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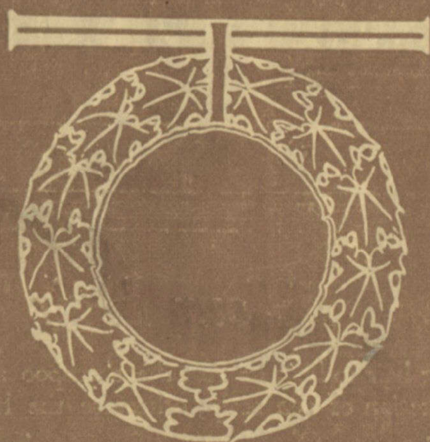

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVIII Contents, January, 1917 No. 3

KULTUR FROM THE SKY Drawing by Louis Raemaekers - *Frontispiece*
THE WIN-THE-WAR CABINET - - - Lindsay Crawford - - - - 199
ILLUSTRATED
THE MIND OF THE FAMILY. FICTION - Madge Macbeth - - - - - 203
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS
"THE HOUSE IS STILL." VERSE - - P. M. MacDonald - - - - - 212
OCTOBER DAY. A PAINTING - - - - Homer Watson - - - - - 213
PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN - - - Emily P. Weaver - - - - 215
I.—MARIE ANNE LAJIMONIERE
RE-VIEWS OF THE LITERARY HISTORY OF CANADA - - - - - - - - - J. D. Logan - - - - - - 219
III.—THE SECOND RENAISSANCE OF CANADIAN NATIVISTIC POETRY
THE SQUATTER'S CUP. FICTION - - Will H. Ogilvie - - - - - 226
HIS SOLDIER MOTHER. VERSE - - - Margaret Yandis Bryan - - 229
THE WHITE GARDEN. VERSE - - - Louise Morey Bowman - - - 230
THE GODMOTHER. FICTION - - - - Henrietta Kendrick Reeves - 231
NOTABLE MARYS - - - - - - - - Ida Burwash - - - - - 236
WITH CANADIANS FROM THE FRONT - - Lacey Amy - - - - - - 241
V.—WAR INFIRMITIES AND THERAPEUTIC MARVELS
THE VILLAGE STREET. A PAINTING - F. McGillivray Knowles - - 247
THE SIEGE OF GERMANY FROM THE SEA Commander Bellairs - - - 249
OUR NEUTRAL SPY. FICTION - - - J. E. LeRossignol - - - - 254
A VILLAGE STREET - - - - - - - A Suzor Cote - - - - - - - 265
TIME THE WRITER - - - - - - - Mrs. Arthur Murphy - - - 267
OUR NEW NORTH - - - - - - - - R. G. MacBeth - - - - - 270
MAJOR BRUERTON'S WEDDING. FICTION Franklin B. Wiley - - - - 273
A BELGIAN HOME. A DRAWING - - Louis Raemaekers - - - - 283
THE PIONEER FORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY - - - - - - - - R. J. Fraser - - - - - - 285
THE COAL MINER. VERSE - - - - A. D. Merkel - - - - - - 288
FATHER FORSTER. A SKETCH - - - W. E. Kelly - - - - - - 289
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - - - Book Reviews - - - - - - 293
TWICE-TOLD TALES - - - - - - - Current Humour - - - - - 298

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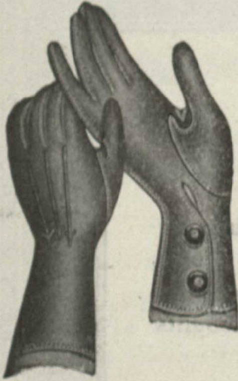

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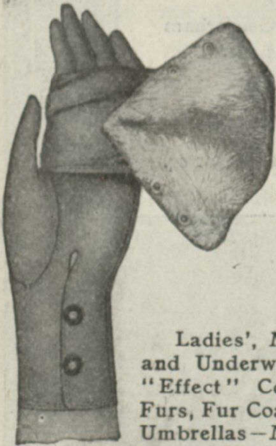

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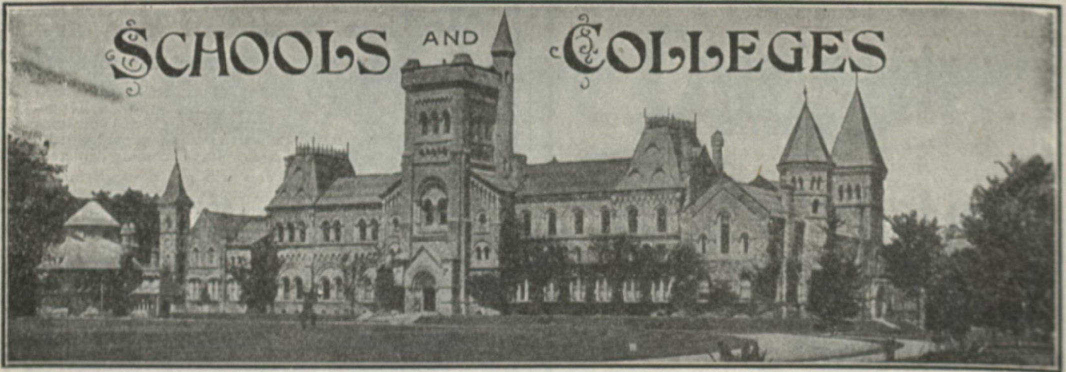

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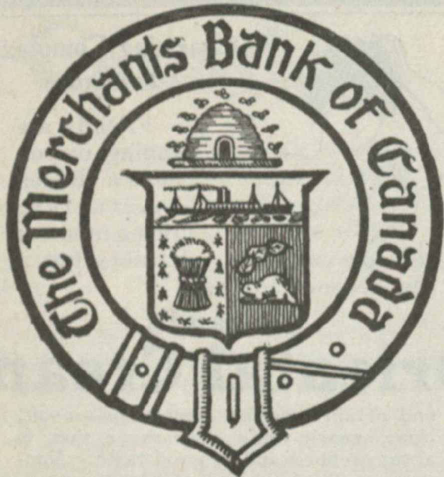

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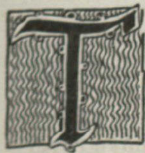
THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVIII. No. 3
TORONTO JANUARY, 1917

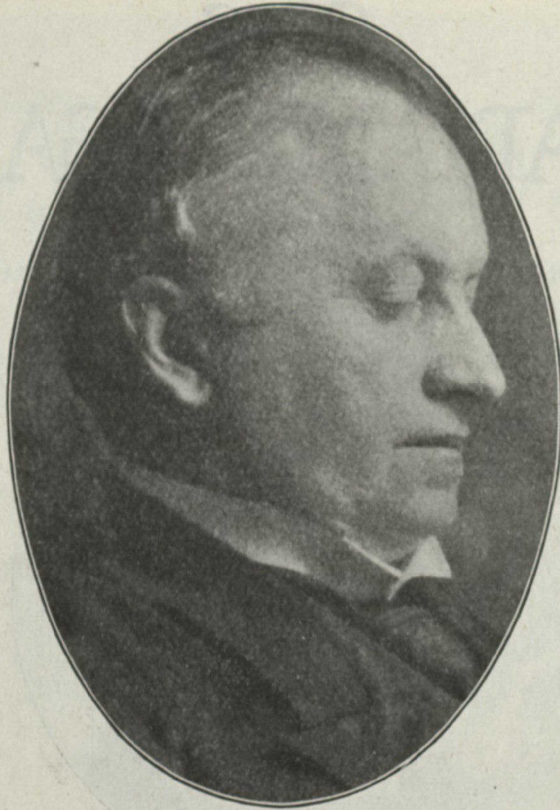
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
Prime Minister of Great Britain and the only Liberal Member of the War Cabinet

THE WIN-THE-WAR CABINET

By Lindsay Crawford



THE resignation of Mr. Asquith and the creation of a War Cabinet of five members, under the virtual dictatorship of Mr. Lloyd George have followed with dramatic suddenness the occupation of Bucharest by the Germans and the failure of Allied diplomacy in Greece. In war there is no such word as failure. The commander in the field and the Government at home must provide victories or retire. This is the inexorable de-

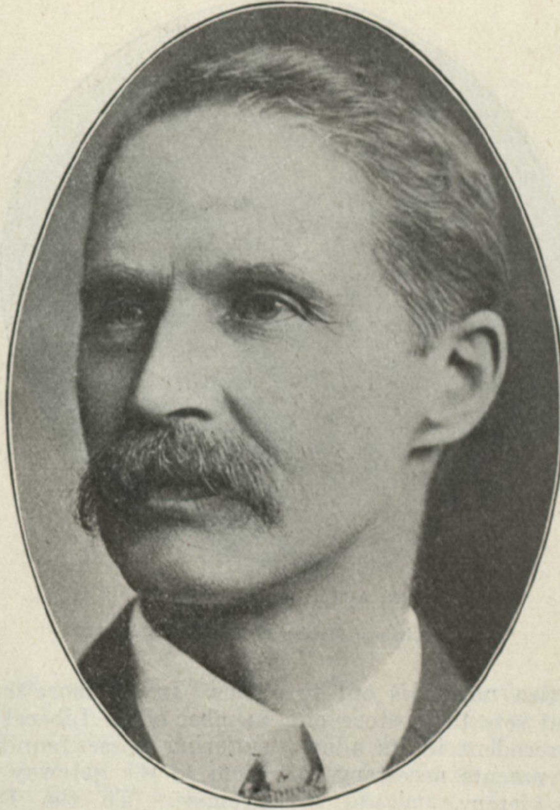


EARL CURZON

One of the three Unionist Members of the War Cabinet. He is Lord President of the Council and leader in the House of Lords.

cree of fate. For two years the conduct of the war by the Asquith Cabinet has been under the lash of vituperative criticism. The failure of the Allies to save the Roumanian capital, coupled with the extraordinary latitude shown to the Greek Royalists, did more to undermine the Asquith Government than the hostile attitude of the Northcliffe press and the criticisms of the Opposition in Parliament.. When Mr. Lloyd George definitely threw in his lot with the Opposition and dictated terms which no Premier could accept it was apparent to the merest tyro in politics that a reconstruction of the Coalition Government was inevitable. Bagehot long ago drew attention to the fact that Parliament, which is supreme as lawmaker, has no controlling voice in the making of war or peace. This gigantic struggle for national existence has led, virtually, to the suspension of Parliamentary government. Mr. Lloyd George, as head of a War Cabinet of five members, practically assumes a dictatorship. Two of the members of the War Cabinet are Peers; three, as members of the House of Commons, are relieved of any necessity of seeking re-election.

The conditions brought about by the war are the antithesis of a democratic system of government. Under the stress of an unparalleled war, Governments, like armies, have reverted to the natural state of man when



MR. ANDREW BONAR LAW

Who declined the task of forming a Government but accepted the Office of Chancellor of the Exchequer

fighting for his life. For several years before the outbreak of war the British Parliament and the British public had no knowledge of the existence of a definite understanding between Britain and France which committed the former to active co-operation on land and sea in case France was attacked. Since the beginning of the war Parliament has had no voice in the conduct of the campaign and has existed solely as an instrument for registering the decrees of the executive. War has broken up the foundations of the deep and destroyed the safe anchorages of hoary traditions. But behind this military autocracy stands democracy ready, when the "Last Post" sounds, to assert its rights inherent in the British Constitution and to resume its place as the untrammelled will of organized society in everything that shapes the ends of the nation. The Asquith Coalition is dead, but no one wishes long life to the Lloyd George dictatorship. A speedy issue out of all the dangers of war and the return of normal conditions is the prayer of the British people. To guarantee national safety they have made tremendous sacrifices in blood and treasure. But greater than these is the sacrifice made by the suspension of parliamentary government, which is the life-blood of British liberty and progress.

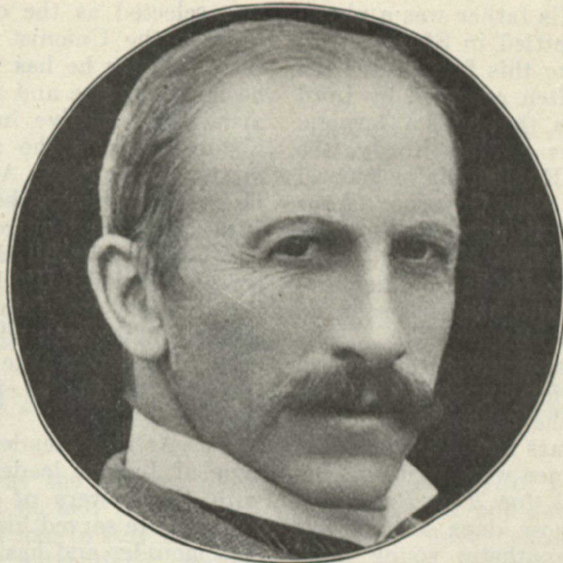
History will decide between Asquith and Lloyd George. For the

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON

The Labour Member of the War Cabinet

present the British nation is out to win the war and sets little store on tradition and precedent in its adoption of the instruments necessary to achieve decisive victory.

A tremendous responsibility rests on the head of the new Government. Mr. Lloyd George is a man of rare courage and enterprise. For him the hour of opportunity and of fate has struck. He stands or falls by the march of events during the next six months. He is the master of his fate. He demanded much of the Asquith Cabinet. Of him much will be required. Who is this man and whence came he, on whose nod armies and peoples wait for a lead? In the turmoil of the Boer War he came to light in British politics as the most uncompromising critic of the war policy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To-day he rides to power on his own policy of "the vigorous prosecution of the war to a triumphant conclusion". A son of the people, he was the prophet of the New Democracy during the epochal era of Liberalism that closed with Germany's challenge to arms. In him more than in any other member of the Liberal party the long-suffering masses found a Moses to lead them to the gateway of the land of promise. To the British working classes the name of Lloyd George is imperishably associated with the greatest social revolution in the history of the British people. Having led the people to the land of milk and honey he seems fated, like his Hebrew prototype, to lay his bones on Mount Pisgah. The new War Cabinet marks the definite sundering of ties between the Welsh statesman and his former colleagues. War and the whirligig of time have brought queer changes, but none so striking as that which finds Lloyd George in a War Cabinet surrounded by his former adversaries. Lord Curzon and Lord Milner share with the Prime Minister the control of Britain's war machine. Mr. Bonar Law will be too busy as leader in the House of Commons to be more than a cypher in the councils of the Committee of Five. For other and more obvious reasons Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labourite, will have



LORD MILNER

One of three Unionist Member of the War Cabinet

little voice in the directing of the war. Appointed to placate the Labour party, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the lay preacher, is not likely to set the Thames on fire as a war lord. The real dictators will be the Prime Minister and Lords Curzon and Milner, The Lloyd George Government is not a Coalition in the strict meaning of the term. He has formed a new Government, it is true, but it leaves in the shades of Opposition one of the two historic parties of the State. Mr. Lloyd George has been able to command the support of two extreme wings. The union of Labour with Feudalism may appear strange to those who do not know England. The dividing line between Liberalism and Toryism is largely social. The line of cleavage between the extreme wings is economic, not social, for democracy, as represented by the working classes, has no social antagonism toward the aristocracy such as permeates the middle class, from which Liberalism so largely springs. The social gulf between a Henderson and a Curzon is fixed, impassable. There is no such gulf between Asquith and Curzon.

The new Government is on trial. Lord Curzon is remembered chiefly as the particular Viceroy of India who left for his successor a veritable sea of problems. He found India in a state of unrest and left it in a condition bordering on open discontent. He has been described as, in his own proper person, a whole House of Lords in the making, and besides a child of the hereditary principle. The son of Baron Scarsdale, he has taken on fresh titles all through his career —a Barony (with special remainder to his daughter), a Viscounty (with special remainder to his father), and an Earldom; and he has been elected as Irish Representative Peer. In all things is he the representative of the classes, rather than of the people.

Viscount Milner is a strong man on whom, in the Boer War days, Lloyd George fired broadsides of Celtic fire. He, like Curzon, opposed the Lloyd George Budget of 1909—the charter of democratic freedom in the British Isles. Lord Milner owes his success mainly to his own abilities and industry. He began life without any advantages of birth or wealth or fam-

ily influence. His father was a physician who had settled in Stuttgart, in Germany, and to this fact is due the statement, so often repeated by Lord Milner's enemies, that he is a German. His mother was a Miss Ready, the daughter of an English major-general who was at one time Governor of the Isle of Man. Both parents died long before young Alfred Milner had entered public life. He had neither brother nor sister, and has, it is said, no near relative at all.

Like other distinguished men, Lord Milner served his apprenticeship to statescraft in the school of journalism. Thirty years ago Mr. Stead and Mr. Alfred Milner were writing "Occasional Notes" for *The Pall Mall Gazette*. In those days Milner was a long, thin, apathetic young man. He affected no sports, such as an Oxford graduate might aspire to, but was an accomplished and persistent swimmer. Of the "copy" Milner used to turn out Mr. Stead says it was "the most untidy I have ever had to deal with. He sprawled all over the paper". As a rule, Milner went about his daily tasks bareheaded. It is said that the only light article he ever wrote for the newspaper was the imaginary diary of a number of South African savages on a visit to London. He did it so well that many readers considered it the work of a savage chief.

When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain resigned the Colonial Secretaryship Lord Milner was asked to succeed him; but he declined, believing that his duty at that time was to remain in South Africa.

Mr. Bonar Law reached the leadership of his party as a compromise candidate. When Balfour resigned the rivals for the position were Mr. Walter Hume Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. In the end Bonar Law was selected as the one more likely to keep the Unionist party together. As a debater he has few equals, but he lacks the fire and inspiration that make speeches live in parliamentary history. He is the successful ironmaster in politics. As leader of the House of Commons he does not measure up to the requirements demanded of those who fill this delicate and trying position. His lack of tact and imagination are fatal flaws in the armour of the man who essays to run with smoothness the machinery of Government in the House of Commons.

Mr. Arthur Henderson is a quiet type of Labour leader who is gifted with the powers of persuasive eloquence. He served his apprenticeship as a moulder and has always been regarded as a safe leader of the Labour party in the House and in the country. As a representative of the Labour classes his selection will go far to smooth the way for the new Government responsible for the manufacture of munitions and supplies.

On the whole the War Cabinet is a leap in the dark. If it justifies its existence it will live in the history of these stirring times. It is led by a man who stands midway between the old party lines. He it was who described Germany as "the road hog of Europe", and who now in the greatest crisis of his career elects to surround himself with men to whom he was formerly opposed. He may not be the man for carrying through the terms of peace, but the country looks to him to drive the car of war. He stands in the full glare of the limelight. He assumes office at a time of great difficulty, but he is secure in the knowledge that in the vigorous prosecution of the war to conclusive victory he is the embodiment of the national mind.

THE MIND *of the* FAMILY

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrations by Dorothy Stevens

IT was the summer Nita had no new dress at all, and had to stay in town. Not particularly because of her clothes, or lack of them—although a girl does like to have plenty of pretty vacation things and wear them as though she would have had them anyway!—but because her father and the girls took their holidays in such a manner that she had to stay in town all summer and keep the house open for one or other of them.

A change of air and scene was not imperative in her case. Her days were calm and leisured; no press of affairs dragged at her nerves and left them torn and frazzled. So any regret the others may have expressed at leaving her to swelter was either insincere—perfunctory—or speedily forgotten.

"She will have a nice, lazy, quiet summer," they said. "It isn't as though we were leaving her anything to do—but, then, she always has plenty of time."

What she had she gave to them quite cheerfully, sewing for them and taking pride in the good appearance they made on a small expenditure of money. She managed to get the girls off by the middle of July and then turned her attention to her father.

"Remind me to take my blue floats and an extra dozen hooks," he cautioned. "Last year I was only half supplied, and but for that I would certainly have exceeded Barton's catch. Now, daughter, are you sure you have remembered everything?"

She went carefully over his kit, packed his bag and saw him on the train. Then she flew home to get tea for Florence, whose holidays were finished and who was expected on the five-fifteen.

"Remind me to send Molly a dollar," were her first words of greeting. "I hadn't enough for my parlour car. And don't let me forget to give you the gloves she sent you. Dear me, Nita," she scolded later, as she watched her sister tidying the house, which was literally webbed with Mr. Cottrel's discarded fishing-tackle, "if you had only reminded me about father's fishing-trip, I would have taken my holiday a week earlier, so as to give you a chance to get away—although I hate going off in June."

Nita laughed good-naturedly.

"Remind you, my dear girl," she protested. "How I envy you the ability to forget! Does the blessed man talk of anything else from the first of March, except his annual fishing-trip? Don't we have a monotonous diet of Archer spinners, silver doctors, blue somethings, and the scarlet ibis at every meal?"

Florence took refuge behind the fine, stereotyped excuse of the family.

"You know, I have no head for details," she said. "The trivialities of our daily existence make no impression on me, whatever—my thoughts are on larger, broader things. Doubtless, my office training. You, on the other hand, have nothing else to think about—but what is the use of discussing the matter? If you are cut out of a holiday this summer, you have no one to blame but yourself."

She never had! It is a bed-rock certainty that had Nita Cottrel complained that she had but one pair of hands and feet, the family would have told her that she had no one to blame but herself.

But Nita was not the complaining kind. She had a roof over her head and a cellar beneath her feet. She could have three meals a day if she took the trouble to cook them, and she could usually have something to wear by making a new dress, blouse, or lingerie for Florence, Maud or Hilda, who then bestowed their old garments upon her. She felt that there were many worse hardships than she had to bear. A great drawback was, however, the lack of money in her lean purse. As housekeeper and homemaker, of course, she commanded no salary. Therefore she would have liked to possess a talent—to be musical like Maud, who taught in the Milford Conservatory; or clever like Florence, who was a law stenographer and could spell legal words of ten syllables without ever looking them up in a dictionary; or dramatically inclined like Hilda, who was an elocutionist and was greatly in demand at entertainments where the performers were not paid for their services. She had private classes in physical and voice culture. Even Mr. Cottrel had the artistic temperament; he dabbled in water-colours and felt that he only escaped being an R.A. owing to the ignorance of an unappreciative public.

But she had nothing—was nothing. She merely inherited a mind for details from her mother. Mrs. Cottrel had been but a gentle echo to her husband and daughters, and it appeared as though Nita were almost an echo of an echo.

So she stayed in town all summer and enjoyed herself as only the girl who stays at home can. At a seaside or mountain resort she is a drug on the market, there are dozens of her arriving on every train. She has to pretend that frivolous things such as men and flirtations no longer interest her, and she carries a volume of Henry James about. But at home she is a *rara avis,* a prize. The light which shines from behind her vine-clad verandah is perhaps the only one on the street, and to it flutter all the eligibles and all the younger married men, as moths about a flame. Indeed, the verandah of the girl who stays in town all summer becomes intimate with chaps to whom the drawing-room in winter is a total stranger.

"Ni-ta . . . we wa-hant Ni-ta," they carrolled, cheerfully sauntering down the quiet street.

Florence looked after the departing throng with amazement. She had not seen so many men during the whole of her vacation.

"Poor boys," she said. "They must be bored to death, just sitting round, without Maud's music or Hilda's readings! If you remind me, I will bring home some new records for the gramophone to-morrow."

Instead of records, however, Florence burst into the house with a piece of thrilling news.

"Frank T. Boyer is in town," she cried. "He has been in the office all morning."

"Yes?" returned Nita, non-committally.

Florence looked up sharply.

"I don't believe you have the least idea—Good heavens, Nita, don't act like a member of the public, child! Don't you know who Frank T. Boyer *is?"*

Nita shook her head, removed the napkin from a dish of smoking corn, and motioned her sister to be seated.

"She went carefully over his kit"

"She has to pretend that frivolous things such as men and flirtations no longer interest her"

"Why, he's the biggest corporation lawyer in the United States," explained Florence, with a good deal of impatience and some exaggeration. "He's here to take our case against the D. and L.—but you wouldn't understand that. The principal thing you must get into your head is the fact that he will be here to-night for dinner."

"Dinner?" Nita gasped. "But, why?"

Having burnt herself twice and trickled butter on the front of her last clean blouse, Florence lost patience. She refused to see anything unusual in the biggest corporation lawyer in the United States dining with Mr. Blake's stenographer—or with two unchaperoned girls. But, then, the Cottrel's for that matter had never been chaperoned; to quote Nita: "There were sufficient of them to make even the most frivolous party respectable."

"Why?" she repeated, with cutting irony. "Why *not?*"

Truth to tell, circumstances *did* rob the occasion somewhat of its unusual features. The *City Hotel* was undergoing drastic repairs and had closed its doors to guests; the Milford Club had burned to the ground two weeks

before, and Mrs. Blake, in company with everybody else, was out of town. Indeed, Mr. Blake, himself, had made the suggestion.

"We want to give him a little relief from 'shop', Miss Florence," he had said. "I wonder if you couldn't take him off my hands for dinner, and the evening. 'Pon my word, I don't know what to do with the man."

"I am wondering what I can dig up to wear," the elder sister mused, aloud.

Nita was wondering what she could dig up to eat! Like many another "small town" resident, she had the idea that all New Yorkers live in cafés; and that fish and flesh, fowl and vegetables are rendered appetizing to them only after a complete and thorough disguise, that food which is recognizable to the eye or palate is as offensive as a glass of pure and sparkling—water.

Unfortunately, this was largely true in Boyer's case.

In imagination she saw him tiredly picking at a bit of something *a la Bordelaise,* waiting for the Doo-dab champignons which might just possibly interest him, only to pass it over for a funny-doodle nestling on a hothouse lettuce leaf and flanked by a cohort of lemon slices. Queer and unfamiliar dishes to her, she knew that they were old acquaintances of his, and that as far as food went he could discover nothing new under the sun. With a panicky feeling she thought over all the deserts in her repertoire—the fanciest things, the most troublesome things, those which one sets to-day and which—unsettle one, to-morrow. She discarded them as hopeless and bent her thoughts upon salad. What kind of salad could she offer this jaded cosmopolite when he must have grown tired of every sort known to cooks—Waldorf, Polish, Russian, Ritz—salads made of lettuce, endive, fruit, meat, vegetable—everything, indeed, except the kitchen mop!

Florence broke in upon her.

"When you are not doing anything else," she suggested, "you might take a stitch in my white silk skirt. I meant to ask you to remind me to do it, but one seems to have so many things to think about. And just order what you want; make everything as elaborate as possible, and I will make the necessary apologies for our countrified simplicity!"

They fell upon deaf ears, however.

Frank T. Boyer, thirty-seven, blasé, of superior intelligence, a minion of Mammon, and a man accustomed to the highest artificiality in everything—people, clothes, food—fell upon Nita's simple dinner with a greediness which embarrassed him. He had forgotten there ever were such things to eat. For, instead of trying to rival the Broadway chefs and selecting the most intricate recipes in her cookbook, she had chosen the simplest, the most unpretentious.

Vegetable soup, redolent of real vegetables, and not essence from a bottle, came first, then a roast of this spring's lamb, with that rarest of articles, a well-baked potato, and butter such as one used to get on grandmother's farm; peas, fresh from the garden, unspoiled by the insidious flavour of tin casing, and a bursting head of cauliflower. So far not a lettuce leaf, a canned mushroom, paprika, pimento, or a slice of lemon. There was home-made bread, however, and lots of smooth brown gravy.

He was not conscious, somehow, that Nita got up and changed the plates; she had a quiet, soothing way of doing things, and he was served with delicious fresh asparagus almost before he knew it. This is where he made the acquaintance of Nita's mayonnaise—as different from what he had met before, as a salty tub bath is different from the ocean. He shamelessly took two helpings and began to hope that desert was to be some fool pudding he did not like. But, no—peaches were placed before him; not *les pêches Melba* with whipped cream which will not stand without the

friendly support of cornstarch or gelatine, but plain, Milford peaches, covered with plain unadulterated Milford cream, and accompanied by good, substantial, old-fashioned gingerbread!

Boyer began to suffer, but found he could not stop. It was a clash between abandon and restraint, and restraint lost by long odds. He wondered how efficient were the Milford medical men, and thought fearsomely of going to bed.

As a matter of fact, nothing happened. He returned to Blake's linen-covered, wifeless home, slipped into a man-made bed, and slept dreamlessly. That's the difference between home cooking and the hostile mixtures one pays for in hotels.

Just before he drifted from that comatose state which is half-waking and half-sleeping, into untroubled slumber, however; just while his thoughts revolved around a slip of a girl with flushed cheeks and picturesque ruffled hair, a sense of annoyance came to him. Some jackanapes across the street was singing as he got undressed. Boyer roused himself sufficiently to listen for a moment.

"Ni-ta .. .. We wa-hant Ni-ta," the words of the old song floated out of the fragrant night to him.

"So would anyone, old chap," muttered the corporation lawyer. Then he fell asleep.

The case against the D. and L. did not come off immediately, and Boyer could have gone back to New York or its adjacent resorts. He didn't, though; he seemed to have a good deal to do in Mr. Blake's office, and he acquired the habit of walking home each day with Florence. She certainly was a clever, up-to-date girl. Arrived at the house, he frequently allowed himself to be persuaded to stay for lunch or dinner.

"I am dead to all sense of greed or shame," he used to say. "I can't resist—fact is, I am half starved, truly! Blake gives me a sort of porridge made of coffee grounds in the morning, and he smokes up a perfectly good piece of bread, then calls it toast, but somehow, that is not awfully sustaining diet for a man who has to work over the intricacies of the D. and L. Really, Miss Florence, but for your charity I should have to turn my back upon Milford."

Florence waved any hint of obligation gracefully aside.

"It's nothing, absolutely nothing—no trouble at all," she said. "An extra place at the table and the offering of our simple fare. As for charity—why, it does me no end of good to discuss 'shop' with you."

And Nita took this as her cue to go off and wash the dishes.

But by the time Mr. Cottrel and the girls came home, Boyer had learned a thing or two about a kitchen. He discovered that when he and Florence, trying to help, had stacked greasy dishes together, without first rinsing them under the tap, Nita was always twice as long about her work; he discovered that there is a difference between the use of a dish-towel and the cloth one grabs to wipe up a puddle of milk on the kitchen floor; he learned how to dry the big platter without kneeling down on the floor to turn it over, and he really knew where things were kept much better than Florence.

"At the office I know where to put my hand on everything, from carbon paper to Mr. Blake's gas bill," she boasted. "But at home—well, it seems such a waste of time for a woman with brains to clutter her head with these idiotic details. What does it matter *where* the can-opener belongs? Just like setting a splendid mathematician at turning a freezer of ice cream, isn't it?"

Boyer dropped the plate he was drying. At least, Florence thought he dropped it, but Nita would have sworn he threw it on the floor. Anyway, it gave him an excuse to order a beautiful set of Worcester for them.

He did not see much of Nita after

"Then all at once she felt herself clasped very, very close"

the others came back. Maud returned prostrated by her labours as musician in a small summer hotel—utterly prostrated—up to five o'clock in the afternoons! She required breakfast and lunch in bed, something delicate and appetizing. Hilda, suffering from an excess of artistic temperament, found it totally impossible to confine herself within the bounds of ordinary living and demanded especial attention. She rehearsed Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene with candle, gore stains and other "props", in the middle of the night; and she did a remarkably good imitation of Rip Van Winkle's nap by day. Even Mr. Cottrel was not himself, declaring things lost which were right under his nose, forgetting things which were useless when remembered; making, in brief, only such a nuisance of himself as can the inconsiderate man who loafs around the house all day.

Each of the girls found in Boyer their affinity, and they fought for him in the sweetly affectionate way so artistically employed by certain types of catty women.

"You must let *me* have Mr. Boyer to-night," Maud would say at dinner. "I want his advise on some of the de Bussey music . . ."

Or Hilda would saunter in as desert was being served and claim for a discussion on Browning's "Strafford". Florence, of course. demanded him most frequently by reason of the indisputable legal bond existing between them and by right of prior claim.

Even Mr. Cottrel was not to be outdone by his daughters, bearing the guest off whenever possible for an airing of opinions—his opinions—on Turner's upper sky effects.

There seemed no excuse, however, for thrusting a discussion of domestic science into this intensified artistic atmosphere. Beside, Nita had little time to sit and talk. There was pickling to be done, and the autumn house-cleaning loomed ahead, a hateful, menacing shadow.

Everything began suddenly to grow irksome and difficult to her. Never had the kitchen seemed so hot, the dishes so numerous, the nights so short, or the days so long. Several times she scorched the food, forgot to remind Hilda, overslept herself, and therefore caused her father to miss painting his masterpiece—a late-summer sunrise. Florence found holes in her stockings, had to mend them herself, and was late for the office. She was furious. Severally and individually they all expressed themselves in the unmistakably frank way which signified flagrant disapproval of the youngest member of the family.

But even this failed to rouse Nita to a sense of her shortcomings; she felt as though a film had come between her and life. Moving about in a dull and dreamy sort of way, she fell a prey to that kind of absorption which makes a person jump when spoken to—for the third time. She would catch herself standing perfectly still, in an attitude of waiting, much as one would stand listening to a clock striking. Only in Nita's case the final clang never sounded. She kept foolishly listening—waiting.

The case against the D. and L. was called and . . . "We won," said Florence smugly. "Of course, I knew we would—with you here, Mr. Boyer."

Hilda uncurled herself from a darkened corner of the verandah.

"Well, that is some confession from you, Florrie," she remarked sweetly. "Usually, you take the stand that it was your connection with the firm which carried the day."

Unprepared with a sufficiently nettlesome retort, Florence held her tongue at the moment, but she took her revenge upon Maud, who returned shortly afterward from the Conservatory concert.

"Artistically, I think, we may congratulate ourselves," Maud murmured. "And my own small share in the huge success is entirely due to you, dear Mr. Boyer. But for your suggestions, I am sure I should have phrased that passage differently."

"Maud, my blessed child," interrupted Florence, "don't fall into the habit of taking your strumming too seriously. What difference could it make to the whole concert whether you put a comma or an exclamation point after a bar? Music is one of those vague, indefinite things which does not depend upon any degree of accuracy. Not much like the mighty law, is it, Mr. Boyer?" she smiled brilliantly.

Nita came quietly out to the verandah carrying a tray with coffee and mocha cake—Boyer's favourite. She sensed the strained atmosphere at once and flushed with embarrassment.

"I'm so sorry you and Flo couldn't have heard Maudie play to-night," she said easily. "Really, dear girl, you surpassed yourself. I, for one, shall not be surprised to hear that they have put you on the Conservatory staff."

She handed the first cup to Florence.

"There, you'll feel better for that, Flo. I always hate these days when a long case is being tried. Simply exhausting for one who works as conscientiously as you do, dear. Isn't it a shame, Mr. Boyer, that women are debarred from practising law in our Province? I am not a bit of a Suffragette—haven't enough brains—but I *do* think it grossly unfair for a woman with Florence's mind not to have an equal chance with men."

Florence nibbled the icing on her cake and thought how shabby Nita looked in that awful old blue dimity. She decided that she could spare one of her serge skirts—perhaps.

"Two lumps and no cream?" Nita turned to Boyer.

Her pretty matter-of-factness was blissfully restful after the sharp, would-be cleverness of the other girls. She was not the sort of creature who would absent-mindedly sew a pajama button on an evening shirt or give one cream and no sugar if one liked coffee the other way.

He murmured his thanks as he took the cup from her, and she noticed that his hand shook, but she could not see the expression in his eyes.

Then feeling that the girls were mollified, that her immediate work was accomplished, she left them, and, like Cinderella, went slowly back to the kitchen.

She stood in the middle of the floor, her physical eye on the pot of pickles all ready for to-morrow's boiling. Heaven knows what she was thinking, but suddenly that physical eye filled with scalding tears which rolled down her cheek in a hot line and splashed on the faded old blue dimity.

The kitchen door behind her opened. Nita strangled a sob and bit her lips hard. She did not turn. Then all at once she felt herself clasped very, very close; a beloved face pressed against hers; the trembling of her mouth was stopped. She was in Boyer's arms.

"It's onions," she muttered irrationally, a moment later, wiping her eyes.

"It's dew-laden rose leaves," he contradicted, again kissing her lips.

It was three weeks later.

Nita sat a long time by the window in her tiny, hot room under the eaves, looking into a sapphire, silver-spangled sky. She was too utterly tired to sleep and her over-worked brain buzzed and whirred like a tightly-wound spring suddenly released.

Had she reminded everybody of everything—her father to get his clothes pressed, Maud to buy seven more silver bugles, Florence to wash her hair, Hilda—well, she made a list of the things Hilda must be reminded to do, and she put it somewhere . . . somewhere . . . Had she seen to everything about the house, her own hurried trousseau? Would Mrs. Robertson remember to bring over the extra china without being reminded again?

She flung herself across her little cot and thought with almost hysterical joy of the morrow.

"When I leave home," she said to herself, trying to blink back the tears and quell the unusual rebellion which would rise in her heart, "I won't have to remind anybody of anything ever again!"

Then a ludicrous thought popped into her head. Harry Graham had said he married to be emancipated from drum-sticks—he was the youngest of a large family—but Nita Cottrel will be married so as to be emancipated from reminding!

The wedding day dawned cloudless and bright. But even happiness could not erase from Nita's appearance the marks left by fatigue and a racking headache. She dragged herself listlessly about and superintended everything from the decorating to the culinary arrangements.

"Ought you to have reminded Dick to bring the wedding ring?" asked Florence, as though pleased with herself for remembering such an unimportant trifle.

The ceremony passed off without a hitch. Nita had not remembered to remind Nita that the bride should cut the cake, and Florence usurped that privilege herself, but everyone accepted it as a joke, so what did it matter?

She dressed in her simple costume mechanically, feeling as one does in a horrible dream when one suddenly finds oneself abroad with insufficient clothes on. Had she put on her petti-

coat outside her skirt, or was she wearing an apron instead of a blouse?

"*Am* I all right?" she asked desperately trying to prod her mind into an upright position. And the girls looked at her carelessly and said, "Oh, yes, you'll do."

She flung her bouquet into the sea of faces below her, impressed with the grotesque fact that they looked like a blur of vari-shaped teeth; she felt Boyer's arm about her as she ducked and ran for the taxi. Something stung her face and dribbled coldly down her back.

"The dashed fools," her husband muttered, shaking the rice from his clothes.

The trip in the train, the jerky drive through New York's crowded streets at dusk, even dinner at the hotel, made no impression upon Nita. There is to this day a hiatus in her mind. It was not until later that, filtering through the fog of her numbed senses, Boyer's words meant anything to her.

"All tired out," he said sympathetically, sitting down on a comfy davenport beside her. "Well, we'll just have a great old rest at the sea, you and I—won't do a thing but sit around. . . . . Oh, by the way, dearest," he broke off suddenly, "please don't forget to remind me to get new razor blades to-morrow. I can't remember these things, so you'll have to be the mind of this family!"

"THE HOUSE IS STILL"

BY P. M. MACDONALD

THE house rang through with noisy joys
 From tender dawn till gentle night;
The floors were littered o'er with toys
 And armies waging mimic fight.

There was no room where riot died;
 The dust could find no place to sleep;
The stairs were his toboggan slide—
 Down he careened with clamorous sweep.

But with the darkness came his rest,
 And, when we stole to see our boy,
We kissed his hands upon his breast,
 And said, "In sleep he can't annoy".

Now in the churchyard's kindly clay
 His curls are wet with autumn's rain,
While we are pining for his play,
 With mingled memories that pain.

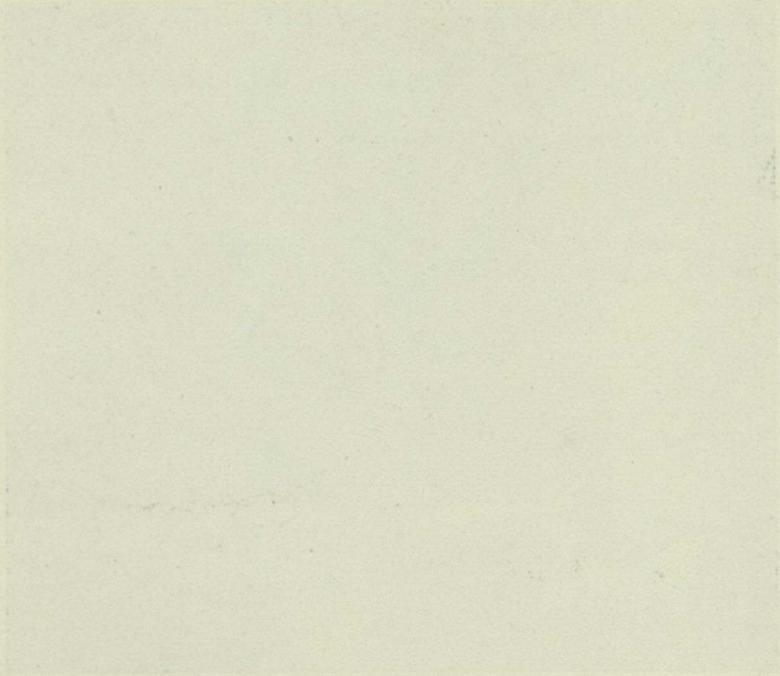
And all the house is still, too still;
 Night is like day and day like night—
Oh! could he but return and fill
 Its placid gloom with stir and light,

No aged behaviour would we ask;
 No studied silence deep and wise;
With thankful hearts in every task,
 Our way would wend 'neath rapturous skies.

OCTOBER DAY

From the Painting by
Homer Watson, R.C.A.

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition



PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

I.—MARIE ANN LAJIMONIERE: SETTLER AND HOMEMAKER

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, the pioneer is a pathfinder, discovering the way for other people to walk in, or a soldier, preparing the road for the marching of an army.

The word rings grandly in our Canadian ears. It is a synonym for courage, resource, perseverance, bringing to mind one picture after another of men of fine, simple, heroic mould, doing and daring and building better than they knew.

And the word is no less full of import, as applied to women—to Canadian women, thousands of whom, treading divergent paths, bridging all manner of difficulties, struggling forward to different goals, have prepared for us of to-day—and are preparing for the army of those who come after—new highways to the worthy ends of life.

This series of papers will deal with the work of a few distinguished Canadian women, chosen almost at random from the number who in some way or other may claim rank as pioneers.

First on our list is the name of Marie Anne Lajimonière, a pioneer in the sense in which the word is perhaps most frequently used. She has been described as "the first Canadian woman in the Northwest", and her story, translated from the French of M. l'Abbé G. Dugast, was published in 1901, by the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba. Though written in a somewhat dry, matter-of-fact fashion, it contains all the elements of a wild romance.

The narrative begins when its heroine, Marie Anne Gaboury, was a pretty young woman of twenty-five. Her skin, we are told, was very white and her features regular; her character we are left o make out for ourselves. At this time she had been living for eleven years in the quiet house of the village priest of Maskinonge, but the succeeding eleven years of her life were full to overflowing with joy and sorrow, change and adventure, privation and danger.

In the winter of 1807 the villagers were stirred to unaccustomed excitement by the return of one of their number, Jean-Baptiste Lajimonière, who had travelled almost, as it seemed, to another world—the far Northwest—and had seen and done wonders since he had left Maskinonge, five years earlier. Of course, he was feted and made much of, and at some of the gatherings in his honour Marie

Anne obtained permission to be present. The result was that she lost her heart to the bold voyageur. It may be that, like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he

"Lov'd her that she did pity them".

At any rate, the restless fellow in his brief visit home wooed and won and wedded her.

But here comes in the tragedy of her life. The girl thought her bridegroom meant to settle down after his wanderings—to farm in his native place. But whether or not the deception was intentional, the call of the wild proved stronger than the entreaties of his bride, and not many days after the wedding, Marie Anne had to choose between giving up her husband to go back alone to the wilderness or bidding farewell to her kith and kin and her old quiet home. She made the choice that perhaps most true women would have made, and a few days later set out for what was then a very far country, though she lived long enough to see the union of the whole vast land in one Dominion.

Doubtless in the hour of parting Marie held fast to thoughts of a happy meeting with her own people at some future time, for she was young and surely courageous. But these hopes, if she cherished them, were doomed to disappointment. She lived seventy years longer, to the extreme old age of ninety-six, without ever even "hearing of the relations, whom she had left in Canada".

The next chapter of her life opens with the two months' journey to the Red River. At Lachine, Lajimonière took passage for himself and his wife —the only woman of the party—in one of a brigade of great canoes bound for the trading forts of the north. Each of these vessels had a crew of eighteen men and was so heavy that it required eight men to carry it at the numerous portages.

Now began for Marie Anne the experience of sleeping out on the bare ground beneath the stars, whilst twice during the voyage on Lake Superior the travellers were overtaken by violent tempests. Several of the canoes were lost, but that which bore the white woman and her husband escaped, and in due time they reached Lake Winnipeg and paddled up the Red River to Pembina.

Lajimonière, during his previous sojourn in the wilderness, had taken an Indian wife. This woman was living near Pembina and, though she had been deserted for a year before the hunter left for his old home in the east, she was naturally jealous of the woman he had brought back with him. Plotting vengeance, she pretended great friendliness to her innocent rival, but another squaw to whom she had confided her intention of poisoning Madame Lajominière, warned the hunter, who carried her off out of danger for a while.

Soon, however, he judged it safe to return to the fort at Pembina, and there was born Marie Ann's first child, a daughter. This infant was not five months old, when her roving father determined to make a journey up the Saskatchewan, with three other Canadian traders and their Indian wives. Of course, his wife had to go also. She followed the Indian fashion of packing her baby in a moss-bag and, as the canoes were small, was forced to be content with the smallest possible supply of provisions and "necessaries". They spent weeks on the way, hunting and fishing as they went.

Reaching Fort Cumberland, Marie Anne found that her fame had travelled before her, and the Indians, believing that the wonderful white woman could kill them by a glance, endeavoured to gain her favour with presents and long speeches.

"Have mercy on us. We only wish to look at you," they cried.

After a brief rest the party pushed on, but one of the hunters was blinded and horribly mangled by a bear, and for the remainder of that weary journey, Marie Anne had to

care for this poor unfortunate as well as her baby.

Summer had ended when they reached the Fort of the Prairies, where Edmonton now stands. At this post Marie spent four successive winters, whilst her husband went off on his hunting expeditions. In the summer she used often to accompany him, and once, when she and the Indian wife of one of her husband's comrades were alone in a tent on the prairie, they were surrounded by a fierce-looking band of Crees. The white woman suffered nothing worse than a terrible fright, but on the following day, Lajominière started with her for the fort. She rode with a bag of provisions hung to her saddle on one side, and on the other her little child in her moss-bag. Suddenly a herd of buffaloes crossed their path, and the horse, accustomed to the chase, started madly in pursuit. Marie was in terror lest he should come up with the herd and she and her child be trampled to death, but in vain she tried to check him. She could only cling to his mane with all her strength till Jean-Baptiste contrived to cut across the runaway's path and stop him. A few hours later her second child was born in a camp on the prairie.

This child, a pretty little fellow with blue eyes and fair hair, was much admired by the Indians. A Blackfoot squaw almost succeeded in stealing him, and an Assiniboine chief wished to buy him for two horses and a child of his own.

It was not without reason that his mother feared the Indians, for in 1809 the Cree wives and children of Lajominière's associates were massacred by the Sarcees, and Marie Anne and her husband only saved themselves by a ruse and flight.

In 1811 rumours reached the Fort of the Prairies concerning Lord Selkirk's intention to found a colony on the Red River, and Lajimonière, proposing at last to settle down, set out eastwards with his family. Possibly the lonely Canadian woman dreamed dreams of a peaceful home and congenial friends after her toilsome wanderings. But little peace or comfort was to be hers for many a long year to come.

The family now had to share the troubles and disasters that befell the Selkirk colony, whilst trying to make good its footing in Manitoba. Sent out under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, the settlers were met by the bitter hostility of the rival North-West Company. Lajimonière, an independent trader, took sides with the Hudson's Bay Company, and in the autumn of 1815, four years after his return to the Red River, he undertook the perilous commission of carrying a letter from the Governor of Fort Douglas to Lord Selkirk in Montreal. He made the outward journey safely, but returning was captured by the Nor'-Westers and was held prisoner at Fort William till released by a force of armed men, sent by Selkirk to protect his colony.

During three of these stormy years, Marie had lived with her children (now four in number) in a hut on the banks of the Assiniboine, a dozen miles from the nearest neighbour. With difficulty Lajimoniere supported them by hunting, and the hut was a wretched one, without either door or window. Before his journey to Montreal, he took his wife and her little ones to Fort Douglas, but during his absence Governor Semple and some twenty of his men were killed in an encounter with the Nor'-Westers, and Madame Lajimonière had to fly from Fort Douglas (which was speedily surrendered by the settlers) to take refuge with a friendly Indian.

Her next abode was a deserted hut, and here her husband, whom she had mourned for months as dead, found her, making a brave fight to keep alive her helpless children, of whom the eldest was not yet ten years old.

When Selkirk visited the colony, he gave Lajimonière a grant of land on the Red River, opposite Point Doug-

las, which, in 1882, was sold by one of his sons for $100,000. But here Marie Anne spent her first winter in a hole in the ground, covered with thatch. Next summer, however, when two Roman Catholic missionaries arrived, she was able to offer them hospitality in a real house, built of logs.

She was delighted to see the good fathers, in whose work she assisted to the utmost of her power. A few days after their arrival, they baptized about a hundred little Indians and half-breeds, who were under six years of age (as well as the two youngest Lajimonières); and Marie Anne, "being the only Christian woman in the colony, stood godmother to them all".

At last life seemed to be brightening for this much-tried woman. It was a great joy to take part again in the services of her beloved church and to dwell in a settled home. It was not a small thing to have a little civilized food to supplement the "wild meat" on which she had lived for twelve years, never tasting bread. By some means Lajimonière had become possessed of one of the four cows then in the Red River country, and his wife and children cleared a small piece of ground. But their troubles were not over.

For several successive years grasshoppers destroyed the settlers' crops, another season a plague of mice devastated the fields, and seed grain became hard to obtain. But 1824 and 1825 were joyous years of abundant harvests.

Then in 1826 came the historic flood, when the Red River rose high above its banks, inundated leagues of that flat country and swept everything the people owned into Lake Winnipeg. Lajimonière's little house went down with the rest, and he and his family were very nearly starved, on the patch of higher ground where they had taken refuge, before the cruel flood subsided. His wife wished then to return to Canada, but Lajimonière, still determined to remain, speedily built a new house; and so it came about that Marie Anne lived for over fifty years longer in the Red River country, spending her last days in the house of her son, Benjamin, youngest of the children whom she had brought up under such extraordinary trials and difficulties.

The next sketch of this series will treat of the life and work of Dr. Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, the first Canadian woman doctor of medicine.

RE-VIEWS of the LITERARY HISTORY of CANADA

By J. D. Logan

ESSAY III.—THE SECOND RENAISSANCE OF CANADIAN NATIVISTIC POETRY

N another occasion in *The Canadian Magazine* I noted the decade between 1903 and 1913 respectively the year which saw the close of the First Renaissance of Canadian poetry with the publication of Pauline Johnson's "Canadian Born", and the year following the publication of R. W. Service's volume of verse, entitled "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone", which marked the end of the vogue of what I have called "The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry", as a period of vulgarity, and even of obscenity, in the nativistic verse of the Dominion. I was, however, careful to observe that there was during that decade considerable pure poetry wrought by such singers as Arthur Stringer, Peter McArthur, Alan Sullivan, Archibald Sullivan, Albert E. S. Smythe, W. T. Allison, Albert D. Watson, J. W. Garvin, James B. Dollard, Archibald MacMechan, J. Edgar Middleton, William E. Marshall, Eric Mackay Yeoman, J. C. M. Duncan, Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Jean Blewett, Jean Graham, Virna Sheard, Helena Coleman, "Katherine Hale" (Mrs. Garvin), "Richard Scarce" (Mrs. Williamson), Marjorie Pickthall (who is *sui generis*), and by other singers gifted with the vision of beauty, obedient to the æsthetic conscience, and devoted to the envisagement of artistic ideals in all they wrote. These devout servants of the Muse Euterpe were successors of the Robertsian group of poets, not mere imitators; and had it not been for their saving grace, the decade of the vaudevillian vogue in Canadian poetry would have witnessed a deluge of vulgarity, and Canadian nativistic verse would have become an abomination.

After the deluge of the vaudevillian verse, which has ended, a Second Renaissance of Canadian poetry was inevitable, and it is already upon us. I recall that I had prognosticated this new movement when I reviewed the first volume of Lloyd Roberts's verse, "England Overseas", in 1914, in *The Montreal Herald and Telegraph*. Silence in the matter on the part of other Canadian literary critics led me to believe that no one else saw signs of a second renaissance of Canadian nativistic poetry, even though Mr. Newton MacTavish, in his review of Roberts's volume, called attention

to the fact of my prognostication. But I am no longer alone in my view. No less important Canadian man of letters than Mr. Peter McArthur declares *The Globe*, Toronto, February 6th, 1916, that he is "just about convinced that we are enjoying a reawakening of the poetic spirit, which may give us new songs and new ideals for the days of trial that are threatening. The signs all indicate that a literary revival [in Canada] is now in progress". In this reference Mr. McArthur mentions the names of such Canadian poets as Robert Norwood, James B. Dollard, Arthur Phelps and Arthur S. Bourinot; and because he finds the verse of these and other later Canadian poets reprinted in American newspapers and periodicals and frequently runs across "enthusiasts" in Canada who take him aside and repeat to him the verses of these poets, Mr. McArthur regards these two facts as "sure signs" of a genuine renaissance in contemporary Canadian poetry.

As the First Renaissance of Canadian poetry had its origin and inspiration in Nova Scotia, so the Second Renaissance was initiated by men and women who, in general, are natives of Nova Scotia and the sister Maritime Provinces and who, in particular, have been born or educated or poetically inspired, or all three, in Nova Scotia. Others belonging to the same group and movement are natives of Ontario and of the Prairie Provinces. The most significant poets and poetesses contributing to this Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic and national poetry are Eric Mackay Yeoman (deceased), Lloyd Roberts, Robert W. Underwood, Alexander Louis Fraser, W. A. Creelman, Charles F. Crandall, William E. Marshall, Lucy M. Montgomery, Clare Giffin, Hugh John Maclean, Arthur L. Phelps, Bernard F. Trotter, Andrew Rae Macdonald, Norah M. Holland, Laura E. McCully, Andrew Doane Merkel, Carroll C. Aikins, Mary Cornell and Arthur S. Bourinot. From the points of view of quantity of verse and of systematic publication, the movement is somewhat tentative or not yet positive and strong. Only a few of the foregoing poets have published even their first volume of verse. But though so far they may not, as a group, have contributed anything substantially important to the great sum of Canadian nativistic poetry, they all have engaged themselves to envisage pure beauty in their themes and to be loyal to ideals if fine artistry and craftsmanship in whatsoever they write.

It is not to be expected that the poets and poetesses of the Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic verse will be able to contribute by way of new themes anything original to the *corpus* of the poetry of the Dominion. Like their predecessors, they have Canadian external nature, history and achievement, and Canadian ideals, institutions, and civilization for poetic inspiration and treatment, but these themes have largely been pre-empted by the Robertsian group and their immediate successors. The new group of poets and poetesses, then, were, and will be, left free to choose strictly nativistic or national themes, or un-Canadian themes, and to devote themselves to originality of invention, or conception, or technical artistry—to imaginative vision, incarnation of spiritual essences, and pure beauty of imagery, verbal colour and music. And so we find it. The poets and poetesses of the Second Renaissance are either nature-painters and nature-musicians, or lyrists of love, or singers of "the noble living and the noble dead".

By accident of death and also of post-humous publication of his collected verse, compiled and published, with an Introduction by Mr. Newton MacTavish in 1910, Eric Mackay Yeoman is here precluded from being considered more than the first significant poet of the new movement. Had he lived, it is altogether likely

that Yeoman would have published either before or synchronously with Service's last book of verse (1912) a considerable volume of authentic poetry, and thus have been the genuine initiator of the Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic poetry. But as fate has begrudged him that distinction, I must give the honour of initiating, at least chronologically, the new movement to another. I cannot, however, pass without briefly signalizing some of the qualities of Eric Mackay Yeoman's poetry. The deceased poet was born at Newcastle, New Brunswick, in 1885, and was educated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Dalhousie University. After graduating from college, he entered the field of journalism in that city. He died of brain fever in 1909. In the brief time that Yeoman devoted himself to literary work, he produced, as Mr. MacTavish says, "poetry of a uniformly lofty character and pure lyric beauty"—tinged, let me add, with a sort of Keltic melancholy or regret for the perishableness of all the lovely things of earth and life. His "Rosalie", a sonnet sequence, is full of beauty and contains many arresting lines. Beauteous, too, are such poems of his as "To a Violet", "Autumn", and "Sing Low, Wild Bird". I can give a suggestion of his lyric quality and of the note of melancholy in his verse by quoting Yeoman's two-stanza poem, "The Sweetest Things are First to Die":

"One morn in meditative mood
I wandered where the flowers grew,
And found beside the green wildwood
The fairest flower I ever knew,
Next morn 'twas dead. 'Ah, me!' said I,
'The sweetest things are first to die'."

"I had a love; gold was her hair,
Her eyes were blue as summer skies.
She showed me joy was everywhere—
Taught me Time's wings dropped melodies.
But she is dead. 'Ah, me!' I cry,
'The sweetest things are first to die'."

Little, we may suppose, did the young singer of that sweetly sad lyric realize that he was, to use that most expressive Gaelic term, "keening" his own passing; for he went the way to the vale of Avalon barely after reaching manhood and the first expression of his poetic genius. We his elders, who watched his coming and waited for the glory that was not to be, can now only write his epitaph: *"Vir optimae spei"*—a man of the finest promise; but, alas, promise given no chance by Fate to fulfil itself.

The honour of giving reality, if not a constructive impetus, to the Second Renaissance of Canadian poetry seems to belong to Mr. Lloyd Roberts, who, early in 1914, published a volume of delectable verse entitled, "England Overseas". Mr. Roberts is the son of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts; and though born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, was reared and educated during the years in which his father was professor of literature and creative man of letters at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Aside from the mere temporary place of his birth—for the place was a mere domestic incident—the younger Roberts is essentially a Nova Scotian, and had his poetic genius formed, his eye for colour and the beauties and the music of nature developed in his Nova Scotia home and environment. No doubt, he inherited the bias to poetry from his father, and no doubt learned the principles of fine technical artistry from him, but, as a matter of fact, in his published verse, young Roberts shows qualities—love of sprightly nature and the gift of a singularly lyrical lilt—that are nearer the verse of his father's cousin, the inimitable lyrist of the seasons, the vagrom heart, and the open road, Bliss Carman. In his first volume, the younger Roberts is an enchanting lover of nature, a vivid colourist, and a most melodious verbal musician. In this volume, nature is, in his own phrase, "the star"—always the theme and in the foreground. In a recent letter to me he states that in his next volume of verse, now in preparation, he has changed his "pagan

penchant for a more, as it were, Christian or spiritual attitude", and will use nature only as a background to his imaginative and musical verses. The younger Roberts, however, is, as I have said, a brilliant nature-painter and a winning verbal melodist. I quote an example:

THE SCARLET TRAILS

Crimson and gold in the paling sky;
The rampikes black where they tower on high—
And we follow the trails in the early dawn
Through the glades where the white frosts lie.

Down where the flaming maples meet;
Where the leaves are blood before our feet,
We follow the lure of the twisting paths
While the air tastes thin and sweet.

Leggings and jackets are drenched with dew;
The long thin barrels are cold and blue;
But the glow of the Autumn burns in our veins,
And the eyes and hands are true.

Where the sun drifts down from overhead
(Tangled gleams in the scarlet bed),
Rush of wings through the forest aisle—
And the leaves are a brighter red.

Loud drum the cocks in the thickets nigh;
Gray is the smoke where the ruffed grouse die.
There's blackened shell in the trampled fern
When the white moon swims the sky.

The next important poet of the Second Renaissance is Robert W. Norwood, an Anglican clergyman, rector of Cronyn Memorial Church, London, Ontario. Mr. Norwood is a Nova Scotian by nativity and education, having been born at New Ross, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and educated at several Canadian universities, including King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he came under the intellectual and æsthetic influence of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. Like the younger Roberts, Mr. Norwood is an exquisite colourist and musician; but he is *sui generis* as a singer of spiritual love. It is his mastery of verbal colour and music and his power of spiritual exaltation that made his first volume of poems, "His Lady of the Sonnets'" published in 1915, the most novel and appealing volume of original verse by a Canadian that has appeared in a quarter of a century. I quote two examples:

I meet you in the mystery of the night,
A dear Dream Goddess on a crescent moon;
An opalescent splendour like a moon
Of lilies; and I wonder that the height
Should darken for the depth to give me light—
Light of your face, so lovely that I swoon
With gazing, and then wake to find how soon
Joy of the world fades when you fade from sight.
Beholding you I am Endymion,
Lost and immortal in Latmian dreams:
With Dian bending down to look upon
Her shepherd, whose aeonian slumber seems
A moment, twinkling like a starry gem
Among the jewels of her diadem.

Is there any love-sonnet as such in American or in English literature more winning in colour and verbal music than the foregoing from Mr. Norwood's arresting and emotionally pervasive sequence? An an example of his rare genius for spiritualizing love, I quote the following:

Last night I crossed the spaces to your side,
As you lay sleeping in the sacred room
Of our great moment. Like a lily's bloom,
Fragile and white were you, my spirit-bride,
For pain and loneliness with you abide,
And Death had thought to touch you with his doom,
Until Love stood angelic at the tomb,
Drew sword, smote him and Life's door opened wide.
I looked on you and breathed upon your hair—
Your hair of such soft, brown, translucent gold!
Nor did you know that I knelt down in prayer,
Clasped hands, and worshipped you for the untold
Magnificence of womanhood divine—
God's miracle of Water turned to Wine!

In those exquisitely wrought, sensuously-coloured and yet spiritually elevating or transmuting verses, I discover a new note of authentic poetry, as if Dante, or Rossetti, or Keats, or Patmore, or Tennyson had returned

to earth, reincarnated, so far forth, in the genius of Robert W. Norwood—a new note heralding the coming of a novel quality and a fresh excellence into Canadian nativistic poetry of the Second Renaissance. Mr. Norwood expresses his poetic genius also in other verse-forms—dramas and dramatic dialogues—in which he shows decided originality of invention and treatment. But, in my view, it is as a colourist, musician, and interpreter of the spiritual meanings of human experience that he is a superb and superior poet.

Like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky, came into the revival in Canadian poetry an unexpected lyrist, having a new note or notes. This was Hugh John Maclean, son of William Maclean, M.P., proprietor of *The Toronto World*, and himself managing director of that journal. The poet was born near Toronto, and educated at Toronto University. In February, 1914, there appeared in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* a poem, with the uninviting, laconic title, "Just a Clerk", by H. J. Maclean. It caught the attention of the New York literary critics, and set them inquiring who the new poet could be. For they had noted in the poem an unusual sincerity, a direct simplicity in treating poignantly a lowly theme, and refined technical artistry. There was hardly any colour in it, and no elaborate structure and music, but only elemental humanity and pathos. These, then, are the new notes that Hugh John Maclean has introduced into Canadian nativistic poetry of the Second Renaissance, namely, sincerity, humanity, and simple pathos, winningly phrased. I quote Mr. Maclean's "Just a Clerk":

Lord, I am but a little clerk,
  That scratches with a pen;
I rise and eat and toil and sleep,
  Just as all other men.

The only colours in my life
  Are drabs, and duns, and grays,
Yet on the whole I am content
  To tread the beaten ways.

But sometimes when the mid-spring mist
  Floats on the scented night,
Strange spirits whisper in my ear,
  And visions cross my sight.

I see myself a gracious youth,
  In purple and bright steel;
The golden spurs of knightly worth
  Are glistening on each heel.

I ride into a world of dreams,
  And with my pennoned lance
I pierce the mystic veil that hides
  The land of high romance.

But as I pass through Galahad's glades,
  Adventuring on my way,
A ghost is ever at my back,
  The ghost of every day.

And soon or late its horrid hand,
  That never yields or strays,
Will hurl me from the land of dreams,
  Back to the beaten ways.

O, Lord, some pray to Thee for gold,
  Some for a woman's smile;
But all I ask is breath of life,
  Once for a little while.

Grant me, before I pass beyond,
  One chance to play a part,
To drop the guise of the little clerk
  And show the man at heart.

Now, that poem might have been only a brilliant stunt. But Mr. Maclean, in a subsequent poem, entitled "A Masque", showed convincingly that the gift to envisage and poignantly to express elemental humanity and pathos in exquisite, though simple, verse, was the essence of his poetic genius. In "A Masque" the poet reveals the nobility of the jester's or the "low comedian's" *rôle* in the drama of life. I quote:

These three before the Judgment-Seat:
  A Priest, a Soldier, and a Clown.

THE SOLDIER

I fought Thy fight,
My sword's red reek
  Was as rare incense at Thy Shrine.
Of Vandals that defiled Thy name
  Few were left standing in the line.

THE PRIEST

I spoke Thy Word,
And men, enthralled,
  Fell penitent at Thy dear feet;
I won the sinner from his sin,
  I sought the tares and made them wheat.

THE CLOWN

I could not preach,
I could not fight.
My work was small through all my years,
Thy Children lay in agony;
I made them smile amidst their tears.

THE VOICE

All three have served,
And, service done,
The well of peace shall slake their thirst.
The Kingdom lies behind the Throne;
Enter—But let the Clown be First.

As a poetic treatment of a moral paradox, or of the discrepancy between God's and Man's ways of thinking and of justice, Mr. Maclean's poem is as original in conception as Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem", while in choice of poetic form, dramatic presentation of truth, and in spiritual conclusiveness Mr. Maclean's poem indubitably surpasses Leigh Hunt's, and is unique at least in Canadian, if not in English, literature.

I am not compiling an anthology of later Canadian verse, but noting and signalizing distinctive persons and fresh original notes in the Second Renaissance of Canadian nativistic poetry. Much, then, as I wish to quote at length from other members of the new group of Canadian poets and poetesses, I must desist from further illustration, and merely mention Lucy M. Montgomery's poignant love lyric "You", and her exquisitely winsome nature-pastel, "Memory Pictures", with its memorably fine line, "Eyes holy as a prayer"; William A. Creelman's lofty lyric, "Along the Skyroads", Charles F. Crandall's colourful and romantic descriptive verses, "Inland", Andrew Doane Merkel's dainty miniature, "The Mayflower", and his fine descriptive and narrative poems, "Sea Gulls" and "The Loyalists", Andrew Rae Macdonald's sensuous and musical love lyric, "The Vagrom Heart", Miss Clare Giffin's noble sonnet of spiritual love, "The Questing Heart", Miss Norah M. Holland's exquisitely coloured and tender war-lyric, "April in England", Carroll C. Aikins's impressive apostrophe in blank verse to the Province of Alberta, and Arthur S. Bourinot's moving sonnet to the memory of the late Rupert Brooks, and his tender and musical war-lyric, beginning, "They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor". I have mentioned only a few of the best poems by a few of the Second Renaissance group. But there is one whose work I must specially consider and estimate, namely, Mr. William E. Marshall, lyric and elegiac poet.

Prior to 1914 only one Canadian poet had composed an elegiac poem to which could be applied the epithets "great and noble", or which could justly take a place beside such monodies or threnodies as Milton's "Lucidas", Shelley's "Adonais", Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis", or Emerson's "Dirge". This Canadian monody was Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's "Ave", which, though subtitled "An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth", is so suffused with ideas and emotions of death and of spiritual loss that it is essentially a threnody.

The next really fine and noble Canadian monody or threnody was Mr. W. E. Marshall's "Brookfield", which is a memorial to the genius and character of the late R. R. MacLeod, who was, or may be called, the Nova Scotian or Canadian Thoreau. Published in 1914, it consists of twenty-five stanzas, composed in the Spencerian stanzaic form. Before publication it had received the high commendation of the scholarly and brilliant Canadian editor and essayist, Dr. Andrew McPhail, and immediately on its appearance in print was hailed as a notable poetic performance by critics in the United States, particularly by Mr. E. W. Thomson, himself a gifted poet, and one of the literary critics on the staff of *The Boston Transcript*. Mr. Thomson signalized "Brookfield" as a threnody exquisitely wrought and compellingly expressing "certain poignant notes of personal affection,

even such as immortalize Bishop King's 'Exiquy of His Wife', Emerson's 'Dirge' and 'Threnody', the 'Lycidas' of Milton, Matthew Arnold's 'Thyrsis', Whitman's 'Captain, My Captain', Kipling's 'A Charm'." I quote the concluding stanza of "Brookfield" to show something of the poet's quality:

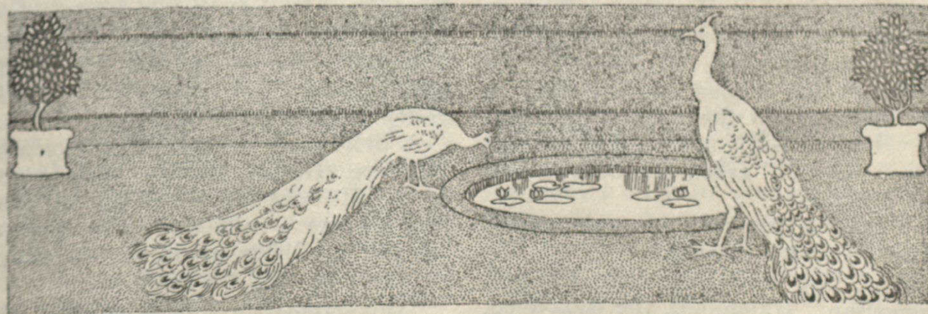
O, friend, who so didst joy of knowledge use,
That men look up and brighten at thy name,
And speak of genius, and put by the news
To tell some good of one death cannot claim,
Nor life require to read in sculptured fame,
The wind upon the hill hath sweetest hush;
The day is melting into tenderest flame;
And from the valley, where the waters rush,
Comes up the evensong of the lone hermit-thrush.

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott's "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris", published in 1915, is the third elegiac poem in Canadian literature that has in it the qualities of quintessential poetry. A detailed appreciation of these three elegiac monodies would require an essay by itself; I shall, therefore, say no more about them except to remark that it is a signal distinction that three Canadian poets—two of the First Renaissance (Roberts and Scott), and one of the Second Renaissance (W. E. Marshall) —should have written monodies that artistically and emotionally considered have won the admiration of scholarly and sincere critics who have praised them as being noble and exalting and worthy to be remembered with the great threnodies of the English and the American poets.

Elsewhere I have submitted that a renaissance in a people's literature is equally a renaissance of that people's genius and national life. The current reawakening of the poetic spirit in Canadians must be noted as significant of progress in national civilization. The true poet is no mere "idle singer of an empty day", but the essential spirit of a people expressing in sublimated speech their dearest and most ardently desired ideals. "Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!" once sang the great 18th century English poet, Alexander Pope:

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.

The next article of this series is entitled "Canadian Poets and Poetesses as Lyrists of Love".



THE SQUATTER'S CUP

By Will H. Ogilvie.

CANADIAN was a very tall chestnut horse, with three white "stockings" and a "blaze" down the face; he carried a Queensland brand, and I had no reason to doubt the word of the drover from whom I eventually bought him when he said that he was bred on "The Cooper", that his mother was one of the fastest mares that ever looked through a bridle, and that if this lanky, untried colt could not gallop with any race-horse on the Lachlan River he'd eat his stock-whip.

Dave Wilson liked the look of him, and I had an immense respect for Dave's judgment in horseflesh; so the bargain was struck. I gave over my fat brown horse with the wire-blemished hind-leg, and a cheque for seven pounds in addition, and led my purchase home. He was as lean as a rake, and very leg-weary, and dragged hopelessly on the halter. We came in for a good deal of chaff as we rode up to the station building.

"Halloa! Billy, where did you get the hat-rack?" asked the Boss in jovial greeting.

"We was just out of dog's meat," was the cook's comment.

Ned, the cook, was our licensed comedian. Hammond, the book-keep, thought the new acquisition would be handy in flood-time for packing rations across the swamps, and Hughie said the cap-rail on the stock-yard gateway would have to be raised if my horse was to go under it every morning.

But there was nothing wrong with Canadian. He filled out and flourished—he was only three years old—on the rich bluegrass in the back paddock, and every month saw him improving and thickening, till at last even the cook admitted that he was "a great slashing fine colt".

Nine months after I bought him I took him up and rode him, and the first morning I mounted him he caught me unawares as I was getting on and threw me heavily against the fence. I introduced him to whip and spur, fought him, and beat him, and thereafter we became the best of friends. I got him thoroughly quiet, and then one morning Dave and I went out along the sand-hills and gave him a half-mile gallop with old Mosquito. He left the old horse, who was himself pretty useful over the distance, so far behind that we could hardly believe our eyes, till a second gallop put the question beyond doubt.

A little later we tried him against Paleface, Dave's famous little race mare. He beat her so handily by two lengths over a mile that, even allowing for the difference in our weights, we knew we had "a good one".

"The Squatter's Cup is as good as won," said Dave as we rubbed the big colt down with a bunch of barley-grass.

We kept our knowledge to our-

selves, and trained the chestnut without any outside assistance. He thrived on hard work, improved in his style of galloping, and flattered us into believing that, bar accidents, he was as nearly a certainty for the big race at Hillston as anything in racing can be.

At last the eventful day arrived. The sun blazed down on the parched brown course and paddock, on the square, barn-like grand-stand, with its galvanized iron-roof, and on the crowd that moved in and out in an ever-changing kaleidoscope of colour. Here and there one of the race-horses held court in a little circle of admirers, or a figure flitted through the crowd carrying a saddle or a weight-cloth. In the shade of a kurrajong tree on the slope of the hill, Hughie Warren held Canadian, awkward and strange in the unaccustomed clamour and movement. The colt looked immensely tall and leggy and was very light in flesh, but his coat betokened perfect health, and the muscles stood out upon him like cord.

Dave had pushed through the crowd. Hughie met us with an anxious face. "Where's the boy?" he asked.

"Just weighing out," I said; "here he comes!" And our diminutive jockey, saddle on arm, stepped up at the moment. His small cunning face scanned each one of us furtively as though to question how much we knew of his past misdeeds, for he had the reputation of being a magnificent horseman, but a conscienceless scoundrel, who would sell his own brother in a race. However, he was the only boy we could get at Canadian's weight—seven stone-ten—and we considered that by promising him the substantial premium of seven guineas if he won this race we had precluded the chance of any of the bookmakers, or others, bribing him to pull our horse.

Dave Wilson had agreed to run Paleface in the race, so as to ensure a strong pace for the colt, and as her weight was nine stone Hughie was able to take the mount. Albert took Canadian's bridle and Hughie went off to weigh out for the mare.

"Now," I said to the boy when I had fastened the surcingle and swung him into the saddle, "the race is a mile and a half, and this colt is a good stayer and is very fast. The brown mare will make a pace for you, and you'll steady him behind her till you come to the mile-post. At that point you'll take up the running, and unless we're all out in our reckoning, he'll come right away with you and nothing can live with him up the straight. But, whatever you do, don't wait after you pass the mile-post, wherever the mare may be."

He nodded sulkily, and the toss of his head implied that he knew more about riding a race than any owner could tell him. I watched him walk Canadian down to the other horses; I noted the easy seat, the light hand, the confident assurance of the shoulders, and I thought it a pity so splendid a horseman should bear so tarnished a reputation.

Hughie rode up to me on Paleface. His features were a study in anger, disgust and dismay. He bent down to me and spoke hurriedly.

"We're beat," he said, "beat before ever we start; the colt's stiffened. The boy's been bought by them confounded bookies. Barton's offered him ten quid to pull the chestnut, and he means to do it. Jem Rutherford heard 'em fixin' it up, and he came straight over and told me."

I was staggered by this bit of news. I stood to lose rather more than I could afford if the chestnut failed us; more than that, I had set my mind for months back on winning this particular race. Above all, my best friend and devoted comrade, Dave Wilson, was "on" him to his last pound, and I knew what failure would mean to him. For a moment I had nothing to say, no plan to offer.

Dave Wilson joined us, and we told him the plot. For a moment his face

darkened. Then a smile, Dave's perennial smile, broke over it. "The chestnut's a hard horse to stop when he's galloping, isn't he, Billy?"

I knew this was true; my shoulders still ached at that moment as the result of the morning's gallop on him. No horse I ever rode before or since pulled so strongly and so steadily. But I looked at the workman-like figure of our jockey as he rode down towards the post. "Yes," I said, "that's true enough; but where's the horse on earth that crooked Nat can't hold?"

Dave only smiled, and whispered a word of two to Hughie, who gathered up the mare and cantered off after the others.

"Well, of all the scoundrels I ever knew or heard of—" I began, but Dave Wilson stopped me.

"Wait a bit, Billy," he said; "the race isn't lost yet."

I marvelled that he should take things so easily, and followed him, wondering, as he threaded his way to the rough grand-stand.

There were seven horses in the race, and Bygone, from Lachlan Springs, was favourite. Paleface, on her reputation, was backed to win quite a lot of money; but the others, including Canadian, were practically friendless, and it was quite easy to get twelve or fourteen to one about the unknown chestnut colt.

"I'll lay twenty to one Canadian," yelled Barton, the bookmaker, as we passed his stand. "Twenty-five to one to you Mulga Plains gentlemen!" he called to us.

Dave straightened himself, and a steely glitter came into his honest eyes. For a moment I thought he was going to hit the man. Then he spoke very quietly, and with a courtesy that must have cost him an effort:

"I'll take you, Barton—twice over, in pounds."

The layer of odds booked the bet with ill-concealed avidity.

I was aghast at Dave's confidence, considering what Hughie had just told us, and I remonstrated with him as we climbed the steps of the grand-stand. "The chestnut's a hard horse to hold when his blood is up, Billy," was all he would say.

The start was a good one, but soon Hughie, on Paleface, pulled out in the lead, and the others followed in a string; Bygone second, Winnie third, Canadian fourth, and Donnelly's gray a bad last.

At the end of half a mile, with the pace a cracker all the way, Paleface had increased her lead to three lengths, Bygone and Winnie were racing neck and neck, and Canadian pulling Nat half out of the saddle, was a length behind them.

"If that infernal scoundrel stops him," I muttered, but Dave put his hand on my arm. "Wait a bit," he said. "Watch Hughie!"

At the mile-post Paleface was tiring, she had come the full distance at the top of her speed, and now she began to drop back to her horses. Winnie now gained on her rapidly, and Bygone was only a length behind. Two lengths farther back the big chestnut horse, full of running, was fighting for his head, Nat up in the stirrups holding him easily with gentle, magnificent hands. Sick at heart, I turned my head away and, I'm afraid, swore deeply and wholeheartedly. There was a roar of "Paleface is beat!" and when I looked up Winnie and Bygone were racing neck and neck in the lead, and Paleface had dropped back alongside Canadian. Then, suddenly, I saw Hughie draw his whip and bring it down once, twice, thrice, with what seemed cruel and unnecessary vigour.

"What's the use of him flogging your little mare like that, Dave?" I said. "She's done; he must know that!"

But Dave was chuckling to himself behind his race-glasses.

"Good old boy; give it to him!"

And, even as he spoke, the chestnut colt, maddened with the blows of

Hughie's whip, sprang wildly forward. Even crooked Nat's superb hands could not hold him now, and he tore up the straight like a horse possessed by a devil. For a stride or two Hughie raced the mare up behind him and gave him a parting slash across the rump that put another foot on his stride. Seeing that all chance of stopping him without attracting the attention of everyone on the course was now over, Nat loosened the good horse's head, and he shot up to the leaders like an arrow from a bow. In a few strides he had both of them beaten, and going on alone he won the Squatter's Cup by a full four lengths.

How we cheered as the riders came back to scale; whole-hearted cheers for Hughie Warren, who had saved us our money and won me the cup.

"Yes," said that dapper little stockman afterwards, as we stood in Canadian's box talking it all over and examining four savage-looking welts upon the colt's shining quarter, "yes, I laid it on to him pretty heavy, poor beggar, but I handed Mr. Nat a couple over the thigh at the same time just to show there was no favouritism."

HIS SOLDIER MOTHER

By MARGARET YANDIS BRYAN

A QUIET night, with just a distant roar
Of cannon! So it is with war.
Life goes on in the same old way,
And as the dawn must usher in the day
So we must find our hopes and hold them true,
Our hopes for victory, for home, and you.
If we are brave, dear one, who gives us courage to keep on
Our way, and to be manly, to be strong?
Whose letters bring to us most joy and cheer?
Who tells of home news, never letting fear
Creep in those lines? She, who has put us in God's care,
Must reflect strength and love to us in prayer.
Who gave her sons with all a woman's grace,
And left a memory for them—her smiling face,
Her faith, her trust, her love? There may be heroes, dear,
Upon the battlefield; but those who speak no fear,
Who fight their battles silent and alone,
Sitting beside the firelight at home,
They, too, are heroes; for it is most true
God made the bravest of the brave in such as you.

THE WHITE GARDEN

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

YOU care for me (oh, so tenderly),
  And you bring me to sit in the garden,
Watching me all so anxiously.
  And I love you and ask your pardon,
Because I can laugh no longer.
But I try—oh, I try—to tell you
  That it's really not all sad
And that here in my white, white garden
  I am almost, almost glad!
For love (O, my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood and blackness and death.

He was such a glorious lover!
  (Oh, the years of golden weather!)
And how we joyed in the colour
  That we found in the world together:
From the tawny shades of our Eastern rugs
And the gleam of our copper-lustre jugs,
  To the rose and the green and the weird ice-blue
  Of winter and summer and springtime hue!
  Oh, the hyacinth-beds when the "south-west" blew!
But love (O, my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood or blackness or death.

I wish I could make you understand
As my Lover does in his far-off land.
  For he knows why my flowers are all silver white;
  He knows why the sun is like pale moonlight;
He knows why the brown and golden bees
Are white, and the grass and the whispering trees.
  Only the sky so far away
  Grows bluer and nearer every day—
For love (O, my Lover!) is stronger
Than blood and blackness and death.

———————

THE GODMOTHER

By Henrietta Kendrick Reeves

HY, mademoiselle, what on earth are you doing out this slippery day?"

"It is for my soldier. I am his godmother. There is of some linen, some tobacco and *tenez*, madame, I send money also," she replied.

She was standing before the money-order cage at the post-office, the old fingers trembling with eagerness. The little eyes were as piercing as gimlets, and an expression of beatific satisfaction illumined a face of hills and hollows like the brightness of motor-lights overspreading a worn roadway on a black night. Seeking *le mot juste*, I should say that mademoiselle presented a Gothic facade. Her bonnet of amethyst velvet was a pointed arch with a delicate tracery of lace ornamenting the apex; the white hair was pompadoured in a corresponding point; the nose and eyebrows were Gothic, and the high cheek-bones made pendant arches to the central *motif*. She was always garbed in good taste. I often wondered how she did it. She looked so genteel in her black mantle, and the purple clematis on the bonnet contributed an unmistakably *Gaulois cachet*.

"You must let me take you home in the motor. With this coating of sleet on the streets it is not safe for you to be mounting the electric cars," I said.

I had visions of mademoiselle with a broken hip laid up for months at the Old Woman's Home, her ultimate shelter since she had become too feeble to hold her place at the Seminary, where she had been instructor in French for years.

"Madame," she excitedly continued, nodding acceptance, "the miracle has happened. *Figurez-vous*, when I read in *Les Annales* the announcement that Monsieur Brieux—ah! *ce bon Brieux*—was selling the brushes made by the sightless ones, the poor soldiers who have lost their eyes, I wrote at once and sent two dollars for a brush; *ordinaire, pas grande chose*, any brush from *ce cher* Brieux is great thing, is it not, madame? This morning the brush arrives, and there was on it carved a name in straggling letters—letters traced by the fingers without the eyes."

Her lips quivered and the cracked voice ended in a sob. I took her arm and led her to the automobile, inquiring:

"And the name?"

"It was the name that has been carved on my heart for fifty years."

"Not the young professor at Amsterdam?"

"Yes, the same. I have just posted a letter to André Rouet, care of M. Eugène Brieux at Chartres. Perhaps *le Bon Dieu* will send me of his news after all these years."

"The same name," I considered; "it may be his grandson."

"It will be four weeks to get an answer. Then I shall know."

"Mademoiselle, do tell me some more about André and those days at Amsterdam."

"You really like to hear?"

"Indeed I do."

"Ah, well. I was a governess for two years in the family Maertens. On their walls there was an ancestor by Rembrandt, a burgomaster—they were *grande famille*. Fulda, my charge, was thirteen, and Urlus was eleven."

"She was very delicate, was she not?"

"Consumptive. For that we spent much time in the open. On fair days we made promenades in the country, passing the afternoons among the fields and by the canals. We sang always; it was good for Fulda to sing. André was tutor for Ulrus, for the Latin and the French, and they liked very much to accompany us. Ah! we have many happy afternoons to gather the poppies! André like to hear me sing. He said it was to him the *rossignol* at Salons, and he saw always the long white road and the tall poplars of his dear Provence. One day, when we returned to the house, at the door André press in my hand a little box and he say: 'Léontine, it is my message to you—to-morrow may I say it?' For a moment he held my hand and I look into his eyes like mirrors and feel my face red like the poppies on his hat. Then I go to my room and lock the door to open the box. It is a gold heart on a chain. On the front, there are letters: *'A. Léontine. A.R.'* Scratched with a knife on the back of the heart, very fine, is: *'Je vous aime.'* I have never seen him since that day."

When mademoiselle was moved she always resorted to the present tense. Perhaps she found it more primal. Her glow had faded to twilight solemnity. I dared not intrude upon a sacred moment, and waited silently for her to resume the confidence.

"That night I dreamed of the poppies. I stopped to pick a crimson one, and *vite*—the flower change to a snake and stung me on the forehead. I awoke with a start, conscious of a knocking on my door. 'Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, you are to come at once!' It was the voice of monsieur at my door. I threw on my long mantle and sought the apartments of madame. She had the white face and the eyes of tragedy. Kneeling at Fulda's bedside, she was speaking to her and rubbing the hands. Fulda's eyes were closed and she looked like a waxen image. The tiny blue threads of veins on her temples were the only signs of life. The pillow, the white *linge—all—all* was drenched with the red blood. I knew the dreaded hemorrhage had come.

"'The doctor, madame, he must come at once!' I said.

"'Monsieur has gone for him. Get quickly the brandy and the hot water,' she replied.

"The maids, aroused by monsieur, entered and we worked to put warmth into the little white body. When the doctor came, he found the pulse very weak. By morning she had silently gone to sleep. There was no more blood for the heart to pump and it stopped. During the days which followed, I never left the chamber of madame. The house was a tomb. Every evening I found poppies in my room. Franz, the butler, said that André left them for me at the door. One evening there were no poppies. It was about the sixth day. I wrote a few lines, giving the letter to Franz to carry to André's lodging that night. The next morning, Franz came to tell me that André had gone. Since the evening before he was not there—*disparu*, and Frau Helst knew nothing of him. I wait and I wait, but I hear nothing. When madame recovered a little her strength, she said she could not see me any more; it made the heartache worse. So I went to my sister in London, and very soon I place myself in the *famille* Wearthern."

"And you never heard from André again?" I asked.

"Never. I left with Franz a letter for André should he return. He had also my address, but after one letter I hear nothing from Franz. It is as though the city of Amsterdam were swallowed by the sea."

I had heard the bare outlines of mademoiselle's story before, but without the dramatic human values which the name on the brush had now brought forth. I dropped her at her door, and did not see her again for several weeks. Upon my return from New York, I went out to resume my French lessons. She was dictating to me the opening chapters of "Père Goriot", and the interminable sordidness of the Maison Vauquier offered few allurements, save as art—which is always long. Upon entering the building, I encountered some of the members of the board and learned that mademoiselle had fallen into disgrace and was not in favour with the lady managers of the Home. She had offended these bombazine souls, who, enthroned on horsehair sofas and surrounded by an aura of piety as unyielding as the horsehair, sat in judgment on her frivolities. Mademoiselle followed a road to heaven other than the one staked out by the board of managers. She had committed an unpardonable sin; she had the effrontery to remain seated at her knitting while prayers were being said in the parlour for Miss Lucy Brown, whom the Lord had seen fit to release at the age of eighty-one.

"There she sat, knitting gray yarn for the soldiers, just as though Miss Lucy were in her bed instead of her coffin," said Mrs. Keever.

"Yesterday she ordered a dozen grape-fruit from Drone and Jackson, and gave them around to the old ladies. They'll be so spoiled they'll think they are living at the Plaza Hotel. I never saw anybody so careless with money," said Mrs. Closen, who would never have that particular sin to answer for.

"What should she do but spend four dollars for a new-fangled electric pad just because Aunt Marie Owen has cold feet at night! And our electricity keeping it going," rejoined Mrs. Keever.

"But the worst of all was that she wrote Dr. Simcox when he treated her neuralgia."

"What was it, Mrs. Closen?" I asked, knowing that she was bursting to tell.

"She sent him a bust of Lord Byron and said she knew that Lord Byron was tired of living in an Old Woman's Home. And her room so comfortable, with two windows!"

"It is a rule of the Home that half of what anybody earns should be turned into the treasury. These old ladies are like children, they should be disciplined," renewed Mrs. Keever. "All winter long she has been giving French lessons and sending bundles to the trenches. Spends every cent on those soldiers, and says she is a godmother. She even sent one a watch —as if they had time to be wearing bracelet watches!" (One would have thought that the entire French army was strung in watches as thick as scales on a fish to have seen Mrs. Keever's expression of intolerance.) "Now she has spent all her money again and can't go to Chatauqua this summer. It ain't no use at all sending all that money to France," concluded Mrs. Keever, who on occasions of strong feeling sometimes lapsed in language.

"I suspected as much," I replied. I did not tell them that mademoiselle's friends had on foot a little scheme to defeat the ends of justice, *alias* Old Woman's Home managers.

"Can't you talk to her and persuade her to give less?" said Mrs. Closen, appealing to me.

"But it makes her so happy to give. Her whole life has been spent in giving. That is why she is here. She gives me more time than I pay for. She gives her books to her pupils, her fruit to the old ladies—and her heart

to France. Please don't discipline her this time," I pleaded.

When I arrived within the portals of mademoiselle's room upstairs, I found her even busier than ever. She was sewing up a bundle, headed for Paris, in the stout cloth demanded by the French postal authorities. Her little nest gave out an innocently illogical air of gayety. There was plenty of fresh air; a pot of primroses was smiling on the window-sill, and beside it lay a basket, of Indian weave, full of oranges. On the table, ready for reference, there was a fat Larousse and several numbers of *Les Annales.* The place diffused a little atmosphere most unexpected in the chamber of an inmate.

"Bon jour, madame. So you are back again; and I have a letter from France!" was her beaming greeting to me.

"Good! Am I to see it?"

"It is wonderful—quite wonderful," she replied, passing me a letter of many sheets of foreign paper.

I glanced at the writing in dismay. It was the finest possible script, beginning at the very top and extending to the last fraction of the page.

"The writer of this is certainly endowed with the national virtue—the thrift which mademoiselle lacks," I thought. "Surely *'A la Prévoyance'* hands over his lintel, even though it be not a visible sign."

"Mademoiselle, do read it to me! It sounds so much more beautiful on your tongue," I said, returning her the steel-point manuscript. And she did. I found it younger and quite as vital as Balzac. The following translation is made from my notebook:

''Chere Marraine:

''It is I, Jeanne, who write for André. I am his eyes since he came back from Verdun with the bandage on his head and the decoration on his breast. I go every day to the hospital and read to him the great events and the glory of France, while he makes the brushes. On fair days the soldiers work in the garden. It is called the Garden of the Sightless. Now, since Maitre Brieux sells the brushes, they cannot work fast enough. The whole of France wants a brush from the shop of the Maitre; even you of the far Tennessee have sent them your aid.

''I am so happy that André and I were married before he went to the frontier and gave his eyes for 'La Patrie'. He bids me thank you, chere Marraine, a thousand times for your letter and the money. The letter was to him the voice of the past speaking to the present. He is a great-nephew of André Rouet, of Salons, who was once a tutor at Amsterdam. Uncle André told him many times of the great love that came to him there and of the evil misfortunes which followed. To the end, he hoped that the blessed Providence might cause you to know that he was never faithless.

''When André, as heir, made the examination of the papers and things which Uncle André held dear, he found a yellowed 'mouchoir' with the name Léontine embroidered in the corner. Folded beside it, there were some poppies which fell to pieces when he touched them. André bids me write you that Uncle André went at once to seek you when he recovered from the long fever which carried him almost to the gates of the Great Beyond. You had gone to London, and his former pupil knew nothing of your address. The 'famille' Maertens could not pardon the long absence and refused to receive him. There was a maitre d'hotel named Franz, whom he sought, but Franz had retired to Volendam to live with his son, who owned a schooner. Together, they had sailed for some port in Denmark. Neither Franz nor the schooner ever returned. It was an accident that caused the fever, and Uncle André knew nothing from the moment that he was struck on the head by the boom of the boat until he awoke in the hospital. When he began to remember and inquired where he was. Soeur Beatrice, who nursed him, told him that seven weeks had gone by while he laid there, parched by the fever and tortured by the effort of the brain trying to think. She said that he was brought to them almost drowned. The sailor who dragged him from the water insisted that he had called a warning before shifting the sail. Uncle André, it seems, had sat like one in a dream and was swept overboard before it was known what was happening.

''André bids me write that his uncle remained 'vieux garcon' for all the years that followed the luckless search. He became a professor at Grenoble and lived among his books. André feels that you are his godmother d'amour and sends to you his tender affection. He bids me say he is happy to make brushes for the honour of France, whose single soul is Valour.

There is yet a chance that he may see when the doctor removes the bandages. I pray every day to the Blesséd Virgin, who was once a mother, that he may see the face of the little one who is coming soon.

"Your grateful godchild,

"Jeanne Rouet."

"Ah! mademoiselle," I sighed, "all the romances are not in books, after all. Did you have faith in him all these years?"

"The faith of youth is strong—"

"And yours did not grow feeble with age?"

"André was so clean-eyed, madame, but it is good to know. This is for the little one, and this flannel will make him warm petticoats, and I shall embroider them with a *feston bien solide* for the dear Jeanne," she said, displaying billows of pink wool and white flannel with that radiant expression which every woman wears when she fondles the trappings of an anticipated baby.

"Mademoiselle, I am afraid that the army of France will wear your Chautauqua trip on its back this summer, as it did last."

"I have so much to make I will not know if it is hot. Besides, there is the young Cordon; he wants lessons all summer to pass the examinations of the autumn."

"But, mademoiselle, you know second summers in the heat are often dangerous for old ladies, as well as babies," I hinted.

"I can be very comfortable on the north porch to crochet the caps, and there will be letters to write," she parried.

"As well try to stem a torrent with a toothpick as to attempt to divert the earnings of mademoiselle from the needy," I thought while taking leave of her.

Two months later, when the heat swooped down upon us like a swarm of clouds from Hades, and the managers of the Home grew restive under the apprehension of another spell similar to mademoiselle's illness of last summer, her friends made up a little purse and presented it with an instant command for mobilization at Chautauqua. When I went out to say good-bye, I found her too happy for expression and overflowing with a gratitude that put mere words to shame.

"To think, madame," she said, "it is a little girl—and they have named her Léontine. It is such a beautiful world, and everybody is so good to me."

"You cast your bread upon the waters—" I began.

"I cast bread? What have I ever done for anybody? *Dites,* madame," she eagerly continued. "I am making the christening-robe. Would you use the blue or the pink ribbon?"

"I would use red, white and blue. The tri-colour for Léontine, by all means."

"Bien. Of course, she will be a patriot. *Vive la France!"*

"And *la Victoire!"* I fervently concluded.

NOTABLE MARYS

By Ida Burwash

HE title "Notable Marys", may suggest a romantic vision—the vision of lovely, hapless Mary Stuart, and of her attendant Marys busy with harp and lute and song and delicate embroideries, as in that famous

> "palace of pleasaunce
> Might be a pattern in Portugal or France"

they encircle their brilliant Queen. It is a charming vision, but the notable Marys with whom this sketch has to do must be viewed from a more prosaic standpoint.

They are notable chiefly to-day for their personality and work, rather than their beauty; for their prominence as forceful thinkers of their century; for the fact that in clearness of insight and breadth of sympathy, they stand more closely in touch with the progressive woman of the moment than do many sisters of her own generation.

Their lives in point of time cover the eighteenth century. The "Letters" of the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu were written during the first half of that century, up to the time of her death at the age of seventy-one, in the year 1761. Mary Wollstonecraft's book, "The Vindication of the Rights of Woman", was published in the year 1792. Her life was short in comparison with that of her predecessor, as she died at the age of thirty-eight, in the autumn of 1797.

Of the ease and brilliancy of Lady Mary's style in writing, of her unique experience as ambassadress in the East, as of her clever and amusing chronicles of the Court of George the First, it is unnecessary here to speak. Many criticisms and appreciations of her work have been written. But few, if any, have emphasized the fact that she was the first woman of her century to make public protest against the limitations of her sex, especially regarding education.

Before noting what she has to say upon this subject, it may be well to glance at the status of woman at that time, as gathered from authentic sources. From Lady Mary's biographer we learn "that the education of women had then touched a low ebb, that if they were not coquettes, gossips, or diligent card-players, their best praise was to be notable housewives".

The ideal of a notable housewife of that day is rather curious in comparison with our modern interpretation of the term. "The mistress of a country mansion," continues Lord Wharnecliffe, "was not only to invite, that is, to urge and tease, her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish when chosen with

her own hands. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated on by her and her alone, the department of the host being to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, the subaltern, or the squire's younger brother—if suffered by her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton before him, would have chewed it in bitterness and gone home an affronted man, *half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election.* There were then professed carving masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when in order to perform her functions without interruptions she was forced to eat her dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."

Mr. St. John, a more unsparing critic, declares that Lady Mary lived in an age when women in general studied scarcely at all, when they received no instruction beyond what was then (he is writing in the first year of Victoria's reign) bestowed on cooks and housemaids. Other writers indicate that her education was largely self-acquired, her studies undertaken spontaneously.

Yet another alleges that she was instructed by the same tutors as her brother, receiving with him the same classical training. If this be true, Lady Mary stands forth a most signal success as a first product of that co-education which was to be so ardently demanded by her successor, Mary Wollstonecraft.

What Lady Mary herself had to say upon the subject of woman's education in her day is expressed very clearly in a letter to Bishop Burnet. After an apology for touching on such "improper" subjects as Church and State, she continues: "For my sex is usually forbid studies of this nature and folly reckoned so much our *proper* sphere, that we are pardoned any excesses of that sooner than the least pretension to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason or fancy, if we have any. We are taught to place our art in adorning our outward forms and permitted without reproach to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the most trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom so long established and so industriously upheld makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road and forces one to find as many excuses as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality whose birth and leisure only serve to make them the most useless and most worthless part of creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable or more liable to universal ridicule than that of a learned woman: these words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain and conceited creature."

This was a bold onset, and the college girl to-day rejoicing in established liberty has reason to remember that boldness as a potent factor of her freedom.

Of marriage Lady Mary makes no mention, but on the question of motherhood she has registered a plain opinion. In a letter to her daughter, Lady Bute, congratulating her on the birth of a son, she writes as follows: "That part of life which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it. You are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world that I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace argument as exacting any return of affection. In the case of your infancy there was so great a mixture

of instinct I can scarce even put that in the number of proofs I have given you of my love, but I confess I think it is a great one if you compare my after conduct towards you with that of other mothers who generally look on their children as devoted to their pleasures and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they choose to give them—playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny and ill-humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish and the pursuit of all my actions divested of self-interest. So far I think you ought, and I believe you do, remember me as a *real friend*." Here this writer of an older time steps far in advance of her contemporaries in that, at a period when parental authority was rigid, she established a confidence between her daughter and herself very similar to that of the modern mother and daughter, best interpreted perhaps in modern speech as "being chummy."

Finally, Lady Mary is notable as a pioneer in social effort. That she was one of the few women of her century to realize that a woman's sympathies could be useful outside her own four walls is best shown by her endeavour to introduce inoculation into England. Ever alive to new ideas, she quickly realized the worth of that practice whose results she studied while living in the East. Satisfied while there of its efficacy, she had her young son inoculated during her stay in Belgrade. But on her return to London, her proposal that the practice should be tried in that city was received with bitter opposition. With the exception of Dr. Maitland, the surgeon who had accompanied the Wortley Montagus to Turkey, the medical faculty in a body rose against it. An excited spectator of the day asserts that even the clergy thundered from their pulpits against "the impiety of taking events out of the hand of Providence". Lady Mary, undaunted, finally prevailed so far as to have the experiment tried upon five criminals. Four recovered satisfactorily, the fifth confessing that he had had smallpox in childhood. Still the proof was not considered sufficient. Lady Mary then had her infant daughter treated, inviting four of the most eminent doctors of the city to watch the progress of the case. But so opposed were they still to the idea that she writes to her sister that she was afraid to leave the child alone with them for a moment, so unwilling were they that the treatment should succeed. None the less the fact is now acknowledged that the benefits of vaccination which followed inoculation should be tested in England.

Two hundred years have come and gone since all this happened. How little and how great has been the march forward of women during these intervening centuries it may be interesting for the woman of the twentieth century to investigate for herself. Glancing backward, an historian of modern times reminds us that the general ideas as to the mental education of women in the early days of the Georges were entirely different from those which dictated the education of men. That the idea that a sister should read and study the same books as her brother was as foreign as that she should learn to swim or to manage a rapier. The more honour then is due to Lady Mary that hers was the sole voice raised in protest against such limitation.

The century had passed its meridian when that voice and protest alike sank into their final silence. But already new things were at hand. Already there was growing up in London a second Mary, who was carrying on to wider issues the effort so bravely begun by her namesake and predecessor. Though their mental point of view was largely similar, the circumstances of the lives of these two Marys could not well have been more unlike. Wealth, position, opportunity await-

ed Lady Mary from her birth. Poverty, struggle and sorrow were the birthright of Mary Wollstonecraft. By her perseverence and energy she managed to educate herself sufficiently to obtain a position first as mistress of a school, later as private governess. And it was while occupied with private pupils in Ireland that she wrote her first novel, now chiefly interesting as a record of her personal experience.

It was not till she settled in London in the year 1787 that she turned her attention seriously to letters. During the four years spent in that city she worked for Mr. Johnson, the well-known publisher, bringing out several books for children, educational in aim, and occasional articles for *The Analytical Review*. Mr. Johnson thoroughly appreciated his young Irish friend. From first to last, through all her dark days, as her bright ones. he remained her unfailing counsellor. At his house in London many of her happiest hours were spent. It was frequented by many of the foremost men of the day, the readiest and keenest thinkers, and among them, as a listener to and sharer in their talk, Mary felt her mind spurred on to fresher effort.

It was during these years that Burke's celebrated essay, "Reflections on the Revolution in France", was published, and it touched the mind of his young countrywoman as with a live coal. The discussion it at once stirred up regarding the Rights of Man drew from this second Mary her prompt argument for the Rights of Woman. Her alert brain was instant to understand, and at the moment seemed to be the only one to understand that the one proposition must follow the other. She was the first woman to hear the faintly growing murmur of remonstrance of her sex, the first to gather up the growing sentiment regarding the emancipation of women and to give it expression.

It is for this service to her generation that Mary Wollstonecraft is notable, and not as some would rather say, for the romantic experiences of her life that shortly followed—the experiences of those stormy days in France, succeeded by such quick despair in England, that had it not been for a kindly hand stretched out to her at a very awful moment, the dark waters of the Thames would have closed forever over yet another victim. It is comforting to know that kindness, love and home awaited her beyond that darkest hour, even though her final days of sunshine were destined to be short.

Her book "The Vindication of the Rights of Woman" is memorable as being the first proclamation of that movement peculiar to the nineteenth century, and which is still continued as the "Woman Question". Its demands, summed up, are two—those of equality of education—alike for woman as for man—and equality of civil rights.

The evils it sets forth concerning woman are first the abject nature of her economic existence; and secondly, the stunting of her growth, intellectually and morally, by the rigid exactions of men in holding her subordinate to serve their pleasure. Its author admits the mental inferiority of women in her day, but holds it largely due to the over-wrought sensibility demanded of them by man, to the neglect of the development of their powers of mind. Perhaps no better treatise has been written on this subject of over-sensibility than the searching analysis of Meredith in his novel "The Egoist".

As a furtherance of higher education the book in question proposed first a system of national schools with co-education. For very young children it foreshadowed kindergarten methods. It argued further that should such higher education be granted to women, all professions should be opened to their choice as freely as to men's. Finally it suggested a woman's capacity for the study of medicine and nursing.

So much a matter of course is every one of these propositions to-day, one is apt to forget the courage displayed by their originator in throwing her gauntlet so boldly in the face of public opinion. The same methods of reply were customary then as now. Sarcasm, jests, not always of the finest, patronizing pity were poured forth upon her. Horace Walpole proclaimed her abroad as "a hyena in petticoats", though he admitted he had never read a word of her book. To his mind such a work was distinctly a revolutionary factor, and he hated revolutions as noisy and disturbing. Hannah More, famous as a member of the Blue Stocking Set, likewise refused to read it, on the plea that *she,* personally, had all the liberty she wanted. An array of influential periodicals flocked into the fray. *The Monthly Review* wavered. While agreeing that both the condition and character of woman was capable of improvement, and admitting that the book suggested much that was deserving of attention by the public, it carefully skipped out of danger by adding that the writer's opinions were fanciful, her projects romantic. Other critics advised her manfully to return to the weak elegance of mind, the sweet docility of manner, and to the exquisite sensibility which was the acknowledged ornament of her sex. Finally, *The Critical Review* capped the climax by lordly suggesting that to commit both author and book to oblivion would be the kindest treatment that could be shown.

Amidst this clamour an encouraging note was heard. William Godwin, one of the ablest thinkers of the day, openly commended the book. Knowing something of its writer personally (at a later date she became his wife), he knew that it was not restlessness of unfilled days or life that had evoked the work, but the sincere conviction of its author that she was speaking the necessary truth in the cause of a fuller and abler womanhood. His logical mind realized that if the abstract right of man will bear discussion and explanation, the abstract right of woman cannot be excluded from the same test. In consequence he admired not only Mary Wollstonecraft's insight and her courage in striking straightly and alone at the false foundation on which woman's whole life was then based, but the courage likewise of her solitary hope that it might be rebuilt upon as firm and free a basis as the life of man.

With regard to the second proposition, the demand for civil rights, the little book in question voices for the first time what John Stuart Mill so boldly proclaimed a little later, that, given democracy, woman must remain comparatively powerless so long as the franchise is denied her. The practical accomplishment of this demand remains to be thrashed out in future, but as a matter of abstract right it stands to-day unquestioned. At the date, however, of the publication of this book the advocation of universal suffrage was distinctly shocking. None knew better indeed than Mary Wollstonecraft herself the ridicule it would provoke; that it would be considered and condemned as the wildest of all Utopian schemes. Yet, laughter to the contrary, her demand so early formulated has not only persisted through two centuries, but repeats itself anew as a compelling problem of a third.

In the matter of the social work that appeals so nearly to the sympathies of the modern woman, the book has little that is definite to say. Yet occasional suggestions indicate that its author had an inkling at least that such questions as the true constitution of the family, the relation between domestic and political problems, the prevention of crime, and other social complexities must eventually to some extent find their solution at the hands of women.

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

V.—WAR INFIRMITIES AND THERAPEUTIC MARVELS

IN a study of the war it is uncertain which rouses the most wonder, the engines of destruction, the unprecedented physical effects on the soldiers, or the development of surgery and medicine. The remarkable advance of the destructive machine I have already treated in part, although each succeeding week proves that there is no limit to it. At the time of the penning of that part there were no "tanks", although a few of us had some unproclaimed idea of their coming; and even they are but the beginning of war's frightfulness.

The side of war less known to the public, because less dramatic, less pleasant to contemplate, less immediately material to the progress of victory, is the physical conditions induced by this novel struggle. In the old days of stand-up fighting, of mere guns and rifles, where some shadow of honour clung to both sides, there was small incentive to advanced surgical methods and practically none to new medical ideas. Soldiers fell pierced by a bullet or a sword or a lance, and the result differed immaterially from the accidents of daily life. Sickness was merely the sickness of civilian life and was treated as such.

But with the arrival of trench warfare everything altered, from the training of the soldier to his ailments and treatment. It is no longer a matter of passing out from a camp to a pre-arranged battlefield, like a great military tournament, with retirement at fall of darkness for rest and care of the wounded. There are no camps now, save rest-camps, where the soldiers are out of the struggle for a definite period. The fight is carried on without ceasing from exposed trenches that make camp life at the rear a rest indeed. And retirement is temporary defeat; rest is but the substitution of brigades or divisions whose period of relief has expired.

Whoever heard of "trench-shins" or "trench-feet" before this war? Or of shell-shock?" And even nephritis and rheumatism and hernia, while illnesses of peace, have become much more the illnesses of the style of warfare in Flanders and France. "Trench-shins" may sound like a flippant name for an unimportant ailment, but to the sufferer it is temporarily as bad as a serious wound and less eager to respond to treatment. In reality it is a form of rheumatism that attacks the lower part of the leg in painful form, due to standing in mud and water. It is as incapacitating in time as a shrapnel wound. "Shell-shock" is more descriptive, but fails utterly in the indefiniteness of its application; for shell-shock may range from a mere mental surrender of the moment to staring madness or

complete and everlasting paralysis.

Nephritis, an inflammation of the kidneys, has attacked many an otherwise strong soldier, and at the first of the war was not appreciated in all its seriousness by the doctors, largely because its inducement by such a condition was, of course, entirely new. But soon it entered into the list of diseases which received special consideration and yielded to modern therapeutics with gratifying readiness. Of course, in its favour stood the physical record of the sufferer, whose presence in the army denoted a constitution prepared for its eradication. That it was taken in time stands to the well-being of hundreds of Canadians whose previous health had unfitted them for describing their symptoms to the doctors.

Other kidney diseases have been induced by exposure in the trenches, being assisted by conditions of diet and bodily protection and care. But with the more careful study of results the soldier has been safe-guarded in a manner never thought possible at the beginning of the war.

The menace of rheumatism was more thoroughly understood from the first, and it has always received special treatment. "Frozen" feet are seldom frost-bitten, but a form of rheumatism caused by the continued cold and damp. The provision of trench mats, a raised slat walk along the bottom of the trench, has done much to keep feet dry—at least to give them a chance to dry. Never after that awful first winter have those fathomless depths of mud so inconvenienced and threatened the soldiers.

Although I have never heard hernia officially recognized as a war injury, I have come across too many cases not to see the connection. In modern warfare the manual labour forced on the soldier is infinitely greater than at any other stage of war's history. Always there stands within easy range of rifle fire a great line of men who must be kept supplied. There are trenches to dig at fever pace and under all kinds of conditions. There are wire fences to erect, wounded to be retrieved under fire, strenuous night patrolling. And, while motor transport has been developed to completeness at the rear, everything near the front line is the work of human hands.

Take an ordinary night's duties. A relieving column is going in. That in itself is a novelty of this war. And each man carries a load that would frighten him under peace conditions. In addition to his equipment of rifle, cartridges and pack, he probably staggers along under a roll of barb wire, or fence-posts, or extra supplies for those who remain at the front. And the conditions of approach to the front line are in themselves a strain. Perhaps for miles the incoming soldiers twist and turn and bump along through utter darkness in a trench not wide enough to give them ease of swing, and so crooked that a wall always seems to be facing them. Here and there are holes, probably filled with water, cave-ins, the chaos of recent shelling, dropped equipment and supplies. The physical strain is, of course, tremendous. And to evade the irritation of blind trench progress some who perfer to risk the open stagger into shell-holes or deep trenches whose first announcement is coincident with a few broken ribs or a bruised body. Walking unannounced into a six-foot trench in the dark is not a recreation to encourage.

The most interesting of the physical effects is shell-shock, both from the variety of its evidences and from its treatment. Essentially a thing of this war, its every mood and twist is a novelty which has called to its study the best medical minds in the country. While in every case shell-shock is a nervous affection, it is far more varied in its forms than anyone but those in daily touch with it would suspect. There are those who maintain that fifty per cent. of the soldiers, even including those in the trenches, suffer

to some slight extent from it; and my own observation leads me to believe it. Its existence is noticeable in a petulance at unnecessary or sudden noise, and in the apparently unreconcilable effects of extreme sensitiveness to irritation and extreme indifference.

In its least serious recognized form it may go no further than a slight trembling under excitement, perhaps a profuse perspiration. Sufferers by the thousands have been temporarily relieved of trench life for nothing more than a startled shrinking at the sound of a gun. It has been found that it is much better to give the sufferer a chance to recover from the first slight symptoms than to leave it until months of careful treatment is required. A slightly more advanced stage in some is the perspiration that breaks out, the debilitating effects of which anyone can appreciate.

Of course, shell-shock is the result of the guns. In some cases it may come from the mere overwhelming roar itself, as anyone may have felt the mental irritation caused by the uproar in a stamping mill. But usually the physical condition of the soldier protects him until the shells begin to crowd him in quantities that leave him no time for recovering his poise. But the event of bombardment that claims its shell-shock victims by the score all along a much strafed line is being buried by the earth thrown up by an exploding shell. Very few cases of shell-shock have I encountered that were not induced by this terrifying experience or started on their way by it.

The story of shell-shock lends itself to dramatic effects, to startling narration of incident, for in it lies at times the weirdness of mental unbalance, of physical uncontrol, of ludicrous action, of mystifying and sudden recovery.

Where the effect is slight—it may not appear slight to the uninitiated—the sufferer usually treats it so lightly that the onlooker sees but the funny side of it. This is increased by the knowledge that shell-shock is ordinarily but temporary in its serious effects. For instance, seated at a card-table one evening with a French-Canadian soldier who looked fit for any trench, someone brushed a tiny ash-tray into his lap. Instantly, trivial as the incident was, one hand began to shake so violently as to threaten the table itself. It was early in my acquaintance with shell-shock, and while I recognized it immediately I was much embarrassed for the sufferer. But embarrassment was uncalled for. For a second or two he watched his own right hand waving back and forward as if it belonged to someone else. Then he calmly seized it with his left and held it still, smiled down on it, and addressed it in the most pleasantly detached manner: "Hold on, there. Easy now, easy." Twenty seconds later he was dealing.

The relieving feature of it is that the boys themselves treat it so lightly. A certain few make fun of it in others, and lay it to "funk". But there is none of that in the vast majority of cases, V.C.'s suffering with others, colonels with privates; and many of them are as eager as their more fortunate comrades to return to the fight. While, of course, it is "nerves", it is a form that comes so suddenly in its worst type as to be uncombattable. To me it is always distressing, and sometimes beyond description in its dire effects on the nervous system for the time being.

One of its worst forms is to deprive the sufferer temporarily of sight, or speech, or power of movement. That mental equipment has some influence on it seems evident from the fact that, at least in these forms, it is much more prevalent among Imperial than among Canadian troops. One Canadian soldier I know was paralyzed at first from head to foot. When I met him power had returned as far down as his legs, and he was most cheerful and hopeful. Slowly life crept downward, accompanied by pains like rheumatism, and soon he was walking.

The cures—that is the wonderful part of it. Being "nerves", it sometimes demands treatment that might appeal to the outsider as cruel. There are in London special hospitals devoted to its cure. It was found that the treatment it demanded could not be administered in the ordinary hospital, nor could the disease be studied save by those whose attention was undiverted by the other injuries of war.

The essence of treating mere trembling is absolute mental rest, with sufficient physical exertion to keep the mind engaged without fatiguing body or mind. This, too, is the method for the final stage of recovery in all cases. By the experiences of one convalescent home situated in the midst of a large garden, work in the garden produced surprising results. The patients were set to raking or tending flowers or keeping a certain path in condition. On the results was founded a special hospital at Buxton. The work must be quiet, free from sudden noises and movements, and restful in every way.

The treatment for the various forms of paralysis is different. The very principle of it is surprise. Which should prove the diversity of shell-shock. A man whose tongue refuses to express itself, whose eyes refuse to register, whose limbs refuse to perform their work, must be taken out of himself. The recoveries are usually amusing. A dumb man by mistake presses to his lips the lighted end of a cigarette—and cusses involuntarily. A friend tries to cheat him at cards—and in the blaze of the moment is told the particular kind of rogue he is. He falls into the water—and screams for help. One dreamed that he was entangled in the German wire and shouted his fear.

Blindness is more difficult because it cuts off the most active sense and makes counter-shock less startling. But it yields like speechlessness in the end. Paralysis forgets itself. One shell-shock patient rose from his invalid's chair and leaped into the Thames to save a sinking girl. At a "revue" an actor fired a pistol, and a helpless paralytic jumped to his feet.

It is the knowledge of these recoveries that has developed a treatment along lines hitherto unrecognized by therapeutics. In shell-shock hospitals mesmerism is a standard experiment that is frequently effective. The doctors bully unmercifully at times, until the exasperated dumb patient expresses his anger. More than one has found it impossible except by word of mouth to convey his repugnance at the doctor's frank conviction that he is faking. A doctor comes to the chair of a paralytic and suddenly orders him to stand. In sheer surprise and alarm the patient may obey. Or the doctor seats himself quietly by the bedside of a speechless patient asleep and begins to talk. The patient awakes and replies before he remembers his affliction. Once a nurse so angered a patient by telling him that he was no gentleman that he exploded in a vivid recital of his impressions of her, although he had not spoken for weeks.

In another case speech returned to the soldier through embarrassment. The nurse accompanied him to a barber's, excused herself while he was in the chair, and when settling time came the poor soldier found he had not a cent. He began to explain that he would return with the money.

Again, friends of the sufferer lay themselves out to cure him. An Australian was made to speak by his friends cutting the cord of a hammock in which he lay above a stream. As he clambered up the bank, boiling with rage, "Who the —— did that?" he roared. Trick cigarettes and matches are given, to explode near the patient's face. Bent pins are placed beneath them. Bad news is suddenly delivered. They are cuffed and booted and trodden upon and generally made miserable. And sooner or later some instinct within protests

at further maltreatment and yields. The dumb or blind or paralyzed shell-shocked soldier leads the life of a dog—for his own good.

For the ordinary cases, especially where the evidence of shell-shock is localized in a limb, massage is most beneficial, the subtle progress of the treatment from soothing gentleness to stiff kneading and rapping—always under medical advice—breaking down the barrier of nerves.

Perhaps the disease which the public and the soldier have most feared is spinal meningitis. Evidence seems to prove that the Canadians brought it to England early in the war, but its spread—in so far as it did spread—cannot be ascribed to the Canadians. The infection of an English nurse who died from it was traced to her association with a Canadian officer, who was found to be a germ carrier; but other cases have developed in France where there were no Canadians.

There has not been much loss of life from it, and its treatment has advanced to the point where there is little danger. I have talked with a number of Canadians who have completely recovered, although recovery is slow. It seems that the disease is being carefully watched, and when taken early is not necessarily dangerous. Three or four English physicians have made a special study of it.

At this time it is safe to say that at one stage of the war the most serious menace to the English arms was measles. The details of its prevalence during two or three months of the second year will probably never be known, but whole camps were in quarantine. No one but the authorities will ever know the anxiety that prevailed.

In the surgical department has been the most remarkable advance. It was quickly found that the greatest danger was not from the wounds themselves, but from a variety of sepsis that seemed to breed in the very soil of France. Wounds in themselves trivial developed seriously, and the word went forth that the utmost endeavour must be made to dress the slightest wounds as quickly as possible and to get the wounded man back to the hospitals without delay. There the main effort was towards frustrating septicæmia. Success has been marvellous. Even shrapnel wounds, the worst of all and the most likely to become infected, are looked upon with less anxiety.

The very method of disinfecting altered, and as this is writing it is still altering. That, of course, is the essence of wound treatment. The old application of peroxide of hydrogen, the standard the world over before the war, has been left somewhat in the limbo of the past. Iodine, in various forms, is the immediate hope; and it has justified itself. In hospital it changes again. A simple saline solution that anyone can make in a few minutes is the universal disinfectant and cleanser. Its curative properties have astounded the profession. It is a return to grandmother's remedy, but slightly altered in preparation and strength.

Now a new method is being experimented with by the celebrated American physician Dr. Carrol. His solution is simple but more or less arbitrary at this stage, and its application is a development of flushing that has prevailed for many months at the front. The result thus far is a wound healed in a fifth of the time formerly considered satisfactory.

There are, too, several discoveries that assist materially in the healing process. For instance, an English doctor has experimented successfully with the application of a celluloid covering to the wound beneath the dressing. The celluloid does not adhere, and in redressing the wound is never irritated and the patient is saved much suffering.

Much of the success of the hospitals depends upon the attitude of the wounded. Never have men gone through so much with such lightness

of heart, such unfaltering courage. I will never forget a visit to one of the largest London hospitals where special attention was paid to face wounds. The doctor, showing me some of the worst cases—I would soon have had enough had it not been for the cheer of the sufferers—brought me to a bed where a Scots lad had received enough shrapnel in the face to have killed him at any other stage of the world's medical development. I will not describe his face, as it had healed. Sufficient to say that one eye was gone, the other equally useless for any practical purpose.

"How the things to-day?" inquired the doctor, in that careless way which alone admits inquiry concerning health. In the broadest of Scots the poor, deformed face lifted itself towards the doctor's and a patient smile twisted it. "Canny, doctor, canny." Then with a surge of exultation, as if every ill had dropped from him: "I can see the light."

"I can see the light!" How petty the indispositions of civilian life!

"What got you?" I asked a Toronto lad, the terrible condition of whose head was concealed by dressings that had been changed twice a day for a year. He grinned. "Don't know. Must have been a sixteen-inch shell, direct hit, I think," he laughed. His only worry was how the silver plate which he would be compelled to wear through life would act under the cold of Canada.

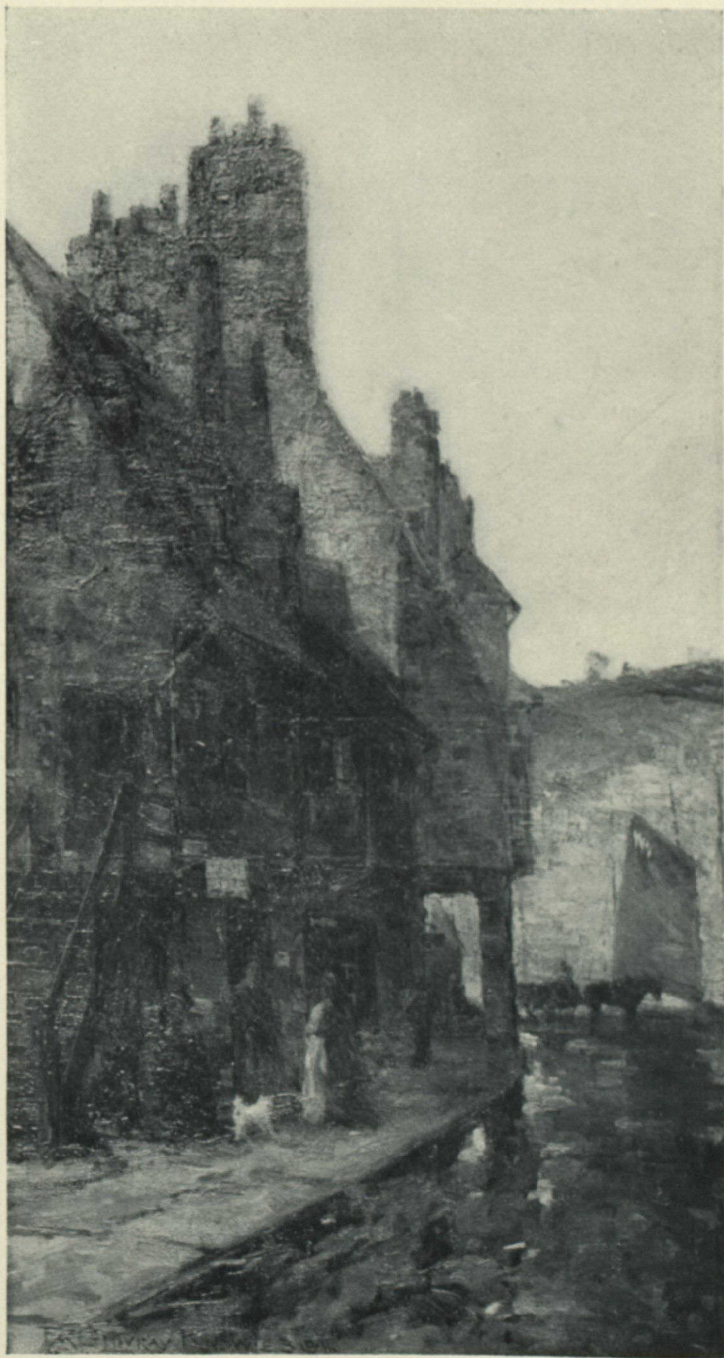
The work of the surgeons is beyond belief unless one is moving amidst it. Thousands of men will return to Canada capable of resuming their work, who would never have had a chance under the surgical knowledge of even the beginning of the war. And thousands whose lives would have been unbearable will suffer only slight inconvenience. The small proportion of deaths would have startled even the theorists of pre-war days. And so much of the recovery is practically painless that the wounded soldier is openly congratulated by his companions. It means "blighty" for him, and comparative comfort.

"You shouldn't be here; you should be dead," blurted out a doctor to a lad whose forehead, from temple to temple, a bullet had ploughed. And the fortunate fellow knew no inconvenience save the dressings.

Hospital is pretty nearly heaven to the soldier who has spent much time in the front lines in the winter season. I personally know many of them who, convalescing in the summertime from old wounds, purposely deceived the doctors so as to return to the trenches by early fall with the chance of getting back wounded to the hospitals for the winter. It is one of the best influences on his fighting that a soldier dreads the trenches more than the wounds that will send him to the rear. He may be killed—although the chances are unbelievably small—but if he is only wounded he is willing to take the chances.

The last stage of refitting the soldier for the fight of life is worth a book to itself. New limbs that act almost like the original, nerves and bones that are made once more to do their work, muscles that are renewed —the details are as wonderful as the rareness of amputation. And still medical science is in its infancy. That is one of the grandest results of the war, that the science of human conservation recognizes more than it ever did its incompleteness and is determined to seek the remedy.

War is indeed terrible, but much of its terror has been eliminated by the call of necessity. As the engine of destruction amplifies, the problem of conservation and physical salvation grows with it and goes even beyond it.



THE VILLAGE STREET

From the Painting by F. McGillivray Knowles

The Siege of Germany from the Sea

BY COMMANDER CARLYON BELLAIRS

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED "THE LAST PHASE OF THE WAR"

IN articles by Englishmen, addressed to neutrals, it is frequently argued that the Kaiser's silly charge that we brought on the war is disproved by our failure to prepare an army. It would be better to recognize any lack of preparation as our statesmen's folly, and learn the lesson to look ahead and meet the future.

As our alliance consists of five first-class navies against two, and wielding forces of at least three to one, the conditions afloat are more favourable than those for which we have always held our navy prepared. The Allies have a reserve of naval strength far greater than has existed in the land war. They have consequently had no difficulty in carrying out the chief object of war in that they have maintained at sea all their military and economic activities while completely denying the surface of the sea to the enemy, except in the Baltic and the Sea of Marmora. This success we knew from history could not end a war, but it is a condition leading to a victorious peace. It is only when we examine the secondary objects of naval war that we see indications of failure, due to the fact that we did not plan ahead, and that the different navies do not possess the co-ordinated and united effort of one force under a single direction.

Our forefathers, for instance, knew how to handle a situation where neutrals like Holland and Denmark were supplying some of the trade an enemy could not get into his own ports direct. Vast neutral interests have been created in this modern form of smuggling, interests which not only work for Germany, but will powerfully influence these neutrals, whose territory might be so useful to us in the strategy of war, against intervening at a favourable moment, as Roumania has done. Drifting into error is usually followed by concealment of error, and this has not only been the case in regard to the blockade, but in other directions. For instance, Mr. Balfour in his controversy with Mr. Churchill, revealed that the Admiralty had failed to anticipate the need for cruisers on the routes to defend our trade, and had not provided a single submarine-proof harbour on the six-hundred-mile stretch of our east coast. The worst case of unexplained inaction was the failure to make cotton contraband. Had this been done any time during the first six months of war, the enemy would have exhausted his available efficient pro-

pellent explosives, and the war would have ended months ago. What that means to the Empire, and almost every family in it, can easily be imagined. Take the Zeppelins, as another example. We possessed photographs and measurements of every detail of the Zeppelin type before the war. We did not build one, and yet the argument is clear. Germany was sure to use the submarine and mine, and made no secret of the intention. Our naval scouting could therefore be most efficiently done by a Zeppelin, which could manœuvre for many hours clear of both these dangers, and see across much greater areas than a surface vessel. Another example where imagination would have helped us was the mine-field, since we did not provide any sea mines until long after war was declared. Lines of mines are the trenches of the sea, more potent than trenches on shore, for their position is unknown to the enemy, and no artillery can destroy them. So long as the enemy's fleet exists, mines can only be removed by vessels protected by a superior fleet, and that involves too great a risk of attack by submarines. One more instance is permissible of how the brain of the navy failed to get to work. We provided the best submarines, but we did not send any to the Baltic until a few went there several months after war broke out. What was the obvious line of argument?

(1) Our strength in surface vessels would prevent German ships from showing in the North Sea, whereas the advantage in surface vessels lay with the Germans in the Baltic.

(2) Germany would therefore offer our submarines hardly any surface targets in the North Sea, whereas her commerce with Sweden, her operations against the Russians along the coast, such as von der Goltz forecasted, and the blockade of the entrances to the Baltic, would cause her to offer plenty of targets in the Baltic. These easily foreseeable conditions should have caused us to send a large flotilla of submarines to the Baltic on or about the outbreak of war, ere arrangements could be made to prevent us.

The result of our failure to face the future—and many other cases could be cited—is that after over two years of war, against a navy which dare not engage in battle, we have yet been denied by mines all entrance into the Baltic, the Dardanelles, and into extensive areas of water off the German coasts. We have vacillated in a way known to all in our blockade, and we have failed to terminate Germany's trade with Sweden. Nearly all our movements in the North Sea are revealed to the Germans by Zeppelins, and to judge by the number of troops we keep in Great Britain the naval authorities have given no guarantee against invasion. Across the picture of "the might have been", must be written "Too Late". We are bad starters, good stayers and sure winners; and our navy has splendidly atoned for administrative mistakes. It was brought late in the crisis to its unprepared base, but seamanship rose superior to all difficulties. In the battle of Jutland not only did our men show themselves superior in morale, but the Germans were both strategically and tactically defeated, escaping only through the information given by a Zeppelin.

The failure of Whitehall has led many to Mr. Blatchford's idea that new blood and reform should be brought in, and he has secured a great following since the Admiralty momentarily failed, on the first reports of the battle of Jutland, to support the gallant seamen who had won a notable victory. Some time ago Mr. Balfour refused a request in Parliament for reform because he disliked changes in war! He has now introduced one officer with sea-going experience during the war. That is not enough. The First Sea Lord should be a great strategist with the most recent sea-experience. All the Sea Lords of the

Board should be relieved of their administrative routine work, and hold the posts among them of Directors of the War Staff, Operations and Air Services. The present Directors are not on the Board, which is kept too busy with mere routine duties which tax energy and cramp imagination.

On the whole the navy has done so well afloat that one longs to see its own high standard applied to those in control ashore. The knowledge that there is room for improvement is really a most encouraging thought, because with every advance we increase the stringency of our siege of Germany. The navy's great services are so obvious that Mr. Balfour's able statement of them addressed to the countrymen of the naval historian, Admiral Mahan, seemed hardly necessary. The fuss made over the *Moewe* and the *Deutschland,* by a nation which in peace-time possessed the second navy and the second mercantile marine in the world, speaks volumes as to the siege of Germany in one direction, and contrasts with the regularity with which the supplies of the Allies pass over the seas. The fall of the last of the German colonies and the consequent release of British shipping employed, shows vividly the operations of our sea-power in another direction. The Germans know of it, dream of it, feel it in every fibre of their bodies—this tyranny of sea-power. It leads Hindenburg to exclaim that England is the enemy. It is what brought Napoleon down and made him cry out to his generals after a victory: "We want greater things than this, we want ships, colonies and commerce." Slowly the dim consciousness that British sea-power will make an end of Prussian militarism is turning to stark reality. Our brains must get to work on the problem of how to use our sea-power with the best effect. If the Germans think they can circumvent it, that thought will prolong the war. For every man and woman then the problem is to make the Government bring home to Germany the hopelessness of such an idea. One method is publicity. If we are really building to the full limits of our resources, the more Germany knows of it the better. If we sink submarines, the sooner Germany hears of it the better. If we get munitions from America let the fact be rubbed in. To constrain neutrals whose frontiers march with those of Germany is the way to reach the mind of the Hun, for he will very soon hear and feel our action. When he feels that he is so ringed in that there is no relief from any point of the compass, he will be in the mood to surrender. His allies must feel our sea-power not merely passively but actively. Let us remember that both Nelson and Dundonald were keen advocates of coastal operations. Syria, which offers a promising field for such raids, was the scene of Sydney Smith's successful exploit at Acre against Napoleon, causing the latter to say that a British captain made him miss his destiny!

The test of these operations is that they should inflict great damage in proportion to the force employed and cause a large force of the enemy to be absorbed in the defensive instead of the offensive, otherwise they come under Napoleon's ban that "the English love to wage war in small packets".

To know what to avoid is as important as to know what to do. I am constantly told that we ought to employ all our destroyers in hunting submarines, and our fleet in knocking Heligoland to pieces. That certainly is not the Jellicoe touch. It was by having his destroyers with him that Sir John Jellicoe was able to accomplish so much at the battle of Jutland. It was a terrible mistake to give up Heligoland, but we do not wipe out our mistake by piling another on top of it.

There is, however, a point at which it is redundant to add to the High Seas Fleet, and this should leave a large surplus of vessels for hunting

through the North Sea and protecting the trade to Holland, and through the Skaggerack. We can do more with the Allied navies, and our great object is to make their pressure and offensive felt simultaneously with the offensives on all fronts by the armies on shore. The submarine hunt is foremost among these secondary objectives because the submarines interfere with the transport of troops and munitions, and sensibly reduce day by day the 3,600 ocean-going steamers with which we started this war. So much are our steamers wanted in this war that we have taken over half, or fifty-two per cent., for the war purposes of the Allies. The important thing is to turn the hunted into the hunter by arming all the steamers. A twelve-knot Italian steamer is said to have recently sunk one submarine and beaten off two on her way to New York, and it is significant that in spite of the operations of the U53 an armed Italian steamer sailed, while unarmed British steamers postponed their sailings. The war statistics are conclusive as to the advantage of arming not only the steamers, but all patrol boats hunting for submarines. If the guns are equally available for sinking floating mines and firing at Zeppelins, all the better. Economy of guns and men can be obtained by changing them over from vessels passing out of the submarine zone to those passing in. That is a detail. The important things to remember are that it takes time to replace a lost merchant ship, it is expensive to build, and it interferes with naval work. From every point of view it is better to arm existing ships. Sometimes we need them badly for a certain purpose other than actual work. Supposing we held a hundred vessels in the Mediterranean, so that troops there could be rapidly transported from one point to another. That fact alone would place the whole German plan in jeopardy, for they have no men to spare to meet a new situation, and the transport of troops by sea is much more rapid than by the poor railway systems to be found near the coast of the eastern basin of the Mediterranean. Should the military plan in conjunction with Russia and Roumania open up a road from those countries to the Mediterranean, wheat supplies would come to us by a quicker route than the Argentine.

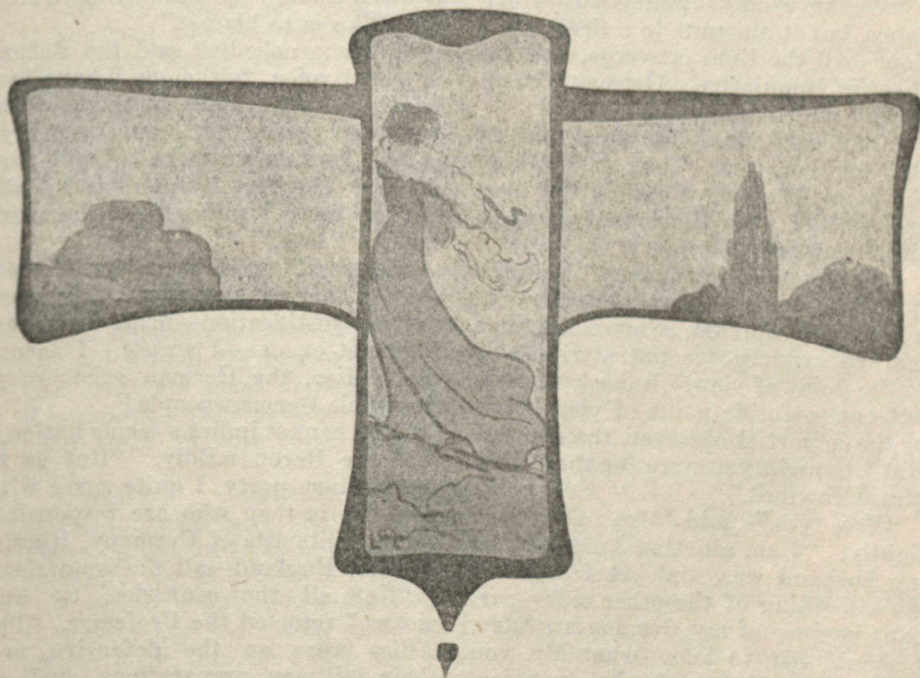
Always we must distinguish between what is vital and what is merely useful. It is not vital that so much of our shipping should bring us more than what is necessary in supplies, or that it should dance attendance on our navy merely because it may be useful in some conjectural circumstances. We need a stock-taking inquiry on the use of shipping so that it may be employed on what is vital. But let us keep what we have got of merchant ships by arming them. Not a submarine would dare work on the surface in action if all merchant ships were armed, and their speed below the surface is not more than twelve knots, or possibly fourteen knots for a couple of hours in the latest type. Let us, furthermore, recognize that if we build a few Zeppelins, they would be, in association with our fleet and seaplanes, more than a match for a number of German Zeppelins, and so complicate the German navy's scouting tactics. If our naval movements were co-ordinated with those of the Russians in the Baltic, it is quite possible to break the Baltic blockade of the Sound against submarines and commerce. Finally, let us think out ahead how to use Zeebrugge and Ostend, and the canal systems, and Antwerp, when they are once more in our hands.

My last point is the blockade. It has to be made more stringent. If it involves, in the case of Holland and Denmark, with frontiers marching with those of Germany, certain delicate points of national rights, we should ask ourselves this question: We believe the war involves our European civilization while all Europe, including Holland and Denmark, will

come under the Prussian heel of militarism if it is lost. The greater right to defend civilization swallows up the lesser right of international laws formed before railways gave new means of supplying an enemy and a new meaning to a principle more than once enunciated in our prize-courts that a neutral ought not to acquire a new trade with our enemy by reason of the fact that the enemy's shipping has been driven off the sea. All these considerations point to the fact that we have still means at our disposal of bringing an increasing pressure to bear on our enemy, and if under the present mild conditions of our siege of Germany the Hun has begun to "squeal", we have every reason to hope for satisfactory results as our sea power strengthens to a strangle-hold.

In the case of Greece we have prescriptive rights under our guarantee of the Constitution and under the treaties, and it is permissible to point out that with her coast, the Corinth Canal, and the majority of the people on our side, sea power can very effectively be brought into action so as to clear up the situation in a very short time. To bring Greece to our side would save us much transport work, besides giving us victory in the East against the German railway system to Constantinople.

The next article in this series is entitled "Our Strangle-hold on the German Spy System". It is written by William LeQueux, the famous authority on secret service and Continental spy systems, and author of "Spies of the Kaiser", etc.



OUR NEUTRAL SPY

By J. E. Le Rossignol

THE suggestion arose in this way. One evening at dinner we were discussing the origin of the war, and after some argument Professor Morgan said, with his usual air of authority:

"We have only circumstantial evidence, but it amounts to a demonstration. All the lines converge, and the effect is cumulative. Germany wanted and willed the war."

"Oh," said Mrs. Crawford, one of the day boarders, "that depends on the point of view. Possibly the lines are parellel. An illusion of perspective, Professor Morgan."

"An ingenious argument," said the professor, with unusual deference to a contrary opinion, "but there is a marked convergence not attributable to the point of view. Indeed, there is but one scientific point of view—that of the impartial observer, the neutral. But I thought you were for the Allies, Mrs. Crawford."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Crawford lightly. "I am a native American, as my husband was, and yet I begin to see something of the other side—perhaps because of my German ancestry. I should like to know what Mr. von Posenberg thinks of the question. Tell us, Baron, about the real origin of the war. You must know."

The Baron looked embarrassed.

"How should I know, Mrs. Crawford? I am not the Lord God, nor even the Kaiser. But this will I say: it was inevitable; it had to be."

"Inevitable! Had to be!" broke in Professor Morgan. "In that sense everything is inevitable. We are not discussing philosophy. The question is—who wanted the war? Who willed it? Who is to blame?"

"I blame nobody," said the Baron, in a sad voice, "although I have lost relatives and friends on both sides. I will say, even, that I pardon everybody. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*. Not that I understand it all, but the more I understand the more excuses I find."

"Excuses!" exclaimed the Professor. "That is the word. Excuses, but no justification—none whatever. I do not excuse—I accuse. I accuse the Kaiser, the German aristocracy, the whole German people."

"You cannot indict a whole nation," said the Baron mildly. "But as to the military party, I quite agree with you. It is they who are responsible—the militarists of Germany, Russia, France, England—all the countries."

"Not all the countries, by any means," retorted the Professor. "The Allies were on the defensive, and their military preparations, such as they were, were designed to resist German aggression."

"That is partially true," admitted

the Baron. "All growing nations are aggressive. But consider the aggressiveness of England, of Russia. No, the pot must not call the kettle black. They all make the same mistake."

"What mistake?"

"The mistake of thinking that there is not room for all. The world is large, Professor Morgan, and there is room for both Germans and English; yes, even for Russians. Their interests are mutual, harmonious, if only they knew it. When they realize this there will be prosperity, good-will, and peace."

"You talk like Norman Angell," said the Professor, becoming personal.

"Yes," said the Baron. "I am his disciple; and, I am proud to say, his friend. He is an American, almost."

"He is a good man," said the Professor, somewhat mollified by the compliment, "but he is an optimist, a dreamer."

"All prophets are dreamers, Professor."

"Yes, but not all are safe leaders. If England had listened to the pacifists, what would she have been today? A lamb in the midst of wolves. It is well that she had a few Dreadnoughts, if nothing else. A Cassandra is the prophet that England needs, and we also—not fools that cry, 'Peace! Peace! when there is no peace.'"

"But," interposed Mrs. Crawford, quickly seizing the opportunity to restore harmony between the debaters, "should we not try to allay suspicion and cultivate good feeling between the nations? The pacifists have done good work in this way, have they not?"

"Possibly," admitted Professor Morgan grudgingly, "but if I were planning to attack my enemy I would certainly try to allay his suspicion."

This was a well-aimed shot, and I thought I saw the Baron wince as it struck home, but he made no reply. Presently he excused himself and went to his room, where his light was burning until long after midnight. The rest of us adjourned to the sitting-room, where we discussed the Baron and his neutrality.

"He is too neutral for me," said Professor Morgan suddenly.

"He is at least a gentleman," said Mrs. Crawford indignantly. "You insulted him, Professor Morgan."

"I did so intentionally," said the Professor grimly.

"In Germany you would be called out for that."

"I know it," replied the Professor calmly. "And it would not be the first time, by any means. I remember another such aristocrat at Heidelberg, and our little affair. His serene transparency was punctured, and he was in the hospital for a month. Oddly enough, he was a Posenberg, too—an uncle, or cousin, no doubt, for the resemblance is striking. Pacifist! Neutral!"

"Why, Professor," exclaimed Mrs. Crawford, "I had no idea that you were such a fire-eater. But why should you attack the innocent nephew or cousin?"

"He is a spy, Mrs. Crawford."

"A spy! Professor, how can you?"

"Masquing as a pacifist."

"Impossible. He is an absolute neutral."

"Suspiciously so."

"If you are right, Professor, he must be a most consummate hypocrite."

"That is what I think. Do you know that he was an officer in the German army for seven years?"

"What of that, Professor? He is retired."

"Yes. And after that he spent some years in England, chiefly as a student at the University of Oxford."

"Why not? There are many Germans in England."

"Exactly."

"But he was a prominent advocate of peace."

"Even so. The movement has been worth twenty army corps to Germany."

"Yes," broke in the instructor in

physical culture, "the Baron's whole manner is that of a German army officer. Notice his posture sitting or standing, his walk, and the way he clicks his heels together as he bows. He shows his training."

"What square shoulders he has!" said the suffragette. "And how slender his waist! He wears corsets, you may be sure. But did you mark his manner toward women? Overbearing and offensive to a degree. Yes, indeed, he may well be a spy."

But have you noticed the change in the food since he came?" said the instructor in domestic science. "The cook is a German, you know. Now she puts caraway seeds in the soup and vinegar in the potatoes, and we have had sauerkraut twice in one week. It looks suspicious."

"Well," said I, trying to divest myself of all bias, "I have said nothing hitherto because I felt that we had not looked at the question from all sides. One of the chief vices in modern thinking is that we do not take account of all the factors in human life, that we do not consider social reality as a whole. We omit to allow for some cause, some motive, and our whole train of thought is vitiated. Your method is wrong, Professor Morgan. You should have more facts, and still more facts, before allowing yourself to theorize."

"I have all the facts I need," said the Professor very positively. "You sociologists are always looking at facts, and never perceive their true relations. All the great discoveries have been made by a sort of leap in thought, a stretch of the imagination, if you like. Besides, there is no time for your snail-like methods, as the Baron will leave the University in five weeks."

"You are most unjust, all of you," said Mrs. Crawford, looking around the circle with flashing eyes. "The poor man is an exile, a stranger in a strange land, and you treat him as an enemy. For my part, I will have nothing to do with this cruel persecution. It is most unfair, inhospitable, un-American."

Mrs. Crawford's desertion to the enemy's side was something of a blow to Professor Morgan, as he had been on very good terms with the young widow before the arrival of the Baron, and the boarders were beginning to gossip about them. But now the Professor had an additional motive to spur him on, and he redoubled his efforts to prove his case, with the result that he soon collected a considerable amount of circumstantial evi-evidence, very damaging, as most of us thought, to the Baron's neutrality. Only Mrs. Crawford and little Miss Miller, the exponent of the Montessori system, doubted and even ridiculed his conclusions; and, we believed, told the Baron what was being said, thus putting him on his guard and preparing him for the inevitable crisis.

Meanwhile, the Baron appeared to be quite unconscious of our suspicions, for he conversed amicably with everybody, and showed no disposition to evade a discussion of the great question of the day in any of its phrases. Indeed, he took part freely in all our conversation, and no one could tell by word or tone, or any other sign, that his feelings were isvolved in the slightest degree, or that he favoured one side more than the other. For all that, Professor Morgan and nearly all our company believed that the Baron was playing a part; but a small minority, led by Mrs. Crawford, stoutly held that he was just what he professed to be—a citizen of the world and a thorough-going pacifist.

Even those who agreed with Professor Morgan had no antipathy whatever toward the Baron, and the question as to whether he were a spy or not was merely one of academic interest or common curiosity, affecting in no way our normal relations as colleagues and fellow-boarders. With Professor Morgan, however, it was quite different, for he regarded the

Baron as an interloper and an enemy, and tried to make him compromise himself in every possible way. Strange to say, the Baron presently gave him exactly the opening which he desired, and the astute Professor was neatly led into a German trap.

We were speaking of the German army, and of the fearful losses of the Death's Head Hussars on the banks of the Yser, when the Baron casually said:

"That was my regiment."

He was apparently exposing himself to a deadly blow, and Professor Morgan instantly replied:

"I wonder, Baron von Posenberg, that you are not with your regiment at the present time."

The Baron looked at Professor Morgan with an expression of mild surprise; was silent for a moment; and then replied in calm, even tones:

"That is a very personal question, Professor Morgan, but I will give you the answer, if it will allay your curiosity. I was expelled from the regiment for refusing to fight a duel with a brother officer, my dearest friend, since when I have given my life to the cause of peace."

Professor Morgan was staggered, but returned feebly to the attack, trying to collect his thoughts.

"You are a disciple of Tolstoi, it seems."

"I do not stand with Tolstoi, Professor Morgan, at such a time as this. When the world is at war, a man's place is with his country. I would go back, of course, but that they made me give my parole when I left England."

"Aha!" exclaimed the Professor, perceiving a chink in his enemy's armour. "Doubtless you are serving your country quite as well as though you were at the front."

"How so, Professor?" queried the Baron smiling.

"I will tell you, sir," said the Professor, with cold steel in his voice. "You are no more neutral than I, though you have been posing as a pacifist. I compliment you on your histrionic ability, and I denounce you as a spy—a German spy."

The Baron laughed aloud.

"A spy! Lord God! A German spy! What next? Presently I shall be the devil himself. Would you like to see my horns and hoofs, Professor? I have them in my box, with all the other properties. Histrionic ability! That is good. How we find our latent talents, little by little! If only I had known it sooner! But it was left to you, Professor, to make the great discovery. Your researches in physics are thrown in the shade. In my turn, I would compliment you, sir, not upon your histrionic ability, exactly, but upon the power of your imagination. You also have missed your vocation. A great detective—a sleuth, I think you call it—was lost to the world when you became a professor of physics. Think of it! In a class with M. Lecoq and Sherlock Holmes. Ha! Ha! How refreshing it is to have a good laugh."

"Ridicule is not argument," snapped the Professor.

"No, but what argument can I give? I am a German, and therefore a spy. Now that I think of it, I wonder what I am spying in this region, so far inland. Perhaps I am interested in prairie dogs, or cactus, or sagebrush, or mountains, or gold mines. Ah, now we have it—gold mines, of course. Germany needs them. You had better look into it, Professor."

"That is your best argument and our only difficulty," admitted the Professor grudgingly. "We believe that you are a spy, although we do not know what you are doing here. But wait a little."

"As long as you like, Professor," said the Baron rising. "Before I go, let me compliment you once more upon your vivid imagination and your courtesy to a stranger."

The Professor was clearly worsted in this preliminary encounter, and wisely made a strategic retirement into the background of the boarding-

house. There he did bitter penance for his premature offensive, while striving to equip himself for another forward movement.

Meanwhile, the Baron held the field. He was now completely exonerated in the minds of most of the boarders, who were ashamed of their previous injurious suspicions. There was a revulsion of feeling in his favour; suspicion and restraint were dispelled, and he was received into our fellowship as an honoured guest.

It was one thing, however, to treat a distinguished traveller with due courtesy and hospitality; it was quite another to receive with open arms one about whom we knew but little. In this respect the men of our company were correct enough in their behaviour; but the women were, as I thought, somewhat effusive; and of these the most conspicuous was the young and charming widow who had so courageously defended the Baron in the time of his unpopularity. It was only natural, after what had occurred, that she should be more or less interested in him; but that she should so suddenly enter upon a career of coquetry—or love—with a comparative stranger, seemed to me highly improper, and even scandalous.

And yet, when one thinks of it, there is nothing uncommon in an affair of that kind. In our modern society widows do not throw themselves on funeral pyres nor immure themselves in convents; and middle-aged bachelors are fair game at all seasons. The Baron himself had more than once commended international marriages as a means of promoting world peace. Moreover, he had publicly said that he should personally be glad to meet a young American heiress who would take pity on his loneliness and devote herself and her fortune to rehabilitating his poor but ancient family. Indeed, he had gone so far as to ask our landlady whether Mrs. Crawford were rich; and when he learned that she had recently inherited a large fortune through the death of an aunt in New York he was tremendously interested, and redoubled his attentions. It began to look, therefore, as though the flirtation were developing into a serious love affair, although it was less than two years since Mrs. Crawford had lost her husband—a young engineer employed by the Guggenheims somewhere in Mexico.

Oddly enough, the Baron did not seem to be at all jealous of the late Mr. Crawford. On the contrary, he professed to be much interested in his brilliant though brief career, and talked about him frequently. He told us that he had at one time intended to be a mining engineer, and that he had even studied at the celebrated Bergakadamie in Freiberg. He had never been in Mexico, but he had thought of that country as the field for his mining career, and was well acquainted with its geographical features, its people, and even its political affairs. Surely, we thought, the Baron would not talk so freely of Mexico if he had any connection whatever with the political troubles in that country.

One day Professor Morgan came to my room with a mysterious air, to tell me that he had discovered something of the greatest significance; when I asked him what it was, he informed me that he had heard the Baron and Mrs. Crawford talking Spanish, and that both spoke with a Mexican accent.

"What of that?" I asked. "He may have learned the language from a Mexican."

"Not at all likely," replied the Professor, his eyes glowing with the joy of hunting. "The Baron has been in Mexico, you may be sure."

"And if so?" I said, to draw him out, although I could see the inference quite clearly.

"He is a liar," whispered Morgan. "Count one against him."

"You mean that he has told one lie," I said cautiously. "But even if he were a confirmed liar, what does

that prove? All spies are liars, perhaps, but not all liars are spies."

"Your brain is not working to-day, Wiggins, or you could see further implications. Why did he say that he had never been in Mexico?"

"He may have had one of a thousand reasons, or no reason at all. Punctilious truth-telling is an English, not a continental virtue."

"Wiggins, you miss the point. The Baron wished to deceive us—for a purpose."

"What purpose, then?"

"That remains to be seen. He is at least acting a part, or part of a part."

"Does the widow know?"

"Of course."

"Then she also is a spy."

"No, not that. Wait a while."

We waited patiently for some days, but neither saw nor heard anything of consequence until one dark and sultry evening, as I was seated on a bench in the park, I heard two people walking on the gravel path, engaged in earnest conversation. Presently they sat down on a bench directly behind me, and through the shrubbery I could hear every word they said. It was the Baron and Mrs. Crawford; and I had no compunctions about listening, all things considered.

"You may be right, Max, in concealing your true opinion, but I should like to hear you tell those people what you think of them. What an absurd collection they are—that pompous athletic person, that aggressive suffragette, that silly sociologist, and the crazy professor of physics. A monomaniac—don't you think so?"

"Yes," replied the Baron with a snort. "They are a pack of asses, and I should like to tell them so. But I fear that I could not do so without violating my neutrality."

"Neutrality, Max! Is it jest or earnest, comedy or tragedy? How you can play the part passes my comprehension. It must be a fearful strain."

"Frightful. The calmer I am on the surface the greater is the inward tension. I am like a picric acid bomb. Some day I shall explode, and there will be hell let loose. Verdammt! I must not speak of it, or something will happen. Yet it is a relief to talk with you, Bertha, for you understand. Ah, my dear, you understand."

"Yes, Max. No! No! You shall not! Not yet. No, I tell you! Let us go now. I had no idea it was so late."

At once I hastened to Professor Morgan to tell him the news, expecting that he would be wild with excitement, but he took it very coolly, as though he had known it all before. Even when I told him that Mrs. Crawford and the Baron were already calling each other by their first names, and going still further along the pathway of love, he seemed quite unconcerned. I was puzzled, and even irritated, at his indifference, and well-nigh resolved to have nothing more to do with the case. It was no affair of mine, for a spy could not injure me in any way, nor a widow contribute in the slightest degree to my happiness. Yet it distressed me to think that another lovely American girl—for she was a mere girl—might be carried away by the scion of a foreign pauper nobility.

Two days later, after the close of my lecture, as I was at my desk making some preparations for the following day, the telephone rang, and as I put the receiver to my ear a low, sweet voice spoke:

"Professor Wiggins?"

"Yes, Mrs. Crawford," I replied.

"You know my voice, I see."

"How could I forget it, Mrs. Crawford?"

She laughed gaily.

"Pretty good for a married man. But tell me, Professor Wiggins—is Professor Morgan near by?"

"In the next office, Mrs. Crawford. Shall I call him?"

"Thank you, Professor Wiggins. I

wish to speak to him about a matter of some importance."

When Professor Morgan came I offered to retire, but he particularly requested me to remain, saying, in a jocular manner, that he might need me as a witness. Then he gave his undivided attention to the telephone, or, rather, to the gentle voice vibrating there.

"Are you there, Mrs. Crawford?"

. . . .

"No, Mrs. Crawford, and I have been feeling quite disconsolate, I assure you, since my rival appeared on the scene."

. . . .

"No rival? That is good news, Mrs. Crawford."

. . . .

"Yes, Professor Wiggins is with me. Silly sociologist! Ha! Ha! Yes, we are both here. He does not quite understand, but I will explain the situation."

. . . .

"The spy? You have some further evidence. I am glad of it."

. . . .

"Your husband's papers? He has not asked for them, of course."

. . . .

"Your room searched? Fine! I expected that. Where was the Baron?"

. . . .

"With you at the theatre? Very good! A perfect alibi. Then it was the cook, or Miss Miller. Her name is Müller, you know. But they got nothing, of course."

. . . .

"The First Trust Company? Yes, perfectly safe. If they were published we should be at war with Mexico within a week."

. . . .

"You must lead him on, Mrs. Crawford. You are a German sympathizer, you know, and Germany needs those papers. The more trouble for us the better for her—war with Mexico, war with Japan, labour war—all's grist that goes to her mill. Anything to save the Fatherland. Well played, Mrs. Crawford! A great game! Go on with it! You will win!"

. . . .

"Oh, that is a mere detail. You will, of course, not surrender the papers without asking that the Baron show his credentials—a letter from the Ambassador, or at least the local Consul. Then you will deliver a sealed package addressed to the Ambassador, containing something or other, and you will receive a receipt. That is the barest outline, Mrs. Crawford. Think it over and modify it to suit yourself."

. . . .

"Then you will send the original papers to the Department of State, with a full account of all the circumstances up to date. The whole plot will be exposed, the Baron discredited, your husband avenged, and you will have done your country a great service."

. . . .

"I shall have helped you, Mrs. Crawford."

. . . .

"Good-bye, Mrs. Crawford."

"Well, Wiggins," said Morgan as he put down the receiver. "What do you think of that?"

"Think?" said I, somewhat nettled. "How can I think when I have no facts? No material for thought! Why all this mystery? Those papers—"

"Forgive me, Wiggins. It was not my secret; but now I am permitted to explain. They are notes made by the late Mr. Crawford in Mexico—a full account of the Madero-Huerta conspiracies and other matters—a most intimate exposé of state secrets by one who knew—before he was murdered."

"Murdered!"

"Yes, that his secrets might die with him. But Mrs. Crawford escaped and carried the papers with her. Germany would like very much to publish them just now. The country would be aflame with wrath—as when the *Maine* was destroyed. A war with Mexico

would put a sudden end to the export of munitions, for one thing. You see, Wiggins?"

"Yes, I see. But this gives us no conclusive evidence against the Baron."

"Conclusive enough for me. Only one link missing, and now we have it—a motive. Presently we shall have documents to clinch the argument, and the chain will be complete."

"Oh," said I dubiously. "That is not so clear to me. There are too many unknown quantities in your equation. The Baron may be no baron at all, for example."

"The family resemblance is striking."

"Or the widow may be no widow. There was no murder, perhaps."

"It is attested by witnesses."

"Or there may be no such papers as she describes."

"I have examined them."

"Or you may have searched her room yourself."

"Wiggins, you are losing your mind. Sociology has softened your brain. Cease to look at reality as a whole, for Heaven's sake, and follow the clues that we have found. Your method gives us a tangle of disconnected threads, leading nowhere."

"Well," said I, in a conciliating tone, seeing that Morgan was irritable. "I do not deny that you have a strong case, a very strong case. I was merely trying to show the chance of error. Science should make us cautious."

It was fully two weeks before anything definite occurred, and we were growing anxious about the outcome, although Mrs. Crawford sent us reassuring messages from time to time. More than once it occurred to me that she might be playing a double game, but I instantly dismissed the thought as an unworthy suspicion. As for Morgan, he trusted her with a lover's faith, and his only concern was whether she could accomplish her difficult task.

At last the suspense came to an end. It was high time, for the summer session was about to close, and on the following day our little company would disperse, never to meet again. So it was a glad welcome that I gave to Morgan as he burst into my office, frantically waving an opened letter in the air, and exclaiming, in a voice that sounded like a trumpet call—although it could not have been louder than a stage whisper:

"We've got him! Ah, the damned spy! We have him!"

"Aha!" cried I, only a shade less excited than my colleague. "Good for you, Morgan. What is it? Out with it. But let me close the door first—someone might hear."

"True," he whispered. "Walls actually do have ears, in these days of physical science. But listen to this:

Auraria, Eldorado, July 25th, 1915.

My Dear Professor Morgan:

After some delay and much finesse, I have obtained the evidence about which we spoke. The Baron is the most elusive personality I have ever known. Be careful, or he will escape us yet.

Please use the papers as you may think best, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

Bertha von Arndorf Crawford.

"That is satisfactory as far as it goes," I said. "But the widow's name—what does that signify?"

"Nothing," replied Morgan. "The name is German, but the family has been American for three generations. There is nothing hyphenated there, but it misled the Baron all the same. He thinks she would give her life for the Fatherland. But here is something else. Listen!"

Mrs. Bertha von Arndorf Crawford,
Rumford Hall,
Auraria, Eldorado.

Dear Madam,—As you have asked me for a statement regarding the Freiherr Max von Posenberg, it gives me great pleasure to assure you that he is a gentleman of high family and unblemished reputation, and that any confidence which you may repose in him will be absolutely respected.

I have the honour to be, dear madam,
With high respect,
Frederick Hermann,
Consul-General of the German
Empire for Eldorado.

"That covers the ground, doesn't it?" said Morgan exultantly.

"Well," I demurred. "It appears to cover altogether too much ground—like the Delphic Oracle. I wish it were more specific."

"Wiggins, you are hypercritical. Let me read you this":

Received from Mrs. Bertha von Arndorf Crawford, a sealed package addressed to the German Ambassador at Washington. The important papers which it contains are to be returned to the owner as soon as possible.
Max Freiherr v. Posenberg.
Witness,
Frederick Hermann,
Consul-General.

"That is better," I admitted in reply to Morgan's look of triumph, "and yet I have an uncomfortable feeling about it—a vague sense of uneasiness which I cannot explain."

"You talk like a woman, Wiggins. Get rid of your intuitions and vague presentiments—nothing back of them."

"I hope not, Morgan," I retorted. "But your mathematical demonstrations are not always satisfactory. You may get a plus or minus result, both fulfilling the conditions of the equation. Von Posenberg is or is not a spy—not very conclusive, that."

Morgan laughed loud and long, and in that moment of confidence I, too, felt that my fears were groundless.

The dénouement came that very evening, as we were talking of our coming dispersal and our plans for the rest of the summer. Professor Morgan was, as I knew, awaiting an opportunity to resume the attack, but the Baron anticipated him, according to the usual German method—offensive-defensive.

"So, Professor Morgan, we part to-morrow. You have made my stay in Auraria very interesting. But do you still think me a spy? Have you any further evidence?"

"We have, indeed," retorted the Professor. "For one thing, you have never been in Mexico, and yet you speak Spanish with a most peculiar accent."

"I got it in Argentina, Professor. Only an expert could tell the difference between the dialects. Anything else, my friend?"

"Then I am an expert, Baron. But let that pass. You have been posing as a neutral, for reasons of your own, but I have to tell you, sir, that your neutrality is a farce. It must be a fearful strain to maintain so calm an exterior when the inward tension is so great. Some day you will explode, like a picric acid bomb. Would you like to explode now, Baron?"

"So I was overheard," said the Baron, in sharper tones, his piercing eyes searching our circle and fixing upon me as the probable culprit. "So you listened, Professor Wiggins. Well, I trust you heard all I said. There are spies and spies, as I see. And I will tell you, my friends, that there are two kinds of neutrality—the neutrality of the head and the neutrality of the heart. In the former sense I am absolutely neutral, for I perceive the latent and active causes of war in every country; I deplore the folly and futility of it; I blame no country and no person; I hope and believe that war will cease and the reign of peace be established in the earth. But, ladies and gentlemen, friends and enemies: the man who says that I am neutral at heart lies in his teeth. To the devil with such neutrality! I am German through and through. I pity France; I despise Italy; I loathe Russia; I hate England; and I should like to see Germany trample all her enemies into the dust."

"Including the United States of America?"

"All her enemies."

"I knew it," said Professor Morgan grimly. "You are an alien enemy. And do you still deny that you are a spy?"

"A spy!" sneered the Baron. "Be-

cause I do not choose to declare my sympathies in an enemy country, I am a spy. I do not see the connection. What am I spying, then?"

"I will tell you, Baron von Posenberg. You have been trying to lay your hand on some papers relating to Mexico, state secrets, that, if published, might plunge our country into war—a war that would be highly advantageous to Germany at the present time."

The Baron was silent for a moment, as though stunned by the unexpected attack. Then, recovering himself, he burst into a harsh, mirthless laugh.

"Ha! Ha! Well done, Professor! So you have sprung the trap? Well laid, I must say. Papers about Mexico! State secrets! That is news to me. And where was I to find these papers, Mr. Detective?"

"They are the property of Mrs. Crawford."

"Mrs. Crawford—Bertha! Is this a fact?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Crawford.

"And did you tell this man that I was trying to obtain possession of your papers?"

"I did, indeed."

"Then, Mrs. Crawford, it becomes my painful duty to say in the presence of this whole company that you are not telling the truth."

"That is a deliberate lie, Baron von Posenberg!" said Professor Morgan sternly. "And a stupid lie, too, for we have the proofs at hand. Do you deny that you presented this letter from the German Consul to Mrs. Crawford authorizing her to trust you with the documents?"

"The letter is genuine, my dear Professor, but you are utterly wrong as to the purpose of it. Read it again, and I will interpret. There was a tentative and conditional proposal of marriage between myself and Mrs. Crawford, and the Consul's letter was a testimonial to my social standing and moral character."

"Testimonial! Moral character! Very good, Baron. And the receipt which you gave to Mrs. Crawford—no doubt you can interpret that, also."

"Assuredly," said the Baron with a smile of triumph. "It was, as I understood, a receipt for some papers establishing the right of Mrs. Crawford to inherit the property of an alleged aunt who recently died in New York. As the aunt was of German birth the Ambassador was in some way concerned, and the papers have been sent to him."

"Highly probable, I must say. And what interest had you in this property?"

"That is another very personal question, Professor Morgan, but I will satisfy your curiosity once more. The inheritance was an essential condition to the proposed marriage. It was the dowry, you see."

"One more question, Baron von Posenberg. What possible motive can Mrs. Crawford have in denouncing you?"

"Ah, Professor! Who can fathom the mind of a woman? If I were to guess, I should say that the dowry was a fiction, and that the lady was piqued at me for declining to take her for herself alone."

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Crawford. "What a tissue of lies!"

"Lies, madam? Then it is your word against mine. But the Consul will testify for me."

"I also," said Miss Miller. "The Baron told me of the projected marriage with Mrs. Crawford and I warned him against her."

"The testimony of Fräulein Müller is thrown out of court," said Professor Morgan, delivering his last shot, "for she was seen leaving Mrs. Crawford's room on the day it was searched. There is more than one spy, it would seem, in our midst. Against the testimony of the German Consul I will place that of Professor Wiggins and myself, together with information from other sources which I will show to anyone who may care to see it. We have proved our case, I take it."

"You may think so," retorted the Baron, as he rose to go. He clicked his heels together and made a formal bow to each of the company in turn.

"Well," said I, when the company had dispersed, and only Mrs. Crawford, Professor Morgan and I were left to talk over the results. "Well, Morgan, we did not secure a conviction after all. The jury disagreed, as I could see. It is a pity that we could not present more conclusive evidence."

"What more would you have, Wiggins? You did not expect the Baron to confess, did you?"

"No, but he had such plausible explanations for everything. All the facts fitted his theory quite as well as ours."

"Not at all, Wiggins. You miss the point entirely. You do not doubt Mrs. Crawford, do you?"

"Surely not; but a purely unbiased judge might. From the scientific point of view all things are possible—all good and all evil. I believe in my friends—in myself—but I know that we might sink into the nethermost pit. I tremble when I think of it."

"Tremble no more, Professor Wiggins," said the window laughing. "Take this little diary, Professor, and after you have read it tell me whether you have a shred of doubt left. If you have, I will show you some letters from friends in Mexico, and an interesting photograph of the Baron. He was concerned in the death of my husband. Do you wonder that I played the part of Delilah?"

"I believe you fully, Mrs. Crawford. But why did you let him go?"

"He has not gone," broke in Professor Morgan, "and when he goes he will be deported, sent back to Mexico, where the Zapatistas are eagerly awaiting him. It would be better for him to be with his regiment at the front."

"I wish," said I, hoping to clear up one more doubtful point, "that we could have seen the papers which the Baron was trying to get, and those which he actually received. Then we should have practically all the essential documents in the case."

"We will show you the original documents to-day, before they go on to Washington. As to the contents of the sealed package, there was nothing but a letter addressed to the Baron, a copy of which we have kept. Shall I read it aloud, Mrs. Crawford?"

"Certainly. There must be no secrets from Professor Wiggins."

"Except one, Bertha."

"Be careful, or you will let the cat out of the bag. Please read the letter, Professor Morgan."

"Well, here it is":

Auraria, Eldorado, July 21, 1915.

Baron Max von Posenberg,
In care of his Excellency the German Ambassador,
Washington, D.C.

Sir,—Before you see this letter you will have realized, I hope, the impossibility of my granting your request. The papers relating to Mexico have been sent to our Government at Washington, and will aid, I trust, in saving my native land from the assaults of declared enemies and the treachery of pretended friends.

As to the evidence relating to the inheritance from my grand-aunt, Mrs. von Arndorf, about which you were so much concerned, you can, if you wish, verify my statements at the Probate Court in New York.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Sincerely, your enemy,
Bertha von Arndorf Crawford.

"One more question," said I, "if I have not bored you enough already. Do you think that the Baron has read this letter?"

"Of course," said Professor Morgan confidently. "How else could he have prepared his defence? Otherwise, I should almost believe him innocent."

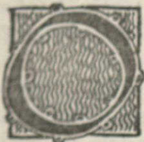
That was what I was thinking, but I had not yet read the diary.

A VILLAGE STREET

From the Painting by A. Suzor Cote
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

TIME THE WRITER

By Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck)



ONE has yawned and said how the year does nothing but open and close. This was an idle saying, and ill-advised, like declaring the covers are all there is to a book.

In the 365 pages of the year's volume none are blank, for Time's pen is ever at point and its record is ineradicable. Nothing can erase it, neither tears, nor blood; neither stamp of censor, nor pencil of blue. Time is a grim inexorable scribe. "What I have written," he says, "I have written."

Marconi writes on the air. The Nazarene wrote on the sand. Moses with his finger wrote on tables of stone. We all write somewhere, somehow. Time keeps the copy. Not a sign is lost, neither a comma nor a dash; nay, not so much as one blot. Lady Macbeth might wash her hands and say, "Out, damned spot", but the colour remained. "Yet, who could have thought the old man had so much blood in him?"

Once of a day, with his submarine, the Prussian Spoiler wrote beneath the sea—wrote with stealth and swiftness—but Time set out the lines for all the world to read. Woe! Woe! This was Time's most baleful story. Mercy of God! this was the record of a nation's supreme sin.

On one page, it is a new map that Time, the caligrapher, draws out; on others a computation of figures, a chemical formula, a standard of arms, the staring folly of a man's heart and how he fashions evil; a young song that is like sweet honey to our mouths, or a strong ideal that has sprung full-armed from the head of the world. Yes! this is what he sets down, and other things I cannot mind, for Time knows nothing of an eight-hour shift and he is the Lord of Language.

Does a woman weep that the heavy white years have come upon her; because of joy or weariness; that her love is dead; that she is tossed into the discard? Does a woman cry for deceitfulness; because of a raging shame; for lost anchors, broken cisterns, or for any of life's false grails? Time counts her tears. His inexorable pen is a match for all it sees.

Does a woman serve unnoticed at an obscure post? Time sees and takes the story. It maybe she but knits gray socks for the gray trenches, but into their web she gathers the strands of her broken life, her sorrow—yes, or even her sin. Once, a certain Mary, who was a courtesan, brought the im-

plement of her sin, which was a box of sweet-smelling spikenard, and broke it at the feet of a just man made perfect. Time has told the tale in scores and hundreds of dialects and, as yet, it is only in the first edition.

Once, a humble man stood out against the world.

But listen, O Gentiles! while this story is most strangely bewitching, it is an old, old one and oft repeated. Let us leave it then; let us leave it and hurry on.

Here at home, our Mother Canada has had many and diverse scribes. Lest she forget, the Jesuits have left her their *Transactions*; the Factors of the Hudson's Bay, their *Logs*; and the Riders of the Plains, their *Reports*. That she may then better remember, the Indians and Esquimaux have set down their lineage, their history, their religious tenets, and the stories of their chase—each in his own tongue, each by his own pen. They have set it down on totem poles, on pottery, on walrus tusks, and in basketry. They finished their story and are gone.

But, Time, the annalist, has never written *Finis* to his volumes, for his tales are never concluded. The story of the Magna Charta, the Crucifixion, the finding of America, and of the discovery of anæsthetics, are still in process. There are a seriate which bid fair to continue to the end of the world. The translation of the Bible is said to have cut off the head from Charles I. The French Revolution was the result of Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, and the results of the French Revolution are still a continuous operation.

As a writer, Time knows nothing of the egotism of the "we"—that is to say, of one man endeavouring to persuade the public that he has the authority of several or, indeed, that he is backed in his opinions by all the penmen of his political or literary stripe. Contrariwise, Time has modesty—a grace most amiable and desirable—and ever holds his pen to the narrow and proper confines of the first person singular.

While it is true that his yearly records may naturally frame themselves into an epic, a lyric, a drama, or a pastoral, yet, never by any chance, do they become didactic or philosophic. Time, the chronicler, expresses no opinion. 'Tis a courtesy much above our deserving, and he shall have praise of me unceasingly.

And, hark, ye people! As an author, he has other and stranger distinctions. (Where can you find his like?) Here is a penman whose "lode" is never worked out; whom no one "discovers", and whose last story is not of necessity "his best". He seeks no publisher; takes no royalties; reserves no rights. His books are open to all, and have no need of translator.

Does he scribble on the fleshy pages of our faces? They who run may read. Does he scrawl on the clay? Nature, in her cool dispassionate manner, takes the page and files it away that a million years hence some weak-eyed, hairless, long-fingered geologist may decipher the narrative and republish it with annotations to the confusion and taming of the priesthood of his day.

Some have it that Time has never written on the sea, but he will some day—without a doubt he will, for, in these latter times, it has come to pass that the sea thinks and feels and is a-thrill with life.

So ho! but this is a thing to astonish the heart, how men have strung her body through and through with arteries, with nerves, and with tongues of fearsome fire.

Of a truth, Time, with his pen, will write many and many a wrinkle on her azure brow. He is sure to manage it someway.

And, after all, it may be that the waves of the sea are actually wrinkles and that the Japanese are precise as well as poetic when they designate the etched and crooked lines on a

woman's face as "the waves of old age".

Why Time writes I cannot say, unless it be as the bond-servant of Eternity. Or it may be that the sharing of his oil with the foolish is his one and allotted mission in life. Sometimes, I am inclinable to the belief that he writes just for the joy of it, like any other good writer, caring no whit for the reader or critic.

Did I say he was a "good" writer? I must have, for already the ferocious felons—that is to say, the critics—have risen to object. Time has no originality, they say. As an author, he is a mere narrator of facts. He opens no virgin territory and is without distinction of style. He is much too heavy-handed; too madly lucid.

But such comments were to be expected, for no people, whether they be critics or the actual readers of books, have ever loved the faithful chronicler of their age or country. Speak admiringly in the South of a southern writer and the room rises to protest. "*That* lame boy," they will say, as Mary Chaworth said of Byron. Tell the North about the charms of their special annalist, and a score of pistols are to your head. Like Byron, too, he is "mad, bad and dangerous to know".

Yes! this is the trouble with Time—he knows what everyone does better than anyone.

There is a gossip-tale that, some day, Time will die and that there will be an end to his pestiferous pen. One John, isolated on the Isle of Patmos, himself a writer of no mean calibre, declared how he had a vision and in it he saw a mighty angel come down out of the heavens.

And this angel, whose face was like the sun, stood with one foot upon the sea and one upon the land and swore by him who liveth forever and ever that Time should be no more.

Whenso Death may come to Time is an idle speculation. I like to think he will live always. It was Israel Zangwill who said about Robert Louis Stevenson, "Can you bring home to yourself the death of a man like that?"

But if Time should die—if Time be dust and ashes (even as you and I) then let us wish for him the same agreeable end desired by the old professor in *Hyperion*—that he might die with a proof-sheet in his hand.

Some have it that Time is a peddler with a pack; some say he is a reaper with a scythe; I proclaim a new symbol, Time is a penman with a pen.

Our New North

BY R. G. MacBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST," "OUR TASK IN CANADA," ETC.

WHEN theFathers of Confederation were gradually evolving their great plan for a new nation under the old flag, they were dealing primarily with the Upper and Lower Canadas and the areas down by the Atlantic. But there is ample evidence to show that "their souls yearned beyond the sky-line", and that they were looking forward to the annexing of the immense domain stretching out from the Great Lakes to the shores of the Pacific and the Arctic oceans. In other words, as Sir Leonard Tilley is said to have expressed it in the language of the world-visioned Psalmist, the hope was cherished that the Dominion might be from sea to sea. Accordingly we find that men of both political parties cooperating in a common cause, with the approval of the Imperial authorities, "took occasion by the hand to make the bounds of Empire broader yet".

And so it came to pass after some negotiations that the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered for a consideration the charter which had practically given them the monopolistic control of half a continent for two hundred years. Then the tide of immigration began to come westward to old Fort Garry and the country round about, even though some eastern people openly doubted the wisdom of trying to settle and farm in such "hyper-borean regions". And as the Canadian Pacific went on driving its iron horses across the plains and the mountains to the western seaboard, the human tide followed closely to the foothills of the Rockies, whence it surged more directly westward, following the wake of the railway into the rich mining, lumbering and farming areas of British Columbia.

But for years the great northern hinterland towards the Peace and Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers was left in its aboriginal wildness. True, settlers began to percolate through to old Fort Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan, but some wiseacres shook their heads and wondered what would become of these adventurous spirits. To-day not only is Edmonton a flourishing city at the heart of a wealthy agricultural province, but away hundreds of miles beyond Edmonton there is opening up a New North, to which there is flowing quietly but increasingly a stream of Anglo-Saxon immigration.

This movement northward we consider a good thing for the human family, for the north has always been the mother and the nurse of the strong nations of the world. Not in equatorial lands where a dreamy existence can be dragged out or shuffled through, without even the necessity of toiling for a livelihood—not there have the great peoples of the earth been cradled, but in the north where

there is some need for effort, where the crisp air gives a healthful tang to the atmosphere, and where the sweeping breeze puts iron into the blood of men. Hence Canada should be glad that she is finding an ever-widening horizon and that a hitherto unknown and wonderful northland is coming to the front to be the nursing-mother of a virile people.

Not long ago, in connection with home mission work, I had the satisfaction of taking a trip with two others engaged in the same errand, into and through the remarkable Peace River country, and the desire to make more definitely known this latest and last great fertile area of Canada is strong within me. When the war is over everyone knows that the Dominion of Canada will once more be the Mecca for immigrants, and it is good to know that not only have we room for millions in the parts of Canada already considered settled, but that there is a new portion of the land where many thousands of comfortable homes can be founded. But because real homes are the citadel of a nation let us exercise discrimination lest we invite immigrants to whom the idea of the home as an institution is unimportant.

We all were agreed at the end of our journey that the people we met in the scattered settlements and villages of the north were of a singularly good type. They are interested in religion and education, they are eager for churches and schools, and have them wherever there is population enough, and they joined in with the rest of Alberta in saying emphatically that they were going to build up their communities without the moral and economic handicap of the liquor traffic. Hence the people who now go into the north will find that those who are already there are living up to the best traditions of the older settled portions of Canada. This is one of the best auguries for the success of this new domain.

As a field for the operations of the hunter and trapper and trader the Peace River country dates many long years back. But its history as a field for the farmer, the man who is the real basis of a country's progress, is only of this generation. For it is less than thirty years since the late Sir John Schultz, then a Senator of Canada, began to urge upon Parliament the desirability of investigating the new north. A great many considered that he was unreasonable in desiring to put the country to the trouble and expense of investigating what they called a wilderness. But Schultz, with his well-known enthusiastic Canadianism, persisted and secured the appointment of a commission. Of this commission he was made chairman, and the results of the investigation, as presented to the House in 1888, amply justified the trouble and expense undertaken. That an enormous agricultural area existed there was a fact established beyond a doubt. But in the report there was a note of hesitation as to urging people to go into the country in view of the fact that it was a long distance away from railway facilities. The same general note ran through nearly all the literature published in regard to the country up to recent years, but it can now be removed. For the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, starting at Edmonton, is to traverse the great district northward and westward to the boundary of British Columbia, where it will eventually be linked up with the coast cities. From McLennan, a divisional point on that road, the Central Canada goes northward to Peace River Crossing, where it will bridge the great stream and then go on beyond it. And from Spirit River, on the main line of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia, another branch will run southward to the famous Grande Prairie district.

Within a few months most of these points in the Peace country will be reached by the steel, so that settlers now going in need no longer fear iso-

lation or great distance from markets.

In our recent trip we had the pleasure of travelling by rail, trail and river, going from Edmonton to the end of steel, thence by trail to the Smoky River, and on that swirling rapid stream in a primitive boat down to the majestic Peace and the new town at the crossing there. From that point we passed over and went overland by motor through the Blue Sky country, north of the Peace River some seventy-five miles westward to the old Hudson's Bay post, Fort Dunvegan. There, crossing the river again, we drove by wagon-trail about ninety miles through the Spirit River settlement to Grande Prairie, from which point we drove thirty miles to the Smoky, and went down a hundred miles more to the point nearest the steel again.

We went through the country in the harvest-time and so had good opportunity for seeing what it could produce. We knew beforehand, of course, that, at two world's fairs, the prize wheat had come from points north of the Peace—from Shaftesbury, on the north bank, and from Fort Vermilion, two hundred and fifty miles almost due north from the Crossing. And we knew that a carload of wheat from a three-year-old farm (which we visited) in the Blue Sky district, had been shipped last year by team and train to Winnipeg, where it caused some excitement by reaching the highest grade. But even with this knowledge we were hardly prepared to find, as we did find, that owing to the prolonged daylight the harvest was considerably earlier than at points farther east, and that there were in the New North some of the best fields of wheat and oats we had ever seen in all our experience either in the East or the West.

The extraordinary luxuriance of the grasses and pea-vine should make the whole country the delight of the stock-raiser, while the climate was described to me, by men whom I had known elsewhere, as the best all-year-round climate they had known. We experienced no storms or high winds during our three or four weeks in the country, and people claim that they are few, either summer or winter, throughout the territory. So that the snow in winter does not drift.

At Peace River Crossing, where there is already the nucleus of a city, the scenery is superb. Into the silent-flowing and majestic Peace at this point there comes from the south-eastward the rapid-rushing Smoky, and from the south, through a mighty canyon, the Little Heart River. The river banks and ravines are heavily wooded and the water of these streams glistens through the everygreen in all directions, so that for the last seven or eight miles into the Crossing, the Central Canada will be a wonderful scenic route. So beautiful is it that a famous old Vermont miner, who had travelled widely, told his friends that when he died he would like to be buried where his grave would look up and down on this incomparable scene. He died many miles away, but friends fulfilled his wish, and so on the high south bank of the Peace his grave is found, with this pathetic but goodly epitaph:

H. F. DAVIS,
Born in Vermont, 1820; died at Slave Lake, 1893.
Pioneer, pathfinder, miner and trader.
He was a friend to every man, and never locked his cabin door.

Thus does the famous old miner, whose peculiar soubriquet of "Twelve-foot Davis" was derived from a certain claim measurement, testify by his resting-place to the unique beauty of the situation.

Fort Dunvegan is on the north bank of the Peace, some seventy-five miles or more west from the Crossing and twelve miles north from where the main line of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia road passes on its westward way. The old fort was built a century ago, by Fac-

tor McLeod, who, with the passionate love of the homeland strong within him, called it after the seat of his gallant clan in the Isle of Skye. Some irresponsible exploiters in real estate put Dunvegan on the market a few years ago, because the railway, though not projected to the fort, had put the name into its title in order to describe the well-known district through which it was passing on its way towards British Columbia. But the old fort, though never likely to see a city, is still in the old business as a post on the frontier. Its name remains as a tribute to one of the grim, hardy, conscientious traders whose love for the homeland did so much in early days to hold this great country for the Empire.

Spirit River, Grande Prairie, Saskatoon Lake, Ponce Coupè, Bezanson and many other names stand for splendid farming areas and some of them will be centres of population in the shape of towns. All of them are yet in their infancy, but their possibilities are very great. They are only beginning to hear the splash of the waves on the edge of a wide land soon to be covered by a great and increasing human sea.

LAND OF THE NORTH

By JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

LAND of the north! to thee we raise
A song of love, a hymn of praise,
Pride of our hearts! we pledge to thee
Our utmost strength and loyalty.

May thy pure fame no foulness mar,
Nor clouds of passion dim thy star;
The future thine to hold in fee—
Thrice-favoured child of destiny!

Thou Greater Britain yet to be!
Thou mightiest of her progeny!
Hold as thine own the sacred trust
Of rule beneficent and just.

Defend her honour as thine own;
Unbare thy sword to guard the throne;
Should threatening foes her place disturb
Aid her their insolence to curb.

From sunrise on the eastern sea,
To the Pacific glad and free,
Pace day and night the long patrol
That binds the Empire of the soul.

MAJOR BRUERTON'S WEDDING

By Franklin B. Wiley

"IT'S the most curious courtship you ever heard about."

Young Eliot Lerwick glanced up at the speaker. She was just settling into the car-seat ahead of his with the deft, sidewise movement that women make in swinging their skirts out of the way as they sit down. He caught a glimpse of the rose-tinted curve on an oval cheek and the white plumpness of a slender throat, from which she was pushing back her high jacket collar with a small, daintily gloved hand.

It was her voice rather than her remark that had attracted him, and he listened now with a pleased intentness to her clear, musical tones and inflections as she went on talking to her companion, a fresh-faced matron dressed in mourning:

"They met at the Mayhew's soon after he settled in Maxfield last April. But he didn't call for the longest time, although he was invited to, of course, and it was perfectly plain that he was deeply interested in her. They had nearly given up expecting him when, one evening about half-past nine o'clock, he called, and stayed until after eleven. Think of it! That was last June, and he has called at the same hour almost every evening since then. But he hasn't declared himself yet. Did you ever hear of anything so queer? Why Philippa Lerwick allows it to continue I cannot understand."

Eliot was startled by the sudden mention of his sister's name. It roused him with a sort of shock from the mood of restful satisfaction that had stolen over him while he was absent-mindedly contemplating the girl, and admiring the graceful poise of her head, the well-bred jauntiness with which her stylish hat rested on the lustrous coils of her dark hair, and the entrancing effect of a tiny curl that nestled just back of one delicate, shell-pink ear.

He felt a natural desire to hear more about this strange affair in which his sister seemed to be concerned. But the girl's next words were drowned by the strident tones of a train-hand as he hurried through the car calling out the names of the stations at which the train was to stop. A minute later the car began to move, and the next moment it rolled out of the huge, dusky interior of the train-shed into the failing light of the late September day.

Unable to make out amid the rumble and jar of the train what the girl was now saying, Eliot leaned comfortably back in his seat and looked idly out of the window, while the car swung with gathering speed across the switches, swaying from one side to the other with each rapid shift from track to track.

At first he could think only of what he had just overheard. It perplexed and annoyed him. Who could this newcomer in Maxfield be? Why did Philippa let him call so regularly at

such an hour? She must have known that it would be talked about; so why had she not stopped it before people began to gossip?

But at this point he reflected that there was no use in puzzling over the matter when he would soon be at home and could ask his mother and sister themselves about it. He tingled with pleasure at the thought, and his memory went back with a leap to the chilly April day when he had last seen them, more than two years before. He remembered with what a forlorn sinking of the heart he had responded to the final good-bye they waved to him from the front veranda as the company marched past on its way to the station; and he recalled with a faint smile how hard it had been just then to carry himself with the martial dignity which he felt was demanded of him as a second lieutenant. He wondered if they had changed very much, and if they would be surprised at the alteration in himself. Of course they would not expect to find him exactly the same. But would they be prepared for the transformation that more than two years of campaigning in distant lands and climes had wrought in him? To be sure, he still showed to some extent the effects of the wound that had resulted in his being invalided and sent home on a six months' furlough. But the home-voyage had done wonders for him. He was almost as bronzed as before he had been shot, and he had regained more than half the weight he had lost while in the hospital. He might still be a trifle gaunt and sallow; but he assured himself, with pardonable pride, that no one could help remarking the difference between the boyish subaltern of two years before and the veteran captain of volunteers who was now chafing with impatience to realize the bright anticipations of his home-coming.

The train had already left the long rows of city houses behind, and was speeding across the picturesque Riverdale Fens toward the open country. Some tall poplars and the high arch of a small stone bridge stood dark against the crimson west. Then the view was shut off by the wooded shoulder of a low hill, past which the train dashed with a resounding roar, and swept into the stretch of straight track that runs like a rule from Valleyford to Glenwood.

Eliot looked with delight at the familiar features of the home landscape. In the fading afterglow, meadows and hillslopes, house roofs and church spires seemed almost as unsubstantial and dream-like as in the visions of them that he had so often seen in his mind's eye by the campfire and on the march. But his heart sang within him that it was all a joyful reality, and his hungry eyes feasted on each well-known prospect as the train rushed on.

Before Hillsborough was passed it began to grow dusk, and when the train stopped at Maxfield, the station lights were gleaming through the growing darkness. Eliot alighted just behind the two ladies, who hurried across the platform and entered one of several carriages that were in waiting. All that he could see in the uncertain half-light was that the younger one was tall and trim of figure and quick and graceful in movement. He did not get a look at her face, but he heard her voice once more, and was sure that its vibrant melody would enable him to know her again.

As he started homeward it made him feel almost like a stranger to find that the straight board walk which used to lead from the end of the station platform to the turnpike had been replaced by a curving gravel path bordered by shrubbery, and he welcomed with a momentary sense of relief the sight of the old familiar elms in the little green on the other side of the road. He began to wonder what changes he would find at home, and to question whether he had done well in planning to surprise

his mother by arriving before he was expected.

The night had fallen swiftly; a few stars were already out, and here and there a window was lighted up. As he paused at the crossing to let several carriages from the station go by, three men came up behind him.

"I tell you there is some mystery about it," one of them said.

"The whole affair is certainly peculiar," declared another, whom Eliot instantly knew by his voice to be Maurice Vernor, an old classmate; "and one of the queerest things about it is the way he acted when Gregory congratulated him on his engagement."

"When was that?" exclaimed the first speaker. "I hadn't heard before this afternoon that there was any engagement."

"Neither had Gregory," replied Vernor dryly, as they moved on only two or three paces behind Eliot. "But you know him—always taking things for granted and putting his foot in it. His wife heard some gossip a short time ago about Miss Lerwick and her mother having been shopping in the city a great deal, and told him that she believed there was an engagement, and that they were getting the trousseau ready. Of course it didn't take him long to twist this harmless bit of conjugal guesswork into a positive statement that the engagement had actually been announced. So when he saw the major at the station yesterday morning he stepped up and congratulated him. I never in my life saw a man look more puzzled than the major did at first. Then, as he grasped the meaning of what Gregory had said, he flushed violently and the next moment turned so pale that I thought he was going to faint. He recovered himself with a palpable effort, and looking Gregory straight in the eye with a glance that was like a sword thrust, he said, 'Mr. Gregory, gentlemen do not jest on such a subject and if I hear any more loose joking at the expense of the young lady whose name you have so unwarrantably coupled with mine, I shall hold you personally responsible.' And with that he swung on his heel and left Gregory literally quaking."

"But look here!" cried the first speaker. "You say this happened yesterday morning, and the wedding invitations were posted early enough to-day to go out by the last mail delivery this afternoon. You don't mean to tell me that there has been time enough in the interval for them to come to an understanding, set the day, order the invitations, and get them engraved, printed, addressed, and mailed so as to reach us when they did!"

"It doesn't seem possible," agreed Vernor.

"I tell you," pursued the first speaker, with impressive emphasis, "either the ordinary time-record for doing all these things has been broken into little bits, or else the major lied to Gregory."

There was a significant pause, which Vernor ended. "I give it up," he said. "It's beyond me. But there's something wrong."

"I only wish I had the right to interfere and sift the matter," burst out the hitherto silent one of the trio. "I'm certain Miss Lerwick is being imposed upon in some way. I think that brother of hers might have had horse-sense enough to stay at home and look after her and his mother instead of taking somebody else's place at the front.

A moment later "good-nights" were exchanged, and the last speaker came on alone at a more rapid pace. He passed Eliot with a swinging step, but hung on his heel for an instant at the next corner while he lighted a cigar. A carriage was just turning from the side street into "the Pike," and as the flare of the match fell for a second on his face, a voice —the same that Eliot had heard on the train and at the station—called from the vehicle:

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert! How fortunate! I was just on my way to your house. Would you mind taking this parcel to Harriet? She needs it for to-night; and I'm afraid my mother may be growing anxious about me. Thank you ever so much! Yes, I came out on the express with Mrs. Mercer. She returned from Washington this afternoon. I've just left her at her house. By the by, she'd only heard a hint about Philippa Lerwick and the major; so I had to give her the details."

"I'll wager you didn't give her the very latest news about them, Miss Percival."

"What makes you think so? What is it?"

"Their wedding invitations are out; they came in the last delivery this afternoon."

"Mr. Gilbert! you don't mean it! Why, I told Mrs. Mercer that he hadn't proposed yet. When is it to be?"

"The seventeenth of next month, at Saint Paul's."

"Oh, I'm sure there must be some mistake. I shall go straight over to Philippa's this evening and ask what it means. Why, Mr. Gilbert, the major went in on the train with me this morning, and he never mentioned Philippa nor gave me the slightest hint that there was anything between them; and he told me he would probably be away three or four weeks."

"Three or four weeks! That's cool! The seventeenth is only a little more than three weeks away. He'll have to leave off the last week, if he means to be at the wedding."

By this time Eliot was beyond earshot, hurrying on more anxious than ever to reach home—his head in a whirl; a thousand thick-coming fears and conjectures treading tumultuously on each other's heels, as he hastened under the arching elms along "the Pike" and up the winding drive to Merryhill, the family home.

He faltered at the door, smitten with renewed fear as to the effect that the shock of his sudden return might have upon his mother. But quick ears within had heard his footfalls; there were rapid footsteps in the hall, the door opened, and his sister appeared on the threshold, while a little way behind her stood his mother, with one hand pressed against her bosom.

"Dear Eliot! I knew it was your step," cried Philippa, as he kissed her and then caught his mother in his arms.

There was no chance for any explanation in the early part of the evening, much as Eliot desired it. Even had there been no interruptions from Betty the housemaid, who tripped in several times, her face wreathed in smiles, to ask for directions, or from old Hugh the butler, who came in grinning broadly to get Master Eliot's baggage checks, it would not have been easy to make inquiries, for his mother and sister, who fairly beamed with happiness, so plied him with questions that he had little opportunity to ask any himself.

Even after dinner, when they went back to the fire-lighted library, the gentle catechizing was continued. But at length the tide of talk began to ebb; and finally a moment came when only the snap and crackle of the burning wood were audible as the leaping flames in the wide chimney-place sparkled over the shining brass of the andirons and fender and the polished mahogany of the furniture, and gleamed on the gilded backs of the serried rows of books all around the room, and sent fantastic shadows flickering over walls and ceiling.

Eliot's impatience for an explanation of the meaning of what he had heard on his way home had become somewhat tempered by reluctance to intrude a topic that might disturb the quiet of this peaceful hour. But if the habit of self-control, born of his two years' training as a soldier, had up to this moment enabled him to repress every sign of his turmoil of mind, the habit of acting with decision and without delay, acquired in

the same hard school, now impelled him to take prompt advantage of this opportunity to learn at once what he wished to know. Without hesitation, therefore, he turned to speak to his sister; but, as he looked at her, his purpose wavered and a sudden strange diffidence seized him.

This was not the Philippa of former days, girlish, care-free and open-hearted—this regal woman reclining in her easy-chair as on a throne of state, while the firelight shone on the coiled glory of her burnished hair, the white and rose of her flower-like face, and the exquisite outlines of her shapely form. He was still debating how he should begin to question her, when she looked at him, a tender smile curving her imperious mouth and brightening in her clear brown eyes, and said with a pretty air of gentle reproach:

"You have not congratulated me yet, Eliot."

"About what, Philippa?" he inquired innocently.

"Didn't you get my letter?" she asked in surprise.

"Which one?" he responded. "I haven't had any from you since I left."

She exclaimed in dismay. "I sent it in care of the steamship company at Montreal," she explained. "I was sure it would reach there in time. But I remember now, you told us that the steamer made an unusually quick trip and got in ahead of time."

"Yes," he assented, "that's probably why the letter missed me. But you haven't told me what the news is yet."

"I am going to be married," she said softly.

"My dear girl," he cried. "He is the one to be congratulated."

"Ah, but you won't say so, when you know who it is."

He was too absorbed, however, to take in fully the implication of her words. On the instant he came to a decision. "Perhaps I do know him in a way," he said gravely; and added, in response to her look of questioning surprise: "I overheard some people talking about you both, on my way out from the city, and, to be frank, what they said rather startled me."

"What did they say?" Philippa calmly inquired.

"They said, for one thing," Eliot replied, "that 'the major' as they all called him, has been coming here after nine o'clock almost every evening since some time last June, and staying until nearly midnight."

"Oh, no!" cried Philippa quickly, "he has called only two or three times a week, and he has never stayed much after eleven; has he, mother?"

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Lerwick. "But it is true that he always comes after nine o'clock; and you know, Philippa, I have repeatedly told you he ought to call at a more seasonable hour."

"But he is unable to," protested Philippa.

"You know well enough you have admitted that he has never given you any good reason why he cannot," returned her mother severely; "and he always calls everywhere else except here at the proper hours."

"That is strange," remarked Eliot.

"Oh, it is not the only strange thing about his conduct," declared Mrs. Lerwick. "He never seems like himself when he is here; he is as prim and stiff as an automaton; and sometimes he ignores what is said to him in a way that I think is positively rude. But Philippa can see nothing to criticize, and he is certainly devoted to her. So far as I can learn, he talks of nothing but his love for her, and hers for him. In speech he is a paragon of a lover. Otherwise the man is a perfect stick. Would you believe it, Eliot, he has never even offered to kiss her!"

"Mother!" cried Philippa, with a crimson face.

"It's true; you told me so yourself; and you didn't warn me not to tell."

"You like him, anyhow," declared

Philippa desperately, "you know you do."

"Yes, dear, I do," admitted Mrs. Lerwick at once. "He has impressed me from the first as one of the best and most delightful men I have ever met; that is, he has impressed me that way everywhere except in my own house. It's curious, Eliot, now I think of it, how I've seen more of him and learned to know and like him better elsewhere than I have here; and how Philippa has seen so little of him anywhere except here that, if he had not called on her so regularly, she would hardly know him. My belief is that he's so sensitive and has such a horror of gossip that he has tried to avoid it, and has simply made matters worse, as retiring people are so apt to do."

"By the by, how long have you been engaged?" Eliot abruptly asked his sister at this point.

"Just eleven days to-morrow," she replied with amusing promptitude.

"Eleven days!" he echoed, "and the invitations out already! Isn't that rather rushing matters?"

Philippa flushed. "Mark had special reasons," she explained, "for keeping our engagement quiet and for hurrying the wedding. But how did you know about the invitations?"

"I overheard about them," he replied, "and more than that, I overheard Maurice Vernor telling how your major denied at the station yesterday that you and he were engaged."

Mrs. Lerwick uttered an exclamation and Philippa looked mystified, but incredulous. Before she could speak, Betty went bustling through the hall, and immediately Eliot heard the voice of Miss Percival at the front door, and Philippa hastened out to greet her.

A low-toned colloquy followed, interspersed with silvery laughter and the sound of kisses, and then the two came into the library and Eliot was introduced.

"I've heard so much about you, Captain Lerwick," said the newcomer, graciously extending a little hand, "that you hardly seem like a stranger. I hope you have entirely recovered from your wound."

Her limpid gray eyes looked solicitously into his. But when, still retaining her hand, he assured her, with needless fervour, that he was quite well again, the humorous dimples at the corners of her large, mobile mouth deepened, and her red lips parted in a smile so bewitchingly sweet and yet so roguishly challenging that, with soldierly promptitude, he lost his heart to her then and there.

Meanwhile Philippa had lighted a large piano lamp and now drew her friend down beside her on a sofa, and for the next half-hour the talk was wholly about bridesmaids and dress and the wedding arrangements. But Eliot could see that their pretty neighbour had something on her mind and at last out it came.

"Philippa, dear," she asked hesitatingly, "is the wedding really to be on the seventeenth? Is the date on the invitations correct?"

Philippa looked at her in amazement. "Of course it is, Rhoda," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the seventeenth is only a little more than three weeks off," answered the girl, blushing with embarrassment, "and the major told me this morning on the train that he was going away and would probably not be back for three or—four weeks."

Eliot saw his sister's hands close convulsively and the colour die out of her face. But with assumed carelessness, she answered in a strained voice, "Probably he did not stop to think exactly how short the time is to the seventeenth."

Rhoda changed the subject at once, and, after a few common-place remarks, said that she must go. She declined Eliot's offer to see her home, declaring that the maid who had come with her would be all the escort she needed. Eliot did not press the point. He had a question which he was

anxious to ask, and, as soon as their visitor had gone, he asked it.

"Philippa," he inquired bluntly, "did you know that the major was going away?"

"No, Eliot."

"Didn't he speak about it last evening? Don't you know where he has gone?" questioned Mrs. Lerwick.

"No, mother."

"Humph!" ejaculated Eliot indignantly. "By the way, who is he? You haven't told me yet."

"You know him," responded Philippa. "Major Bruerton."

"Bruerton! Good God!" exclaimed Eliot, staring at her.

"What is it?" she cried, growing paler if possible than before, as she watched his darkening face.

"There is some rascality back of all this," he said at last. "Just what, I can't fathom now. But I've something to tell you about Bruerton that I never thought to breathe to anyone. Under the circumstances, it's only right that you should be told. As you know, he commanded our battalion for several months, and took a great fancy to me. I liked him immensely, and we became very intimate, and when I was wounded he helped to carry me off the field. That evening I told him about Aunt Caroline's diamond ring that mother insisted I should take with me because she thought that it might help me where money might not, if I ever happened to be in a tight place. I showed it to him, and begged him to keep it for me. But he demurred, because he was likely to be in the field for an indefinite time, and feared he might lose it. He was much worried about it, and finally hid it under the lining in one of the bottom corners of my leather despatch-case. In the night I was aroused from a doze by someone moving near me. It was Bruerton, and he had my despatch-case in his hands. I saw him take out the ring, slip the case back behind my pillow, and leave the tent. I was so dazed by the surprise and suddenness of it, and so weak and light-headed, that I never stirred nor spoke. I thought it might be a delirious fancy, and in the morning I asked the attendant if anyone had been in to see me. He said that Major Bruerton had. I managed to get out the case and examine it. The ring was gone. I have never seen Bruerton since."

As Eliot ended, his mother threw her arms about Philippa, crying, "Oh, my poor darling!" and burst into tears. But Philippa herself, erect and dry-eyed, continued to regard him a little longer with an inscrutable look. Then, murmuring that the lamplight hurt her eyes and the firelight was pleasanter, she gently disengaged herself from her mother's clinging embrace, and, rising to her feet, steadied herself with her left hand on the back of the sofa and reached over to put out the light.

Eliot saw that she was trembling in every limb, and stepped forward to help her. As he did so, his eye was caught by the flash of a diamond sparkling on the third finger of her left hand in the full radiance of the lamplight. The setting was of a rather peculiar pattern. He stood stock-still gazing at it for an instant, and then, seizing her hand, raised it nearer the light and examined the ring intently.

"Who gave you this?" he asked.

"Mark," she replied breathlessly. "It is my engagement ring."

He dropped her hand and stepped back, facing them both.

"Mother! Philippa!" he said hoarsely. "I will take my oath that this is Aunt Caroline's ring that Bruerton stole from me at San Mateo."

Philippa swayed, and he was just in time to catch her as she fell. She had fainted.

In the anxious weeks that followed, no message was received from the missing major, and no glimmer of light was shed on the vexed questions, why he had left and where he had

gone. In all Maxfield there was no one about whom so much was said and so little was known as Major Mark Lawton Bruerton. But Philippa's confidence in him never wavered. Even the shock of Elliot's revelations could not shake it. For her faith in her lover's loyalty and integrity rose superior to all such trivial things as evidence and proof. She *knew* that he could explain everything when he came back, and that he would come back she did not doubt.

So the wedding preparations went half-heartedly on, and the day for the ceremony drew nigh and finally dawned. In the interval Eliot had naturally found it necessary to hold frequent conferences with Rhoda Percival, ostensibly about Philippa; and it was astonishing how many points were constantly arising that needed immediate and prolonged consideration before they could be satisfactorily settled. Doubtless he derived more profit, if less pleasure, from his discussions with Maurice Vernor, and his occasional consultations with Rhoda's father and Dr. Heath, the family physician; but he generally found it easier to dispense with these than with his talks with Rhoda, especially when some detail of the wedding had to be settled. Feeling sure, however, that there would be no ceremony, Eliot had privately had a circular engraved, announcing that the wedding had been postponed, for unexpected and unavoidable causes, to a date that would be announced later; and he had arranged to have copies of this circular delivered about an hour before the time set for the ceremony, if the Major had not returned and explained matters before then.

When therefore Philippa, looking like a spectral Dido in her shimmering wedding robe and trailing orange blossoms, insisted on being driven to St. Paul's at the appointed hour, it was to peer forlornly into an empty church, and pace in tragic silence a draughty vestibule, and then pass back with a stony face to the carriage, and be driven home in despair too deep for tears.

As a last resort Eliot had that morning bethought himself of telegraphing to a friend in the Militia Department at Ottawa on the chance that, although the major had resigned from the army, the department might have kept track of him. Late in the afternoon came a long reply stating that Major Bruerton had recently been in Vancouver in attendance on a private court of inquiry held, pending action upon his resignation, to investigate charges against him of conduct prejudicial to the interests of the service. The court had reserved its decision owing, it was said, to the perplexing fact that, although the testimony proved that the major had done what was charged, it also proved that he had unquestionably done it from the most worthy and commendable motives, while he himself denied positively that he had done it at all.

About half-past eight that evening, Eliot was sitting alone in the library at Merryhill, trying to make out what this fresh instance of the major's incomprehensible conduct could mean, when Vernor came in with the news that the missing man had returned and was at home. Three-quarters of an hour later, the two friends were on their way to the major's, in company with several other hastily summoned witnesses, including Mr. Percival, Dr. Heath and young Gilbert. At their destination they were informed that the major had gone out at the hour when he usually called on Miss Lerwick. Hastening to Merryhill, they entered the drawing-room to find Mrs. Lerwick stooping over Philippa, who was seated upon a fauteuil sobbing as if her heart would break, while a few feet away, stiffly balanced on the edge of a reception chair, was Major Bruerton.

He was a tall, compactly built, strikingly handsome man, with piercing eyes and a soldierly presence. His gaze was fixed intently on his betroth-

ed, and there was a pathetic expression of baffled devotion and deep yearning in his look. As Eliot, Vernor, and two or three others stepped in front of him, his glance wavered as if he were trying to gaze past them at Philippa again. Otherwise their presence did not seem to disconcert him in the least, and he did not alter his attitude.

"Perhaps, Major Bruerton," said Eliot sternly, "you will condescend to explain your unexpected presence here this evening after your most extraordinary absence from town this morning."

The major slowly rose, and still more slowly sought out Eliot's sombre countenance in the circle of unfriendly faces before him.

"Eliot," he said, in a monotonous voice, "I did not expect to find you here." Then, after a pause, he added, "I came to see Philippa."

To the onlookers his cool indifference of manner and extreme deliberation of speech savoured of studied insolence. Eliot's blood glowed through the dark tan of his cheeks, and with a fierce oath, before any one could interpose, he struck the major full in the face.

The latter, to the amazement of every one, made no effort to ward off the blow. With a strange, distressed cry, he staggered against the chair on which he had been sitting, and clutched the back of it. Steadying himself, he gave a most portentous yawn, and straining back his shoulders and half raising his disengaged arm with a prolonged muscular contraction, as if he were stretching, he rose to his full height, and glancing round the ring of lookers-on with a wide-eyed stare of utter bewilderment, exclaimed in a thrilling tone, "What does this mean? Where am I?" and sank back unconscious.

Under Dr. Heath's prompt treatment he soon revived, and a half-hour later the doctor entered the library, to which the rest of the party had retired, rubbing his hands with satisfaction and showing a cheerful countenance.

"I am happy to be able to report, gentlemen," he said, "that no ill effects are likely to follow the shock which Major Bruerton has suffered, and which in some instances of this kind has been attended by the most serious results. As you have doubtless already surmised, he was a somnambulist of the most pronounced type. I say 'was' because, so far as medical science can forecast the future, he will never be one again. The blow that roused him from his life-in-sleep broke forever the fetters that bound him to that extraordinary existence. The mystery of many of his acts is a mystery no longer. Although the impulses that governed him in his active sleep owed their origin to his waking thoughts and feelings, he was as completely unconscious in one existence of all that he did in the other as if he had actually been two men, each living in a different hemisphere. He tells me that for years he has been subject to attacks of overpowering drowsiness in the evening. At first, when they recurred only at long intervals, he tried to resist them; but, as they increased in frequency, he gradually fell into the habit of going to bed as soon as he felt them coming on. He had begun to fear that in time they might force him to relinquish society, as they had already caused him to resign from the army. This dread and the charges hanging over him kept him from showing the charming young lady who has promised him her hand any attention in his waking life, but could not prevent him from following the irresistible impulse of his heart in his life asleep. It is somewhat trying to her to find that the man who wooed and won her is in a sense not the man who is to wed her. But"—and the good doctor's eyes twinkled—"you will be glad to know that I have every reason to believe the major will eventually succeed in reconciling her to the change."

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

A BELGIAN HOME, 1914

THE PIONEER FORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

By R. J. Fraser

HE impecuniosity of Charles II. gave birth to two great monopolies, only one of which has survived the attacks of rival competition. The Hudson's Bay Company, though its chartered rights have these many years been surrendered, still wields in the particular region in which they first exploited the trade a dominance over all other rival concerns. It is a monopoly still, of fact if not of law. Especially is this so on the shores of the great bay where their first trader landed. Here, where about two hundred and forty years ago the flag of the "H.B.C." was first unfurled on land, the company reigns supreme today. Throughout the whole of the Canadian northland it wielded an influence that has gone far in shaping the destinies of the land, and in the Hudson Bay region it is still supreme. The Government treaty agent, the "missioner", the commandant of police, all hold minor rank in the eyes of trapper, Indian, or half-breed. Their liege lord is still the factor of the Company.

All men are now free to come and go, to trade and sell and gather furs in the northern territories, but distance and climate and the difficulties of transportation still raise more formidable barriers against strangers than law or protection could devise. Nature's laws of limitations have afforded more protection to the furtrader than all the man-made laws of the state.

It was Henry Hudson who, in 1607, first sailed into the great inland sea, and though he lies in an unmarked grave the name of the dauntless mariner goes down to posterity attached to the waters which claimed his life. In the natural course of events the great fur-trading company adopted it as their own.

Radisson and Groseilliers and Gillam are to us but three of the many illustrious names associated with the making of early Canadian history. But to the men of the "H.B.C." they carry weight, for they were its pioneers.

Two hundred and forty-odd years ago a ship sailed away from England bearing in it a company of adventurers whose destination was the faraway little-known shores of James Bay. To-day we would dread to venture into unexplored waters in a vessel the size of the *Nonsuch*. But these early navigators and seekers after wealth were adventurous spirits, and they fearlessly entered the great uncharted waters of the north. Though Hudson had long ago perished, and

Frobisher, Fox, Baffin, Davis, and James later on followed the course of his tiny vessel, but little information of a practical value had been obtained.

Despite the difficulties, unknown dangers on sea and land, the pioneer traders of the great Company sailed westward, undaunted. Up to this time the greatest obstacle to their ambitious plans had been the lack of capital and a royal consent to the undertaking. Radisson and Groseilliers were brothers-in-law and life partners. They long had been familiar with the Canada of the French and the great lands beyond the lakes. In 1659 they had even made a journey northward to the shores of the inland sea, and the visions of wealth to be made in that region had fired them with the ambition to make it theirs. But in Quebec and in New England they failed to interest merchants in the scheme of establishing fur-trading posts in the bay. Then to Paris they went. They had little success there.

They then turned to the English, and in court circles found their man. The dashing Prince Rupert became their sponsor, the necessary capital was found, and with hearts aglow with enthusiasm over the "great idea" the adventurers pierced the northern barriers of ice and guided their little vessel southward again to the foot of James Bay. Captain Zachary Gillam was the navigator, and Radisson and Groseilliers the traders, "trail-breakers" for the Honourable Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay.

The summer of 1668 was well advanced when the *Nonsuch* arrived off the mouth of a river in latitude north fifty-two. The exploring traders named it Rupert. When the barque's keel grated on the gravel the journey was ended; a boat was lowered and Gillam and Groseilliers went ashore, and the site of Fort Rupert, the pioneer post of the Company, was selected.

Little has been told us of the description of the "fort" the first-comers erected on the low bank of the Rupert River, beyond that it was of the type common to most of their later establishments. A stockade of heavy spruce timbers was loop-holed and supported by four corner bastions. The second voyage of the *Nonsuch* brought several small brass cannon, which were mounted on the walls, but used for little else than saluting purposes.

Within this enclosure were the trading-store and depot, the houses of the trader and his clerks, and a row of less pretenious shacks that housed the artisans who were brought out by the company in its earliest years. As the little colony grew, these scattered about the bay, and their places were taken by the French and Scotch half-breed progeny that sprang up in the country. Of this, the first post of the "H.B.C.", nothing now remains but a row of hollows on the bank, lined with crumbled brick—the sites of Radisson's buildings.

For some fifty years after its erection the Company held a precarious tenure of the little fort. In 1686 wild-looking men, more Indian than French, under the joint leadership of the Chevalier de Troyes and Iberville, marched from King Louis's settlements in Canada over the height of land to the north. They were rivals who had sensed the possibilities of the great trade of the northland. Fort Rupert was raided, and the enemy carried off the little brass howitzers that, though serving to overcome the Indians, failed to check the bold *coureurs des bois.*

Seven years later an English expedition recovered the place, but the following spring overland forces from Canada again drove the Company's men from Rupert. Then, one year later, the British warships *Seaforth* and *Bonaventure* worked their way through the ice of the bay and the Company came once more into its own. By stipulation of the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, the posts were turned over to the French, and not

until 1713, when the Treaty of Utrecht put an end to hostilities between the English and the French, was the Company's flag again raised over the much-contested fort, to fly unmolested to this day.

From the ashes of the old timbers sprang up a new stockade. The supply ships returned in the summer with Scottish factors superseding the French pioneers, and the trade was carried on as never before. The people of Rupert were molested no more, and though the trade warfare was waged in the west, and the "Northwesters" and the free-traders gained a foothold on the prairies and in the mountains, this post saw no rivals. The banners of the "H.B.C." were carried northward, eastward and southward from Rupert and planted on the sites of tributary posts. It is only in recent years that the house-flag of a rival company has been raised alongside Rupert's House. In 1902 the world-wide fur-trading firm of Revillon Frères established a post close by.

Since that date keen-witted French traders have attempted to break the natives' allegiance to the old Company's factors, whose forefathers first bartered "skin for skin" with the aboriginal runners of the woods. 'Tis true that the trade is now divided, but the canny, close-dealing Scotsmen still retain the lion's share.

Austere and haughty lords were the old traders, governing with a hand of iron the thousands of wild children of the forest who hunted within their particular domain. Some cause for pride had these hard-living pioneers, for oftentimes the raw Scottish lad, a year or two after leaving the Old Country, would become ruler over a domain larger than his native Scotland, with undisputed sway over the lives and destinies of the half-savage tribes who trapped fur for their lord and master. For over forty years Alan Nicolson, the latest factor at Rupert House, has combined scholarly pastimes and a taste for a higher literature with a rare understanding and masterly control of the natives under his influence. The spell of the old Scottish hospitality is cast about the visitor, and the simple, yet full, life as exemplified in that of the factor draws those who have once met and lived with him and his kind back again through the gateways of the north. Well has he earned the distinction—"last of the Hudson's Bay kings".

Seated among us on the deck of our little schooner in the Rupert River he told us the story of his past. And, though for many long, weary months in the north the home-hunger had been gnawing at our hearts, we fought it down. For the hour the spirit of the place held us in its thraldom—that fascinating bondage of the far-away places. The depot, with its precious store of rich, silky pelts; the place of barter, whose time-aged floor moccasined feet had worn and polished; the little white-steepled mission-house, soul guardian of the trader and the Cree—these carried our thoughts far back into the past. Our vessel rode where hundreds of years earlier the craft of Radisson and Groseilliers had tugged at its anchor. Faintly shrouded in all the beauty of a June evening in the north Rupert House lay before us, the pioneer post of the great Company.

Tiny fires burned brightly before each smoke-stained tepee, and the strong twilight still picked out from the white and dark green background the brightly-hued dresses of the squaws. Purple and crimson and blue and the ever-present shawls; the tartans of a score of Highland clans shrouded dark-skinned faces and raven locks, fitting tributes to the hardy, fearless Scots who had hewn out of the primeval forest these cities of the wild. Behind all, from a gray black, billowy bank of cloud, the full yellow moon crept forth. The beach fires lost their brilliance, and the shadows slowly merged into one, from which stood forth only the whiteness

of the buildings and the tents. Sleigh dogs ceased their wrangling, to unite in a common cause. From the throat of one gaunt, shaggy brute issued the old, old cry of the wolf-blood, deep and long; one by one the pack joined in, and that weird, nerve-stirring serenade began. As far back as man can trace, the wolf-dogs have thus heralded the rising of the moon.

Gradually the twinkling fires burned low to a glowing red; one after another they faded out. Overhead, the stars, this while unnoticed, took up their short night's watch; a smell of resinous spruce tops, mingled with the faint smoke of dying driftwood coals, was lightly wafted from the shore. "Four bells!" rang sharply on the night. We sighed because we could not rent apart that curtain of time, years and numbers of years, and see with our own eyes all that the fading scene conjured from out the past—the struggles against nature and with man, the tragedies and successes, the scenes of adventure surrounded by the glamour and grandeur of the growth and being of the great Company.

THE COAL MINER

By A. D. MERKEL

AWAY, in the depths of the earth,
His rough-hewn workings run,
Stored there by the countless years
And the might of an unknown sun.
He wars with their alien breath,
Their dank and their fevered gloom;
He has weighed and he knows their worth,
Pays court to an awful doom.

He sees not his fellow's face,
He hears but his muffled tread;
For the glimmering light has passed,
And is lost with the ray it shed.
He bridges some hidden stream,
He knows not its source; nor cares
Where the gurgling waters pass
On their way through the darkened years.

The way of the world o'erhead
Goes on with its gain and dearth;
He feels not its varied throbs
Through the miles of the tumbled earth.
He hears but the pick of his axe,
Or, oft in the dark, afar,
The pant of some weary horse
And the clank of its laden car.

He has bowed his back to the task
Where the night and the day are one;
And he shambles the upward slope,
When the toiling hours are done.
Weary, he stumbles along,
Oh, for the strength to run,
To catch with his dazzled eyes
A glimpse of the setting sun!

FATHER FORSTER

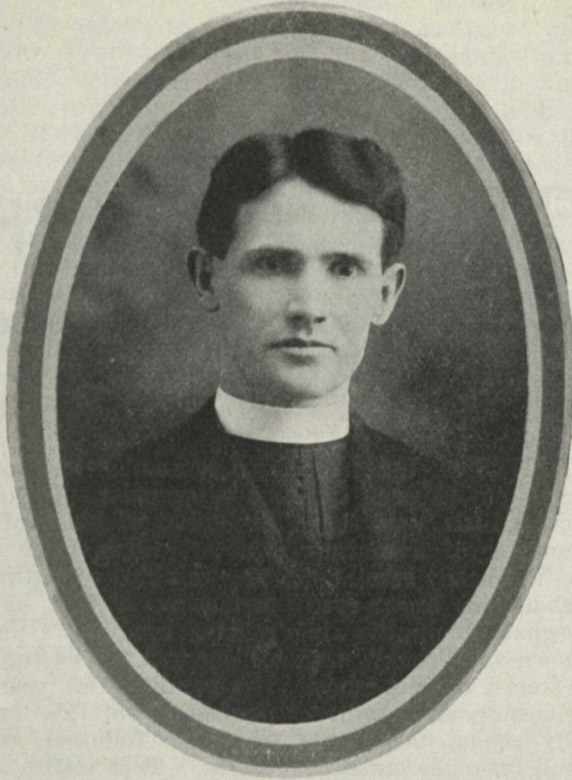
A Sketch of the President of Assumption College

By W. E. Kelly

STUDENTS of the high school at Simcoe, Ontario, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, will easily recall the dark-haired, brown-eyed freshman, somewhat diminutive in stature, then known as "Frank", who was ushered up from a district school with all the seriousness and application that usually attend the youth similarly favoured from the outstart. That youth is now the Reverend Father Forster, president of Assumption College, in the same town.

The picture is still before us of a boy who seemed always enjoying life to the full, who laughed heartily, played football vigorously, handed in his exercises with scrupulous attention to neatness and developed the provoking capacity of inevitably gaining the highest marks in examinations. Published examination reports seem to indicate that this latter failing pursued him throughout his career as a student.

The first year in a high school lends few opportunities for leadership, and still there was something irresistible about the manner of this beardless boy, the smallest in the class, and even the wise and dignified members of the second form found themselves yielding to his contentions and views upon matters under dispute. His rapid rise from one important position to another has not taken any of us by surprise. To hear that at the beginning of his professional career and at a time when the rest of us were thinking of settling down to the seriousness of life, he had been appointed head of a Southern States college was just as might be expected. His recall a few years later to the presidency of his own college in Sandwich followed as a matter of course. This institution had had a most successful past. Many of its graduates are numbered among the influential men of western Ontario, Michigan, and Ohio. It was generous of those older men, who had added years of valuable experience to all the greatness with which their alma mater had endowed them to look with favour upon the boy president. They really hoped the good work would go on. It was the age of young men, and there was no telling how near earnestness and attention to duty might come to maintaining the prestige begotten of previous success. Less than a decade of years has passed, and the same devoted admirers of former traditions speak with pride of college buildings, almost doubled in extent, of an equipment increasing, multiplying constantly, of a staff becoming more and more efficient, of a complete reorganization of the curriculum and methods of discipline, of testimonials in the highest form



FATHER FORSTER

A Western Ontario Educationist who is endeavouring to improve the methods of Education in his native Province

any educational institution can lay claim to, as well as the confidence of its patrons.

It is one of his early friends who stands responsible for the following: "If I were asked to say what is the distinctive characteristic of Frank Forster I should answer an incapacity to admit the existence of an obstacle". Difficulties there may be in abundance, but difficulties exist only to be overcome. If you have a hundred acres of land covered with pine stumps, you have only to remove the stumps to have a farm. No small undertaking you will answer, perhaps, but no man would allow a difficulty to stand between him and the object of his ambition.

I remember an amusing evidence of this disposition in his early school days. A teacher, whose name is sacred, had a hobby. It cost his pupils an immense expenditure of time and energy upon the very uninviting task of committing to memory long lists of words which were produced as exceptions to certain rules of grammar. Class after class approached this stage in dread and horror, accepted the task under protest, but submitted to the inevitable. There was absolutely no hope of relief: the venerable man clung to his pet scheme in defiance of all opposition. Frank Forster had seen something of it, and decided upon a private interview. Like Smike, he dared. Not at all baffled by the extreme indifference with which this dignified

personage treated his youthful visitor, he held his seat and with calm determination advanced one argument after another until the good man certainly saw his hobby as others saw it. Forever afterward pupils of that class were liberated from this drudgery.

I am told that experiences much more daring are matters of common occurrence with Father Forster in his present position. All who have taken part in the management of a boarding-school profess a readiness to face anything in the ordinary round of difficulties with one single exception —the irrepressible solicitude of the all-wise mother insisting upon relaxations and modifications of the rule in behalf of her much-indulged boy, with the less enthusiastic father pressed into service as an auxiliary. The world has not heard how many boarding-school presidents have proved unequal to the assault. Nor has the world perhaps realized that the oft-deplored relaxation gradually taking hold during the past quarter of a century is due in great measure to the persistent entreatings of one parent after another, urging every consideration for that "only boy" on earth.

The President of Sandwich has had those parents to deal with also. Their story has been listened to with a patience so untiring and courteous as apparently to guarantee compliance with every request put forward. A long time was necessary to deliver the answer, and it was nothing less than an heroic attempt to reverse for all time to come the parents' views regarding the needs of their precious boy. It was not a matter of refusing assent, much less an honest effort to adjust a present conflict of opinion, but the eradication of an abuse so completely as to prevent its ever appearing again. From Father Forster's viewpoint, no other measure, of course, could be considered.

It is altogether within the range of probability that some day when the Department of Education will have said "take a chair" to this almost unknown colleague they will soon after discover that a long interview is in prospect, because the caller is there intending nothing less than to convince that distinguished body of the unreasonableness of certain favourite measures which many schools throughout the Provinces are respecting under protest. Nor need we be surprised to hear soon after that the Superintendent of Education has come to look upon the aforesaid regulations as provisions which have outlived their usefulness.

Blessed with a splendid physical constitution, Father Forster is taxing it to the very limit. Equally at home, in the pulpit, conducting a class of higher mathematics, discussing business propositions in tens or hundreds of thousands, enforcing the discipline requisite in a large residential institution, climbing to the highest point of the roof to account for a leakage, inquiring into new schemes for developing the possibilities of the college farm, his round of duties precludes all hope of leisure. There is no day in which he is not engaged in several of these; there is no season when such a novelty as a holiday can be ever dreamed of. I believe it is on record that he was absent one summer vacation on a business trip to Europe. Authorities do not agree how much ground was covered within those few weeks, but it seems generally admitted that sight-seeing was tolerated after business hours. It is only busy men who have any time to spare; this principle must have guided the society in their choice of a general manager in addition to the ever-multiplying duties incumbent upon the head of a large and growing institution.

Readers invited to interest themselves in a career are usually given to inquire about formative influences. To such, Simcoe high school takes the credit of contributing a year or two in this instance. No doubt other

centres of learning and influence did their share also. But it might be fairly questioned would the result be very different if neither high school nor college had lent a hand to his education. The history of most men, it is true, depends upon opportunity: but there are few men of achievement for the explanation of whose success we do not look both further back and forward than to the years spent in institutions of learning. On a large farm a few miles out of town nine or ten sons were brought up understanding their duty to God and fellowman and knowing from early years the value of habits of industry and faithfulness to duty. They learned how to do everything that had to be done: then attempted many things that had not to be done. Any boy who has held his own with eight or nine keen, vigorous, enterprising brothers will likely meet men in after life with equal assurance and urbanity. All the members of this excellent family and among them a highly esteemed church rector located in this district not many years ago, one after another in their respective callings have won the success which sterling character, ready compliance with duty and practical efficiency alone can secure. A mother gone to her reward, a father whose slower step and diminishing frame record fourscore years and more did their part and did it well.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE WATCHMAN AND OTHER POEMS

By L. M. Montgomery. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

LTHOUGH the author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea" has been known for years to all readers of *The Canadian Magazine* as a poet of fine sense and fancy, this is the first volume of her poems that has appeared. That fact is perhaps not so noteworthy as the gratifying circumstance that this time this gifted Canadian writer's work is offered to the public by Canadian publishers. Heretofore her books have been published by a Boston firm. The change, of course, does not mean that Mrs. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery is in private life the mistress of the manse in an Ontario town) is neglecting her large American audience. Her novels have made her sure of that, so that if the copyright laws permit it, she might well publish her next novels first in Canada. Her verse is marked by gentle rhythm, exquisite conceits, and actually breathes out the fragrance and beauty of field and wood and murmuring brook. She is above all else a nature poet. Here is an example of her work:

Surely the flowers of a hundred springs
Are simply the souls of beautiful things.

The poppies aflame with gold and red
Were the kisses of lovers in days that are fled.

The purple pansies with dew-drops pearled
Were the rainbow dreams of a youngling world.

The lily, white as a star apart,
Was the first pure prayer of a virgin heart

The daisies that dance and twinkle so
Were the laughter of children in long ago.

The sweetness of all true friendship yet
Lives in the breath of the mignonette.

To the white narcissus there must belong
The very delight of a maiden's song.

And the rose, all flowers of the earth above,
Was a perfect, rapturous thought of love.

Oh! surely the blossoms of all the springs
Must be the souls of beautiful things.

*

THE WHITE COMRADE AND OTHER POEMS

By Katherine Hale. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

HERE also is the work of a frequent contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*. Katherine Hale made her mark as a poet even more widely known shortly after the beginning of the war by her brochure entitled "Grey Knitting". Now, however, we have a more ambitious venture and one that will place its author well up on the list of Canadian poets. "The White Comrade" is a pretentious narrative in blank verse depicting the spirit and emotions of the gallant Canadians who have gone to France to fight for the Empire. It is not so introspective, yet as essentially literary, as some of her other work, particularly the lyrics, but perhaps for that very reason it will meet with wide popular favour. Here are the closing lines, which will give some

idea of the style and idea of the poem:

So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain,
He comes to woods and battlefields to-day,
(Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best)
And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go.
Among the lonely and the pain-racked ones
He comes—not death at all, but radiant life—
Comes in the eyes of comrades, lives in hearts
That give all, taking nothing in return.
He is a rumour and a far white light,
He is the singing bird, the children's flute
That called us wooing forth to give our all,
The floating glad things of the buoyant air,
Young earth's warm children, music and delight,
Live in His eyes: those deathless azure eyes,
That smile upon the moment we thought hard,
And turn our sacrifice to kindling light,
They pass through radiant gates on whom He smiles!

Katherine Hale is a Toronto lady, the wife of Mr. J. W. Garvin, editor of an anthology of Canadian verse recently published.

❊

INCLUDING YOU AND ME

By Strickland Gillilan. Chicago: Forbes and Company.

EVERYONE who has enjoyed tne rhythmical story of Finnigan, who sent the famous message to Flannigan:

"Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin—Finnigan".

will be interested in a new volume of verse by the same author. The book, which contains a large quantity of the sentiment that appeals to most human beings, is composed of poems that make us laugh at ourselves. The author is a Western journalist, of whom Wilbur D. Nesbitt once wrote the following parody:

Once a reporter, was Gillilan,
Down on the Richmond "Palladium"—
Whenever the city was scanty of news
He'd chew on his pencil and study his shoes,
Then write a lovely hexameter—
A poem two feet in diameter;
That is, this Gillilan
Wrote it for fillin' in.

When Gillilan quaffed the Pierian
He wrote stuff in ancient Assyrian,
He also wrote yards on the subject of love,
And twittering birds and the blue sky above,
And the editor wrinkled his forehead then
And said many things that were torrid then,
That is, to Gillilan,
He talked of killin' him.

One day on the section one Finnigin,
Who ran a handcar out and in agin,
Sent in a report of a wreck that occurred—
Sent in a report that, in fact, was a bird.
Now, Finnigin sent it to Flannigan,
And Flannigan showed it to Gillilan.
That's the way Gillilan
Came to write "Finnigin".

Then Fame came and boarded with Gillilan—
He's proved to be true Indianian—
And Richmond grew famous in less than a night
Through owning the poet who sat down to write
The rhythmical story of Finnigin,
Who pencilled the message to Flannigan:
"Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin—Finnigin".

Since then it's been splendid for Gillilan—
Though no one knows what came of Finnigin.
But Gillilan's dealing in meters and feet
On the easiest corner of Broad Easy Street—
And fortune has chuckled and smiled on him,
And honours and comforts are piled on him,
Dear he is, near he is—
Here he is—Gillilan!

❊

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is a highly imaginative story of excitement and intrique. While bearing on the present great war, its setting is, however, in Africa. An

Englishman has been sent with an important message for delivery to an African chieftain. At the same time a German is sent on to the same place on a similar message. Both know the country well and the almost insurmountable difficulties they are sure to encounter. This is the first part of the book, and that is about all there is until the Leopard Woman appears with her caravan in the wilderness, a beautiful, exotic creature who speaks English with a foreign accent, and tells the Englishman she is travelling out of sheer love of adventure through a country which has never even been mapped. She appears first as merely selfish, inexperienced, haughty to the point of silliness. And it is not very long before she falls into serious trouble in her wanderings, and the Englishman, who has left her after their first casual meeting, turns up providentially to rescue her and bring order out of the chaos of her native camp. He takes charge of her servants—whom she is utterly unable to "manage"—and is willing to act as guard to her for the rest of her foolhardy journey. But at this point he finds detailed maps of the district—marked in German—in her tent, and decides that in no case will he let her out of his sight!

How he travels on with her through the wilderness, how he is saved from grave danger, what her mission really is, and how he wins out in the end—this is the matter of the last half of the book. The errand of the Leopard Woman, and the way she carries it through to the last verge of success, is very clever indeed. She herself is not convincing, not attractive; but she is obviously intended not as a portrait of a woman, but as an instrument in the telling of an adventurous tale; and as such she is entirely successful. Culbertson himself is more possible as a human being. But the best character in the book is the African, Simba, and the most humanly moving thing in the story is his devotion to his magic bone. For the rest the novel is a somewhat mechanical, though unfailingly interesting, story of modern adventure. Its narrative style is terse and vigorous, and its glimpses of African country and customs are often illuminating.

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SONGS OF UKRAINA

By F. Randall Livesay. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

NOW that there is so much discussion of the proposal to introduce into the schools of Canada a study of the Russian language these excellent and unusually poetical translations from the Ruthenian should be read with great interest and value. Mrs. Livesay has devoted a great amount of time and study to a sincere consideration of the poetry of the Ruthenians, and the book, which is the result of her labours, should give a distinct impetus to the exchange of culture that should take place between the people of the British Empire and the people of the Russian Empire. We quote three of the translations:

SONG OF THE WOODS

What did she bring us, the beautiful spring?
Fair trees, maiden's beauty.
A maiden's beauty is as dew in summer
Washed in a spring, dried in an oven,
Set on a table, wrapped in paper.

Springtime! And now what is it she brings us?
She brought us strength, beauty of boys.
Beauty of boys is as dew in summer,
Washed in a rain-pond, dried on a fence,
Set on a table, wrapped in rags

SONG OF DEPARTURE: A BRIDE OF BUKOVINA

Dear my mother, weep not!
I shall not take all;
See, the cows and oxen
Leave I in the stall.

I take just, black eyebrows,
Only eyes of blue;
And upon your table
Tears I leave for you.

And the little pathway
Where my footsteps fell
While I brought you water
Daily from the well.

A WEDDING SONG

In the green garden is fresh-fallen snow;
Horses are galloping to and fro.

A mother follows the hoof-marks deep:
"My Marusenka, where dost thou sleep?

"Help me, O Lord, her steps to trace!
Home I would take her from this place.

"Come, Marusenka, come to me!
If now ill-treated thou mayest be."

She is not in her small white bed.
She sleeps upon the straw instead

"In what straw, pray, now lieth she?"
She lieth in the rough barley.

"Whose barley pillows now her breast?"
A neighbour's barley gives her rest.

❊

FIGHTING MEN

By C. Fox-Smith. London: Elkin Mathews.

MISS FOX-SMITH has added one more to her splendid list of books dealing mostly with the doings of men who go out upon the high seas. Here is one which treats, on the other hand, with men upon land:

THE ROUTE MARCH

We've got our foreign service boots—
we've 'ad 'em 'alf a day;
If it wasn't for the adjutant I'd sling the
brutes away;
If I could 'ave my old ones back I'd give
a fortnight's pay
An' chuck 'em in the pair I got this
mornin'!

We've marched a 'undred miles to-day—
we've 'undreds more to go,
An' if you don't believe me, why, I'll tell
'ow I know,
I've measured out the distance by the
blister on my toe,
For I got my foreign service boots this
mornin'.

We've got our foreign service boots—I
wish that I was dead;
I wish I'd got the colonel's 'orse and 'im
my feet instead;
I wish I was an acrobat, I'd walk upon
my 'ead,
For I got my foreign service boots this
mornin'.

We're 'oppin' an' we've 'obblin' to a
cock-eyed ragtime tune,
Not a soul as isn't limpin' in the bloomin'
'ole balloon,
But buck you up, my com-e-rades, we're
off to Flanders soon,
For we got our foreign service boots this
mornin'.

❊

PENROD AND SAM

By Booth Tarkington. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a remarkable collection of short stories, forming in all an outstanding study in boy psychology. Penrod's mental processes are reproduced with an accuracy which at times seems almost uncanny. He is constantly doing something, and that something is frequently, from the point of view of his much-tried parents, distinctly iniquitous; yet Penrod very, very seldom indulges in a piece of deliberate naughtiness, and when he does, as in the episode of Margaret and Mr. Claude Blakely, he is occasionally astonished to find that he has behaved in a manner which calls forth rejoicing and not reprimands. Usually it is simply that an idea enters his mind, fascinates him, and lures him on until, after he has translated it into action, he discovers to his dismay that he has made himself a subject for swift and vigorous punishment.

Penrod himself is, of course, the central figure in this series of short stories—for, although divided into chapters, this book is really a volume of short stories—but Sam Williams and Roddy Bitts, Herman and Verman, Maurice Levy and the exemplary Georgie Bassett appear more or less often in the course of the different narratives. They all take part in the game of "bonded prisoner", which had the rather extraordinary and to them quite unknown result of convincing Penrod's sister Margaret that she was a medium; "I mean, if she would let herself," as Mrs. Schofield explained to her husband. Penrod's experiences as a militarist, however, were shared only by Cam; they were

sad experiences, showing that the real, when attained, is apt to vary in a startling manner from the ideal. Penrod was accustomed to seeing "pictures of real pistols being used to magnificently romantic effect * * * upon almost all the billboards in town"; most of the books he read had in them weapons of some kind, while the "movie" shows he frequented "could not have lived an hour unpistoled". What wonder, then, that he saw visions of himself moving through vague and thrilling dramas, a trusty "revolaver" in his hand? But after actual, though brief, possession, his fervent desire was, "Wish I'd never seen one!"

❋

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By John Buchan. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THE more one reviews this popular history of the war the more one is convinced of the exhaustive study the author has given to the subject. Last month we called attention to Volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4. Volume 5 treats of the "War of Attrition" in the west, the campaigns in the Near East, and the fighting at sea down to the attempted blockade of Britain. Volume 6 takes up the campaign on the Niemen and Narev, the struggle in the Carpathians, Neuve Chapelle, and the first attempt upon the Dardanelles. Volume 7 considers the second battle at Ypres and the beginning of the Italian campaign. Volume 8 describes the midsummer campaigns and battles on the Warsaw salient.

❋

SONS OF CANADA

By Augustus Bridle. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS book, as the title might indicate, contains sketches (thirty-four in all) of men who have taken an active and prominent part in various branches of the Canadian national growth. "Not," as the jacket on the cover announces, "who their fathers were, nor what their sons may be, but what they themselves did with all their might." There are sixteen crayon portraits by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. F. S. Challoner, R.C.A. Although Mr. Bridle has been connected with journalism in Toronto for a good many years, and latterly as editor of *The Canadian Courier*, this is his first book. He has had much experience in writing sketches of this character, and in the book he has adhered to the light, personal, whimsical style that always has characterized his work. Most of the men of whom he writes are still living and still active, and many of them he knows personally, some of them intimately. So that the work is original and is done from an individual point of view. The sixteen portraits introduce Mr. Challoner in a new rôle and are an attractive addition to the volume.

MR. AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Author of "Sons of Canada"

TWICE-TOLD TALES

"Mair Stir in Paris"

A story worth repeating is going the rounds in Paris. It relates to a certain piper in the Scots Guards who recently visited the French capital with contingents of British and colonial troops taking part in the 14th of July celebrations. The British troops had a great reception. The streets through which they passed were thronged with enthusiastic spectators, who cheered the passing troops and pelted them with flowers. The piper in question did not say much at the time, but he thought a great deal, and finally reached a definite conclusion. On the first opportunity he made inquiries of such French friends as he could communicate with, as to the openings for a piper to a French gentleman after the war. "Mind, I canna speak much French," he said, "but I can play the pipes, and I can see there's mair stir in Paris than in Inveraray."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

❊

Caviar

A million atoms massed,
  A touch of sauce tartare—
It comes, 'tis here, 'tis past—
  The oval urn is bare!

A something crisp that crunched,
  An evanescent tang;
I knew not I had lunched,
  Save for a passing pang;

A pang that strikes me dumb
  And leaves my mind a wreck,
Arising from the sum
  I see stamped on my check.

—*Maurice Morris.*

Just a Name

Mrs. McTavish met Mrs. Brown on a country road near a Scottish town. The former was carrying a queer-looking parcel and Mrs. Brown inquired as to its nature.

"Oh, ay, it's jist some ham fur McTavish. I always buy my ham frae Sandy, in the toon. McTavish likes his ham better than any other."

"Indeed, so? Weel, my mon is verra fond o' ham. I'm thinking I'll be getting some for him at Sandy's."

Arriving in the town she called at Sandy's provision establishment and demanded a pound of ham.

"Whit kind o' ham?"

"Oh, the same kind o' ham that ye serve Mrs. McTavish wi'."

"Ah reet!" said the grocer, adding in a whisper: "Whaur's yet bottle?"

❊

The Spot Ball

The presence of Royalty sometimes causes amusing incidents to happen. It is not generally known that King George is an excellent billiard player, and once, when he was Prince of Wales, he visited some naval dockyards and in the evening entered a billiard-room for a quiet game.

When the marker was told that Prince George was to be one of the players, his self-possession forsook him altogether. Creeping up to an officer who was present, he asked in a whisper loud enough to be distinctly heard by the royal visitor:

"Excuse me, sir, but do I call 'im Ye Royal 'Ighness or 'Spot Yaller'?"

Unpreparedness

O'Flaherty: "Misther O'Sullivan, will ye stop and have a friendly discussion on the matter of Home Rule?"

O'Sullivan: "It's sorry I am, but it's not convenient just now."

O'Flaherty: "And why not?"

O'Sullivan: "Why, to tell ye the truth, O'Flaherty, I haven't got me shtick handy."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Some Use

It was in London. A gorgeously dressed foreign officer was walking down Whitehall when he was met by two Irishmen fresh from the country. Amazed at the glittering apparition clanking towards them, one exclaimed to the other, with a sharp nudge in the ribs:

"Begorra, wouldn't I like to pawn him!"

*

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade. "Look here, old man," said a noted etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?" "I do," the other answered hotly, "and with my own hands, too." "And what do you pay your hands?" the etcher inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

*

The Road to Fame

William Dean Howells was talking, at his cottage at Kittery Point, Me., about a writer who, after a good beginning, had degenerated into a producer of trash.

"I suppose," said Mr. Howells, "he got discouraged with the moderate sale of his good work, and now hopes to sell his poor work abundantly."

Mr. Howells shook his head and smiled grimly.

"The road to fame," he said, "is crowded with men who, discouraged, are hurrying back."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Of all the funny stories I recall at the present moment I think I can work up the best laugh over the tale of the two Irishmen who were arguing about the relative merits of New York and Chicago. You know, there is a type of person who, when he knows nothing about a thing and finds you don't know either, will start in and explain it to you. These two were both of that kind. Said one:

"Why, in New York we have grass growing right on the roof, just the same as down on the ground. You can have your front yard on top of your house."

"That's nothin'," declared the other. "In Chicago we play golf on the roofs."

"Golf? You mean that game where you knock a ball back and forth across a net?"

"Yes, that's it."

"You dommed idjut, that's not golf! You're talkin' about croquet."

"Well, I meant to say croquet."

"Yes," said the other one, "I know you couldn't mean golf. How would they get the horses upon the roof for a golf game?"—Senator J. Ham Lewis in *Everybody's Magazine.*

*

Marvels of Creation

A Scotch preacher had been abroad and when he came back he was preaching to his congregation on the marvels he had seen.

He wound up with this: "And the same Creator who made the vast ocean, made the dewdrop. The same Creator who made the mountans made the pebble. Yes, and that same Creator who made me made a daisy!"

*

A milkman was proceeding home after his labours, when he was accosted by a recruiting sergeant, who asked him:

"Wouldn't you like to serve your King? It would be the making of you."

"Sure," declared the expectant milk-carrier. "How much does he take each day?"

Poor Old Bill's Luck.

First Coster: "Well, poor old Bill's gone."

Second Coster (scornfully): "Poor, indeed! Luckiest bloke in the market. Couldn't touch nuffing wifout it turned to money. Insured 'is 'ouse—burned in a month. Insured 'isself again' haccidents—broke 'is harm first week. Joined the Burial Serceity last Toosday, and now 'e's 'opped it. I call it luck."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

✻

Captain John Stevenson met a recent arrival from the "auld countree" and speedily got into a chat with him over conditions there. The new arrival told feelingly of the terrible toll of war upon the fair land of Scotia, the sad tales of young men killed and maimed, the sufferings of the families left behind. His was a right sad tale in every way.

"Why, mon, we're jist plum distracit wi' it," he concluded.

"And I suppose the war has caused the price of provisions to go up in Scotland as well as everywhere else," commented Captain Stevenson with sympathy.

"Aye, mon, ye're richt," agreed the visitor. "Proveesions has gone up in price saxpence the bottle."—*Argonaut.*

✻

Marks of Majesty Missing

A good many years ago, when her Majesty was spending a short time in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, the Princess Louise and Beatrice paid an unexpected visit to an old female cottager on the slopes of Glinfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with the royal household, bluntly ejaculated, "Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'll thinkin'?" "No," they quietly rejoined; "we are the Queen's daughters." "Ye dinna look like it as ye hae neither a ring on your fingers nor a bit gowd i' your lugs!"—*Farm and Home* (*British*).

"Let Not Your Left . . ."

"Did you hear what happened to young Dowder Simpkins?"

"No. What was it?"

"He hurt his right arm in a motor accident, and now he's compelled to hoist highballs with his left. It's deuced awkward, too."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

✻

The kirk in a certain Scottish village was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNab, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose.

One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. He at once guessed the cause.

"Man, Sandy," he said earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state."

"Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscreeptions. I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me hae a wee drappie."

"Every house! But—but—but surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are teetotallers?"

"Aye, there are; but I wrote tae those!"—*Tit-Bits.*

✻

Unprofitable

A six-weeks-old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

✻

A Domestic Episode

"A penn'orth each of liniment and liquid cement, please."

"Are they both for the same person, or shall I wrap separately?"

"Well, I dunno. Muvver's broke 'er teapot, so she wants the cement, but farver wants the liniment. 'E's what muvver broke 'er teapot on."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

BY C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

Do you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious, ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean, and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

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Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 534, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Canadian Magazine.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

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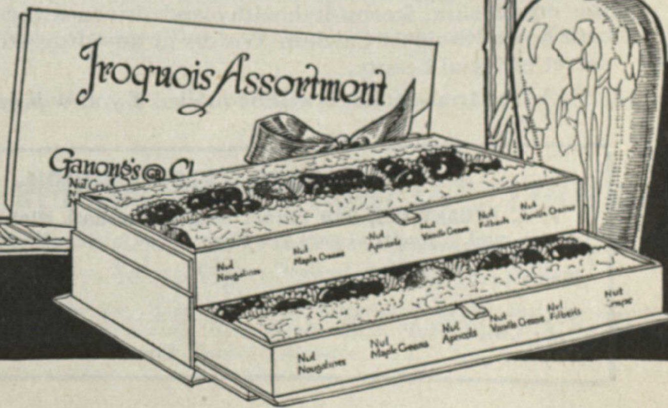

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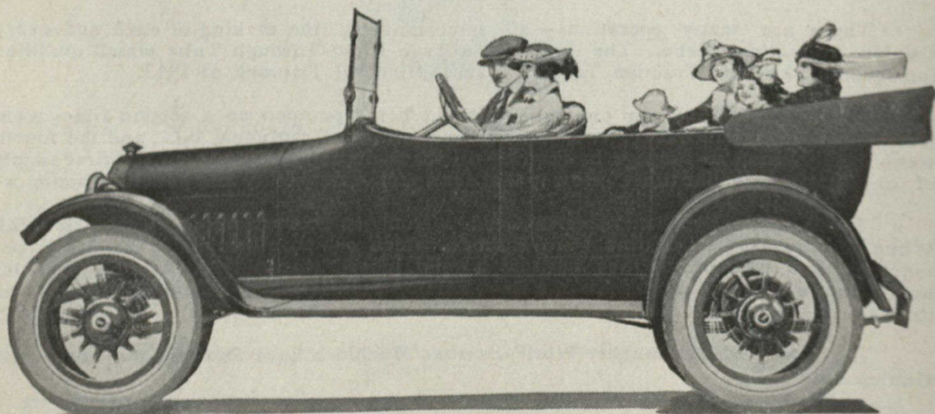

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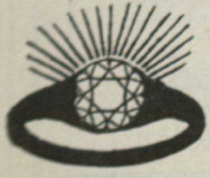

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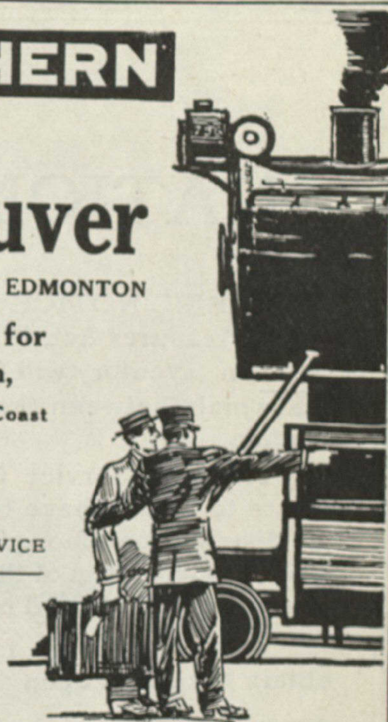

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R. B. BENNETT,
Director General

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

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6. In what country was your father born? ....
7. In what country was your mother born? ....
8. Were you born a British subject? ......
9. If not, are you naturalized? ....

10. How much time have you lost in last 12 months from sickness? ....
11. Have you full use of your arms? ....
12. Of your legs? .... 13. Of your sight? ....
14. Of your hearing? ....

15. Which are you—married, single or a widower? - ....
16. How many persons besides yourself do you support? ....

17. What are you working at for a living? ....
18. Whom do you work for? ....
19. Have you a trade or profession? .... 20. If so, what? ....
21. Are you working now? .... 22. If not, why? ....

23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war? ....

24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work? ....

GOD SAVE THE KING

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The beautiful Old Colony pattern is shown in this chest. Surprisingly low in cost are some of these chests, being priced according to the number of pieces contained, and can be had in almost any combination.

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The oval, floating cake fits the hand and wears down slowly to the thinnest wafer.

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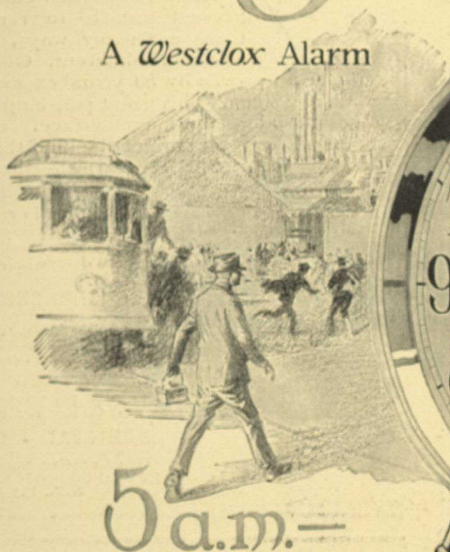
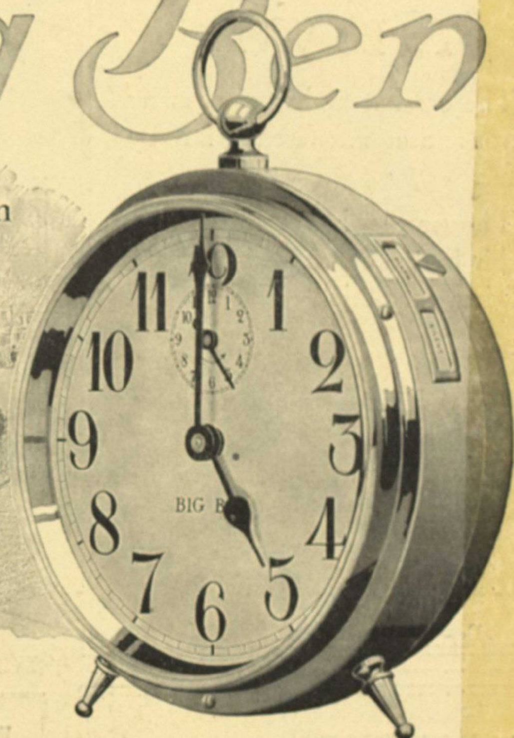
Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm





5 a.m.—

To Beat the Time Clock

BIG BEN men are *all-there* men when the day begins at the works. They make the time clock *boost* their game—put them in strong with the boss.

For, everywhere, it's factory talk that Big Ben starts the day—he gives the boys their breakfast call long before the whistle toots. They used to pound the pillow right up to the last dot—till Big Ben showed 'em a better way, as the paymaster soon found out.

Just give Big Ben a trial, *yourself;* make *your* roll-over-time pay. To have extra time about the house, and beat the last minute bunch.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, $2.50 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U.S.A.

Western Clock Co.

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad.

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It's a Fine Thing To Be Well

The comfort and vigor of many persons are interfered with by coffee.

Thousands have won back health by quitting it and using the delicious food-drink—

POSTUM

Nowadays its popular to be healthy.

"There's a Reason"

Tarnished Silverware-

There's the Rub

It is so beautiful when clean and brilliant, but what a difference when tarnished.

There is no practical way to prevent tarnish—to remove it there are many ways, good—bad, and indifferent. One way—(the best), proven by 50 years' experience is Electro Silicon. This great polishing powder does not injure the finest surface. Its fame is universal. Beware of the kind that takes off the silver with the tarnish—they work easy but—

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