with chronicling small beer. He mixed freely in the political circles of Boston, fraternized with members of what he termed the "Federalist junto", listened to the gossip of the taverns, and

wrote a series of letters to Ryland signed "A.B.", which, though giving an accurate enough description of the condition of affairs as then existing, conveyed little information that could not have been gleaned from the New England newspapers.

Of his sojourn in the Eastern States we have an interesting glimpse in the "Memoir of Josiah Quincy", the Federalist leader. "Henry came to Boston," wrote Quincy, "ostensibly for health and amusement, bringing letters of introduction to many families in the place—among others, to mine. He was received with the attention due to the respectability of the letters he brought, and regarded as a man passing idly through the world, seeking and entitled to no special interest or confidence. He flitted about New England, sometimes at Windsor, and sometimes at Burlington, in Vermont, but chiefly resided in Boston. His manners being manly and his letters of introduction good, he was admitted freely into society, and heard the conversation at private tables, but without any reference to him". One can picture the disgust of the veteran Federalist when he learned that his gentlemanly guest was a spy.

Recalled to Quebec in June, 1809, Henry expected perhaps not without reason, that his services would be promptly rewarded; but he was doomed to disappointment. Ryland had gone to England to look after his own interests; Sir James Craig was on the eve of his departure, and his successor, Sir George Prevost, was not the kind of Governor to accept responsibility for a transaction of which he knew little and approved less. He recommended Henry to apply to the home authorities, and to London the importunate Irishman went in the early part of 1811, only to be referred back to the Governor-General. An appeal to Ryland proving equally vain, and exasperated by what he regarded as his ill-treatment, he resolved to have revenge. And it was while meditating in the Isle of Wight

upon what form it should take that fate brought him into contact with a character even more amazing than himself.

This was a French adventurer named Soubiran, *alias* Emile Edouard, *alias* Edward Wyer, a fugitive from justice, who had sought temporary asylum in England, there to obtain needed relief from the attentions of Napoleon's police and to plan further rascalities. In the French Archives in Paris there is preserved a memoir of Soubiran, together with a series of letters, in which is given, with all the appearance of veracity, an account of the strange meeting and subsequent intrigue of these two consummate rogues. Soubiran describes his new acquaintance as "a young Irishman, a very handsome man, with an air of melancholy showing some secret trouble", and adds that he is "about thirty-six years of age, blonde, about five feet nine inches in height".

Drawn to each other by the common bond of misfortune, as well no doubt by a certain affinity of type, the two adventurers quickly became friends. "Soon our acquaintance became intimate," writes Soubiran, "and we confided in each other our most secret thoughts."

In the Irishman's story of his secret mission to New England, and particularly of his efforts to bring about a secession of the northern States from the Union, the engaging Frenchman saw an opportunity to assist his friend and, at the same time, to do himself a good turn. "I profited by this avowal," he unblushingly confesses. "I discovered the discontent that seemed to animate him, and I turned to the profit of France what was intended to destroy her cause." Said the tempter: "Why not sell the documents in your possession to the United States Government?"

The idea had probably occurred to Henry already, but it was Soubiran who conceived the means of carrying it out. Posing as Count de Crillon, the owner of large estates, from the

enjoyment of which he was temporarily debarred by the ill-favour of the authorities in France, he claimed to be a friend of the French Ambassador at Washington, and offered to use his good offices in that quarter to assist Henry in the prosecution of his design, stipulating, of course, that in return he should obtain a share of the reward.

Thus was formed a conspiracy which was to bear remarkable fruit. Having perfected their plans and sworn eternal fealty, the two plotters sailed for the United States in the early part of 1812. "I neglected neither promises nor hopes," boasts the bogus Count, "and at last master of the correspondence and the official despatches, I reached the continent of America."

In his memoir and letters Soubiran takes credit for having not only inspired but negotiated the betrayal, and it would appear that for the most part Henry was content to remain in the background, while his accomplice beguiled the authorities at Washington.

Circumstances were favourable to the accomplishment of their object. The feeling of antagonism to Great Britain, inflamed by a series of untoward events, had become intense. The party supporting the Madison Administration clamoured loudly for war, and all that was needed to precipitate a declaration of hostilities was a pretext which would render such decisive action popular. Scarcely less propitious, from the point of view of Henry and his intermediary, was the strength of French influence at Washington. Lafayette was still a name to conjure with in the capital, and politically, as well as socially, the *entente cordiale* prevailed to a degree which assured any Frenchman of a warm welcome. With his engaging manners and aristocratic bearing, Count de Crillon took Washington society by storm. Wearing the cross of the Legion of Honour, which probably he had stolen or counterfeited,

he represented himself as a chevalier of all the orders who, having unfortunately incurred the displeasure of Napoleon, had come to the United States in the hope of being able to render some service to his beloved France, which would rehabilitate him in the eyes of the Emperor. He became the social "lion" of the season. The doors of the White House were thrown open to him; Madison and his Ministers courted his company, and no society function was complete without his presence. Even the French Ambassador, M. Serurier, though suspicious at first, succumbed to the fascinating personality of the accomplished adventurer. "The man has such exaltation of brain," he wrote, "he shows so delicate a sense of honour, that one cannot suppose him engaged in a double intrigue." The British Ambassador, Mr. Foster, alone was undeceived. After dining with the Count, he denounced him as an impostor, whereupon Soubiran wrote him a most insulting letter, which he was careful to show to President Madison, with the effect anticipated.

Meanwhile Henry was lying low, patiently awaiting developments. He had not to wait long. Blinded by their hatred of Great Britain, and eager to fan the flame of public animosity, Madison and Monroe, the Secretary of State, swallowed with avidity the Count's story of Henry's mission and accepted almost without question the documentary evidence produced in support of it. Of the negotiations we have an interesting account in a letter written by M. Serurier on February 18th, 1812. "The bargain was concluded on the 7th," he writes. "The papers are in the hands of Mr. Monroe. Mr. Henry at first asked £25,000 sterling, and the secretary granted it; but on examining the affair afterwards with the Secretary of the Treasury it appeared that the President could not dispose of more than \$50,000 for secret service. Mr. Monroe offered to give that amount first, and to pay the rest, after

publication, with the necessary approval of Congress. These clauses displeased Henry, who declared that he would rather burn the papers than haggle over them. As he is a very violent man, they took alarm. M. Crillon said that he thought the price too high, and that he would persuade his friend to come down to £18,000 sterling, but the same difficulty remained for the £8,000 in excess of the \$50,000. Mr. Monroe put the whole negotiations into his (Crillon's) hands."

How the Count succeeded in persuading his friend to come to terms forms one of the richest parts of the story. Producing a package of papers purporting to be the title deeds of his castle and estate of St. Martial, in Spain, he offered to cede them to Henry as part of his reward if the latter would agree to accept the \$50,000 offered by Monroe. To the palatial residence, thus generously conveyed, he could retire with his fortune, live a life of opulence and ease, and forget the base ingratitude of the country he had served. The offer was too tempting to be resisted. The bargain was sealed and, three days later, Henry sailed from New York for France on the Government vessel *Wasp*, carrying with him \$50,000 minus De Crillon's share, the amount of which does not appear to have been very large, and the title deeds of the castle in Spain, which, needless to say, existed only in imagination.

The sequel is known to every reader of history. On March 4th, 1812, President Madison announced his great discovery in a message to Congress. "I lay before Congress," he grandiloquently declared, "copies of certain documents which remain in the Department of State. They prove that at a recent period, whilst the United States, notwithstanding the wrongs sustained by them, ceased not to observe the laws of peace and neutrality towards Great Britain, and in the midst of amicable provisions and negotiations on the part of the Bri-

tish Government through her public Minister here, a secret agent of that Government was employed in certain States, more especially at the seat of government in Massachusetts, in fomenting disaffection to the constituted authorities of the Union, and in intriguing with the disaffected for the purpose of bringing about resistance to the laws, and eventually, in concert with a British force, of destroying the Union, and forming the eastern part thereof into a political connexion of Great Britain."

The effect of this inflated pronouncement was precisely what President Madison and his advisers had calculated upon. The Federalists, at whom it was aimed, probably as much as at Great Britain, were compelled to disclaim pro-British sympathies and to repudiate any taint of disaffection; opposition to the bellicose attitude of the Administration was effectually silenced, and a wave of war sentiment swept the Republic, giving the President the support he needed for the declaration of hostilities which followed three months later.

Whether the Henry letters were genuine, or forgeries, or garbled copies of the originals, doctored to suit the American taste, is a question upon which opinions have differed, and will probably continue to differ. Certain it is that they were not worth the price paid for them. As one eminent American historian pithily puts it: "Henry got \$50,000 from Mr. Madison for revealing intrigues which Boston Federalists had not had with the British Government." Indiscretion there may have been on the part of Sir James Craig in employing one so unworthy of confidence on a mission capable of being misinterpreted, though in the circumstances perfectly justifiable; but whatever lapse the Governor-General may have been guilty of, history has forgotten it in condemnation of the treachery of his agent, and of the blunder of the statesman who was beguiled by it into declaring a disastrous war.

Of Henry's subsequent history little definite is known. That he was still in France in 1814 we learn from a letter written by his forsaken friend the "Count" in July of that year. The latter had followed his fellow conspirator to France, hoping, no doubt, to obtain a larger share of the spoils than had been allocated to him, and possibly also to secure pardon, if not reward, from the authorities of his beloved land. But he was rudely disappointed, for immediately after landing at Bayonne he was arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Not long afterwards he was again in the hands of the police, and in his possession was found a letter address-

ed to Henry, whom he had trailed through the streets of Paris in the vain hope of obtaining an interview. He reminds the Irishman of what he had done for him, reproaches him for his ingratitude and neglect, appeals for assistance, "since I have no longer a sous", and assures him of his desire "to renew an acquaintance formed under very unfortunate auspices, but such as has always opened for the future the participation of what one might attain when one is aided by your counsels and your genius."

That is the last we hear of a pair of rascals as symmetrical as any to be found in the rogues' gallery of history.

TO RUPERT BROOKE

BY MILLICENT PAYNE

GOOD-NIGHT! It chanced all idly that I saw
Your picture on the fly-leaf of a book—
Your heart-songs; and, as one who dares to look
Half-curious through his neighbour's open door
And wonder what is he who dwells within,
So I peered in.

Passion I knew had been there, and delight;
Love that was ended, and a gloom of pain
Shot through with shining threads of hope again,
As gleams of comfort flashed athwart the night
That once had darkened all your life's keen joy,
You—still a boy!

Though you are dead now, and the life and laughter,
Love, and the pain of love have left you now;
Though your brief song is merged in the hereafter,
Your music stilled, I know not why nor how—
Though in the darkness of all-shrouding space
I cannot see your face—

Still, for a deathless world of thought surrounds us,
Finding your own, my-heart can say, "I know;
I, too, have felt that grief which lies around us,
With you have wondered why should things hurt so";
Yet, in the sureness of a coming light,
Once more I say, "Good-night".

FROM THE TRENCHES

I. THE RETREAT

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc.

THE FIRST OF SIX GREAT WAR SKETCHES BY A GREAT WRITER.
THE NEXT IS "THE RATION PARTY"

THE hour was noon; it had been wet all the morning, but now the rain had ceased. A dug-out in the bay leaned wearily forward on its props; the floor of the trench, foul with blood and accumulated dirt, showed a weary face to the sky. A breeze had sprung up, and the watcher who looked over the parapet was met in the face with a soft, wet gust laden with rain swept off the grassy space in front. A gaunt willow peeped over the sand bags and looked timorously down at us. All the sand-bags were perforated by machine-gun fire, the gun was hidden on the rise on our right, but none of our observers could locate its position. On the evening before it had accounted for eighty-seven casualties; from the door of a house in Loos I had seen our men, who had attempted to cross the street, wiped out like flies.

The regiment to which I belong was now holding a support trench; in front was our first line, and very heavy fighting had been going on there all through the morning. Several bomb attacks were made by the enemy, all were repulsed. For the men in

the front line trench the time was very trying. They had been up there for four days; we had also been four days in our position, which we had taken at a great cost from the enemy.

"'Ow long 'ave we been 'ere?" asked Bill Teake, my Cockney mate, as he removed a clot of dirt from the foresight guard of his rifle. "I've lost all count of time."

"Four days we've been here," I told him. "It's a long time to be in after a charge."

"Time's long a-passin' 'ere," said Bill, leaning his head against the muddy parados. "Gawd, I'd like to be back in Nouex Les Mines drinkin' beer, or 'avin' a bit of a kip for a change. When I go back to blighty I'll go to bed and I'll not get up for umptee-eleven months."

"We may get relieved to-morrow night," I said.

"To-morrow'll be another day nearer the day we get relieved, any'ow," said Bill sarcastically. "And another day nearer the end of the war," he added.

"I'm sick of it," he muttered, after a short silence. "I wish the damned

war was blurry well finished. It gives me the pip. Curse the war! Curse everyone and everything! If the Allemongs would come over now, I'd not lift my blurry pipe. I'd surrender; that's wot I'd do. Curse . . . Damn . . . Blast . . ."

I slipped to the wet floor of the trench asleep and lay there. No sleep for three nights in succession.

I awoke with a start; somebody jumping over the parapet had planted his feet on my stomach. I rose from the soft earth and looked round. A kilted soldier was standing in the trench, an awkward smile on his face and one of his knees bleeding. Bill, who was awake, was gazing at the kiltie with wide open eyes.

The machine-gun was speaking, a shrewish tang in its voice, from the enemy's line, and little spurts of dirt flicked from our sandbags shot into the trench.

Bill's eyes looked so large that they surprised me; I had never seen him look in such a way before. What was happening?

Several soldiers belonging to strange regiments were in our trench now; they were jumping over the parapet in from the open. One man I noticed was a nigger in khaki . . .

"They're all from the front trench," said Bill in a whisper of mysterious significance, and a disagreeable sensation stirred in my being.

"That means," I said, and paused.

"It means that the Allemongs are gettin' the best of it," said Bill, displaying an unusual interest in the action of his rifle. "It's goin' to be a blurry row 'ere," he muttered. "We're goin' to stick 'ere, wotever 'appens. No damned runnin' away with us!"

The trench was now crowded with strangers, and others were coming in. The field in front of our line was covered with figures running towards us. Some crouched as they ran, some tottered and fell; three or four crawled on their bellies, and many dropped down, and lay where they fell . . .

The machine-gun swept the field, and a vicious hail of shrapnel swept impartially over the quick, the wounded and the dead. A man raced up to the parapet, which curved the bay in which I stood, a look of terror on his face. There he stood a moment, a timorous foot on a sandbag, calculating the distance of the jump. . . .

He dropped in, a bullet wound showing on the back of his tunic, and lay prostrate, face upwards on the floor of the trench. A second man jumped in on the face of the stricken man.

I hastened to help, but the newcomers pressed forward and pushed me along the trench. No heed was taken of the wounded man.

"Back! get back!" yelled a chorus of voices. "We've got to retire."

"Oo the blurry 'ell said that?" I heard Bill Teake thunder. "If ye're not goin' to fight, get out of this 'ere place and die in the fields. Runnin' away, yer blasted cowards!"

No one seemed to heed him. The cry of "Back! back!" redoubled in violence. "We've got orders to retire! We must get back at once!" was the shout. "Make way there, let us get by."

It was almost impossible to stem the tide which swept up the trench towards Loos Road, where the road leaves the village. I had a fleeting glimpse of one of our men rising on the fire position and gazing over the parapet. Even as he looked a bullet hit him in the face, and he dropped back, clawing at the air with his fingers. . . . Men still crowded in from the front, jumping on the struggling crush in the trench. . . . In front of me was a stranger, and in front of him was my mate, Rifleman Pryor, trying to press back against the oncoming men. A bullet ricocheted off a sandbag and hit the stranger on the shoulder and he fell face downwards to the floor. I bent to lift the wounded fellow, and got pushed on top of him.

"Can you help him?" Pryor asked. "If you can keep the crowd back,"

I muttered, getting to my feet and endeavouring to raise the fallen man.

Pryor pulled a revolver from his pocket, levelled it at the man behind me and shouted:

"If you come another step farther I'll put a bullet through your head."

This sobered the soldier at the rear, who steadied himself by placing his hand against the traverse. Then he called to those who followed: "Get back! there's a wounded man on the floor of the trench."

A momentary halt ensued. Pryor and I gripped the wounded man, raised him on the parapet and pushed him into a shell-hole behind the sand-bags. Lying flat on the ground up there I dressed the man's wounds. Pryor sat beside me, fully exposed to the enemy's fire, his revolver in his hand.

"Down, Pryor," I said several times. "You'll get hit."

"Oh, my time hasn't come yet," he said. "I'll not be done in this time, anyway. Fighting is going on in the front trench yet, and dozens of men are racing this way. Many of them are falling. I think some of our boys are firing at them, mistaking them for Germans. . . . Here's our colonel coming along the trench."

The colonel was in the trench when I got back there, exhorting his men to stand and make a fight for it. "Keep your backs to the walls, boys," he said, "and fight to the last."

The Irish had their backs to the wall, no man deserted his post. The regiment at the moment was the backbone of the Loos front; if the boys wavered and broke the thousands of lives that were given to make the victory of Loos would have been lost in vain. Intrepid little Bill Teake, who was going to surrender to the first German whom he met, stood on the banquette, his jaw thrust forward determinedly and the light of battle in his eyes. Now and again he turned round and apostrophised the soldiers who had fallen back from the front line.

"Runnin' away!" he yelled. "Ugh. Get back again, and make a fight of it. Go for the Allemongs just like you'd go for rum rations."

The machine-gun on the hill peppered Loos Road, and dozens dropped there. The trench crossing the road was not more than a few feet deep at any time, and a wagon which had fallen in when crossing a hastily-constructed bridge the night before, now blocked the way. To pass across, the men had to get up on the road, and here the machine-gun found them; and all round the wagon bleeding bodies were lying three deep.

A young officer of the — Regiment, whose men were carried away in the stampede, stood on the Loos road with a glinting revolver in his hand and tried to urge his followers back to the front trench.

"It's all a mistake," he shouted. "The Germans did not advance. The order to retire was a false one. One regiment had to make room for another, that was all. Back again; boys, get back. Now, get back for the regiment's sake. Come now, make a stand, and I'll lead you back again."

Almost simultaneously a dozen bullets hit him and he fell, his revolver still in his hand. Bill Teake procured the revolver at dusk.

The rush was stopped for the moment. The — Regiment recovered its nerve and fifty or sixty men rushed back. Our boys cheered. . . . But the renewed vitality was short-lived. A hail of shrapnel caught the party in the field and most of them fell. The nigger whom I had noticed earlier came running back, his teeth chattering, and flung himself into the trench. He lay on the floor and refused to move, until Bill Teake gave him a playful prod with a bayonet.

Our guns were now speaking boisterously, and the German trenches on the hill were being blown to little pieces. Dug-outs were rioting, piecemeal, in air, parapets were crumbling hurriedly in and burying the men in the trench, bombs spun lazily in air,

and the big caterpillar howitzers flung their projectiles across with a loud whoop of tumult. One thousand and one guns were bellowing their terrible anthem of hate.

I came across Pryor standing on the first step, his bayonet in one hand, an open tin of bully-beef in the other.

"There's no damned attack on at all," he said. "A new regiment of our men came up and the — got orders to retire for a few hundred yards to make way for them. Then there was some confusion, a telephone wire got broken, the retirement became a retreat. A strategic retreat, of course," said Pryor sarcastically, and pointed at the broken wagon on the Loos Road. "A strategic retreat," he muttered, and munched a piece of beef which he lifted from the tin with his fingers.

The artillery now lessened in intensity, and the men who had just come into our trench plucked up courage again, and took their way back to the front line of trenches, keeping well under cover of the houses in Loos. In twenty minutes' time we were left to ourselves; nothing remained of those who had come our way save their wounded and their dead; the former we dressed and carried into the dressing-station; the latter we buried when night fell.

"Blimey; 'twasn't 'arf a blurry go!" said Bill Teake when speaking of the incident later. "We were feared, all of us. We turned blue with fear, and the nigger turned white. This is no job for a man no'ow. If there doesn't come a good ration of rum up 'ere this 'ere night I'll go over to the Alle-mong trench and surrender."



THE PAN-SLAVONIC IDEAL

By J. Dyneley Prince

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THE Slavonic nations are in a position to-day very similar to that of the Italian States before the Union of Italy into a compact entity in 1870, but with this important difference: the Italians have always had a commonly-recognized literary language, while all the Slavs have not as yet fixed upon any idiom which might be used as a general Slavonic medium. Outside this distinction, however, the comparison between Slavs and Italians holds good. Every Italian state before the Union used its own dialect, not merely for purposes of conversation, as is still the case in most parts of Italy to-day, but also, to some extent, for literary purposes. In spite of this diversity of language and feeling, the House of Savoy, aided by the Garibaldian activities, seized the opportunity made by the culmination of a general discontent which had long been seething, and with a few deft strokes marvellously welded what had been a heterogeneous mass into an enduring and solid nation.

The Italian dialects differ from one another far more radically than do the Slavonic languages of our time. Thus a Piedmontese or Bolognese, speaking in his own tongue, would be quite unintelligible to a Florentine, a Roman, a Neapolitan, or a Sicilian. The common linguistic bond between the Italian tribes is now the Tuscan idiom, which had for centuries been the higher literary medium among the

educated classes of all Italy. This Tuscan language the unifiers of Italy found ready to their hand, and they made it the official language of their united country, requiring Tuscan to be taught in the army to the levies from every corner of the kingdom, so that, at the present day, it is a rare thing to find an Italian of middle age who does not speak and understand the *lingua toscana*.

Unlike the Italians, who before their Union were satisfied to develop only purely local serio-comic literature in their various dialects, each Slavonic people has, most unfortunately, striven to foster a national literature in its own idiom. Of course, geographical separation is largely responsible for this tendency, which has had more effect than any other influence in keeping the Slavonic peoples apart from each other, and thus has hindered the growth of a true feeling of that Slavonic brotherhood, which has, however, arisen and grown in spite of all obstacles.

The rise of these distinctive national literatures is unfortunate also from the æsthetic point of view, in that only two Slavonic peoples have succeeded in producing truly great modern literatures. There are attempts at literature, for example, among the Bulgarians, the Slováks of northern Hungary, the small tribe of Serbs known as Slovenes in the neighbourhood of Trieste, and even among the Wends of Germany who, although

surrounded as they have been for centuries by alien German hordes, have maintained their Slavonic character and during the last fifty years have established a *Matica* or literary association for the purpose of developing a purely Wendish literature. Of the people just mentioned, not one has succeeded in bringing forth anything of permanent value from a literary point of view. On the other hand, the Serbs and Croats, who use the same language, have done better in fixing their idiom as a literary vehicle. The only difference between Serbian and Croatian is the fact that the Serbs, who are Orthodox in religion, write their language in the modern modification of the Cyrillic alphabet, while the Croats, who are chiefly Roman Catholic, use the Latin letters.

Among the Serbs proper there have existed from very early times certain popular epics and lyrics of considerable literary value which were collected in the eighteenth century by Miosió and attracted the attention of Goethe himself, owing to their simplicity and beauty of form. The little mediæval republic of Ragusa was for centuries the centre of a very charming Croatian lyric literature, the productions of which, although greatly influenced by the Italian style, are none the less characteristically Slavonic. The Czechs in Bohemia also have produced a well-marked national literature which has considerable merit, although in this branch of Slavonic expression, more than in any other, it is possible to feel the Germanic spirit; a not unnatural result of the historic position of Bohemia during the middle ages.

It was reserved for Russia and Poland to develop a really great line of literary men who have brought forth two European literatures second to none in profundity of thought and beauty of expression. Westerners may find fault with the analytical sadness of much of the Russian literature, the introspective character of

which has been attributed by some critics to Scandinavian influence.

The prevailing tone of sadness in some of the Russian expression is undoubtedly due to the joy in gloom inherent in the northern Slavonic nature, not unlike the marked delight in sorrow perceptible among the Irish and Highland Scottish Celts. No one can deny, however, that the Russian literature is the exponent of a genuinely great effort. Moreover, the Poles have been excelled by no modern people in poetry, for which their imaginative national character has peculiarly fitted them. It is a pity that Mickiewicz wrote practically for the Poles alone; that much of this poetical effort is masked from the world by the intricacies of the most difficult Slavonic language. It is true, we know something of Polish prose literature from the excellent translations of the late Jeremiah Curtin who rendered Sienkiewicz's stirring style into vigorous and idiomatic English, but of the great mass of Polish literary effort we know as yet but little. Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenieff and other great Russian names are also well known through English and French translations, but it must be regretted that unhealthy productions such as "Sanine" and the "Millionnaire" of Artsibasheff should have such vogue among the English speaking peoples as to give an unpleasant colour—one might almost say "unpleasant odour"—to modern Russian literature.

With such a diversity of interest and so much feeling of separatism as exists among the Slavonic nations, it is not difficult to see that these peoples are still far from a common Slavonic ideal, although the underlying impulse to incline towards each other is undoubtedly there. The various Slavonic idioms are really mutually comprehensible. It is possible for an orator to deliver an address in any Slavonic language to a mixed audience of Slavs and make himself generally understood. The present writer

has often spoken in Russian to hearers of every Slavonic tribe and been followed well enough to be questioned as to the points of his address by non-Russian Slavs speaking their respective idioms. Here, then, there exists a possible connecting link for a common Slavonic fellowship, and, at the same time, a cause of disunion, as all these nations are still very jealous regarding their own vernaculars. For example, Poles are apt to feel offended if they are addressed in Russian; they ridicule Bohemian and despise Slovák. Serb or Bulgarian they would consider idioms quite beyond the pale, as they affect to regard the southern Slavs as mere barbarians. In fact, the Poles at the present moment are the *enfants terribles* of a possible united Slavia. Their horizon is, as a rule, bounded by the limits of their own language and they are opposed to all efforts to promote a common Slavonic feeling, not being far-sighted enough to perceive that only in this way can the smaller Slavonic nations hope to preserve their individuality in the coming readjustment of national values after the present war.

And yet no impartial observer can deny that there actually exists a feeling of common Slavonic brotherhood in spite of all these mutual jealousies, and this feeling is rapidly growing under the influence of the war. Accounts reach us constantly of the unwillingness of Slavonic levies in Austria to serve against Russians and Serbs. We hear of willing surrenders to the Russian forces of, for example, Bohemian and Slovák troops; of similar surrenders to the Serbian army, before their evacuation of Serbia, on the part of Croats who had been sent against them by the Austrian. That there is a well marked underlying tone of mutual Slavonic good will is evident to anyone who has his ear to the ground. The pro-Ally attitude of the majority of the large Bohemian and Slovák colonies in New York may also be cited as a significant barometer of this

tendency. We have Serbs and Croats, Bulgarians, Bohemians, Slováks and Poles, all striving to assert themselves as national factors and yet not one of them strong enough to stand alone without support, which could be had from no Slavonic nation save Russia, for no Slavonic nation except Russia has been able to found a permanent empire.

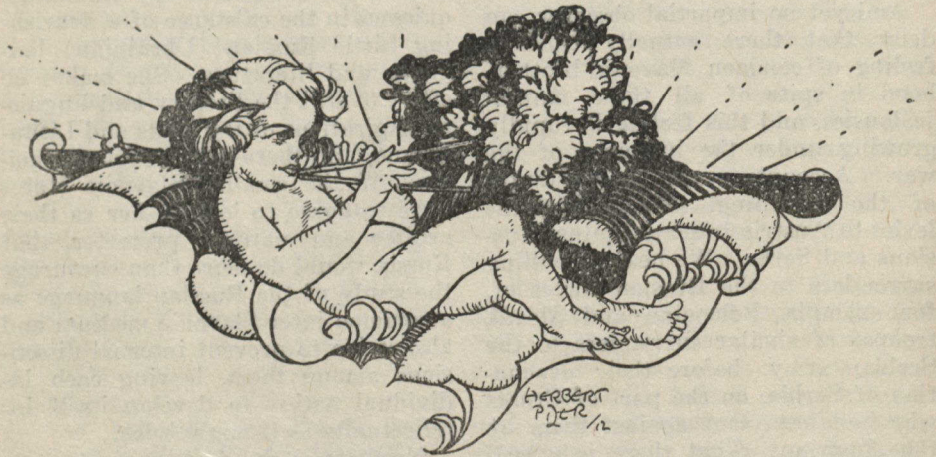
Disagreeable as it may seem to some of the smaller Slavonic separatists, the only possibility of a common Slavonic future lies under the Russian *aegis*. This does not mean at all that Russia must *absorb* her smaller sister peoples, but that she must be placed in the position of being able to protect them, not only from outside interference, but also against themselves, for in local matters they are too often apt to be as inharmonious as the average meeting of Connaught Irishmen! What is needed is not a strong compelling hand, but a firm guiding hand; nor is it necessary for the lesser Slavs to fear that Russia would try to quench the other Slavonic languages and literatures. Within her borders to-day Russia acquiesces in the existence of a flourishing Little Russian (Ukrainian) language and literature. She makes no effort to still the literary and linguistic aspirations of the Letts and Lithuanians; and there is no reason to imagine, if the smaller Slavonic states were to agree to look to her as their arbiter and natural protector, that Russia would do more than encourage the study of the Russian language as a common inter-Slavonic medium and also strive to prevent internal dissensions among them, leaving each individual nation to develop itself intellectually as it might wish.

Nowhere is the feeling of Slavonic brotherhood stronger than among Russians. "Our brother Slavs" is a common expression among them and one rife with the deepest feeling to-day. The interest which Serbs, Bohemians and Slováks are beginning to show in the Russian literature and

language is a very hopeful sign that the smaller Slavonic nations may soon be brought to believe that they ought to extend a friendly hand to a Russia which shall show herself equally friendly to local Slavonic ideals. The heroic wounds of the Serbs, driven from their hard-won territory by the irresistible force of alien hosts; the sullen, but necessarily restrained, opposition of the Bohemians and Slovaks to an alien ideal; the pathetic cry of such Bulgarians as have not been blinded by the dazzling and illusive promises of the non-Slavonic Ferdinand—and there are many such—; the in-born objection of the Croats to serve against their brethren; all these are elements which can be turned into a great unifying force.

A united Slavonic confederation should on no account be viewed with apprehension by the people of the

British Empire, for it would be with such a Slavonic union headed by Russia that an enormous mutual commerce would grow. Even now, Russia having lost Germany as her chief source of supply, is crying out to the British Empire to feed her with the necessities of civilization. It is highly likely that the other Slavonic peoples, if they had the slightest political solidarity under the hegemony of Russia, would add to British markets, both in export and import trade. These nations have not yet had their day, but if such a day is to dawn under the influences of common Slavonic interest and similarity of speech, it is to be hoped that it will be an auspicious one, not merely for the Slavs, but also for the English speaking peoples who can become their natural allies both diplomatically and commercially.





IN COSTUME

From the Painting by F. Louis Mora

An American painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition and bought for the National Art Gallery of Canada

OUTNAVYING the NAVVIES

By Alfred Fitzpatrick

HOW A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE WON THE SYMPATHY OF A
WHOLE CAMP OF FOREIGNERS

WHEN W. E. Givens, Master of Arts, undertook to conduct a reading-camp for the edification of two hundred navvies laying steel on the Canadian Pacific Railway between Monitor, Alberta, and Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, he put aside his good clothes, rubbed clay on his hands and overalls and asked the boss, a Swede, for the hardest job he could assign.

"Look here, Mr. Johnson," he said, "I'm a Reading-Camp man and want something to do, the hardest job you have. I wouldn't be clerk or time-keeper for a farm."

That was a great surprise to the Boss. He had never been asked for a hard job before.

"Looks lak Englisman, too," he thought to himself, "talk Englis, damn good looker. A Canadian-American Englisman want hard yob on railway! Someting goin' to happen."

Johnson looked him over for a few seconds and asked, "You Englisman or Canadian?"

Givens hesitated a few seconds. He would go to another camp rather than tell a lie about it. Finally he blurted out, "I'm from Indiana."

"Don't look lak Hindoo," said the Boss, "no nightcap, must be half-breed."

"I'm from the States, man," replied Givens, laughing. "Will you give no one but a foreigner work?"

"Yankee man rader mak machine

work for him dan work hisself, but, hell, go and buck ties wid da Galicians and hip to it. Dat's the hardest yob around here," said Boss Johnson, greatly wondering.

As is usual on railway construction, the great majority of the men were foreigners. In this case eighty-three were Poles and one hundred and four Ruthenians, two of the races



MR. W. E. GIVENS

A University graduate who became a navvy and a Reading-Camp Instructor



INTERIOR OF A READING-CAR. MR. GIVENS IS IN CENTRE FRONT

generally supposed to be least easily assimilated. Only ten were English-speaking, about five per cent. of the whole camp.

Chief Engineer Reid placed a cook-car at Givens's disposal, but left him to adapt the car to suit his own purposes. This was entirely to Givens's liking. He cut the dining-table in two, making a reading-table for one end and an instruction table for the other. He had so much faith in the work he was given to do—the uplift of the Canadian navvies—that for the remainder of the day he forgot to eat. When night overtook him he was so busily engaged cleaning and fixing up his car that he had not realized he had missed both dinner and supper, until at length the engine struck his car to pick it up and attach it to the work train. In fact when he woke up the next morning they were on the open prairie with no provision for food and, as so frequently happens on newly-laid track, were delayed. They reached the end of steel the

second morning, just as the gang were going to work. And Givens had to start as a buckler.

New track is laid by means of the material train, carrying suitable machinery for handling rails and ties. The front car is called the "Pioneer" because it is the first over the line.

In laying steel the rails are run out on rollers at one side of the pioneer from flat cars in the rear. They are picked up, swung around and placed in position by the crane. The ties are also forwarded automatically, but on the other side of the Pioneer. As they are lighter than rails and more are needed, they are not handled by the crane but by hand.

This receiving of the ties from the Pioneer and laying them in position on the new grade is known as "bucking ties". Such work is not generally sought after by Anglo-Saxons, not only because it is heavy work for a ten-hour day, but also because the company anticipates the laying of the steel, holds up great quantities of



GENERAL VIEW OF A CAMP WHERE READING-CAMP INSTRUCTORS
CARRY ON THEIR WORK

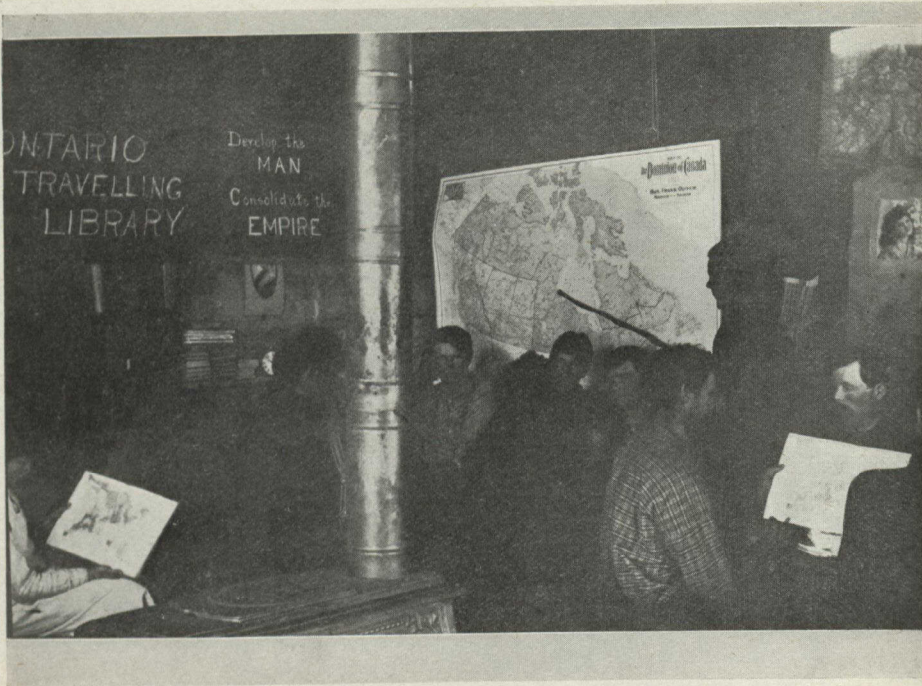
hay, oats, flour, beans and other supplies formerly toted over unspeakable roads, and urges on the task at break-neck speed. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen and even fifteen is the usual number of hours a day put in by the steel, jack, tamping, and ballast gangs. It is small disgrace to the English-speaking man that he shuns this job. The newly-arrived foreign immigrant has seldom any choice in the matter. In a strange country he must take the first thing that turns up. It is therefore little wonder that the Swede Boss was astonished at a strong, fit, in-at-the-elbows-and-knees, Anglo-Saxon seizing the chance to "buck ties" as if it were a sinecure.

Givens started to work at once and soon set a new pace for a twelve-hour day. According to Henry Ford, an eight-hour day pace is faster than a ten-hour gait, and generally this is true, but Givens set an eight-hour pace for a twelve-hour day and kept it up. When his energy at the close

of the day was remarked, he simply replied, "My strength comes in mighty nice, now that I have to work from ten to fourteen hours a day".

The men were astonished that a sane looking man should work as if he were insane, and they expected to see him collapse or at least slacken his speed considerably. The few English-speaking fellows—clerks and engineers—were surprised that a college man should not only work with the Poles and Ruthenians but that he should hobnob with them and make it known that he was pleased to be one of them and to serve them. In his own words he said, "I tried always to be patient and kind and to be their servant in all matters, always recognizing them as my equals and in some things as my superiors".

This in itself was enough to win the foreigners. The Anglo-Saxons had always treated them as a lower order of beings, rarely speaking to them except when business demanded



READING-CAMP INSTRUCTOR GIVING A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

it. Givens's conduct contrasted sharply with that of a certain medical student whom the Reading Camp Association once sent to a southern Manitoba construction camp. As it happened the gang there was also composed of Galicians, and the student was asked to work with them. He went to the camp, but on seeing the men refused to work, returned to Ontario and held the Association up for other work, claiming that he did not know his contract implied his working with foreigners.

Givens told his fellow workmen, the first day he was with them, that he was there to teach them English and that it would cost them nothing. That they appreciated his offer was witnessed by the fact that he had seventeen in his instruction car the first evening, twenty-one the next and within a few days he had forty-five, while his average for the summer was forty-two. One cannot help but wonder if when thirty-five per cent. of a

gang of Galicians working from ten to fifteen hours a day at thirteen cents an hour could be induced to attend night school seven days a week, what percentage would attend if working eight hours a day and earning thirty cents an hour.

On arrival at camp Mr. Givens found only one Ruthenian boy out of a gang of one hundred and eighty-seven trying to improve his spare time intellectually. He tells us that this lad had some Canadian school readers, an arithmetic book, a Ruthenian-English dictionary and a couple of note-books. "He moved these into my car and spent all his spare time in the car reading and studying. He would come in with the rest right after supper, and while they recited he sat in one corner reading or working problems, and when they were through he recited. He studied English, arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, and spelling and liked very much to read the Bible. He was a Greek



INTERIOR OF A READING-CAMP NEAR SUDBURY

Catholic and seemed well satisfied with his church. While we played baseball on Sundays, he was in the reading-car at work. He did not play cards, gamble, drink, use tobacco or swear. His religion meant much to him in his practical every-day life."

Mr. Givens's success in forming a good night school was due not only to the fact that he did more work than any other man in camp, but also that he liked fun better than anyone else. After the longest day's work he returned to camp singing at the head of the gang. The very first Sunday in camp he held a field meet and organized nearly all the popular American sports. Had it not been for this, he might never have attracted the attention of the walking boss, Stanley Chadawoski, also a Galician, commonly known as "Stock".

While busily engaged coaching the boys in a hop-step-and-jump that none of them could approach, Givens saw two men drive up across the prairie in an automobile and recognized the larger of the two to be Chief Engineer Reid, whom he had met at Red Deer. The visitors looked on in silence for a while, and Reid's companion was overhead to remark:

"That's a great thing for the boys in this camp. He has not only changed the life of the camp, but he is the best d—— man in the gang. You never have to tell him anything, and he does about twice as much in a day as the rest of them."

Givens afterwards learned that the man who so appreciated his efforts was the walking boss.

After Reid left camp Givens went to "Stock's" car, had a confidential chat with him, and from then on they

became fast friends. That evening "Stock" got his first lesson in English, and as he seemed rather ashamed to go to the instruction car, Givens went to his. His gratitude to his teacher knew no bounds. Givens was only two months in camp when the boss urged the chief to promote him to the position of an assistant foreman. Although there was no opening, Reid gave his consent, and a position was created. The next evening after Givens dismissed his class in the reading-car and had gone down to teach his star pupil, the walking boss, he said to him, "That new job is a sinecure, Stock, there's nothing for me to do. You have plenty foremen without me. I'm going back to buck ties in the morning, where I'm needed."

Stock laughed and replied: "You're the d——t man to work I ever see. You can do anything you like about this camp; if you like your own way best, then buck away. We don't need another foreman, but we can't afford to let a man like you kill himself."

Givens went back bucking ties again, but their friendship marched on apace. Every evening the classes were held in the car, three classes and part of the time four.

The last thing he did before going to bed was to go to the bunk cars and visit the sick and injured, carrying with him a miniature apothecary shop.

The water-boy, a young Pole, was a devoted admirer and diligent pupil of the Instructor. His attachment was shown in various ways. There were fourteen tie buckers in front of the pioneer. They could not stop for more than a few seconds to drink, as the ties kept rolling out. "Casey," for that was the boy's nickname, would invariably offer the first drink to Givens. Some of the others thought this unfair and would maul the poor chap roughly. Givens avoided trouble by pretending that he was not thirsty and, after the others had all been served, saying that he guessed he would take a little. Casey also

showed his devotion by hard study. He was the champion in ciphering matches, and he was nearly always first in the speed test in multiplication and division.

Givens honestly tried to act on the principle that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Although a student for the ministry at Union Seminary, New York, he began the Sabbath in a manner that would shock many orthodox Christians in civilization. But, had they been with the one hundred and eighty-seven Galicians and been partakers with them of his self-sacrificing services they would have admitted that had he started the day with a Bible Class he would not have had a corporal's guard present. These men would not have understood him, and what little they would have grasped would have offended the Greek and Orthodox Catholics. Instead, he did little acts of kindness to the men, which they interpreted perfectly and which touched their hearts so that they worshipped him. Instead of beginning Sunday morning with formal prayers, he used his instruction car for a barber-shop from breakfast to eleven o'clock and taught classes from eleven to one. What an advertisement for a school! The barber is the most popular man in camp. No pupil who had been given a good "trimming" would play truant. After dinner came baseball and other sports. After a few Sundays they insisted on more games after supper. They had known nothing of baseball or other American sports before, but "by the end of the summer they were playing fair ball while often as many as a hundred would come to see the game and "root," to use Mr. Givens's own words. Nothing raised Givens in the estimation of the men more than this ability as an athlete.

One Sunday afternoon he made the boast that he could throw anybody in camp. The walking boss at once took him up, saying, "I'll throw you". But as he knew none of the tricks of the

game and lacked fifty pounds of the college man's weight he was worsted every time. Givens was surprised to see how readily they yielded the palm after Stock's discomfiture. Their champion defeated, it was almost impossible to get anyone else to try. Only one other could be persuaded to try, but he wrestled solely on the defensive. Although a heavier man than the boss, he counted on defeat from the beginning. He knew his opponent.

When the writer visited Mr. Givens last, he remarked, "The men, taken as a whole, are more peaceable, more moral, and more gentlemanly than any two hundred American labourers that I have ever known and I grew up on hard work, and am therefore capable of judging. They are good-natured, big-hearted fellows, just longing for someone to do something to help them."

This is mission work of a high order. It is the antithesis of the kind that would "compass sea and land to make one proselyte". It is the kind that respects another's religious convictions; the kind that the late Bishop O'Connor, Roman Catholic Bishop of Peterboro', commended—an honest, self-sacrificing effort to make all men good children of God, leaving their desire to identify themselves with any Church to take a free course.

The writer wishes to add his testimony to that of Mr. Givens. The foreigner on railway construction in Canada is a better type than the English-speaking navvy, perhaps because the former are men who have failed in other walks of life and are there because down and out, while the latter are making a new start in a new world and take what comes to hand. Colour is lent to this theory by the fact that the foreigner in the city does not show up better than the native. I have never carried firearms, never had the slightest fear of any of the many and diversified men I have met on the grade; while meeting their confreres in the slums of the city, one does not have the same sense of se-

curity and appreciation of their worth. Is it because we have neglected the foreigner at his work on the right of way that he often drifts into the city's cess-pools?

Mr. Givens was in camp when war broke out. He observed that the men showed little emotion except at the danger of their having to return to fight. They would all say: "War hell; Austria no good; me stay Canada". After a few days, when they learned that they could not return, and that if they attempted it, they would be held as prisoners of war, they seemed perfectly contented. The only man who expressed a wish to go home was a "straw-boss", who wanted to go solely in order to dispose of some cattle he owned, before they should be commandeered by the Austrian army.

These were rough and picturesque men. The nature of their work and their living conditions made that inevitable. They showed little emotion, but they heard and were touched by the unspoken sermons of loving service. It mattered not that those sermons took the form of a Sunday shave or hair cut, a game of baseball or a lesson in arithmetic, the results attained were the same as those brought about by the preaching of Newell Dwight Hillis, Cardinal Gibbons, or Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Men were refined and elevated, their hearts were touched with the love and devotion of their English-speaking brother. They abstained from filthy and blasphemous language in his presence. They returned his kindness in kind. They were in short born again not of the "corruptible seed" of love of gain and ease and sinful pleasure but of the incorruptible seed of goodness and honour and virtue and of a citizenship like to the big man who sought not his own good but loved himself last and the strangers in a foreign land first and always. Givens's whole life at camp was a manifestation of a nature bent on pleasing and helping his fellows. That it was

understood and appreciated by the men who could not make their gratitude known in well-rounded sentences, he had many evidences. On one occasion he found his old working-boots, which he had discarded as worn out, neatly mended and polished up by an expert, without ever finding out who had done the kindness.

When he left camp the Galicians voluntarily collected a purse of twenty dollars out of their small earnings

and commissioned one of their number to give it to him. Givens had become endeared to every man in camp. By play and work, teaching and doctoring, he touched most of their lives, and he himself got a glimpse of the magnitude and manner of the task before Canada and the United States if the immigrant is to become a citizen indeed and not remain estranged, misunderstood, often despised and politically and socially dangerous.

FROM A HOSPITAL COT

By CARL HAWES BUTMAN

At first they said I was dyin',
 But I prayed to my God not to go,
 There's the folks back 'ome and Jimmie;
 I've been missin' 'em lately, you know.
 I fought best I could in the trenches,
 Do you think that I wants to be 'ere?
 But wot could I do? I was shot through and through.
 An' they ordered me back to the rear.

We'd 'ad an 'ard fight with the Deutchers;
 I must 'ave plugged forty or more,
 Orders came to advance on the beggars—
 I must 'ave got 'it in the fore.
 But I never knowed that until later,
 When I woke in a 'ospital cot,
 With a nurse fussin' round, 'andy some'ow;
 I was clean, but the fever burned 'ot.

To-day I'm more fit an' quite 'opeful,
 That last charge—it ain't 'arf been told;
 We'd been waitin' and waitin', most tiresome,
 With weather first 'ot and then cold.
 When it rained you were wet to your middle,
 You couldn't keep dry an' stay whole;
 Everyone was clear out of tobacco,
 And the stench from the field 'urt your soul.

Well, the charge come at last, on a Sunday,
 We was up an' away at the sign,
 'Twas me and Jimmie, me Bunkie,
 Were a-leadin' that khaki-clad line.
 There was bullets and shrapnel a-plenty—
 Small wonder we didn't all die,
 But we fired from prone on our bellies
 At nothin' mostly, an' 'igh.

I'd sort o' lost track o' Jimmie,
 'E was firin' somewhere on the right;
 I was busy a-workin' me Enfield,
 An' a-cussin' with all o' my might.
 Then I noticed a figger far forward,
 A-shootin' and crawlin' like 'ell,
 No sooner'n I saw it was Jimmie
 'E was lost in the burst of a shell.

'Twas then I 'eard "Retire" sounded,
 But I wouldn't leave Jimmie to die;
 The Captain, 'e couldn't stop me—
 I'll get 'ell for that by and by.
 Jim wasn't 'urt much—just knocked looney.
 'E was moanin' and tearin' the sod;
 But I managed some'ow to drag 'im
 Out o' reach o' the Deutchers, thank God.

On a sudden, I sort o' went 'elpless,
 Just as Jimmie was comin' around;
 An' I didn't know nothin' till later,
 When I come to, my wounds bein' bound.
 I'd been 'it in three places, they tell me,
 An' fainted, just like a kid,
 But Jim 'auled me to First Aid and safety;
 Swear to God, I'll repay wot 'e did!

That was only one scrap in a 'undred;
 It didn't count much on the whole,
 But us as was there won't forget it—
 Some fifty less answered the roll.
 I've written a postal to Lunnon,
 Tellin' all about Jimmie an' me;
 'Ow I wish we could drop in on mother,
 An' sample a pot of 'er tea.

You say you come from the Colonel,
 The Captain reported me, then?
 No? It's a cross that you're bringin'?
 That can't be for me—it's for Jim.
 'E's got one, too—we're both sergeants?
 The Captain's not angry? That's fine!
 I'll soon be out now, back with Jimmie,
 A-holdin' my place in the line.

RANGING THE NIPIGON

By Arthur G. Penny

THIS is the story of a man-size job handled with neatness and despatch—by public servants. In these days when “government” not infrequently means inefficiency, and the civil service is neither civil nor serviceable, it is not only pleasant but right to give credit where it is due. Few Canadians know of the Nipigon Forest Reserve as a name, and still fewer of them have visited it. Until very recently there were no transportation facilities within its extensive confines, and small encouragement for zeal existed in the shape of recognition or rebuke. It speaks much, therefore, for the men to whom the preservation of this national heritage has been entrusted that their work should be performed tirelessly and efficiently from day to day, in difficulty often and in silence always.

This great reserve was created by the Ontario Government not long after its accession to power in 1905. It is eight thousand square miles in extent, and embraces all territory adjacent to the Nipigon Lake and River. The land is extremely rugged in formation, and is densely covered with virgin forest, through which practically no one but Indians and trappers have ever passed. The conditions are such, therefore, that should a fire originate, either spontaneously or through carelessness, it could easily spread devastation for miles. For this reason, given even normal circumstances, the price of prevention is vigilance and prompt action. But from the first the rangers' task has

been immensely complicated by the problems attendant upon railway construction in such a natural tinder-box. Parallel to the northern boundary of the reserve for its entire length is the National Transcontinental Railway, while the Canadian Northern Railway traverses its southeast corner, touching both river and lake. As is well known, these two lines were under simultaneous construction, but the fact may not convey a proper sense of the situation to the layman without some explanation.

Where the engineers have located a proposed railway line through extensive tracts of forest land the only practical method of clearing the right-of-way is by burning, since to cut down and haul out millions of trees would be both slow and costly. By dint of care and close supervision it is possible for this to be done without needless destruction of timber, but in too many cases the contractors have not been greatly impressed with the ideals of national conservation, in addition to which, among large numbers of uneducated and foreign labourers, the thoughtless handling of fire has been almost inevitable.

After the right-of-way has been cleared come bridge and tunnel gangs, steam shovel gangs, grading gangs, track-laying gangs, and all the various divisions of the army of construction. These bring with them engines breathing fiery sparks, a single one of which is sufficient to set the wilderness ablaze. Small wonder, therefore, that for years after the opening of a new

line travellers look out from either side of the track on a dreary prospect of charred stumps and blackened turf.

The facts of the case in Nipigon were that not only was the Canadian Northern Railway burned in the middle of the summer, when wood is dry, but that construction was going on at the same time in two sections of the reserve, from fifty to one hundred miles apart, in spite of which, and with only some seventy-five rangers, the completed line runs through green and unblemished bush, while no serious conflagration has marked the history of Nipigon Forest Reserve to the present time. That such a seeming miracle was possible is due in large measure to the restraint of the contractors as a whole, which the rangers are willing to admit, but beyond this one must look for an efficient organization directed by executive ability of no mean order.

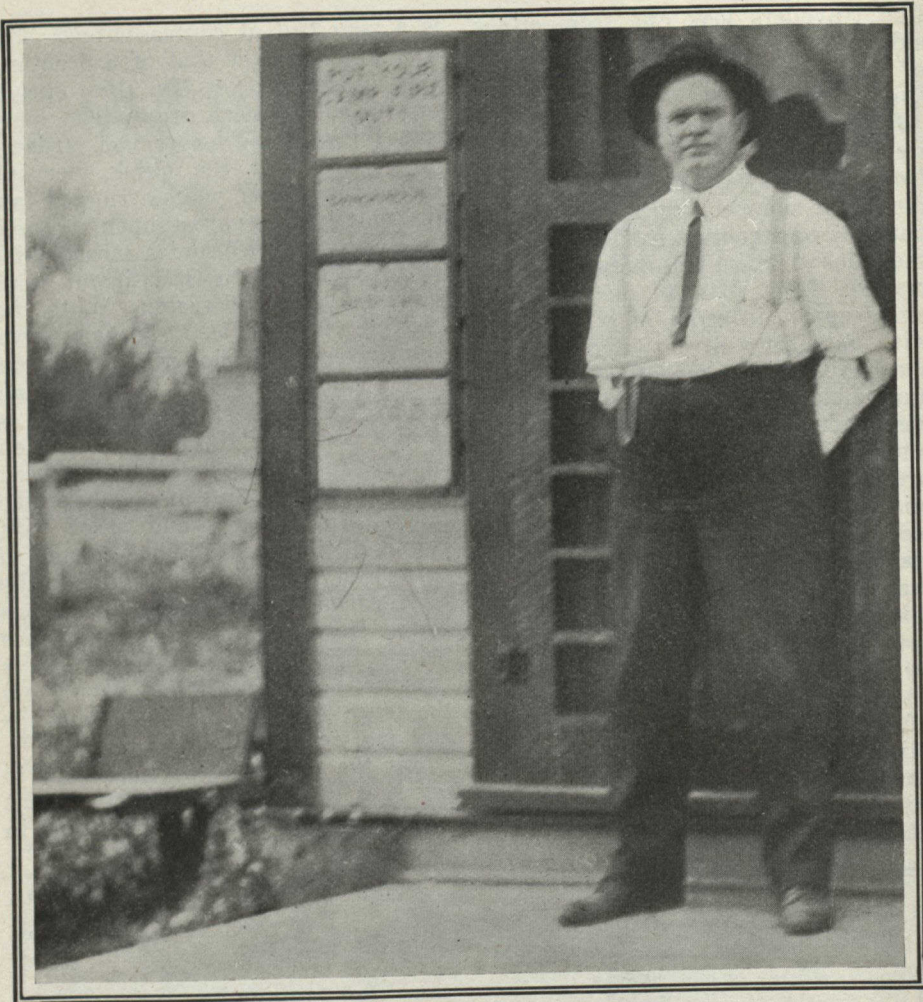
As to the second factor, one may offer the personality of Mr. L. E. Bliss, chief ranger of the Nipigon, who speaks of himself with quiet pride as being "only a bushwhacker". Here

is a man full of contradiction. The first impression is that of a practical man of action; yet Mr. Bliss speaks to you as a college graduate. Short and thick-set, he leaves you entirely unprepared for the quick, nervous action that is his, while a rugged jaw and shaggy brows are at open variance with a quiet voice and a most genial manner. Mr. Revells, assistant chief ranger, is a second factor. While the chief sits in his office at Nipigon town and drives the machine, Revells is out seeing that every part is in working order. He is short but wiry, and is distinguished by the fixed expression and slow speech of one who has been much out-doors and alone. Like the moose, the caribou, and other wild things of the woods, he has no roof to cover him, for he is continually on the trail, except for those brief occasions when some matter of importance brings him to headquarters. It is rumoured that even then he prefers the office floor to the easier springs and mattresses of civilization.

For the staff it is only necessary to say that the Provincial department knows when it has a good thing in



VIEW FROM FIRE-RANGERS' LOOKOUT STATION ON THE NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE



MR. L. E. BLISS, CHIEF RANGER OF THE NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE

Mr. Bliss, and leaves him to do his own hiring and firing—no small mark of confidence. No callow students find a summer's occupation here, for the rangers are all seasoned natives of the district, with its best interests at heart, who wear their metal badges of office on brace or shirt as proudly as does the more decorative city policeman his uniform.

So much for the men, but what of their work and methods? At this point it should be said that the Nipigon River, filled for its forty miles with the largest and gamest speckled

trout in the world, attracts a yearly influx of sportsmen and camping parties, while the lake, roughly, sixty miles square, is the home of numerous Indians, who fish for sturgeon and lake trout, or hunt and trap over its eight hundred miles of shore. These conditions necessitated the wide distribution of rangers, and a constant patrol so that when a fire did break out, much time used to be wasted in getting word to headquarters and more in mobilizing a force to fight it. As a solution, a telephone system was put into every fire ranger's lodge, so

that Mr. Bliss, sitting in his office at Nipigon, can keep in touch with his farthest patrol, and reinforcements can be despatched wherever necessary without delay. The stringing of the wires throughout this large area of rolling hills and dense timber was "some stunt", nor is it an easier feat to keep the line clear, for falling trees and branches break the wire, as also the awkward horns of moose or caribou, in spots which are not always readily located. The lodges themselves, established at every strategic point,

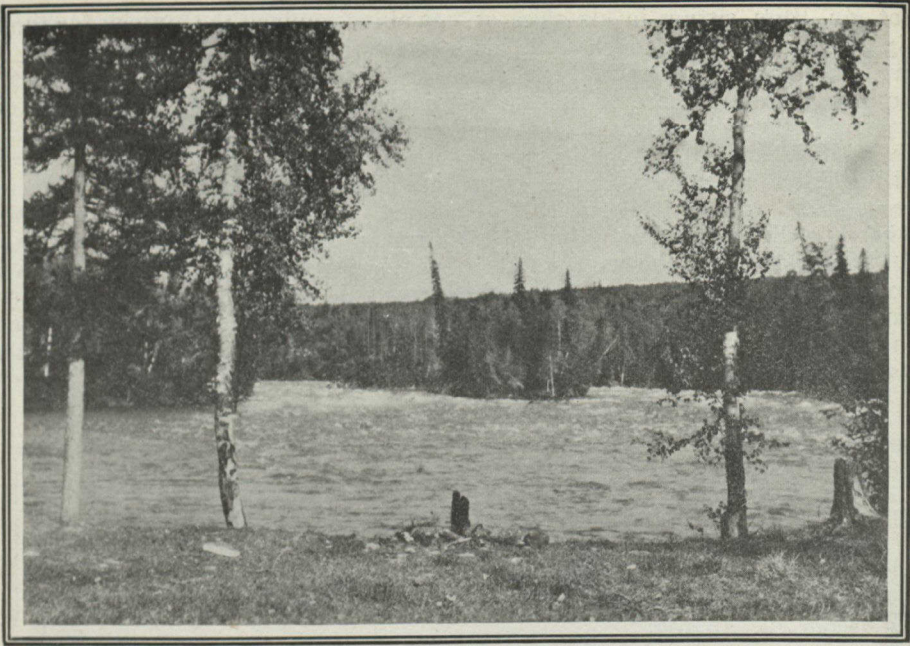
the hills confined the outlook for those below them it would also enlarge it for those on top. Four lookout stations were accordingly established on commanding peaks and men with families put in as stationary posts, who are obliged to report to Nipigon every hour. As a result, efficiency was still further increased, while work that previously required some seventy rangers is now performed by less than thirty, a statement which one striking instance will bear out. At a quarter to six on a certain morning, Station



CAMERON FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER

are comfortable and well kept, and time has been found not only to post hundreds of Government fire warnings conspicuously but also to leave fire buckets and axes and to erect public conveniences near every campsite and to build neat landing-places at every portage. After the telephone installation it was possible to work more efficiently, but still Bliss was not satisfied. Owing to the character of the country already referred to, it was necessary to have short patrols and a correspondingly large staff, but if

No. 3, south of Lake Nipigon, reported a fire near Armstrong, across the lake and seventy-two miles farther north. Owing to the great distance this report was not very seriously taken, but to play safe a party was sent on a gasoline speeder on the Canadian Northern and fast motor boat to the head of the lake, where Mr. Revells, who had just come from this very place and knew nothing of the fire, was met. The latter turned back, and on arrival at Armstrong found that fire had actually been



VIEW ON PINE PORTAGE, NIPIGON RIVER



VIRGIN FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER



A LOAD OF JOLLY FOREST RANGERS

noticed in the neighbourhood at seven o'clock in the morning, or an hour and a quarter after Nipigon, 112 miles distant, had received the report. At present these stations consist only of shelters on the cliff-top, but Mr. Bliss has in contemplation the erection of high towers, which will command a much wider prospect, and so each year the service is strengthened and improved.

One final incident will throw light upon the fearlessness with which these men enforce the law of the reserve. As has been said, the conduct of the railway contractors as a whole was exemplary, but some exceptions, of course, were found. The regulations say that fire screens must be placed upon all smoke-stacks to prevent dangerous sparks, but these screens must be renewed from time to time and cost a certain amount of money, so that a

certain sub-contractor thought that he would do without. The chief ranger drew attention to this deficiency, and the boss evaded, whereupon the chief threatened to put on extra rangers at the expense of the offending company. This move was treated as a bluff, and so it was backed up by a telegram to Ottawa, after which things began to happen rapidly, and Mr. Boss, a big six-foot man-handler, thought he had better step down to Nipigon and reason with this persistent individual.

Asking for Bliss, he demanded, "What's this about fire screens?" in a manner certainly not calculated to reassure any timid person.

"You're quite a bit bigger than I am," answered the chief, "but I guess we'd better settle this thing. In the first place, the law requires you to put them on in the public interest, and in the second place, you are only



NIPIGON FIRE RANGERS AT HOME

a sub-contractor for the contractor. If I didn't make you put them on and a fire started the Canadian Northern would want to know what the fire rangers were up to. Here is my telegram to Ottawa; it's up to you."

After a glance at the document referred to, Mr. Boss growled: "I see there's no d—d Tammany Hall here. I'll tell you what—if I promise to get screens and to fire any foreman or hand who doesn't use them, will

you cancel that wire to Ottawa?"

"Sure, if you'll give me a letter to that effect."

Which done, Bliss wired a second time that the authority of the Department had been upheld, so that further steps would be unnecessary. Thereafter the two men became fast friends.

There are other reserves in Canada, and if the same high standard of accomplishment obtains throughout, the country is well served.



THE GAEL in NEW SCOTLAND

By S. P. Macdonald

IN six counties of the Province of Nova Scotia the greater part of the population is Gaelic. They are the four counties of the island of Cape Breton and the two easternmost counties of Nova Scotia proper. The anglicizing influence is strong in the peninsula, and though the mountain tongue is still much spoken, such characters as the novelist Neil Munro loves to paint are to be found mostly in Cape Breton. A mile of sea-channel and a long delay in the building of a long-promised government railway are largely responsible for this happy condition.

In this land of lonely glens and populous valleys, of rugged mountains and rolling hills, of lake and forest and torrent, the Gael resembles his ancestor more closely than in any other part of America. The influences of the great outside world have hardly touched him, in many cases. Not seldom he speaks any other language than Gaelic with much difficulty. His talk is mostly of the past; he peoples his glens with ghosts and his knolls with fairies; his heroes won their fame not later than '45, except for those to whom glory came in "Bonaparte's war"; he is generally great of body, and of heart, too, and the story of a fine fight goes to his blood like a horn of Farintosh.

I have before my mind's eye a certain glen. It runs parallel to the breadth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence

and opens at one end on a broad and gentle stream. A noble mountain shuts it off from the gulf, throwing up a barrier to the north wind. Part of its slope is gentle, and jibs of cultivated land cut deep into its maples and beeches; part of it is almost sheer, but even here a deep soil hides the rock and gives root to grass and trees, taking away from the sternness of the scene. A slightly lower mountain, of more regular swell, stands guard toward the rising sun, with a slow deep stream at its feet and broad meadows stretching across the glen. Right in the heart of the higher mountain, and piercing it for a depth of two miles, is a tributary glen. The great mountains crowd it so close that from the upper end the perspective hardly shows a gap at the other. It has its little river, tumbling over a little precipice as it leaves the glen, a few cozy farmers' cottages and a busy water-mill. I dare not attempt a more minute description. It is the only spot in which I have ever been able to see that ideality of detail which you will find in a painted scene, but generally seek in vain in the original. There are other glens near, and each has its own charm, but this is my perfect glen, even down to its name, which leaves a Gaelic tongue with a fine full-throated roll that would seem to have taken its tone from the distant roar of falling water. Many a June morning have I walked it, when

the rising sun sent a level ray along its whole length, turning the little river into liquid silver, while half-way up the mountain great ghosts of trees loomed through the rising mist. Perhaps I like it even more on an autumn evening, when the vivid green of its aftergrass is restful to the eye filled with gazing on the gorgeousness of the forest. I bless the day on which the dusty miller with the heart of gold first led me through my glen, and I return to it when I can, and dream of it and speak of it when I cannot, with a regretful sigh that some gentle Wordsworth cannot be found to celebrate its beauties. There are not many scenes so perfect as this in New Scotland, but there are a very many worth a better description than I can give. Surely the Highland emigrants could have found no other region in all America so thoroughly agreeable to their character and tastes.

The people of the great glen are Highland, almost to a man. Ask one of them what he is, referring to his nationality, and he will answer that he is a Gael, adding at once the name of his ancestral district, and claiming it in all seriousness as his own. The appellation "A Lochaber" or "Moidart" or "Skye" man is, perhaps, almost as common in New Scotland as in the Old Country. The distinction according to ancestral districts survives even in the differences of dialect, which are as well-marked to-day as they were a hundred years ago. "Listen to the Uist man," I heard a descendant of the Keppochs say once, as his ear caught the accent peculiar to that island, and he put into his tone all the mainlander's traditional contempt for the islesman. "And how is Uist a bit worse than the Braes of Lochaber?" answered the *Uisteach*. "I am a Clanranald, too, and that would make me as good as the best Lochaber man that ever lived, even if I were from the Isle of Muck." There was no Muckman present, but if there had been I should have heard, doubtless, some comparisons of Muck with Barra

by no means complimentary to the land of the MacNeils.

Let us enter now a typical farmhouse of the great glen. It stands near the foot of the smaller glen of which I have spoken, just where the steep side of the mountain falls away in a long easy slope to the highway. The interior of the house makes a favourable impression at once. It has been painted in quiet colours, and there is an air of neatness and good taste about it all. No hideously-coloured carpets hide the floor, and its bareness is just enough relieved by a few rugs of simple pattern, home-woven. There are no flaring magazine prints to disfigure the walls. The few pictures hanging upon them make little appeal to the artistic sense, it is true, but at least they do not shock it. The housewife, comely and capable-looking, will greet you with a quiet courtesy that is wholly unconscious because wholly natural, the delicate but hearty Gaelic courtesy which you can never doubt is based on generous sentiment and which never offends by obtrusiveness. Or it may be her daughter, fresh as one of the new-blown roses at the door, looking you straight in the face from two very deep and very quiet eyes. She has her mother's dignity and courtesy, only adding to it the charm of maiden bashfulness. It was the mother who welcomed me when the golden-hearted miller introduced me into the household. Her husband was out, and she led me at once to the "old folks", his parents. The old couple arose, and gave me the kindly Gaelic welcome, the old man keeping his grip on my hand till he had asked "And what Macdonalds are you of?" I ran up my paternal tree to the fourth generation, adding simply, "Moidart people". "Ah, yes, a Clanranald," he said, "good stock, good stock. There's not much of the old glory left, except what's in the songs and stories, and that's not a little," and then he placed me beside him and counted over "the heroes of my line",

from the first red-hand Clanranald to him who fell at Sheriffmuir. "Foolish people," I put in, willing to draw him out, even at the cost of taking liberties with the facts of history, "if they had kept on the safe side, with the Hanover party, instead of fighting for the Stuarts, a Clanranald might still be lording it at Castle Tirrim." The words struck like steel on flint. There was a flash from the old eyes, the old head went up with a gesture almost kingly, and the heavy stick he held between his knees came down on the floor with a force that set the windows a-rattling. "And what the devil else would a Clanranald do but fight for the Stuarts, and what the devil would one of them be doing courting a German laird?" The argument was unanswerable. What, indeed, could a Clanranald do, with the traditions of his house behind him, but fight for the Stuarts? I could not keep back a smile of satisfaction, which the old man was quick to see and understand. "Ah, you rascal, you don't believe a word of what you said. You were just teasing the *bodach*.* But it's a great relief to know you haven't lost the spirit of your race altogether. Jennie, a *cheist*, look and see if your father is coming. We are moving an outhouse to a new foundation, and some of the neighbours will be here soon to help"—I knew all this from the miller, and had accepted his invitation to make the visit all the more readily for it—"My son Angus is gone to the store. You won't leave here till you have dinner, and you'll be just as if you were in your own house. I must leave you now for a little while to help get ready," and the old man of five and seventy strode through the door, erect to the full of his six feet and more, with the free swing of five and twenty.

In a little while I followed. Hardly had I got out the door, facing the footpath to the main road, when I saw a sight that held me fixed and admir-

ing. A magnificent blonde giant was coming up the pathway. He could not have been less than six feet and four inches in height, with a mighty spread of shoulder and swell of chest, and his huge body pillared on legs massive as the spreading elm under which the path led him. His shirt and trousers—he wore no coat—were of honest homespun, and his lower legs were cased in cowhide knee-boots. After the first glance, which took in all these details, my eyes fixed themselves on his face. It was broad and open, a little lacking in expression, the eyes almost babyish in their soft clear blueness, hair and long drooping moustache of the colour of straw. "What a figure of a viking!" was the first thought that struck me after my eyes had had their fill, and surely no better could be found. The complexion, the hair, the eyes, the great body, even the gait, a little sprawling and unsteady, like that of a man whose feet are more accustomed to the deck of a ship than to firm land, all bespoke the Norseman. And yet he was Highland, and bore a fine old Gaelic name, but just as surely the blood of the vikings who wasted the Scottish coasts long ago was in his veins. I soon had an opportunity for a study of contrasting types. Another man was making his way up the footpath, and his appearance was striking enough to withdraw attention even from my viking. He, too, was of great size, but I judged, until the two stood almost shoulder to shoulder, that he was smaller than the fair-haired giant. I saw then that he was full as tall and as great of body, though his finer proportions partly concealed his gigantic bulk. In carriage and expression and features he was an almost complete contrast to the other. His hair, which he wore longer than the ordinary, was of a deep rich brown, and it showed in long waves under his back-tilted hat. Homespun shirt and trousers, and cowhide boots made up a costume

* Old man.

like enough to the viking's, yet it sat on him far more gracefully. His carriage had an ease and erectness unusual in men of his stature, and he moved with a long lilting swing, like the gait of a man when good red blood is tingling to martial music. The features were no less bold than expressive, and the eyes a dark elusive Celtic gray, equally ready to flash with sudden anger, or sparkle with mirth, or darken with the Gaelic gloom. There was a little haughty lift to his head, heritage of his chieftain ancestors, and as I looked at him I could not repress a feeling of regret that he had not come into the world in the Highlands, and a couple of centuries before our time. What a foray-leader he would have made, and how the glens would have resounded to the rallying cry of the clan had he sent out the call to "gather together for Charlie." "In the name of all the heroes," I said to the old man, who had joined me and was watching me closely, perhaps divining something of the thoughts that were running through my head—"Fionn, and Oscar, and Gall, and the rest of them, who is that young man who is dressed like a workman and looks like a king?" "That," he answered, "that is Ronald *Donn*,* son of my good neighbour, Black Donald. A fine lad, is he not? I doubt if he's as handsome a man as his father, though. Forty years ago Black Donald was counted the handsomest man in Cape Breton. And fight! I remember a trip he and I made to Halifax—" "But who is the other giant?" I interrupted, "the light-haired one." "That's Donald *Ban*, nephew to Black Donald, and cousin of Ronald *Donn*. They don't look very much alike. You see, his father's people were all dark, but his mother was a Lewis woman. There's Norwegian blood there." "Well," I answered, "it seems to me you might as well go ahead with the work. Two such men can surely pick up the outhouse and walk away with

it." "Oh, aye, they're strong lads. I'm doubting, though, that either of them is what his father was. Not much to choose between them for strength, but, Lord! Ronald *Donn* would tie Donald *Ban* in a knot. He's active as a cat and ready as a greyhound."

The work of moving the house was soon begun, but not, however, before the old man had made the round of the workmen with a huge earthenware jug, out of which he dealt to each a generous measure of whisky. Then he invited me to climb the mountain with him and enjoy the fine view. I succeeded in staying close behind him all the way, though in truth it was only shame that youth should lag when age was so sprightly that kept me at the task. I reached the top with bursting lungs and aching sides, and threw myself flat on the ground, panting and puffing, while the old man, fresh as when he started, pointed out and named every hill and valley and stream for twenty miles round. At noon we were back, and found the table spread for dinner. My viking and my Highland chief were both in their places, but there was another individual present who drew my attention from them. He was very tall and very spare, but sinewy, and his face matched his body for length and leanness. Its skin had the colour and apparently the thickness and toughness of undressed leather, yet it was an agreeable face, full of humour and shrewdness, and wonderfully lightened by a pair of very bright eyes. His appearance, and a tattooed anchor on the back of one huge hand, told me his occupation. He was a seaman, a deep-water sailor in his youth, I learned, and now a shore fisherman. In twenty years before the mast, "ten of them on the clipper ship *Greyling*, five hundred tons, sailing out of Baltimore, the fastest ship on the seven seas in her day," as he was sure to tell you before you were

* The brown-haired.

long in his conversation, he had visited nearly every important port in the two hemispheres. Though his stock of learning was small, his natural good sense and shrewdness made him a keen and intelligent observer, and his accounts of foreign lands, people, and customs, were far more accurate than it is usual to find in wanderers of his class. Withal he had the Gaelic mysticism and the Gaelic superstitions, intensified rather than dissipated by years of communing with the sea. There was something in his manner of speaking of it, and it showed even in the most commonplace remarks, that brought back to me scenes in "Children of Tempest". The sea was something more to him than a great mass of water. He would not have owned that he believed it an animate being, yet he spoke of it as one speaks of an intelligent power. "Aye," he said, when one of the young men spoke of the pleasures of a sailor's life, "just sailing along from one foreign port to another, like Angus the sailor here in the *Greyling*"—as he put it—"Aye, lad, it's very fine to travel and see the world, and it's finer still to be on the sea when it's in good humour, as I've seen it many a time, when you would think every inch of it had a fairy dancing on it, and the ship herself seems to be tossed along by the water spirits. I tell you, lad, never a horn of the best whisky ever distilled in a Highland glen, where the foot of a gauger never stood, could get to my heart like the playful sea. But it's treacherous—treacherous and cruel"—and his voice took on a solemn tone—"a few hours after it has been playing with the ship, and smiling up at you from every ripple of it, it has become blacker than a thunder cloud, and the ripples are changed into mountains of angry water, and every fairy is turned into an evil spirit. They chase the ship, not to play with her, but to drown her, and many's the brave boat they've dragged down with their cruel hands. Beautiful, and treacherous,

and cruel the sea is, and remembering and revengeful, too. I saved a man from drowning once at San Domingo, after he had gone down the third time, and I never put foot in my fishing-boat but I fear I shall pay for it with my own life. I saw such a thing happen once. One of the *Greyling's* crew, a Norwegian lad, fell overboard. He was a good swimmer, but he took a cramp and couldn't even keep himself afloat. We threw three or four life-belts at him, but they fell either short of him, or beyond him. A boat was lowered, but the first two men over the side upset her. By that time the Norwegian had gone under. Then the second mate, a fine strapping young Highlander from Oban, Angus MacNeil his name was, jumped overboard after him. He got his man by the hair of the head, six feet under water, and we hauled the two of them on board. But mark you what happened. That same night came a fearful storm, and it drove us all the night and all the next day, with never a rag of sail to a mast. It was the blackest and angriest sea I ever laid my eyes on. The *Greyling* staggered through it, taking blow after blow from waves that washed the length of her decks. The morning of the second day the storm was worse than ever. The seas were coming down on us faster, and, I swear, as I looked at them I thought there was more than natural force behind them. Then one came—I saw it long before it reached us—higher by a fathom than any of the others. It looked like the old father of them all, and you would think it was angry with its children for failing to sink us. I closed my eyes and clasped my hands around a shroud before it struck. Everything was silent for a moment—just as if the smaller waves were getting out of the way to give the old monster a clear passage. The ship trembled under my feet, and then, every plank in her screaming together, she seemed to be picked bodily out of the water and pitched the

length of a cable. A rush of water, swifter than a mill-race, swept my feet from under me, but somehow or other my hands kept their hold. When I opened my eyes the breaking wave had beaten the sea flat around, and we were in the middle of a valley of swirling foam with mountains of water around it. Men were hanging on to the rail and shrouds all about me. Then, above the roar of the sea and the howling of the wind, came a sharp, short cry. I looked, and there was Angus MacNeil struggling in the water. He was just at the edge of the valley of foam, and I sprang for a rope, for there was a bare chance to save him in the calm which the wash of the wave had made. But before I had time to lay my hand on a line the mountains tumbled over one another and filled the valley and we never saw him again. That was the end of the storm. Before dark the fairies were dancing and the sea was smiling again. Well it might! It had had its revenge on the man who had robbed it of its own."

The story was told with a power of graphic and picturesque description that was partly from the immanent richness and expressiveness of the Gaelic and partly from the man's own vivid recollection of the awful scene. I looked around to see what effect it had had on the hearers. The viking's eyes were big with the wonder of a child, but Ronald Donn's were two mountain tarns, holding in their deeps all the mysticism of his race, all its tending to the strange and weird, to the mingling of the natural and supernatural. All were silent, with the faces of men who are suddenly fronted with a scene so awful as to compel the mind from every unbecoming feeling. One moment springs of wit and humour were bubbling over on every side, and converged into a full stream which carried

the whole company along in gay forgetfulness of everything but the joy of life; the next, they were transported to the twilight land of shadowy shapes and mysterious powers. The old grandfather was the first to rouse himself. Come, come, *Aonghais Sheoladair**—so the man was called by everybody in the great glen—"Guidhidh mi marbhphaisg ort† We're as gloomy as the sea before a squall when we ought to be as happy as the birds." Then he raised a voice still steady and clear in the well-known notes of Duncan Ban MacIntyre's famous drinking-song:

Behir a stuth grinn oirnn seinn gu fileanta,
Chuir a thoil-inntinn binneas 'n 'ar cainnt,
Chaisg i air n'ìota 'n fhior dheoch-mhilis,
Bu mhuladach sinne na'm bi'dh i air chall.

"If Angus the sailor is going to put the gloom on us *Fear na Toiseachd* must lift it off." He left the table as he spoke, to return in a few moments with the earthenware jar under his arm. "One drink is good," said he, as he placed the jar on the table, "two are better, three are worth while, four are enough." The glasses were filled and raised high; the voice of Angus the Sailor started the chorus "O sud an deoch mhilis"‡ in a tone deep and powerful as the bass of the ocean, the company took it up, and the stream of mirth ran at flood once more. Oh, the Gael, the Gael! With the waves of shadow and light chasing each other over his soul, with his dark wells of sadness beside the bright springs of mirth, with his poetry and his mysticism and his universal sympathy. As I sat there and took note of the scene the western ocean shrank into a brook, and I should have felt no surprise if, throwing a glance through the window, my eyes had rested on a heather-covered Highland mountain, or, wandering about the room, had encountered the glint of broadswords on the walls.

* Angus the sailor.

† "I shall wish (or pray) for a death-shroud on you", a common imprecation in Gaelic.

‡ "Oh, that is the sweet drink."

"The blood, the blood, it's aye the same," cries a Highland writer. Aye, the same when the Druids did their awful rites, and when the noble truths of Christianity had supplanted the gloomy religion of his fathers in the responsive soul of the Gael; the same in the days of his glory and independence, of his humiliation and subjection; the same on his native heath and in the land of his exile. Always and everywhere its call is the same, and always and everywhere the Gael answers. Therefore it is that his heart is so greatly foolish, that he is the first forlorn-hope volunteer, that he plays the pioneer so often only to prepare a place for others, that his sentiments of loyalty to a cause have swayed him so often in defiance of every rule of self-interest. And the Gael realizes it all, too. Many a time have I seen the faces of men darken, while deep curses came through lips compressed in anger, when a woman's voice raised one of those wonderful heart-piercing Gaelic songs of lament for dashed hopes and a lost cause. And yet the very men who tell you they would "fight for Charlie" if only he could come back, are the same who will be the first to answer when a Saxon voice sounds the danger call of the Empire. "The Gael goes forth to war," said my namesake of *The Toronto Globe*, when he had visited the Highlands and had seen with his own eyes the progress of recruiting for the army which is to bring to earth the vaulting ambition of the Prussian war lord, "The Gael goes forth to war, but he never comes back". Would we have it otherwise? It would be to exchange our gifts for those of another people, and that may not be; the Gael "*Maun dree his weird*."

The evening brought music and dance with it. Late in the afternoon, a light carriage had driven up, and a man of middle age, but active as a boy, alighted. The swelling hips and shapely legs were made for tartan

kilt and hose, but alas! they were cased in trousers, a garment made to conceal, not reveal, the comeliness of mountaineer limbs. There was no need to ask what the late-comer was and why he had not come in time to take part in the work. The short springy step, the sidelong glance of the eyes, the tilted hat, the air of importance—all betrayed the Highland piper. Black Angus MacDonald was, and indeed is, the most famous piper of the countryside. I have heard the skirl of his pipes at many a wedding and fair, and sometimes at funerals, for though the custom of carrying the coffin shoulder-high is going out, many of the older people, who carried the dead of the first generation of settlers on their broad shoulders, will make it their last request to be borne to the grave by stalwart youths, with the funeral dirges of the old land sounding in the ears of the living. My friend the miller told me a story, in the course of the evening, of a fine old Highlander of the neighbourhood who had died a few months before. He had been confined to his bed for weeks, and knew that the end was near. "I want to hear the pipes once more before I die," he said one day. "I wonder if Black Angus would come and play for me." Black Angus would, and did. One fine afternoon he came. Fearing that the tremendous volume of sound might over-excite the shattered nervous system, he tuned up the pipes in the room farthest removed from the sick chamber. The old man was in high displeasure at once. "The sound of the pipes," said he, "puts life into a Highlander, it does not take it away. Tell Black Angus to come near." The piper took a seat at the door of the room, and played his best clan-gatherings, marches, laments, strathspeys, and reels. The old man's delight was boundless. "There's no music on earth like the old Gaelic tunes," he cried, "long may there be pipers to play them and men to love to hear

them. Now there's one more thing I must see before I die—a reel, a blithe, lively foursome reel. On the floor, four of you, and dance your best." The young people hung back till they saw refusal would really grieve the dying man, and then, under the shadow of the reaper's wings, the house resounded to the brave notes of "Tulach Gorm" and "Cabar Feidh," while active feet tapped an accompaniment on the floor. When the reel was finished the old man spoke his thanks. "God bless you all for your kindness to a dying old man, and especially you, Angus, my friend. I shall never listen to the grand music of the pipes again, but I can die easier for having heard them to-day. Very soon the brave young lads will be carrying what's left of me to the churchyard yonder. You'll come again that day, and you'll pipe them to the church and to the grave, and be sure that the last tune you play be "Lochaber no More"—the last our fathers heard before they left the old land. Perhaps it will help to remind the young folks of what they owe their ancestors." A few days after the brave old heart was still, and Black Angus, I am glad to say, came to the funeral to sound the exile's lament for an exile returned forever to the house of his father.

During the dancing, one room was set apart for the old men. I was conducted to it early in the evening by the master of the house himself, who introduced me by leading me to the centre of the room and declaring my name and lineage to the company. It was enough. Everybody in Cape Breton knows everybody else within a radius of thirty miles. "A grandson of Seumas Mac Alasdair Mhoir," said one of the old men as he grasped my hand, "I knew him well. It is, let me see, seventy-five years at least since I saw him first. He spent a night in my father's house on the way to bring home his bride. The next day I went with my father and mother to the wedding. I remember

it all as if it were yesterday, the happy crowd—and a fine crowd it was, I can tell you—the red-faced piper, the young people stepping it out on the floor and the old people apart, as we are here, God bless us, and your grandmother, rest her soul, filling the glass for everybody once round—she held it to my own lips for just a tiny sip. Ochoin, the old days!"

For a time the talk ran on countryside topics—crops, prices, the fish-catch, the prospects for good harvesting weather. Then it turned suddenly as an April breeze. The old man who had been at my grandfather's wedding broke into a lull with the remark, "Black John's widow will have a short watch, I'm thinking."

"How's that!" demanded the master of the house, "I didn't hear anybody was sick."

"Red Donald MacIntyre. He took a turn this morning and the doctor says it will be the last."

"Red Donald! A peaceful death to him, poor man, if he must go. How old would he be?"

"He was ten years younger than his brother John, and John was born the year of Waterloo. I have heard him tell it often enough. Figure it out for yourself."

"Well, well, Black John's widow will have a short watch indeed. Which of us will have the next turn?"

I watched the old faces while this conversation was going on. With the first mention of the graveyard watch they changed from their usual expressions to the subdued and awed look I had noticed when Angus the sailor told his story. Swiftly and suddenly as the clouds on a June sky the change had come. The eternal twilight of the spirit-land closed round us once more. There were a few moments of deep silence, and then the old man whose words had wrought the magic spoke in the solemn tones of a patriarch. "The grave will have us all soon. For my own part, short or long the watch, it will not matter

much, so long as it is peaceful. But God be between me and Sandy big John's watch!" The old men shook their heads and raised their hands, while a murmur of "God be between us and that, indeed," ran round the room. "Sandy big John," I said, "I don't remember to have heard the name before." "Sandy big John," answered the first speaker, "was one of the first settlers in this part of the country. A sour, hard man he was, and none too good a neighbour, they say, though it's not well to say such things of the dead. Well, Sandy big John was one of the biggest and strongest men that ever came across the water. They say he felled his horse with a single blow of his fist, one night the beast got stubborn while Sandy was on his way home from the village. An awful man he was in drink, too, and often he took it. Nobody would come near him when he was drinking, for it seemed to be his greatest delight to pick a quarrel and then beat his opponent almost to death. When he could get nobody in the glen to fight him he took to making journeys miles away just to keep his hand in, and they tell of one night he rode twenty miles to just such a dance as this, and was alone in the house by daybreak. As he got older he became sourer and bitterer. When he was spoken to he grunted his answers like a pig or snapped them like a dog. The liquor-sellers took to locking their doors when they saw him coming, but still he got the drink, nobody knew how or where. Things went on in this way for a few years, and then one night Sandy big John's horse came home without his rider. They found him the next morning, lying beside the road, with his head almost touching the stone that had dashed out his brains. Well, they buried him in holy ground, and the prayers were said over his grave, but, God help us! it seems his watch wasn't peaceful, for night after night

those who had to take the road past the graveyard heard the most awful noises, gaspings and groanings, and short, sharp shouts, and dull sounds like the trampling of heavy feet, like as if a dozen strong men were having a fight to the death. Black John MacNeil, a holy man, who had the second-sight, drove by the graveyard one night because there was a broken bridge on the road he usually took, and reached one of the neighbour's houses with his horse in a white lather of foam, and trembling all over, and himself so weak that they had to help him into the house. What he heard everybody knew, but what he saw nobody could find out. But ever afterwards, when people spoke of the noises in the graveyard, he would shake his head sadly and say, "*spiorad an duin' fhoghainthaich ga sharachadh*"*

The story of Sandy big John's watch was the opening of a flood-gate, letting free a torrent of mystic lore which swept the company along—willing voyagers—to the dim shore of the world of ghosts and fairies, of fable and financial legend. Not a resource which the fertile Gaelic fancy has created to satisfy the craving for something beyond the things of sense, or which a higher power has given to that end—was left unworked. From ghosts the talk shifted to fairies and the spirits of air, earth, and water, and then to the deeds of Fionn and his warrior gand, and last of all came the *sgialachd* "*Mac righ Eirinn's nighean righ Eilean na h'Oige*."† Nobody in that company wished to remember that he was moving among shadows. The fairies, and the king's daughters, transformed into swans, and the golden boat with the silver oars, following the path of the setting sun to the Island of Youth—these were more real than the sweat of toil or the pinch of poverty. Once or twice there were little interruptions which threatened to break the spell, but they were brushed aside with im-

* The strong man's spirit oppressed.

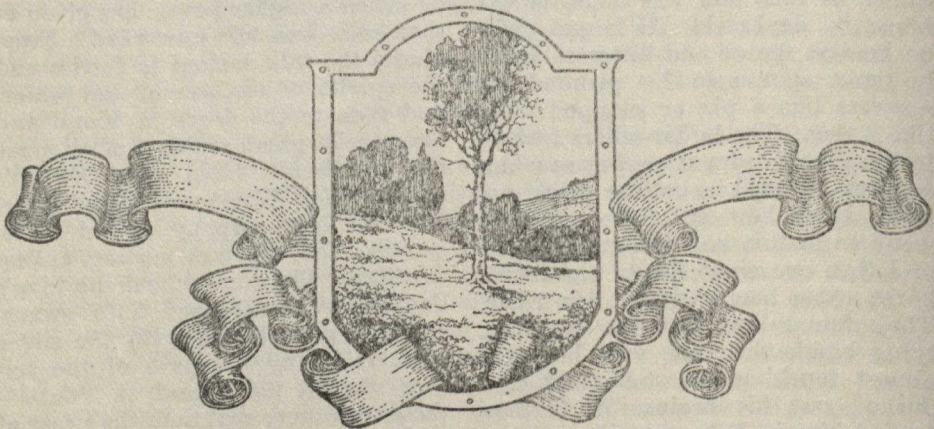
† The King of Ireland's son and the daughter of the King of the Island of Youth.

patient gestures and more impatient words. And when at last the sober dawn broke, and the time of parting came, the farewells were said in low and hurried tones, as if each wished to be alone as soon as possible that he might warm the dying delusion at his breast.

The scene re-enacts itself often and often in my memory, and always the question follows "Will the old language and the old traditions and the old Gaelic spirit pass away, and the Gael cease to be a Gael?" I know there are many signs which point to dissolution, but I will not believe that these things will be allowed to perish from the earth, or that our noble heritage will rust away through disuse. I want the Gael to retain his Gaelic character, all the more that our age has sore need of just such a spiritual element as he can supply—

We are the makers of music,
We are the dreamers of dreams,

and we must continue to make the music and dream the dreams. We have our share to do in the building and maintenance of empire, but it is not to rule. The skilful forging of tempered laws is for the Saxon; but for the Gael—not that he must be said to lack gifts of reason and judgment—the quickening imagination, the soul responsive to all generous impulses, the mysticism, the conservatism, the spirituality, the broad sympathy. In a word, the cool, brainy, reasoning Saxon will bring to the common store the sound and saving common sense and the lessons of long experience—not indeed that he can offer nothing else, but because the ruling genius is his above all; the Gael will add the spiritual leaven to the mass. It is a combination such as no other country that is or was has known, and that can never be known again, because no other races that remain can bring such gifts for the blending.



THE BIGELOW MANSION

By M. J. Coggeshall

IT ought to be done!" "It simply *must* be done." "There is no such auxiliary as 'must' in poverty's dictionary," remarked Cecilia Bigelow calmly.

"There is no other," asserted her sister Janet. "The house has got to be painted. It is a libel on our ancestors. It will soon be known as 'Peeling-paint Paradise' instead of the 'Old Bigelow Mansion.' I, for one, am ashamed to turn in at the gate"; and to make her words as emphatic as her feelings Janet brought her hand down on the table with a thump that made the dishes rattle.

"The cloth is getting thin, Janet," Mrs. Bigelow mildly suggested.

"To match the paint on the house," remarked Cecilia.

"A harmony of transparencies!" came from Janet.

"Do you realize, girls, how much it would cost?" Mrs. Bigelow asked.

"Fifty dollars."

"Nearer a hundred. It is useless for us to talk about it this year. Another winter it may not be so cold, our coal bill will be less, and in the spring, or summer following——"

"Or the autumn after that, or the spring succeeding! The same old story. Just how long ago did it have its last coat, Mamma? I know I was in pinafores, for I remember getting some of the yellow ochre on my best dimity one. It was the summer before I had the measles—I must have been

six years old. Twenty years ago! Whew, nobody can blame the *paint*. It's got to be done some way, by hook or by crook," and Janet again made the gesticulations of her hand enforce the determination of her mind, but this time she spared the tablecloth.

"It's horrible to be so poor!" said Cecilia, scraping her preserve dish.

"Awful!" echoed Janet. "A huge joke in books, but a long-continued tragedy in real life. For the present we will swallow our pride and wash the dishes, but my determination remains unaltered. The house *must* and *shall* be painted."

The house whose unpainted condition was thus agitating a usually quiet family circle was a square frame building, standing back from the street with a shaded lawn sloping to the sidewalk. It had been built by a certain Judge Bigelow in the early thirties, when size, rather than architecture, was indicative of opulence, and was now occupied by three of his descendants, Mrs. Charles Bigelow and her two daughters, both teachers in the public schools.

The old Judge had been reputed rich and had surrounded himself with the splendours of his time. His descendants sat penniless among the faded glories of a past grandeur. To be sure, ingrains and mattings had replaced the old-fashioned body Brussels and tapestries, but the heavy mahogany furniture still gave an air

of distinction to the big rooms, and old family portraits lost none of their dignity because they were daily witnesses to innumerable small economies and menial acts which the Judge, in the flesh, would have considered degrading to a gentlewoman. As Janet had once remarked in the bosom of her family, there was no trade she had not mastered, from paper hanging to tailoring. Fortunately for the Bigelow pride, their friends were not inquisitive, and though they often remarked to one another how well the interior of the old mansion was preserved, they were not particular as to how a new coating of paint was put on or when the faded wall papers were replaced by newer and more modern ones. But while the inside was thus kept up by active brains and busy fingers, the outside presented each year a shabbier face to the world. First the north and west sides, then the south and east, assumed the appearance of a gray, yellowish and green patchwork combination which, like a chameleon, had the power of taking on different hues—especially after a rain storm—when it would present most startling and distracting colour schemes.

"If there were only less of it!" Janet would often sigh to herself as she came up the broad front walk. But now she had determined that something must be done, some remedy must be found, and when Janet Bigelow made up her mind "firm and square," as she called it, the elements had to move. People who knew her said it was the old Judge in her, and that if she had been a boy she would have made the family fortunes again.

A trivial incident, which Janet for various reasons did not repeat to her family, had brought about this determination. That night, on her way home from school, she had overheard the conversation of two gentlemen just in front of her.

The first had said:

"It is a standing disgrace to the street."

And the second: "A neglected-appearing place."

Both had looked at the once haughty mansion. Janet felt for it and for herself. She crept on behind the speakers with a shame-faced air, passed her home, turned down the next street and stole like a culprit in at the back gate, her teeth set and her resolution made. But how to put her resolution into effect was now the question uppermost in her mind. Plan after plan passed through her brain for more than a week, and then, one beautiful June morning when the birds were singing their early matin song, a solution came. It popped into her head like an inspiration. She rushed from her room in *robe de nuit* and floating hair and banged successively at Mrs. Bigelow's and Cecilia's doors. Both ladies sprang out of bed in the wildest consternation.

"I've got it! I've got it!" Janet was repeating in a high treble.

"Got what—a fit?" inquired Cecilia, cross at being thus rudely aroused at sunrise on a Saturday holiday.

"What *have* you got?" echoed Mrs. Bigelow, relieved to find that Janet was not holding a burglar by the hair.

"The solution to the problem. The key to the enigma. The secret of painting the house."

"You haven't discovered a gold mine in the cellar, have you?" yawned Cecilia.

"No, but I have thought of a treasure in the attic. There's the beard that Uncle Henry used when he acted 'Falstaff,' and the moustache that Cousin Jennie insisted upon wearing as 'Romeo,' because you remember she said no girl could properly thrill at a kiss unless she felt hairs, Angela Woodman least of all; and besides, there must be shirts, and trousers and lots of other truck belonging to men."

"For mercy's sake, what have false beards and moustaches and shirts to do with painting a house?"

"If you will listen I will explain."

Cecilia, anticipating a long explana-

tion before the connection between a beard and a freshly-painted house was established, crept back into bed, while Mrs. Bigelow, with something of the same idea in mind, swathed herself in a muslin apron.

"It's just this. Vacation begins next week and we shall have a deal more time than money. At present, thanks to the summer foliage, the house is comparatively hidden from observation. Under such favourable conditions I am going to paint it myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I—disguised as a man."

"Janet Bigelow, you have taken leave of your senses!"

"Not at all, my dear mother; and as for Cecilia, she need not gurggle so derisively from the bed clothes. Why is it any more difficult to paint a clapboard outside than a mopboard in? And I have earned a diploma at the last. The paint, as near as I can find out, will only cost about twenty dollars—perhaps less. We can afford that outlay. As for the rest, I shall enjoy the air, the novelty, and, more than all, that the house is being painted."

"Ridiculous! Impossible! What a notion! You will break your neck!"

"Didn't I pick all the pears last August from the topmost branches, and all the cherries the year before? You will see whether I am foolish or not. On the 19th the Briggses go to their summer home, and the Thurbers follow three days later. That leaves the coast clear on the front and one side, and Mrs. Arlington told me night before last that she and her husband expect to take a trip to Niagara and the Thousand Isles for the first two weeks in July. Their departure clears the other side, and that is the time I will take to do it."

No persuadings, threats or warnings could dissuade Janet from her purpose, and Mrs. Bigelow and Cecilia settled down into regarding it all as a huge joke, not even being convinced of the reality of Janet's determination

when she unrolled a scroll of sample paints and asked their advice on the selection of a shade.

Meantime, many and mysterious were the preparations Janet made. As if fearful that her own resolutions would weaken, she proceeded at once to carry out her plans. Much of her time was spent rummaging in the large, old-fashioned attic, her first available find being a pair of ancient-style duck trousers. These had been finely laundered in some far-past day, and Janet felt it almost criminal to destroy their shiny whiteness, but necessity knew no law and, hanging them over a bottomless chair, she vigorously be-spattered them with the mixed contents of several tubes of oil and water colours, until they resembled a prize landscape from the impressionist school of art. Having dried them in the sun, she completed their degradation by sundry laps and folds until her feet became visible and her waist was encircled but once. But the worst was yet to come, for they had been cut and made far back in the time of hoop skirts, when man, wishing to reserve a small share of space for himself, had attempted to combat woman's possession of it by giving a bloomer effect to his trousers. With all her skirts tucked into them there was yet space to spare. In her dilemma Janet sought Cecilia, who, though utterly disapproving of the serious side of the project, was not unwilling to lend her aid to the comical.

"They do look rather flabby, that's a fact!" was that young lady's verdict. "You will have to grow to them, Janet, or stuff them. How would wadding do?"

"Wadding—in July!" exclaimed Janet, paling at the prospect.

"You might put another pair under them. Those are meant for overalls, anyway. Men always wear a better and heavier pair underneath."

"So they do. What a dunce," and Janet mounted to the attic again.

There had been few men of late in the Bigelow family, and what trousers

they had left behind had long since been absorbed by the rag-man or the moths. Janet delved into box after box and finally drew forth from the depths of an old chest a black broad-cloth suit. It was carefully folded in a white sheet and had a very sacred appearance, but Janet, feeling sure it could not have been used for either a burial-shroud or a christening-robe, and knowing of no other commemorative epoch in life, concluded it must have belonged to her grandfather the Judge, and saw no reason why a past splendour should not yield to a present necessity. When she again presented herself before her mother and sister she was arrayed in the entire suit, long, close trousers, swallow-tailed coat and white satin vest. Cecilia rolled over on the floor in a fit of hysterical laughter, while Mrs. Bigelow looked the image of despair.

"Janet Bigelow, those were your father's wedding clothes!"

"Oh, dear!" said Janet, an amusing mixture of contrition and comicality.

"Nothing is sacred, nowadays, nothing," sighed Mrs. Bigelow.

"I couldn't find anything else," protested Janet, but Mrs. Bigelow had left the room.

"I think mamma was crying," said Cecilia.

"Oh, dear!" repeated Janet, again wishing she were more than five feet, six and not so slim. "I'll see they get back all right, and will look further, though I cannot promise not to get into something else sacred to memory."

"Your feet look decidedly queer!" remarked Cecilia as Janet was disappearing through the doorway.

Janet paused and surveyed her trim $4\frac{1}{2}$ A's ruefully.

"What shall I do? I don't believe there is a pair of men's boots on the premises."

"Buy a pair of cheap sneakers."

"Exactly! Cecilia, you're a brick!"

A masculinity of feeling and action seemed to have come upon her with

her change of costume, and when the metamorphosis was complete—her long hair tucked up under a cap, the beard and moustache upon her face, sneakers on her feet and an outing shirt tucked into the bespattered ducks, she felt like quite another being and confided to the much-horrified Cecilia that, with the addition of a pipe, she thought she could swear.

"No one would ever recognize you as Janet Bigelow, never," cried Cecilia in an ecstasy over her make-up. "Don't come too near me; it makes me nervous to have you so familiar, you are so much like a man. But, whatever happens, don't let your hat blow off or your hands be seen. If you do your secret's out."

"I might wear gloves."

"And be a house painter!"

"At least I can keep my hands in my pockets"; and suiting the action to the word they disappeared from sight, and she swaggered off, whistling.

"There's a law against women wearing men's clothes," said Mrs. Bigelow, in a last forlorn effort to stem the tide of events, for she and Cecilia had by this time decided that Janet was really in earnest and fully determined to execute her threat.

As to Janet herself, she was not without misgivings as to the outcome of her scheme. The nearer she approached its realization the more her trepidation increased, though she bravely hid it under a joking exterior. Over and over again she asked herself what it was she feared. She was more athletic than many of the opposite sex; she could mount a ladder and manipulate a paint brush. She had brains and skill; what she lacked, then, must be courage—courage to face the novelty of a new position. She might feel the same on the eve of embarkation for a trip to Europe.

She saw Mr. and Mrs. Arlington start on their provisional tour with mingled feelings of satisfaction and dismay, for with their departure serious work would begin. That night

she got her paint pots ready and with Cecilia's help dragged the long ladders out and planted them firmly against the house.

The next morning Janet Bigelow had disappeared from view, but a bearded man in painter's garb could be seen carefully removing the blinds from the Bigelow mansion, and later applying a new coating of paint to the weather-worn clapboards. When Janet first ascended the ladder she felt a creepiness, and the gables of the old-fashioned house seemed leagues away from the greensward below, but a girl who in the summer could wave her handkerchief from lighthouse summits, and dive from the piers at low tide, was not likely to be daunted by an aerial position. The day was beautiful, the air soft and cool, and Janet began to enjoy her high perch. Once or twice she caught herself warbling strains from familiar operas. Then realizing they were not consistent with her character, she whistled them lustily, instead. At regular intervals Mrs. Bigelow would ask from behind the curtain:

"Are you safe, Janet?" and the bearded painter would answer in dulcet tones, "Perfectly, mamma."

That day Janet ate her dinner from a pail in the barn, for, as far as possible, she was determined to carry out the masquerade. While she was eating it with a zest, born of an outdoor appetite, two urchins approached timidly from the street.

"Please, mister," the elder said, "can me and Tim have them cherries on yander tree?"

"Get out of here, both of you," cried Janet in a gruff voice, and the hasty stampede of their bare feet was a compliment to her first assumption of masculine severity.

In the afternoon two ladies of Janet's acquaintance passed by the house and, after a critical survey as if to satisfy themselves they were not the victims of an optical delusion, one said to the other that she "guessed the Bigelow girls had concluded to

paint the house at last, but she wondered that, after waiting so long, they should choose that homely shade of green instead of one of the fashionable yellows."

When the day's work was done Janet's ankles were stiff from balancing on the rounds of the ladder, and her wrist lame from the constant wielding of the brush, but, for a surface covering many square yards, the old house had assumed such a rejuvenated appearance that Janet would not have minded a whole body of aches. She felt like a stockbroker who had made a desperate deal and won.

Day succeeded day and the work went on without molestation or interruption. Each morning the painter reappeared from somewhere, and again disappeared at nightfall. The few families left in the city for the summer were not likely to be inquisitive as regarded his coming and going. When the suspicions of the public are not aroused they can very easily be hoodwinked, and the rumour had gone forth that Janet was spending the early part of July with friends at the beach. Visitors who called left their love for her, asked when she was coming home, hoped she was having a good time, etc., until Cecilia declared that if she wasn't painting the house herself, she was breaking every commandment in the decalogue to have it done.

Meantime the weather remained singularly cool and beautiful, and Janet's courage rose rather than sank as she became inured to her work. Mrs. Bigelow, having ceased in a measure to worry about her daughter's personal safety, began to deplore Janet's increasing brown rugged appearance, and declared she would not be able to wear a muslin dress for the remainder of the summer; but Janet philosophically explained that it was no worse for the complexion than riding a wheel or indulging in the hatless fad.

The front and one side were resplendent in a bright, new smartness,

and Janet was patiently beautifying the second side, when a letter was received which threw the whole family into the wildest consternation. It was written from New York, addressed to Mrs. Bigelow, and ran thus:

Dear Harriet:

My son Ned and myself have reached here on our way from the West, and in response to many urgent invitations from you in the past, are planning to spend a few days with you and your daughters as soon as we can complete arrangements to do so. Will you allow us to drop in upon you in the same unceremonious manner that was my custom when you were first married? My purpose in coming East is to acquaint my son with his relatives, and to revisit, before I leave them forever, the familiar and unforgotten places of my boyhood.

Hoping you can make us welcome, I am
Affectionately yours,
ROBERT L. BARSTOW.

Now, Robert Barstow had been John Bigelow's chum-cousin in the days when they were boys together, but later he had gone West, married, and become a multi-millionaire.

The letter was read aloud at the tea-table and all three ladies looked at each other aghast. "Heaven!" exclaimed Janet when she found her voice. "What's to be done?"

"It's a dilemma."

"I shall tell him to come of course," said Mrs. Bigelow. "I would like to see Robert again very much."

"But the house, mamma!" cried both girls in chorus.

"I knew something would happen before it was done," Mrs. Bigelow said with the sententiousness of a foreboding oracle.

"If we only had some of his money," sighed Cecilia.

"He might leave you some if you made a good impression upon him," said Mrs. Bigelow.

"Mamma, do millionaires eat pork and beans, and bread and butter, and common things in general?" asked Janet, helping herself to the comestibles mentioned with the bountifulness born of an open-air appetite.

"Money can't alter one's digestion, though it may one's appetite," commented Cecilia.

"Robert was always very simple in his tastes," continued Mrs. Bigelow. "He can't have entirely changed."

"But there is the son."

"Probably a great, overgrown cowboy. Well, we will prepare for the worst, and hope for the best—the best being that these rich cousins of ours from the 'wild and woolly West' will not put in an appearance for a fortnight at least," said Janet.

But fate had evidently ordained the worst, for the following afternoon, while Janet was painting the framework of a second-story window and whistling an air from "Il Trovatore," she heard her name called in a hoarse whisper and saw Cecilia gesticulating frantically just inside the window.

"Come down from there, quick," she was saying, "for Cousin Robert and Ned are in the parlour. Aunt Angelina was taken suddenly sick with the summer cholera, so they are to make their visit here first."

Half an hour later a tall, pretty girl in a gray muslin with blue ribbons tripped down the front stairs into the parlour and was introduced to Robert Barstow and his son as "Janet". Ned Barstow, delicate and reserved, as unlike the gawky cowboy his cousins had pictured as could well be imagined, thought her the prettiest and brightest girl he had ever seen, an impression that was strengthened every minute of the succeeding forty-eight hours, for the next day being Sunday, Janet had the privilege of re-assuming her own personality.

Late Sunday night a conclave was held in Mrs. Bigelow's bed-chamber as being the most remote from the guest-room, and plans of entertainment were laid whereby the Western cousins would be spirited away during the day under, as Janet suggested, Mrs. Bigelow's and Cecilia's guidance; but here a new difficulty presented itself. Mrs. Bigelow positively refused to leave the house while

Janet was risking her neck on a ladder, and the sole responsibility fell upon Cecilia, despite her protestations that she was not equal to the occasion.

"I think Ned suspects something already," she said. "I saw him looking at the house all over this morning! And what a queer question to ask at the breakfast table—who was doing the work?"

"A queer question, but I answered it well when I told him 'Mr. James.' It was the name that came nearest to Janet."

"But you grew as red as a poppy when you said it."

"Simply because I have not yet reached the depth of depravity where I can fib without a blush."

Monday and Tuesday all went well, When Wednesday came, Cousin Robert bolted the programme, in a very gentlemanly manner, but none the less—bolted. He would rest that day, if agreeable to his hostesses and carry out the plan of visiting the Park and Museum on the morrow.

Thursday found Cousin Robert sufficiently rested to carry out any plans that might be made for him, but his previous surprise and that of his son grew into open astonishment when they learned that again Cecilia would be the only one to accompany them.

"Not going?" said Ned Barstow to Janet. "May I ask why?"

But Janet's only explanation was an almost inaudible murmur about a previous business engagement.

"It will not be half a day without you," he said, in a reproachful, confidential tone that made Janet redden and wonder if people, especially young men from the "wild and woolly West," were given to taking sudden and violent fancies.

Cecilia was not only charming in appearance but in manner also, and she made a versatile and pleasant companion as they went from place to place, covering the points of interest in the morning, dining at the Thorn-dyke and finding themselves at the

Museum early in the afternoon. Then, to Cecilia's consternation, Ned pleaded a headache and asked her to allow him to return home alone. All the terrible consequences of such a move passed with nightmare swiftness through Cecilia's brain and she determined to keep him at all hazards. As she raised objection after objection with the thin pretext of having his welfare in view and he as readily overcame them she became desperate. Her desperation made her ridiculous.

"I am afraid to be left alone with Cousin Robert," she said.

"Indeed! Why?" queried the young man, lifting his brows.

"He might have a shock, or a stroke, or something."

"You have not seen signs of anything of the kind, have you?"

"No-o," answered Cecilia, realizing what an absurd remark she had made and blushing hotly. "No-o, but it is a warm day. The air is close and your father was sick yesterday. *Something* might happen."

"My father, as far as I know, is in perfect health. I think you have no occasion to worry, Cousin Cecilia, and if you will make yourself comfortable here, in front of this window, you will find that, as soon as he feels any fatigue, he will seek you out and be quite willing to go. You have brought him to an exceedingly interesting place."

Cecilia realized the predicament she had put herself in, yet made one more valiant effort in Janet's behalf.

"We might all return together, and come again."

"By no means. Do not let my slight indisposition annoy or hurry you. Father is enjoying himself immensely"; and Ned glanced toward the corner where the old gentleman was engaged in an animated conversation with the curator. "You see our combined efforts could not tear him away at this present moment. I shall look for you at home later." And bowing he left her.

Janet's astonishment was unbound-

ed when, from her vantage point on the ladder, she saw her Cousin Ned approaching from the house with a camp chair in one hand and book in the other. What did it mean? What had happened? Where was Cecilia and the Museum? Why had she had no note of warning? She grew hot and cold by turns as he came directly toward her and stood by the foot of the ladder.

"Nice day, Mr. Painter."

"Very."

Janet tried to give a masculine depth to her voice, but it only sounded hollow and sepulchral.

"You're making a slow, thorough job of this."

"I am trying fer it."

"How long have you been at it?"

"Going on two weeks."

"Do you live in the town?"

"Yes, sir."

The painter evidently did not care to enter into a protracted conversation, and Ned and his camp chair took possession of a shady place under the trees, but, to Janet's annoyance, just where he could focus her should he lift his eyes from the page.

There he remained the best part of the afternoon, Janet meanwhile trying to whistle, trying to be indifferent to his gaze, trying to remember she was for the time being "Mr. James," and failing in each one. Would he never go into the house or on to the veranda? Would the slowly descending summer sun never reach a slant where it would shine directly in his face? Why did she ever take such a herculean task or conceive such a quixotic plan? Not until Cousin Robert's and Cecilia's voices were heard coming up the front walk did he nonchalantly take his book and chair and disappear from view. No sooner was he out of sight than Janet tumbled into Cecilia's bed-chamber through a second story window, regardless of any possible scandal that might result.

Cecilia had just entered the room by the natural ingress.

"How-did-you ever-let-him get-away?" Janet cried throwing herself on the bed and bursting into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter of tears.

"I simply couldn't help myself," replied Cecilia, and then she gave way to her own nervous tension at the sight Janet presented curled up on the bed, a strange mixture of masculine apparel and feminine emotion, and screamed with laughter until she nearly wrecked a pillow case in her attempt to smother it.

"It's nothing to laugh at," said Janet, dolefully, yet it was so irresistible that she was obliged to join in and seized another pillow. "Another day like this and I shall have 'nervous perspiration,' as good Mrs. Donohue used to say," and she related her experiences of the afternoon.

"Do you think he suspects?" said Cecilia.

"I don't know," answered Janet, mournfully.

"He is nobody's fool," asserted Cecilia, "if he is 'woolly.'"

"That he isn't," echoed Janet, heartily.

"Anyway, get into petticoats again and make your appearance as soon as possible."

Janet tried to get the red out of her eyes by diligent washing in cold water, but only partially succeeded, and she was sure by the way Ned looked at her that he detected the bands about them. She began to think she detested this new-found cousin and resolved that she would not paint another bit under present conditions, if the "Bigelow Mansion" were never painted.

It happened that evening that a friend called for Cecilia to take a walk, another to see Mrs. Bigelow, Cousin Robert went to bed, and Ned and Janet were thus left alone in a shady corner of the porch. With the mystery that encircled her, and the suspicions that enshrouded him, Janet had never felt so constrained in her life. She blushed and stammered at his most trifling remark, until she de-

terminated to hide her confusion in silence. This seemed to have the opposite effect on her companion, who grew more composed and talkative, told her much of his Western life and ways, referring often to incidents of his younger days when, as he expressed it, they had been "as poor as anybody."

It was after Janet had become interested in his stories and had quite forgotten the experience of the afternoon that he suddenly said, with a mixture of humorous timidity:

"Cousin Janet, will you pardon me if I take a cousinly liberty?"

Janet's suspicions returned all at once, and she stammered out:

"I don't know—of course."

"Will you allow me, then, to return this piece of property?" and he tossed Uncle Henry's false beard into her lap. Janet made her final effort at concealment.

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours, Janet Bigelow, alias Mr. James."

"Oh," was all Janet could say.

"I might as well tell you frankly that I am on to your secret, that I think you the smartest and pluckiest girl alive, and to-morrow I am going to convince you that I can paint as well as 'Mr. James' and become a partner in the business."

"Oh!" said Janet, thankful that red was white in a pale moonlight. "How did you ever discover?"

"If you will tell me how you happened to frighten up such a lark, I'll tell you how I found it out."

"We are awfully poor, you know," Janet began, thinking that to make a clean breast of the affair was the best way out of it. "Awfully poor," she repeated; "and the house positively had to be painted—and there was no money to pay for it—and I had plenty of time and—don't you understand?"

"I think I do," said Ned Barstow, gently, very gently, almost tenderly.

"Oh, you needn't pity me," said Janet, bridleing. "It was great fun

until you came. If Aunt Angelina had only eaten her mushrooms later."

"I shall never cease to thank Aunt Angelina for that act. But for that I should never have found out what sort of a girl you were. Now for my side of the story. The first night we arrived, and had been shown to our room, I was obliged to go back after coming down, to get father's spectacles. I made a mistake in the doors and got into the wrong place. I knew it was a girl's room by the pretty knick-knacks about. I have since learned it was yours, but what surprised me beyond measure was to see a suit of men's clothes over a chair, a painter's overalls and cap and a false beard and moustache on a table near. My suspicions having been aroused, each day's proceedings only served to strengthen them. Pardon me if I resorted to annoying measures to confirm them. Your disguise was excellent, but your hands were too small and you continued to wear the same amethyst ring you had on at the breakfast. To-night, when you so hurriedly disappeared through the window—"

"And you saw that?"

"—From behind the clothes-reel—you must have dropped your beard, for I found it beneath, on the grass."

"And I was so upset that I never missed it!"

"Now that I know it all, you will let me help you finish. It's all in the family, you know."

"I cannot."

"Then I shall consider myself unforgiven and regret that I ever revealed my knowledge to you."

Much more was said by way of persuasion which has nothing to do with this story, except that from that day two painters instead of one worked upon Bigelow house until finished.

This all happened three years ago, but the "Bigelow House" still looks well, though no brush has touched it since, and Janet herself, as Mrs. Edward Barstow, presides over a palatial residence in Denver.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

By Florence Withrow

AN Anglo-Indian army of transporters altercate, confusion reigns, and you wonder if order and peace can ever prevail over this chaos and bedlam. and you wonder if order and peace can ever prevail over this chaos and bedlam. Cities and villages abound in baked mud huts where swarm scantily-clad grownups and half-naked children. One writer observes that if these be descendants of our first parents, the "descent of man" is here demonstrated.

At present it forms part of the decrepit Turkish Empire, and is mostly a desert plain scattered with Bedouin camps, Arab villages, and delapidated Turkish towns. The Garden of Eden is now a wilderness, but it may yet blossom like the rose, for its soil, the rich alluvia of two great rivers, is unsurpassed in fertility when under irrigation, and produces immense quantities of dates, figs, nuts, melons, grains, and wool, which are brought by trains of camels to the river towns, whence they are shipped to the Persian Gulf, or carried to Smyrna and thence borne to the uttermost parts of the earth.

To the tourist there is strange fascination in watching the desert caravans wind into a town and unload in the market-place or in the courtyard of a caravansary. Noise and bustle follow: the shrill call of the camel boy mingles with the unearthly sounds of the camel, merchants and

The tourists travel practically by flat-bottom steamers on the Tigris or the Euphrates, with horse-back rides into the desert, where stretch vast plains of coarse waving grass with roaming herds of cattle, sheep, wild asses and boars. Jackals and antelopes also infest the great level wastes. Lagoons are formed by the rivers' overflow, where hover flocks of ducks, herons, cranes and other wild fowl. Black Bedouin tents of goat hair stud the plain, where Arab horses are reared whose beauty of form and fleetness of foot is unsurpassed by any steed. The arched neck, smooth limbs, alert eyes make these fiery creatures highly valued. Indeed, some Arabs say, "Easy get another wife, but not another steed", and if one dies the whole tribe goes into mourning.

A Bedouin tent is a medley of the artistic and the repulsive. Inside are striped curtains, soft rugs, bright saddle-bags, copper utensils, antique arms. Outside are the refuse heap and the offal pile. Your sensitive nos-

trils are also offended with the nauseous cheeses and ill-smelling skin garments. But what matter, if you are seeing life as it was 4,000 years ago! The Sheik, clad like his ancestors, is courteous and salaams in cordial fashion, then regales you with black coffee and sweets, after which he speeds your journey, perchance relieving you of considerable coin by way of baksheesh.

It is to study ancient civilization that the traveller is chiefly drawn to this far-off bit of Turkey, where once flourished populous cities, but where now only mounds and earthen ramparts arise, around which prowl lonely beasts. Innumerable ruined canals and choked-up water-courses attest the activity of those forgotten days.

Before turning to antiquities, let us speak of one living city—Bagdad—of momentous interest at the present time. For the last 400 years it has been the capital of a Turkish province with only a mediocre history. But twice it had a “golden age”, as a proud Persian metropolis, and as the centre of an Arab caliphate. What scenes of the Arabian Nights it conjures up! Its brilliant past is revealed in those sparkling pages, but who can predict its future? May it not be that the gallant men now pressing thitherward are to wrest it from the effête Turk and give to it the impetus of a modern city like that which Britain gives to Cairo on the Nile?

As to its history, about the eighth century, under the Abbasside Caliphs, it attained greatest splendour and with a population of 2,000,000 claimed to be the most brilliant city of its day, where flourished commerce, science and art. An old chronicler thus describes a caliph's reception to a Greek Ambassador: “Resplendent in gold and jewels, surrounded by gorgeous courtiers, the mighty potentate resembled a planet amid a galaxy of stars. Gold tapestry of 38,000 pieces ornamented the walls, 22,000 silk rugs covered marble floors, 5,000 bright plumed birds fluttered in the gardens,

1,000 vessels, gaily decorated, floated upon the Tigris”.

Other brilliant pictures are there, embellished no doubt with Eastern imagery, but serving to show the riches of those luxurious days. But the caliphate passed away, and the “City of Peace” fell a prey to Tartars and to Turks.

One word as to the caliphs (commanders of the Faithful), which title was first assumed by Abu-Beker, father-in-law and successor of the prophet Mahommed. He shortly quarrelled with Ali, the son-in-law, causing a division in the Islam sects which exists unto this day. The warlike Omar and Othman succeeded the first caliph, but were followed by Ali and his descendants, who extended Moslem rule from the Indus to the Pillars of Hercules and even into Spain, where, but for Charles Martel, they might have overrun Europe. After Ali's son Hassan, came the Ommiades, with their capital at Damascus. Next followed the Abbassides, who transferred the Court to Bagdad, where for more than 500 years thirty-seven of these Saracenic princes ruled with both sacerdotal and regal authority. Other caliphates were established in Cairo and in Cordova. Most of these mighty rulers are forgotten, but one endures, the fifth Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun al Raschid, the warrior, statesman, scholar and lover of the poor—the grandest hero of those glamorous days. Let us commend Tennyson's “Recollections of the Arabian Nights”, which runs in this wise:

Many a sheeny summer morn, adown the
Tigris he was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold and
high-walled gardens green and old,
For it was in the golden prime of good
Haroun al Raschid,
Behind his throne a floating fold, engar-
landed and diaper'd,
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon his deep eye laughter stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride, sole star
of all that place and time,
He saw all—in his golden prime, the good
Haroun al Raschid.

Scholars flocked to his court, but also base adventurers who depraved the easy morals of the Moslems. Corruption and decay inevitably followed, hence by 1258 Tartar hoards captured the Arab city. This they held under such conquerors as Tamerlane, until the Turks came in 1638, when the Turkish Sultan assumed the ancient title of Caliph, and thus secured a lasting power over Arab tribes.

The Bagdad of to-day shows scarcely a trace of the barbaric splendour of its golden prime. Its mosques are mediocre, and the buildings unimposing. The British Residency, established years ago, and the Turkish arsenal, with tall smoke-stacks, are among the few European structures. No railway enters Bagdad, for Germany's project is not completed. A floating bridge spans the Tigris, here a half-mile wide, upon which are curious craft. Rafts on inflated goat-skins carry passengers and freight, and queer round tubs, such as were seen by Herodotus, ferry horses, sheep, Arabs, Kurds, Turks and Armenians to the opposite shore. The best residences and the Pasha's palace are along the river, the latter presenting an extended front of low buildings with attractive grounds set with arbours and divans.

The street scenes are similar to other Turco-Arab towns, crowded and confused, filled with filth and foul odours. The few beauty spots are the courts and gardens hidden behind high walls, or an open grove of date palms. The most beautiful shrines are those of the lovely queen of Haroun al Raschid, and of two descendants of Mahommed, which glorify the desert just outside the city.

Religious jugglers and professors of the black arts abound among the fakirs, howling and swirling dervishes and the mendicant mullahs. The bazaars, markets and coffee-shops are scenes of incessant activity, changing colour and dinning noise, but the ear becomes accustomed to shrill voices, howling dogs, braying donkeys, tom-

tom processions, wailing mourners, and the thousand other weird noises of the East. One surely needs to be nerve-proof and gastronomically secure to visit the Orient.

A common sight is that of water-carriers bearing pigskins, filled from the river, for a water system supplies only a small district of the city. The streets are seldom paved, and the neglect of the slovenly Turkish Government is everywhere manifest. Some years back a progressive governor attempted to modernize conditions by civic and sanitary improvements, but he was censured for not returning larger sums from his province to Constantinople, hence was recalled and Bagdad has retrograded ever since.

Let us now turn to the antiquities of Mesopotamia, which are its greatest worth. But while journeying to the sites of ancient cities you will pass Mahomedan shrines where millions of devout Moslems have made pilgrimages to the tombs of Ali, Abbass and Hassan, direct kin of the Prophet. Their mosques are rich in arabesque and tiling, and have domes of burnished gold, which shine forth resplendent in the light of a bright Eastern day.

By devious ways and tedious rides you will next reach the infinitely older ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, and other forgotten places of this ancient world. A survey of all that remains of Babylon (on Euphrates) warrants belief in the most extravagant glories of that corrupt city. The first mounds discerned are those of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and of the hanging gardens. Some estimate of their extent may be formed from the fact that from them was taken sufficient bricks to build Ctesiphon and Selucia. The fragments of sculptured marble, alabaster and enamelled tiles attest the former magnificence. Perhaps some of these adorned the banquet hall of Belshazzar. Every brick is marked with the king's name and innumerable tablets describe his deeds. One very ancient

tamarisk tree far up the mound is popularly believed to be a last descendant of those on the celebrated gardens. Nebuchadnezzar proudly said: "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded by the might of my power and for the honour of myself?" But the wailing prophet declared, "Babylon shall become heaps". Verily such has befallen the "glory of nations".

The Birs Nimrud, on the site of Borsippa, a gigantic mound with a circuit of a half-mile at its base and rising 150 feet, surmounted by a tower forty feet, tradition calls the Tower of Babel. Among its excavated rubbish are found bits of marble and basalt, showing decorative features of great beauty.

Your next pilgrimage is to the site of Nineveh, opposite Mosul on the Tigris. Savants differ as to the size of the city visited by Jonah. Rawlinson thinks that the walls which can be traced in a circuit of eight miles enclosed the entire city, while Layard conjectures that mounds some miles away should be included making a circuit of fifty miles. In any case it was a place of extraordinary magnificence as revealed by the archeologists who have unearthed some of the rarest treasures known, such as colossal winged bulls, Assyrian lions, lettered slabs and cylinders.

Just as hieroglyphics tell the history of Egypt so do cuneiform characters disclose the Assyrian and Babylonian. One of the largest of these interesting inscriptions in cuneiform ever deciphered is that of Darius describing the extent of his Persian Empire and his numerous conquests. Other records tell of the deeds of Shalmaneser, Sargon, Sennacherib, Asshur-banipal and others, and some prove that Semiramis, the mythical queen of Ninus the founder of Nineveh, was a real person. Still other tablets give the Chaldean account of the Flood.

The beginning of Nineveh is generally ascribed to about 2000 B.C.

and its destruction by the Medes and Persians under Cyaxares to 608 B.C. In Xenophon's time (400 B.C.) so complete was its ruin, and that of Nimrud, that both site and name were lost.

Other ruins of supreme interest are those at Ctesiphon now associated with the heroic stand of Gen. Townshend's forces where remains one stupendous arch, a solitary monument to Parthian monarchs and to Persian kings who lived here in wealth and luxury.

Mounds and earthen ramparts also mark the site of Seleucia, which flourished on the downfall of Babylon and where the successors of Alexander the Great built a beautiful city.

If you wander out of Mesopotamia across the desert to Palmyra, ruins of more recent date arise from the sandy waste. Not mounds of brick are they but temple columns and gigantic shafts which still rear their stately forms to the clear sky. The Golden City was so named, both from its sun-gilded columns and from its rich emporium, which arose through the trade route from Persia to Damascus. Its zenith was at the time of the Romans when the desert queen Zenobia was humbled by the mighty Emperor Aurelian.

Many other treasures lie buried in this Eastern land, for alas! the world's best ruins, excepting those of Greece and Italy, are held by the despoiling hand of the Turk. The pomp and splendour of by-gone days are lost in decay and desolation. Owls and bats are now the only inhabitants of fallen palaces and solitary jackals prowl among ruined temples. All is weirdness and waste. Even in the desert a great wave of silence rolls, and the voice of the wild beast makes dreary moan. The Prophet's utterance is true: "The Lord of Hosts hath swept it with the besom of destruction, and it hath become a dry land, a wilderness wherein no man dwelleth . . . Verily there is a God which judgeth the earth".

SOLDIERING IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By Dr George Bryce

THOUGH scores of places in Upper Canada were colonized by retired soldiers ranging from private to Colonel, in very few spots was the *esprit militaire* maintained. The settler's axe replaced the musket, and it was only rarely, in the long winter nights, that the old soldier in Lanark, or Zorra, or Adelaide, or some other nucleus could be induced to "fight his gattles o'er again". The cause of this was that the struggle to overcome nature and to conquer the wilderness was so great that even among military immigrants, except in very rare cases, the spirit had fled. To the young inquiring Canadians the only story still remaining that was within a quarter of a century of their time was the incident of the 1837-8 rebellion.

The writer, born in the Gore District, where a good sprinkling of the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, Highland Kilties and Wellington's soldiers were living, remembers as a boy going with his father to the Queen's Birthday muster. Old Colonel Perley, who was the military Ajax of the district, had summoned the men of soldiery age to meet him on the Burford plains. Several hundreds, instead of thousands, known as

"militia" men had assembled. While perhaps better dressed than Falstaff's brigade, they had nothing but civilian's clothes. The Colonel, who had a soldier's uniform, a belt, a dangling sword, and a cocked hat, was an object of great wonder to the boyish spectator.

The men gathered on the green grass of a beautiful Maytime meadow and faced up in a long, irregular, single line. An orderly in plain clothes called the roll, and though the citizen soldiery did not know "hay-foot" from "strawfoot" they received their compensating mark, got the order "right face", "break off"—and the pageant was over. No red jackets, no drill, no pomp and circumstances. It was a great falling off in the right of the lads of that time who had been reading the stories of Marlborough, the dash of Napoleon, or the great siege and fall of Sebastopol in the Crimean war.

However, the noise of battle was soon to be in the air. The fratricidal American war had broken out on the issue of slavery. Young Canada held itself to be British, yet the conflict did not seem to be our war. Suddenly, Canadians were awakened. The writer remembers well the thrill of

anxiety that shot through the Canadian heart in 1861 when it was reported that the Southern gentlemen—Mason and Slidell, ambassadors from the Southern States to Europe, had been taken by force from the deck of a British steamer. All the real participation in war which Canada had known was the enlistment of the Hundredth Regiment of 1,200 men to go to the Crimea. The only deep feeling shown toward this European War by the Canadian farmers was in their mourning over the fall in the price of wheat after the close of that war. But Great Britain and the United States seemed really in danger of a serious rupture over the "Trent Affair". Britain could not surrender her right to her own "decks", and the Americans claimed the free right of capture.

At this time really began the rise of a patriotic sentiment among the Canadian people. One reflects how enormous a development has taken place since that period of 1861 in the enthusiasm and devotion shown by Canadians in their support of the Empire in the present European war. In the "Trent Affair" the Empire was all astir. Immediately British ships were filled with Britain's best regiments, and these swept off to Canada full of Imperial help, in spite of the "Little Englanders". British regiments were sent to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on the shore. There being no railway to bring soldiers by rail to the inland British provinces, and the St. Lawrence being frozen, the regiments for Upper Canada and Lower Canada were brought by sleighs over the untenanted snowfields of New Brunswick. A regiment, or half a regiment, was sent to every considerable town in Canada, and in a few Canadian centres a regular garrison was established.

The writer remembers the soldiers stationed in his country town of Brantford. There was half a regiment of one of Britain's crack corps, the Welsh Fusiliers. Their presence

strengthened the hearts of the people. The Fusiliers had a mascot with them—a goat—and this guardian of their fortunes, on their marches, stood erect on his hind legs, leading the brave mountaineers. Every Canadian town had in its soldiers, men who provoked patriotism among the youths. Volunteer regiments sprang up everywhere, even to villages and mere country crossroads. Drill sergeants were sent to train the bodies of recruits. Colonel Perley, the coryphaeus of the Burford plains, had at his disposal a regular drill sergeant from H. M. Regiment 69 to drill groups of young men. The writer remembers well his companion, William Winer Cooke, and himself riding on horses, each with a sword with iron scabbard rattling on the excited horses' sides, going six miles to take sword drill. The sergeant was a veteran of the Crimea, and had a scar some three inches long on his brow, showing where a fragment of a Russian shell had struck him in the trenches before Sebastopol. We became experts in sword drill in the hands of our teacher, who fought over for us his Crimean battles. Then, as encouraged by the authorities, we scoured the country on horseback in a circle with a radius of four or six miles, and succeeded in raising a company of volunteers for the Brant battalion. Our work was that of two lads of about eighteen years of age, and our company stood for years as the evidence of the pluck of our country lads.

When the company was formed and gazetted, the writer who was going in that year to Toronto University, had no ambition for office, but young Cooke who was in every way suited for a commission, and who well deserved it, was disappointed in not receiving it, and when the "Trent Affair" was over he crossed to the United States and entered the Federal army. He was a splendid looking Canadian, more than six feet in height and one born to command. He

became a Colonel in the regular American army, became the intimate friend and confidant of General Custer and, with his superior officer, afterward perished in the terrible Indian massacre. Some years after his death an Indian with Cooke's silver-mounted revolver offered it for sale in Pembina, on the boundary of Manitoba, but the writer, who would have purchased it, failed to follow up the vendor.

For several years Canada West was a great camp, and the regular system of Canadian Militia was organized. Regular schools were established for training officers, and these were placed under British regulars. One of these was established in Toronto, under an officer of the 16th Regiment, when quartered in that city. At the end of his first University year, the writer along with a number of college companions in Toronto University attended the military School and took, some a certificate of being able to command a company, others certificates of ability to drill a regiment.

Our grounds for training were behind the old Government House at the crossing of King and York Streets. Our Instructor and leader was Captain Carter, of the 16th. His teaching was good, the work was hard, and many of his men of that time have arisen to high military positions. The year after (1865) one of the most memorable military events was the gathering of some 1,500 graduates from the several military schools of Canada into a body to drill for several weeks in a camp at La Prairie, opposite Montreal. The Military cadets were the very flower of Canada's young men, and were gathered at government expense in overladen steamers from Ontario and Quebec.

The camp was under command of Colonel Garnet Wolseley, who afterward gained great fame as one of our greatest British general. We lived in tents, with some ten

or twelve men in each. The course of training was most unique, the instructors all being men who bore government military certificates. Each had to take a day in turn through the various positions as assistant cook, cook, corporal, and so on up to captain. When one had reached his captaincy he then had to go to the bottom as assistant cook and rise, performing his duties of a day in each of the matters required of him. Many amusing anecdotes followed the camp. The wood supplied was dry maple as hard as a bone. The axes supplied were British axes, very dull, and each had a perfectly straight handle, about two feet long. Many of us remember a tall King street "swell", slender and more than six feet in height, who with his stout-handled axe made fruitless efforts to supply fuel for the evening meal. One of his comrades, seeing the dilemma, shouted out, "Look here H., give me that axe; we'll have no supper at the rate you're going". Another, now a prominent Canadian, undertook to boil rice for dessert in the cover of a camp kettle four inches deep. It was for Sunday dinner. Filling the vessel half full of rice it began to boil and rise so high that four or five times he had to ladle out half of it in a dish to secure anything at all for his hungry associates. It was the story of the camp.

Every man in camp admired and loved the little Irish Colonel, who understood Canadian life and who appreciated the manliness and resource of his Canadian men. His appreciation of Canadian pluck and adaptability was shown by General Wolseley when he expressed his admiration of the Canadians, whom he led on the Red River expedition in 1870, through the rivers, rapids, shallow lakes and swamps of the Lake Superior region, Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods and down the rapids and portages of the Winnipeg River. It was he who, leading many of his old La Prairie Camp in command of the expedition, raised the Union Jack

over Fort Garry, which by Gallic machination and American interference, had been replaced by a rebel standard. That Colonel Wolseley did not forget his Canadian boys, was seen when on his laborious and dangerous ascent of the Nile in Egypt he sent for a body of Red River voyageurs to act as boatmen. These brave fellows of oar and paddle did great service on the Nile, though their leader, Colonel Kennedy of Winnipeg, on his return, died in London.

Since the time of the early impulse of the "Trent Affair" the volunteer system of Canada has grown enormously, and from it sprang the Kingston Military College, which has supplied many officers who, trained under Canadian skies, have done great Imperial service. Canadians are proud of such men as Otter, Steele, Girourard, Walsh, Kennedy, (Father and Son) and many others who have gained distinction in the wars of the Empire.

Next month Dr. Bryce will deal more fully with the Canadian soldiering of fifty years ago, and particularly with the Fenian raids.

THE SPOILED SONGS

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I LIVE where Beauty walks with the old tread
 Men tell of when they are about to die,
 And poets when they live; I live with love.
 Yet am I not content.
 Is Beauty gone emaciate and pale?
 Is Love a little little thing at last
 In the story of the world?

I am not sure. When morning lights the bay
 There is a coil of unfolding limpid glory
 Moving like silver suddenly poured down
 In tortuous liquidity of shine
 Out of the sky molten, by some magic cold.
 When the ducks fly I am outdoors to watch;
 I see them like a little careless thread
 At last, lying, while I look, upon the floor
 Of God's rooms, till His distance pick them up.
 A man upon the road will turn my eyes;
 I'll see him past the church and Bennie's farm,
 And watch him down the hill.
 Yet Beauty is not fire; Beauty is but
 The like of ashes clogging up a fire;
 And love is like a bellows broken out.

It is that stale and ancient poison, war,
 Like reek of an old tooth,
 Suddenly rolling forth.

When the war is over and men come home,
 Maybe my songs will tell them this and that
 They have forgot about of Beauty and Love;
 But maybe the songs will be too spoiled
 To make a man remember what they would.

THE PROPHYLACTIC PUBLIC SCHOOL

By Mary E. Lowry.

FIVE years ago the Toronto parent prepared her child for school, scrupulously or sketchily, as the case might be, and, having dispatched him thither, washed her hands of him until four o'clock in the afternoon, with the brief interval of noon. And, at four o'clock the weary school teacher straightened her desk, dismissed her class, and gladly shifted the responsibility back to the parent. The child's life vibrated between the home and the school, but the home and school were entirely independent of each other.

Within the last five years, these conditions have been almost completely altered. While the parent is still willing to leave the education of the child in the hands of the Public School, the Public School is no longer satisfied to leave the child's health in the hands of the parent. Five years ago, the adenoid flourished, and the tooth-brush was regarded as a burden. The School Board was content to fill the child's mind, and to leave the filling of his teeth to the discretion of his parent. Strangely enough, it was the parent who neglected this tacit contract. There are now fourteen dentists, twenty doctors, and thirty-eight nurses in charge of the health of the Public School children of Toronto, assuming the responsibility that an astonishing number of parents are shirking, whether through ignorance, negligence, or sheer poverty.

Medical inspection of schools began in Europe, where education is a science. Brussels, Belgium, claims the honour of inaugurating the first full system of inspection, and this system was copied and elaborated in most of the large cities of Europe. The United States was literally forced into its adoption through slum conditions and an ever swelling foreign population. It was first introduced into Toronto Public Schools in 1911.

Inspection of school children for defects is simply a development of inspection of contagious diseases. The Public School offers unexcelled opportunities for exchanging communicable diseases. Left to its own devices, it can produce a very creditable epidemic from a single healthy germ. The inspection for contagious disease aimed very commendably at safeguarding the community, without any special reference to the individual. But from safeguarding the community to safeguarding the individual is only a step.

Now that it is here, the amazing thing is that a plan so obvious, so simple in its operation, and so effective in its working out, could ever have been overlooked. Since the day of Egerton Ryerson, we have been "muddling through" on the utterly stupid theory that all children are born physically and mentally equal; that a row of children in one of our Public School rooms possesses about

as much individuality as a row of teeth in a comb. The Public School child struggled along from the cradle of his education in the kindergarten, to its grave, in many cases, in the Entrance class, hopelessly handicapped by adenoids, by carious teeth, by the thousand and one conditions arising from lack of personal cleanliness.

To-day, the child with defective eyesight, hearing, or teeth is treated and, if possible, cured before the defect becomes disaster. And where stertorous breathing and sagging mouths proclaim adenoids and enlarged tonsils there is examination, and, if necessary, an operation. Then, on this levelled basis of health, the teacher is able to proceed with the shaping of future scholars and statesmen—with a wonderfully increased prospect of success.

The normal child is expected to complete the eight grades of the Public School in eight years. In view of this, the following table, taken from the pamphlet issued by the Russel Sage Foundation, gives food for thought.

Physical defect present.

Carious teeth... ..	8 1-2 years.
Enlarged tonsils	8 7-10 years.
Adenoids	9 1-10 years.
Enlarged glands	9 2-10 years.

Thus, a remediable defect brings, inevitably, one of two unfortunate results. The child continues to go to school, wasting, in some cases, over a year of his life, and a year's tuition at the expense of the city; or, utterly out of love with this disheartening business of getting an education, he leaves school and enters upon life in a century when a fuller educational equipment is demanded than ever before.

The perfect human animal is practically non-existent. Out of five hundred children, only one was discovered to have perfect teeth, and that one had a spinal disorder. A gloomy picture! One has visions of small spectacled human wrecks, beset by

the twin terrors, adenoids and tonsils, crawling about or sitting palely in the sunny spaces of the school playground. Fortunately, the small human animal is hardy, and his advancement is only hindered and not stopped by wrong habits of living. The system of medical inspection is not expected to perfect the type. But it hopes, by giving the child a straight, strong body, and an unhampered mind, to equip him more fully for future manhood and citizenship.

In the un-analytical past, the school-boy who could not keep abreast of his companions was called "backward". Later, someone coined the term "mentally deficient" to describe the child who, through some unfortunate miracle, was without any power of consecutive thinking. The backward and the mentally deficient were relegated together to the hopeless group that never could "pass". Before mental deficiency, of course, the medical inspector is helpless. What he can do, however, is withdraw the backward child from this unfortunate group, remove the physical cause of his mental inactivity, and restore him to a normal childhood.

Hygiene has always been on the Public School curriculum. For years the school child has been led around the circulatory system, and over the highly unappetizing digestive course. He may have been a bit vague on the tibia and fibula, but he was very sure they were anatomical and not geographical. This is all very important, of course, but, in addition to it he now learns a personal hygiene. The school doctor and nurse teach him the value of pure water and fresh air, and of keeping his body clean; and through the school dentist he is introduced to the tooth-brush, often for the first time, and learns that teeth, even temporary teeth, are a responsibility not to be held lightly. It is not easy. There is no harder task in the world

than to induce a child to take his health seriously, and he is a very eloquent dentist who can persuade him to surrender the sticky joy of an all day sucker for the cold comfort of a tooth-brush.

But he does not forget it, even if he does not immediately apply it. It is the first time, in many cases, that he has heard the gospel of health. And now he hears it over and over, emphasized and re-emphasized. He sees it on charts and on leaflets. He cannot escape it anywhere. There is a card system of recording, of Bertillon accuracy, which literally keeps its finger on his pulse from the time he enters the kindergarten to the time he leaves the Entrance class. If he is dirty or verminous, as sometimes happens, he is sent home. If he is sick, he is sent to the school nurse or doctor. If he has a tooth-ache, he attends a dental clinic. In so far as it is humanly possible, health is absolutely thrust upon him.

It is hard to say just how far this hygienic teaching reaches through the child into un-hygienic homes. Families that have closed their windows to the fresh night air, and lived very comfortably in untidiness and dirt for generations, are not easily converted to the radical theories that their children bring home from Public School. It means infinite patience and insistence. Certainly, the parent of a child in our Public School, has no longer the excuse of ignorance.

The doctors and dentists employed by the school board devote their mornings from nine to twelve to inspection, while the school nurse gives all her day to it. The city is divided into districts, the districts including approximately four schools. In the better residential parts of the city, the need of medical inspection is not so great, and doctor, nurse or dentist can cover a larger area. Where the foreign and poorer elements predominate, on the other hand, the board finds it necessary to concen-

trate. Everything is systematized, everything worked out meticulously to avoid oversight in one part, and overlapping in another. The centre of these districts is a dental clinic. A room in one of the schools is fitted up with dental chair and accessories, and here the children, who seem to suffer from every known dental disorder except pyorrhea, are treated and cured. In default of such an office, the work is handled by a municipal clinic.

The introduction of small tooth-brushes and a good dentifrice at a purely nominal price, brought about some startling discoveries. Less amusing than appalling to the prophylactic mind is the naïve statement made by one school boy.

"We don't need a tooth-brush. We use the boarder's!"

A surprising number of the children had no idea whatever of the entirely personal mission of the tooth-brush.

In the report of 1911, when medical inspection was first instituted in Toronto, the chief dental officer states that out of 516 kindergartners examined, two only claimed to use a tooth-brush! In the case of the very poor and ignorant, it was not so much a question in the beginning of converting them to the use of the tooth-brush as of introducing them to it. It is useless to tell a child that it is better to have a dirty face than a dirty mouth, when he is quite unconscious of the heinousness of having a dirty face. In dealing with a child of this type, the new system has to create a practical theory of cleanliness in his mind before it can accomplish anything. When a child has had a thorough experience of the pleasure of being clean, he is less likely to be content with the discomfort of dirtiness. Those that wish to be clean, clean they shall be. As to those that wish to be foul, they have no choice whatever in the matter.

The teacher has her share, too, in

this campaign of health. It is a large one, because she is in closer touch with the child than any one else. She is able to note when he shows signs of lagging, of nervousness, of straining sight or hearing, and she reports it at once to the medical inspector. These are the cases largely, that fill up his morning. Twice a month, the school nurse makes the round of all the children, searching for the external evidences of unclean living. In addition to this, there is a routine examination of all the pupils after holidays, for the detection of infectious diseases, and a complete physical examination during the year. It is a drag-net system that no defect or disease can escape.

Neither can the parents escape it. The inspector notifies them by card that their child has been examined and found to be in need of certain medical or dental treatment. The school nurse "follows up" the card, and ascertains whether the parents are able to bear the expense of treatment. If they are, the patient goes to the family physician or dentist and is cured. If they are not, the nurse sees that he is taken to a dispensary, or, if the case calls for an operation, to the hospital. There is a fund of four hundred dollars reserved to purchase glasses for those children whose parents cannot afford to remedy the defect themselves. There have been cases—rare ones—where parents have been stupidly and criminally opposed to having the child receive any treatment whatever. When this occurs, the school board, pushed to an extreme, places it in the hands of the Juvenile Court; for the school board is very much in earnest about this matter. So it continues to inspect and to disinfect, to circulate glasses and tooth-brushes and dentifrice, accepting parental help where it is offered, and compelling it where it is not. The system is parent-proof, and unbeatable.

But it does not act despotically.

If it is insistent, it is also courteous. The school nurse, for instance, has to combine the qualities of an angel of mercy with those of an international diplomat. Her leading characteristic must be tact—the tact that is laid on with a trowel and the rare tact that conceals tact. She must be able to clothe in graceful, casual language the statement, "Madame, your child should be gone over thoroughly with a fine tooth comb", or "Your child has already been sent home three times for a bath". She must be able to discover, as indirectly as possible, how far the family will be able to finance the child's medical or dental treatment. Her work lies largely among the ignorant and the very poor, largely, but not exclusively, of course, for in our democratic country, the son of the wealthy manufacturer is quite likely to go to school with the son of the banana pedlar around the corner. So she meets with every type of parent—the intelligent and the ignorant, the well-to-do, and the very poor, the interested and the indifferent—and strives to convince them all that the work of the system of medical inspection is not interference, but co-operation. Quite frequently she encounters more opposition from the Canadian than from the foreign-born parent, the Canadian declaring that he never, never, never will be slave to any system, and the foreigner, fresh from government-ridden Europe regarding an official visit and instructions with respectful awe.

Nowhere, probably, does the machinery of the Government and the machinery of social service work in closer harmony than here. The Government rounds up all the children in the country under fourteen years of age, and places them for the formative period of their life under the care of a body of trained, intelligent men and women. Through the medium of the school nurse, the Public School is able to reach cases

that the churches and social settlements have failed to discover—cases of mal-nutrition, and filthy habits of living, the parents of tuberculosis; cases of families too proud to ask for assistance and in desperate need of it—and cases of families imploring assistance and possessing bank accounts. The system reaches beyond the diseases to the condition that caused the disease. It is not merely a health movement; it is a social movement, widening and varying in its activities, as the growth of slum conditions keeps pace with the growth of the city.

Too many parents regard medical inspection of schools as an inartistic system of pink, blue and yellow noti-

fication cards, secured by red tape; or as an excuse on the part of the Board of Education for raising the rate of school taxation. There are even those who, because it is essentially modern, look upon it as a rather sentimental fad. In reality, it is one of the broadest humanitarian movements of the day, and one of the tenderest. For it is a movement in defence of the child; to wage war on dirt and disease and the strange perversities of nature that threaten his development; to show him the real meaning of living; to teach him "to learn his lessons, and thank God for cold water; and wash in it, too, like a thorough Englishman."

A KIRKFIELD TRAGEDY

By MAIN JOHNSON

IN blythest spring, when colours glowed,
 And brown squirrels scudded 'long each lane,
 Chasing their tails o'er bourge'ning boughs—
 Ontario's sky soft-blue again;

When pussy-willows charmed and soothed,
 With warm caress of fur, soft, deep;
 When drabness fled before the green,
 We saw what made us stop and weep.

In a Canadian maple-wood,
 Where sap was running sweet and clear,
 With shining, long tin pails agleam
 'Gainst rough, brown tree-trunks far and near—

Each pail full filled with liquid white,
 All waiting to be lifted down,
 And in old caldrons iron black
 Be boiled unto a syrup brown.

In midst of this rare ecstasy,
 Within a pail filled with such cheer,
 A squirrel lay drowned—his paws upstretched,
 His fur still sleek, his eyes still clear!

A DIAMOND FOR A SONG

By *A. Barnhart Brown*

COINCIDENCE is certainly a funny thing. Moreover, consistency is seldom apparent in its donations. It reminds one of the hungry small-boy, the unlocked pantry, and the open cake-basket. Even as Convention is first cousin to Precedent, so Coincidence is closely related to Luck. A moneyless man may order a plate of oysters on-the-half-shell, and incidentally bite into pearls of price. True, this occurrence is not prevelant, but here is an instance.

Mrs. William Hazlet, seated in the tiny bay-window of her house on Cook Street, was engaged in the unemotional task of sewing buttons on her husband's shirt. The houses on Cook Street, being semi-detached and stuccoed in pairs, were all seemingly poured from the same mould. Facing one another in two solid rows, they dissimilated only in the numerous ash-cans. Many a man, it is said, returning home late at night, has bent his latchkey trying the wrong door, thinking it to be his own.

The Street held a problematical location; it contained too much of the city to be called residential, and it lay too near the suburbs to be known as "down town". Real estate agents—those who belonged to the Ananias Club—informed their customers (in display type) that charming suburban dwellings were to be had for thirty dollars a month, on Cook Street.

Mrs. Hazlet's glance tailed up and down the quiet street. A busy, store-

lined thoroughfare crossed one end, while a shady residential avenue could be discerned at the other. An electric street-car angled past the shopped corner; Mrs. Hazlet watched it, wondering if it would stop. It did not, but her eyes fell on a figure which, turning the corner, came briskly up the street.

It was a large, imposing gentleman, arrayed in a black coat and light trousers, topped by a tall silk hat. In his hand he carried a black grip-sack. As this distinguished stranger advanced, Mrs. Hazlet noticed he possessed a jovial, clean shaven countenance, wreathed in perpetual smiles. Another man strolled around the corner about fifty yards behind the first. Mrs. Hazlet barely noticed him; he was a medium-sized man wearing a light gray suit, his face partly hidden by a rakish Derby. She continued to watch the first man, vaguely wondering where he was going. He walked quickly along the street, glancing carelessly at the houses. Arriving opposite Mrs. Hazlet's window he slackened his pace; he hesitated a moment; then turned sharply, and walked up the cement path. Was this flank movement caused by the contour of the Hazlet ash-can? Who can say?

Mrs. Hazlet was greatly surprised. She was all of a flutter. What could it mean? Might he be a lawyer come to—or was he merely an agent selling tea? She whirled around, dropped Mr. Hazlet's shirt, and ran down.

In the hall the electric bell rang shrilly. Mrs. Hazlet looked down at her skirt, and felt her collar. She had once been the belle of the lace counter in Bayley's Department Store; moreover she was only feminine. After surveying herself in the hall mirror, and patting her hair into shape, she went to the door.

"Excuse me, madam," said the frock-coated stranger, "but I have a few articles that I'd like to show you."

"Only an agent after all," thought Mrs. Hazlet.

"I merely ask you to take a glance," proceeded the jovial-faced gentleman, leaning forward tentatively.

Mrs. Hazlet made a hesitating murmur, "Um-er-what is it?" she said.

"I'd like your opinion on these here knick-knacks," he replied, stepping inside the door.

The die was cast, and Mrs. Hazlet's curiosity was aroused. Her husband was not a stout man, nor did he wear a frock coat and a silk hat. She let the engaging stranger in without more ado.

"Some place I can put my bag down?" he murmured, glancing into the hall. "Ah, here on the hall seat."

Then turning his head, the unreluctant caller glanced anxiously through the open door.

"I don't want to keep you standing in a draught," he said gallantly—"Better shut the door."

"I'll close it," offered Mrs. Hazlet, stepping forward to do so.

His eyes narrowed past her, to where the man in the Derby hat stood irresolute on the sidewalk. Seeing the door close the outsider shrugged his shoulders, stuck his hands in his pockets, and walked slowly on. Turning, about fifty yards away, he strolled slowly back.

"Excuse me," began Mrs. Hazlet, meaningly, "but what is it you want? Are you a book agent Mr. ———?"

"Smith. That's my name. I represent one of the biggest industries. —No; not exactly literary."

He turned and unfastened his black bag. Mrs. Hazlet peered forward. The bag seemed nearly full of elastic-banded bundles of crisp slips of paper. She thought they looked like bank notes, but of course they couldn't be.

Mr. Smith inserting his hand in an inner recess, smiled facetiously at Mrs. Hazlet.

"My brother is upstairs," said the lady significantly, "he's just home from college."

"Sure," was the genial reply. "I won't keep you from his society any longer than necessary. Just cast your eyes on this little joker. Ain't it the chicken-sandwich to a hungry man? See how it glitters. The quickness of the hand deceives the—er—I mean, what d'ye think of it, eh?"

He held up a magnificent diamond ring, which shimmered and shone, like a 48 candle-power incandescent light at two feet distance.

"Its beautiful!" ejaculated Mrs. Hazlet, fascinated. "Are—you selling it?" she managed to ask.

"Yes, madam, I am—er—disposing of it."

Mrs. Hazlet's heart sank. "They're lovely," she said, "but I could never pay the price." She turned away.

"One moment, madam," he interposed quickly; "you haven't heard the price yet. I'd like you to try it on; see how it fits. Here you are." He handed over the ring, with as much apparent care as if he was a hired-man feeding the stock.

Mrs. Hazlet tried it on with choking breath. She waved her hand back and forth at an angle of forty-five degrees. She flattered herself that she knew a diamond when she saw one. "It's gorgeous!" she breathed.

"I agree with you," responded the urbane gentleman. "You could cut down your electric light bill with that around the house."

"Yes, but it's too swell," went on Mrs. Hazlet sadly. "That's the worst of it. Anyway you might as well tell me the price, and get it over."

The "agent" looked at the door, through the glass window he seemed to see reasons for extending his call.

"Madam," he began, "the price of that ring at Ryne's swell jewelry emporium would be one hundred and fifty dollars." He paused dramatically.

"Goodness gracious! Oh well in that case—"

"But," he continued, waving his hands, "my rooms—that is to say—the firm I represent, have decided to offer this exceptional solid-gold, single-stoned ace-of-joy at the extraordinary price of one dollar down, and one a month for eight months."

Now, according to all the rules of precedent, habit, and the thought of the neighbours' envy, Mrs. Hazlet should have gasped incredulously, or else have been overwhelmed with joy.

But none of these emotions affected her. She merely said: "If you think it humorous to offer me a diamond ring like that, for nine dollars, I don't. If you've nothing better to do than to trifle with a lady's feelings, I won't detain you any longer."

"Madam, you do me wrong," he protested. "I haven't the slightest intention of putting up a game. Let me explain. You see the—a—shop which I travel for gets these little bright eyes from our own mine in South America, and they're cut and set by a special process, which also cuts the price. In this way we are able to hand them out at this low figure."

He drew a deep breath.

"Do you really mean it?" gasped Mrs. Hazlet.

When informed that he certainly did, she re-examined the ring on her finger.

"It's perfect," she declared. "And only nine dollars. Why, that's next to nothing—only a dollar a month. I believe I've got a dollar bill in the kitchen. I'll get it."

The "agent" glanced through the glass window in the front door. Just

then the man in the gray suit and Derby hat strolled past nonchalantly.

"This's a rotten proposition I'm up against," ruminated Mr. Smith. "I suppose I'll have to let this little ace of diamonds slip by."

Mrs. Hazlet was still gazing fondly on her prospective purchase.

"Is there anything I'll have to sign?" she suddenly asked.

Mr. Smith did not seem to expect this. "Eh! What?" he said. "Sign? Oh, sure; write your name under that of the horse you choose—I mean—you get the spondulix, cash, I mean, and I'll fix up something for you to sign."

"All right, I'll get the money!"

"One moment, madam, might I ask you," he glanced toward the door again. "My larynx and vocal organs are as dry as the editorial page of a Western yap journal—in other words, could you oblige me with a drink—"

Mrs. Hazlet frowned; her lord and master was a staunch temperance advocate.

"—of cool limpid water," finished Mr. Smith hastily.

"Oh, yes," said the lady. "I'll get the dollar, too," she added.

The houses on Cook Street were not extensive, and Mrs. Hazlet was in the kitchen almost before she had left the hall. A thin, "second-best" purse, a glaring temptation to delivery boys, lay invitingly on the table. Grasping it with a practised hand, she shook out the contents. There was wafted forth a dollar bill, some loose change, a back door key and a street car transfer. She clutched the bill with the joy of long-hoped-for possession; turning, she faced Mr. Smith.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said that gentleman beamingly. "I don't want to trouble you rushing that glass of—a—water," he waved a deprecating hand, "so that I just thought I'd step out. I hate to bother a lady," he said simply. Glancing around the room, which was no neater than it should have been, he

remarked: "Ah, how this kitchen reminds me of the one me own mother used to run."

He set his hat and bag (which he still carried) on a chair.

"Here's a tumbler," said Mrs. Hazlet kindly. "That tap nearest the window is cold—the one with the filter."

"Thanks," Mr. Smith with bulky grace accepted the proffered tumbler.

He twice filled and emptied the glass, his eyes wandering around the room. Mrs. Hazlet was preoccupied by the window, letting the light glint from different angles on her intended purchase. Mr. Smith watched her narrowly. At last he put the third tumblerful to his lips, but after a few swallows set it down with a wry face.

"Delightful view you have here, madam," he remarked, waving an open hand window-wards.

Mrs. Hazlet had never considered the outlook especially charming, but she was too much engrossed to do anything but assent. Never since her gaze had encountered the finger of Paul Duluth, the swell floor-walker in Bayley's, had she seen such a ring. She remembered furtively that Mr. Hazlet had often warned her to beware of front-door salesmen. But what did Will Hazlet know about agents, or diamond rings either? Besides Mr. Smith was a gentleman. There could be no doubt of that. However, she would be careful. She would justify woman's equality.

"Is that a lane back there?" inquired Mr. Smith.

This was a subject nearer home, one on which Mrs. Hazlet could be voluble.

"Yes, that's a lane," she admitted; "it runs along the back of our lots, from Maple Avenue."

"And opens where?"

"It opens on Grant Street—that street you just come from—that one with the shops. That's the only thing I've got against the lane," she exclaimed, reciting a well-used griev-

ance, "at the Grant Street end there's a saloon—Keegan's, I think they call it—and at night there's always some drunken men hanging around the side door on the lane. I sometimes wonder," she continued, seeing the "agent" was an attentive listener, "I often think these houses would be robbed if there was anything in them to steal. Those places are awful!"

"I quite agree with you, madam," was the reply. "You have my sympathy. However, as I'm steering for Maple Avenue, I'll just make use of your lane, if you're agreeable. I'll get there quicker."

"I suppose it'll be all right," answered Mrs. Hazlet. "But you'll get your coat all dusty. But why," she was compelled to ask, "do you want to go by the lane?"

"It'll save me fifteen minutes. Besides, I want to see Kee—I mean I'm in a hurry to get to this Maple Boulevard place. And so, madam, I will bid you good afternoon."

With profound bows and a flourish of silk head-gear, he backed from the kitchen. He seemed to have forgotten all about the ring, also the required payment. Mrs. Hazlet did not remind him. She watched his broad back, which retreated down the yard with a jaunty, self-assured air. The watcher sighed as she saw him fumble at the gate. Mr. Hazlet, evidently, was not a big man.

The gate opened and Mr. Smith passed through; just then the electric-bell rang sharply. But Mrs. Hazlet still watched; she noticed with surprise that his black hat, which showed above the fence, instead of proceeding towards Maple Avenue and the elite, bobbed in the direction of Grant Street and perdition. The bell rang again violently.

Mrs. Hazlet turned her back to the window. "Who can it be?" Hurrying through the dining-room she suddenly remembered the ring on her finger. "It might be that awful Mrs. McStinger," she murmured; "I couldn't bear her to see this."

Her glance swept the conventional dining-room. On the corner of the side-board a stiff-necked vase sat, or rather stood, on three gilded feet. It was a beautiful example of early Grecian art, "made in Germany," and would have made a long-haired æsthetic tired of life. Mrs. Hazlet thought it gave the room quite an "air". And now it gave her an inspiration.

So dropping the diamond in this handy receptacle, she proceeded on her way. The bell rang the third time and the handle was twisted sharply before she reached the door.

Opening it, she confronted the man in the Derby hat.

The newcomer did not have exactly a prepossessing appearance. His head gear, tilted to one side, and the loose gray coat, gave him the look of a turbulent teamster.

"Well," inquired Mrs. Hazlet. "What is it you want?"

"Oh," replied the stranger easily. "I want to speak to that sport in the glad rags that blew in here about half an hour ago. See!"

"Why—Who do you mean?"

"All right, lady, don't get excited. That guy in the silk lid is a pal o' mine. I'd like to have a few words with him." And he advanced into the hall.

"Well, you won't be able to speak to him here," said the lady disapprovingly; "for he isn't in the house."

Her uninvited guest looked incredulous. Mrs. Hazlet felt annoyed.

"Do you mean to doubt my word?"

"There ain't a bit of use trying to be funny with me," said the man sharply. "Just show me the room Jimmie's in and can the music."

"The room who's in? I don't know what you're driving at."

"Who!" he echoed. "Why, that fellow in the Prince Albert is Jimmie the Piker! I trailed him up this street. Then I saw him come in here. I didn't want to butt in on a lady's private house. Say, where is Jimmie?"

"Look here," rejoined Mrs. Hazlet, with dignity, "what do you mean by talking to me like that? Hadn't you better save that tone for my brother upstairs?"

"Excuse me, lady," was the apology. "But all the same I must see him."

"If that gentleman in the silk hat is the man you want," said Mrs. Hazlet guardedly, "he went out the back way."

"What?" yelled her interlocutor.

Mrs. Hazlet without words led the way to the kitchen.

"There," she motioned out of the window. "If you must know; he took a short cut through the lane. He said he wanted to get to Maple Avenue. I thought he was an agent. He was the nicest gentleman. You needn't get mad about it."

For the man in the Derby hat looked the opposite of a poet receiving a check.

"Where does that lane run?" he snarled. "I wasn't wise to a back-get-away. Where in—where does it run to?"

"There's no use to talk like that," Mrs. Hazlet protested. "It runs to Maple Avenue, that way," she pointed, "and at the other end it comes out on Grant Street, beside one of those awful saloons——"

"Keegan's it is, so help me," exploded the man, "Jimmie's old stand-by, and he's got twenty minutes."

"What has he done?" gasped Mrs. Hazlet, "and who are you, anyway?"

"Done! I couldn't begin to tell you what he's done. I've just had a 'phone to cop Jimmie, on suspicion—they said somebody's gone through the rear safe in Ryne's jewelry store—came in dressed like a big bug and got away with a bagful of greenbacks and stones."

"But who are you?"

"Me? I'm a detective, and I thought I had him this time! But now—Oh I'll be——" he burst out, but encountering Mrs. Hazlet's steady gaze, lamely ended, "I'll be hanged!"

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

THERE is a growing feeling that the war may come to an end this summer. There is no tangible ground for this belief. It arises partly through the fears entertained in financial circles that lack of funds may compel the Allies to force an early decision. It is due in part also to the failure of the Germans to attain any striking success at Verdun commensurate with the gigantic losses they have sustained. On the French and British lines the Germans, concentrated for a tremendous effort, have failed to gain the ascendancy. For weeks the German guns have been pounding away at the approaches to Verdun, while the city itself is silent and deserted. In military circles in London it is contended that Verdun is not the real objective of the Germans, but that under cover of these terrific assaults the enemy is preparing for a mammoth drive at some other point. There has been fierce fighting on the British western front at St. Eloi, in which Canadian troops took part. So far, however, there is no indication of what the enemy's intentions are. Indications point to heavy operations along the eastern front, where the Russians are concentrating for a decisive spring campaign. As to how long the war will last, who can tell?

That the end of the war will not bring peace is evident from the preparations being made to carry on an

economic campaign after the war. Does this mean that the Allies have abandoned all hope of utterly crushing the foe in battle? A trade war would seem to be superfluous against a Germany whose military power had been absolutely destroyed. That an economic war is at all contemplated would seem to indicate that there will be no triumphal entry into Berlin, and that the Allies hope to finish their task not by force of arms, but by the economic isolation of the Central Powers. War has wrenched from their moorings ancient political creeds and shibboleths. The enormous expenditure on non-productive and destructive operations creates abnormal conditions. Tariff for revenue purposes to meet war expenditure on such a gigantic scale implies a departure from long-established traditions that survived in days of peace. It is rather premature, however, to talk of the abandonment of Free Trade principles. The necessity imposed upon the people of the United Kingdom of cultivating habits of thrift and economy has led the Government to adopt measures that will ensure Spartan simplicity of living among all classes. That the embargo on the importation of motor cars and other luxuries will serve to protect home industries goes without saying. But it is a form of protection which no one will begrudge to the British manufacturer, having regard to the crushing internal im-

posts which the war has rendered necessary. The old controversy between Free Traders and Protectionists is dead, and no attempt is made by the Tariff Reformers to revive it in the form adopted by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Before the war the argument of the Tariff Reformers was on behalf of an Imperial Zollverein. Now the ground has been shifted and a trade agreement between all the allied countries is the order of the day. It is obvious that anything short of a trade alliance between the Allies would not prove effective in an economic war with the Central Powers. The whole controversy, therefore, comes back to the point at which it started. Mr. Balfour's argument in favour of Tariff Reform several years ago was that it would promote the extension of free trade within the Empire. If Germany is to be humbled to the dust by a ringed fence of trade agreements shutting her out from the advantages of exchange with the allied countries, it can only be by the extension of the principle of free trade within the allied countries. Those who write and talk glibly of the death of Cobdenism and the triumph of Chamberlainism cannot be accepted as safe guides. Those who face the difficulties of the problem recognize how impossible it is to reconcile the conflicting trade interests of the various parts of the Empire. That some concerted action will be taken to guard against German military reprisals for years to come may be taken for granted. But why flaunt the shibboleths of ante-bellum political crusades?

The report of the British Board of Trade Committee on trade after the war arrived at one significant conclusion, which has been endorsed by an independent committee of eminent scientific men organized to direct public attention to the effects of "science" on war. Both these bodies agree in ascribing the failure of some British industries to survive keen competition to the fact that insufficient im-

portance is attached in the United Kingdom to technical training. British manufacturers and workmen have not valued sufficiently the tremendous importance of scientific investigation into industrial problems. The Board of Trade Committee recommends that larger funds should be set aside for the promotion of industrial research and training, and that universities be encouraged to carry on research work in co-operation with the manufacturers.

The other committee of scientific men goes further. It not only attributes British trade failures to lack of scientific methods, but also ascribes the failures in war largely to the lack in the Government and public services of men with a knowledge of physical science and its application. It is urged by these eminent scientists that the time has come for the compulsory allocation to natural science subjects of a preponderating share of marks in competitive examinations for the public services. No doubt there are sound educationists who will challenge the wisdom of this course, but it is significant that stress is laid by these eminent scientists on efficiency and not on tariffs as the foundation of industrial progress.

General Smuts, with a superior force, is encircling the enemy in German East Africa. In the early stages of the campaign the British in this region were on the defensive on British territory, but the enemy has now been driven across the border and forced to retire.

The following vivid details of the trying conditions, under which operations in German East Africa are being conducted are contained in a letter sent home by a member of the Expeditionary Force:

"It is difficult to exaggerate the hardships of carrying on war in this part of the world. Vast stretches of desert covered with thorny scrub have to be traversed. The bush in most parts is so dense that it is only possible for a column

to march through in single file. Friend or foe may pass without being aware of each other's presence, and this has occurred more than once. The dreadful tsetse fly is only one of the dangers to be guarded against. Carnivora abound, and patrols, when they are watching for enemy snipers, must keep a sharp lookout for prowling lions, leopards, and hyenas. The 'Tommy' unaccustomed to the jungle may well find sleep impossible with night made hideous by the tremendous noise of lions and other wild beasts scenting their prey. It has been no infrequent experience for our pickets to watch full-grown lions drinking at water holes less than fifty yards away.

"The rivers abound with crocodiles, and the snort of the giant hippopotamus mingles with the noises of the other denizens of the world's greatest uncontrolled zoo. Many a trooper has suspected the plunging of the zebra or buck through the bush to be a reconnoitring party of the enemy. Happily, most of the men are more or less intimate with the jungle conditions, so that lions, stinging flies, or waterless tracks will not give us much concern."

"The campaign is not without its romantic aspect. Our aim is to subjugate a country of nearly 400,000 square miles, which is peopled by ten million natives, and a coast line twice as long as that of the German Empire. Our men are found picking their way through bush-land never trod by white men before. Our comrades' presence is alone a romance: one day they are in London and next day they are gone, and we hear nothing further of them till they turn up in German East Africa to give the Germans a taste of what it is 'Tigers' can do."

One of the most damning indictments of German morality is to be found in *German Atrocities*, an official report of investigations extending over several months by Professor J. H. Morgan, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin). This shilling volume should prove a powerful aid to recruiting. Within its covers the brutal soul of the German is laid bare. Strong men may curse and vow revenge as they read of the wholesale murder of the male citizens of Belgium who fell into German hands, and of the shooting of wounded and prisoners of war. But these crimes pale into insignificance beside Professor Morgan's evidence of the terrible fate of women and children in the war zones. Some of the outrages are so disgusting that Pro-

fessor Morgan prefers to publish them in French. The revolting memory of this devilish orgy of crime brought home to the German army will remain for all time as a social barrier between the German nation and its European neighbours. It is not the German Government only, or the German staff that is responsible. "The whole people," says Professor Morgan, "is stained with it. The innumerable diaries of common soldiers in the ranks which I have read betray a common sentiment of hate, rapine, and ferocious credulity." One of the common tricks is to offer British prisoners food and then snatch it away again. "The progress of French, British, and Russian prisoners, civil as well as military, through Germany, has been a veritable Calvary." The Bryce Report on German outrages has never been answered. The German nation, in the words of Lord Rosebery, "is the enemy of the human race." The outrages on women and children by German officers and men, as revealed by Professor Morgan in his report, are harrowing in the extreme. Their inhuman conduct toward wounded and captured Allied soldiers while in their hands is a record of refined cruelty such as one would expect from a savage tribe. These reports of German atrocities will serve one good purpose if they stimulate eligible men to join the great army of the Allies which wields the avenging sword of civilization.

The chief trouble in Mesopotamia has been the lamentable breakdown of the medical service. The expedition for the relief of General Townshend has been organized by the Government of India, but whether the Indian or the Imperial authorities are to blame for the lack of doctors, nurses and supplies cannot now be determined. The whole matter is being inquired into by a commission. Mr. Austen Chamberlain admitted in the House of Commons that the medical arrangements had been deplorably defective. In one case three medical of-

ficers were in charge of one thousand wounded, with scarcely any dressings or bandages, and had to perform surgical operations without anæsthetics. In another case a single nurse was in charge of five hundred wounded, mostly amputation cases. Conditions have since improved, but those found responsible for this avoidable suffering and loss of life should be severely punished.

One of the most implacable opponents of Irish self-government, *The London Daily Telegraph*, in common with other Unionist newspapers, has frankly changed its viewpoint since the war. On St. Patrick's Day it wrote:

"Whatever the future may have in store, the British people will never forget the generous blood of the sister nation which has been shed on so many hard-fought battlefields since this world-war began."

And yet there are newspapers in Canada that reiterate the time-worn taunt of "disloyal Ireland."

But it is not only in Canada that the Irish are damned with faint praise. A recent visitor to New York, the wife of The O'Gorman, one of the old landlord families, was tempted in an interview to give expression to her views regarding the Irish people among whom she lives. The following is a sample of the idle chatter with which Madam O'Gorman regaled the Yankee interviewer:

"The Irish are just a lot of delightful, irresponsible grown-up children. They live in a soft climate, in a drizzle of warm rain. Everything is kept green and beautiful by nature, and nobody wants to work hard. If a tile falls off a roof it is easier to let it alone than to put it back. It is easier to remain uneducated in such a country than to work hard for mental progress. But when the roofs leak and the children are ignorant and the people live roughly, it is not a matter of English misrule, but a matter of climate and the temperament of the people. It is much as it is in Sicily and other warm countries."

As the O'Gormans have been in Ireland for a thousand years it is strange they are so lacking in a sense of

humour. Have they not also lived in the "soft climate, in a drizzle of warm rain?" Does not the rain of Ireland fall on the O'Gormans as freely as on their peasant neighbours? By what special dispensation of Providence have the O'Gormans escaped the ignorance and laziness that are alleged to be the besetting sins of those who live in Ireland? The fact that the O'Gormans have lived so comfortably in Ireland for a thousand years, while their tenants lived under leaky roofs and with no prospect of amassing wealth, places the onus of proof, as the lawyers say, on the O'Gormans. Apparently they cannot forgive their tenants for acquiring their own lands, at a price that enables the O'Gormans to be proof against the impoverishing effects of the drizzly warm rains of the Emerald Isle, and to be immune against the insidious evils that plague those of "easy temperament" who are forced to find in other climes "an incentive to go to work". For have not the O'Gormans lived for generations on the sweat of their tenants? Are they not of that privileged class which toils not, neither does it spin? Methinks Madam O'Gorman is a bad travelling delegate for the New Ireland.

Which reminds me of a story, as illustrating the false impressions created by such interviews. In a Dublin tram a couple of Yankee globe-trotters were depreciating the conditions in Ireland as compared with those in the United States and other places visited. In loud tones they criticized the "dirty" this and the "dirty" that of Ireland. An old apple-woman, with her basket tucked under her arm, pulled the bell for the next stop and, addressing herself in stentorian tones to the decryers of everything Irish, thus retorted: "I've heard about your thravils in foreign lands and all the fine places ye've visited. In partin' wid ye all I want to say is that, whin ye're next thravilling abroad ye can go to H—ll. Yi'll meet none o' the dhirty Irish there."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE BELOVED TRAITOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the latest novel by the author of "The Miracle Man", a Canadian novelist whose work is attracting an increasing circle of readers. "The Miracle Man" was regarded by theatrical managers as sufficiently dramatic for presentation on the stage, but it is doubtful whether its appeal in that form was as firm as the original book itself. Mr. Packard is the author also of a more sentimental novel ("Greater Love Hath no Man") and a collection of most excellent short stories of life in railway construction camps. The short stories have been published in book form under the general title of "On the Iron at Big Cloud".

"The Belovéd Traitor" is the story of a young French fisherman whose instant and phenomenal success as a modeller in clay causes him to break away from the simple scenes of his childhood and youth, desert the girl who has been his constant companion and sweetheart, and respond to the wiles of Bohemian life at Paris. The novel begins with a fine description of a storm in a small French seaport, and in the first chapter the reader is introduced to the young fisherman and his sweetheart, Marie Louise, who is the heroine of the novel, and indeed the character of most endurance. They are a happy couple, these two, unaffected, simple—happy in the prospect of their coming marriage. But their happiness is not suffered to remain unaffected, for to the seaport

come an American connoisseur and his daughter, a girl beautiful but whimsical. The father discovers in the young fisherman a genius for sculpture, and in the hope of shedding reflected glory on himself as the discoverer, he telegraphs to Paris, induces several critics to come and see the specimens of the fisherman's art, and in time proceeds to Paris, where his phenomenal protégé becomes the artistic lion of the season. One is inclined to doubt the genuineness of an art that has developed under conditions so primitive, but stranger things have happened at Paris. The personal interest of the story develops around the sculptor and the beautiful American girl, and, of course, the reader is all the time wondering whether the man will return to his earlier love or remain forever "The Traitor".

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COMPARATIVE RELIGION

BY LOUIS HENRY JORDAN. London: Humphrey Milford, the Oxford University Press.

THE author of this book was at one time minister of the St. James's Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto. It was known that he was interested greatly in several sciences, and at length he severed his direct connection with the ministry in order to devote all his time to the study of a science which he says is as yet new. The term "Comparative Religion" is very indefinite to the average person, and indeed one might read the whole of this volume and still feel that it is a subject about which much might

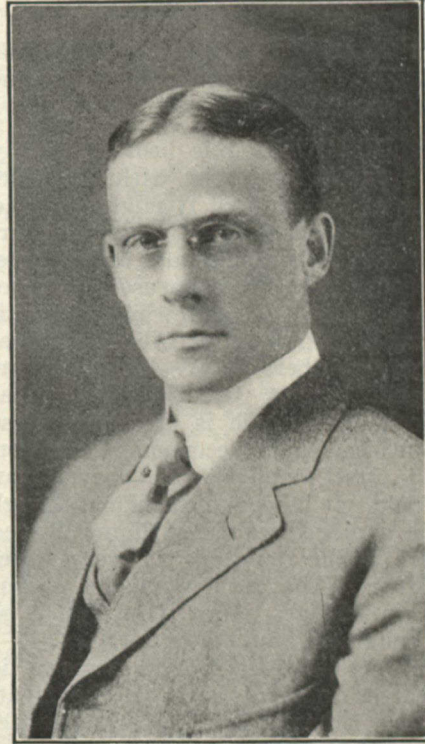
yet be written. Already this science has induced Dr. Jordan to write several books, besides numerous pamphlets. Besides the volume in hand, the sub-title of which is "Its Adjuncts and Allies", one other volume, "Comparative Religion: Its Genesis and Growth", has been published. The third, "Comparative Religion: Its Meaning and Value", is to be published shortly, while a fourth, "Comparative Religion: Its Principles and Problems", is in preparation. All are to be uniform 8vo. volumes of 600 pages each. The volume before us reveals an immense amount of study and research. It emphasizes the successive stages of the evolutionary process of comparative religion, and in order to do that the author reviews or at least calls attention to almost 500 books dealing with the subject. Some of the books are reviewed and criticized at length. This volume is, therefore, a special bibliography. All these 500 books, reviewed or scanned, as they are, present a bird's-eye view of the ways and means by which a newly-launched study has of late incontestably been developing into a science. This volume is to be commended for one particular reason: it dismisses, perhaps curtly, the earlier explorations of Max Muller, Tylor, Mannhardt, and others, and concentrates on the very latest literature bearing on this particular science. "The best products of scholarship," writes Dr. Jordan, "in each of the fields under review, have unquestionably appeared during the last few years." For calling attention to this literature and for reviewing in this compact form and erudite fashion, students the world over will feel under a debt of gratitude to Dr. Jordan.

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CAM CLARKE

BY JOHN H. WALSH. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

BY persons who have not read much fiction about western life, particularly in the United States, this novel



MR. FRANK L. PACKARD

Author of the "The Beloved Traitor"

will be read with much amusement and enjoyment. But to others who have revelled in the tales of Bret Harte it will not be read with the same fulsome pleasure. It is told by one of two boys whose fortune, or misfortune, it was to come up together in a town that is very much like many other western towns—changing every day—and for that very reason, if for no other, the town itself can be said to be typical, even characteristic. The town, Washtucna by name, is indeed a character, more of a character even than the boys themselves or the mother of Cam. Cam's mother, nevertheless, is a fine character. She comes into Washtucna, having buried her husband on the way thither, with only her son, two mules, and the caboose in which they have travelled. Her experiences, but mostly the experiences of Cam, compose the book.

THE QUESTION OF ALCOHOL

By EDWARD HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS,
M.D. New York: The Goodhue
Company.

ALTHOUGH this book is openly out of sympathy with the practice of prohibition, it might be read with advantage by all persons interested in the promotion of temperance, because it regards the use of alcohol as a great evil, and while it is adversely critical of prohibition it does not stop there. "We must understand," writes Dr. Williams, "that alcoholism, which is the cause of so much social and economical disaster, is in itself an effect. The normal man would not become a drunkard though the choicest brands of liquor flowed free in the fountains at every street corner. The man with the squint brain will get liquor if he has to go through fire and water for it. . . . The possible reform that seems to lie nearest to hand looks to the treatment of these individuals who are victims of the lust for alcohol. At present our treatment of the dipsomaniac is grotesquely ill-advised and irrational. We arrest him and send him to jail for a few days or weeks, and then release him, knowing that he will immediately become again an aberrant and disturbing element in the community. . . . Segregation in a proper institution for a term of years is the only solution that at the moment can be depended on."

Dr. Williams's analysis of the results in prohibition states of the Union is not favourable to that form of prevention. He makes the following suggestions:

(1) Let the saloons remain under private control, like other commercial enterprises, but grade the licenses on the Scandinavian plan, and let a far higher license be exacted from those handling distilled liquors. Let there be strict regulations about the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards. Give to each licensee an official list of persons arrested for intoxication, and let the sale of liquor to such persons be absolutely enjoined for a term

of at least one year after such arrest. Revoke absolutely the license of any dealer who disobeys this prohibition against the sale to minors.

(2) Let the revenue thus derived by the municipality be utilized exclusively for the promotion of public utilities calculated to serve as counter attractions to the saloon.

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GEORGIAN POETRY 1913-1915

By Fourteen Poets. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

TWO years ago "Georgian Poetry 1911-1912" was published for the purpose of giving a convenient survey of work made public by some poets of the latest generation. The list of contributors included at least two names that were then not widely known, but that since have become world-famous. And, unhappily, the two names particularly in mind are borne by poets who since then have passed away—one (Robert Brooke) dying of sunstroke while serving his country in the Dardanelles; the other (James Elroy Flecker) dying after a long illness. Now a new volume of these so-called Georgian poets has appeared; and, as might be expected, new names are introduced—Ralph Hodgson and Francis Ledwidge. It seems proper to quote from the work of these two newer poets. From "The Song of Honour", by Ralph Hodgson, which is too long to be given in full, we take the first stanza:

I climbed a hill as light fell short,
And rooks came home in scramble sort,
And filled the trees and flapped and fought
And sang themselves to sleep,
An owl from nowhere with no sound
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,
I heard him calling half-way round,
Holloing loud and deep; ,
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,
Then many a star sailed into sight,
And all the stars, the flower of night,
Were round me at a leap;
To tell how still the valleys lay
I heard a watchdog miles away . . .
And bells of distant sheep.

There is a peculiar and complete charm to "The Lost Ones", by Francis Ledwidge:

Somewhere is music from the linnets' bills,
 And thro' the sunny flowers the bee-
 wings drone,
 And white bells of convolvulus on hills
 Of quiet May make silent ringing, blown
 Hither and thither by the wind of showers,
 And somewhere all the wandering birds
 have flown;
 And the brown breath of autumn chills
 the flowers.

But where are all the loves of long ago?
 O little twilight ship blown up the tide,
 Where are the faces laughing in the glow
 Of morning years, the lost ones scat-
 tered wide?
 Give me your hand, O brother, let us go,
 Crying about the dark for those who
 died.

*

OTHER VERSE.

"At the Shrine of the Temple," by
 Rev. D. A. Casey ("Columba"), is a
 volume of verse published by the
 author. We quote "Consolation":

Sometimes when those we trust our trust
 betray,
 And, weary grown, we feel as though
 'twere vain
 Our daily cross, augmented, up to take,
 When slander's poisoned darts leave gal-
 ling wounds
 Upon the naked heart—at times like this,
 When all without is dark and winter-cold,
 And midnight shadows lie athwart the soul,
 How sweet the thought that Jesus under-
 stands,
 Because He, too, hath tasted of despair,
 And, having suffered like, can feel for us
 Who in Gethsemane our vigil keep.

"The Outlaw and Other Poems" is

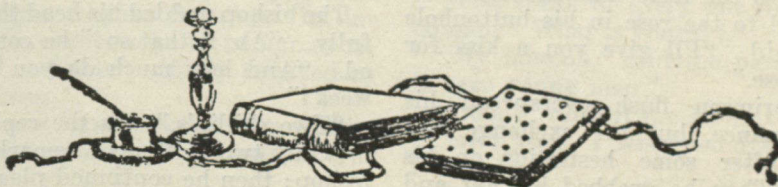
the title of a volume of Western verse,
 mostly in ballad form, by Alanson L.
 Buch (Toronto: William Briggs). We
 quote from "The Ballad of Bill the
 Bone":

Bill the Bone had a heart of stone—
 A dernful heart and mind;
 Yet Bill could ride the worst cayuse,
 Locoed, vicious, or blind;
 Some thought him hard, but a hefty pard,
 And a heart where a heart you'd find.

They called him "Bone". A scrap was on,
 And the Indian braves were out,
 And Bill had heard the fateful blare,
 And joined the thewy scout;
 A band of Sioux had sought him, too,
 When his squad was hemmed about.

*

—"The War and the Jew" is the
 title of a book by Rev. S. B. Rohold,
 F.R.G.S., pastor of the Christian
 synagogue, Toronto, (Toronto: The
 Macmillan Company of Canada). Pro-
 fessor T. B. Kilpatrick, in the course
 of an introduction, says that while
 Mr. Rohold shows his awareness of the
 fact that Jews are regarded in all the
 lands of their dispersion with coldness,
 suspicion and even bitter enmity, they
 are nevertheless among the trusted
 servants of all the powers now en-
 gaged in the war, that Jews are loyal
 to the countries of their nativity, and
 are to be found by the thousands
 fighting in the armies of their various
 nationalities.



TWICE-TOLD TALES

THE TERROR OF THE SEA

A story is told of a Toronto girl who made her first trip abroad last summer. During the trip the young woman kept a journal, which, upon her return, a friend was privileged to examine. It was the usual journal of the schoolgirl, and very much like the one that Mark Twain tells us he kept, wherein for seven days he recorded the important facts that he "got up, washed, and went to breakfast." There was this exception, however—the girl described the trying time she had in crossing the English Channel.

"I firmly resolved to stay on deck," the journal read, "although the tempest increased to such an extent that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could hold up my parasol."—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

*

HE WAS QUITE SLOW

A shy young man had been calling on the sweetest girl in the world for many moons, but, being bashful, his suit progressed slowly. Finally she decided it was up to her to start something, so the next time he called she pointed to the rose in his buttonhole and said: "I'll give you a kiss for that rose."

A crimson flush overspread his countenance, but the exchange was made after some hesitation on his part. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room.

"Why, where are you going?" she asked in surprise.

"To the — er — florist for more roses," he called from the front door.—*Public Ledger.*

IN 1963

With a woman in the White House and a female Congress, mere man didn't appear to have much of a show in the United States. The visitor from Australia was sightseeing in town when he was alarmed by the loud clanging of bells. Hastening to the corner he addressed the stern-faced traffic copess.

"What are the bells ringing for?" asked the stranger. "Is it a fire?"

"Fire, nothing," replied the copess as she waved him aside. "That is the nine o'clock curfew for married men."

*

"MORE SWOINE NOR ME."

This story is being told of a certain bishop who has a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he may meet during his country walks.

The other day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the bishop paused to ask him what he was doing, that being his usual opening to conversation.

"Moindin' swine," the lad replied stolidly.

The bishop nodded his head thoughtfully. "Ah, is that so?" he commented. "And how much do you earn a week?"

"Two shillin's," was the reply.

"Only two shillings," remarked the bishop; then he continued pleasantly, "I, too, am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings."

The lad looked at him seriously for a minute, then he said slowly: "Mebbe you gets more swoine nor me to moind!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

NARROW ESCAPE

The Irishman was relating to some friends in Glasgow how one night on retiring to bed he fancied he saw a ghost, and, having a revolver handy, he fired at it. Next morning he examined the object he had shot and discovered it to be his shirt.

"What did you do then?" exclaimed one of the company.

"Bedad, I just thanked heaven I wasn't inside ow it," replied Pat.—*London Tit-Bits.*

*

A MISFORTUNE TELLER

Robley: "I feel awful. I just heard that I'll not get uncle's money, my auto will be stolen, and Gracie will turn me down for another."

Wayburn: "Heavens, man, who told you that?"

Robley: "A fortune-teller."

Wayburn: "You mean a misfortune teller, don't you?"—*Montreal Telegraph.*

*

EXTINCT

English Tourist (in Bloody Guleh Hotel): "By the way, old top, is the grizzly bear common around here?"

Landlord: "Used to be, but it's extinct now. Why, even Three-Fingered Ike won't allow it in his dance hall!"—*Canadian Courier.*

*

WHAT HIS FEE WAS FOR

He was always boasting about his ancestors and one day employed a genealogist to hunt them up. In due time the connoisseur of pedigrees returned and was cordially received by his patron.

"So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Isn't that high?" objected the patron. "What's it for?"

"Principally," responded the genealogist, "for keeping quiet about them."

IT LOOKED MORE RESPECTABLE

In Scotland the walking-stick is regarded as distinctly a secular and week-day companion. Max O'Rell records the pained surprise occasioned during a visit to Edinburgh, when, on going for a stroll on Sunday morning, he took up his favourite cane. "Do you mind taking an umbrella instead?" asked his host. "It looks more respectable on the Sabbath."—*London Chronicle.*

*

EXPLORER'S REMARKABLE FEAT

Sir James Barrie's affection for explorers is no new thing. All who know his "Edinburgh Eleven" will remember the eulogy of Joseph Thomson, the Dumfriesshire Scot, who did pioneer work of the Livingstone kind in Africa. It is a fine pen picture of a dour, brave man, but it has flashes of the early Barrie. This, for example:

"Perhaps his most remarkable feat consisted in taking a bottle of brandy into the heart of Africa and bringing it back intact."—*Glasgow News.*

*

THE SAVING GRACE

Edith was light-hearted and merry over everything. Nothing appealed to her seriously. So one day her mother decided to invite a very serious young person to dinner and he was placed next to the light-hearted girl. Everything went well until she asked him:

"You speak of every one having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good!" replied the girl, "I'm glad to meet you. I wish you'd save one for me."

*

TALKATIVE

"So you've broken with Jack. Why, I thought he loved you still."

"He did. But he said I was still too seldom."—*Montreal Telegraph.*

AFTER THE DOLLAR

Effie's Brother: "Do you love my sister Effie?"

Effie's Steady Company: "Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?"

Effie's Brother: "She said last night she would give a dollar to know, and I'd like to scoop it in."—*Puck*.

*

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

Bishop Thorold used to advise young married couples, in his wedding addresses, to take only a short honeymoon, and to plan out a kind of second expedition together later on when they had gained a little experience of home life. I feel sure he was right. A long honeymoon may degenerate into boredom.

Punch, many years ago, had a picture of a bride and bridegroom seated on a rock at Land's End looking at the ocean. He murmured, "It would be nice to meet a friend, wouldn't it, darling?" She replied, "Yes, George! Even an enemy."

*

FELL INTO HIS ARMS

He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious. A persistent ring came at the front door.

"Oh, bother!" she said. "Who can be calling?"

"Say you're out," he suggested.

"Oh, no, that would be untrue," she protested.

"Then say you are engaged," he urged.

"Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried, as she fell into his arms. And the man kept on ringing the front door-bell.

*

"Some novelists don't know what they're talking about. Here's one who speaks of a girl's 'raven hair.'"

"What's wrong with it?"

"All wrong. Ravens don't wear hair. They wear feathers!"—*Liverpool Mercury*.

NOT A GOOD SWIMMER

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond". His discovery was a fine Collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna part wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the Collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot, "I said I couldna' part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna' swim the Atlantic."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

*

HE BECAME THRIFTY

"Eh," said Sandy to the minister, "yon was a powerful deescourse on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbath!"

"Ah'm glad ye were able to profit," said the minister.

"Profit! Why, mon, I would have pit ma saxpence into the plate wi'out a thought if it had not been for your providential words. They saved me fourpence there and then!"

*

Friend of the up-to-date painter's valet: "You know, John, a cow never looked that way."

Valet: "They does look quite different, Henry. But that's the way they're painted these days."—*Fliegende Blatter*.

*

GENUINE PITY

"Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer never have any arguments."

"How does that happen?"

"Mr. Whiffer won't argue."

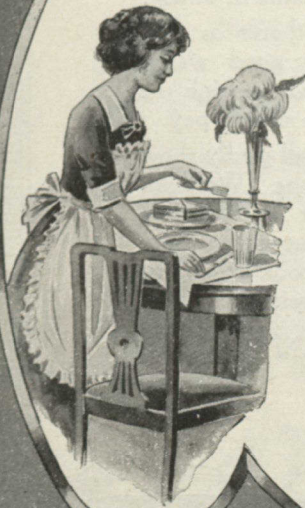
"The poor woman!"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Concentrated Economy

The beef of a whole bullock is required to make a dozen bottles of Bovril. You can safely reduce butcher's bills if you use Bovril in soups and stews. But—it must be Bovril, in the Bovril bottle. No substitute will do. The strength and nourishment of Bovril cannot be compressed into cheap cubes.

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"Spreads like Butter."



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Here is a delicious trio—prepared from the finest ingredients money can buy. Each has a characteristic flavor and can be used in innumerable dainty ways.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

is a *real* cream cheese—rich in cream—pure and nourishing—far nicer than ordinary cheese. 15c. and 25c. a package.

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Pure INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE and sweet Spanish Pimentos. Very appetizing. 10c. and 15c. a package.

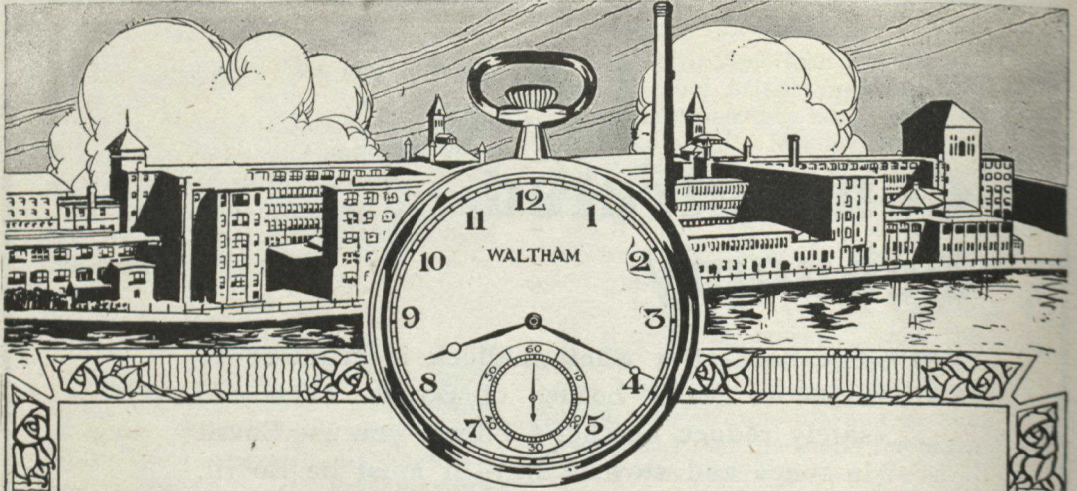
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The Factory Behind the Watch

NATURALLY the greatest watch factory in the world should stand behind the world's most famous timepiece. The word

Waltham

on a watch dial conveys the assurance of accuracy and dependability to the wearer. If anything ever happens, wherever he may live or be, he will find a Waltham Jeweller to whom he can safely entrust its repair.

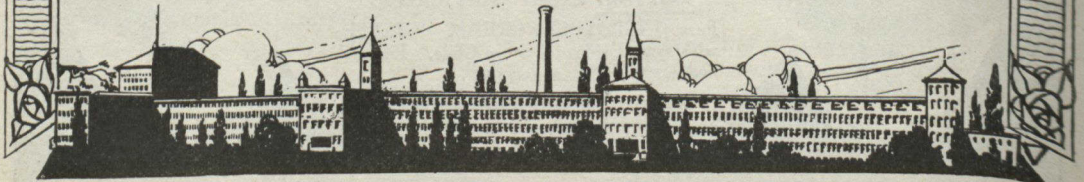
Everywhere you will encounter prominent persons, and those who appreciate accuracy, directing their waking hours by Waltham time. You, too, should learn the satis-

faction of being master of time. Let the Waltham help you control your activities with the accuracy you admire in others.

There are Walthams as low in price as any good watch can be sold, and as high in price as any one should pay.

Your Jeweller will gladly show you any of the Waltham Watches, or fit a Waltham Movement to your present case. Write for the booklet "Concerning a Timepiece."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
MONTREAL



THE difficult, uncertain life of the fire fighter calls for resourcefulness, skill and courage at unexpected moments.

An alert mind, a quick eye, stout muscles, and steady nerves are essential.

Many a man helps to keep himself fit for any emergency, by regular use of the sturdy wheat and barley food—



Grape-Nuts

(Made in Canada)

Not long ago a certain fire company took the prizes in two competitions after a training on Grape-Nuts food.

It gave them endurance to outlast the other fellows - a normal, healthful endurance that was built into them by right feeding.

You, too, can build better by improving your method of living, and it's worth while.

A dish of Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk is the regular morning ration of many successful men who appreciate the power for success that comes with health of body and brain.

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A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

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Try It, Madam

A bonbon dish, filled with these airy tit-bits. You'll find that you can't resist it.

The writer keeps Puffed Grains on his desk — Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Within an hour it's empty.

So, Mrs. Housewife, it will be with you, if you place them on your writing desk.



For these bubble-like morsels, crisp and flaky, are real food confections. They taste like nut meats puffed.

Bonbons for Breakfast

This is a plea to serve these bonbons for breakfast, oftener than you do. Let them make more meals delightful.

There are two Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations. There are many ways of serving.

They are so dainty, so flimsy, so flavory that the meals which bring them seem like festivals.

Yet they stand supreme as scientific grain foods. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food cell. Thus every atom digests and feeds.

Puffed Grains seem like tit-bits. But they are super-foods. No element in them is wasted.

Puffed Wheat	Except	12c
Puffed Rice	in Far West	15c



As foods, serve with cream and sugar, or in bowls of milk, or mixed with any fruit.

As confections, use in candy making, as garnish for ice cream, or for eating dry like peanuts.

Use them as wafers in soups.

These are perfect grain foods, which look and taste like sweetmeats. And they can't be served too often.

It's too bad that more grains are not puffed.

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Get Certain-teed from your local dealer whom you know and can rely upon. It will save you money in the end. Certain-teed is sold by good dealers all over Canada, at reasonable prices.

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Absolutely Non-narcotic

Does not contain opium, morphine,
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By checking wind colic and correcting in-
testinal troubles common with children during
the period of teething, helps to produce
natural and healthy sleep.

*Soothes the fretting baby and
thereby give relief to
the tired mother.*

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The D & A Model 790, as shown, is a reducing Corset without straps, with wide elastic over abdomen, aluminum double boning, graduated clasps, etc. It sells in progressive stores at about \$3.00, not much more than half the price asked for similar imported models.

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ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY



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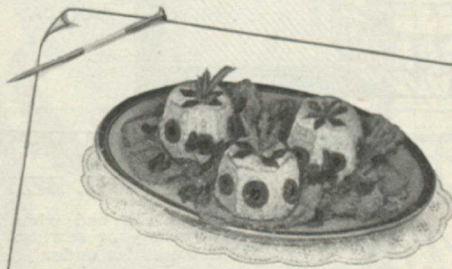
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Montreal

30 Church Street,
Toronto

Here is a New Salad Recipe

for the readers of

The Canadian Magazine



TUNA FISH SALAD

- $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tuna fish.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, finely chopped.
- $\frac{2}{3}$ tablespoonfuls chopped olives.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled salad dressing.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful paprika.
- $\frac{2}{3}$ teaspoonful vinegar.
- Few grains cayenne.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool and add tuna fish separated into flakes. Cool and add (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar, and cayenne. Turn into six individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimientos, diamond shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips, and watercress.

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for
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Gelatine*

Have you sent for your copy of the New Recipe Book?

It tells how to make Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Creams, Candies, also wholesome dishes for the convalescent.

It will be sent **free** for your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample enclose a 2 cent stamp.

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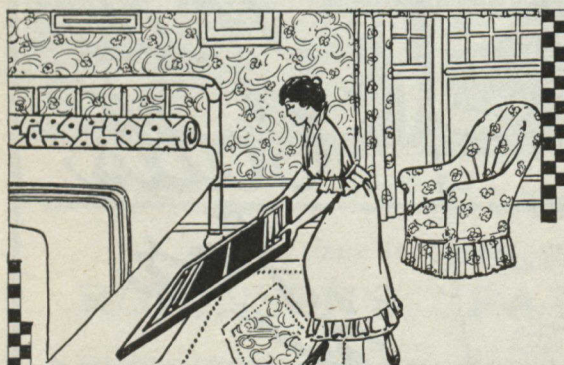
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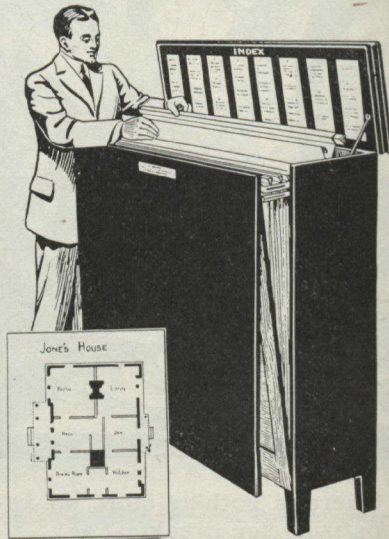
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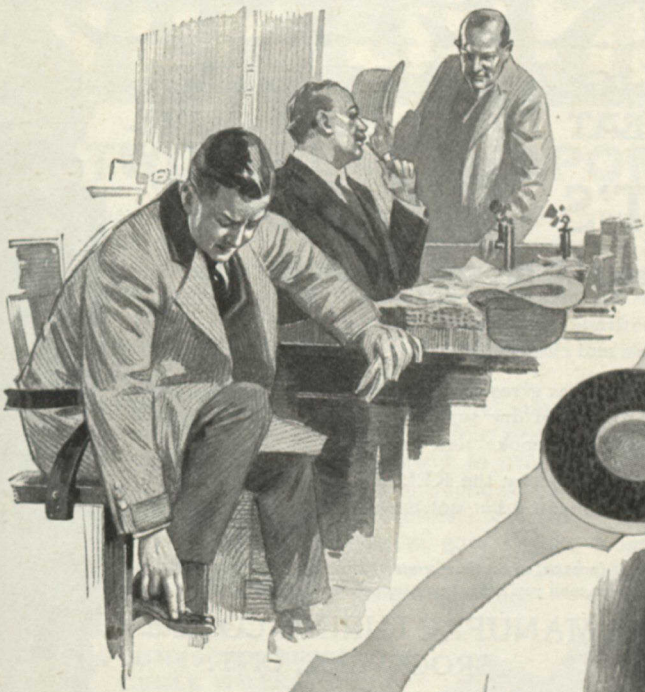
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ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

THAT'S THE POINT

They heat ALL the rooms ALL the time

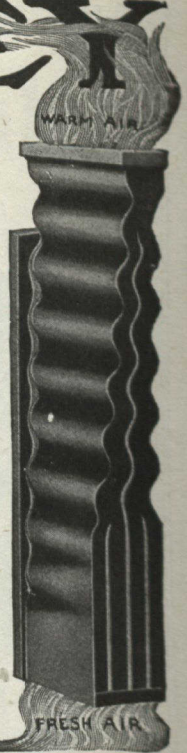
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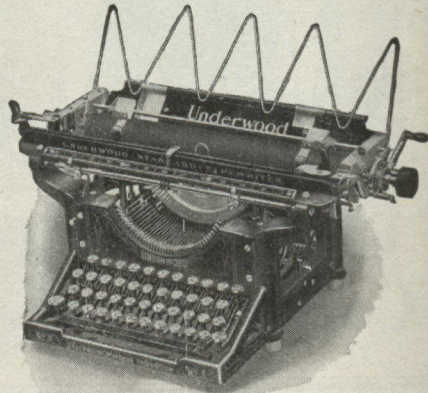
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At the left, is our new double-barrel gun which we have been working on and perfecting for four years. Just because it costs only \$20., don't compare it to ordinary \$20. guns. We have equipped our plant to produce this gun in quantity, and by automatic machine processes. For these reasons we can offer you at \$20. the equal of guns costing a lot more. Experts tell us this gun is *right* for the finest kind of shooting. Examine it at your dealer's store carefully. To do so will save you money.

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"In the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of what to wear."

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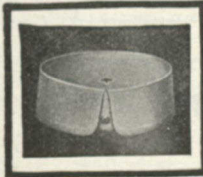
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Over fifteen years of faithful service is no uncommon record for Bissell's Carpet Sweeper; our files contain many letters telling of sweepers in use for even twenty years and more. Think of the brooms that would have been worn out and thrown away in those long years; think of the back-aches and weariness saved; the gain in comfort; the actual saving of money. It's no exaggeration to say that Bissell's does the work of 40 or 50 brooms—the dustless, efficient, thorough

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Now this cleaning stand-by has a companion in Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper that is easy to operate; that empties from the rear of the dustbag, without soiling the hands; that in every detail offers the general mechanical superiority guaranteed by the name Bissell's. Use the Vacuum Machine for general cleaning, the Carpet Sweeper for daily sweeping—
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"TO win the war with the decisiveness which will ensure lasting peace, the Empire will require to put forth its full collective power in men and in money. From this view point it is our true policy to augment our financial strength by multiplying our productive exertions and by exercising rigid economy, which reduces to the minimum all expenditures upon luxuries and non-essentials. Only in this way shall we be able to make good the loss caused by the withdrawal of so many of our workers from industrial activities, repair the wastage of the war, and find the funds for its continuance. It cannot be too frequently or too earnestly impressed upon our people that the heaviest burdens of the conflict still lie before us, and that industry and thrift are, for those who remain at home, supreme patriotic duties upon whose faithful fulfilment our success, and consequently our national safety, may ultimately depend."—SIR THOMAS WHITE, *Minister of Finance.*

PRODUCE MORE, SAVE MORE.

MAKE LABOUR EFFICIENT.

SAVE MATERIALS FROM WASTE.

SPEND MONEY WISELY.

LET US PRODUCE AND SAVE—

The war is now turning on a contest of all forces and resources—men, munitions, food, money. The call to all is to produce more and more. It may be necessary to work harder. The place of those who enlist must be taken by those at home, men and women, old and young. The more we produce the more we can save. Produce more on the farms and in the gardens. Save more and help to win the war.

LET US NOT WASTE OUR LABOUR—

In this war-time all labour should be directly productive or should be assisting in production. Make it as efficient as possible. If your labour is on something that can be postponed, put it off till after the war and make your labour tell now. Making war is the first business of all Canadians. Efficiency in labour is as important as efficiency in fighting.

LET US NOT WASTE MATERIALS—

Begin at home. The larger portion of salaries and wages is spent on the home—food, fuel, light, clothing. Are any of these things being wasted? \$20.00 a year saved from waste in every home in Canada will more than pay the interest on a war debt of \$500,000,000.

LET US SPEND OUR MONEY WISELY

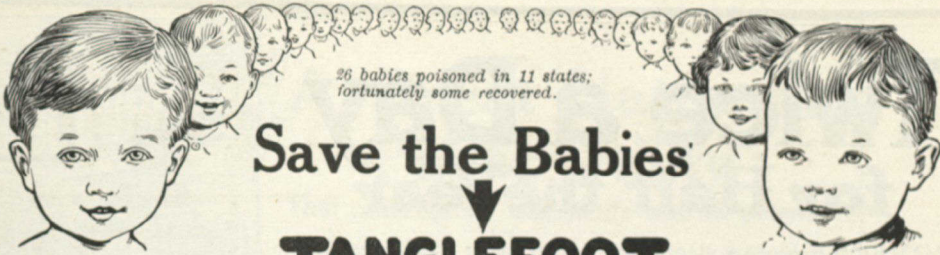
Are you spending your money to the best advantage? What do you think of extravagance in war time? Tens of thousands of Canadians are daily risking their lives for us at home. Is it not our duty to be careful and economical? Canadian dollars are an important part of the war equipment. Make them tell. Have a War Savings Account. Buy a War Bond.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

3

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE



26 babies poisoned in 11 states;
fortunately some recovered.

Save the Babies

TANGLEFOOT

Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with *safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT*; not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.



The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum; undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death, if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined—

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

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American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich.

(71)

The Purest & Best Beer

"Made in Canada"

O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager



The Light Beer in the Light Bottle

401

Twice a Day for Half the Year

SOMEONE has to attend to the furnace; most people look on it as an irritating, dusty job. It need not be. It is not, if you have a Sunshine Furnace.

Shaking down the Sunshine Furnace does not raise a dust. The fine ashes are drawn up the chimney; there is never that fine sprinkling of dust that lights on everything in the basement, and even floats up through the house. No. That is one thing the owner of a Sunshine Furnace never has to contend with. The Sunshine is as clean as a piece of furniture.

There are extra sturdy grates that turn with a long handle to crush with ease the hardest clinkers. A slight rocking that hardly requires stooping, cleans down the ashes. The ashes fall as the grates are shaken, for the sides of the firepot are straight. This saves bother—and heat; because if ashes bank up around the fire-pot they stop the radiation of heat. The ashes come out in a big ash-pan. There is no shovelling or spilling ashes about.

And the door is large, as it should be for convenience in firing up. Or if need be, a large chunk of wood will go through this door. The dampers can be operated from the rooms above. This saves you the nuisance of running up and down stairs to shut off the drafts and open up the check damper.

M'Clary's Sunshine Furnace

Would you like to have definite information about the cost of installing a Sunshine Furnace in your home? Send the coupon for our booklet "Sunshine." At the same time, if you wish to know what it will cost to heat your own home, our Heating Engineer will tell you.

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1. Your booklet on the Sunshine Furnace.
2. Also forms for filling out, so that your heating engineers can tell me how to order and install a system that will properly heat my home.

NAME

ADDRESS



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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It protects each clerk against making errors and against the mistakes of others.

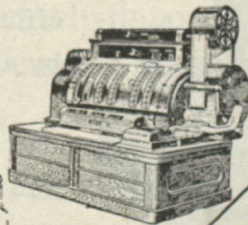
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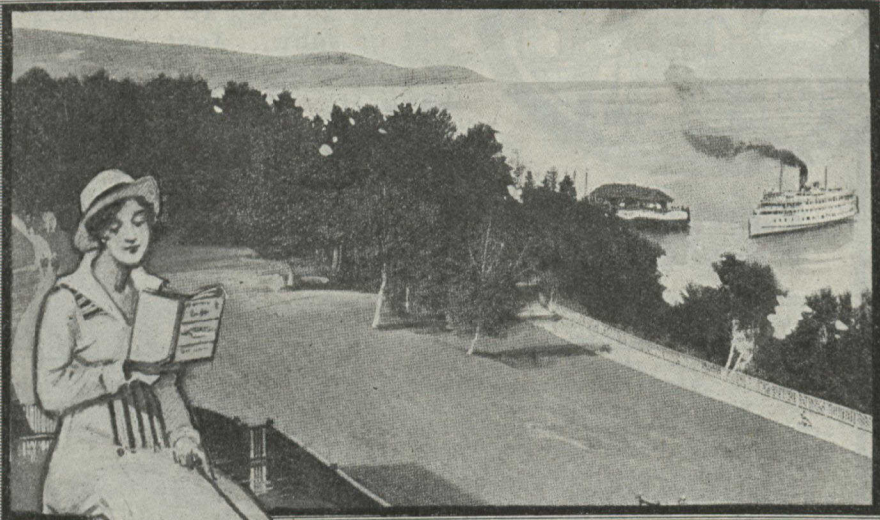
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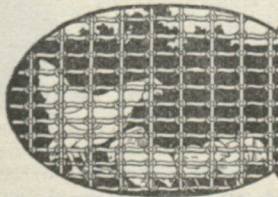


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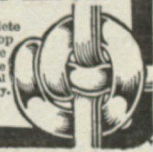


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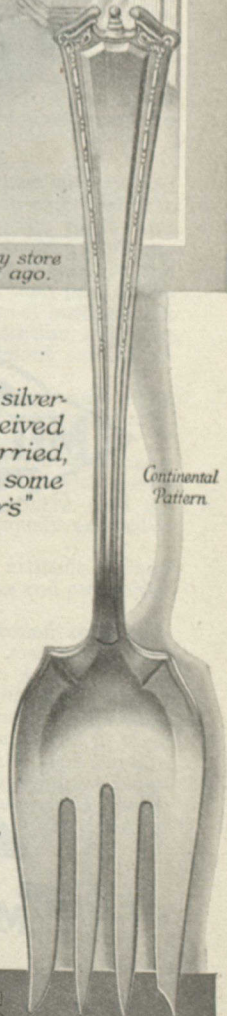
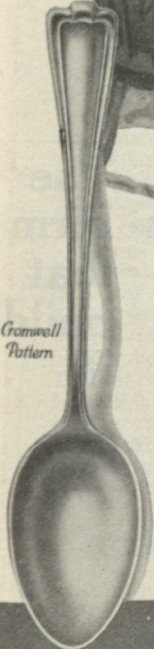
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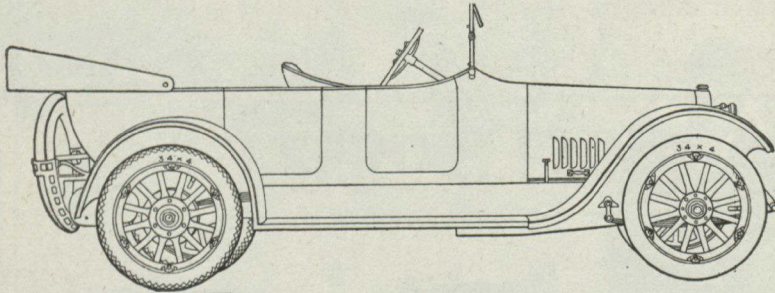
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The McLaughlin Motor Car Co. is the pioneer builder of "Valve-in-Head" Motor Cars in Canada, and guarantees that the McLaughlin "Valve-in-Head" Motor will develop and deliver more power with less gasoline than any other motor of equal size, of any make.

The Car with the Famous Valve-in-Head Motor



The Firm that builds it

One of the oldest and largest vehicle firms in Canada—in business since 1869—operating twelve factory branch houses, carrying large stocks of extra parts for all models—hundreds of agencies from coast to coast—guarantee McLaughlin owners an unexcelled service.

Prices \$1,085 to \$2,375, F.O.B. OSHAWA.
Send for Catalogue.

THE **McLAUGHLIN** MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED OSHAWA ONT.

Twelve Branches Throughtout Canada



\$1,724,000 for New Buildings in Canada Since War Began WHY?

Some time before the outbreak of war the Ford Canadian Company decided on an extremely broad policy of expansion.

If the demand for Ford cars should increase in the way that it had every indication of doing, then new buildings would have to be started at once to enable the company to meet this demand.

When war came the Ford Canadian executives saw no reason to change their plans—their confidence in Canada's prosperity never wavered.

So work was begun on a new building at Ford City costing \$452,000. This is used as an addition to the office building and to the main factory building. It adds 130,000 square feet of floor space to the Ford Plant, bringing the total up to more than 9 acres.

Then followed a new machine shop costing \$90,000.

The power plant was also enlarged at a cost of \$110,000.

In four leading Canadian cities, handsome new buildings were erected as branch assembly plants, sales and service stations. Each one is as large as many automobile factories. All are of similar construction, being modern fire-proof buildings of brick and reinforced concrete trimmed with mat glazed terra cotta. The bases are of granite. The interiors are finished and fitted in accordance with the very best modern practice.

One of the branch buildings is located at Montreal, 119-139 Laurier Ave., East. It is a four story building containing 124,000 square feet of floor space and costing \$333,000. Over 100 people are employed here.

The Ford Branch at Toronto, 672-682 Dupont St., is a five-story building containing 132,000 square feet of floor space. The number of employees is about 150.

The third new branch building is at London, Ontario at 680-690 Waterloo Street. It is a three story structure having 49,872

square feet of floor space and was erected at a cost of \$161,000.

The immensely increasing demand for Ford cars in Western Canada made it necessary to build a fourth new branch at Winnipeg. This is a handsome five story building located at the corner of Portage Avenue and Wall Street. A quarter of a million dollars was put into its construction.

The total cost of these new buildings erected by the Ford Canadian Company since war began is \$1,724,000. Additional to this are thousands of dollars spent to equip these buildings.

Why has this been done?

First, to provide Ford owners with greater service facilities. Each of these branches is so completely equipped with parts and machinery as to be able to build a Ford car complete. Also they act as a base for the hundreds of Ford dealers in their part of the country, each of whose place of business is a well equipped Ford service station, in giving more rapid and more efficient service to Ford owners.

The second reason for this great amount of development work is to be found in the attitude of the Ford Canadian executives. If these men had followed the policy of many Canadian manufacturers they, with seeming good judgment, might have held up these plans for such enormously expensive construction work.

But such was not their attitude. They were convinced that progress and prosperity were assured in Canada.

This decision was of vast benefit to Canadian industries, Canadian merchants and Canadian workmen in such a critical time as this. Practically all the material for these buildings was purchased in Canada. Canadian workmen were employed in their construction. And after the construction work was over, the whole community benefited from the enthusiastic, successful, wealth producing and distributing activities of these big establishments.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	-\$480
Ford Touring	530
Ford Coupelet	730
Ford Sedan	890
Ford Town Car	780

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario



3-F

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.



**DUNLOP
TRACTION TREAD**

Asked how he recognized a Traction Tread Tire in action so easily, a motorist said, "Why, look at the fine features of that fellow!" Those who value time and detest annoying delays are never without "THE MASTER TIRE."

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS Co., Limited.
 Head Office: TORONTO. Branches in leading cities.

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 Mats, Tiling and General Rubber Specialties.

T. 117

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

Fairy Soap produces a rich, free lather in any kind of water; its cleansing qualities are most agreeable and refreshing.

The choicest materials are used in making Fairy Soap.

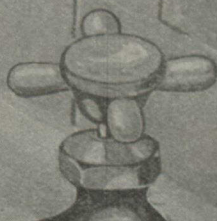
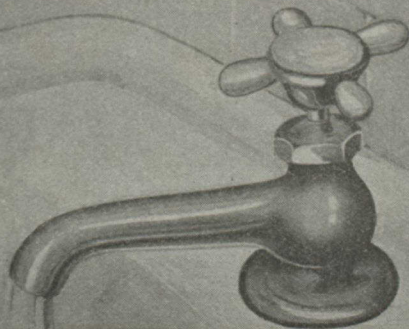
The oval, floating cake is also convenient to the hand and wears down slowly to the thinnest wafer.

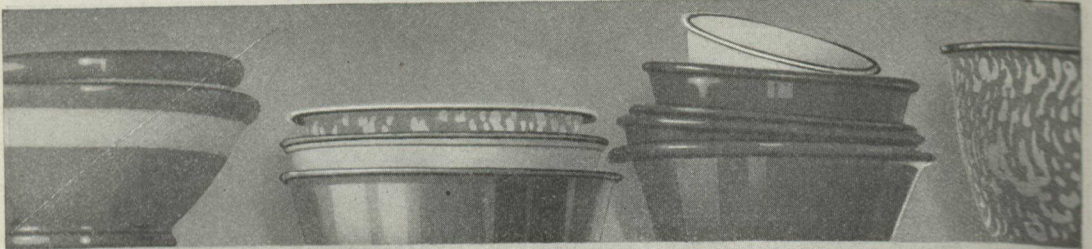
A dainty tissue wrapper and the individual box keep Fairy Soap clean and pure, as we make it.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

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MONTREAL

*"Have You a Little Fairy
in Your Home?"*





Keeps Everything
in the

Pantry
Bright-
Sanitary



MADE IN CANADA



Cheer Up

The Cost is Small - Get an Overland

\$850

Roadster, \$825
Model 75, Ford, Toronto Car

THE man of that family now escapes the utter weariness which used to drag him down.

The mother of that family enjoys a new freedom which makes her a better wife and mother.

The children of that family are ruddier—hardier. They all lead a bigger, broader, healthier, happier, more united family life.

And all because of their Overland!

This Overland costs only \$850.

But it is every inch an Overland—a perfect beauty.

Though a small, light, economical car, it is roomy, sturdy and powerful.

And it is absolutely complete to the last detail.

Never before has a stylish, comfortable, completely equipped car been offered at anywhere near so low a price.

Now for the first time, exacting pride and strictest economy are fully satisfied in one and the same car.

And for easy riding this newest Overland is not to be compared with any other car of its size.

In fact, many a big, high-priced car is nowhere near so easy riding.

It has cantilever rear springs which absorb road shocks more perfectly than any other type.

Large four-inch tires add to its easy riding qualities.

And the seats are soft and deep, and built up over long spiral springs.

The seats are also broad and wide—ample in their roominess for five full grown people.

Of course it is electrically lighted and started and the electrical control switches are located on the steering column—right at your hand.

You should have a car this spring—

And if you want top class at bottom price, it must be this Overland, for no other car meets both these requirements.

No wonder it has swept the country—the biggest and quickest success of all our long line of record breaking models.

But one thousand cars a day is the present limit of our production.

That is more than double the capacity of any other producer of cars of this size and class.

But the demand is in proportion to the excess value of this car.

Order yours now to avoid delay.

See the Overland dealer today.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 656

Willys-Overland, Limited Head Office and Works **West Toronto, Canada**

Health Isn't Luck Alone

It is management—largely proper food and drink.

Coffee is harmful to many.

A change to

POSTUM

is good management—clears the way for Nature to rebuild coffee-weakened nerves, head, heart, and stomach.

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thousands of them throughout the world make daily use of the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

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Florida Water

Widely regarded as an indispensable aid to beauty and comfort. Its sprightly fragrance is acceptable to the most discriminating taste, and its delightful, refreshing effect best attained when it is added to the bath. : : : :



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O-Cedar Polish

For House Cleaning

With a bottle of O-Cedar Polish and a big piece of cheesecloth, spring house cleaning will be easy. Use it on all furniture, floors and woodwork, according to directions.



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