THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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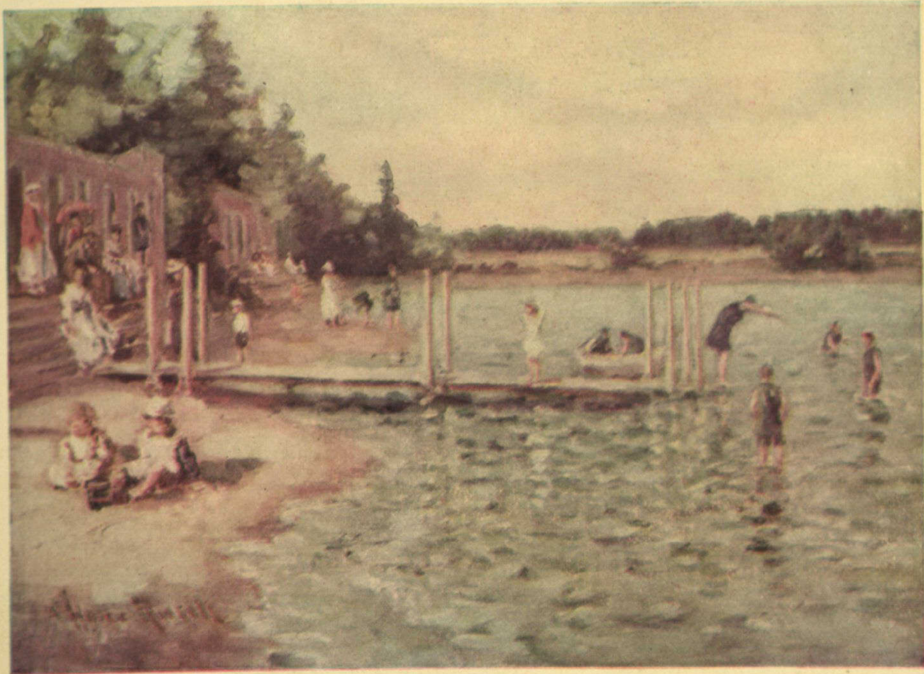

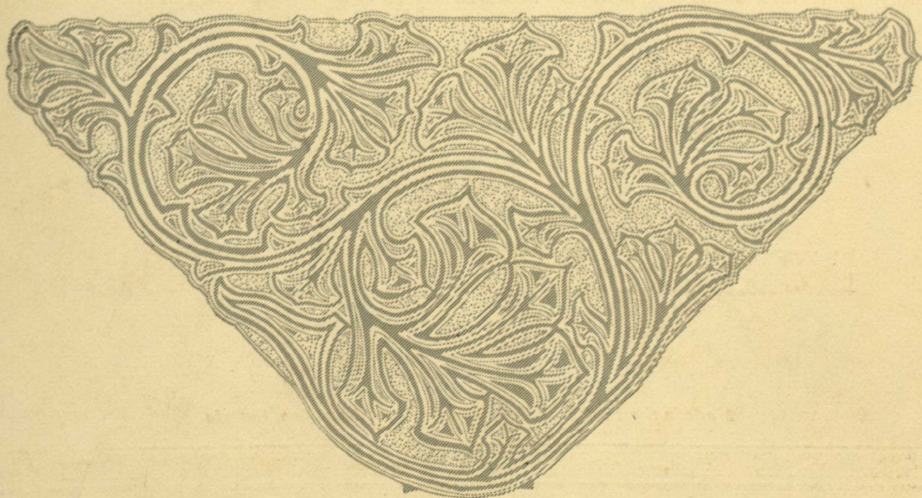

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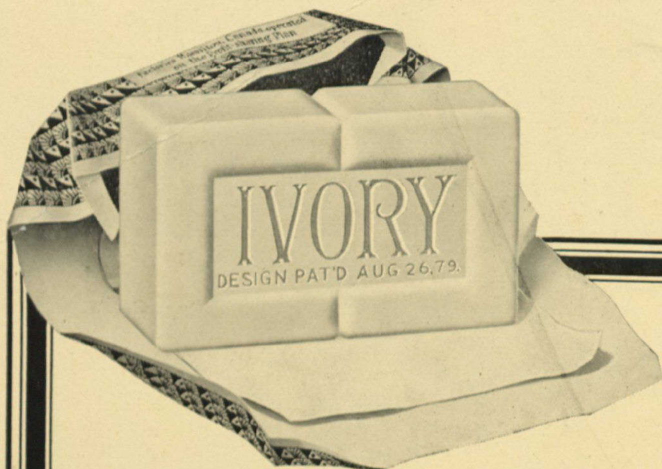

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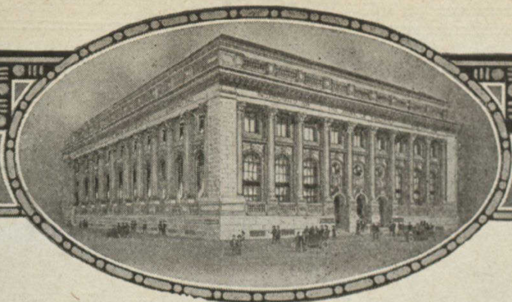

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIX Contents, August, 1917 No. 4

THE BATHING-BEACH - Painting by	G. Horne Russell -	*Frontispiece*
CANADA'S AMATEUR SOLDIERS - - - ILLUSTRATED	Edward W. Reynolds - - -	265
TWILIGHT. VERSE - - - - - - -	Grace Murray Atkins - - -	274
PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN - - - VII.—MRS. KATHLEEN COLEMAN, "KIT"	Emily P. Weaver - - - - -	275
BEHIND THE GUNS. VERSE - - - -	Arthur L. Phelps - - - -	279
THE NEW TRAIL - - - - - - - - ILLUSTRATED	A. Gertrude Jackson - - -	281
LOYAL TO MEMORIES. FICTION - -	R. Murray Gilchrist - - -	288
CANADA AND THE BRITISH WEST INDIES	L. A. M. Lovekin - - - -	293
A WINDY DAY. A PAINTING - - -	Lorna Fyfe Reid - - - -	297
ENGLAND IN ARMS - - - - - - - IV.—LIQUOR AND THE WAR	Lacey Amy - - - - - -	299
SUMMER AFTERNOON. VERSE - - -	L. M. Montgomery - - - -	306
ALIEN RACES IN RUSSIA - - - - -	Laura Denton - - - - -	307
HOW LONG WILL HATE LAST? - -	Austin Harrison - - - - -	312
LITERARY FARMING - - - - - - -	Main Johnson - - - - - -	315
SONNET - - - - - - - - - - -	James Cobourg Hodgins - -	318
WHAT'S IN A NAME? FICTION - - -	Edgar Wallace - - - - -	319
LOVE AND GARDEN GREENS. FICTION -	Emma Griesbach - - - - -	325
BELGIUM IN WINTER. A DRAWING -	Louis Raemaekers - - - -	331
THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS IN CANADA ILLUSTRATED	Randolph Carlyle - - - -	333
THE AFTERMATH OF A SHELL. FICTION	Beatrice Heron-Maxwell - -	338
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - - - -	Book Reviews - - - - -	344

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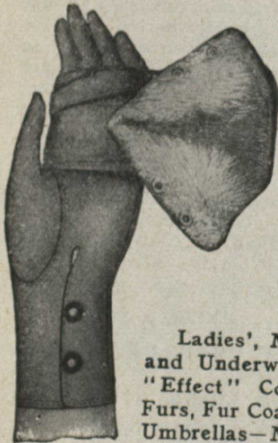

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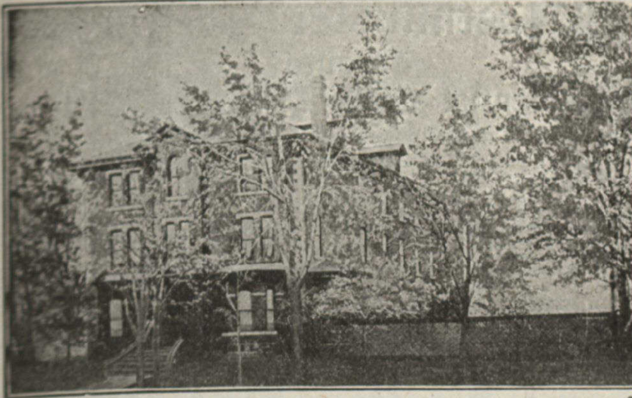

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G. J. DESBARATS,
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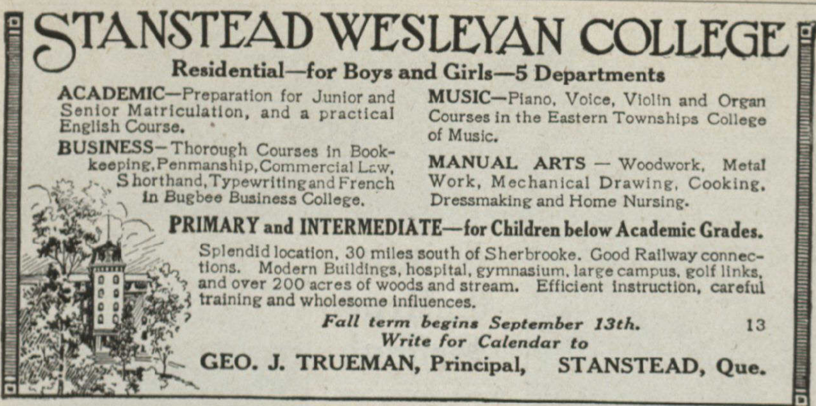

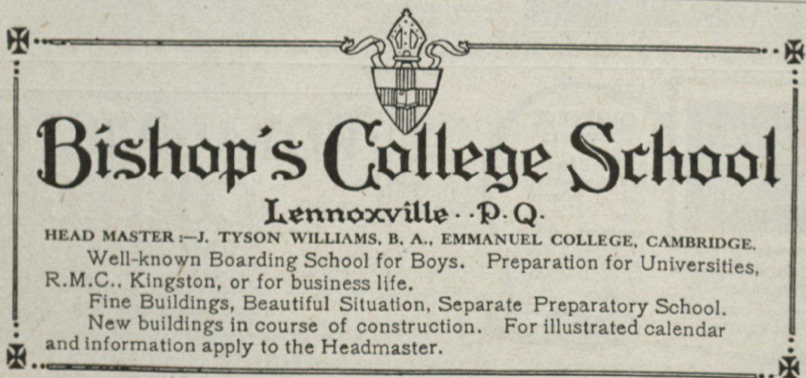

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Gouraud's Medicated Soap should be used to prepare the skin before applying the Cream. It thoroughly cleanses the skin and removes all dirt and poisonous matter from the pores. Most efficient in the treatment of skin troubles. Splendid for the hair. Purifies the scalp and removes dandruff. Adds lustre and beauty to your hair.

Trial Size Free—

Send for a trial size Bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream or a trial size cake of Gouraud's Medicated Soap. Enclose 10c each to cover cost of Wrapping and Mailing or send 20c for both.

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Montreal

THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - $25,000,000
Capital Paid Up - 12,911,700
Reserve Funds - $ 14,324,000
Total Assets - 275,000,000

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356—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—356

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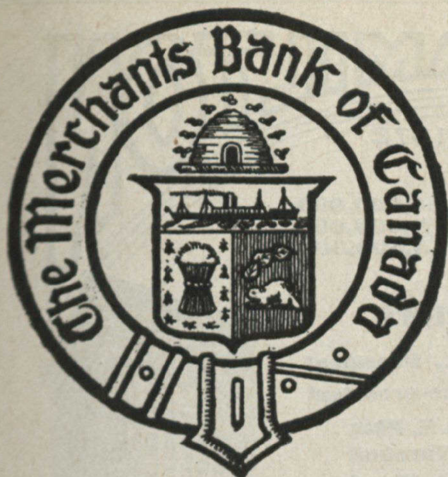

Paid-up Capital	-	-	$ 7,000,000
Reserve Fund	-	-	7,421,292
Total Depositts	-	-	92,102,072
Total Assets -	-	-	121,130,558

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Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.

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It is to this class that the strength, stability, and sound financial position of this Corporation, with its long and enviable record, especially appeals. Having been established in 1855, it has for more than sixty years been the

SAFE DEPOSITORY FOR THE SAVINGS

of thousands of our citizens. It has in the meantime increased in strength, and now has a paid-up Capital of Six Million Dollars, and a Reserve Fund of Five Million Dollars, thus placing

ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS

of Shareholders' Capital between the depositor and any possibility of loss. Deposits of one dollar and upwards are accepted. Interest is credited and compounded twice each year, at

THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT

per annum. Your account is invited.

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ESTABLISHED 1855

BANK OF HAMILTON

Established 1872.

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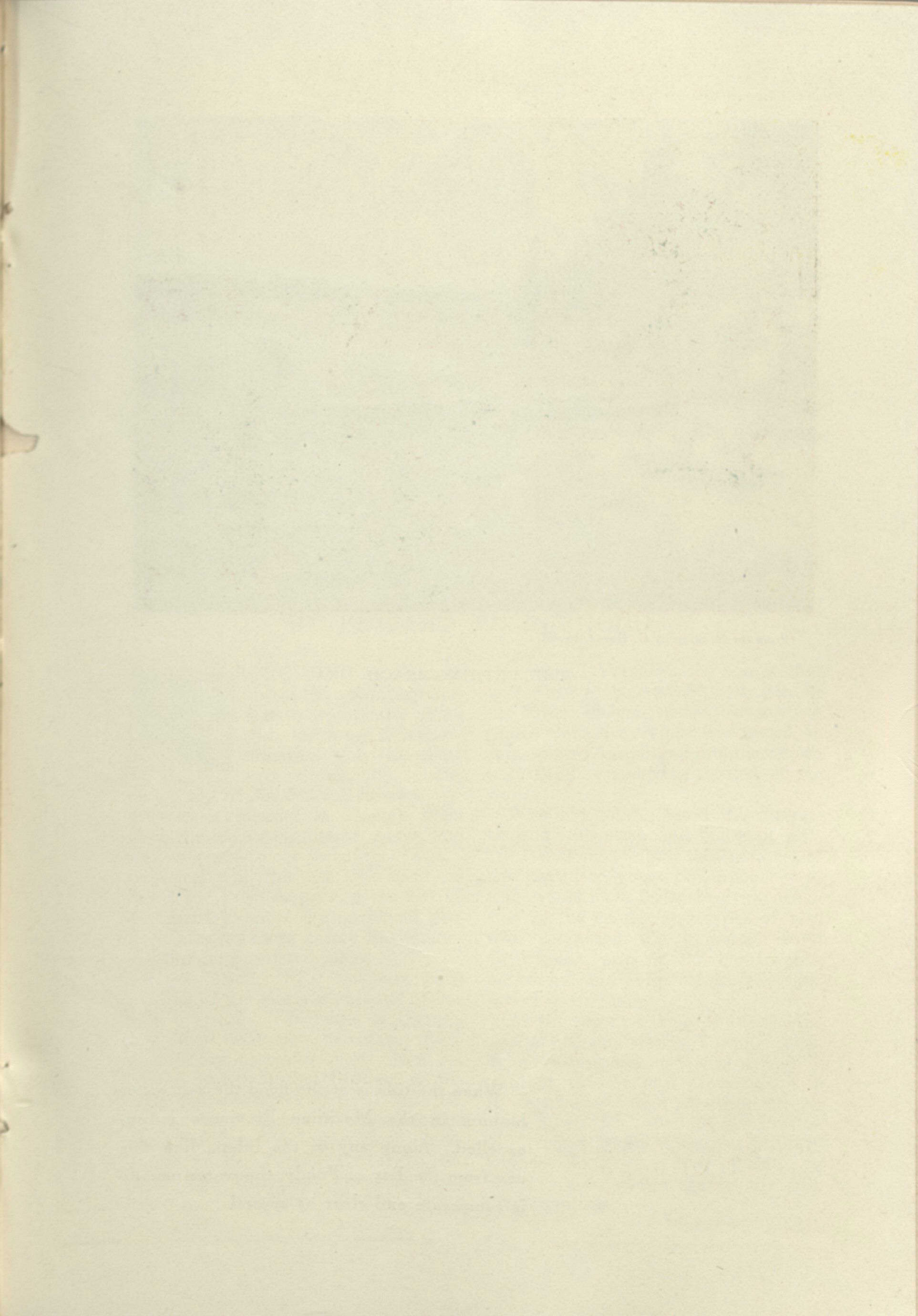
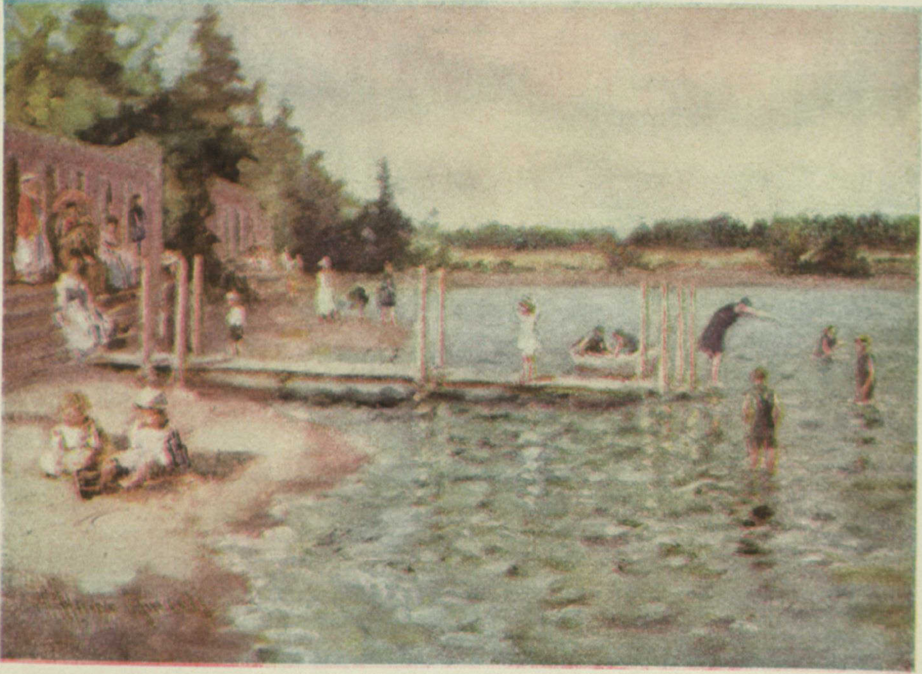




From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

THE BATHING-BEACH

When the tide is at the flood the salt water bathing in the Maritime Provinces is unexcelled. Along any of the inlets, like this one from the Bay of Fundy, the water usually is temperate and clear as crystal.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIX TORONTO, AUGUST, 1917 No. 4

Canada's Amateur Soldiers

BY EDWARD W. REYNOLDS

RECRUITING in Canada, under the voluntary system, is practically at an end; there are a few enthusiasts who will deny such statements. Canada's army of 350,000 full-blooded volunteers is located in French trenches, British concentration camps, and on troopships proceeding "east." Practically all the men who have enlisted for overseas service are out of the country, and the question of procuring more is now before Parliament —a burning national issue.

Since April, 1915, we have been reading of the glorious exploits of our men overseas. The name of Canada has taken on a new meaning. Congratulatory messages have been received by Sir Robert Borden, as the chief representative of the Dominion, and by the Generals commanding the Canadian forces overseas. Such place-names as St. Julien, Festubert, St. Eloi, The Orchard, Ypres Salient, Somme, Courcelette, Ancre, Vimy Ridge. and Fresnoy, are names that will receive the special attention of the future historians, because in these places Canadian valour was tested, in these places Canada plighted her troth with the liberty-loving nations of the world.

Who did this? Amid the distractions of the clash and clang of war, the bereavements and the sacrifices of the past two years the recorders of war events have failed to draw attention to the classes and types of men who composed the immortal First Contingent, and of the contingents, battalions and units which have followed in its train.

At the recent sitting of the Parliamentary Committee in Toronto, when evidence was obtained with a view to guiding the Federal Government in its legislative plans affecting the returned soldier, Mr. Fred Pardee, M.P., asked Major Wilson, of Military District No. 2, what type of officer or military man should control the military hospitals.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER D. McRAE

A British Columbia merchant, who is now assistant to Major-General Turner commanding Canadian Forces in England

"A professional soldier," declared Major Wilson.

"But there are no professional soldiers in Canada," replied Mr. Pardee.

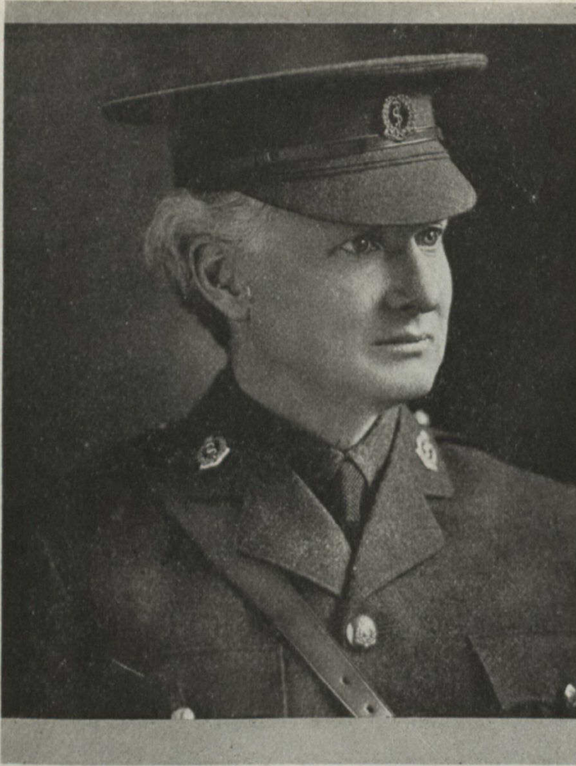
This is the sum and substance of Canada's military force. The men who have vanquished the cream of many Prussian units (the German generals honoured the Canadians by pitting their best men against them) knew practically nothing of the military arts before the outbreak of war. Canada was treading the peaceful paths of national development. Her sons were devoted to her soil. When the call came they were busy in the fields, at the bench, in the factory and at the office desk. They went to fight an army that had forty years of preparation behind it. The results are the subjects of daily discussions in the newspapers. The object of the writer is to call attention to one of two examples and records of men who left their peaceful occupations to win fame as military leaders, and to demonstrate the type, and the general make-up of the various Canadian divisions.

The Canadian army is the most democratic of all the forces now engaged in hostilities. In its ranks are to be found college professors, lawyers, financiers, and even members of parliament, while among the officers are to be found plumbers and artizans of all descriptions from Canada's industrial army. The Canadian force is cosmopolitan in every possible respect.

A British Columbian real estate agent led the Canadians to the brilliant victory at Vimy Ridge. Horne's

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ARTHUR W. CURRIE, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., C.B.

Commander of the Canadian Forces in France



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL (DR.) HERBERT A. BRUCE

Author of a much-discussed report, and now in charge of a large hospital area in France

army, of which the Canadians form a part, was engaged in heavy fighting around Arras, and Major-General Currie's Division was located opposite the Ridge. He, therefore, had to plan the actual details of the now-famous attack, and the success of that operation is what probably led to his appointment to the command of the Canadian Army in the war zone, although his earlier exploits had brought the attention of the higher command to his qualities of leadership.

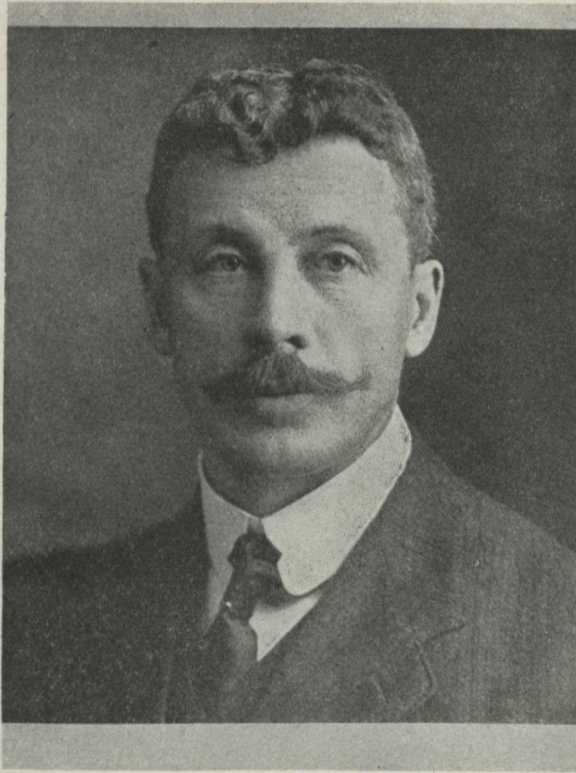
From teaching school on a concession line to the command of a big army, succeeding famous British Generals of wide, life-long experience, is a far cry, but this Canadian citizen soldier has achieved this distinction. Arthur W. Currie was born at Napperton, Middlesex County, Ontario—it cannot be found upon the map. The spirit of adventure got him at an early age, and he sought his fortune on the Pacific coast. After trying to make his way at teaching school, he engaged himself to a realty firm, and spent his evenings with the militia. He later formed his own real estate company, and for fourteen years gave his spare time to improving the efficiency of the garrison artillery. Latterly he joined the Highland Regiment at Victoria and went to Valcartier in 1914 as Officer Commanding the 50th Victoria Regiment. At the concentration camp Lieutenant-Colonel Currie rose to the rank of Brigadier General, and took command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade. When made Commander of the First Canadian Division he became Major-General. He is now Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., C.B., and the pos-

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. MITCHELL, D.S.O., Officer's Cross, Legion of Honour, C.M.G
First Staff Officer, Second Army, British Expeditionary Force

sessor of several allied decorations. He won fame as a military strategist at Ypres, Courcelette, Thiepval, and at Vimy Ridge. He typifies Canadian adaptability, initiative, independence, and courage. His rise to fame assures the success of a democratic militarism, like the Canadian militia system, over the junker militarism of Prussia.

Lieutenant-General Currie's record is but an example of what has been accomplished by thousands of other Canadians. Hundreds of them who left Canadian shores attired in their first khaki suit, ranking as privates, have since jumped the wide gap between non-commissioned and commissioned rank, and large numbers of them have gained their seniority, and make clever and courageous field officers. The Canadian Army has, therefore, triumphed in its leadership as well as in its victories over "the best trained troops in the world".

When the European war clouds were gathering, Mr. Alexander McRae was selling real estate in Vancouver. He had spent a busy life in the lumber camps and on the real estate markets. He was busy putting something by for a rainy day. A typical Canadian to whom the pomp and circumstances of military parades did not appeal. The Canadian militia to this and many other Canadians now occupying prominent positions in the army, was a plaything for those who would copy the military spirit of the European countries. He was devoted to his business interests, and knew little, and previously cared less, about fighting. But the call to arms led him to Valcartier. He proceeded overseas as a commissariat officer. He became a valued



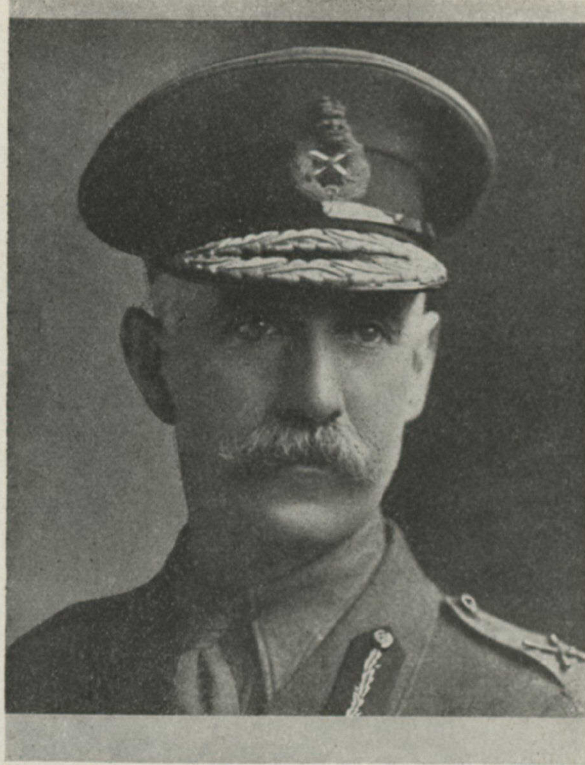
MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID WATSON

A Quebec Journalist, who has distinguished himself as a military officer

officer and is now Quartermaster-General under Major-General Turner, V.C., D.S.O., at the base in England, with the rank of Brigadier-General, red and gold inclusive. Here is an example that is particularly apropos to a description of the make-up of Canada's army.

Bill O'Hara, played baseball in the big leagues. He outfielded for the New York Giants and St. Louis of the National League, but he ended his baseball career—for the time being—with the Maple Leafs of the International League. When war was declared O'Hara forsook the baseball diamond for the parade-ground. He proceeded to Shoreham, England, where he took an aviator's course, but met with an accident, and was declared unfit for air service. He then joined a Canadian infantry battalion, became its bombing officer, and was mentioned in the Canadian press for his work on the Somme, where he was wounded leading his men.

Mat Weyman was a Socialist, a typical soap box orator in Toronto, who spent his time telling the "proletarians" that the class struggle was the only fight worth while. But he finally enlisted, and his soap-box orations gave place to recruiting appeals. He became a sergeant-major in the 169th Battalion, C.E.F., and his Commanding Officer declared him to be one of the most efficient and zealous non-coms. in the battalion. He served and fell wounded in the fighting around Arras, according to unofficial reports. This man had often declared that a soldier "was the legalized murderer of the masses for the aristocratic few", but when the real peril



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT RENNIE, D.S.O., M.V.O.

A seed merchant devoted to military work

confronted the Empire he was actuated by a patriotism that only a real child of democracy can experience. And thousands of such men as these threw business and employment to the winds, to demonstrate that it is not generations of preparation and training that after all makes an army measurably successful, but it is brains with initiative and individuality, mixed with some military strategy, that really count.

Colonel George G. Nasmith, C.M.G., Ph.D., etc., would be considered by the ordinary observer to be too frail for strenuous work in the war zone, but notwithstanding his inexperience in military matters, he went to Salisbury and to France, where he accomplished great things in the interests of men of the First Canadian Division, and later a whole British army corps. As a sanitary expert he gave the fighters pure water, and when the first gas attack occurred around Ypres he succeeded in discovering the nature of the gas and a successful antidote. The contributions of this tyro in military work earned for him a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and the thanks of the Minister of Militia.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Bruce is perhaps one of Canada's foremost surgeons. He was plain Dr. Bruce until appointed to investigate hospital conditions in England and France. He knew very little of army red tape, and his report came like a bolt from the blue. As a result of the controversy that arose he sought a new field of military work. The Imperial authorities saw the value of this expert civilian, and he has now been placed in

COLONEL GEORGE B. NASMITH, C.M.G., PH.D.

Formerly Head of Laboratories for the City of Toronto. Discovered an antidote for gas.

charge of a very important hospital centre in France.

Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Gow, recommended by Sir George Perley for the position of Deputy Minister of Militia, overseas, was a busy counsel for Brazilian and other traction interests until he enlisted in August, 1914. He was associated with the late Dr. F. S. Pearson, a well-known financier who went down with the *Lusitania,* and with Sir William Mackenzie. But after taking out a commission with the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, where he got his first taste of military work, he became adjutant of the 35th Battalion, C.E.F. From being a complete *rookie,* he rose by dint of perseverance, step by step, until he attracted the attention of the authorities, and earned the important position he now holds.

Major W. G. MacKendrick was a road builder, with a penchant for horticulture. He, too, knew nothing of military work, but offered his services. He finally proceeded to England, where he obtained a commission on the road-building staff of the Canadian army. His efficiency and expert knowledge was soon brought to the attention of the authorities, and to-day he is in charge of general road construction on Field Marshal Haig's Headquarters Staff.

To step from a consulting engineer's office to the Intelligence Office of Britain's whole army in the course of a few months, is a record that Colonel Charles Hamilton Mitchell, D.S.O., might well be proud of. Before the war he gave much of his spare time to the Civic Guild of Art of Toronto, helping to beautify the city. In Sep-

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. G. McKENDRICK

A Canadian who is in charge of Road Construction in Field-Marshall Haig's Headquarters Staff

tember, 1914, he journeyed to Valcartier and to Britain, where he served as Intelligence Officer for the Canadians. In France he introduced many new methods of gathering enemy information, which were subsequently adopted by the British and French Governments as the official methods. For this work he received his D.S.O., and high appointment.

At the top of Canada's honour roll probably will be the name of the late Major-General Mercer, who died fighting with an infantryman's gun and bayonet at Zillebeke, Belgium. He gave his life fulfilling the task for which he had prepared himself during many years of local militia work, though ordinarily engaged as a barrister. As Colonel of the Queen's Own Regiment, Toronto, the authorities naturally looked to him to form the first overseas battalion in Toronto. He proceeded overseas with this unit, but in the reorganization of the Canadian forces, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier. For his excellent work in the Ypres salient, he received a Major-Generalship. His friend and fellow-soldier, Brigadier General Rennie, is still doing good work in France.

A typical example of what firms engaged in ordinary work are prepared to do while the crisis is upon us is given in the record of the firm of Chadwick and Beckett, Toronto. Both partners went overseas in charge of battalions, while their staff enlisted to a man. Colonel Beckett died leading his men in a trench raid.

Men (amateur soldiers) are serving their country equally well at home. These officers and men have passed through the monotony of daily drill

and routine, fitting the men for the sterner tasks in the war zone. The work of men like Major-General W. A. Logie, a lawyer, who has been responsible for training nearly 90,000 men in Military District No. 2, has earned prominent mention in the country's appreciation of a service well rendered. What has happened in Military District No. 2 has happened all over Canada. Thousands of the brainiest business and professional men who were engrossed in the ordinary pursuits before the war have added their quota to the great cause and helped the Dominion to win fame as a defender of small nations and a fighter for freedom and justice.

TWILIGHT

BY GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

Night falls around us.
Above the pale moon, clad in cloudy draperies,
Drifts and moves. The sounds of day have ceased.
Draw close to me,
And let us sit together quietly,
Just I and thee.

The twilight stirs one
Strangely. Faint hopes that dare not show themselves by day
Emerge then. And moods oft feared return.
Life leads through lonely ways, but I have all,
Since I have thee.

Love holds thee lightly,
But fate has not a greater prize in all her store
To give man than this understanding,
Perfect, complete.
To be close friends who see as with one eye,
Speak with one tongue.

Why are you restless?
And I have not begun to tell you all that love
Would make me. How I might touch the sky
And still the wind,
And do fine things in the world, my spirit
Made strong through yours.

But you would withhold
Your soul aloof. Well, have no fear. Each preserves his
Solitude. And to fire my spirit
By the flame of
Yours was but my dream, dear. For you are you,
And I am I.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

VII—"KIT," THE JOURNALIST

"KIT" was Irish through and through—in her ready wit, her quick sympathies, her way of flashing from the gay to the sombre and from the commonplace to the droll or the poetic. She was Irish by right of birth and race. Born in 1864 at Castle Blakeny in the west of Ireland, Kathleen Blake was educated in Dublin and Belgium. At the age of twenty she came to Canada, which was henceforth her home.

Half a dozen years later, in 1890, she began her brilliant career as a journalist, by taking charge of the woman's department in the Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

In looking over her work it is interesting to note that at first her "Woman's Kingdom" to a great degree followed the conventional type of pages for women, rife with suggestions as to dress and fashion, recipes and household hints. But even at the beginning, "Kit" threw in a few book-notices and so forth. Later she broke away almost entirely from fashion plates and cook-books, to carry her readers into the wider world where real human interest comes to its own, and gowns and good things to eat are relegated to the subordinate (though not negligible) place to which they properly belong.

It is not that one would belittle that modern estimate of women's activities which insists that girls need training to fit them for the duties of mothers and homemakers and endeavours to lift the often despised details of domestic routine to the level of household science. But it remains true that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," and the vastly important questions of food and clothing can never be solved satisfactorily by women. with outlook bounded by their own kitchens or ambition limited to keeping abreast of the fashion. War has taught us something of the greatness of the task (in such large measure the woman's task) of feeding and clothing the people. It is not less great in times of peace, but often the individual toiler sorely needs a larger vision of humanity to lift her work from triviality, and, at its best, there was fine inspiration in "Kit's" conception of a "Woman's Kingdom," not all kitchen, or even nursery, but a realm vast and varied as humanity itself.

During the intervals when "Kit" was absent on some special mission for her paper, it might chance that her page was again invaded by a grand array of recipes or fashion notes. On the other hand, "Kit" was seeing the world, and painting it in vivid impressionistic style, for those left at home. The bright individuality of her letters lent distinction not only to her own page, but to the *Mail* itself.

"Kit is as much read by men as women," said a writer in the "Galt Reporter" in 1898, adding the involved but appreciative comment, "All her work is such as to raise the ideal conception of what good strong literary production a competent exponent of the other sex can add to the moulding of contemporary thought." That sshe was thus teaching newspaper men the potential value of women's work was a veritable triumph of pioneering for women.

In the exercise of her profession, "Kit" travelled far and saw much. She endured discomfort and faced danger with a "pluck" that won the admiration of her male competitors: she enjoyed strange sights and adventure with eager zest; she could work for long hours with marvellous rapidity; and she scored many a notable success as special correspondent at the "World's Fair," of 1893, and other exhibitions, at more than one famous trial, at the "Diamond Jubilee," and in the Cuban War.

In 1892 she wrote a series of papers on localities which had supplied to Charles Dickens the setting for many of the scenes in his novels. She called these articles "Tramps with the Genius of London," and hither and thither into the strangest nooks of the old city, she followed her shadowy guide, often on foot, sometimes failing to find the spot she sought, but frequently succeeding in discovering the very court or house, which the master of detail in world-painting had peopled with the creations of his vivid fancy.

"Kit" loved Dickens for this, amongst other reasons that he "taught us to look around and see the misery and distress lying at our doors: taught the beauty of compassion and kindliness for the lonely and the miserable; taught us to be less selfish and brutal and cowardly; to be braver and better and more healthy in mind and soul than we were before."

She finished her pilgrimage by buying a little nosegay "of the wildest and most simple flowers" she could find in "Covent Garden, where little David Copperfield—little Charles indeed—used to stare at the pine-apples when he had no money to buy any dinner;" and then she went into the quiet Abbey to slip her bunch of flowers into a cranny close by the spot where Dickens sleeps in the "Poets' Corner," and as she laid it there, "a glorious shaft of purple and crimson" streamed across the letters of his name.

Five years later, "Kit" was again in London to see for Canadians who could not go that tremendous festival of the British Empire, Queen Victoria's "Diamond Jubilee." "Gray old London, with the soft blue mist of June enveloping her," and her strange glory of purple and gold, of ropes of greenery and garlands of flowers, was a wonderful thing to see. To go into St. James's Street, which was covered with a swaying green roof was "walking into fairyland," but the old palace at its southern end was unadorned and, for impressionable "Kit," "London seemed to end before these gaunt gray walls, pierced with the narrow peering windows that had seen so much. One realized at this full moment that, despite her frivolities, her gay trappings, her make-believe joyousness London, heavy, sad, very old, faced you, uncompromising, stern, a warrior always, a great creature, whose hand was the mailed hand of Britain, one that gripped the edges of the world."

"Kit" was fortunate enough to have an excellent view of the amazing

MRS. KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN ("KIT")

A Pioneer Woman Journalist in Canada

state-coach, with its eight cream-coloured horses, hidden under "gorgeous crimson coats and headstalls," more fortunate to see the face of the Queen, "far and away handsomer than any late picture" represented her—grave, serious, "seamed by grief and pain and yet full of benevolence, of dignity, of sympathy." "Right and left she bowed, smiling very little, and bowing oftenest to the poorer people on the edge of the pavement."

The roars of applause with which the "Colonials" were greeted went to "Kit's" heart. "To see these bronzed and black faces; these gallant well set-up, handsome Canadian boys and know that they served under the same old flag . . . that they had come from far places to honour the same Queen so adored by the London populace, and above all that they told —as nothing else could tell at the moment—the might and strength of the British Empire, visibly affected the people of England. A frenzy of enthusiasm took them."

When it came to the illuminations at night, even "Kit" could hardly find words to describe London. Yet her pictures of the old city in the nights of that great time "when fire" seemed "to run with the people along the ways and all that Science, Art and inventions of the Victorian era in the way of illuminations" were being exploited, call up visions of this still greater time when London, more than ever the heart of the Empire, in her determination and her sorrow, lies in black darkness.

Nowadays, when searchlights send up their beams above the shadowy roofs of London, it means that they are feeling after some raider of the air which seeks to pour down death on the crowds below, but the searchlights which at the Jubilee, illuminat-

ed the huge dome of St. Paul's and turned it into the semblance of a "solemn, snow-capped mountain" raising "from the very heart of the city," gave to "Kit," a "vision, mystic, wonderful, suggesting Martin's picture of the New Jerusalem."

Amidst all the wonders, "Kit," representing a "Colonial" newspaper, turned again and again to thoughts of the Empire. In describing the review of the Fleet, she wrote, "You get an idea of the immensity and solidity of the British Empire, which you could get nowhere else but at these Jubilee festivities. You saw all about you here how much the colonies meant to Britain; what they would do for her; how they loved her."

But "Kit" lived just long enough to see the same truth expressed in still more unmistakable language, when, in 1914, the whole Empire sprang to arms.

In less than a year after that great peaceful Jubilee, "Kit," the first woman war correspondent in the world, "had seen something of war as it really is. On the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain in April, 1898, "Kit" confessed that in youth, after reading a certain type of romances, she had had "wild longings to turn vivandière and go out to the wars," though later studies in realistic literature had opened her eyes to the real horror and brutality of war. However the old thirst for adventure re-asserted itself, or the ambition of the journalist carried her away. She volunteered to go to Cuba as war correspondent for the "Mail and Empire," and a few days later she was in Washington trying to wring from General Alger, United States Secretary for War, permission to go. It was granted at last, but despite this she had the greatest difficulty in getting off.

She spent six weeks at "the slow little town of Tampa" in Florida, where the great "volunteer army" of the United States was being got into shape. The "boys" struck her as very young and "not nearly ready," and the hardships of camp life (then as now) were trying to patriotic enthusiasm. At Tampa, these took the shape, in part, of hot sun, unappetizing rations of beans and bacon, uniforms not forthcoming, black ants and scorpions.

This is one of "Kit's" pictures of the place at evening. "The long waste of brown burnt land ran to the edge of the sea. The little white camp cities lay stretched out along the shore. The sea, grey and sad, shivered under the evening wind. An immense melancholy took possession of the soul. For a moment, it all seemed futile, useless, so much pain and grief and parting and misunderstanding."

About this time, the "Daily Mail" of London, had an article on "The Lady War Correspondent," describing her as "a tall, healthy, youngish lady with a quiet, self-reliant manner . . . an alert, intelligent, enterprising look" and "the prettiest touch of the Irish brogue."

"The censorship appears to harry war correspondents greatly," said "Kit." "War news comes high and is hard to get at any price," but "journalists trot discreetly in the rear of things." When the departure of the troops was under way, the newspaper men were cooped up on one boat out of the way of news or hope of "scoops." The one woman was in even harder case. She was left behind. She then went to Key West, was disappointed again in her hope of sailing on a Red Cross ship, but after being three times turned back, reached Cuba on an old government boat, the "Niagara," some three weeks before Santiago surrendered to General Shafter. The soldiers suffered sadly from fever and as "Kit" saw things, there was woeful mismanagement.

She returned on the transport *Comal.* She was the only woman on board. Though there were twenty-seven very sick soldiers on the

boat, it was sent out without a doctor, medical supplies, or proper provisions. There chanced, however, to be one doctor amongst the passengers and he did his best for the invalids, with drugs collected from his fellow-travellers. The vessel was quarantined for a week near Tampa, but still there was no ice, no limes, no water fit to drink for sick or well.

In this year, 1898, "Kit" married Dr. Theodore Coleman, but she continued her work with the *Mail* till February, 1911—completing twenty-one years of her "Woman's Kingdom".

During the short remainder of her life she wrote many magazine articles and syndicated her "Kit's Column" for women, in various newspapers.

In 1904, she was elected President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and it is told that many of the younger toilers in her profession received most kindly encouragement from her. "Look at Kit, surrounded by her court!" said one writing woman to another on the occasion of a Press Club excursion; and, behold, the "court" consisted chiefly of girls, essaying to penetrate the difficult country of journalism, through which "Kit" had blazed her own way.

It has been said by another woman, who has scored a notable success in the profession, "Newspaper work was no sinecure for a woman in the days when 'Kit' entered journalism. Women entered it on sufference and had to do practically as much as two men to prove that they were half as good as one man. And that 'Kit' triumphed in the face of obstacles such as will never be told meant much, not only to herself, but to all the women who ever will come after her."

In the late spring of 1915—in her birth-month, May—"Kit" was seized with pneumonia, and, after a brief two-days' illness, her busy, full life came to an end.

The subject of the next sketch of this series is Dr. Marion Oliver: Foreign Missionary.

BEHIND THE GUNS

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I'VE forgotten, you forget
Whose sad eyes are dim and wet;
Here with many things to do,
We're not human, I and you.

Some machine has got us thralled;
We move out when we are called,
Glad to go and glad to die—
Once I watched the quiet sky.

This is all a thing we dream,
Guns and battle and shell scream;
We shall waken and be men
In this or some good world again.

. . . Once I heard a small bird's note,
I was cooling a cannon's throat;
Before we fired our guns off next
I was shaking and all perplexed.

. . . Somewhere there are grasses green,
Somewhere slipping in between
Daisy banks a little creek;
. . . Then I smelled the powder reek.

This is dreaming when we fire,
Careful, with the muzzle higher;
Yesterday we laughed aloud
When they rolled at us like a cloud.

This morning just at gray daylight
You kicked hardly out of sight
That green purple rotted head
Of that old man too long dead.

Oh, it's dreaming that we are;
Last night there was one still star
Up above black clouds alone;
That's you and me when we are done.

I want to waken up and see
Things all like they used to be;
I don't want to laugh at souls
Being shot at from black holes.

I've a garden; it is queer
To think while we are wild out here
Doing things without a name
The green stuff's growing just the same.

My wife says sweet peas are up;
We've our teeth in a broken cup
Of dirty rum. They're cool there
While we are choked in this black air.

Maybe when this trouble's done
There's a heaven, and one by one
We'll creep in; but my wife's eyes
Are red with crying, I surmise.

I've forgotten, you forget
Whose sad eyes are dim and wet;
Here with many things to do,
We're not human, I and you.

The New Trail

BY A. GERTRUDE JACKSON

N August, 1899, the second summer of the great Klondike gold rush, six men set out over the old Edmonton trail for the greatest mining camp on the continent—Dawson City. But the way was long, and the trail inexpressible; within two weeks two of the party turned back. Then the dark days came, and the cruel cold; and two more, wearied unto death, took their long last sleep by the silent trail. Desperate, but not despairing, the remaining two struggled grimly northward. The long winter melted into spring, and still they were mushing by day and camping by night. When at last they came to the end of the trail, June had come, with its almost perpetual daylight and its scorching summer heat.

We have just finished reading that old, faded diary written by one of those men on that journey. Sixteen years have yellowed its worn pages and dimmed some of the writing into illegibility; but it holds an honoured place in the library of one of the finest sourdoughs in the Yukon. We have marvelled at the revelation of those simply-written pages; we have laughed hysterically, and cried shamelessly. It is the story of the first gold-seekers who came all the way over what was known as the Edmonton Trail. Those who preceded them turned aside, one by one, to the trail whence no one ever returns. Ten months of but half-revealed bravery cry out to us from those time-honoured pages. Ten months! Edmonton to Dawson—ten months!

The days of the old trail—the famous trail of '98—are gone; but in their place has come the new trail, and already the eyes of the world are upon it, for it leads through such a fairyland as we had thought existed only in dreams. Swiss mountains and lakes, Italian skies, Norwegian fjords, gorgeous sunsets—the beauties of the new trail are as cosmopolitan as was the throng of gold-seekers who broke the terrible trails to the gold fields. Had there been no great war the new trail would have come into its own more gradually; but the unceasing stream of American travel was diverted abruptly from its European channel in August, 1914. The old trail to the north had been merely a means to an end, and at that no pleasurable one; but the new trail is an end in itself and it called at an opportune moment. At first its newness lent it charm, till people awoke to the wonderland that lies at our very gates, and the floodgates of tourist travel were flung open into the new trail.

"It is too far," people objected when the new trail was first suggested to them. "It is too dreary. It is a dozen and one things we shall not like, and it is too tame. If it had been '98 now we might have been glad to go!"

They listened politely to assurances that it was a wonderful trip. They read advertising literature, but they spoke doubtfully of the possibility of

A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION OF THE TOTEM POLES AT KITWANGA

seeing anything new. But some few, more credulous and adventurous, heard the call of the northland, and answered it by leaving Edmonton on almost the first train that travelled over the new transcontinental line to the coast.

Night trains leaving Edmonton are far from the prairies by dawn; and the traveller awakens to a glory of mountain and snow and flaming gold. The colours brighten and change into a thousand shades till the sun itself looks down from the white peaks above, and smiles on Jasper Park. This great national park is destined to be one of the most famous playgrounds in the world. On every side loom gigantic, time-scarred peaks. A crowd of tourists, standing on Jasper platform one June morning were reading aloud the names of the mountains from the signboards. They came to the name of Mount Edith Cavell, and a gray-faced man lifted his hat and looked almost reverently at the great peak.

"Edith Cavell!" he repeated slowly, and the others turned towards him at the sound of the emotion in his voice. "At the Front her name was like a battle cry."

"The Front!" someone echoed. "Then you were in the trenches?"

"Princess Pats!" he said briefly and stood silent, with bared head, his tired eyes looking at Mount Edith Cavell as though he were gazing into some distant pathway of time. And the crowd respected his silence.

The possibilities of Jasper Park are as yet unimagined. It covers over four thousand square miles, and is the first bewildering suggestion of a real elfland, with its snowy mountain crests, its flower-covered valleys, and its panorama of lakes. With the rapidity that characterizes dreams, the scenery changes from river valley to lake, from shady trail to sullen cliff, from canyon to forest. Already the white tents of the summer camp gleam through the trees, and the light touch of the paddle ripples the shadow of its mirror-like lakes.

Mount Robson Park is a continuation of the great tracts of land set apart by the Government for the recreation of the nation. Here all minor attractions sink into insignific-

ance beside the stupendous grandeur of Mount Robson, that incomparable king of the Canadian Rockies. Isolated, majestic, he lifts his mighty head above the clouds like some great brooding giant of the ages.

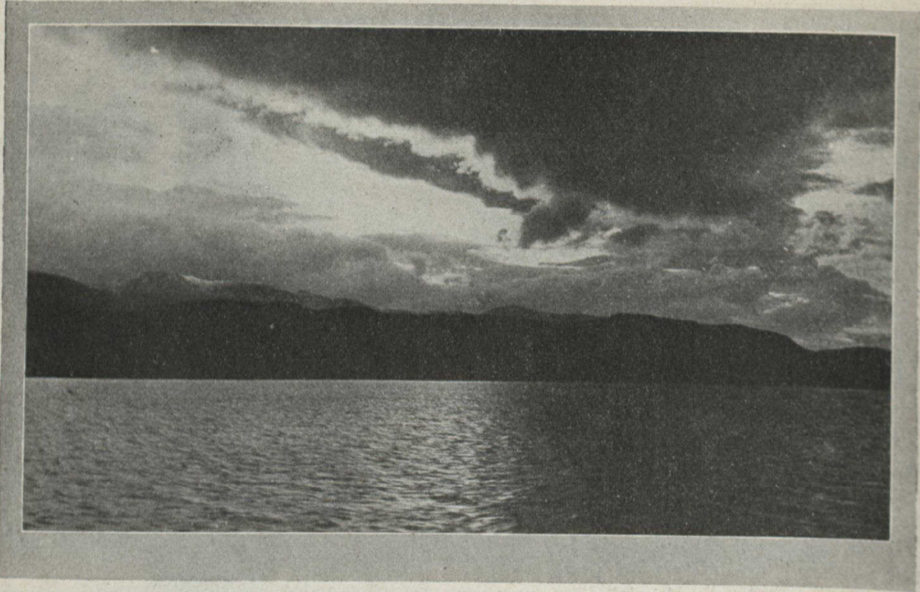
The influence of silent towering mountains has always been an elusive, over-mastering thing; at the foot of Mount Robson one is lost in it. It is like the domination of an overwhelming personality; all the egotism, all the littleness of life, is effaced from one's heart, and before one's wistful eyes pass strange visions. A thousand years are but a moment, and one's mind, swung abruptly from its narrow path, considers time and life in terms of centuries and generations. Then, perhaps, the clouds lift from the scarred, snow-drifted peak above. Someone speaks; and with a start one comes reluctantly back to the little things of life. But it can never be the same, for something of that wonderful influence has flung back the lines of our horizon of thought, and we have unconsciously wrung from Mount Robson a new note in our own personality that will be as indestructible as the mighty peak itself.

But the new trail sweeps on across the range, and at every turn new wonders come into view. On the Bulkley River, worn through the solid rock, stands the famous Bulkley Gate, with its vertical black rock as clear-cut as though chiselled. Below, in its perpetual shadow, the rapids swirl and foam and break on the rocks. Above the rapids a platform has been built for observation, and it is amusing to see the camera-laden tourists flock from the train and line the railing.

"What exposure did you give yours?" they cry excitedly as they snap madly here and there. "Have you set yours at eight or sixteen? Oh, I must get a snap from where you are. I would so hate to miss a picture of this."

A TOTEM POLE AT KETCHIKAN

The Indian villages are unique, and their naturalness has not yet been disturbed by tourist travel. Kitwanga is one of the quaintest and most beautiful, and the train makes a stop of sufficient time to allow passengers to



A SUNSET ON THE ALASKA TRAIL

walk through the village, and along the river bank with its queer Indian graves and incongruous totem-poles. One of the train officials accompanies the crowd and good-naturedly passes on his own information about the village. Sometimes a silver coin will open the lips of some half-friendly Indian, and one may hear strange tales of the meaning of those grotesque totem-poles which hold such a fascination for us.

From Kitwanga the trail follows the Skeena River to the coast. The mountains rise from either bank, white-crested, here and there bearing the huge scar of a gigantic glacier. The river is a true mountain flood, swift and tempestuous, of a translucent, foam-flecked green, which changes into shadowy blue as the river broadens at its mouth. The last ten miles of the Skeena hold the traveller spellbound, especially if he be travelling on the train that passes that way at twilight. The river is a broad, misty ribbon shot with blue and silver, and dotted with tiny fishing-boats. The dusky figures of the fishermen, looking very large and unreal in the hazy light, stand out against the gleaming water. The amethyst hills rise into gray, rose-tipped clouds and, blending, lose themselves.

If Prince Rupert were the end of the trail one would sigh when it were reached. But the grandeur of what is now known as the Alaska trip is still before one. Each year more and better steamships go northward on the famous coast cruise, and one is puzzled to imagine what can yet be added to insure the passenger greater safety or comfort, for the newest and largest Canadian boats are the very last word in accommodation. With our hearts still stirred by the story of the old trail as it is revealed in the diary on the desk, we are startled at the grandeur of the new trail, for it has all been accomplished in sixteen brief years.

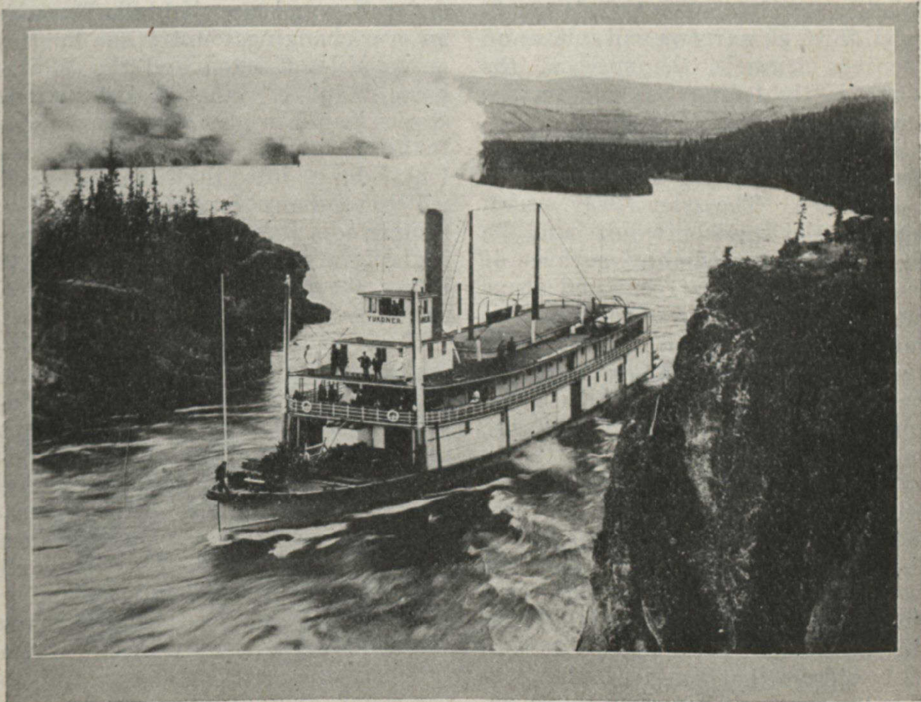
Rooted firmly in our minds there is always the idea that the north and cold are synonymous terms. Even for the most credulous of us, nothing short of seeing and feeling would convince us that from Prince Rupert to Skagway during the summer months is a trip through inland, dreaming

water, ruffled only by the warmest winds. We are prepared for piercing gales, and ice-dotted seas; but there is only Taku, the great glacier of the north, with its thousands of tons of ice shifting more than a foot a day. We see it only by the courtesy of the transportation companies, for it is up in one of the great inlets of the coast and the trip adds twenty miles to the regular channel route. But its wild colouring will linger in the memory long after one has forgotten the gorgeous sunsets, the dreamlike islands floating in the shadowy sea, and the mountains clouded in their purple haze; for no other blue can even resemble that strange dazzling swath of azure. The English language has no word for it.

> Those glacial rivers
> Of serrated ice, unearthly blue,
> Slide soundlessly into the deep, and strew
> Its surface with vast floating gems
> That break the vagrant beams of the low sun
> Into a million lights and flames.

There are several ports of call between Prince Rupert and Skagway, but at each one there is time to go ashore and drink in the novelty and beauty of the northland. One may see the salmon struggling upstream at Ketchikan, leaping the falls in often futile attempts to reach the spawning grounds. Wrangell has the most curious collection of Indian totem-poles and relics of all places along the coast. Juneau flaunts her modernism gaily, and smiles across the channel at Douglas, where are situated the well-known Treadwell mines. From either shore the nasturtiums blaze a flaming trail and mock our preconceived ideas of a northern summer.

It is a long trail, and a new trail, and it holds health and happiness and a golden harvest for the storehouse of memory. Who can forget those shimmering waters, island-studded, mountain-shadowed; the wild glory of sunrise and sunset with their riot of



SHOOTING FIVE FINGER RAPIDS, ON THE YUKON RIVER

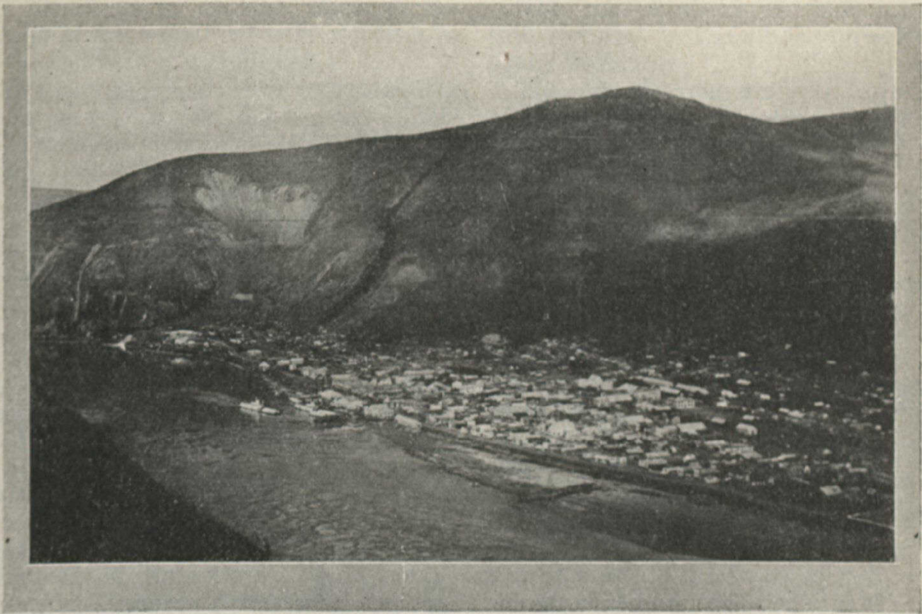
WHITEHORSE, HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE YUKON

elusive gold; the faint, exhilarating breath of salt in the wonderful air? Steadily, surely, as one travels northward, through narrows and inlets and sleeping channels, the spell of the North is tightening its hold on the heart.

Skagway! This one-time rough, lawless port has been transformed into a garden. The asters sway, waist-high, in the summer winds, and the air is redolent with the fragrance of blossoms. The sweet peas nod above one's head, and the marigolds lift round faces like small sunflowers to the sky. Reluctantly one goes aboard the train for the long climb to the summit. The wild loneliness of the country increases; a thousand things bring pictures of the old trail. One is back in the days of the gold rush, and a melancholy settles on the spirits like a pall. Here was the old tent city of White Pass, and yonder is a glimpse of the Chilcoot Trail. And did you see that wooden cross rotting at the side of that boulder? How terrible to take one's last sleep up in the very attic of the continent!

But the train swings down the grade, the landscape changes to lake and valley and tree-clad hill. Through an ever-changing country one hurries on to Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids. What half-forgotten stories leap into remembrance at those familiar words! Shuddering, one looks down into that boiling flood which so many fought, and so few conquered. It is well that Whitehorse is the terminus of the railroad, for it is not cheering to dwell too long on the early tragedies of '98.

From Whitehorse the river steamers take one over the last stage of the new trail. They are roomy and comfortable, and it is hard to believe that there was ever any hardship attendant on this trip to the gold fields. The long down-river trip is quiet and restful. The mountains have become hills, and are softer in outline and with more verdure, and the river winds swiftly among them. Perhaps from the deck a venturesome brown bear may be seen ambling down to the water, or hunting berries; a lynx may pause on the sand slopes, mo-



DAWSON CITY, ONCE THE END OF THE TRAIL

tionless as stone; or a moose, sometimes, in the moonlight, may swim silently across the stream and disappear in the shadows.

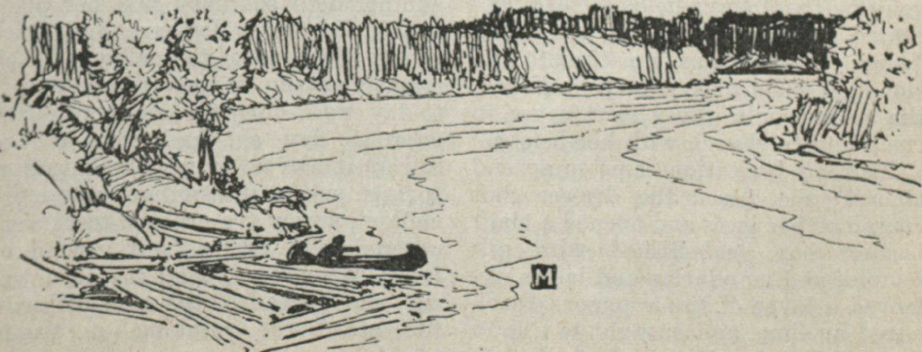
The boat winds at last around a sharp bend in the river, and the hills of Dawson loom up suddenly, ineffaceably marked by the handprint of the great slide.

"Dawson!" someone cries out delightedly. "The end of the trail!"

The captain smiles and shakes his head.

"It used to be the end of the trail, in the early days," he remarks thoughtfully. "But the new trail has no end; you may go on to St. Michael and Nome, and then south again by ocean-going steamer."

Once more we turn over that record of the old Edmonton Trail. Ten months from Edmonton to Dawson! To-day that trip may be made in eight days! Surely the New Trail is one of the achievements of this wonderful century!



Loyal to Memories

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

THAT morning, as Phoebe Haslam dressed for her friend's wedding, her wits became somewhat perlexed, and she wasted a full half-hour. The question was, after she had donned her new gown of nut-brown silk, what she should wear around her neck. Collars of old lace she had in plenty; but after she had donned one after another, she decided that the reflection in the oval dressing-mirror was too formal, and that she had the stiff and melancholy air of a maid long since crossed in love.

Outside, in the orchard of full-flowered apple trees, the thrushes and blackbirds were piping merrily; now and then the guinea-fowl grated as though their tender throats were grinding stones for toy sickles. A cuckoo, whose note for once seemed devoid of melancholy, flew over the stack-yard, pursued by two angry finches. The sunlight was richly golden—the distant fields seemed separated by a sheet of pure quivering water. There was no threatening cloud; if omens were to be believed, the bride would never have cause to rue going to church with her beloved.

Phoebe's hesitation came to an end at last; she closed the drawer that contained her laces and opened a black lacquer box, embellished with gilt temples and mandarins and ladies, removed a layer of tissue paper, discoloured by time, and brought to light a large Indian handkerchief of silk soft to the touch as finest gauze. As she shook out the folds, a subtle fragrance escaped—one might almost have believed that now was the time of roses!

The handkerchief was quaintly beautiful; on a background of palest fawn were depicted pomegranates and palms and peacocks all in faintest green. It suggested autumn—autumn before the first frost had stripped the trees. But it also brought thoughts of spring-time, and as Phoebe stood smiling, any stranger would have said that she herself was just on the verge of womanhood. Her cheeks had flushed faintly, and her eyes were softened with tenderness. It was no longer the Phoebe of thirty, to whom fortune had not been too kind; but the Phoebe who expected great things from the future. Nevertheless in this moment, with the old souvenir displayed, she was far more charming than in those long-past days when life falsely promised all manner of romantic adventures.

Although time was passing, and in another hour she must take her place in Mr. Broster's dog-cart, and drive to the other end of the valley, she fell a-musing again, so that it seemed as if to-day were only the morrow of the greatest day she had ever known. Surely it was no longer the height of spring; surely the sunlight was more mellow; surely the orchard-trees were covered with ruddy fruit instead of fragrant flowers! And the corn was cut, and instead of the song of birds, she heard the creaking of wagon wheels!

On that day of days, when all the rest of the household were working in the fields, she had stayed at home to prepare the food. At noon she had harnessed the old donkey to a little cart, laden with great stone bottles filled with home-brewed ale, and a veal-pie in a dish as large as a cradle, and a boiled pudding of plump greengages. The workers had all welcomed her with glad exclamations, and her father had patted her cheeks and sworn that she was the "best huswife as e'er lived". She had eaten with all the others; when the meal was finished, and all had stretched themselves out for a brief nap, she had taken away donkey and cart and empty dishes.

The strip of sandy road between the cornfield and the house was the scene of Phoebe's adventure. Just after she had passed through the open gateway, she heard the wild thudding of a horse's hoofs, and, turning, saw a chestnut mare, ridden by a youth not older than herself, advancing madly from the direction of the moor. The horseman was evidently a stranger, or he would have known that beyond the house the road turned dangerously at the side of a steep and rocky ravine. Without a moment's thought for her own safety, she drew the donkey cart across the track, and moved forward with arms uplifted in warning. The frightened horse swerved and stopped, but not before poor Phoebe had been thrust with some violence against the rough stone wall. The horseman dismounted and came to her side. He was panting for breath, and his handsome face was white as chalk.

"You are hurt!" he stammered. "Why did you do it?"

"There's a turning near by!" said Phoebe faintly. "You could not have taken it; there would have been an accident!"

"The mare got the better of me," said the gentleman. "I was warned that she'd a temper—I ought to have been more careful! But you must be in pain?"

"My arm is sprained, that's all," said the girl. "I shall be quite well again to-morrow!"

Then she turned dizzy and would have fallen if he had not drawn her to a grassy bank.

"Sit down a while," he said. "I am very ashamed that I've been the cause of this. You're a very brave girl!"

She obeyed, and for a full minute rested with her eyes tightly closed. The mare, as if satisfied with the mischief she had done, began to graze at the wayside. As for the stranger, he took from his breast pocket the quaint silk handkerchief, folded it carefully and tied the ends in a knot.

"I have made a sling," he said. "It will be less painful if your arm's supported. You will let me see you safely home?"

"The house is over yonder," said Phoebe. "But I am strong—you needn't trouble—"

He slipped the handkerchief over her head, and lifted her hand into position; then, after tying the mare's rein to a gate, he led the donkey slowly along the road. Neither Phoebe nor he spoke until they reached the farmyard. Then she prepared to return the handkerchief, but he begged her to wear it until all effects of the little accident were removed.

"It must be a souvenir," he said. "I wish that it were something more worthy. In all likelihood you've saved me from a serious mishap—"

"I'd have done it for anyone," said Phoebe. "If I hadn't stopped you, I should always feel a coward!"

"To-morrow I go abroad," he said. "I shall not be able to inquire how you are. But, all the same, I shall think of you very, very often."

"And I of you," said the girl. "I don't know who you are; but I'm glad at heart to have done you a service. And, since you wish it, I shall be proud to keep the handkerchief."

Her colour had returned, and the lad's eyes were full of admiration. Although he was scarcely of the age

of manhood, he had seen much of the world, but never before had he been delighted with such a glimpse of fresh country loveliness.

"I don't suppose that we shall ever meet again," he said. "I'm not bold—at least, I've never believed myself bold—yet I'm going to say something astounding. You will not be angry?"

"No," replied Phoebe; "because I know you'd ask for nothing that I can't give."

"Even a kiss?" he said quietly. "If I begged a kiss—here at your gate?"

In spite of the laughter in his eyes, Phoebe divined that the request was serious. Without another word she moved closer, and her lips brushed his cheek. But this slight impact was anything but satisfactory to the lad, who encircled her neck with his right arm, and then kissed her with as much warmth as a country lover displays to the maid of his heart.

"If only I could live here—if only I could see you every hour of the day, I should be the happiest man on earth," he said; "but now I must go—and to-morrow I shall be hundreds and hundreds of miles away. Don't believe that I shall forget—I can never forget!"

Then, slowly and reluctantly, he went away, and Phoebe stood watching him mount to the saddle, and ride to the curve of the road. He must have known that she followed with her eyes, since there he turned, raised a hand to his lips and waved it in her direction. A few minutes afterwards, as she stood looking into space, another horseman appeared—an elderly man with a troubled face. Phoebe recognized him at once as his Grace of Ashford—the owner of the great estate, whose distant palace could be seen from the topmost windows of her home. He was nervous and excited; as Phoebe curtsied in the old-fashioned way, he stammered inquiries concerning the other, and the girl learned that she had helped someone of very exalted position. He disappeared in his turn, leaving her filled with curious glamour. The house seemed no longer a tumble-down homestead; the country had acquired a fresh loveliness; in short, for some brief hours, the rustic maiden lived undisturbed in the land of romance.

But the sound of a kind old voice suddenly disturbed her musing, and turning to the chamber doorway, she saw a little dame with a face brown as a pedlar in October.

"Well, to think o' it!" cried the newcomer. "Here's Mr. Broster midway up the hill, and you not finished dressing! Whate'er have you been agate o'—'tisn't your fashion to go a-wool-gathering?"

"Fact is, I'm turning lazy," said Phoebe merrily. "Getting ready for a wedding set me thinking about the days when I was young!"

"Hark to her!" exclaimed the other. "Why, Phoebe, my dear, you're just in your prime! And I do declare you're looking rarely pretty this blessed day!"

"'Tis the new gown, Cousin Sarah," said Phoebe. "Brown flatters me—"

"Nay, 'tisn't that, either," interrupted the woman. "Don't tell me as the gown fetches up your colour till 'tis like a rose, and makes your eyes sparkle just as if you'd bathed 'em in dew! But I can't waste time here—Mr. Broster'll be at the door in another minute!"

She was a widowed connection of Phoebe's mother, and the last of the young woman's kinsfolk. Years ago she had given up her little cottage in Grassbrook village, and had come to share the loneliness of the old farmhouse. The two had always been excellent friends, and had long since agreed that as long as the one lived the other would rest comfortably under the same roof-tree. As Cousin Sarah backed to the landing, Phoebe drew aside the window-curtain.

"There's no need for hurry," she said. "Mr. Broster's alighted just at the steep turn—"

"He's a merciful man, and that he is," said Cousin Sarah. "I always hold as one as is kind to animals is kind to human-folk. You'll never be able to say I haven't always given him a good word. By'r Leddy, I wish 'twas to be your wedding and his!"

"Nonsense!" said Phoebe, somewhat sharply. "Such an idea's ne'er come into his head—not more nor it has into mine! Because he's groomsman and I'm bridesmaid at Lizzie Carter's wedding is no reason why folk should think—"

"Seems to me as you might go further and fare a good deal worse!" said her kinswoman. "He's not much to look at for sure—all the same he's not so plain as to force a lass to look another way. There's a many'd be glad to say yes if he put the question!"

"Maybe you're right—it doesn't interest me!" said Phoebe, deftly arranging the handkerchief on her shoulders. "But for goodness sake don't go building castles i' th' air just because I'm driving wi' him up t'other end of the valley. You may make up your mind as—even if he asked (and to be sure he won't)—I'd say no."

"Ah, well, we shall see what we shall see!" replied Cousin Sarah. There aren't many chaps I'd like to see you settle down with, but I'd sooner 'twas him than any o' the others!"

Without waiting for the young mistress's reply she decended the staircase and went to welcome the visitor at the garden-gate. Phoebe pinned the ends of the handkerchief with a fine gold brooch, at the back of which one might see a willow-tree woven from the hair of some ancestress; then she took from its cardboard box her white hat, with its fine wreath of faint-coloured roses. In another five minutes she was ready and gloved, bidding welcome to Mr. Broster, who sat in the best parlour, sipping Cousin Sarah's esteemed parsnip-wine.

The bachelor had bought new clothes for the wedding, and was very smartly attired in navy blue, with brown boots whose toes were pointed like the narrow end of a plover's egg. He wore a fashionable collar and a white satin tie. He had also acquired a pair of gloves. At sight of the young woman his eyes brightened and the frown left his forehead.

"Lord o' me, but you do make a pretty sight, my lass!" cried Cousin Sarah. "I was just telling Mr. Broster here as folks'll mistake you for the bride, and him for the groom!"

"You hadn't ought to say such things!" Phoebe expostulated. "'Tis all very well to pay compliments to Mr. Broster, but wi' me there's no call. There's little gay about my gown—'tis the colour of a moor-hen's feathers!"

"Seems to me' tis rather the colour of springtide," said Mr. Broster. "Russet for the boughs and green—"

"Green's for forsaken!" interrupted Cousin Sarah. "But so far as I know Phoebe's had no trouble of that kind!"

"Green's for the young buds afore they burst into full leaf," said the man, shaking his head. "Phoebe's in her month o' May!"

"Whate'er it may be," said the old lady, "I do think, and I always shall think, as you make the best matched couple as I e'er did see in all my born days! I wish wi' all my heart as I was going to the wedding; but for sure one o' us needs stop at home. There's the young ducklings to feed—they're worse than babbies for the row they do but make! Not as I was not asked and shouldn't be welcome!"

"I've begged and prayed as you'd go," said Phoebe, giving her friend a kindly kiss. "The ducklings'd do well enow—the lads could attend to 'em for once—they'd take no harm. But you're coming up in the evening—you mean to give one and all a sight o' your new silk gown!"

"Hark to her!" cried Cousin Sarah. "Anybody'd think as I was a vain young girl! If I do come, why, 'twill only be for to see you and Mr. Broster

a-dancing together! Ah, to be young!"

The farmer mounted to his place, and helped Phoebe to reach his side. Then he flourished his hat, and she blew a kiss to the laughing dame, and they drove smartly down the hill. Not until they had passed through the village and reached the long avenue-like road that runs on the right bank of the river did either speak a word. Then, just beside a narrow stone stile whence a path ran down to the "leppings," Mr. Broster reined his horse, and drew out the big gold turnip watch that dated from his grandsire's days.

"We've gotten plenty o' time," he said. "You're not expected for a good hour yet, and after I've dropped you, I'll be with the bridegroom in less than five minutes. D'you know, Phoebe, I've laid awake all night—not a blessed wink o' sleep have I known!"

"I'd not have believed it," observed Phoebe, "seeing as you look so fresh. Do hope and trust 'twasn't on account o' any worry?"

"'Twas and 'twasn't," he replied. "Fact is—I was wondering if to-day, seeing you was to be in my company, I ought for to stop at this very stile. You'll be surprised when I tell you as every time I've passed for a good twelve years—afoot or in a trap—I've always pulled up and given a thought to the past."

"You'd not do it without reason," said Phoebe. "For sure the place has some memory for you?"

"Ay, a memory, and a good memory," said Mr. Broster. "'Tis one I've ne'er spoken of to any living person. And yet last night it came again and again to my mind as 'twas only right and fitting as I should tell it to you . . . For after you know, I've summat to ask."

"I'm ready to listen," said Phoebe. "I've thought sometimes of late—as perhaps you cared for me a bit. But maybe I was wrong?"

"I care for you more nor anyone in the whole wide world," said the farmer. "But once before—all those years ago—I cared for another. I was a lad and she was a lass—at yonder stile she gave me her promise. 'Twas the evening o' a day like today—the same time o' the year."

Phoebe's hand rose to the silk kerchief—the fabric seemed frail and soft as a spider's web.

"And she died, poor soul!" she said gently. "I remember well. She was the prettiest lass as ever lived."

"She died, and I thought ne'er to love another," said Mr. Broster. "But now that the fever of youth's over, I've a better promise o' joy."

"And if I have something to tell?" asked Phoebe. "If I was kissed—"

"I'd blame no man!" said Mr. Broster. "You were always lovely, but ne'er so lovely as to-day. Nay, my dear, keep your secret."

"'Tis innocent as your own," said Phoebe, whose fingers released the grasp of the silken ends. "Years and years ago, same as you—"

Mr. Broster shook his head and chirruped to his horse. "At the next stile we'll stop again," he said pleadingly. "I'm fain to kiss a lass once more!"

"But you'll hark to my secret," said Phoebe. "Since you've given yours—I must needs do the same!"

"Ne'er a word, ne'er a word!" said her lover. "Why mar wi' jealousy my best hour? Keep the tale to yourself—I trust you wi' heart and soul, and I'll trust you so to the day o' my death. Eh, but what a day this is—wi' the sunlight and the wind just moving the leaves . . . I would it might go on for e'er and e'er!"

"'Tis the same wi' me," said Phoebe. "The morning sun's mellowed and there's such a noontide to look forward to—"

"And yet I'd not have it last," said the wayward fellow. "'Twill be a tenfold happier day—the day you come to take the keys o' my house! But here's the stile . . . Lord, I reckon the roads in Heaven above'll be like to this!"

Canada and the British West Indies

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN

THE entry of the British West Indian Islands into the Canadian Confederation has recently been advocated with some warmth by the editor of *The London Times,* who volunteers the assurance that the people of the United Kingdom would view the proposed union with favour. The proposition, it may be noted in passing, is not a new one and its revival comes at a not inopportune moment as it synchronizes with the semi-centennial of the Canadian union. But, notwithstanding the hopeful anticipations of *The Times,* it may be doubted whether one per cent. of the people of the three kingdoms have any intelligent conception of the issue or could express a practical opinion concerning it, whether viewed from the economic, geographic or ethnologic standpoint. For the most part very few of the British people appear to be aware that the West Indies were an Imperial possession for a century before any of the existing great Dominions. And it is a matter of historical record that the first attempt to form a federation in the American possessions was made in the West Indies. Charles I. granted a Royal Charter to the entire Caribbees, with a few exceptions, including Trinidad, forming them into a commonwealth or province to be modelled after the Palatinate of Durham. This scheme did not come to a successful termination, in fact, was never in practical operation. A writer in *Truth* has undertaken the task of condemning the union proposed by *The Times* on the ground that it would "extend the Canadian tariff barriers", which it seems to imagine exist, in menace to the trade interests of the mother country, to the West Indies. As already stated, the British conception of the West Indian Islands and other possessions in the region round about is decidedly hazy, and particularly so concerning the trade and political issues bound up with them. In his now little read but, as Thackeray has styled it, "most amusing of novels, Humphrey Clinker", Tobias Smollet, nearly a century and a half ago, made a political parasite attribute to the Duke of Newcastle the expression of extreme astonishment on hearing the announcement that Cape Breton formed an island. "My dear C—," he cried to the parasite, "you always bring us good news. Egad! I'll go directly and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island." This may be romance, but the incident has been passed down to our own day and ascribed to more than one public personage. The romance, if it be such, at least lies like truth and reflects a common weakness. When the late President Cleveland, eager to do some-

MAP OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

A—Windward Passage B—Mona Passage C—Anegada Passage

thing brilliant and more particularly attractive to a certain class of voters in the United States, brought Great Britain to the very verge of war with the Republic over the Venezuelan boundary question, the impression seemed very largely to exist, in many circles which ought to have been better informed, that British Guiana was a portion of the West Indies, and a leading London journal gravely referred to the "Island of Demerara as being of particular value in relation to the growth of sugar." The writer in *The London Times* referred to adds to his suggestion the assurance that "to link Canada with the West Indies in a federal union would do for Canada what the United States has hastened to seize the chance of doing for itself, a conclusion scarcely borne out by the premises, whether Cuba or St. Thomas be hinted at.

Apart from the not very practical and possibly undesirable theory of Confederation with the Dominion it cannot be denied that the relations between Canada and the "string of pearls around the neck of the Caribbean Sea" will have to undergo a change after the war, and this in the direction of a closer association of more value than any political union.

It must not be forgotten that the population of the islands is for the most part composed of coloured people of varied shades, and it may be reasonably doubted if an influx of these diversified tinges of Negro, Spanish, French and British, in greater or less degree, into our Parliament would be either acceptable or advantageous. The scattered chain of islands, it has repeatedly been said, should rather set an example of self-federation, and with one or two somewhat insignificant exceptions, this has not been done. Jamaica, owing to her geographical position and trade interests, which have grown up with the United States—the British have culpably permitted the latter to do most of the exploitation of other islands as well—has shown no inclination to attach herself to the other islands in political union. The nearest of them is a thousand miles away from her, a distance which is duly taken into consideration. Nor have the various groups, as a general rule, acted cordially in the direction of self-union. Canada has in the course of the past few years sent successive delegations to the islands commissioned to promote commercial intercourse, but without much result, though it is

satisfactory to learn that the most recent effort has been more successful. Former efforts brought into prominence the fact that the islanders have not held any very definite views concerning their own political needs or the best means of obtaining them. Froude, in his book "The English in the West Indies", tells of his meeting with one of the Canadian Commissioners, apparently the late Honourable William Macdougall, and the latter is described as bewailing the fact that the islanders did "not know what they wanted". They were without spirit to help themselves; they cried out to others to help them, and if all they asked for could not be granted they clamoured as if the whole world was combining to hurt them.

The recent Canadian mission to the West Indies, resulting in an agreement, indicates a better condition of affairs in this respect, and closer relations with Canada ought to follow, at least in the direction of commercial intercourse. And here it may be noted, that the Canadian mercantile community need be in no doubt as to the commercial opportunities opened to it in any branch of commerce. The Department of Trade and Commerce has recently issued, as a supplement to its weekly trade bulletin, a very exhaustive book, from the pen of Mr. Watson Griffin, a well-known authority on trade matters, who, as a special commissioner to the West Indies, made a personal tour throughout the islands. He has written a minute and valuable report.*

But there are other and grave matters which will necessitate a thorough understanding between our Confederation and the Islands. The construction of the Panama Canal must necessarily have a very great effect, not only commercially but politically, on the British possessions in the Cribbean Sea. Commercially that work will not be as great or important to the British islands as some seem to suppose, for with the exception of New Zealand travel between Europe will not be materially benefited. Australia is better approached by the Suez Canal, one of the "five keys" of the world's naval supremacy which, according to Lord Fisher, are all in the hands of Great Britain. But the completion of the Panama Canal will cause the West Indian Islands to occupy a position of naval importance far greater than ever before, and, as well enough known they have been in the past the scene of conflict and the nursery of Britain's marine greatness. Greater indeed than when Raleigh pointed to the Isthmus of Darien as the weapon with which the mastery of the Spanish Main might be wrested from the great and proud sovereignty which once dominated the west. For now the isthmus is not only to be held by a foreign power, but also pierced. Consequently the waters on the eastern side become once more of naval importance, and no matter what power may hold or threaten the channel the British Empire will have to maintain her own position at any cost or face a serious and unpalatable alternative. A glance at a map will show that Jamaica, as a base of operations, commands the three passages northward and eastward: the Windward, between Cuba and Hayti; the Mona, between San Domingo and Puerto Rico, and the Anegada, passing by way of the Virgin Islands. Jamaica is nearer to all of these passages than it is to the canal, and they form, practically, the sole direct lines of route from the eastern outlet to Atlantic ports of the United States. Jamaica, again, is opposite the Cuban port of Santiago, a strong base, giving the holder the means of seriously threatening the Windward passage, and, in fact, the Caribbean generally. The demands on British sea power, as well as on land, will necessarily be much

*"Canada and the British West Indes," by Watson Griffin. Published by authority of Sir George E. Foster, K.C.M.G., Minister of Trade and Commerce for Canada.

increased by the operation of the Panama Canal, and the seeming abandonment of the defence of the islands, which have been acquired only by an enormous expenditure of life and money, changed for activity unless the possession is to be given up or taken away by conquest. The old bases will have to be re-occupied and strengthened and seeming indifference changed to actual and practical effort and interest unless unpleasant results are to arise. If Britain is indifferent in this matter, others may not be.

For a very long time Germany was covertly endeavouring to obtain the Island of St. Thomas from Denmark. Had success crowned the effort previous to the present conflict, the results of a German base, a new Heligoland among the islands, may be imagined. And now the United States have acquired the coveted position. For what purpose? Philanthropy, trade or a kindly desire to aid the finances of Denmark? Hardly so; but the Republic has secured a strategic position long enviously sought for, in the waters affected, and which we shall see before long made the most of. And it is for the future as affected by these changes that Canada must prepare, and her share in the defence and retention of the islands will not be inconsiderable. In the first place, the Dominion must hasten, as far as circumstances will allow, to grasp the opportunity which the preferential tariff agreement has opened up. Mr. Griffin has entered into the most minute details of the commercial position and Canadian opportunities, and our mercantile community can profit by his guidance. But in the second place we must look to the not distant period when the question of defence will have to be taken into consideration. A squadron of petty cruisers of the *Bristol* class. of which we have heard *ad nauseam*, will be of no avail in the teeth of the methods of war which seem to have taken a permanent position—minus, we trust, the murderous and brutal application in the Hunnish manner. Nor is there any reason to believe, or hope, that after this war is ended the age of peace will have dawned, and in some dreamland federation of the world and brotherhood of man the battle flags will be furled forever. There will be no long era of restful peace when Germany shall have been dealt with, and just as Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, which laid Europe at his feet, bethought him of the defences of Paris, so Canada will be acting wisely if she does not indulge in pleasant dreams of security based on her fortless frontier and sentimental theories concerning her friendly environment, but looks to the welfare and stability of her armouries and the keepers thereof. New foes will arise, new and bitter hostilities be engendered, new lust for power and possessions bred. And in the formation of closer ties with the West Indies the Dominion will have to look forward and prepare for external political intrigues and aspirations, the consequences of which she will have to confront. Canada has now taken her place as a kingdom within the far-flung Imperial Union. And she will find both her power and interest peculiarly necessary in the West Indies alike in politics and commerce. Her union with that part of the Empire can be maintained by means more effective, as changing conditions and demands may arise, than by the kind of federation once more suggested.

A WINDY DAY

From the Painting by
Lorna Fyfe Reid

Bought for the
National Art Gallery of Canada

England in Arms

BY LACEY AMY

IV.—LIQUOR AND THE WAR

REJUDICE, in a study of the drink question in England is disastrous to conclusions that are either sound or safe in this time of war. The temperance "crank" is faced at the start by a great problem of expediency which concerns the co-operation of the very public he presumes himself to be considering. It is not merely a question of "reforming" a people against their will but of avoiding their antagonism at a time when even public carelessness and lack of active sympathy may be more disastrous to the Empire than the worst imaginable effects of the present extent of drinking alcoholic beverages in England. On the other hand, the noisy supporter of "liberty" has against him a volume of figures and unassailable records of the effects of liquor on the heart of the Empire that takes the ground from under his feet.

So tremendous is the problem, so extensive its side issues, that no magazine article can attempt more than a mere cursory consideration. Especially is this so in any presentation of the facts to Canadian readers, who have first of all to understand conditions in England before even reaching the general question of prohibition or abolition.

A concise review of the complications that overthrew instantly the stock arguments of both sides may be the best preparation for a calm consideration of the existing legislation touching on the consumption and manufacture of liquor. At this moment the immediate problem in England is the supply of food necessary to sustenance and strength, to which is added the corollary of the demand for man-power. Apart from the world's shortage, which would presuppose in countries the recognition of the wisdom of applying all food stuffs to their most complete uses, victory to the Empire depends upon the maintenance of the United Kingdom's share for the United Kingdom's people and armies. And that maintenance is almost entirely a matter of ocean tonnage, since eighty per cent. of the food of the United Kingdom is imported. The Government can reasonably depend upon a certain proportion only of the tonnage space of ocean vessels reaching English ports; and since the available tonnage is already insufficient it is most important that every inch of it should be of the greatest concentrated food value. It is for that purpose that the importation of luxuries has been prohibited, that our newspapers are reduced to the minimum size, that even complete foods like nuts and fruit have either been cut from the lists or limited.

Under this heading I quote figures that have been used in the public press and presented officially in the House without contradiction, so that their

reliability is unchallenged, especially when the press and the House are against abolition. The beer production of the United Kingdom in 1914 was 36,000,000 barrels, with almost an equal amount of spirits—one and three-fifths barrels for every man, woman and child. In 1915 it fell to 34,500,000 barrels of beer alone, with the spirits almost the same, and during 1916 the beer was reduced another million. The materials used in 1914 (barley, hops, sugar, etc.), amounted to 2,100,000 tons for distilling and brewing, the former being one quarter of the whole. For the transportation of this material there would be required almost 1,200,000 *net* register tons of shipping (2,700,000 measurement tons), more than the capacity of ten boats of 5,000 tons size a week, or one hundred and ten boats continuously making five voyages a year—more boats than the Germans were able to sink during the first two months of submarine ruthlessness.

Taking last year, 1916, as an interesting example of the martial years: During that year there were a million and a quarter tons of barley turned into liquor, 305,176 tons of other grains, 67,578 tons of rice, maize and similar preparations, 134,000 tons of sugar, and 41,115 tons of molasses. All that in the third year of the war. What this vast quantity of food materials since the beginning of the war means in human sustenance is best explained by the estimate that it would make two billion two-pound loaves of bread and the sugar would support the entire army. And the ships required to transport it would have a total tonnage in the same period greater than the entire sinkings by the enemy up to the middle of 1917. At the end of 1916 there were still 1,800,000 tons of shipping in such employment.

Selecting sugar as the commodity of greatest stringency thus affected, the brewers have faced therein their strongest opposition, since the greater part of England has been on short sugar rations since early in 1916.

But there is other wastage attributed to the manufacture of liquor in wartime. The expenditure by the United Kingdom in liquor during the war is estimated at more than two billion dollars, or sufficient to provide all the expenses of war for more than two months of the most expensive period. More than 30,000 acres were devoted last year to the growing of hops. Seventy-five hundred trains were required to haul the materials (and the train shortage is one of the problems of the war), and four million tons of coal were used in the breweries; and the Navy, the munition works, the dockyards, the Allies, and the people have suffered seriously during the winter from lack of coal. For the mining of this coal more than a whole brigade of able-bodied men are required; and the man-power represented in the breweries, the addition trains, the porterage, has never been estimated save in the form of being the equivalent of the entire nation standing idle a month and a half every year.

The drinking habits of the English affect the progress of the war in other ways. What is called absenteeism is the habit of the average workingman to holiday on days not legally granted him. The English working year is, to the Canadian, a bewildering series of customary and legal holidays. New Year's lasts for ten days in some sections in peace times, Christmas from three to five days, Easter from Thursday to Tuesday, Whitsun in some places a week, but always three days, and so on through a list unknown in number and scope to American experience. Great manufacturing firms stop work in mid-summer to enable their employees to spend a week of mirth and relaxation at Blackpool. And each legal holiday is rounded off by another one or two in recovery from the effects of the gaiety in which the workingman's holiday-making leads him to indulge. No fewer than five million hours were lost by absenteeism in one

war year by Clyde firms, the average in one firm employing 1,500 hands being nine hours each man every week. Indeed, it was before the war customary in many localities and occupations to consider work accomplished on Mondays as so much to the good, and large manufacturers tell me even today that their average working week is four days. For this liquor was either responsible or a contributory cause. The condition was generally recognized and accepted as unavoidable—so much so that the improvement since the war began is taken as a matter for pride. Early in the war the figures concerning absenteeism were made public, but so startling and unendurable were they to English pride that Lloyd George almost sacrificed his political future in the public use of them. They constituted a fact that could not be contradicted, the effect of which on the vital industry of war-waking dare not be permitted to continue.

There is the other side, of course, but it will not be so readily understood in Canada as it is in England. The main contention of the brewers—supported by many influential newspapers and writers—is forced to concentrate on something more weighty than liberty of action. Wartime is independent of such arguments; liberty counts only when it does not threaten the State. It will come as a surprise to Canadians to know that the defence for the manufacture of beer is that it is *necessary*. It is seriously contended that hard workers *must* have their beer. Large advertisements repeat it ominously. Letters to the daily press insist on it. The soldier is wont to present his experience as clinching the argument. The working people are unable to contemplate abstention any more than the English man or woman of a different class would submit to prohibition of afternoon tea, which is considered as essential a meal as breakfast. It is a question of how far a national habit becomes a necessity. The very seriousness of the claim entitles it to more consideration than people accustomed to other ways might be inclined to give it.

The debate between the two parties to the question reached its keenest interest towards the end of 1916 when legislation was obviously necessary in view of the food and man-power needs. Availing themselves of the remarkable power of the English press, both bought space plentifully and presented their arguments for human digestion. On the one side was ranged a body of men among whom were many of England's greatest. The Strength of Britain Movement they called themselves. The composition of the organization added to its strength, for it was not made up of temperance fanatics or no prohibition advocates, but of men who normally took their glass but claimed to see in the exigencies of war sufficient grounds for prohibiting the manufacture of beer and spirits. On the other side were those to whom the liquor traffic meant wealth or a living. Even the brewers submitted to curtailment of production without serious opposition.

One day the Movement would give figures and draw deductions. The next day the opponents would criticize figures and deductions. It was fair forensic pleading until the anti-prohibitionists resorted to an unfortunate form of deception. A page of mild tolerance or frank support of beer drinking would be arranged in the same form and make-up as the Movement advertisements, and would be concluded with the words "it is part of the Strength of Britain", the last three words in a line by themselves in the same type as the same words in the Movement's advertisement. To the casual reader it seemed like concessions from the Movement. But the scheme was too un-English to be profitable in England.

The anti-prohibitionists claimed that the sugar for beer was entirely unfit for public consumption. The other side countered by reproducing an order from the Port of London au-

thorities forbidding a large London caterer to remove from the docks a shipment of sugar consigned to him, because it was needed by the brewers. The yeast by-product of the beer was necessary, said the brewers. Look at Canada and Russia, replied the Movement. The trade was necessary, locally and for export. The answer was that its prohibition was necessary for the winning of the war, according to the Prime Minister. It was pointed out that from every ton of barley used for beer there was a large quantity of excellent cattle food upon which the milk of the nation depended. The statement was met by the counter one that the offals fed to cattle was infinitely less valuable than the whole barley. The demands of the army were emphasized, and on that the Movement was silent. The place of alcohol in munition making had to be admitted. The revenue from beer taxation was made much of, and was faced by the million and a half dollars a day paid by the public as its drink bill over and above the tax receipts by the Government. The brewers contended that tea and coffee occupied more space in the tonnage than the materials for beer; and that, too, the Movement ignored.

Two incidents embarrassing to the advocates of continued production occurred in the House, and England's sense of humour was tickled. The brewers had rashly contended that a given quantity of barley and sugar, etc., produced more than their weight in beer, a food product. Intended only for the consumption of the unthinking, it was brought up in the House. The Secretary concerned tartly asked where the extra food value came from. When the brewers ran a series of advertisements contending for beer as of real food value, the Secretary agreed with a questioner that if that were so then the imbiber should eliminate other food in order to come within the rationing orders of the Food Controller. That argument died suddenly.

It was a merry fight while it lasted, and the arguments were a mirror of the peculiar conditions existing in England. The odds were unquestionably with the prohibitionists, but only because of the war. Under peace England would not have concerned itself to read or listen. But barley is food, and food is a big factor in the Englishman's life, in bulk and frequency. The movement against liquor was strengthened by several factors of sentimental effect. The King's abstinence for the duration of the war spread to thousands of wealthy and middle-class homes. Insisting purely as a matter of expediency in which the way had been shown by a beloved Sovereign, the strongest advocates of abolition were those who were known to have no tendency that way under normal conditions.

Lloyd George's well-known principles and opinions have produced an interesting experience. As has been mentioned before, his over-frank advocacy of prohibition in the early stages of the war almost cost him his highest place in English history. The public outcry at that time against his bluntness in supporting his opinions was so loud that the most fearless man in English public life was silenced. For two years he uttered not another word on the subject, and when he became Prime Minister he for several months permitted himself merely to hint at his feelings, confining expression to a connection between the material consumed in liquor and the submarine menace. Indeed, as Prime Minister, with an eagle-eyed opposition studying his every move to discountenance him, he realized the wisdom of leaving prohibition statements to his subordinates.

In this public outcry is that which brings to a thoughtful halt those who would, without pause, close the saloon doors and dismantle the breweries. As an initial caution to walk warily is the backing the manufacture of liquor has long had in England. When a great church draws a large part of its reve-

nue from the traffic, when a considerable portion of the wealth of England is locked up in it, there is cause for consideration whether the ammunition is sufficient at the moment for making the attack. There is in England no sentiment against the brewer, the publican, the drinker. Rather, the non-drinker is an object of ridicule. Among the most influential men in England are the brewers, and the publican is a citizen of rank ex-officio. Bishops not only have money invested in breweries but preside over Associations that own public houses. The bar is not a place for a man to sidle into, and for women to avoid. Men and women enter one of the three or four entrances that feature the English saloon as a Canadian would enter a store to make a purchase. Since the selling hours were limited there is always a line-up at the doors before the time of opening. Young men take their girl friends in as to a Canadian ice-cream parlour, and women and men spend the evening therein as the great club of the common people. Before the doors, especially on Sundays, stand baby carriages and wee children awaiting the re-appearance of mother. In England and Wales there are 90,000 public houses.

The greatest surprise in England to the average Canadian is the unlimited patronage of the bars.

The result of this licence is a mental attitude that forms an essential feature in any fight for prohibition even in war time. In peace the prohibitionist has a hopeless vision.

Where the question of expediency enters is that, however convinced the ardent prohibitionist may be that the elimination of liquor would hasten the end of the war, he has first to consider whether the people would be with him. Failing their support there is the uncertainty of the effect of prohibitive measures. A nation convinced that it is doing no wrong is not going to see its pleasures cut off without dangerous protest. And the English workingman has a habit of expressing his displeasure in effective form. There is not the slightest doubt that thousands would prefer even to lose the war rather than to lose their beer; and the Government that attempted to introduce prohibition at this time would stare into a list of other conservation measures that might be enforced with the consent of the people, without attacking the workingman's entertainment. It is also feared by some prohibitionists that any attempt to enforce prohibition would meet with such opposition that the revolt would mean retrogression in any honest movement later towards that consummation.

The general attitude of the people is not uncertain. A vote to-day would overwhelmingly defeat suggested interference. Whether there would be open revolt or repudiation of loyal sentiments no one is in a position to say with complete authority. Judging from the munition strikes now on, the experiment would be dangerous. What is desirable in effect is not always what is possible or wisest at the moment.

It is considerations such as these which have handicapped the Governments of the United Kingdom since the first of the war. The wisdom or restriction was not associated in any way with decided predilection for prohibition. The early acts of Parliament forbidding treating and curtailing the hours of sale were intended to deal with a great waste in man-power more than in food. That they have done so to some extent is certain, but other influences have cropped up that have discounted their effectiveness. The higher wage has enabled the heavy drinker to indulge himself, and the more thrifty one to open his pocket. The effect of army life, too, has been to throw liquor into the way of those who had never before fallen seriously under its influence. The drinking among women has varied in the experience of different sections. In a general way the wife's allowance has provided her with resources for drinking previously denied her; and the

missionaries of London say that conditions among them are terrible. On the other hand the report of the Control Board casts doubt on such an opinion. Some investigation which I have given the matter myself reveals the existence of more drinking at home, partly because of the shorter open hours, largely because there is money to purchase in greater quantities for organized orgies.

The official figures are so easy to misinterpret. The convictions for drunkenness in London and forty other cities and towns in Great Britain of a population exceeding 100,000 amounted in 1913 to 119,000 men and 40,000 women, in 1914 to 115,000 men and 41,000 women, in 1915 to 126,000 men and 38,000 women, and in 1916 to only 53,000 men and 24,000 women. That these figures are misleading may be gathered from the fact that the consumption of absolute alcohol decreased between the first and the last years by only twenty per cent. Of course several million men were out of the country in 1916, and the absence of relation between the number of convictions and the amount drunk is explained by the greater latitude allowed the drinker. The Home Office had issued an order—which was withdrawn in January of this year—that soldiers' wives were not to be charged for a first offence; and drunken soldiers are very leniently dealt with, while officers are disciplined only by the military courts. It is admitted by the magistrates that there is more drinking but fewer convictions.

At the same time it is due the soldier to say that very few are visibly drunk on the streets of London; and unfortunately the number of Overseas men, Australian and Canadian, has been greater than their proper proportion. This is explained partly by the eagerness of the English to "entertain" the Colonial, partly by Canadian inexperience with English beers.

The early efforts of Lloyd George to effect prohibition having failed, and the anti-treating and short hours regulations having proved ineffective, the taxation on liquor was increased. But the increased wage of the munition maker rendered that move abortive, and a Liquor Control Board was appointed. The duty of this body was to control the interference of drunkenness with munition making, and for this purpose they had absolute power over the public houses of certain defined munition areas. The effects of the drastic measures it enforced were immediate. Some bars in dangerous districts were closed, the open hours of others limited, and model public houses were set up. The weekly average of convictions within their territories in six large cities showed a reduction of almost sixty per cent., and students of the figures found a direct connection between the open hours and the number of convictions. In England, up to the middle of February of this year, the Board closed eighty-five licensed premises in Great Britain. As the members of the Board are not prohibitionists there can be no criticism by the antis of their honesty in enforcing that which they consider necessary for the maintenance of the output of munitions. Sunday selling was forbidden, but mineral waters and soft drinks were permitted, the patronage under such conditions proving that the bar is more of a club than a welcome opportunity for dissipation, a fact emphasized by the Board in its report.

In August, 1916, the output of the brewers was restricted to 85 per cent. of the quantity produced during the previous year. On December 27th, a Defence of the Realm regulation permitted the naval or military authorities, or the Ministry of Munitions, to close altogether or curtail the hours of licensed premises. That this power was confined to an unproductive impotence is shown by the demand of the authorities at Aldershot, the great military camp, to close fifty per cent. of the surrounding public houses. The Licence Commissioners first consulted the brewers and then refused.

On January 3rd, 1917, when food shortage loomed in the near distance, it was promulgated that spirits should be reduced to thirty degrees under proof, the regulation not to apply to liquors bottled before June 6th, 1916. It was throughout this period, when further restrictions were certain, that was waged the newspaper advertisement debate, the Government standing —as it does in England during newspaper discussions—to see how the public stood before taking action.

On January 24th, the Food Controller, head of the new department called the Ministry of Food, founded but not peopled in the time of Asquith, announced that after a careful investigation of the resources available for food for the people he had come to the conclusion that the materials used in the manufacture of beer must be curtailed. After April 1st the output was to be further reduced to 70 per cent. of the output for the previous year. Thus the brewers had two full months to increase their output so that their licence for the coming year might be as liberal as possible. A corresponding restriction was applied to the release of wines and spirits from bond.

The effect of this legislation was that an output of 36,000,000 barrels before the war was reduced in two stages to 18,200,000. It would mean a reduction in the use of barley of 286,000 tons, 36,000 tons of sugar, and 16,500 tons of grits. Lord Devonport also pointed out that it would set free for the use of agriculturists a greater percentage of offals than was previously produced from brewers' grains. Whereas the brewers returned 25 per cent. of the barley as offals, the farmer would now have 40 per cent. after the other 60 had been made into flour.

Three weeks later it was decreed that no new contracts must be made for the delivery of malt to brewers nor must brewers make it for themselves. At this time it was shown that practically no spirits were being distilled except for explosives. The query as to why the 140,000,000 gallons then in stock was not drawn upon instead of using new materials was replied to in the House by the official statement that it would not pay, although that step would be taken if found necessary. Ten days later the manufacture of malt was entirely forbidden except with the consent of the Food Controller.

During these few weeks there had been much public discussion of the waste of food stuffs in the manufacture of beer, and the submarine menace was opening the eyes of the people to the seriousness of the shortage. The Government took notice of popular feeling by revising the regulation issued only a month before, to come into effect in another month. The output of beer was cut down to 10,000,000 barrels, thus saving 600,000 tons of food stuffs. Towards the end of March, the sinkings of merchant vessels having become alarming, the various restrictions seemed justified. Some attempt was made, both in England and France, to exempt French wines from the limitations, but the conditions did not admit of argument even on behalf of allied nations.

As the law now stands there are 367,000 tons of barley, 21,420 tons of grits, and 44,700 tons of sugar being utilized for the manufacture of beer. Whether it is possible to convince the public that much of that vast quantity of food can be better directed depends to a great extent on the future record of submarine sinkings. The demand for further reduction, and even for prohibition, is undoubtedly louder, although as yet not one of the powerful London papers has advocated the latter. It is a peculiarity of the standing of the English press that no such startling change could be effected without newspaper support.

For many months there has been a strong agitation for State purchase as the only feasible method of controlling the waste of food and the menace of drunkenness at such a time. The brewers resist it, probably because they know the temper of the Prime

Minister, but they have lent themselves, with almost every other influence, to past restrictions and do not seriously oppose further steps in that direction. The most stubborn supporter of beer as a national stimulant is silenced by the Food Controller's statement that even the malt at present in stock would, if diverted to the manufacture of bread, supply the entire civilian population of Great Britain with the approved ration for eleven days.

State purchase has the official ear. It has the only public support of real weight. The fact that it was considered in 1915 and discarded as too heavy a financial burden has little effect on thought of to-day. That something must be done, and that prohibition would entail a risk the country does not wish to assume in mid-war, seems to point to State purchase as the solution. And with it would go local option. Probably before this is read England will be expressing itself by local balloting upon a question which the greater part of Canada and the United States has already settled to its satisfaction.

The next article of this series is entitled "Education and the War."

SUMMER AFTERNOON

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

HUSH! Hath the world not fallen on happy sleeping,
    A harvestry of poppied visions reaping?
Meadows and orchards seem lost in some orient dream,
And the low-lisping winds, their fragrance keeping,
Swoon on the margin of the deep-fringed stream.

Only the grasses murmur, swaying, swinging,
And the wide fields of wheat are softly singing
A lyric to the sun, goldenly crooning on,
Where spendthrift roses all their wealth are flinging,
Remembrancing a hundred summers gone.

Summer, red-lipped from her ambrosial chalice,
Drowses where sunshine with the shadow dallies,
And fleets of cloudland lie in havens of the sky,
Above the hazy, slumbering, sea-girt valleys
Where the mute hours in linked sweetness die.

Noon holds her goblet up; let us together
Drink of her vintage in this shining weather . . .
Draught that the gods might deem their godship to beseem . . .
And on this long, empurpled hill of heather
Lapse lingeringly into some pleasant dream.

Alien Races in Russia

BY LAURA DENTON

AT this time when our thoughts are turned toward Russia and the Russians, it will be of interest perhaps to consider the people, who, though foreign, have come under the sway of the Russian Government.

The ethnology of Russia is a very complicated study, for in European Russia alone the number of alien races reaches forty-seven, while there are probably an equal number beyond the Asiatic border. Among the most important of these races there are the Georgians, Armenians, Turks, Kurds, Tartars, Little Russians, Germans, Lapps, Finns, Jews, and Poles.

In the Caucasus Mountains there are thirty races, most of which show Eastern and Persian influence. In the rural and isolated parts each race remains separate and preserves its own customs and language; in the towns, however, the population is very mixed and shows a veneer of European civilization. The Georgians, who came under Russian sway in 1800, number two million, and there are half as many Armenians; while many Turks and Kurds can also be classed among the Caucasians.

In the thirteenth century the Tartars of the Mongolian stock in Northern China began under a certain Khan to migrate westwards. Whole villages moved across the country together. For a certain period they were very powerful, but finally weakened, and their last stronghold was from Nijni Novgorod down the Volga to Astrakhan, where their influence still can be traced.

The race which comes second in number to the Great Russians themselves is that of the Little Russians, or Ukranians, of whom there are thirty million. The territory which they inhabit is a broad strip extending from Kieff into Siberia. Ukranian autonomy lasted until 1775, and since that time the Russian Government has been trying to suppress Ukranian nationality and language.

The German element has been very strong also, especially in the Baltic provinces of Kurland and Kovno. Catherine the Second encouraged German settlers in order to utilize fertile soil, and because she thought they would influence Russian agriculturists, but the new settlers remained quite German and did not affect the peasants. It cannot be denied, however, that from a commercial standpoint the Teutons have been of great value to the Russians, who have allowed thousands of villages to be settled by German colonists, from the western border, to the Volga, and even in the Caucasus and Central Siberia. The German language, which is particularly adapted to trade, was current in all the towns along the Volga; and in the cities of South Russia and the ports of the Black Sea the large Berlin and Viennese firms had almost monopolized trade before the present war checked their enterprises. The Russians have

always resented German influence in business affairs and court circles, where for years the Teutons have been growing constantly more powerful.

Of the strange races which dwell in the North, the Laplanders are the most interesting. Their territory, which extends from the border of Sweden eastward along the northern coast, is either mountainous or covered with moss-grown wilds, called tundras. Their chief occupations are fishing, hunting and reindeer raising. They make no attempt whatever at agriculture.

The Finns, who are of Mongolian descent and first cousins of the Magyars of Hungary, were among the first peoples to cross the Ural Mountains and settle upon the fertile plains of Russia. As they were never sufficiently powerful to resist the succeeding tides of Slavonic, Tartaric, and Turkish immigration, they were gradually pushed in a northwesterly direction until, at the present time, they occupy the small territory lying between the Baltic Sea and Lake Ladoga, which equals Great Britain, Holland and Belgium in area. Finland's history is a succession of struggles against Russia and Sweden, but although buffeted between these two more powerful countries for centuries, this little country still retains its national characteristics. On the whole it is a flat, undulating plateau with many beautiful lakes and waterways, which are used to a great extent in sending yearly to the sea the millions of logs of timber from the inland forests. The many waterfalls render the ascent of the rivers impossible, but these are used for electricity. Of the thirty-seven towns of Finland, Abo, Tammerfors, and Helsingfors, the capital, are the principal ones. Helsingfors is beautifully situated on the Gulf of Finland, and can compare with the most attractive cities of the world. It can boast the charm of Paris, and the cleanliness, order, and modern architecture of a German city.

When in 1809 Finland became annexed to Russia and the Czar took the title of Grand Duke, it was not an unconditional surrender, on the part of the Finns, but a union, so that the Grand Duchy was granted the preservation of her ancient rights and customs. Her religion, which is ninety-eight per cent. Protestant, and her laws, founded upon the Swedish "Form and Government" of 1772, were officially recognized and confirmed. Within recent years, however, Russification has begun in earnest. In 1898 the Finnish army, which previously had been maintained only for use in Finland, was ordered to become a part of the Russian army, under Russian officers. The Finns showed effectively their strong objection to this, and the culmination of their disapproval was reached in the assassination of the Russian Governor-General, so that an arrangement was finally made whereby the Finnish army was disbanded, and a fixed annual sum for means of defence was to be paid into the Imperial treasury. In 1900 an Imperial Ukase ordered that all official documents should be printed in Russian, and still more recently the ruble has replaced the Finnish mark, and the Russian postage stamp has come into use by manifesto of the Czar. These were ominous events and forerunners of more serious abridgements of their liberties, ordered by the very Czar, who upon his accession to the throne, had promised to allow the Finns the continuance of their former privileges.

The government of the Grand Duchy was under the administration of a Russian Governor-General nominated by the Czar, and the senators were appointed in the same manner. The diet, which is one of the most democratic and representative in the world—there being universal suffrage for every person over twenty-four years of age—is composed of two hundred members, elected annually to sit for ninety days. It was interest-

ing to note that the new Revolutionary Government sent the leader of the Constitutional Democrats in the Duma, to replace the former Governor of Finland.

To encourage education, the schools are free, but owing to the poverty in some rural districts, where the people cannot send their children to school, education is not compulsory. A high standard is aimed at, however, and the clergy refuse to confirm any boy or girl who does not know how to read and write. The University at Helsingfors, with its 2,500 students, has a splendid reputation in its various branches. In 1870 the first woman to graduate from it created a precedent which many women have since followed. Perhaps in no country in the world have women reached such a state of emancipation. They enjoy equal suffrage with men, and the property rights are the same for both sexes. In a recent diet there were nineteen women representatives. Many trades and professions are also open to them; they are accepted as clerks in banks and public offices, and they also can be seen engaged in some of the trades.

Though the climate of Finland is very severe in winter, the summer is mild, owing to the proximity of the Gulf stream. The Finns prefer the winter, however, when they can indulge in their favourite sports such as sleighing, skating, and skiing. In appearance they are of the northern type, with flaxen hair and blue eyes; and in character they are industrious, intelligent, imaginative and famously hospitable.

There are records that there were Jews in South Russia since the first Christian era. In the ninth century, a Tartar nation practised the Mosaic religion, and in the tenth, the Jews tried to convert a Russian Prince of Kieff, who proved, however, more attracted by the splendours of the Greek Church of Byzantium. When the Russians became Christians, they inherited the Christian hatred of the Jews, which has been the cause of intolerance and cruelty throughout the centuries. When Germany, Austria, France and Spain began their persecutions of the Jews, the people of Poland granted them exceptional privileges, and consequently that country was flooded with Semites. The two nations lived together for a long time in entire amity. Under Catherine the Second the strict Jewish Pale of settlement was established, which comprised the territory from the Baltic to the Black Sea. It was a district of some three hundred thousand square miles, and included Poland, Lithuania, White Russia, and a part of Little Russia. The Jews were supposedly forbidden to settle outside the urban districts of the Pale. As a matter of fact, many did, and do, live in outside towns and even in Moscow and Petrograd. Under Nicholas I., they were severely treated in order to induce them to become baptized. Alexander II. reversed the policy of his father, and through his leniency, thousands settled in cities outside the Pale, and were allowed into many kinds of trades. Before the death of Alexander II. envy and nihilism aroused riots, and after his assassination terror reigned. Synagogues and Ghettos were burned and segregation was renewed with vigour. More than a million Jews fled from Russia in the early eighties, and since then, systematic expulsions have greatly reduced their number. In Moscow and Petrograd their quarters were raided and whole colonies practically disappeared. In some places, such as Kichinev and Odessa, there were anti-Semitic riots which the Government did nothing to stop. It has been the constant fear of the Russians that the Jews will gain the upper hand in trade if given equal competition. A law of 1876 declared Jews aliens, whose rights were to be regulated by special ordinances. Only the following classes were allowed to live outside the Pale:

(1) Merchants of the first guild who had paid their fees for five years.

(2) Students in educational institutions.

(3) Men who had served twenty-five years in the army.

(4) Skilled artisans and professional men. Even these have sometimes had to use bribery to enforce their rights. No state or municipal office can be held by a Jew unless he becomes converted, and as he is not allowed to hold land, he cannot become an agriculturist. Heavy taxes are imposed upon the Jews on things necessary in the practice of their religion, such as the tax on candles in the synagogues, and the fee which the head of a family must pay for the privilege of wearing a skull-cap during family-prayers. These taxes are supposed to provide for institutions for the benefit of the Jews, but in reality they are not always used for that purpose.

In consequence of what the Jews deemed unfair treatment, a society was formed known as the Bund, to which the richest and most prominent Jews belong. The headquarters of the Bund were in Warsaw, where many serious strikes have been organized, and from which city quantities of forbidden literature have been sent out. An organization of Russians was formed to counteract the Bund, known as the Black Bund, and to it have been due many of the anti-semitic disturbances.

In Russia the Jew has assumed the air of a martyr through constant persecutions. The Ghettos in all cities and villages are everywhere most unattractive and filthy. This is also the condition in Austria where the Jews are permitted much more freedom. The Russian Jew has a passion for learning, but he is lazy and crafty. Probably through the influence of Ghetto life he has become selfish and unsympathetic toward everything outside of his own religion. Just after the outbreak of this war, of course, the Czar proclaimed citizenship to the Jews, which will no doubt continue with even greater privileges under the present Government.

Poland was one of the first countries of Northern Europe to adopt Christianity, and having adopted it, she made herself a bulwark of western Europe against those hordes of Barbarians who moved westward until they met the swords of the Poles. Until the eighteenth century Poland was the protector of civilization and Christianity itself. Victor Hugo says: "While my own dear France was the missionary of civilization, Poland was its knight." It was John Sobieski, King of Poland, who saved Vienna from the Turks in 1683. For this defence of other nations Poland asked no reward, but the treatment she actually received from Europe is one of the crimes of the ages. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, Poland possessed a greater territory than normal Germany to-day, but toward the end of the eighteenth century, being troubled with quarrels among the nobles, and disunion and strife between nobility and peasantry, she fell an easy prey to rapacious neighbours. In 1772 Russia, Prussia, and Austria succeeded in taking large portions of Poland, and twenty-one years later divided the remainder of the kingdom among them. At the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the city of Cracow, the heart and ancient capital of Poland, was declared forever a free, independent and neutral city under the protection of Russia, Prussia and Austria. This freedom was short-lived, however, for in 1846, the last vestige of political Poland was destroyed, when Austria took possession of Cracow.

As a people, the hardships the Poles have had to endure during this last century have only strengthened their characters and deepened their patriotism. There is not a Pole today who does not cherish the hope that his country will be united again and take her rightful place among the nations of Europe. Three futile ef-

forts have been made by the Poles during the last century, to regain their freedom, but their condition has only been made worse by their insurrections. Many thousands who took part in them were killed, and others banished to Siberia. After their last vain effort in 1863, it seemed for a time as if their spirit had been crushed, but during the last half century it has revived again, and has been shown in the material and commercial development of their cities such as Warsaw and Lodz. It is impossible to kill a people who have a will to live, and that commercial spirit which they formerly despised, they have now seized upon as a weapon wherewith to preserve their sense of racial unity and to improve their condition and prospects. A strong middle class has been developing among them, the lack of which in former times was the cause of their downfall.

One may well say, "Poor Poland!" What she has suffered from oppression during the last century is as nothing compared to the treatment she has received during the last three years. Thousands of her towns and villages have been destroyed, millions been rendered homeless, her whole territory placed in the hands of her bitterest and most treacherous enemy. But surely this is the darkest hour before the dawn of a renewed and reunited Poland. The Czar's promise of autonomy will be fulfilled, we hope, in even a more generous manner by the new Russian Government, which if properly representing the Russian people themselves, will prove to be just and generous.

These are the people, who, with the millions of Russians, are to profit by the downfall of a severe and antiquated bureaucracy, and who will rejoice in a democracy which will offer unhoped for advantages to all, from the intensely ignorant to the extremely intelligent.

How Long Will Hate Last?

By Austin Harrison

AUTHOR OF "THE PAN-GERMANIC DOCTRINE", "ENGLAND AND GERMANY", ETC.

THE war has brought a new feeling into our haphazard British civilization—hate, just at the moment when we were all talking of international brotherhood and European pacificism. It is a real question—How long will it last?

Hate, of course, is an extreme, like love. Philosophically viewed, therefore, hatred cannot continue indefinitely any more than any passion can. We can say that finally to-day in the apogee of our feelings. No condition is absolute. No extreme is continuous. Nothing is shorter than memory in our modern world. There must come a time when even this war of hate will be no more than a bad dream, like the Inquisition, the Plague, or the long drawn-out Napoleonic wars which culminated at Waterloo.

On the other hand, we have an historical test whereby to arrive at an estimate. The Hundred Years war with France unquestionably left a residuum of ill-feeling, mistrust, and lack of sympathy between the French and ourselves that is only now dying out on our common battle-ground.

We know we can hate; we can nurse a grudge, maintain a tradition, persist in an extreme. "Boney" was our great bugaboo for decades, and what with the Corsican and Puritanism the volume of hatred nourished in the two countries can only be called extraordinary when we remember how deeply interested Englishmen are in French art, in much of the Gallic spirit, in the life and vivacity of Paris.

What about the Germans? At present we feel too deeply to reason quietly about them. As feeling runs today, our natural inclination is to boycott Germans and all things German, to ostracize the Hun, to sever all connection with him. The phrase Britain for Britain, denotes far more than a battle-cry. It is a philosophy, a policy; for the first time we have come to see that our easy-going principle of the open door may be a dangerous game played with a people who fatten on our frankness and Free Trade doctrines, who spy on us, to obtain a hold on our economic resources, to foster unrest and disintegration and weaken us within and without for ulterior military reasons. Here we may hope that "Never again" will be England's watchword. The island must be cleared of its alien infiltration which threatened to become a strangle-hold. Our whole political system must be revised, reconstituted. It is as certain as can be that when the soldiers return they will not go back to the old ideas and shibboleths of government; there will be an immense reconstruction. Nor is it likely that we will again revert to a small professional Army, and leave the most

important affairs of State to be muddled or neglected by the group of politicians who happen at the time to be in power. We shall thus clearly have a new policy and a fresh attitude. And without a doubt this will foster hate of the Germans, and lead to something like a campaign against all German trade and all communion with the German races. Personally I believe that Germany will take the place in the public mind that France occupied as the result of Crecy and Waterloo. For a generation, we shall see the maimed and crippled among us as a constant reminder of war. In tens of thousands of homes there will be grief and poignant recollections of the struggle. It is almost inconceivable that we shall escape the severe economic results of the conflagration, for we have yet to pay for the war; capital will be sparse, wages will sink; that Labour troubles will arise on a large scale would seem unavoidable. In short, there will be widespread misery, high taxation, discontent, perhaps an enormous amount of emigration, and sex difficulties, and what not—all these results of war are to be expected, and they will not conduce to our love of the enemy.

To this, there would seem a very great probability of an acute trade war.

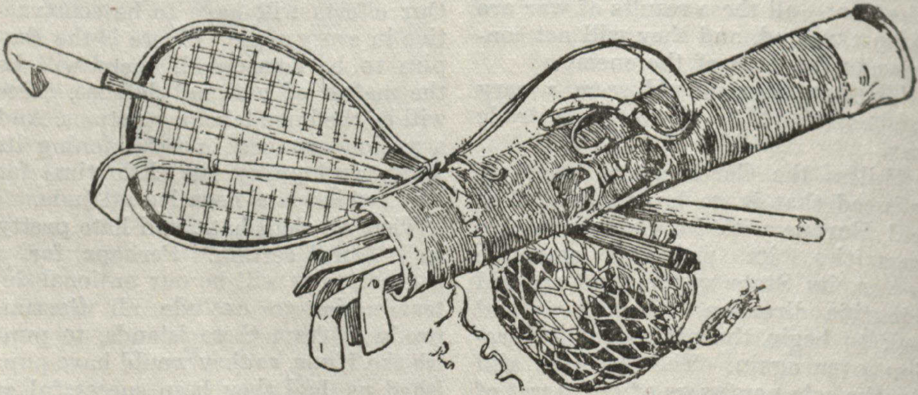
Unless the Germans are smashed, reduced that is, to humiliation, Central Europe with its vast organizing capacities, its potential economic power, its State system and applied scientific direction, will recover and seek to begin the process of infiltration over again. The Germans still are the sole possessors of the secret of synthetic dyes. In many respects they are more adaptable, more ingenious than we are, and "Ca' Canny" is not the spirit of their trade unions. It is quite on the cards that the war will end to start an economic war, in which case hate of the Germans is likely to become more intense than now, especially if it leads to the reconsideration of our Free Trade policy, and the political differences that may develop in the transition. All the appearances point that way. Indeed it would seem the only thing left to us, if Central Europe is able to reorganize and start out anew, for personal feeling will never keep German dump out of the country unless backed by a State barrier of tariffs, all the more as such goods will probably come to us via neutral countries unlabelled, as they are even to-day. There is nothing like a trade war to foster national antipathies. Should that be the net result of the war, then we may reconcile ourselves at once to a long space of hatred which may last for generations. There is, of course, a possibility that the war will last much longer than is generally anticipated, and may lead to an all-round exhaustive and even to a negative issue preparatory to a renewal of the conflict. But this we ought not to contemplate. Better by far have it out now and end the struggle at all costs satisfactorily. Yet whatever the end, we may be quite sure of this. One chief concern will be reconstruction. Our efforts will have to be constructive in every sense. There is the Empire to be considered, there will be the matter of national defence, there will be the huge labour questions. And a nation engaged in refashioning its polity and policy has little time for hate, which is a negative attitude.

That we shall hate, and hate pretty well, I feel certain. Perhaps for a generation it will be our national determination to exclude all German products from these islands, to punish the Huns, as they would have punished us, had they been successful at the Marne. We have yet to know what the soldiers will say when they return; much, if not all, will depend on them. They will be the spokesmen of future Britain. They will speak to our politicians; the politicians will have to follow them. We are apt to forget this totally new force which must arise after the war. What we say here and think may be completely

upset by the expression of the new Democratic England fresh from the battlefields with probably their own leaders and a spirit which to-day no man can define. It is on them that our future course will depend. Already I can discern this feeling among them. What shape it will take, it would be idle to guess at. But that they will give Britain her policy is certain, and whether we shall hate will rest with the men who won Britain to greatness.

It is conceivable that the war will prove so catastrophic that Europe will try to agree. I don't know. There are idealists who think so. It may be that the nations will co-operate to form an international police under some system of federation; in which case naturally it would be the object of all to arrive at a common basis of understanding and utility. All this lies on the lap of the Gods.

Failing that Utopian ending to Armageddon, it is difficult to see how we can avoid a healthy hate of the people who would have destroyed us; who will yet seek to have their revenge unless we take the needful measures of protection now and hereafter, and that being so, hate is the prospect before us. I only hope it will be a constructive hate, in our interests, that is. A foolish hatred might well serve German interests, if it blinded us to the movements and spirit of Europe after the war.



Literary Farming

BY MAIN JOHNSON

IS a Rabelais looming on the literary horizon of Canada? Or, if not a Rabelais, at least a Theocritus, a Whitman or a Horace, a Thoreau or a Virgil?

Will there be a literary flowering, an artistic interpretation of the present farm movement? Agriculture has ceased to be the interest of any one class or any one sex in Canada. This year it has become a subject of universal importance, practised as well as talked about by everyone you meet in cities and country districts alike.

Bourgeois "backyards" which under the ameliorating influence of society, were gradually being transformed into flower gardens, the haunts of peones and nasturtiums, now have undergone a further stage of development into "farms", and every man and every woman has become a farmer overnight. These agriculturists are either cultivating their own plots, bordered by their individual fences or hedges, or they are becoming glibly and fearlessly communistic—digging, seeding, weeding, tending, harvesting and lunching in company with their fellow citizens on cultivated land in the outskirts and vacant places of the towns.

Farmers? Yes, but what about Rabelais?

Theocritus and his sheep—the allusion is clear; Horace, too, and his Sabine farm; Virgil and his country place in Mantua; Thoreau and his cabin in the woods of Massachusetts, but—

Why should be inquire if a Canadian Rabelais is coming to sing the agricultural Renaissance? Was Rabelais an accredited ambassador of the farm? Was he not rather a foul-mouthed, undesirable sort of person, reeking with guffaws? Rabelais, to believe some of his sponsors, was a much more serious thinker and a more worthy gentleman than superficial, popular tradition would lead us to think, but we do not care to be lured into any theological dispute. All we seek is to place him securely in the hierarchy of literary farmers. And here is the evidence.

"Let those who will," he says, "dispute about happiness and the sovereign good; but it is my opinion that whosoever planteth cabbages findeth instant happiness."

It is quite remarkable, by the way, the exalted rank occupied in literature by cabbages. When I quoted this passage from Rabelais to some of my friends the other day, we all seemed surprised at the word "cabbages". It was only a sign of forgetfulness, however, or of ignorance. If one consulted a concordance under the heading "cabbages", one would doubtless find many other examples, but a half hour's undirected reading revealed two striking instances.

Horace, for example, in one of his Satires, proffers this advice. "Cabbages," he intimates, "grown in dry soil are sweeter than those that come

from the market gardens near Rome; nothing is more insipid than the produce of a wet garden." Until reading this passage, I had not thought of cabbages for our "farm", but it is dry enough, in all truth, and cabbages we must have next year.

Juvenal perhaps does not go into such details regarding cabbages as Horace, but he shows that he considers them one of the treasures of life, to be classed even with apples.

"Many traces of primeval virtue," he writes," may have existed even under Jupiter, but it was before his beard was grown and before the Greeks were yet ready to swear by another's head; when no one feared a thief for his cabbages and apples, but lived with garden uninclosed".

Whitman is one of the most enthusiastic shouters for the farm.

"O, the farmer's joys!" he exults, in a "Song of Joys".

"Ohioan's, Illinoisian's, Wisconsinese', Kanadian's, Iowan's, Kansian's, Missourian's, Oregenese' joy!

"To rise at peep of day and pass forth nimbly to work.

"To plough land in the fall for winter sown crops.

"To plough land in the spring for maize.

"To train orchards, to graft the trees, to gather apples in the fall.

"O, to realize space!

"The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds;

"To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying clouds, as one with them!"

The outstanding literary men of the farm are probably Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace. All these three, like so many people nowadays who are not even poets, had houses both in the town and in the country. The only difference is in the motor-cars.

Theocritus lived in the city of Syracuse, but he also had a house and farm in the country, and spent much of his time in the open air of Sicily. His poetry, if put in the modern catalogic form of Whitman, or Giovanitti, or of Rupert Brooke in some of his aspects, would look something like this:

> Oxen, honey, olives, milk,
> Cheese and cheese crates,
> White goats,
> Stall fed lambs, cream cheese,
> Apples, parsley.

Theocritus was especially interested in mixed farming and in the raising of cattle. His poetry should be popular in the counties of Dundas and Oxford, and on the ranches of the West.

"Sweet are the voices of the calves," he sings, "and sweet the heifers' lowing."

His Utopia differs from that of More or Rabelais, Bacon or Wells.

"When peace returns," he believes, "thousands of sheep fattened in the meadows will bleat along the plain, and the kine, as they flock in crowds to the stalls, will make the belated traveller hasten on his way."

When he speaks of love, he is still bucolic. He rowed over to the island of Cos one morning, and there met Myrto "the girl he loved as dearly as goats love the spring".

In Virgil, the farmer and the poet blend almost indistinguishably—in the Eclogues, and more particularly in the Georgics.

He arranges his subject, or at any rate promises to build it, as architecturally as Hardy. This opening sentence of the Georgics outlines his plan:

"What makes the harvests jopous; at what season is it best to plough the earth and join the vines to the elm; what is the proper care to give to cows, and the best nurture for breeding sheep, and how to keep bees —of these will I begin to sing".

Virgil, on this classification, might well be elected Honourary President of the Graingrowers of the West, the United Farmers of Ontario, the Fruit Growers' Union of British Columbia, the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association, the Maritime Shepherds' Guild, and the ancient and honour-

able Society of the Beekeepers of Canada.

When you begin to read Virgil's essays on the farm, you discover that he does not hold as closely to his subject as the average well-conducted farm paper. He is very Irish in his temperament—always wandering off and describing the fairies. He calls them gods, but they are evidently the same sort of creatures as inhabit the hills round Dublin and the Irish townships of Dundas county.

"In the spring is the sowing of beans," is one of his straightforward, advisory sentences, but he is soon off again to his fauns, his virgin dryads, to Bacchus, Ceres and the rest.

His Celtic ancestry also emerges in his superstition. One of his beliefs is an incentive to leisure, and forms, we must confess, rather pernicious advice for such a year as this, when we all are urged to work strenuously and incessantly. Certain days, with him, are "taboo" for labour.

"Never work on the fifth of the month," he warns, "for on this day pale Pluto and the Furies were born," and a lot of other terrible things happened.

The seventh, fortunately, is more propitious, and the tenth is even better. The ninth is a peculiar sort of day.

"It's better for flight," he says, "but adverse for thefts."

Since Canadian farmers neither fly nor steal, this section does not apply.

Virgil is an eloquent advocate of farm life.

"There is a peace secure there," is his contention, "and a life ignorant of guile, and rich in opulence."

In addition, (and this is another passage glorifying leisure rather than activity), "there are quiet retreats in fruitful fields, grottoes and living lakes; cool vales, the lowing of cattle and soft slumbers under a tree".

As for Horace and his Sabine farm, he has immortalized the joys of the country. To avoid misunderstanding, let us say at once that there is not as much drinking of liquor on Canadian farms as there evidently was in Samnium, but the more legitimate daily activities are alike. Horace seems to have been a specialist in the raising of poultry, and his voice may yet be heard on the subject, although he is a little more exacting as to the sculpture of eggs than our housewives or our raisers of hens can afford to be.

"Remember," he suggests," to put on your table eggs of a tapering shape, for they have more taste and are whiter than round ones." As to the chickens themselves: "If suddenly in the evening," he continues, "a friend looks in upon you, I advise you, if you wish to prevent the hen just killed from being tough, to dip it still alive into mead made of Falernian wine; then will it be tender." With the substitution of the words "Canadian cider" for "Falernian wine," the advice may safely be handed on to Canadian farmers ourselves.

Horace speaks of mushrooms. "The best ones," he says, "are those gathered from meadows; others one can ill trust." As to berries, he thinks that a man "will spend his summers in health, who ends his morning meal with black mulberries".

There do not appear to be left in existence any photographs of the Sabine farm, but Horace, in his sixteenth Epistle, describes it.

> "Imagine a line of hills, unbroken, except by one shady valley whose right side the morning illumines. You may well praise the climate. As the thorns bear so liberally the cornels and the sloes, as the oak and ilex gladden the herds with plenty of acorns and give their master the joy of a thick shade, you would really think that Tarentum was transported there, with its leafy woods."

Nearly all the agricultural literature which we have quoted pays attention, naturally enough, to the beauties of the surroundings. It is beauty, even more than motives of public or national policy, that inspires such literature and such art. France has its fertile valley of the Marne, the

variegated hills of Champagne, the olive groves of the South. England has its Norfolk fields, its nestling Haslemeres, its Kentish hoplands. Ireland has its far-reaching, cool green vistas of Adavoyle. But Canada, in its scenery, rivals any of these countries. What we do lack is a more inspired or at any rate a more consistent and continuous inspiration, a spiritual and artistic interpretation of our beauties.

The peacefulness of the Annapolis Valley; the quaint old-worldly colourfulness of the St. Lawrence habitant farms; the warm and langorous fruitfulness of the Niagara Peninsula; the vast blue and white and yellow spaciousness of the prairies, and the cosy content of the Okanagan—not now for the first time are these beautiful. But to their beauty has been added a sense of their vital share in the solution of what has become a world-wide crisis.

Under the influence of such a beauty, renewed and vitalized by the idea of a great time and a momentous epoch, may we not hope for a flowering and a stimulus, an artistic and a permanent interpretation of the Canadian Farm?

SONNET

By JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

TO those who went, the dearest name on earth,
To those who, seeking shelter and soft sloth,
Paltered with God, forgetful of their oath,
A name to haunt throughout the world's wide girth.
Full of high choler and heroic mirth,
The elected ones, from tendrils of old growth
Tore fiercely free and, to an ancient troth,
Stood faithful unto death and proved their worth.

But when the war is o'er and those return
Who, like great hearted heroes, rushed to fight—
God's champions of the outraged and oppressed—
And passionate love in every heart doth burn,
Where shall ye stand—base recreants to the light?
Full in the ranks of cowards self-confessed!

What's in a Name?

BY EDGAR WALLACE

DANIEL GREE was gray and old and broken.

May Excels was young and beautiful. This is a bad claim, yet such a claim could be made with greater detail and less accuracy. Of her nose one had the vaguest recollection, which is as it should be. A woman whose nose one remembers is not beautiful. She may be pretty, piquant, and saucy, noble and commanding, but if you remember her nose she is not beautiful. Her eyes were big and lustrous, violet of hue, her hair jet black and her eyebrows painted by nature when the good lady was in her flickering miniature mood. She was, as I say, radiant and beautiful, and Daniel Gree was gray and old and broken.

How dare he lift his eyes to her? As a matter of absolute fact he did not lift his eyes at all, for he was on the hefty side of six feet, and she was just the right height for a girl, which is about your size.

He was gray and old and—

Well, he was nearly twenty-six, and in certain lights the hair at his temples was almost grayish.

And as for being broken, would not you be broken if you loved the daughter of a millionaire, and she loved you, and her father with a passion for titles, had his eye on the scion of a noble house.

"I can't stand it, May," said Daniel Gree desperately. "I feel that if I'm not made a Duke in a month or two I shall go really gray. I am old and broken—"

"And stout?" she suggested.

"No, not stout," he denied indignantly. "I am just old and gray and broken."

"I expect that is why it is," she said thoughtfully, "father thinks the disparity in our ages is too great."

"Why!" he gasped, "there is only five years between us. When I said 'old'," he went on carefully, "I was referring rather to the care-harrowed soul than to the arithmetical standard of years—May, what am I to do?"

They were sitting on a bench in Hyde Park and her pretty forehead was puckered with the tremendous character of the problem.

"If you could only earn a title, Danny," she said, "I am sure father wouldn't mind your humble birth," she arrested his exasperated protestation. "You see, dear, father was a foundry man before Mr. Carnegie made him a millionaire, and grandfather used to peddle laces, so naturally pa is rather particular. I don't think he'd mind you being the son of a clergyman, because he's really awfully broad-minded, but you're so terribly American."

"My great-great-grandfather was on Washington's staff," he said with a hint of gloom.

"I shouldn't mention that," she said gently, "not to father anyway. One has to live these things down. Now if your father had made his ap-

pearance in New York about the same time that the Archduke Zorth disappeared—"

"Who's he, any way?" he grumbled.

"The Archduke is, or was, the relative of the Moravian Emperor," she recited, "who having incurred the displeasure of his parents sailed for a foreign land. It is believed by some that the ship on which he sailed was sunk, but authentic evidence exists that he reached American soil!"

Daniel Gree looked at the girl suspiciously. "Where did you learn this little piece?" he asked rudely, for he loved her, and there was no necessity for conventional politeness.

"Miss Zimmerberger taught me that," she said, "when I was at the Pittsburg Preparatory College."

He was silent, then. "We Moors of old Castile—" he began bitterly

"Moors?"

"Moor or less," he said gloomily. "We are descended from Christopher Columbus."

"He wasn't a Castilian," she scorned, "he was an Italian!"

His eyes met hers in pained reproach.

"Didn't I say 'descended?'" he asked with exemplary patience. "Dearie, let us think these things out. Maisie," he said looking at her tenderly, "I've reached that stage in love where I cannot live without you. I know it is absurd," he went on, "I know that life will go on as heretofore even if you are snatched from me by the rapacious hands of fate; that I shall stand on the corner and watch your wedding cortege depart for Paris without batting a lid—I didn't take a degree in philosophy for nothing."

She looked at him gravely.

"I feel the same," she said. "If papa forces me to marry that dreadful Baron—"

"Count," he corrected.

"There are two," she said. "I was thinking more of the Baron because he is the least objectionable, besides he does parlour tricks and can produce a rabbit out of a tall hat at a moment's notice. One would never be quite bored with him if one kept a silk hat handy, and—oh—he can smash eggs in a paper bag and produce guinea-pigs."

"Ah!" the young man nodded, "an evolutionist."

"Where was I?" she went on, "oh, yes, I remember—I say if I am forced to marry either, I shall be broken-hearted—I am perfectly certain I shall do something dreadful. Cry and all that sort of thing."

"Will you really?" His voice implied doubt.

"Of course I shall!" she said indignantly, "do you think I am heartless?"

Side by side they paced the path, patterned with shifting arabesques of light.

"Why don't you get a title?" she asked suddenly, "you can easily find one here in England—it would be splendid!"

She clapped her hands perfectly, but awoke no responsive spark of enthusiasm.

"I'd have to become English," he said, "and it isn't so easy. Now in Germany I could buy the Cross of the Black Eagles for the price of a taxi-fare."

She shook her pretty head.

"It must be English," she said with a definite air. "Daddy is just mad on real titles, and the Baron's chance would die the death before the glory of Sir Daniel Gree! Doesn't it sound lovely?" she demanded with shining eyes, "oh, Danny, do try!"

They were in an unfrequented part of the Park, amidst trees that offered some sort of privacy. The awakening vigour of spring was in her blood, the bursting green of the trees, the call of the wild fowl on the little lake, the very wildness of life in her heart.

Suddenly she raised two hands and laid them on his shoulders.

"My boy!" she whispered as she lifted her warm lips to his.

"Mark me down as a Duke," he trembled, as he left her at the Park gate, "and be careful of your skirt the next time you see me, for I shall be wearing my knightly spurs."

Daniel Gree was a man with a large imagination. He was a dreamer of dreams and in moments when finance did not absorb his attention (he was the London representative of a great American finance corporation) he was highly romantic.

Now the imaginative man has a pull over all other types of men, in that he is bound by no earthly ties, and is chained to no age or clime.

Picture Daniel, a perfectly dressed young man with the shiniest of silk hats and the best fitting of morning coats, striding along the Mall, swinging his ebony stick. An ordinarily pleasant-looking young man, deep in thought, you guess, and place him in the category of thinkers, who are deciding whether it shall be a devilled sole at Simson's or a chop at the Charlton Grill. Yet at that precise moment Daniel has a sword strapped at his right side and a white topee on his head.

He is facing a horde of Phillipinos with flashing eyes or rescuing a beautiful lady from the clutches of an Arab slaver. Or, influenced by the latest book he has read, he is a calm commissioner holding palaver with his unruly cannibals.

"I am perfectly certain," said Daniel to his unimaginative broker that morning, "that one of these days I am going to have an adventure which will alter my whole life."

"Run over by a motor-bus or something?" asked Joyson.

"An adventure," continued the enthusiastic Daniel, "which in the flash of an eye will change my whole status, will introduce me to another sphere of action, change my outlook in life, and all that sort of thing."

"I suppose you will," agreed the other. "I've often thought you'd get married sooner or later."

"Your views on life," said the exasperated Daniel, "are appallingly commonplace."

"I'm a commonplace man," admitted the other placidly, "in the City we deal with realities—"

But Daniel waved him to the devil in one comprehensive gesture. It was not a morning for business. He dealt with two urgent letters, and an hour after his arrival in his office he was returning westward.

A pale sun shone through the misty blue of a London sky, and the branches of the trees which tinged the embankment were just speckled with green. The flower-beds in Temple Gardens were yellow with crocuses and daffodils, and there was in the air the electrical magic of spring, and Daniel's heart sang a wild barbaric song, which careless youth and healthy manhood can alike interpret, and which May Excels might equally have understood. The spirit carried him through the day; it brought in the trail of its splendour, fragmentary visions in which he figured heroically, it enlarged his love of humanity, and brought him for the adventure which would not come, yet which, with every passing moment of time seemed the more inevitable.

He was passing Scotland Yard when a man came hurrying out.

"Sorry," said the stranger disentangling himself.

He was a big, florid man, jovially stern of demeanour, and his attitude of politeness was tinctured with authority.

"Hullo," said Daniel curiously, "where the devil are you going in such a hurry?"

The stranger held out a big hand.

"Mr. Gree, isn't it?" he asked.

"Gree it is," agreed the other. "Is it murder, bank robbery, or the activity of the political world which hastens the laggard feet of law?"

Detective Superintendent Mosser smiled.

"I am trying to catch 1.18 for Newbank," he said.

They had met on more occasions than one, for it was part of Daniel's business to check the circulation of illicit bonds which were at that time in circulation in Europe, and such work brought him into touch with the heads of the police department.

"And what is happening at Newbank?"

The detective explained. A new hospital was to be opened by His Royal Highness the Prince of Midlothian. His Highness journeying down from Yorkshire would stop at Newbank Station, would receive an address of welcome on the platform from the Mayor and Corporation of Newbank, would press an electric button which would open the door of the new hospital at Canbury—a town some five miles away.

"And you will be there—how wonderful," said the admiring Daniel. "I suppose nothing would happen if you failed to turn up."

The genial police officer smiled. Then he groped into an inside pocket.

"It will be interesting in a way," he said, as he pulled out a card, "I mean to an American—you'll see a man knighted—the fellow that gave the hospital—if you'd like to see it I can give you an admission to the platform."

"Is that a ticket?" asked Daniel quickly, "yes, I'd like to go," he went on as he grasped the pasteboard and looked awe-stricken upon its prim surface. "To what does this entitle me? Not to a knighthood—gee! don't say it does?"

"It entitles you to refreshments," said the practical servant of law, "you ought to catch the 2.15 to be in time—good morning."

Daniel watched the departing figure, saw it suddenly stop and walk slowly back. There was a puzzled frown on the detective's face.

"Gree?" he said.

"Mr. Gree," corrected Daniel.

"I'm not thinking about you—I suppose you're not related to The Gree?"

"I'm him," said Daniel, without regard to the niceties of grammar; "there is only one real Gree, all other Grees being spurious imitations. Look for the Gree label without which none are genuine. I will injunct any unauthorized Gree with great severity—who is The Gree?"

"It doesn't matter," said the unsatisfying Mr. Mosser, and went off with rapid steps remembering that N.W.R. expresses wait for no man.

Daniel looked at the ticket, then he stole a furtive glance at a little portrait which he carried as near his heart as made no difference.

"If I can't be a knight, at least I can learn how they are made," said he firmly, and after a hasty lunch he boarded the 2.15.

Newbank, in the language of the local reporter, was en fête in italics, and en fête in the black headlines of *The Newbank County Chronicle*. Flags were flying in the streets, and the station platform was a blaze of bunting and giltwork. Flowers real and flowers so artfully artificial that you could not distinguish them from real unless you had paid for them were "displayed in lavish yet ordered confusion" (I look over the shoulder of Mr. Mansem, reporter-in-chief to the aforesaid *County Chronicle*, and quote him word for word as he writes so busily in the waiting-room', and the precincts of the little station were alive with notable people in their most notable clothes.

Daniel, feeling terribly commonplace amidst such magnificence, had the foresight to hunt up the reporter.

"Say, Bud," said Daniel, dropping his hand upon the scribe's shoulder, "put me wise to the programme."

Mr. Mansem, a fierce young man in gold-mounted spectacles, glared up at his interrupter.

"You'll find the programme in the paper," he jerked his head to an open sheet on the table.

"Son," said Daniel gently, "before I became a degraded financier I was a newspaper boy—just like you; do-

ing stunts at three cents a line, and never failing to describe a straw-yard blaze as 'a holocaustic and terrifying conflagration.'"

Mr. Mansem looked at him with a new interest.

"It's a hospital five miles away—eccentric sort of devil built it—there he is."

The waiting-room opened out into a smaller room into which only first-class passengers were admitted (so said the laconic legend on the door, but through the glass panels of which, the occupants of the common or third class room might view their betters without extra charge. The smaller saloon was beautified by the addition of palms and flags. There was too a draped pedestal, and on that was the electric switch with which, by the pressure of his august finger, his Royal Highness would unseal the distant hospital.

The solitary occupant of the room at that moment was a shy-looking man with ragged whiskers and an antiquated frock-coat. He looked horribly ill at ease.

"I'm about the only person here who knows him," the reporter went on. "He hates this business—a sort of recluse, y'know, but immensely wealthy."

"Is he the man who is to be knighted?" asked Daniel keenly.

The reporter nodded.

"He doesn't want to be," he said simply, "he just told me, he hates the idea of kneeling—he has rheumy knees or something."

Didn't want to be knighted! Daniel raised his eyes to heaven. Here was a gentleman—for a gentleman he was undoubtedly, despite his whiskers—who had an opportunity for which Daniel would have cheerfully paid one half his fortune.

There he stood, that impious man, with honour hovering above him, and he didn't want—

"I'm going to have a chat with him," said Daniel resolutely.

The reporter looked alarmed.

"Be careful, Gree is an awful bear—" he began.

"Gree?"

Daniel gasped.

"Don't tell me his name is Gree—what is his front name?"

"Dan Gree," said the other.

In two strides Daniel was across the room. In two more he was through the door and confronting the confused philanthropist.

"My name is Gree," he said rapidly. "I believe we're related—one of my ancestors emigrated to England at the time of Mayflower he didn't wish to be mixed up with the Pilgrim Fathers—how are you?"

He shook hands desperately with the elder Gree; he talked him silent, giving his name-sake no chance to disclaim relationship.

The antiquated Mr. Gree found himself on terms of confidence before he realized that he had even met this pushful stranger.

"I wish I could get out of it," he said, apropos of the coming trial. "I can't tell you how horrible I feel; I hate crowds—I think I shall faint—when he comes. Besides I can't kneel," he rubbed his knees agressively. "I've got a twinge of rheumatism, and I shall look a fool—oh, confound it!"

"Remember," said Daniel solemnly, "that your cousin is by you to help you up—and if you only introduce me to His Royal Hikhness I shall ask no other reward for my service."

From outside came the far away "bang!" of a fog signal. In this simple and inexpensive manner did Newbank salvo royalty.

"My heavens!" said old Gree fretfully, "here comes that d—— train!"

He looked round hopelessly for some means of escape. There was a door giving way to the station courtyard, and the key was in the lock.

"I can't stand it!" wailed the recluse. "I didn't expect this when I built the infernal hospital. I can't kneel—and I won't kneel!"

He tried the door furtively, snapped back the lock and peered cautiously forth. The courtyard was deserted, for the public had chosen places of vantage where they might secure a better view of majesty. . . .

His Royal Highness, a tall, agreeable young man, stepped out from his saloon, and listened with the utmost gravity whilst an agitated town clerk read an address of welcome, which clearly indicated that Newbank was one of the loyalest, true-heartedest and most noble townships on the Red Map, that the coming of His Royal Highness was something in the nature of a phenomenon which would at once place Newbank in the forefront of the world's cities, and solidify that empire upon which the sun never sets if it can possibly avoid the necessity.

His Royal Highness expressed the extraordinary pleasure it gave him to step out of his saloon and meet the bald-headed representative of a free and enlightened borough. He didn't say so in as many words, but he probably thought as much.

"I am sorry we are late, Mr. Mayor," he said, as entirely surrounded by the municipality he made his way along the platform. "Mr. Gree is here, I understand?"

"I am told so, your Royal Highness—"twittered the mayor, "but—very shy man—this is the saloon, your Royal Highness—"

"It is a pity I cannot visit Newbank," said the prince, "but the train is late . . . is this the electric button? thank you—" he laid his hand on the switch. "I have pleasure in dedicating the Gree Hospital to the service of humanity, and I declare the Hospital to be open."

He pressed the button, and simultaneously the thunder of guns on Newbank Common announced the completion of the happy ceremony.

The prince looked round with a smile and beckoned his plumed aide de camp.

"Mr. Gree?" he asked inquiringly, and a dozen voices whispered urgently "Mr. Gree!"

A young man rather pale but immensely self-possessed pushed his way to the front. A chief reporter and a certain Detective Superintendent who saw him stood hypnotized into inaction at the sight.

"Will you kneel, please?" smiled the Prince.

Daniel sank on one knee, upon the velvety cushion that had been thoughtfully placed for the purpose. A sword glittered over his head, the damasked blade touched his two shoulders lightly.

"Rise up, Sir Daniel Gree," said his Royal Highness.

He shook hands with the new knight, uttered a few pleasant things and made his way back to his saloon, leaving Detective Mosser staring helplessly at the pale but triumphant man.

"Gree!" he gasped.

"Sir Daniel—if you please," said the new knight sternly.

". . . The strange error by which the wrong Mr. Gree was knighted," said *The Newbank County Chronicle*, "has been rectified by the bestowal of the baronetcy upon the founder of the Gree Cottage Hospital. The accolade having once been given is irrevocable, and the young Sir Daniel Gree is free to enjoy the title of Knight Bachelor."

Daniel read this with infinite scorn. "Knight Bachelor, indeed," he said. "We'll show 'em."

He was speaking to the future Lady Gree under the approving eyes of her father.

Love and Garden Greens

BY EMMA GREISBACH

OD walked in the garden in the cool of the day,'" quoted Felix Dernwold under his breath. He laid down the hose with which he had been watering the climbing beans, the creeping cucumbers, the curly-headed lettuces, and stooped, suddenly solicitous and suspicious, over the onion-bed. Had Satan, in the form—traditional though attenuated—of the sinuous cut-worm, been undermining the morale of his early onions?

Dusk was advancing, and regardless of damp earth and soiled knees, he knelt to make a closer examination, his form pressed closely to the high board fence which it had been his recluse aunt's pleasure to have built around the property. While thus employed he was startled to hear a feminine voice speaking, as it seemed, in his ear, but in reality a foot or two above his head.

"Oh, Mrs. Waite, Mr. Dernwold's lettuce is ready to eat, and looks awfully good."

The speaker had apparently found what Felix had believed did not exist, a crack in the fence.

"Do not delude yourself," returned a voice in musical but incisive tones, "with the hope that you will ever taste it. Did Mr. Dernwold send us a leaf from his garden—one little leaf of anything—all last season?"

The speakers moved away, but they left a petrified man crouching between the fence and the onion-bed. Some moments passed before Felix Dernwold revived sufficiently to rise, to brush the soil from his fingers and trouser-knees, and to say, sotto voce:

"It is . . . I am sure . . . yes, I am *sure* . . . one cannot mistake a voice . . . That never changes".

Back leaped fleet memory to the distant days in the collegiate, when Marian Cathwell had been his beautiful, bewitching and disdainful class-mate; to the days when his heart had not only had the tender sentimentality of early youth—which it still retained—but youth's unreasoning hopefulness also; when his devotion had sung itself through his being and out by way of his finger-tips in his first rhymed essays; until, indeed, muse and devotion had alike shrunk into hiding under the laughter in the mocking, dark eyes.

So, he reflected, the graceful, smartly-dressed widow, his nearest neighbour, never actually encountered, though frequently glimpsed, was none other than the Marian Cathwell, of vivid memory. He had learned of her only that she was a Mrs. Waite, and that she lived here entirely alone except for her companion and "lady help," Miss Marie Eldon.

This was the reason, then, that his heart had so often turned with longing to the femininity on the other side of that absurdly high, thick, tight board fence.

"It was the prescience of love," he

murmured, and quoted: "They never loved who say, 'I loved once!'"

Absorbed, he failed to hear the gate click, and accordingly he received a second start by hearing a voice close to him, this time a masculine one:

"Hello, Felix! Knew I'd find you among your cabbages. Never saw such a fellow for garden greens. Wouldn't you make more money out of small fruits?"

That was always Radley's trend of thought—money. Felix never could reconcile the jarring note with his friend's physical characteristics, his frank eyes, ready smile, and genial personality. It was Radley, with his tall, slender form, and poetic brow, who looked the part of idealist, rather than Felix, whose figure, albeit well set up, approached the model colloquially known as "chunky", and whose thinning hair surmounted a face which escaped the type of the severely practical only by grace of the mingled gentleness and abstraction which rested upon it. None of the fellows in Bulwin & Finch's offices, where Felix also had been a bookkeeper before his aunt had left him this suburban property, had cared much for Radley—Felix never understood why unless it might be because of Radley's luck, very singular, in the way of promotions.

Thus Radley's friendship, rejected in other quarters, fell to the grateful Felix. Without this intimacy he would have been lonely indeed, owing to certain tastes and proclivities which he diligently fostered.

"Dernwold writes poetry," the fellows would snicker, and of course they called his desk "The Poet's Corner".

"Do you remember," went on Radley, absent-mindedly pinching off sprigs of pepper-grass and munching them, "when you used to grow cucumbers in a bed-room window-box, training the vines up on strings; and how huffed Mrs. Jones was when you remarked on the mysterious disappearance of an especially fine cucumber? Ha, ha, ha!"

A careless step brought Radley's heel into the border of young parsley, and Felix winced.

"I can never make out," Radley continued, "why you, a poet"—the note of derision was really not marked— . . . "Oh, I say, would you mind if I take a bunch of that lettuce back with me? You've a lot of it there. . . . Thanks . . . a paper to wrap it. . . . Well, as I was saying, I don't see why you do not specialize on flowers, you being a poet, and flowers being so much more poetical than vegetables."

"There you go!" said Felix, with the unusual note of passion in his voice. "It is only the elegant, the exquisite, the superfine, that is worthy of artistic and poetic treatment! Of course! I used to think so myself, until those years in Bulwin & Finch's, with a salary that provided me with the means of bare subsistence—Oh! I'm not complaining. I'm sure I was worth little, if any, more to them. But I had opportunity for finding out just what life is *without* the things that are elegant, exquisite and superfine. Yes, and if I had not *put* poetry into the *non*-exquisite details of my *in*-elegant environment, I'd have surely and speedily descended to the *un*-superfine in thought, in act, and in emotion."

They were now in the house with its old-fashioned appointments, and Felix paced up and down, while Radley, hands thrust in pockets, lounged in one of the big comfortable chairs.

"It was Walt Whitman," Felix continued, "who first made me see that nothing which is an essential part of life is coarse or 'common'. In every page that he wrote, he tried to release the so-called coarse and common things from indifference and contempt. And how he strove to see beneath the surface, to find the spiritual message of the homely things. 'I do not understand the least reality of life,' Whitman admitted. Who does? But he sought to understand! 'All truth waits in all things.' That,"

said Felix, stopping before Radley and glaring at him fiercely with his short-sighted eyes, "is a tremendous saying."

Radley looked at him as one does at a freak of nature.

" 'A leaf of grass,' " went on Felix, again quoting, " 'is no less than the journey-work of the stars!' How life would be transformed if we believed that! It is this truth that I wish to make clear to myself and to others. I know no one cares for my verses." The expression of lone-heartedness could not be missed. "Let those who will think them absurd! I'll reach a heart yet. I'll find a soul some day that will respond! 'My own will come to me!' "

"Yes, yes, just so," said Radley, covering a yawn. "Well, I must be off. Thanks for the lettuce, all the same," turning to throw a last word at Felix, standing in the doorway, "if I were in your place, I'd grow flowers, and send some to the handsome widow, with a tender sentiment in verse. Since you compose them yourself, you can make them say just what you'd like," said the innocent Radley.

This suggestion shut off Felix's flow of thought and turned on that which had been interrupted by the advent of his friend as completely as if the processes of his mind were controlled by a system of taps.

A practical suggestion! Only, the offerings should not be fruit or flowers, but vegetables. He would be himself in his wooing. Felix began at once to make couplets—green onions, now—onion, onion—a hard word to match with a rhyme—bunion—well, that would not do at all. He had determinedly to put aside the dear joy of sorting ideas and making phrases and rhymes in which to express them, or he would never have got to sleep at all that night.

But he was astir as early as usual the following morning, for the twin joy of the garden in the cool of the evening was that of the garden in the freshness of the morning. Felix loved to watch his sleeping pets wake up at the touch of the Glorious One, whose beams fall so softly and kindly at this hour. He rejoiced in the sight of a new leaf or tendril, an added sprig or blossom. "To minister to need, to sustain and cheer, is your high mission," he murmured.

He paused by the lettuce, charmed with its appearance, the leaves crisply curled and tinged with the bronze that he had once admired in Marian's locks.

Plucking a few leaves to eat with his bread and butter for breakfast, he stood . . . rooted . . . a look of abstraction creeping over his face . . . while, slowly, words sang through the chambers of his mind . . . came together . . . by ones and twos and threes, finally grouped thus:

Oh, fair the leaves of lettuce green,
When sprakling in the sunlight sheen;
But woman's brow
More fair, I trow,
Reflecting friendship's tender beam.

He was sorry that "beam" did not make a perfect rhyme, for he loved the niceties of workmanship—and considered substituting "bean," but relinquished the idea, partly because he did not care to mix his vegetables, but mainly because it really did not make sense. So he determined to write out the verse and to send it with some lettuce, for, while not being all he could wish, the lines would serve to hint his desire for friendly relationship.

He proceeded to cut some of the most perfect heads, and left them to become still crisper under a gentle fall of spray, while he should take his breakfast. This was somewhat delayed, because the first time he put the spoonful of coffee into the kettle instead of the coffee-pot.

Mid-morning saw the unhappy Felix, when he had overcome the initial difficulty of getting through Mrs. Waite's gate, vainly striving to force his feet towards the front door. Then it occurred to him that an offering of garden greens should be taken to the side entrance. Much relieved, he

made his way thither. Miss Eldon, who came in answer to his diffident tap, accepted the lettuce with a remark that went straight to Felix's heart:

"Oh, isn't it lovely!"

She had a pleasant, friendly manner, and in her pink chambray dress and fresh white apron looked, Felix thought, as charming as a radish.

Felix felt astonishingly happy when he returned to his garden. It was as if a whole foot had been taken off that forbidding barrier, the very high fence. He could hear Hung Chang, who came in to cook his mid-day meal and do whatever was necessary within the house, banging things about in the kitchen and wailing in lugubrious song, but Felix worked in his beautiful, orderly garden with great enjoyment, and made rhymes without end, for it had become a habit to

". . . . feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers."

In his heart the fair perennial, love, long dormant, but not dead, was stirring into renewed life. Naturally he saw its image reflected in every blade and leaf of his beloved garden.

"Why is love like an onion?" he murmured. But the answer, which tried to follow the lead of the opening rhyme, failed to please him:

> Quite incongruous the two?
> But if you the garden view,
> What else, I pray,
> From day to day,
> So prone to get into a stew?

He tried the muse again, with pepper-grass for the analogy, but was even less pleased with the result:

> In spring you taste it with delight,
> In summer, too, would scarce pass by it;
> Then on it glance
> In tolerance,
> As garnish for your other diet.

The rhymes about the cucumber and the vegetable-oyster were even less harmonious with ideality. These sporades of sentiment pained him, and to correct his mental trend, he repaired to his study and shut himself up for an hour with Wordsworth.

As Felix was returning from church one beautiful Sunday in early summer, two words sprang from his inner being to his lips:

"New potatoes."

And when, in the Sabbath solitariness of his kitchen, he had washed, scraped, cooked, drained, shaken, served and eaten them, he knew the satisfaction of Esau after the repast of red pottage for which his soul longed.

With Felix, to enjoy was to wish to share. A mess of these delectable tubers should certainly be carried tomorrow to his fair neighbours. This necessitated the joyous labour of poetic composition, and Felix spent an absorbed afternoon making verses. His choice rested finally on this:

> Mourn not the past, nor, heart, complain
> If love and 'taties still remain,
> Should these grow cold,
> This truth will hold:
> They're very good warmed up again.

Alas, the fond hope of Felix again failed of fulfilment. This time, however, owing to the hand of fate, rather than to the foot of diffidence. He had just entered his neighbour's demesne when Miss Eldon appeared at the side-door, shaking a duster.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dernwold. New potatoes from your own garden! You are very kind."

The words "very kind," pointed with sincerity and winged with grateful glances, made their way to the same spot in the anatomy of Felix that a former remark had done, and the disappointment of not seeing Marian was appreciably mitigated thereby.

That very evening Radley paid Felix another little visit. He was in exuberant spirits, having been advanced, as he announced, to the position of Chief Accountant in Bulwin & Finch's, with a substantial increase in salary. He was entirely taken up with himself and his affairs, dis-

coursing thereon incessantly. As he was leaving, however, his mind became sufficiently detached to be struck by the beauty and profusion of the rambler roses which were now in full perfection. As Felix began to cut some for him, he asked jocosely:

"Send any to your fair neighbour?"

"No," Felix admitted, and thought at once how beautiful the potatoes would have looked with a spray of the roses laid across them.

"Know who she was before her marriage?"

"A Miss Cathwell, I believe."

"Cathwell? Have a brother Jim?"

"I—think so."

"Jove! I know him! He's in Alderson & Jakes', wholesale hardware. In fact," slapping his leg, "I must have met the sister."

He remained only a few moments longer, a pondering mood having replaced his former high spirits.

Later, Felix, dawdling in his bedroom in the pleasant half-light of the summer moon, was drawn to his window by the sharp click of a gate which he supposed to be his own, but proved to be Mrs. Waite's, where he could see standing a masculine form. The man, whoever he was, paused to light a cigar, and something in the imperfectly revealed features, as well as in the entire pose, reminded Felix in a passing way of Radley.

The summer days, mostly solitary, passed.

Gladly would Felix have shared every vegetable delicacy with his fair neighbours, but he felt restrained. Not even the last message—for so he considered his verses—which he had sent with the very first cabbage which was fit to cut, had evoked a sign from Marian. Sometimes he feared the sentiment had been too bold:

> As his love doth her enfold,
> So the leaves of cabbage, rolled
> Round the heart,
> Show they'll part
> Never more until they mould.

One morning he left his desk, where he had sat for an hour, pen in hand, unable to put two words together, and walked into his garden.

"I will unearth something," he muttered in exasperation; if not an idea, then a vegetable."

He looked over plot and bed. It was too early for turnips, but in perversity he pulled one up. Taking his jack-knife from his pocket, he cleaned off the soil, then cut out a bit of the turnip and tasted it.

"Bah! Insipid!" he muttered.

At this moment something impelled him to raise his eyes to "the castle of Ohillan," as he had dubbed the house of his Marian. A feminine form, which Felix felt sure was Marian's, drew back quickly from an upper window. He felt the blood flush his face; he could not have told why.

"She always did look down on me," was the reflection that, innocent of jest, shot into his mind. But that rush of blood to the head had started cerebral activity, though it resulted only in this feeble verse:

> His love is flat, to turnip kin;
> I value it, no, not a pin,
> But wait, I pray,
> The wintry day,
> Time's frosts will put a sweetness in.

This made Felix laugh, and his ill-humour cleared away.

"Oh, Mr. Dernwold!"

Felix started.

"Mr. Dernwold!"

"Ah! The crack!

"Will you please be so very good as to give me a teeny-weeny bit of parsley out of your garden? I have fish to cook, and the butcher hasn't sent the parsley."

"Certainly, Miss Marie, with pleasure. Wait a minute," and Felix began to widen the crack with his pocket-knife till presently not only could he pass the parsley through quite easily, but he could see one whole eye and a part of the forehead and hair of Miss Marie. The eye was a pretty, dark one—not a glorious orb like Marian's, rather a kindly little domestic light.

Behind the shield of the fence, Felix lost his hampering diffidence and constraint, and he and Miss Marie exchanged views and opinions on the weather, gardening, the fence itself, on Chinese cooks, on being lonely, and a number of other altogether interesting subjects.

"Well, thanks, Mr. Dernwold. Good-bye."

"Don't say 'good-bye,' Miss Marie."

"Why, what should I say?"

"Just good-morning. Perhaps this afternoon you may want another bit of parsley, or an onion, or something."

Miss Marie promised that if she did she would call through the crack, and Felix now felt so bright that his muse was quite released from duress, and he went indoors and wrote a sparkling sonnet entitled "To a Crack in the Fence".

The fast-shortening days became increasingly busy ones in the garden, and in due time everything was removed and either sold or stored in the cellar; last of all, the celery. Felix was proud of his celery and determined to send some of it to his neighbours, of course with a verse, for, once Felix had adopted an idea, only a force stronger than his tenacity of mind could remove it. He wrote:

In early spring it drank the dew,
In glowing heat of summer grew;
Then firm and fair,
With autumn care,
'Tis sweet and sound life's winter through.

When, the following afternoon, he carried the celery over, there was no answer to his tap, so he left the parcel on the step of the side-door. The day, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, was extremely mild, and continued so right on into the evening. Felix, in the twilight, was raking up fallen leaves, when suddenly the high narrow gate swung open and Miss Eldon appeared, wearing on her head a motor veil or something of that sort which partly concealed her face. The gate swung shut again, but she remained standing there, not even responding to Felix's greeting.

"Why, Miss Marie," he said in concern, going up to her, "are you in trouble?" for tears stood in her eyes.

"Mr. Dernwold," she spoke in a choked voice, "I . . . have . . . come to . . . confess . . . "

"Dear Marie," he never noticed the intimacy of his address, "I am sure . . . "

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Dernwold, I have been . . . deceitful. . . . I . . . never gave your verses to . . . Mrs. Waite . . . not *one*. You *said* nothing, and I wished to believe you meant them for me, though I knew you did not. *She* has so many things to make her happy; I so few, and I felt she would not . . . care . . . for your lovely verses as I did. She is . . . is . . . proud, and cares only for rich and handsome things. But I spend a great deal of time in the kitchen, and when I am cleaning and cooking the vegetables, it makes my work pleasanter, so much pleasanter, to say over your verses—Oh, they are *so* beautiful!" and tears, penitence, timidity, vanished in a flash, and the soul of Marie looked out of her eyes into the soul in the eyes of Felix.

"I will confess to her if you wish me to, and give her the verses." She withdrew a hand from under the veil, disclosing a little sheaf of missives, "but she is going to marry Mr. Radley, and is taken up with her preparations . . . "

Felix could not speak at once, and when he did speak, he was astonished at the words that came from him:

"Dear Marie," he said, his fingers clasping hers warmly and reassuringly, "I *did* mean the verses for you!" And owing to the peculiarities of the situation, this was perfectly true.

Though amazed, Felix knew it positively.

And in a flash Marie knew it positively also.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

BELGIUM IN WINTER

The Royal Flying Corps in Canada

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

WE scarcely pause nowadays to appreciate the fact that the present war has developed two methods of fighting that had been supposed to be restricted to the empirical realm of romance. Jules Verne, in a narrative of his imagination, takes his readers to the depths of the ocean, but his adventures, incredible as they seem to be, and actually were, ten years ago, are mild compared to the submarine deviltries of the German navy. H. G. Wells, years ago, in a phophetic novel described a fight in the air. He drew to the limit of a vivid imagination; and yet who would have ventured the prophecy that within so short a time the British War Office would establish in Canada a series of depots at which young men, the choicest of the land, would be trained and sent across seas to fight the Germans—not on land, not on water, not under water, but up in the illimitable spaces of the heavens. And yet that is what has happened and is happening. It is a far cry from London to Toronto, and farther still from Toronto to the cloudlands above the war zone in Flanders. But the British Isles had been bled of their young manhood, and none but the young and valiant and daring are regarded as fit to enter upon the high calling of aviation. So that when it became necessary to fight the German Zeppelins with air craft, it became necessary also to get the right kind of young men for the work.

A start was made just six months ago, quietly, without ostentation, and yet with a thoroughness that is characteristically British. Until then no attempt was made in Canada by either the Dominion Government or the Imperial Government to train men to fight in the air. There were some private schools, but all they professed to do was to train men to operate a flying machine. But aviators trained at these schools had, on their arrival in England, to submit themselves again for examination. Now, however, they go practically direct to the Front from Canada, and it is expected that with present facilities as many as 150 trained aviators will be sent forward every month.

The Royal Flying Corps, therefore, has made the first governmental venture of the kind in Canada. Its operations are directed and maintained by the British War Office, and it has no connection, financially or otherwise, with the Canadian Department of Militia and Defence. Near the top of a large new business block in the very heart of Toronto it maintains a suite of offices whose main entrance bears the inscription, "Royal

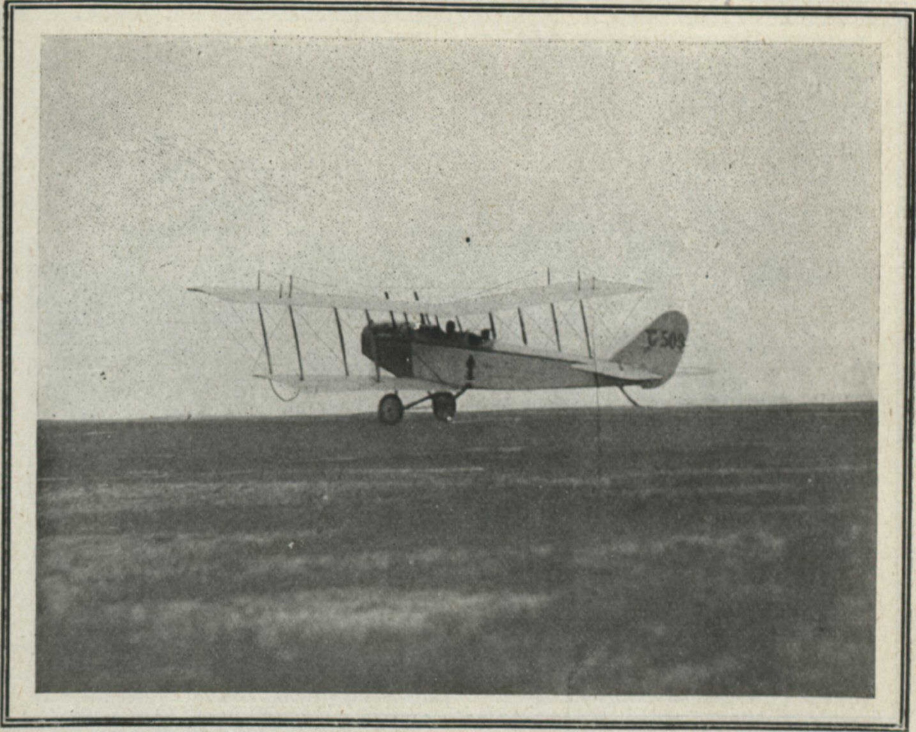
MAKING READY FOR A FLIGHT AT CAMP BORDEN

Flying Corps", the same inscription as one sees frequently nowadays on the shoulders of smart-looking cadets and spick and span officers. Besides the offices, the Corps maintains in Toronto an armoury, a stores department, a repair shop for engines and a factory where flying machines are made now at the rate of one a day and at a cost of more than $7,000 each. There is also at the University the Fourth School of Military Aeronautics. The number of employees on the pay-roll of this service in Canada just now is about three thousand.

The main training camps of the Corps are at Camp Borden, Deseronto, and North Toronto. At each of these there are five squadrons. This Corps also has one squadron at Long Branch.

No branch of the Imperial service is so hard to get into as the Flying Corps, for none but young men of undoubted qualifications, which include education as well as physical fitness, are accepted. Apart from the satisfaction that accompanies acceptance under these conditions, there is the feeling of making actual a thing that long has been one of the great romances of man's imagination. For the pilots of the Royal Flying Corps conquer the air. Not only is flying now regarded as very safe, but it is also very agreeable. Up in the air there are none of the objectionable features of trench warfare, and while good pilotage demands nerve and courage of a high order, the nerve tension is of an exhilarating rather than a depressing character.

A candidate for admittance to the Royal Flying Corps should be a youth full of self-reliance, courage, moral force, and a high sense of his responsibility. Although fighting in the air in company formation is becoming



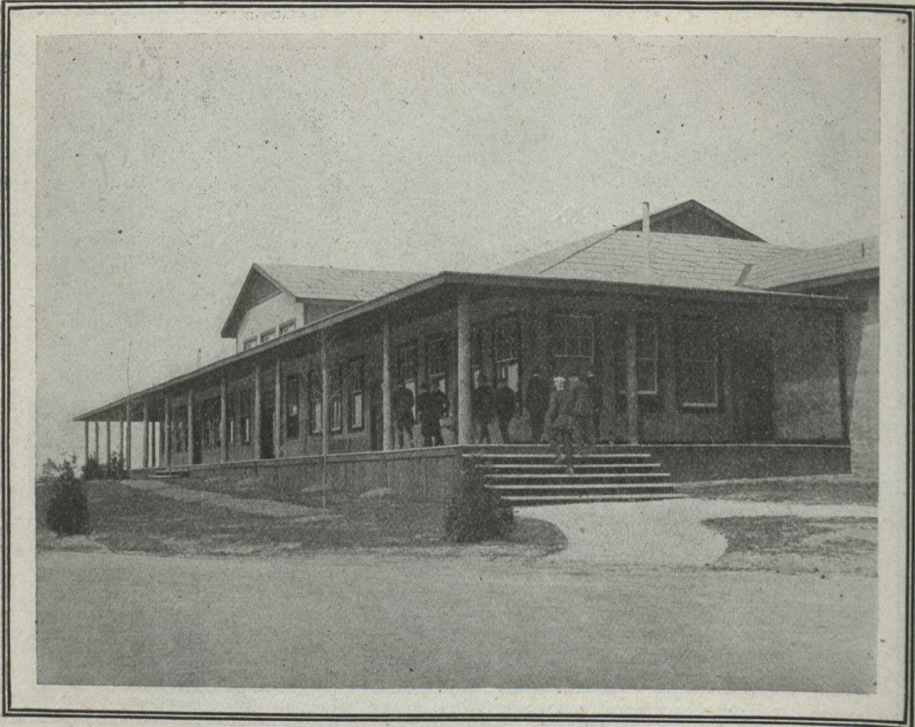
FLYING CLOSE TO GROUND AT CAMP BORDEN

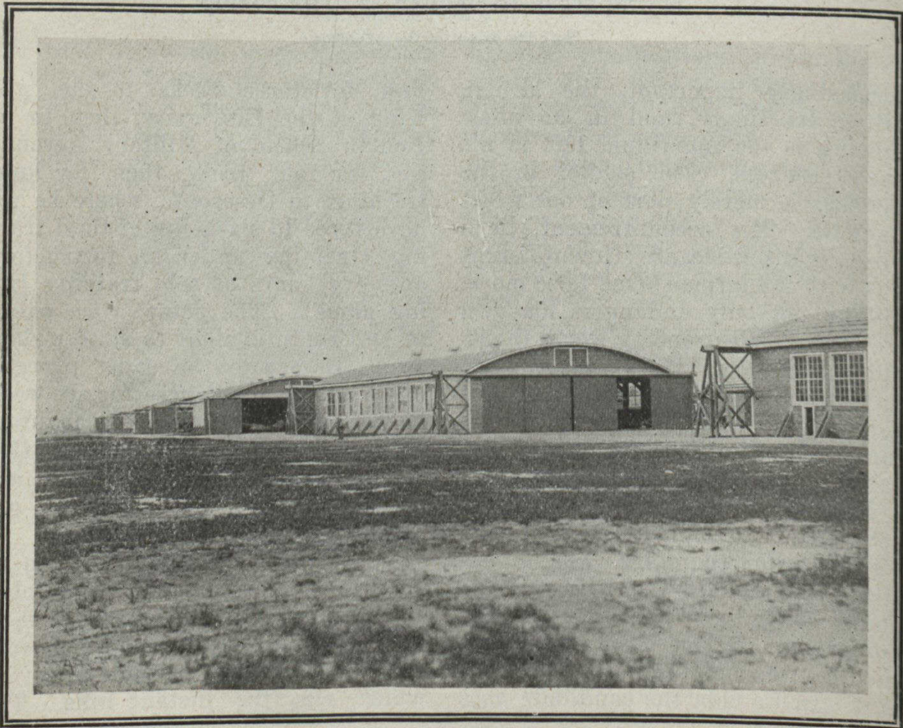
Note the extent of the Aerodrome

increasingly important, the airman still fights singly, and in no other fighting is the individual left to his own resources. The soldier in the trenches is merely part of one great machine. His accountrement, in a sense,, is insignificant. How different it is with the airman! One false move, and he not only endangers his own life but as well property worth thousands of dollars. He is, as it were, playing on a sensitive instrument, an instrument strung to a high pitch. For an aeroplane is ribbed and strung and held taunt like a fiddle or harp. It responds to the air like a musical instrument.

The youth, therefore, who is admitted to the Royal Flying Corps should know that the Imperial Government, in the mere act of acceptance, confers on him a high compliment. In Canada the candidate goes first, for three weeks, to the cadet wing at the University, then to the Fourth School of Military Aeronautics, for four weeks; then, for lower training, to Deseronto, where he will have three to six hours of dual training (training under an instructor), and five hours of solo training (flying alone). The actual time passed at Deseronto is eight to sixteen days. From Deseronto the cadet proceeds to Camp Borden, where for six weeks he will undergo the higher training, which includes artillery observation, bomb-dropping, camera obscura, photography, formation flying, and cross-country flying.

The conditions at Camp Borden appear to be ideal. In the first place there is a great wide aerodrome of grassy ground, treeless and smooth, sloping away into a valley, beyond which rise the distant hills. This





TOP—THE OFFICERS' MESS, CAMP BORDEN BOTTOM—AVIATION SHEDS

CADET QUARTERS, ROYAL FLYING CORPS, CAMP BORDEN

aerodrome is amply spacious for the starting and alighting of a dozen or more cars at one time. It is banked on the camp side by a series of long sheds, which are used for housing the cars and for repairs. Back of the sheds are the mess and quarters of the officers, cadets and men of the Corps. These buildings, although built at great speed and with as much as possible of the material to be obtained on the ground, really mark a splendid advance in accommodation of their kind. They are artistic, spacious, comfortably furnished, airy, well-lighted, and attractive.

There are three grades in the Royal Flying Corps—the officers, the cadets and the men. The training of the cadets takes place under the guidance of experienced officers, and the cadets themselves advance to the rank of pilots, able to direct a car and at the same time drop a bomb, take a photograph or fire a gun. The men are the ones who keep things in running order. In other words, they are the grooms, the riggers, and the fitters. Quite an army of men is employed at Camp Borden, for instance, repairing cars, adjusting, starting, and at other incidental work.

It has been shown already that the military aeroplane has greatly changed some of the methods of conducting warfare. Despatches, for instance, used to be sent either by foot or on horseback. Then came the bicycle, and at the beginning of the present war the motor-cycle was used. Now, however, despatches are carried much more safely and quickly by the aeroplane. Observation with former facilities was as nothing compared with what is being done now by the airmen, and as to actual fighting in the air, it began with units and now is being carried on in fleets.

The Aftermath of a Shell

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

DELVINE MURRAY sat listlessly staring into the heart of the fire, where the logs had fallen together into curious shapes like the ruins of a demolished city—houses and churches consumed and blackened, with a lurid glow here and there as of a smouldering conflagration.

Outside, the keen north wind, sweeping across the fell, caught this northern corner of the house and carried the sound of tempest-tossed waves in its angry sough, emphasizing the warmth and stillness of the Manor "parlour," as it was called, in the good old-fashioned way that suited its age and dignity.

But of all surrounding impressions Delvine was unconscious, for she was "thinking back," recalling the days before the war-cloud appeared on the horizon and blotted out her coming happiness.

First, there was the hour when Clive returned from abroad—Clive Ransome whom she had been taught to think of as a cousin, although no tie of relationship existed between them.

Her stepfather was his uncle and guardian, and she had been only a baby when Clive went to school. His college days and a travelling tutorship that followed, had kept him from home while she was growing up, and so they met on that golden June day, as strangers, "a little less than kin and more than kind!" It took Clive three days to discover that Delvie, the pet and plaything of early boyhood, was the girl who mattered to him most in the world.

The summer days were a gradual prelude to the moment when fate smote the harp of Life and struck out chords of Love.

To Delvine that moment, when it came, was one of supreme joy and sorrow.

"I have been granted a commission in the 4th Midlanders," Clive said one August evening, when he found her in the rose-walk tying up some gloire-de-Dijons that had strayed from the pergola. "I join to-night—so it's good-bye, little girl. Don't forget me! If it hadn't been for this—but we mustn't think of ourselves now."

She had lifted her eyes to his without the power to answer him, and then he had suddenly caught her up in his arms, stammering, "My own—my sweet—my dearest heart—you know what you are to me, don't you? Kiss me and say you want me to come back to you. Pray God I do, if you care." And in that kiss, lips crushed to lips, and heart to heart, such ecstasy of joy and such agony of parting were compressed that it had become a sacrament to Delvine—the sign and seal of all that life could give or take from her.

Then came the months of suspense, followed by sudden news of his arrival in London, wounded seriously, and recommended in despatches.

Old Mr. Ransome, journeying to town, obtained permission to take Clive home, and brought him back to the Manor.

It was Clive—handsome, haggard, with all the youth gone out of his face, and haunted eyes that seemed to look through present things into some dreadful vision of the past, but it was not the Clive who had held Delvine in his arms, and murmured passionate love-words to her.

He took her hand in silence, when he saw her first, letting it fall listlessly, and afterwards spoke to her seldom and with distant gravity, even seeming irked sometimes by her presence and restless until she was out of sight.

When at last he was pronounced convalescent and fit to take up daily life, he seemed to have lost the taste for it, and would sit for hours, or go for long solitary walks, talking to Mr. Ransome at times of things in general, but scarcely addressing Delvine, and ignoring altogether the subject of the War.

Never once did he relate his experiences to them, and when he was sent for, to receive the D.S.O., it was with the greatest difficulty that they persuaded him to go; nor on his return would he speak one word about it. The order lay in its case on the library table, where he had flung it down as though it was distasteful to him.

It was on the same evening that Delvine, seeing him pass his hand across his forehead in a troubled way and close his eyes, ventured to ask if she could do anything for him, and let her fingers rest for an instant on his shoulder.

He took them gently, but very coldly, and lifted them away, as though her touch annoyed him. Delvine felt the blood tingle in her face with a shamed anger that startled even herself, and went swiftly out of the room and up to her own, where she cried her heart out.

He was lost to her, the Clive of that August evening so long ago; the lover whom she had adored, the hero whom she worshipped. Some terrible blight had come over him out there in that awful land of desolation, and had chilled his heart towards her forever. She felt as though her warm bare hands had beaten against a wall of ice and failed to break or melt it.

The days were torture to her now; the pain of this second and complete loss growing more insufferable with every week. Her life was so utterly lonely.

Mr. Ransome, feeble in health, and very broken by the change in Clive, whom he had looked on as a son, to comfort his old age, and take care of Delvine, stayed in his own sanctum most of the day. Clive spent his time walking on the moors, or attending, in a desultory impersonal fashion, to the business of the estate.

Often they all lunched apart and, in the evening, after dining together, separated once more. So the winter had gone on until the end of the year loomed in sight.

But there was Christmas to come first, Christmas to which she looked forward as their first together, the time for joyous love-making, or wedded happiness! And to her it could only bring a deeper grief and loneliness. If all had gone well they might have filled the house with friends and had a real merry Christmas. The contrast was too bitter!

"I cannot bear it," Delvine said to herself as a rush of sudden blinding tears hid the fire from her. "I must go away somewhere by myself and learn to live without him—to forget him!"

She looked a desolate, sorrowful figure, sitting there in the gloaming, with the firelight just gilding the coils of her burnished hair and adding lustre to her tear-misted eyes.

A sudden indefinable impulse made her glance round to the large window giving on to the terrace, and, as she did so, she sprang to her feet, shaking and unstrung. For it seemed to her that she had met Clive's eyes gleaming out from his wild pale face pressed against the pane, though the vision was gone as instantaneonsly as it came.

She ran to the window, and, opening it, stepped on to the terrace, the wind swirling some hail sharply against her cheeks and into her hair.

"Clive," she called softly, "was that you? Did you want me?" And then she strained her ears to catch the slightest sound of retreating footsteps. But there was none. Only the cry of the wind answered her and sent her, quivering and chilled, back into the hall. She passed across the corridor, and ran fleetly down it to the library, opening the door with a hope that was all the more keen because of the apprehension tinging it. The room was empty!

On the table a collection of papers was surmounted by the case containing Clive's medal; there were account books in separate packets, all arranged in orderly sequence, while on the blotting-pad lay an envelope addressed in his writing to her stepfather. Delvine knew at once that her misgivings were realized, and that it was Clive himself who had looked in upon her from outside.

She hastened to Mr. Ransome with the letter and they read it together.

My Dear Uncle:

Thank you with all my heart for your unfailing kindness to me, and I wish I could repay it by being to you the son that, in your goodness, you would like me to be. But this is impossible. I have failed in the great test, and I am not worthy to take the place you offer me. I ought to have told you so immediately on my return, but I was, and am, a coward.

I have no right to the medal—no right to anyone's respect or esteem, because—out there—I ran away! There has been a mistake and I have gained the reward of some other chap's courage. And now I am running away again. Please do not follow me or raise any hue and cry after me. I beg you, as the last kindness I shall ever ask of you, to let me depart in peace; and to think of me as if I am dead, instead of living and dishonoured. I am best alone, to fight my battle by myself, even if I fail again, as I did when I was fighting it for my country. I am leaving you before Christmas because I want you to be peaceful and happy together on that day, untroubled by thoughts of my unworthy self. And I want you to begin the New Year without me, and to put the memory of this one out of your minds.

Forgive me—both of you, you and Delvine—and forget me.

Yours with unchanged affection,

Clive.

They were silent for a moment after reading, looking into each other's faces with blank dismay.

Then Delvine said huskily, "What does it mean, dad? It can't be true—what he says!"

"It explains everything, though," answered Mr. Ransome slowly. "I have never been able to make him out since he came back. This would account for it."

"I will not believe it," she broke out with sudden passion. "He couldn't have run away—Clive couldn't— I don't care what he says. Shall you let him go, Dad?"

"My dear, what can I do? He asks it as a kindness. He says he is better by himself. I can't force him to live here, poor lad, and if he feels like this, it must have been misery to him."

"But what will happen to him? Has he any money — or will he starve?"

"He has a little money of his own, enough to keep him alive. Perhaps he means to enlist again and whitewash himself. We have no right to stand in his way if that is so."

Delvine thought again deeply. "I don't feel as if he means that," she said. "I feel—as if—he was going away to die!"

"Why do you say that, Delvie?"

"He looked like it."

"When? He looked much as usual to me at lunch time."

She made no reply. The picture of that fixed and despairing face at the window, with the burning eyes that seemed to leap to her own and hold them, had branded itself on her brain; yet she could not bring herself to speak of it. It represented Clive's last farewell to the dream of happiness that they had shared. It was at once a sacrifice and an expiation and, even in her grief, she felt that some of the bitterness was gone; because she knew

now that Clive had not ceased to care but had forced himself to give her up, on account of his own unworthiness.

All through the sad and silent evening meal she was thinking this out, and during the sleepless hours of the night, Clive seemed to be nearer to her than he had been for months.

In the morning she looked out of her window half expecting to see him trudging up the hillside or wandering moodily in the garden, and found to her surprise that there was nothing but a white expanse of snow which was still falling thickly, while the stream which bordered the lawn was a sheet of ice.

Mr. Ransome kept to his bed that day, and Delvine spent the lonely hours in doing the work that Clive had usually done, wondering all the while where he was, and if he had reached a railway station or some place of shelter before the storm came on.

Steadily, unceasingly, the snow fell, for two days and nights, the roads round the Manor became almost impassable, and the hills clothed in spotless white.

There was a red sunset on the second evening, and Delvine, gazing at the crimson bars across the sky, was suddenly aware of some small dark object that moved on the topmost peak of the Fell. It disappeared as she looked, and she doubted her own vision at first, but the impression left was so distinct that it began to prey upon her mind.

"Who could have climbed to such a height in weather so implacable? What motive could anyone in those parts have for being on the hills at all? These questions became insistent during the night, and in the gray dawn of Christmas Eve they answered themselves.

Who but Clive—Clive wandering away from all he cared for on earth, an outcast and a self-condemned coward!

Delvine made up her mind that, come what might, she would get to that peak of the Fell, and see if any trace remained of the man who had stood outlined against the glowing sky and had disappeared so quickly. She filled a flask of brandy and put it in her coat pocket, took a stout stick with a spiked point, such as they used for climbing as children, and started off alone, taking the winding road that led at the back of the nearest rising ground, in a gradual ascent, to the ridge of the peak itself.

Three hours' strenuous uphill walk brought her to the base of the cliff where the snow, which had impeded her terribly in her climb, threatened to bar her progress altogether.

It lay in heavy drifts made almost solid by the frost, and her skirt and stockings, already soaked through, clung to her limbs and hobbled her as she struggled on, breathless, spent, almost despairing. Thrice she had to rest, her limbs giving away under her and refusing to carry her on, and the second time a drowsiness that was nearly overpowering threatened to envelop her and chain her to the snowy bank on which she had sunk down.

With a tremendous effort she banished the deadly lassitude and, doggedly pressing onward and upward, reached the place from which she could see the whole valley and the Manor nestling amid its trees in the hollow.

It must have been here that she had seen the figure—she felt convinced of that; but no sign of footsteps except her own dimmed the white carpet around her.

A wave of dizziness swept over her —she staggered blindly a yard or two, physical and mental exhaustion depriving her of all will-power, and fell forward, headlong.

For a moment she lay stunnned; then the penetrating cold of the snow against her face brought her senses back and she tried to raise herself.

Her hands, pressed downwards, met something yielding—something, she realized with a quick flash of horror, that was not hard rock or ground, but human.

Frantically, kneeling in the snow, she swept it away on either side of her and disclosed a man, lying as if asleep, with his head pillowed on one arm, the sleeve protecting his face from the pressure of the snow which had covered him like a mantle.

"Clive!" His name rang out through the stillness, a cry of agony wrung from her as she stooped and laid her face to his, the marble cold of it striking the chill of death to her inmost heart.

Purple shadows were round his hollow eyes and pallid lips, and the expression of his face was that of grief and fasting and illimitable sorrow.

She lifted his head from its resting-place of snow, and, opening the flask, tried to pour some brandy through the stiff fixed mouth. But it trickled away as from the lips of a dead man, and no flicker of life showed in the eyelids nor in the immovable livid features.

Still she would not abandon hope, only she knew that if life was to be restored, it must be with every aid of skill, and that she was powerless alone and on this frozen hill-top.

She took off her coat and wrapped it round his head and shoulders, then ran to the edge and scanned the descent to the valley, in the fugitive hope that some human being might be abroad and able to answer her signal for assistance.

Nothing but the unbroken whiteness met her gaze, except where blue smoke curled upwards from some chimney, or sheep and cattle in their pens, huddled together for warmth.

Then, with a leap of her pulses, she descried a figure that moved along the road from the village to the Manor; and, waving to it frantically, she prayed, "Oh, God! Make him see—make him look up. God help me now to save my Clive!"

The figure halted, moved on again, halted once more, and struck off the road to the hill-side, leaping upwards so quickly that she wondered at his agility. Once he stopped, looked to see if she was still there, and, waving again, scrambled on, waist-deep sometimes in snow, but coming nearer with a rapidity that seemed amazing.

She went back to Clive and tried again to get some brandy between his lips, laying her own warm face to his and winding her arms round him in the vain endeavour to infuse some of her own vitality into his lifeless form.

Then back to the edge of the steep once more, and now the climber was near enough to be plainly discernible.

Her heart stood still for one awful instant, as she recognized the uniform, and knew that this khaki-clad man was in the Midlanders—Clive's regiment.

What if the mistake about the D.S.O. had been discovered, and this orderly had been sent to Clive to tell him that he must give it back and acknowledge his cowardice to the world?

Did such things ever happen? she wondered, and had cruel destiny, untiring in its persecution of her, made her the instrument of delivering up Clive—or at least Clive's memory—to the scorn of everyone?

She tried to call out to the soldier, to ask him who he was and why he had come to those parts, but her voice had gone, and no sound would come except in a husky whisper that he could not hear.

She went back to Clive and knelt beside him, too anguished even to pray, waiting for what might come, her mind confused and almost benumbed.

The next thing she was conscious of was the soldier's approach, and a cry of amazement that was both joyful and alarmed as he caught sight of the recumbent form, and the face resting in deadly stillness on Delvine's arm.

"Why! It's Lieutenant Ransome!" he said. "My God! What's come to him? Don't tell me he's dead, Miss—when I've come so far to seek him."

Delvine, with shaking hands, held out the flask of brandy, and signed to him to help her.

"Give him to me," said the man, throwing himself on his knees. "I

saved a man who was drowned once—I know what to do.''

He spread the cloak out on the hard snow and laid Clive gently down flat, then, extending himself at full length on the top of him, began the process of artificial respiration.

He was a strong young man, with a scar on his forehead and down one cheek, that told of a ghastly wound not very long healed. He worked untiringly as though the strength and will of ten men were within him, and when at last a faint sobbing breath answered his own from the lips beneath him, his eyes flashed such a message of rapture that Delvine burst into silent tears, and, turning away, did not look again for a moment or two.

When she did, she heard a long deep sigh tremble through Clive's parted lips, and saw his eyes slowly open and stare upwards.

''The flask, Miss—quick!'' gasped the soldier. ''Hold it to his mouth, but only let a drop come at a time—moisten his lips with it; that's best!''

Five minutes more and Clive stirred, and, putting his hand to his head, raised himself on one arm, and looked at the Midlander, who lay, exhausted now, by his side.

''Why, Dorley,'' he said, in a hoarse whisper.

''Yes, sir—Dorley as you saved out of that hell-fire at Wypers—come to thank you, sir, as soon as I got across this side.''

Clive closed his eyes, the deathly look returning to his face. Delvine flung herself on her knees beside him, holding the flask again to his lips.

''Clive,'' she said, ''he has saved your life—Dorley has—oh, don't let it slip again—Dorley says you saved him.''

Clive tried to turn from her. ''I ran away,'' he muttered.

''Ran away!'' said Dorley. ''I should think you did! Ran away with me over your shoulder and the blood streaming down both our faces and the shots sputtering around us like hail. Ran till you dropped, which was just inside our own lines, and they dragged us into the trenches! Why, that's what they gave you the D.S.O. for, sir.''

Clive lifted himself again, a great light of illumination struggling with disbelief in his face.

''It wasn't me, Dorley,'' he stammered; ''there was a mistake, and I got another fellow's reward. I was a coward.''

Dorley leapt to his feet. ''If you say the word again, sir, I'll shoot myself. Do you think I could mistake the man who picked me up when I was down, and carried me right across that murderous blaze? I was coming to thank you, sir, never had the chance before—and if I'd found you dead and gone I'd have broken my heart over it. It's that damned shell that took you out of your right head, like many others.''

The incredulity in Clive's face slowly dispersed, and his eyes turned to Delvine.

''My little girl!'' he said.

Then Dorley put his arms around him.

''I'll hoist you over my shoulder, same as you did to me, and carry you down!'' he said.

But Clive protested. ''Help me up!'' he said, and strove to stand upon his feet, which, however, refused to support him.

''We must get him out of this and warmed and fed,'' said Dorley. ''Here, Miss, help me with him.''

They managed together to get him slung over Dorley's shoulder, and began the toilsome descent. Half-way down, two horsemen spied them and came to their assistance, and in another hour Clive was safely at the Manor, lying on a couch before the parlour fire, in warm clothing, with steaming soup and wine before him, while Delvine, utterly spent, yet supremely happy, sat beside him, with the old lovelight in her eyes.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE NEW ERA IN CANADA

Edited by J. O. Miller. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

WHILE Canadian armies are fighting in Europe for liberty and for defence, Canadian thinkers at home are turning their minds more seriously to the welfare of the country all now realize more than ever is worth preserving. Among new publications embodying thought of this kind, "The New Era in Canada", edited by J. O. Miller, Principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines, takes high place. Dr. Miller has here a symposium to which some of the most thoughtful Canadians have contributed. The war and its effect on the future of Canada plays an important part in these essays, and while somewhat varying views are expressed, the whole effect is to induce discussion and to encourage leadership in a country whose politics and social conditions are more than ever in the crucible.

It is impossible to set down in a brief review even a tenth of the interesting suggestions and contentions contained in this volume, but a few will indicate their trend. Stephen Leacock, who writes in unusual degree serious thought and the capacity for humour, says in his essay, "Democracy and Social Progress", that democracy must put down autocracy. He adds:

> We must manage to create as the first requisite of our commonwealth a different kind of spirit from that which has hitherto controlled us. We must bring into being somehow that last and greatest of national assets, honest public opinion. That is what we need. That is what we have never had. . . . We have gone astray in the wilderness on the false estimate that we have placed upon wealth and mere pecuniary success. We have tolerated with a smile the bribery of voters, the corrupting of constituencies, the swollen profits of favoured contractors, the fortunes made in and from political life, the honours heaped upon men with no other recommendation to their credit than their bank accounts. Our whole conception of individual merit and of national progress has been expressed in dollars and cents.

Sir Clifford Sifton, writing on "The Foundations of the New Era", discusses frankly certain features of national life. He favours residence of five years and a working knowledge of the English language before granting the franchise to aliens, with a permanent bar to citizenship against Germans, Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians. He advocates proportional representation, civil service reform, and strict laws to secure purity in elections. He also urges Senate reform by fixing the age limit at seventy-five, and by adding as Senators, Lieutenant-Governors, Dominion Cabinet Ministers and Provincial Premiers on retirement, also representatives of state universities. Sir Clifford would make the amendment of the Constitution easier, and, closing, demands that parties get out of the ruts of the last forty years and initiate constructive legislation.

Professor George M. Wrong takes a hopeful view of the bi-lingual question. Miss Marjory MacMurchy wants women trained in home-making and the rearing of children, their greatest

employments. A. J. Glazebrook takes the centralization view of Canada's future relations to the Empire, while J. W. Dafoe favours an alliance of the units largely on present lines. Sir John Willison, Mrs. H. P. Plumptre, Peter McArthur, Archbishop McNeil, Dr. Herbert Symonds, Sir Edmund Walker, Frank D. Adams and Dr. J. O. Miller also contribute.

*

CANADA THE SPELLBINDER

By Lilian Whiting. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

AFTER reading this book one has to confess that the author has proved the fitness of the title. But Canada long has been a spellbinder. In early days, long before it began to develop with the touch of civilization, this great mysterious land attracted daring and enterprising men, cast a spell over them, a spell which, indeed, is felt to-day by men and women all over the world. Miss Whiting begins her book with an account of the exploits and adventures of some of the early explorers and gives a rapid survey of the early history of Canada. The first chapter is entitled "The Creative Forces of Canada", and in it the author offers a high tribute to educational opportunities in Canada. "While as a nation she is not yet half a century old," Miss Whiting observes, "her educational privileges are recognized as among the best in the world. Not a single Province is without its fully-equipped educational system. Free public schools, high schools, colleges and universities abound. There are already twenty-one universities in Canada. The standard of instruction is very high; the schools of applied science, law, medicine and technical instruction are among the best in the world." Then there are illuminating, finely descriptive and graphic chapters on "Quebec and the Picturesque Maritime Region", "Montreal and Ottawa", "Toronto the Beautiful", "The Canadian Summer Resorts", "Cobalt and the Silver Mines", "Winnipeg and Edmonton", "On the Grand Trunk Pacific", "Prince Rupert and Alaska", "Prince Rupert to Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, and the Golden Gate", "Canada in the Panama, Pacific Exposition", "Canadian Poets and Poetry", and "The Call of the Canadian West". Of itself alone the chapter on Canadian poets and poetry will be a revelation to many who have regarded Canada as a country noted for its great natural resources.

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THE BELGIAN MOTHER

By T. A. Browne. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE cynic might say that not the least of war's disasters is the increase in the output of minor poetry. While some of the great hearts are made mute by the clamour that is in the world, the little hearts with coarser strings vibrate multitudinously. In newspaper, magazine and book, on broadsheet, dodger and post card is the song of the minor poet.

Mr. Browne is a minor poet. If one is a cynic, few words will dismiss him; one may say he is a Canadian minor poet. If one is disposed to a liking for minor poets and their little songs, Mr. Browne may be tendered a hearing and a criticism. Some of his offerings are, to be sure, in the language of the summer girl, "too terrible for words". This piece is one of them:

> Citizens, your kind attention:
> I desire here to mention
> We are sending thirty thousand of our bravest to the war.
> And they leave those to them nearest,
> All they love, all they hold dearest—
> Mothers, wives, and little children who must be provided for.

At another place where te talks to the aviators about "the free, unrutted tracts of air" he has the poet's au-

thentic inspiration. "The Bells of Belgium" is a readable pleasant bit with music in it.

But the lack of artistic discrimination which allowed Mr. Browne to insert his photograph as frontispiece to his volume is displayed throughout the letterpress he offers to the public. Why do Canadian poets publish their pictures in the front of their books and a hodge-podge of piffle and real splendidness throughout their books? This is a great weakness of Canadian minor poetry. It has fine emotion and awkward expression. It has well-turned expression and banality of feeling. It is a kaleidoscope of beauty and frightfulness. It manifests on all its pages the lack of the schooling of artistic restraint and the vivid splendour, in flashes, of keen emotion. As Canadians, we want the impress of the cultivated mind upon the glowing flow of our feelings.

Mr. Browne has a certain power to freely manipulate words. But his work seems strangely like an echo from the classics of our tongue. He has little originality of thought. He lacks in most of his verses the poet's power to phrase words with potency. He should wait ten years and then publish these poems. One of them might then stand in our literature. In this volume Mr. Browne has made no contribution.

❊

HAMLET, AN IDEAL PRINCE

By Professor Alexander W. Crawford. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE title of this book is a challenge. Any dogmatic statement about Hamlet is a challenge. Professor Crawford sets out in the early sentences of his preface to be specific and to take all the risks of being original. The result is pleasant and suggestive writing. He discusses the two famous Hamlet theories, the Goethe-Coleridge theory which suggests that Hamlet is the victim of a damning procrastination, and the Klein-Werder theory which sees Hamlet with such external difficulties on his hands in fulfilling the whole will of the ghost that he is checked and diverted almost to the verge of failure. Professor Crawford dismisses both of these theories and along with them certain other possibilities of the play. He claims for Hamlet such carefully studied and such high ideals and such patience in accomplishment that he is Shakespeare's ideal prince of the nation. Hamlet's care is to keep the country free of revolution and war. According to Professor Crawford he does it with unfailing skill and sedulous ability. He is not mad nor is he a procrastinator. He is the Ideal Prince. Professor Crawford writes so clearly that his ideas are easily garnered by the reader.

The other Shakespearean studies in the book are in similar style.

❊

CHANGING WINDS

By St. John G. Ervine. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a story of Ireland, especially Dublin, during the present war. It reveals the inner life motives and characters of several young men—as instances, a writer, an artist, and a lawyer—all of whom are gradually, even if, as in one instance, against their wishes, drawn into the great conflict. Its tendency is to show the futility of placing much confidence or hope in the prospects and ambitions of individuals, and is, indeed, a fine illustration of the folly of every man permitting himself to feel, as Kant discovered every man feels, that he is the centre of the universe. While it is a novel of war time, it is not about the war. It begins in Ulster, goes quickly to Devonshire; then from Devonshire to Dublin, from Dublin to London, and back again to Dublin.

It gives an account of the latest Irish rebellion, and in all is the longest and most ambitious novel that the author of "Mrs. Martin's Man" has yet given us. Summing it up, one would say that its philosophy is that old men make war, but young men pay the price. While it is an interesting book, it would be more pleasant if the dialogue were not so free, not so redolent of unsavoury remarks.

❊

PRIVATE GASPARD

BY RENE BENJAMIN. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

ANYONE who fancies that he has grasped the real spirit or atmosphere of war should read this living palpitating book, a book that received the prize of the Académie Goncourt at Paris and sold in hundreds of thousands in France. The author accepts his work with a fine sense of its significance. He takes as his hero Gaspard, a typical French tradesman, and goes with him through all his experiences of enlisting, marching, fighting. He describes his first engagements, his being wounded, his return to the front, his loss of a leg, and throughout it all his unfailing bravery and gaiety. Gaspard epitomizes France. In revealing his character the author reveals the character of England's great ally.

❊

LOUISBURG SQUARE

BY ROBERT CUTLER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE scene of this novel, the name of which is its title, is located on the slope of Beacon Hill, and is today one of the quaintest spots in oldtime Boston. The author is a Bostonian, and the persons he describes and introduces in his novel are mostly of the refined, educated, highly-developed class that has made Boston famous. Rosalind Copley, the heroine of the tale, is one of these, a fascinating heroine, just sufficiently different from the dashing creatures of present-day fiction to make her all the more alluring.

❊

JERRY OF THE ISLANDS

BY JACK LONDON. Toronto; The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IF this story can be accepted as the last of the late Jack London, one might observe that the author began his spectacular literary career with "The Call of the Wild", a story of a dog in northern, icebound regions, and ended it with this story of a dog in southern seas. Like the first, "Jerry" is an appealing tale, and the dog himself, an Irish terrier, by the way, is a splendid specimen, a real dog, whose adventures and outlook on life form a series of absorbing chapters. The book is colouredful and appealing, and should find a place, with Rab and the gray dog of Kenmuir, among the best fiction of this kind.

❊

CANADA IN WAR-PAINT

BY CAPTAIN RALPH W. BELL. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

HANDICAPPED as it is at the beginning by an unworthy title, this book nevertheless deserves to be read for its racy, optimistic humour and the peep it gives into the experiences of a Canadian contingent on its way to the front. Chapters such as "Canvas and Mud", "Tent Music", "Rattlesnake Pete", "Mules", "Sick Parade", "Batmen", "Rations", and "Our Scout Officer" are all complete in themselves, full of fun, excellent characterization and tent philosophy, while in "Martha of Dranvoorde", which first appeared in *The Canadian Magazine,* and "Minnie and 'Family'" are short stories of real merit. Taken as a whole, this book, from the Canadian standpoint, is one of the brightest yet published on the war.

GERMANY—THE NEXT REPUBLIC

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS book contains an abundance of intimate and intensely interesting and illuminating information which the author, the accredited representative of the United Press in Germany, was unable to divulge until he got safely out of Germany and on American soil. At the beginning of the book he charges the German Government with prearranging for the war, or at least with having a knowledge of the countries with which she was about to be at war, for he avows that with his own eyes he saw in the chief telegraph office in Berlin the following announcement from the Director of Post and Telegraph:

> Office of Imperial Post and Telegraph,
> August 2nd, 1914.
> Announcement No. 3.
> To the Chief Telegraph Office:
> From to-day on the post and telegraph communications between Germany on the one hand, and England, France, Russia, Japan, Belgium, Italy, Montenegro, Servia, Portugal on the other hand, are interrupted because Germany finds herself in a state of war.

This notice, which never was published, shows that the man who directed the Post and Telegraph Service of the Imperial Government knew on the 2nd of August, 1914, who Germany's enemies would be. Of the twelve enemies of Germany to-day only the United States, Roumania and Greece were not included. But at the time the notice was posted Italy, Japan, Belgium and Portugal had not declared war.

The author confesses that before he went to Germany he was in sympathy with the Germans. What he saw, however, soon changed his opinions. He deals largely with the negotiations between the United States and Germany, and illustrates how the German Foreign Office struggled against Admiral von Tirpitz, head of the navy, in his submarine warfare. President Wilson's hesitancy, he points out, was due to the fact that he knew that the German Chancellor and the Foreign Office did not wish to carry on the ruthless submarine warfare proposed and at length carried on by von Tirpitz. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was a deliberate act, perpetrated for the very purpose of shocking the world, and it was the Foreign Office that attempted to moderate its effect by warning Americans. Von Bethman-Hollweg stood between the ultra-aggressive element in Germany and public opinion abroad, and President Wilson knew that the Chancellor was doing his utmost to keep the United States out of the war. Mr. Ackerman says that the Kaiser now is gambling with his people's nerves, and he attempts to stimulate them with reports of fresh victories. There have been so many suicides that the newspapers have been forbidden to record them, and domestic conditions in Germany are described as being desperate. As to Germany herself, the author says that no American who admired or respected her at the beginning of the war can support her any longer. For "the Germany that produced Bach, Beethoven, Schiller, Goethe and other great musicians and poets has disappeared. The musicians of to-day write hate songs. The poets of to-day pen hate verses. The scientists of to-day plan diabolical instruments of death".

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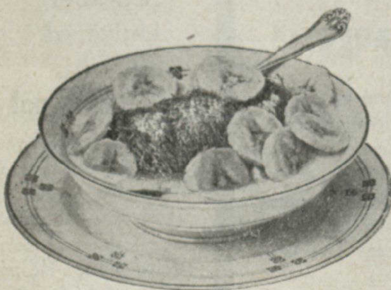

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Made in Canada by

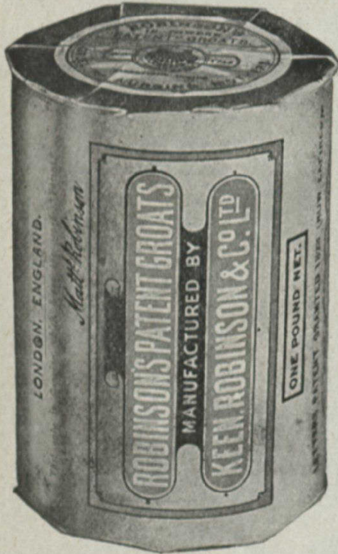
THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED

Niagara Falls, Ontario **Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East**

Grape-Nuts
A FOOD
Quick and Easy
—no work at all to serve Grape-Nuts food.
You open the package, and there it is—ready to eat—crisp and delicious!
Grape-Nuts
is easy to digest, full of rich nourishment, economical—
Ideal food for hot weather!

Robinson's "Patent" Groats

Should Be Used



For Baby when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child ha been reared on

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

For the Invalid and the Aged, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

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Look for it on every blade.

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CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

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The best light is the one which is ready, *instantly*.

You have but to press the switch of an Eveready DAYLO to release a powerful, searching, streak of light that cuts darkness like a knife.

That's much easier than fumbling for matches and wiser, too, because electric light cannot cause fire.

Sleep with an Eveready DAYLO under your pillow. You'll feel safer. *You'll be safer*.

Eveready DAYLO'S are equipped with TUNGSTEN batteries, the only battery that is long-lived, economical and always dependable. Specify this make when your battery must be renewed.

Eveready DAYLO'S are made in 77 styles, at prices from 85 cents up and sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and stationery stores everywhere.

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

—*when* danger lurks under cover of darkness.

—*when* you've got to find the peroxide, quick!

—*when* the dark hides the landing from view.

—*when* you lose a key, a coin or a ring in the dark.

—*when* your tent stakes pull out in a rain storm.

—*when* some one stops you on a lonely road.

—*whenever* you need safe, sure, portable light—indoors or out—you need an Eveready DAYLO.

Don't ask for a flashlight—get an Eveready DAYLO

If you make your coffee in a percolator, ask your grocer for SEAL BRAND COFFEE

FINE GROUND
(FOR USE IN PERCOLATORS)

The top of each can is marked as above.

In ½, 1 and 2 lb. Tins. Never sold in Bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL. 189

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WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE

A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

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Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

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Free Trial Bottle

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The Excelsior has always been in the front in interest earnings.

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Head Office—EXCELSIOR LIFE BLDG., TORONTO

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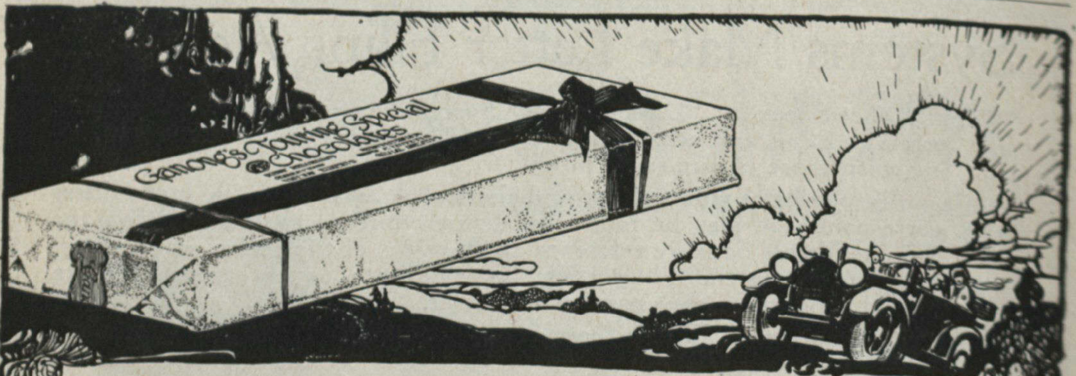

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Ganong's GB Chocolates

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THE MOST POPULAR PEN IN CANADA

No. 048. Falcon.—The most popular pen in use for General Business purposes.

No. 130. Easy Writer.—An excellent correspondence pen.

No. 135. Double Elastic.—Medium fine elastic action. Very popular.

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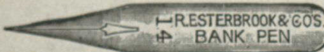

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No. 239. Chancellor.—A medium stub pen much liked for back-hand writing.

No. 1170. Ladies.—A small, fine pointed pen.

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No. 442. Jackson Stub.—A very popular stub pen, Falcon shape.

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AND so are harsh liquids. The only safe way is Blue-jay.

If you want instant relief, if you want to end your corns in 48 hours, use the gentle Blue-jay. Last year millions of corns were ended in this quick, easy way.

Most cases require but one treatment. A very small percentage require a second or third treatment.

Touchy corns are needless, and it is needless to risk dangerous ways to get rid of them.

Decide now to gain utter freedom from your corns. Purchase a package of Blue-jay Plasters at your druggist's.

You gain instant relief, and in 48 hours your corn may be removed without pain.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
Toronto, Canada
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain — Ends Corns

Sold by all Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Give each of Your Children a War Savings Certificate.

LET them feel that they are Canada's partners — that they have each a definite share in the stern struggle—the certain victory—and the free and glorious future.

Encourage them to save and buy Certificates themselves! You'll be developing their patriotism, their thrift and their business sense—for Canadian War Savings Certificates offer absolute security and excellent interest return. More important still, you will be guaranteeing their future, for every dollar lent to Canada helps win the war.

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For the sake of Canada and your children, save and invest in War Savings Certificates.

The National Service Board of Canada,
OTTAWA.

27

This Task
Need not be Disagreeable

You can clean the toilet bowl quickly and easily if you do it with

Sani-Flush

Just sprinkle a little of this unique cleanser into the bowl every few days. You won't need to dip out the water or scour the bowl to make it snowy white. **Sani-Flush** goes after stains and makes them disappear. It also reaches and cleans the trap. When this unseen part is clean, the source of offensive odors is removed.

You need ***Sani-Flush*** if your home has a toilet bowl. It should be used regularly in all buildings—hotels, hos pitals, offices, factories and such—where toilet bowls are in stalled. ***Sani-Flush*** will not injure the bowl or connections.

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If he can't supply you, write

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Representing The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio

The trap which you can't clean except with *Sani-Flush*

As good as the Finest Imported Brands.—None Better.

This New Ginger Ale of O'Keefe's is the same type as the famous imported brands. It is quite dry—with a most delightful flavour.

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GINGER ALE

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Belfast Style Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour, Cream Soda, Lemonade, Orangeade, Special Soda.

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There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

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and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

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Made by

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Freezone

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

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In selecting motor cars Canadian motorists have learned to consider the records of models previously built by the manufacturer. That's why the one most popular car in Canada is the

McLAUGHLIN

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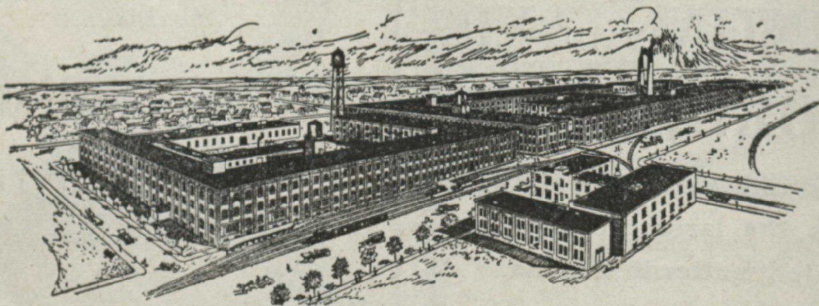

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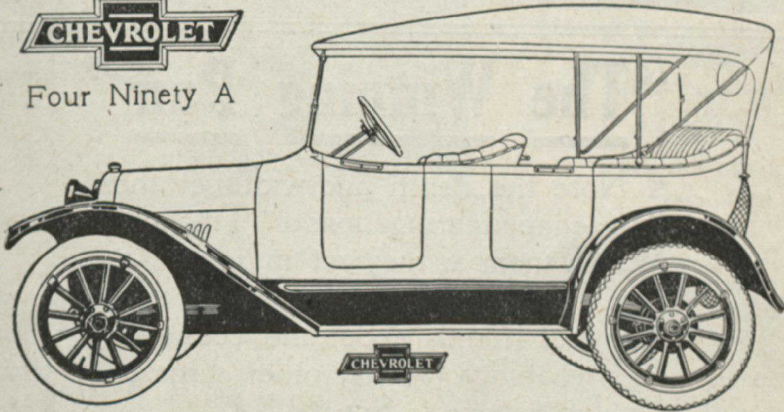
OF THE SMALL CAR CLASS

Four Ninety A



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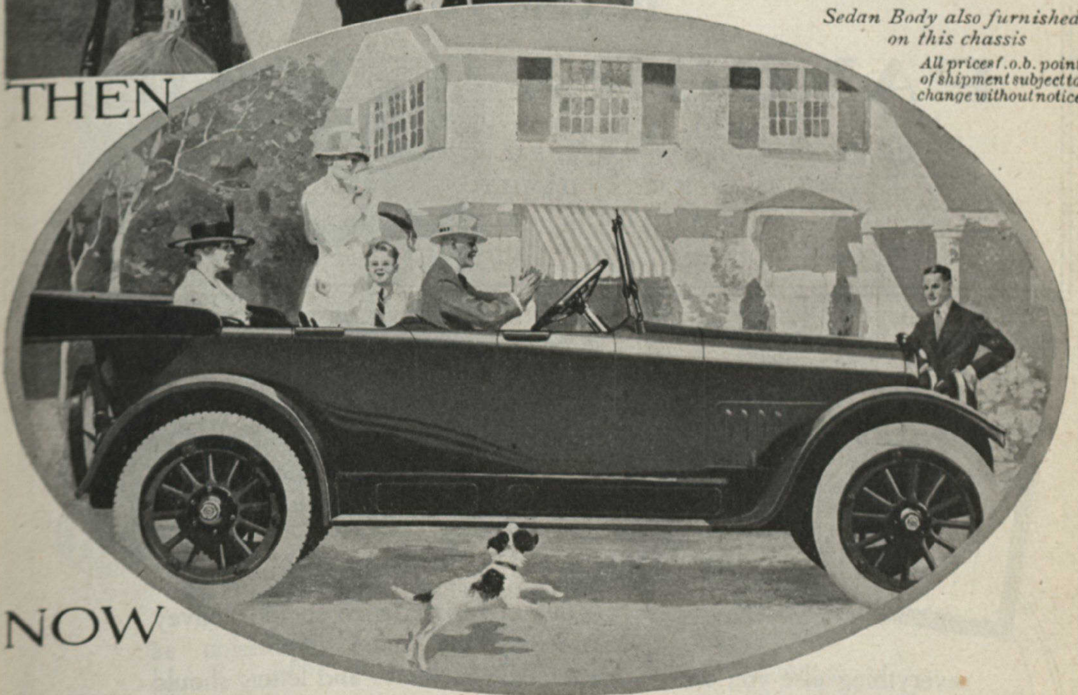

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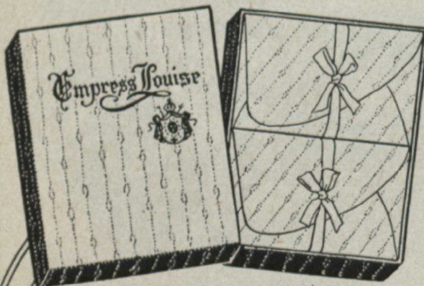

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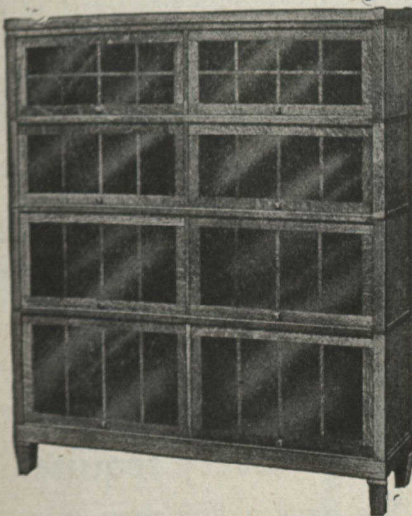

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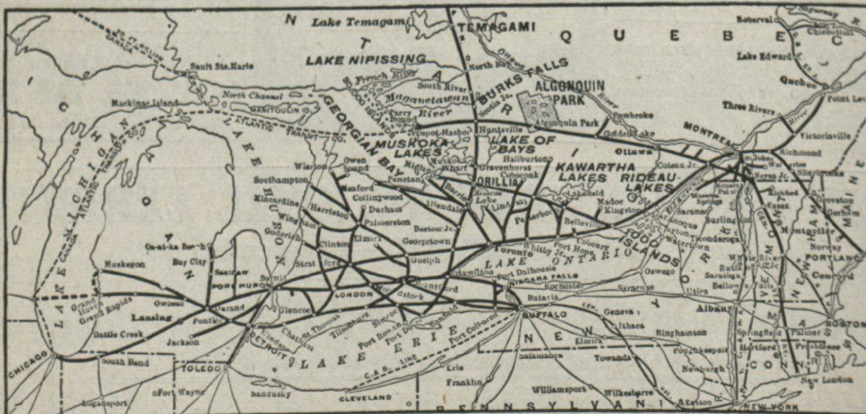

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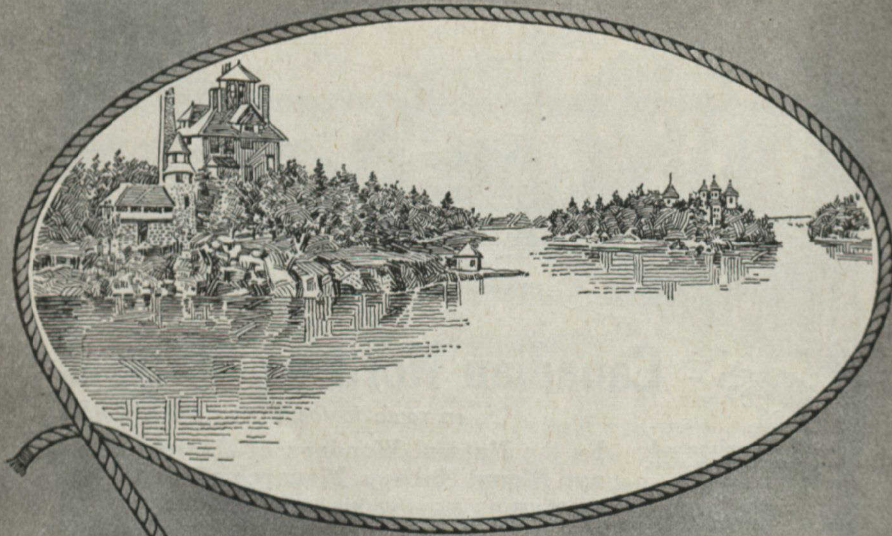

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Other Points of Interest

- Niagara Falls
- Toronto (Queen City of Canada)
- Thousand Islands
- Lachine Rapids
- Montreal (the Metropolis)
- Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre
- Old Quebec
- Murray Bay
- Tadousac
- Saguenay River
- Capes Trinity and Eternity

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