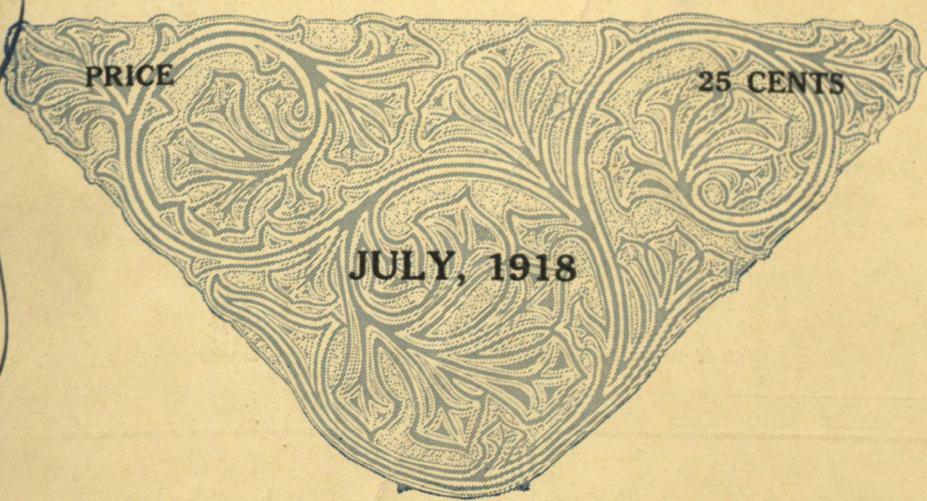
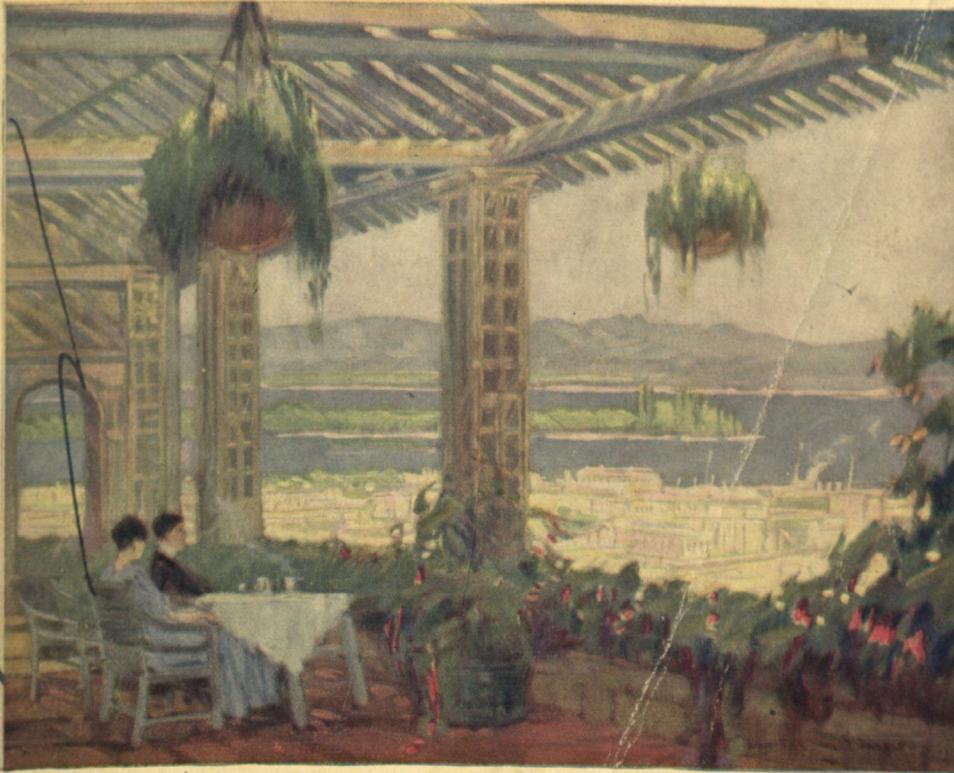


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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LI

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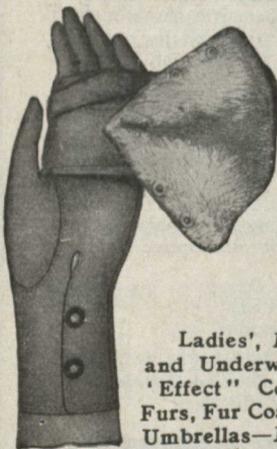


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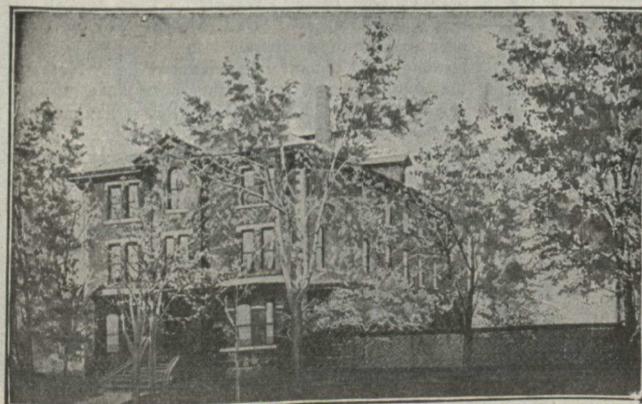
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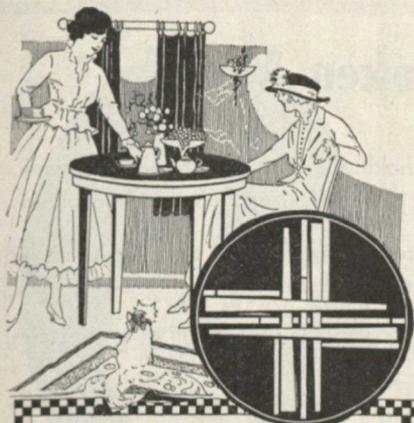
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Assets	17,268,471.46
Net Surplus	2,774,854.38
Profits Paid Policyholders	248,857.65
Total Payments to Policyholders	1,574,291.23

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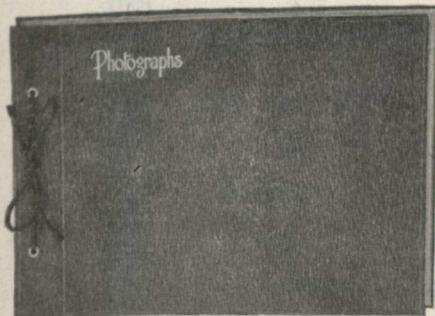
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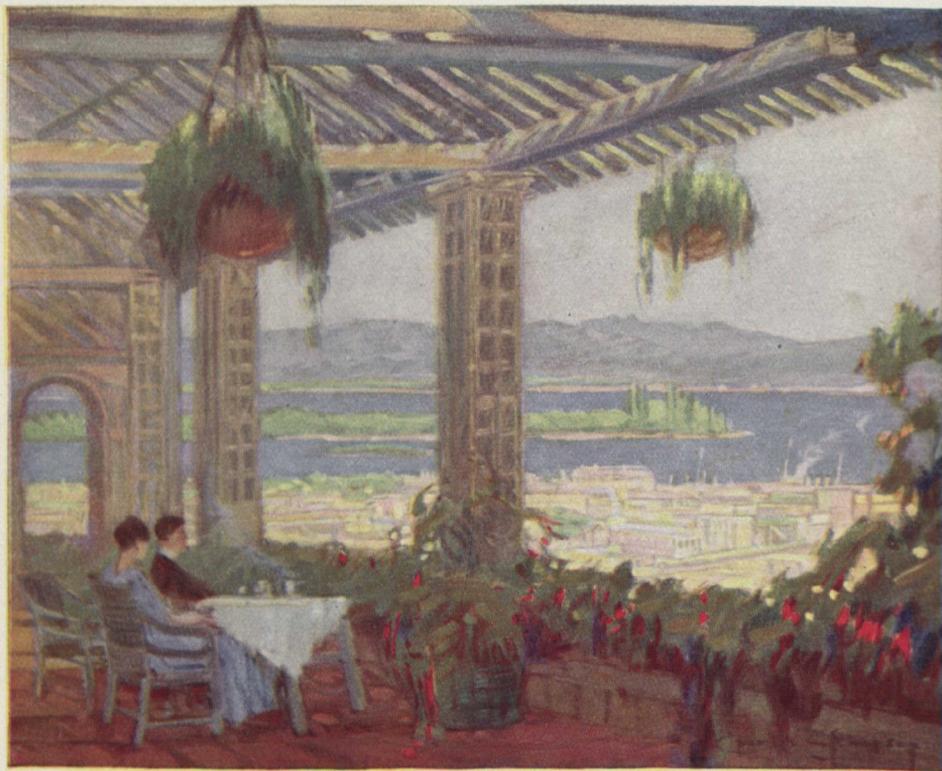
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61-D



THE CITY OF VANCOUVER
From the Roof Garden of the Vancouver Hotel.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 3

**THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
OF FLEURY MESPLAT** *£/*

BY LYMAN B. JACKES



COVENT GARDEN district of London, by the year 1773, had lost some of its claims to be a fashionable residential section. The market and market influences were gaining a foothold in the area. A market even if more or less specific and for restricted trade reflects commercial characteristic on any neighbourhood, and its commercial success may be judged by the varied trade and workshops which establish themselves about its boundaries, forming as it were an overflow.

During the early portion of the year in which our story commences this overflow had been increased by a tradesman who took up residence near the main entrance to the market. It was a small house which stood on an adjoining street and did its best to uphold a pretence of respectability and good-will toward the other buildings. But there is always a sugges-

tion of misery when a good house becomes tenanted by people for whom it was not intended. The little attentions that a good house always appears to appreciate were lacking and a small sign on the door-post informed the passersby that a French printing business was established here, a trade new to the district. The owner's name, Fleury Mesplat, was also displayed on a small sign-board.

Fleury Mesplat did not seek the company of his neighbours. They did not meet at church, for he did not attend. His walks were at early dusk, and his visitors were received after dark. From time to time he would go from this house on a journey lasting two or three days. He would seek for custom in distant portions of the city.

It was an autumn evening when he returned from one of these travels. He opened and passed through the creaky massive door.

"Aha! my faithful one, always

cheerful," he called to his wife, as she brought a candle to light his entrance. "Will another tale of poor business and ruin wipe the smile off your life?"

"Nay, not now! For I have news, and—"

"That the bailiff comes to-morrow or that the house agent waits within?"

"Nay, nay, Fleury," she continued. "A reply has come to your letter and Mons. Franklin is coming here to-night."

"The great Benjamin Franklin coming here? What idle prattle have you listened to!"

The woman handed him a letter and held the candle while he read.

"I swept the garret and have warmed the great room with a fire," continued the woman eagerly while her husband re-read the note, "and I have brushed your velvet coat and ironed your neckerchief." And she kissed him.

Fleury was dressed in his best attire, which comprised a dull green velvet suit, pink hose and polished brass buckles on his heavy shoes. The clothing was almost threadbare, but womanly care had made it just presentable in the candle glimmer. His careworn face had somewhat changed its expression since he entered, worried and dejected. Now he showed himself as one ready to face the world again.

The rumble of the carriage wheels had not faded on the pavement when the expected guest arrived. Benjamin Franklin's quick hand grasp showed eagerness to meet Fleury and his sweeping bow to Madame that her humble station in life was not in any way beneath his notice.

"You honour us greatly, sir," said Fleury by way of welcome, "and yet you do not come amongst strangers, for we have read of your speeches in the cause of freedom and often have we desired that France had a son even as yourself. My unhappy France is torn by wolves. They snatch the

bread from the prattling children. Taxes! Taxes! nothing but taxes and they become more oppressive year by year. They are like the torture of the thumbscrew and the rack."

Franklin assented. Already he saw within this man the uncultivated seeds of republicanism. He caught a glimpse of the bond which united this class with his own thoughts. As they conversed a concrete idea took form in his mind. He commenced to see the usefulness of this man to the cause of the thirteen colonies in America. If he could get him there!

"This world is depressed with the oppressed," said Franklin at length, as if to bring his host back to his original conversation. "And yet there is perhaps one spot where a decent living could be made if a man commenced aright."

"Where is that spot?" asked Fleury eagerly. "I have laboured many years to build a fortune for my Marie, but some evil is cast about us surely, for everywhere we go we fall deeper in the mire of failure and debt. What place do you speak of, sir?"

"'Tis far from here," said Franklin, slowly, "and many leagues across the sea. It is in New England, in America."

The eager look died from Fleury's eyes and a trace of his former worried expression returned to his face.

"You trifle with me, great sir," he replied, "for we have not the wherewithal to journey to America."

The eagerness lost from Fleury's face appeared to intensify the expression on Franklin's. Leaning intently on the table, he said that the expenses of the journey were as nothing.

"Consider," he added, "that there are hundreds, even thousands, of French folk, your own people, in Canada, held by the iron chains of England, and starving for a French printer such as you to tell them how the colonials to their south will aid them to throw off this oppressive yolk

and establish a great country where all men will be equal and brothers. If you will take your printing press to Philadelphia, I will soon be there to help you." And he tossed his well-filled purse across Fleury's knee.

II.

Philadelphia in 1774 presented awkward difficulties for a free-thinking journeyman printer. If Fleury had not possessed letters from Franklin his heart would have failed him as he stepped from a sailing sloop to the city dock one bright morning in April of that year. Religion and a severe order was noticeable on all sides. He had heard dimly of Quakers: now he looked into their stern faces and felt strangely out of place here.

He had been instructed to seek out Samuel Berger, and his first inquiries led him in the direction of the State House, which reared its massive bell-tower above the nearby elms.

"What a solemn city," remarked his wife as they walked slowly along the cobblestones with the uncertainty of those who have just arrived from a sea voyage.

The great clock struck noon as they stopped and shook the massive knocker on the door of Samuel Berger. A servant bade them enter a hallway panelled with darkly-stained walnut, which seemed to accentuate the ticking of a large clock standing between the fire-place and a walnut bench, the only articles of furniture in the entrance.

Samuel Berger was a portly little man, who appeared to be well blessed with the goods of this world. He bade his visitors be seated while he broke the seal of the document which Fleury had handed him. The solemn surroundings and the insipid reflections of the grate fire in the walnut awed Fleury, and he refrained from speaking while the document was being read. He had carried that nearly a thousand leagues and had been paid

for doing so. Now his journey was at an end and he would soon learn his connection with the business in hand.

Samuel Berger called his wife to meet the strangers and invited them to remain for the midday meal. The ladies passed up the stairs and Fleury followed his host to the study-room, where pipes and tobacco were supplied.

"You are fortunate to gain the patronage of Mr. Franklin," said Berger as they were seated. "How did you come to gain his friendship?"

"My life has been a grim struggle," replied Fleury. "And my dear wife has shared my trials. She could but repeat my tales of the relentless nobility of France who tax everything that a poor man has: and even in England, where we attempted to start anew, a Frenchman has no prospects, for business is dull there, and foreigners come last. We took the liberty of addressing a communication to Mr. Franklin, asking him to tell us where a French printer could go and meet success for hard toil. He came to see us one evening and advanced the money for our journey here."

"There will be much work to do, and a shop of mine is not now in use. Your press should fit well there. We will go and inspect it after we have dined."

Fleury was not by nature a beggar, but circumstances forced him to confess his inability to commence business with his meagre supply of money. Berger did not make an immediate reply. He re-read Franklin's letter and sat in contemplation for a few moments. He then arose and extracted his strong box from a secure place and passed one hundred pounds across the table to his guest.

"What a wonderful land!" said Fleury, in a thankful mood. "Every person is your friend." Samuel Berger advised him to lose no time in setting his press, and the two passed out to the dining-room.

III.

With the financial aid, Fleury established himself in a little low building on an obscure street. He had his press in working order but a short time when an order came from the Congress that was sitting in Philadelphia at that time. He was to busy himself with a pamphlet addressed "Aux Habitants de la Province de Quebec." The copy had been carefully edited. It set out to the French population, in the north, the alleged wrongs that the colonists to the south were suffering at the hands of the English monarch and his parliament. Attention was drawn to the fact that if the Atlantic colonists were reduced to slavery and servitude, the newly-acquired French colonists must so suffer also. But there was a way out of the danger, and if the French population would but stand firm with their brother colonists in their demands upon King George, they were sure to succeed. So Fleury busied himself throughout the summer and autumn translating these sentiments into French and the French into print. By Christmas all was completed, and the Congress delegated Fleury to transport the pamphlets to Quebec and to distribute them diligently where they would do the most good.

The journey from Philadelphia to Quebec, taken in mid-winter, was beset with many difficulties, for, besides the time of year and other obstacles, Fleury was burdened with debt, there being large sums owing for paper, ink, type, and string. Congress had made no reply to his efforts towards a settlement of his many weeks of labour. But to escape the pressing demands of the tradesmen he had closed his little shop and undertook the perilous journey.

The heavy pack, laden with his pamphlets, made the journey tedious. Sometimes he obtained a little assistance from some farmer, but his travels were mostly on foot. Over ill-defined roads and frozen lake and

river he trudged onward. His spare supply of money forced him to endure hardship and to abstain from all but the cheapest nourishment. Five weeks of this sapped some of his vitality.

The dull, grim citadel of Quebec towered above him as he entered the Lower Town late one afternoon in February, 1775. A sense of loneliness and his exhausted condition depressed him as he trod the narrow streets, deep with snow and lit here and there with the scanty glow of roaring fire that was able to pierce the frosty window-panes. A wayfarer directed him to a nearby inn, where he could obtain cheap lodging. A dizziness came upon him as he trudged along, and this soon increased by the cold and his burden of pamphlets on his back. As he entered the inn his knees gave way and he fell prostrate on the floor.

"*Mon dieu!* Here are books to read!" cried the inn-keeper as he rushed forward to the assistance of the fallen traveller, for the pack had broken in the fall and some of the contents were spilled. A British military officer rose from his comfortable seat by the fire and helped the host to extract the newcomer from his baggage and to lift him to a bed in a nearby chamber.

"Womanly hands are best for this," remarked the landlord, and he left Fleury under the care of his wife and daughter, who busied themselves with cooling lotions and applications in an effort to restore consciousness.

"Let me see one of those books," commanded the officer, as the landlord was clearing the floor. He resumed his seat and commenced to read it.

Meanwhile Fleury Mesplat opened his eyes to behold a beautiful girl standing at the foot of the bed. She would be perhaps eighteen years of age. Her sparkling black eyes set off a countenance which reflected beauty to her home-spun clothing. Fleury contemplated her beauty for a few minutes, while the events of the dis-

orderly entrance came back to him.

"Where is my pack?" he inquired, feebly, and the girl, by way of answer, lifted a steaming bowl of soup from the floor and bade him partake. He consumed it with great relish and asked a second time for his pack.

"Do not allow anyone to see it," he cautioned the girl. She dragged the pack in and stowed it under the bed.

"'Tis a heavy enough pack to drag, to say nought of carrying it! Have you come from far?"

Fleury turned his head to see the speaker, and beheld the girl's mother. He had not noticed her before.

"A long way," he replied weakly. A rough knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the landlord. Behind him stood the officer and a small group of men.

"Our good friend the Major has come to know more of this fellow," remarked the landlord, pointing toward Fleury by way of explanation, "and to inquire on what authority he brings this pack of books into Quebec?"

"The man is ill," replied the wife, "and we must not use violence until he is well and able to account for himself."

"He looks as one who has a well-filled purse," she added quietly—for her husband's benefit.

Fleury was not slow in apprehending the situation. There could be little doubt that one of his pamphlets at least had reached the British military authorities. He dimly remembered seeing the officer by the fire as he entered the doorway. He was not prepared to face a charge of espionage. He must have time to think over his defence. So he closed his tired eyes and was still.

"See! He has again fainted," said the girl. "He is too weak to be questioned now."

The Major cautioned the inn-keeper to keep a close watch on the fellow, and promised to return again. He ordered his little company down the street.

The days that followed were valuable for Fleury. The monotony of his convalescence was pleasantly smoothed over by long chats with Marie, the landlord's daughter. Fleury would tell her of his travels, of the people of France, of the great cities he had seen, and how she, though never travelling outside her native Quebec, was fairer than other maids that he had beheld. In return for his compliments and his interesting stories she would tell Fleury of Quebec. Slowly and stealthily he acquired information of great value. This friendship that was developing between the two allowed Fleury to determine from the girl the number and location of the guns at the Citadel, the times and frequencies of the sentry charge, the approximate number of troops, the names of the officers, the location of the arsenal, and a vast additional store of information of military importance.

The relishes and appetizing broths that Marie prepared for Fleury were but a trace of the factors that slowly forced Fleury to believe that Marie was growing to love him. The willingness with which she parted with information and her eagerness to shield him from the British officers, who called daily, had at first surprised him, but at length lent strength to his theory. In all his conversation with the girl he had not mentioned his own Marie—away, far from him, in Philadelphia.

Three weeks had passed since Fleury first sought the hospitality of the inn. The day was bright and clear and through the window of the little room where he was reclining he could see the deep snow in the streets. Marie sat near to him, knitting busily. He watched her in silence for some time, contemplating his return journey. Intuition told him that he could not circulate the pamphlets he had brought with him. He had obtained the information that he sought, but he had not yet formed a clear plan of escape from the city. Thoughts of home were potent in his reverie,

and, turning to Marie, he told her of Philadelphia, his home and his own Marie.

"Are you married?!" exclaimed the girl, rapidly rising to her feet. Fleury's silence and expression of surprise answered her. "Wait until the British officers come," she added, and with a haughty toss of the head left the room hurriedly.

IV.

Fleury realized that the critical moment of his life had come. The biting words of the girl assured him that her protection would not be available when the British officers came again; and they might come at any moment. Voices in the outer room, already, attracted his attention, and he stepped quietly toward the door ajar to see whence they came. He saw a party of five roughly, but warmly, dressed men. They were drinking liquor and talking to the landlord. The snow melting from their coats and their attitudes about the fire told him plainly that they were recent comers and on further observation he noted the absence of luggage and surmised that they would depart soon. He joined the group.

"Aha! My patient," called the landlord cheerily as he saw Fleury. "'Tis not often that you come out to see us here. These men are journeying to Montreal."

The group turned upon him by way of recognition and passed him the wicker-wound bottle. Fleury joined in the drinking and, beckoning the landlord aside, inquired the prospects of joining the party on their way. The landlord assured him it was a journey of many leagues and one not to be undertaken lightly by a sick man; but Fleury determined to go if they would take him, and ordered an additional flask of wine as a means of introducing his proposal to the travellers. They agreed to take him for a price. In Pennsylvania currency he settled with the host and bade him farewell. Marie or the mother did not appear

at the parting, and he was soon being driven out of the city where he had been virtually a prisoner since his entrance. The horses pressed forward; the grim fortified city gave place to open country dotted with little stone farm houses, seemingly much too small to support their massive stone chimneys. His companions were eager to reach Montreal in haste and each church spire passed was to Fleury as a milestone on the road to freedom. The fourth day they reached the little city at the foot of the Royal Mount. Montreal did not surpass Quebec in those days. Fleury beheld a city inclosed by a palisade, the buildings chiefly of wood. The snow-covered mountain set a charming background, and the church gables and steeples, poking up here and there through the white mantle, gave it a likeness to a fairy picture. His companions took him to the Montreal Seminary, and the good Brothers made him welcome.

He did not feel the responsibility of his mission here as at Quebec. Though a spy for Benjamin Franklin and his associates, the kindness of the Brothers won his confidence in part and gradually he imparted some of his past to them. A printer in the town was a novelty, so it is not surprising that a business proposition should mature between the visitor and his hosts. When, a few days later, he prepared to start on the return journey to Philadelphia, he had secured an order to print "Reglement de la Confrerie de l'adoration perpetual." This was probably the first Canadian book published.

V.

Benjamin Franklin had returned from Europe when Fleury removed the shutters from his shop windows and prepared to execute the order for the Montreal Seminary. Franklin listened with great interest to a recital of the trip to Canada and assured Fleury that his hardships would not pass unnoticed from the Congress.

"Sir Guy Carleton," he told Fleury, "has refused to recognize the Continental Congress, and plans are already being formed for the military seizure of Canada. You may readily perceive the value of your information if this step is decided upon."

These were busy days for Fleury; when he was not at his press or composing-stone his services were required at the meetings of the Congress. One by one he met the leaders of the revolutionary propaganda. They appeared greatly interested in his work, but of the many new friends he made, there were two which stood out from the others. He met them at the home of Benjamin Franklin, where he had been invited to dinner. Fleury's breast swelled with pride when seated at the sumptuous table alongside General Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, with the famous statesman at the head of the table. He mused on the changes that fortune had wrought for him in two years. From an almost unknown printer, bankrupt and destitute, to a position of trust and friendship with the Congress leaders was his record so far, but this dream was disturbed by the military visitors inquiring minutely concerning Montreal and Quebec.

He told them all he knew.

"I will tell you of a secret," said Franklin at length when Fleury had again told of his adventures. "The Congress has decided to sweep down upon Canada and seize it before further English troops can come to the assistance of the country. Ticonderoga and Crown Point are already ours. General Montgomery starts soon with an army of three thousand to occupy Montreal, and General Arnold will capture Quebec."

Fleury now saw the full importance of his mission to Canada. The three men painted for him a glowing picture of his own future when the rule of Britain should cease from this continent. They instructed him to print manifestoes to the people of Canada assuring them of support and friend-

ship if they would rise against the British. General Washington, a name new to Fleury, was placed at the end of the manifesto.

Montreal was taken by surprise and occupied with but little resistance. Sir Guy Carleton and his little army, vastly outnumbered by the followers of Montgomery, withdrew from the city and fell back upon Quebec, the key of Canada. Benedict Arnold had a more complex problem in his designs upon the ancient city. He was fearless and enterprising. He led his army of a thousand men, mostly from the hills of Virginia, across rivers and wildernesses and over mountains in Maine until he arrived at the borders of Canada. History does not relate many tales of hardship equal to those which beset this band of invaders. When not paddling their canoes, the portages were rough and rocky and often interspersed with bogs, into which the men sank to their knees. Provisions grew scant, till at length they resolved to make but two meals a day. They had entirely misconstrued Fleury's estimate of the distance and before the journey ended they were reduced to half a biscuit and half a square inch of pork for a meal. The day arrived when they were compelled to kill the dogs which accompanied them and to boil their leather moccasins in an attempt to make soup, and finally nothing remained but such roots and leaves as could be found.

As they left the borders of Maine and entered Quebec, the Indian scouts gathered round the emaciated band eager to know the cause of their coming. "Summon your chiefs and young men," replied Arnold, "and I will tell you why we come."

Natanis, the principal chief, summoned a conclave, after replenishing the famished invaders to the best of his ability. Benedict Arnold addressed the gathering, telling the Indians that the wicked English King wanted to take their lands and money and had endeavoured to turn the people of Canada against his men. That

the wicked King's army had already killed a great many women and children while they were peaceably at work in the fields near Boston. He invited the Indians to join him, promising plenty of cheap rum and pay at the rate of one dollar a month. Natanis and his redskins had never heard of any of those wicked deeds, but their natural desire for blood was excited and little additional persuasion was needed to induce Natanis and some fifty of his followers to join the expedition.

Some time was required to gather provisions for the party and the November winds had swept the last yellow leaves from the trees when the invaders arrived on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite the object of their attack. While rude fortifications were thrown up and preparations made for camping, Arnold sent a few of his men across the river to distribute the manifestoes that Fleury had printed. These were scattered broadcast in the districts adjoining the city and large bundles of them thrown over the city wall at night.

Arnold landed a force at Wolfe's Cove and prepared for battle on the Plains of Abraham. He tried to draw the garrison out, as Wolfe had done, but failed: for the little band of British remained safely within the walls. Arnold then turned his efforts to persuasion, attempting to gain the assistance of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and failed again. The manifestoes had been futile; the French refused to join him, so he determined to attempt the seizure of the city by strategy.

It was New Year's eve, 1775. The attacking forces had been divided in two portions and were to attack the lower gates of the city from east and west. Montgomery had arrived from Montreal to assist in the scheme and he headed one party, while Arnold commanded the other. Montgomery, his two aides and several companions were struck down and killed by the British musket fire before the gates

were reached. The musket fire on Arnold's party was intense and his force was badly cut up and himself carried to the rear, severely wounded. In the morning he and his survivors retired to Montreal, and the British garrison came out and buried his dead.

VI.

The disaster was a hard blow to Benjamin Franklin. He could not understand the refusal of the French-Canadians to join his fellow-countrymen: yet he felt that their assistance was necessary if the rule of Britain was to cease in America. While he had sanctioned the military expedition of Montgomery and Arnold, he now decided that diplomacy must be resorted to if his object was to be gained. His ever-active brain formulated a scheme of education, and under his advice the Congress ordered Fleury to remove his press to Montreal and await the arrival of a commission which would follow and establish a newspaper for the French-Canadians.

The 18th of March, 1776, saw Fleury Mesplat, his wife and printing press start on another journey to found a home. From Philadelphia they and their goods were conveyed on creaky wagons to the shores of Lake George. Here a new difficulty faced them.

The passage to Montreal could be made across the lake in winter and could be packed by a small party of men in summer, by working around the shores; but to a woman and a heavy printing press, with a large stock of paper, this was impossible.

Five large bateaux and a pilot were secured after five days' search and the wagons dismissed. Across the cold waters of this lake the party slowly floated. Into Lake Champlain they went and into the Richelieu River. It was the season of spring flood and the rapids on the river between St. John and Chambly were running very swiftly.

"We'll make short work of the pas-

sage to-day," was the comment of the pilot to the nearest boatman, and Fleury was amazed to think that they would try the rapids at this time. After a great deal of argument, the pilot persuaded the travellers that all would be well, and the dangerous start was made.

Down they went with spray dashing between their rapidly advancing floats and dangerous jagged rocks. The bateaux careened from side to side. Clever pole work was necessary to keep them level, but the water was too much for the tired pilots. One unexpected swirl of water caused their bateaux to lean and the water shipped and flooded over the paper and Madame Mesplat's dresses. Fleury's warning, feebly heard above the rush of water, bade the pilot be careful, and without further mishap the party landed at Chamblay and proceeded to Montreal, where they landed on May 6th.

A tavern sheltered them until suitable premises were secured, and while thus busily engaged Benjamin Franklin and his party arrived. He had three friends with him, Samuel Chase, John Carroll and Reverend Charles Carroll; the last named being in the estimation of Franklin a most valuable member of the party owing to his priestly office and his knowledge of the Church of Rome.

The site of Fleury Masplat's printing shop in Montreal has never been definitely determined, but those who know the city well must mentally picture the portion of it which contains the Sailors' Institute, near the docks in the old section. Either on the site or very close to the present Sailors' Institute is considered to be the place from which the revolutionary litera-

ture was to issue. But it never appeared. For the military expedition against Canada was about to withdraw.

News of a large British force reached Benedict Arnold and the invading troops in Montreal, and talk of evacuation was rife amongst the ranks. If Franklin was going to make a success of his mission he must strike at once, and he must strike through the Church. The people were unable to determine what to do; whether to cast in their lot with the rebelling colonists or to remain loyal to England. The priests of Montreal decided for them. When Charles Carroll and Benjamin Franklin approached the officials of the Montreal Seminary with their plans they received an answer that removed all hope from their minds.

"England," replied the priestly officials, "tolerates the Church of Rome. We have our liberty, and Canada has more to gain by loyalty than by separation."

Discouraged, Franklin returned at the end of May and the army evacuated in early June.

The seeds of the sentiment we see manifest to-day on every side in Canada were sown then and there, for the country had gallantly passed through one of her early hours of trial.

Of Fleury there is not much to tell. He remained behind by reason of his heavy debt. One more failure did not baffle him. Amongst his kindred in Montreal he felt freedom. The idea of an independent newspaper crossed his brain, and in one last great effort to succeed he launched a paper that is still published in Montreal to this day.



THE SHADOW OF DEATH

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN



LIZETTE was late for church; she knelt a moment, then rose and sat looking at the three people in the pew ahead of her—Eric's mother and father, and his grandmother; the mother, with soft dark hair and keen, kindly gray eyes; the father, with heavy eyebrows and firm mouth; the grandmother, tall and very erect, silver-haired, high-featured—a very proud woman, with the warmest heart in the world. Not so long ago—before he went away to the war—Eric might have been there, too, and then Lizette would have seen none of the others—would scarcely have heard the service—so would he have filled her eyes and heart.

Now she had leisure to look at them and to think; she could see the changes that four months of fear had made in all three: the little droop at the corners of the mother's mouth, the slight trembling uncertainty of her hands; the new lines in the father's face, and the heavier sprinkling of gray in his thick brown hair; the prouder set of the grandmother's head, braving misfortune. Across the aisle sat the girl Eric was to have married. Lizette looked at her still, clear-cut face, and remembered the last evening before Eric had gone away; the girl and her mother and some other people—near friends—had been at the house, and Eric had walked awhile in the garden with the girl, among the sad, scentless flowers of autumn—the dahlias, and golden glow, and late plox; it was a misty

night, with a waning moon spreading a shadowless, ghostly radiance, and Lizette had been able to see them quite plainly from where she sat on the porch of the little house across the street, herself screened from sight by the reddening vine-leaves.

Later they had gone away, and Lizette had heard good-byes, and had seen the lights go out in the big house; then, at last, Eric had come to her and had said no word, only taken her in his arms; but when she would have drawn away from him, he had spoken, with joy fighting with grief in his voice: "I told her tonight, Lizette," he had said; "and oh, my dearest, we might have been happy long ago if I had been man enough to speak before; she said she had never really cared—in that way. It was because of our people, because she didn't want to hurt me; and so she had drifted—just as I did! But oh, Lizette, think of all we might have had! and now—only this little, little moment!" He had said other things, sweet to hear, sweet to remember; plans and hopes and dreams and lovers' talk. Then he had kissed her; the one kiss—save the one that had surprised them into the knowledge of love—that she had to remember; and so had gone away.

Lizette thought of all this now, and of the plans they had made; and of Eric's home-coming, and all that must follow. She was glad that the other girl had not cared; it would have been terrible to think that she must suffer.

Then slowly, across Lizette's mist of thoughts and wonderings, came a

new feeling: a chill of doubt or fear, she knew not what. It began when she saw old Mrs. Hardy lean across to Mrs. Armstrong in the adjoining pew, and whisper something; James Hardy, who was always late, had just come in. Lizette watched Mrs. Armstrong's face, and saw her quick glance at Eric's mother; something in the look made Lizette feel suddenly cold and weak; she was glad when the psalms were finished, and she could sit down again. Through the lesson she saw Mrs. Armstrong glance again at Eric's mother; she caught, too, her look at the girl across the aisle. Then when they rose for the *Benedicite*, she saw Mrs. Armstrong speak to someone in the seat ahead, and again she saw that glance towards Eric's mother. Lizette could feel, too, a strange stirring in the air: a sense of fear, or grief, or pity; there were strange rustlings, strange whispers. Some word was passing through the little church, some word that brought pity and terror with it, and turned all eyes toward one place. Lizette trembled, and strained her ears to hear; the woman in the adjoining seat had heard something and had given a little gasp; Lizette waited breathless—perhaps they would tell her next! Then the canticle ended, and as they took their seats, she saw someone whisper to the girl across the aisle.

Then fear gripped cold at Lizette's heart, and made her gasp and catch her breath, lest she sob with sheer terror; for the girl turned ashy white—so white that Lizette thought she would faint; but instead, she sat like a statue, looking straight before

her, her lips a little parted; Lizette, watching her, could have shrieked aloud with terror; she dared not think now, for she knew, unacknowledging, that Eric was dead. And she knew, too, that this silent girl had denied her love to give him joy.

Then, as the lesson ended, and they rose for the *Benedictus*, Lizette saw the girl's father lean across the aisle to Eric's father and speak rapidly; the girl had risen with the rest, and Lizette could see her hand at her side, clasping and unclasping.

"That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies: might serve Him without fear;

"In holiness and righteousness before Him: all the days of our life," sang the people; and Lizette saw Eric's father, his face grown suddenly gray and drawn, totter a little and then bend forward to his wife. He spoke, and then they all three passed slowly down the aisle; the mother went as if blindly, one hand on her husband's arm, the other seeking the pew-tops for support; but the old grandmother, walking last, held her head high and walked firmly; but Lizette saw, through the veil, that her mouth worked convulsively; so they passed out, and again that sigh and rustle ran through the church, and Lizette faced the truth at last.

But the choir sang: "To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

Lizette bowed her head and thanked the Giver of love, the hot tears in her eyes; but the girl across the aisle stood erect and silent, clasping and unclasping her empty hand.



THEORIES OF STATE DESPOTISM

BY CHARLES MORSE



SOME months ago there was published in the United States an English version of a valuable monograph on State theories, by M. Léon Duguit, Professor in the Law Faculty of Bordeaux. It is entitled "The Law and the State". This was prepared, as M. Duguit explains, some years before the outbreak of the present war, and he, therefore, ventures to think that it will not be treated as a mere tract for the times. While it is more, it is chiefly a trenchant criticism of the popular German doctrine of State absolutism as expounded by jurists like Jhering and Jellinek, and crystallized by the philosophic historian Treitschke into the preposterous formula, "*Der Staat ist Macht*"—which is a short way of saying that material might is the only test of political right.

"Does there exist a jural principle (*une règle de droit*) superior to the State, which forbids it doing certain things and commands it to do certain others?" That is the question M. Duguit asks, and his comment upon it is this: "If the State is not subject to such jural principle, there is no longer any public municipal law, nor any international law. There is no longer any limit to the material power of the State, to the *Macht* as the Germans call it. The State is *Macht* and nothing more. Individuals become the property of the State, and small na-

tions the predestined slaves of a powerful State." M. Duguit concedes the difficulties surrounding the solution of this problem in juristic science, but affirms that it can and must be established, in a positive way, that there is a principle compelling State action in accordance with right (*par le droit*); otherwise social and international life would ever be the prey of violence and barbarism. The history of the present war demonstrates the soundness of this view.

In the course of a most exhaustive survey of German political theory, M. Duguit very properly stresses the tremendous part that Hegelianism plays there, but he points out that it is a very common error to excuse Kant and to blame Hegel for the philosophical doctrine that the individual has no native right which the State has not a higher right to disregard. "Both have worked out the same thing; like Hegel, Kant, in spite of his categorical imperative, in spite of his dream of perpetual peace, has been one of the greatest artisans of conceptions of imperialism and absolutism in the Germany of to-day." But Kant and Hegel were philosophers and not jurists, and we would, therefore, look elsewhere for an authoritative enunciation of the juridical theory of the State.

M. Duguit finds that it was reserved for Gerber, in the last half of the nineteenth century, to formulate the legal doctrine that the State is a

juridical person, distinct both from the Prince and the people who are his subjects, clothed with public power conceived as subjective right. It is because the State alone embodies what is the supreme good that it is in itself the supreme right. In laying down this proposition Gerber attempts to knit into the texture of juridical science Hegel's metaphysical conception of the State as the reality of the moral idea, *Der Staat ist die Wirklichkeit der sittlichen Idee*. In elaborating his theory, Gerber argues that the State, regarded as the highest realization of the moral good and, therefore, the most exalted juridical personality, possesses the power of issuing commands (*Herrschen*); furthermore, the power of the State must not receive the determinant motives of its action from a superior power existing outside of itself, but must find such motives solely within itself—it must be intrinsically sovereign. But is such a State a juristic entity without limits imposed on it by law? M. Duguit is pleased to observe that Gerber was able to resist the influence of the Hegelian doctrine of State irresponsibility, and to declare that the State is only supreme within the ambit of its juridical activity. In his view the individual citizen has natural rights anterior and superior to State sovereignty, in the domain of which “an intervention in the form of tutelage and constraint by the State would appear as an infringement of the moral dignity of the people and especially as an obstacle to its free development”.

But Hegelianism had yet greater conquests to make in the domain of law. Jhering does not hesitate to carry the invasion further than Gerber was disposed to do. In the former's *Der Zweck im Recht*, published between 1877 and 1883, he carried over bodily from metaphysics to juristic science Hegel's doctrine of the State. For him the State is the supreme power, superior to every other will within the territory over which

the State exercises its jurisdiction. Unlike Gerber, he conceives of no natural rights of the individual as existent after the formation of the State. He naïvely says: “The absence of material power (*Macht*) is the mortal sin of the State for which there is no forgiveness”. . . . “If a people find it difficult to pass from a state of barbarism to a political order, there is need of an iron hand to accustom them to education and obedience. The transition always entails despotism which sets up against the arbitrary power of anarchy the arbitrary power of the State”. There is, therefore, no law within the State unless it be created by the State. But while the State acknowledges no superior whereby it may be limited or coerced, it is unthinkable that the State is not subordinate to right and law. It is so subordinated, but only by a process of auto-limitation. Let us quote Jhering's exact words: “That is what is meant in our language by the word *Rechtsordnung*, and that is what we have in mind when we speak of a power (*Herrschaft*) of right or legal power. That is what we ask of law when we wish it to correspond to the notion we have of it, to the notion of a right—the functions of the State under law (*Rechtsstaat*). Right is in the full sense of the word the force of the rule of law reciprocally obligatory, the proper subordination of the power of the State to the law which it has created.” In this constitutional restriction imposed upon the State by its own will, Jhering finds the very strongest factor making for respect for law in society. It takes away from the State the reproach of irresponsibility, and in the last analysis the best politics is conformity to law.

Jellinek, in his *Allgemeine Staatslehre*, elaborates this theory of auto-limitation by the State. He holds that law is the exclusive creation of the State, and that, logically and necessarily, what the State wills is law. But although the State can mod-

ify the law or abrogate it, while the law exists the State is subject to it and any obligations imposed by the law can be enforced against the State. This leaves the unrestrained power of the State intact, since its subordination to law is voluntary, and remains self-determinate. Jellinek does not tell us what machinery would be available to compel the State to carry out the law.

M. Duguit points out how fragile is the foundation thus given to public law by Jhering and Jellinek. A power limited by law only because it so wills, spells an absolute and unlimited power. It is sophistry to argue otherwise. It is to be observed, however, that M. Duguit does not put the argument against this doctrine of auto-limitation as incisively as does Korkunov, the Russian jurist, in his "General Theory of Law". Korkunov's view is that the power of the State exists only to the extent that it is accepted by the citizens, who consciously limit their freedom in order that the State may not be hindered in its operations. Recognizing this, the State will never invade natural rights beyond the needs of national safety and good government. "The power which the State has over us, and the limitations applied to that power by law, have a common basis which is the notion which we have of our dependence upon the State, and also the consciousness which we have that there is a whole category of interests opposed to the interests of power, and that they require that an ascertained limitation be applied to the State's activity". That, indeed, is hardly more than a paraphrase of Hume's axiom that "Force is always on the side of the governed; the governors have nothing to support them but opinion".

M. Duguit does not confine his review of German State theory to the metaphysical doctrine, but makes a careful examination of the realistic doctrine as espoused by the Bavarian juriconsult Seydel. Seydel denies that the State is a metaphysical entity

having an existence distinct from the people and separable both from the governed and those who govern. For him the State is a real thing, consisting of the whole body of people organized for government within a defined territory. The individual or individuals exercising the supreme political power within this territory he calls the *Herrscher*. To Seydel the conception of a State as a person is as false and untenable as the conception of it as an organism. Consequently the State cannot be said to have a will, nor to be the subject of rights; it is an object of the right of power belonging to the *Herrscher*. To the latter alone belongs the right to make the law, and it is above the law that it makes.

M. Duguit agrees with Seydel in the view that "all such expressions as personality of the State, will of the State, the State as an organism, are vacuous words devoid of meaning". But he emphatically repudiates Seydel's argument for the unlimited absolutism of the *Herrscher*. To quote M. Duguit again: "This *Herrschaft* is founded on *Macht*, that is to say, on force. The *Herrscher* creates the law by his own will; his orders are always law, however immoral and however irrational they may be; and he can compel obedience by material force". It is easy to see the deadly bearing of this doctrine of the *Herrschaft* on international law. Seydel, himself, appreciated it and did not hesitate to express himself as follows: "Between States no juridical command is possible, because the juridical command presupposes a superior will as the source of law. If such a superior will existed, there would be a world State. and the ideas of the Middle Ages would be realized in the lay *imperium mundi* or the spiritual sovereignty over States . . . Between States there can be no law; might alone counts as between them; there is therefore no international law".

When it is realized that what we have set down here is the teaching of

some of the greatest jurisconsults of modern Germany, the policy of lawlessness that has characterized the conduct of this war by the military *vehmgericht* in Berlin can be more easily understood. Clausewitz and Bernhardi were not needed to cap with their "frightfulness" the doctrines of the philosophers and jurists. A nation cannot school itself in the devil's logic for two generations without becoming diabolical. Was it not the Marian martyr, Latimer, who said: "The devil is a busy bishop in his own diocese?" True, we of the British race have reared such a philosopher as Hobbes, who advocated the superiority of the sovereign over the civil laws of the land; but about the time that Hobbes published his "Leviathan" the English Parliament was busy putting on the sovereignty that Charles I. had been forced to put off on the scaffold. Charles II. indeed practised Hobbism in a sort of comic opera way; but James II. was the last to experiment with it, and it lost him his crown as well as his dignity. The way the matter was regarded by the

liberty-loving common lawyers of England was thus expressed by Coke: "Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign".

M. Duguit finds in the doctrine of "social solidarity" an affirmative answer to his inquiry whether there is a jural principle which constrains the action of the State. "The notion of public service," he says, "comes to replace that of sovereignty. The State is no longer a sovereign power which commands; it is a group of individuals having in their control forces which they must employ to create and to manage public service. The notion of public service becomes, therefore, the fundamental notion of modern public law".

We think that M. Duguit has reasoned well and that his conclusions are sound. If the present war results, as it seems likely to do, in the banishment from the world of what Lamennais called "that dread disease of Royalism", then the reign of law over the governors as well as the governed will be established everywhere on sure foundations.



NIGHT MARCH AND DAWN

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

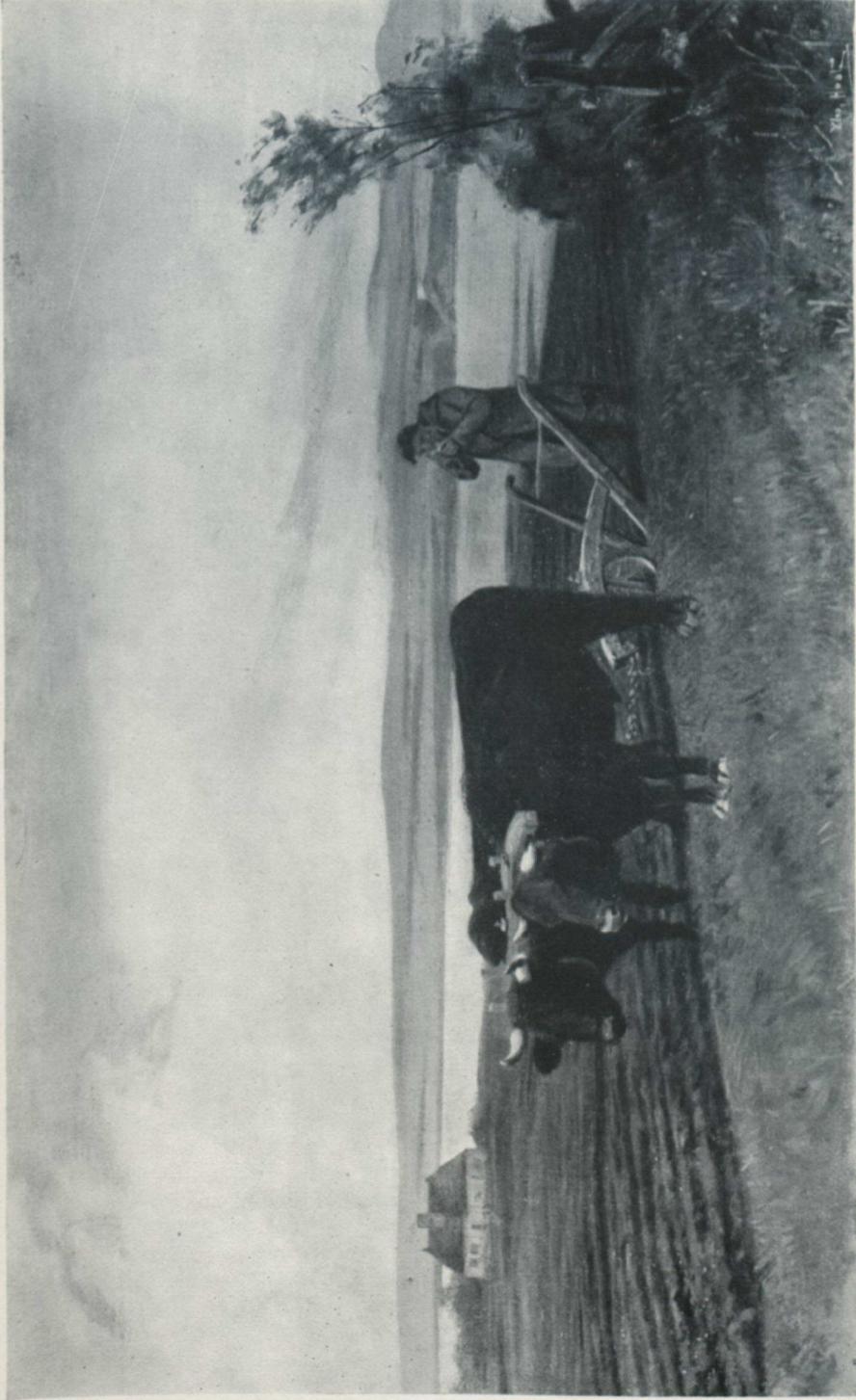
MARCHING men,
Thirty score;
Round the corner hundreds more;
Glittering in the yellow streets,
Yellow with the lamps and panes,
Guns and faces; where retreats,
Skulking down behind black roofs,
Ragged day, marching men;
Where the East,
Saffron yeast,
Awesome pours upon the world,
From the darkness,
Marching men.

Hands and feet,
Swinging hands,
Swinging feet—
Hear the beat, insistent beat;
See the long line heave and sway,
All its body sinuous, sure,
All its colour lithe and strong,
Out of distance heaving true,
Into distance swaying on,
Within its law, a corporate will,
Indurate yet supple, too,
Power and motion governed—

Till—

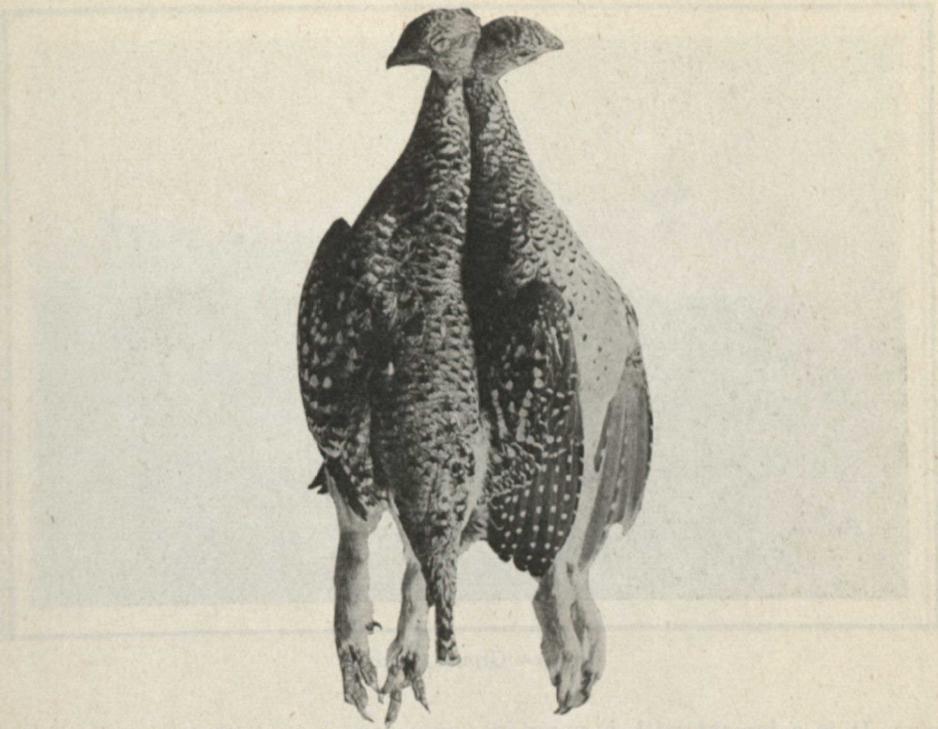
Flames too sudden-redly dawn,
Thunders wildly a wild sky,
And a breath,
Sharp with shrapnel, whistling by,
Breaks and shatters;

Scattered wide,
Rent feast 'neath the fangs of Death,
Then the gaudy fragments lie.



HABITANT PLOUGHING, QUEBEC

From the Painting by Charles Edouard Huot, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada



“COCK-A-LUK” EVERYBODY’S GROUSE

BY HAMILTON M. LAING



HE used to be everybody's friend, this sprig-tailed grouse of the Northwest, worthy friend-foe and a savoury dinner on the table in the gunning season, a dooryard friend in the mornings of white winter, a dancer and vaudeville performer in the springtime and a field policeman and foe to grasshoppers in the summer. He was a chap of many parts; and though the folks in the western Canadian provinces and a few parts of the western States often called him a "chicken," they meant nothing out of the way by it. The term also had—

and has—scant relation to a hen-yard.

But now the "prairie chicken" scarcely can be reckoned as more than a name. The present chief concern of the folks of the West, who live with him, and of those who visit him from elsewhere is whether or not he is going to leave them for good—take up the sad Trail of Vanishing Species, that cruel wild life trail where the travel is all one way. This concern—perhaps belated—has been much in evidence for a year or two. Local papers, game protective associations, old-timers and sportsmen have lamented that their fine bird has all but



An Ideal Grouse Country

gone. It is a lament with a pang in it: the West must have its beloved prairie chicken—bring him back. Two provincial legislatures already have tried by course of law to save him; to protect the remnant of the species from too eager guns and bring back this best-loved of the grouse to the covers that knew him so well in earlier days.

He is a fit game bird of this region, a hardy Canadian. Since the coming of the Red River pioneers to the Northwest this sharp-tailed fellow has borne the brunt of the battle waged by the guns of settlers and sportsmen. Indeed, it is as a friend-foe that most people are concerned with him. However pleasant his company about the buildings on the farm in winter, or entertaining his performance in the spring as he dances his dizzy jig on a knoll just where his progenitors capered generations ago, it is during the gunning season of autumn that he is best loved. Everyone cultivates him then. The farm lad takes the gun to the field and

even carries it on the gang-plow; the farmer going to and from town picks him up when he is handy along the way, and the small-bore rifle cranks drive about in buggies and “snipe” him from shocks and fences. The newest way, perhaps of converting him into a dinner is to shoot him from the seat of an automobile. But even this method can boast little novelty beyond that of the freight train hand who a few years ago described his way of it to the writer. The train man did his shooting from the engine or forward cars (grouse have little fear of a slow freight, or a fast one for that matter), then he jumped off, retrieved, and and as the engineer slowed down a little, he was able to get his game and make connection with the caboose. Of course, few of these methods are to be recommended, and the law has taken a hand against the newer ones. The dyed-in-the-wool grouse shooter will have none of them; a keen-nosed dog for him—or nothing.

However, the dog is not an essen-



"Got im."

tial. In fact, if the open season on sharp-tails is late—say October—he is not of much account. At this time these birds will not lie well to a dog; the coveys are large and flush en masse, and it is only in the middle of the day while the birds are sunning lazily that Pup gets his nose in the game to much purpose. He may be essential, a necessary part of the outfit for the shooter chasing the educated college-bred ruffed grouse of the East; but it is different with the sharp-tail in the West.

The sprig-tailed fellow is everybody's grouse because all hands get a chance at him. Just everyone cannot be a goose shooter or duck shooter, but almost any sort of Nimrod scores now and again with Cock-a-luck. He is a nice obliging chap, and even the ladies shoot him. His is always the first scalp to dangle at the belt of every young leather-stocking when he gets abroad with his first killdeer. For those who are not dexterous enough with a gun to stop him on the wing, there is always the opportunity

to bowl him from a fence post or straw stack or poplar tip or some one of the other perches he chooses upon which to sun himself on frosty mornings. For in the fall and winter he is as insistent a percher as the ruffed relative of the woods; perhaps he is even more so; and while he is aloft usually he makes vastly more noise about it. "Cock-a-luk! Cock-a-luk!" he chuckles; it is never loud, yet always far-carrying—an invitation that travels far in the sharp air of autumn, even when the plump body of the author is out of sight.

To get the most out of the game with the sharp-tails, the hunter needs but a shot-gun and a good pair of legs. Of course, he needs ammunition for the gun and sometimes a good deal of it. The fascination about it lies in the surprise element. You never know just where Sprig-tail is hiding, though if you are a good observer and a better guesser, you may come rather near it sometimes. Of course, if you bring the dog to find the birds, you may get more shoot-

ing, but scarcely more pleasure. The man who wants his bird spotted for him robs himself; he should stay with the clays. It is the surprise of having these bombs burst behind you or to the right or left with thunderous wing and loud and mocking "Cuk-cuk-cuk!"—or even a dozen or score of them at once—that provides the thrills and scares and tingles that make the game worth while.

The scrubby copses at noon are the places to find him. Every normally constituted sharp-tail spends the middle of the day there. However far afield he may go to forage in the early morning, he always swings back to cover for his sunning and dusting and sleeping at mid-day. Next to the scrub and poplar woods, his choice for a noon-day siesta is a grassy knoll where he can snuggle down and escape the sharp eye of the prowling marsh hawk that always torments him. For though it is hard to imagine this flimsy hawk doing any real damage to a sharp-tail, the rascal takes delight in routing the grouse at every opportunity. From 10 A.M. till 3 P.M. are the hours of sunning and sleeping in cover.

And finding him there is a game worth while—provided always that the shooter does it himself. Though apparently a hopeless task when the grouse have to be ferreted from fifty acres of broken scrub-land, there usually are hints to their whereabouts. If there is wind they will always be on the lee side of the cover, or within it; but, best of all, they love the edges. "Out of the wind, but in the sun," is his motto; but almost invariably when he is routed he tears off up wind or quartering. Also, the mounds of the pocket gophers are another guide. Their powdered soil provides most acceptable dust-baths; the grouse love to wallow in it, and in likely cover such mounds are nearly all cupped and hollowed.

But it is one thing to find a Cock-a-luk and another to get him. For though he has little of the cunning

that is accredited to his enlightened cousin of the Eastern woods, nevertheless he has a way of keeping out of the way of the load of sixes intended for him. When the cover is higher than the shooter's head there is always trouble for the shooter. Sprig-tail usually thunders out of the far side of the cover, and he has an exasperating way of keeping a willow-clump in a dead line between the shooter's eye and himself. Also when a dozen of these noisy feathered bombs are bursting up in all directions, it is easy for anyone to lose his nerve and to find something suddenly gone wrong with his right eye. But as to that there are shooters who hit best when surprised so, and usually miss a bird marked down exactly and walked up.

It requires two shooters working together to get square with him. Because he loves best the broken cover, two have him at a disadvantage. When he runs through the cover and breaks straight away from one shooter, he is merely driving on the other. Head-on shots and close ones—for sprig-tail cannot change his course suddenly much more than a cannon-ball can—are often difficult; but such is the game. The shooter is always put to the test of thinking and acting like lightning; whether to have at him head-on, or to let him whizz over, then to swing around after him and nail him from the rear. It happens sometimes that one shooter stops some of the load intended for Cock-a-luk, but little things like that are merely incidentals.

But this grouse is not always playing the rôle of game bird. In the spring his dance revels on the stamping-ground are a thing to be marvelled at. The parallel performance of the ruffed cousin is strange enough—indeed, to judge by the half-dozen different theories that have been advanced by naturalists in the past, it is a mighty problem—but the sharp-tail's caperings at his love-making time are stranger still. What is bet-



Looking for More

ter, the latter bird shows off to the world, whereas it is a more difficult thing to see a ruffed grouse at his drumming. Everyone in sharp-tail territory has seen the performance. The youngsters driving to the little school in the morning halt to watch the dizzy birds swirling about—heads down, tails up, wings adroop; the plowman stops in the furrow to enjoy it. The musical “Poom! Poom!” of the revellers is pleasant, too, a pleasing addition to the wondrous spring melody of the western plainland.

He is everybody's grouse, too, in the summer. It is a fine sight during haying-time to see the little mother with her brood of half-grown youngsters catching grasshoppers on the hay-field. They have been at it daily for weeks; but now the mower

has cut down the cover for the 'hoppers and the latter are at disadvantage. A sharp-tail is marvellously nimble of foot, and huge now is the havoc wrought by mother and brood. The skipping 'hopper may win for the first wild leap or two, but he is playing a losing game. The birds gobble till their crops are sagging; the numbers of these insects consumed is enormous—quite sufficient to place the grouse in the list of birds immensely beneficial to the farmer. Perhaps it is partly due to this that even in the go-as-you-please Northwest we are meeting more and more signs: “No Shooting Allowed”. Farmers who never fire a shot themselves say that they like to see these birds around, and so make an effort to protect them.

That he needs efficient protection almost goes without saying. In addi-

tion to his natural foes (almost every hand in the wild was originally against him: hawks, owls, crows, wolves, coyotes, foxes, mink, weasels, skunks, badgers, and a few more) man came and brought with him the plow and prairie fire and shot-guns. But, again, to offset the overbalancing tide of destructiveness the settler got rid more or less of the enemies of the bird, and gave him a supply of rich food. This doubtless countered somewhat the effects of settlement, and to-day sharp-tails are still numerous, periodically, in portions of the West that were settled years ago, and this, too, with a fair open season in October.

Recently the bird has fallen upon very evil days, and sportsmen, naturalists and legislators have been discussing the probability of his passing along the trail of the buffalo and passenger pigeon. Manitoba law forbade his killing in 1917 and 1918. Not without reason; for strangely enough, covers that held an abundance of birds in the autumn of 1914, a year later were decimated sadly, and in 1916 were found almost empty. Cock-a-luk was almost an extinct species.

Will he come back? To answer, we must first know what was responsible for his disappearance. Perhaps a dozen theories on the subject have been aired in the newspapers; in fact, almost every old-timer has one of his own. The following causes have been given: two successive severe winters with deep snow; abundance of goshawks during these winters; abundance of crows; wet and cold nesting seasons preventing incubation and killing the chicks; illegal winter shooting; disease; coyotes and wood-ticks. But there is another less mooted factor in the game that perhaps deserves mention. As Mr. E. T. Seton has demonstrated in "Northern Mammals", almost all northern animals from mice to moose rise and fall in numbers in more or less regular waves. The fact is indisputable, but the cause of it not easy to find. In

certain years big families are in order; the species is prolific and it is difficult to discover why. And the sharp-tailed grouse follows the same rule. During the spring of 1914, the last year of abundance, large grouse families were quite the thing in grouse-land. While a round dozen is a fair hatching for a mother of this species, during this high-water year nests were found well up in the teens and two extraordinary nests of twenty-three and thirty eggs respectively were reported to the writer. Whether the mother layed all the thirty herself could not be ascertained but she hatched them. Then came the decline—as it always does—and the sharp-tail all but vanished. The completeness and suddenness of his fall was due to the fact that the series of adverse factors enumerated above all fell upon his luckless species when it was on the wane. The combination, the odds against him were too strong. But Cock-a-luk will come back again as he has done after lean years in the past, and he will be everybody's grouse as before.

The Province of Manitoba has solved its grouse problem fairly well by keeping the open season down to the first twenty days of October. Within her borders lie some of the best sharp-tail territory, and birds are still abundant — intermittently at least—in districts that were settled forty years ago. This is rather a refutation of those elsewhere who explain the shortage of grouse by the old plea that the birds must give way before the settler. The sharp-tail will hold his own against settlement, provided too much is not asked of him. Usually too much is asked.

The plow and the prairie fire are two sources of havoc to this bird. The grouse that makes her nest in the stubble, as is very frequent, has a very slim chance of achieving her purpose. When she builds in a grass-plot that is fated to be fired some May day by a thoughtless owner, she has no chance at all. It ought to be a



Western Prairie Grouse in Winter

punishable offence to set spring fires that roast the eggs of grouse and other valuable birds, but, alas, such offences are all too common in the easy-going agricultural ways of the West. But there are many humane farmers who do their best to save the brood located in the stubble. Plowmen have been seen to swing their four-horse teams around and leave an unsightly triangle of stubble rather than turn the nest under; and others have been known to carry brush-wood and lay it over the sitter to protect her in a measure from the ravishing crow—at nesting-time her worst foe.

For though during the days of laying or early incubation the mother grouse is rather easily disturbed and driven to abandon her nest, later when incubation is advanced, she is different. Many a grouse on leaving her nest has fluttered out among the feet of the horses on the plow, or between the wheels of a wagon; and they have been seen to hold to their eggs even to the extent of being scorched by the flames of a prairie

fire. It is this tenacity of purpose that enables the farmer to save the hatching that with a less ambitious bird might be lost.

A trait about the sharp-tail that makes him beloved is his reliability. He is always on hand when he is wanted; he is non-migratory except that at the approach of winter the coveys leave the more open sections and take up quarters in the scrubby and half-wooded districts. When a rainfall halts harvesting operations in October, the boss is very apt to see blessed good in the ill wind and go off with his gun after "chickens"; when the thresher is tied up through rain or breakage, the hum usually has scarcely died away before some of the hands may be seen stealing off half surreptitiously with a gun. When Johnny goes for the cows at evening, he lugs the gun, and he knows for a certainty just about where he will find Cock-a-luk feeding. When the city man has two days, and only two, poor fellow! to spend afield, he leaves the ducks and geese to the other fel-

low with more time, and so chases sharp-tails. He can be sure of them—some of them. When the duck flight has been poor in the morning, the devotees of punts and decoys and such things put away their duffle and strike fieldwards to get more reliable sport during the middle of the day. When the morning flight of mallards to the stubble has been a disappointment, the man who knows spends his early hours listening for the cackle of the sharp-tails, and marking them down for reference when the sun gets warm.

Usually the future references have little need to apologize. At ten o'clock the old democrat is headed toward the broken lands of field and scrub; the outfit is left in a convenient shelter, horses fed, and then all hands scatter. And what an amount of ground is

covered in an hour by an ambitious walker on such a quest—in a course so crooked that it would set a butterfly dizzy. Choice places are invaded without result; unlikely spots yield up surprises; excitement comes tingling in waves. Now a bird rises fair and is killed neatly; now one rises at twenty feet and merely chuckles derisively at the two frantic, misplaced loads sent at him; now a dozen burst up and all escape in spite of a hammering of shots; now a double is achieved—a shot to be proud of. Game pockets grow heavy, ammunition pockets grow light. Such is the game with sprig-tail; and there is appetite and health in it and the zest that clears the eye and brain—that zest that comes of matching wits with a worthy wildwoods foeman.

TO DUTY

By CUTHBERT GOODRIDGE MacDONALD

THOU who didst bind the bondsman to the free,
 The freeman to his king, the king to thee;
 Dread spirit who hast led this nation forth,
 Grasping our best with an imperious hand,
 Pouring the strength and valour of the North
 To death and glory in a ravaged land;
 Thou who hast taken all our youth could give,
 Blinding and maiming, crushing out its breath,
 Bidding the hero die, the coward live
 To eat and drink and meet a coward's death:
 Strengthen our hearts to fight the battle through,
 To reap the harvest that in tears we sow.
 Oh Duty, hold us to thy service true,
 That we may rise triumphant o'er the foe!



BY HELEN M. EDGAR

IV. FROM ASSOUAN TO THE FRINGE OF EDFRI



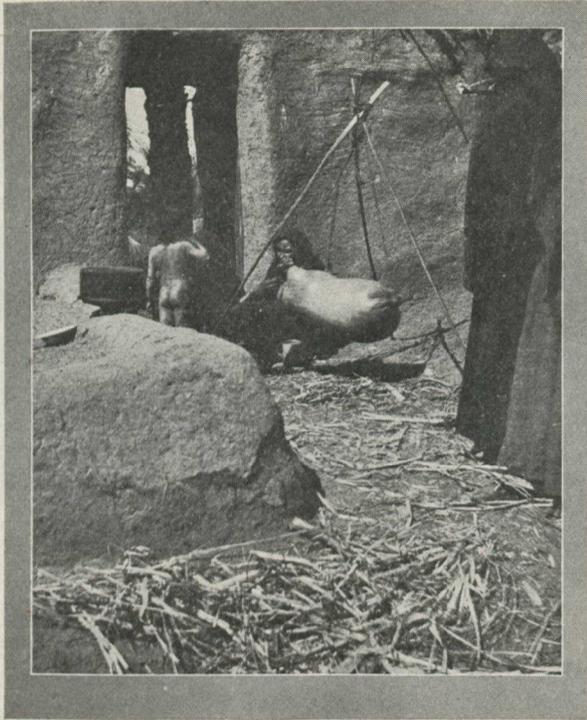
FEBRUARY thirteenth. A dead calm, so we took measures to secure a tug to take us as far as Assouan. Achmet was despatched to the nearest sugar factory to obtain a rescue party. We were lucky in being stranded in such an interesting spot. In the morning when we landed we were immediately surrounded by sellers of antika, and spears and armlets, bracelets and beads were obtained at bargain prices, the buyer often having to flick off the eager sellers with a whip. We visited one house where the woman received us in a not too clean garment, but fine gold ear-rings and large bead necklaces adorned her person. Her most coquettish touch was a silver nail thrust through her left nostril. We purchased there, I am sorry to say, a lamb, and as the live stock was kept in the attic the purchasing party had to mount a steep stone staircase.

We prowled once more over the site of Akhenaton's palace, villagers acting as escorts. One of them, a youth with a sheepskin slung across his

shoulders, sold his rope sling (in pattern the same as used to slay Goliath) to C. for two piastres. We heard him relating his wondrous luck to a comrade who, more sophisticated, replied, "God of gods, he should have given ten!"

When we returned to the *Dodo* there was no sign of wind or tug or Achmet. A tramp of some miles to the nearest railway station was then arranged to establish telegraph communication with Kittikas of Cairo.

At this point two nondescript members of the crew gained the distinction of nicknames. "The Kicked" and "The Cured" figured in separate engagements. The former interrupted C.'s careful instructions about summoning a tug, with the plausible suggestion that as the wind would not take us to Assouan, why not let it blow us back to Cairo? This was too much for C., who, I really think, contemplated pushing the *Dodo* himself to Assouan if all other means failed. To this day I am sure "The Kicked" cannot understand why his suggestion was so unceremoniously treated. "The Cured" was christened immediately



“ The native butter-making, a dirty process for a dirty product ”

after “The Kicked” had retired. His ailment was a swollen finger, which C. attended to with his pen-knife. The results were satisfactory both to patient and operator, for C., having drawn blood, seemed to await with unprecedented calm the return of Achmet.

Feb. 15th.—We ignored our stranded state and explored two villages opposite El Amarna. In the first village C. purchased so many spears that the *Dodo* had the appearance of an arsenal. There also we watched the native butter-making, a dirty process for a dirty product. The butter issues from its pig-skin churn in semi-liquid state, much extraneous matter adhering to it. Mat-making was cleaner and more picturesque.

The women are chiefly employed in the manufacture of fuel, and sit over the unpleasing mixture of manure and earth patiently moulding it into flat bricks, which are then sun dried.

We wound our way through palm groves to the adjoining village and reached the station where at least fifty camels were unloading sugar cane and jars for the syrup. Some of the animals were most noble-looking beasts. On our return we visited a native sugar factory, where oxen turned the crusher which sent the juice running through a tube into vats below. Huge brick cauldrons receive it and boil it for a stated time, and later it is cooled off in the jars. The crowd that came with us was too vast to enter the enclosure, so as many as possible satisfied their curiosity by removing part of the roof to gaze on our satisfaction. On our way back to the felucca we gathered natives at every step. Even the blind attended, and one crazy old woman shrieked and waved her tattered garments like a witch in Macbeth. We passed a mud hut with its doors and lintel painted white, and on that ground was drawn

a representation of the owner's journey to Mecca. We could trace his start by camel, then his unique portrayal of a railway train and his equally archaic replica of the boat that helped him on his pious pilgrimage. We collected more spears and several necklaces. The women could not bear to part from their gewgaws, and it was only when we were on board the felucca that they recklessly tore off their beads and ear-rings and accepted piastres in return. Their ear-rings are huge affairs and they generally wear two pairs, a hole being pierced at the top as well as at the

lobe of the ears. Their nose-rings look permanent possessions. The tug appeared about six p.m., and we lost no time in starting off in search of bread.

Feb. 16th.—We journeyed all day and reached Assiut too late to go through the bridge, so we spent the night in the midst of stone-laden feluccas all on the *qui vive* to be first through in the morning.

February 17th. We had our usual excitement in getting through the bridge, but no fatalities, in spite of the fact that our steersman had deserted us during the night. The Rais



"We passed a mud hut with its doors and windows painted white, and on that ground was painted the owner's journey to Mecca."



Sugar Cane and jars for syrup

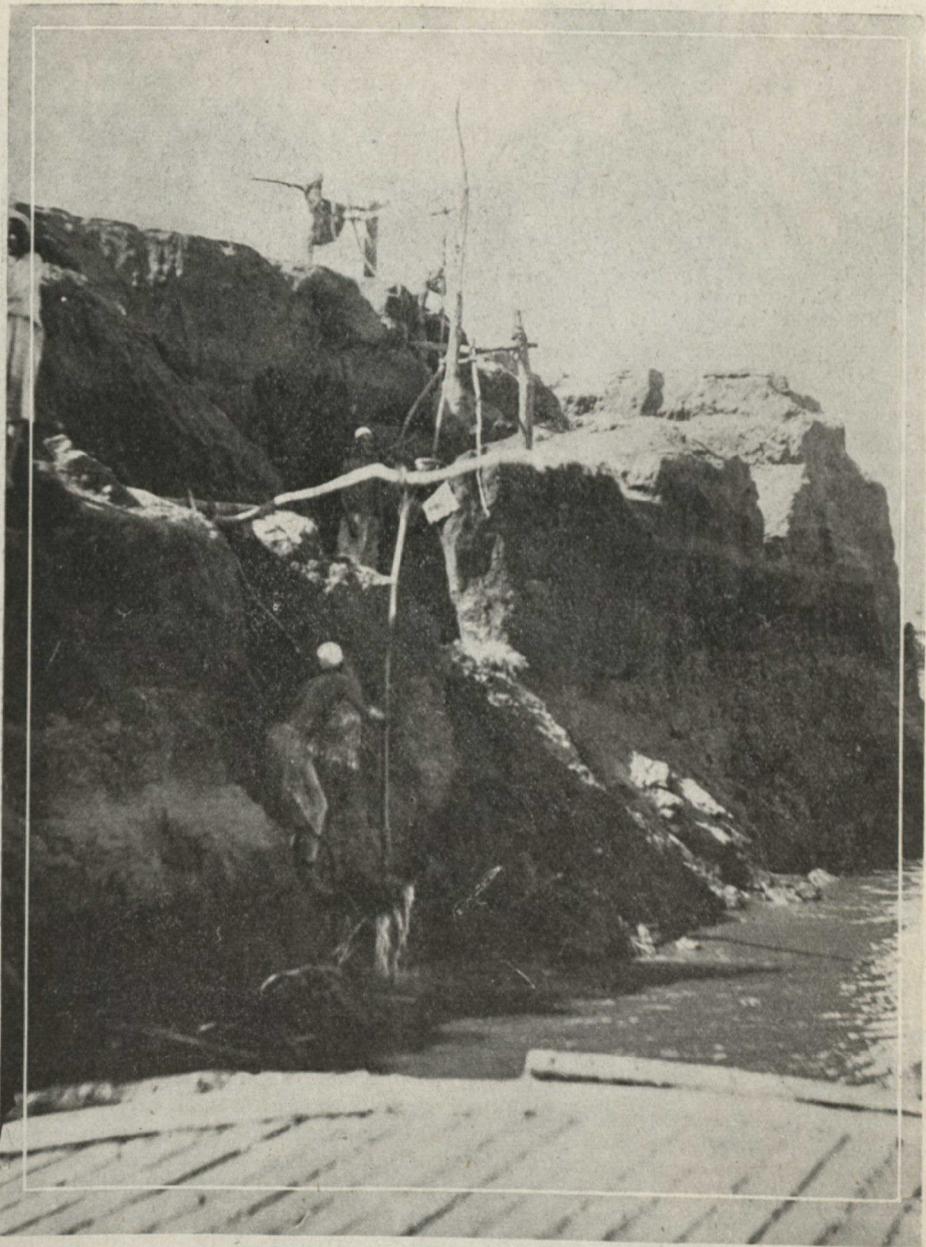
distinguished himself by his volubility and nothing else. Our luck has not yet "set fair", for after a run of thirty-four miles we stopped suddenly in a weird spot and the tug's Rais informed C. that his engine was broken.

Feb. 18th.—A north wind kindly visited us, so leaving our disabled tug we set sail with orders that another tug was to follow. We had a lovely sail close to shore, the Arabian cliffs now rising from the water's edge, and anchored in mid-channel near El Maraghah.

Feb. 19th.—We again sailed on, our

two tugs overtaking us about eight miles from our starting place. We reached Girgeh by moonlight and at once landed in search of expected boxes of provisions from Cairo. Girgeh seemed refreshingly clean, perhaps it was the moonlight that threw a glamour over everything. Native policemen stalked about in hooded cloaks, carrying staves, but one shirker of duty was curled up on a doorstep having a snooze, his red morocco shoes and staff carefully placed beside him.

Feb. 20th.—This morning we steam-



A Shadoof, a primitive water elevator, as used along the Nile.

ed off and had a day of watching many villages, some composed entirely of pigeon towers strung along the river bank. Four or five boys ran miles along the shore, plunging into the river to obtain bak-

shish in the form of tin cans and water bottles. The shadoofs pierced the bank at every fifty yards, the rhythmic movement forming an accompaniment to the lilt of the workers. Only one shadoof have we



Pigeon Towers

seen with human ballast instead of the usual lump of mud. It was the acme of grace to see the slender forms of the boys, their bronze skin glistening in the sunlight, as they balanced themselves with a see-saw motion. By a great stroke of luck we negotiated the railway bridge at Nag Hamadi, and the men of the party landed to complete arrangements for our journey south. Infinite were the complications, high the prices and subtle the duplicities of the Egyptians controlling the bargain, but finally a successful if somewhat expensive result was obtained. We sat out late on the deck enjoying the soft air and

watching Jupiter trying to outshine the moon. Along the dim river bank a procession passed chanting a song, the voices being rich, deep and infinitely sad.

Feb. 21st.—C's magic ring was in good working order, and we steamed ahead with great ease and comfort. A divine day, with sky and water of deep Egyptian blue, brought us by night to a mud walled village, guarded by a frieze of barking dogs. The moon was so bright that we decided to dine without candles and managed to eat our simple fare by the light of the heavens alone. After dinner the C's and ourselves decided

to visit by moonlight the ruins of Koptos. Achmet, the mate, and Abderachman came as escort, and C. had his revolver for emergencies. Skirting past the village walls, topped by the barking dogs, we reached the open country, an ancient dike being our highway. The night was breathless, the only sound being the never-ceasing *sakiyeh* and the clear voice of a child singing his sweet water song as he watched the blindfold oxen slowly tread their monotonous way. A few camels stalled for the night munched their food as they gazed out into the starry night, their eyes untroubled by terrestrial things. A mile beyond the railway station, which looked strangely civilized, lay the city of Koptos, that Diocletian took pleasure in destroying in 292 A.D. The first written record of a journey along the road we were treading dates from the 11th Dynasty, 2020 B.C. "The King, Mentuhotip III., sent me,"

says Henu, "to despatch a ship to bring for him fresh myrrhs from the chieftain of the desert, which had been offered to him by reason of the fear of him in those countries. Then I went forth from Koptos upon the road as his majesty commanded. Troops cleared the way before me, overthrowing those hostile to the King, and the hunters of the children of the desert were posted for the protection of my limbs. Then I reached the Red Sea, and I built this ship and despatched it with everything after I had made for it a great oblation of cattle, bulls and ibises."

The shadows of the past seemed with us, and we were not unduly startled when crossing some rubbish heaps an armed man arose and challenged us. We explained our presence and were allowed to pass, he joining our party. We wandered among the ruins and gloried in the fine carvings seen in the mysteries of moonlight.



Obelisk of Hatshepshut at Karnak



Part of the crew of the *Dodo*

We continued our prow into the modern addition of Koptos. On the outskirts no less than six armed kaf-firs rose to bar our way. When they heard C.'s name, they remembered he had once been the guest of their Amdeh, and insisted on conducting us to his house. Arriving there, we found everything in darkness. Our guides gently knocked on the door with the palms of their hands, which soon brought some response. The Harem dwellers were first awake, and we saw the little latticed windows pushed out to view the intruders. In a few moments the owner appeared, and with the light of many matches we were ushered into a dark and dusty room. Cushions equally dark and dusty were produced for us to sit on. Our host seemed a trifle per-

turbed and even C.'s fluent Arabic had not a soothing effect. When the Amdeh heard we did not wish to spend the entire night there, his spirits revived, though I fear the sleepy cry of a baby told us that preparation had already begun for our reception. A candle now materialized, a small fire was lighted in the courtyard and over burning corn stalks one of the guard was busy making coffee. We all accepted a cup and tried to drink with gusto the cloying, sweet stuff. We left shortly after this refreshment, saying in hastily-learned Arabic, "*Ma as salama* (Peace be with you)."

In spite of the brilliant moon the Amdeh insisted on having a man to guide us with a lantern, and he was much disturbed when we refused his

kind offer of camels to take us back to the river. The Amdeh accompanied us to the end of the village, and then left only under protest. Our guard formed a bristling hedge about us till we held a council of war midway and by a skilful use of piastres induced them to say good-bye. We returned through the frieze of barking dogs, most of them of Ermenti breed, introduced into Egypt by Napoleon. The *Dodo* looked most homelike on our return and the porcelain bath a most refreshing spot.

Feb. 22nd.—We made an early start after casually picking up our "laundry maid" from the opposite bank. He had been given leave of absence two days before at Nag Hamadi to visit his wife and new-born son. We were now drawing near historic Thebes. Between these banks mighty Pharaohs had swept with spoils and captives of many a vanquished foe. Thothmes III. first of empire-builders, had made the river his highway. Countless times had the Thebans greeted him returning from the subdued lands of Syria, Somali, the marshy lands of the Euphrates, Cyprus, Sahara, and the Upper Cataracts of the Nile. The obelisk of his hated step-mother Hatshepsut rising from the ruins of Karnak must have recalled, even in his hours of triumph, the bitterness and humiliation of his early years. We had passed Dendera early in the day and now at Der el Bahri, Karnak and Luxor we also looked askance, reserving a luxurious ten days on our return trip for all the beauty and interest of this ancient shore. Much as we were tempted to delay, our tug puffing piastres at a ruinous rate, forbade it. Luxor was mourning, outwardly, at least, with half-masted flags, for Boutras Pasha. As we steamed by news was wafted of a Liberal victory at home, and we continued on our way, rejoicing, or the reverse, according to

our politics. I doubt if it was a political discussion that led to the Rais's dismissal of the *Vulture*. Shortly after we passed Luxor we slowed up while the felucca manned by two of the crew took the gloomy bird ashore.

Having returned to the *Dodo*, the crew remembered that the deserted one's bread was still on board, so, mounting quickly to the deck, they hurled some baked loaves at him. He stood like a gaunt and tattered *Aunt Sally* amidst the descending showers, vowing vengeance and spitting defiance at his mates. The bread that reached him he again cast upon the waters, and we only hope it followed biblical directions and returned to him again. We passed the night at Erment, ten miles south of Luxor, and anchored near a sugar factory. The sickly sweet odour of the crushed cane spoiled somewhat our enjoyment of the balmy night. The following day we "tugged" serenely between banks of ever-changing scenes. Esneh and El Kab we took no notice of, reserving their charms till we returned. The crew, tired of incessant idleness, took to dressmaking and sat solemnly stitching at their many-coloured garments. The Rais discarded his black costume and emerged in a blue cotton garment of the latest cut. Those members of the crew who had no new material to work upon employed their time in washing their old clothes and turbans in a strong solution of Rickett's blue. It was rather amusing to watch the result of the process. Achmet and Mohammed were its votaries and emerged clad in brilliant blue, only to fade like plucked corn flowers under the hot sun. The amount of blue that has been consumed in our few weeks would have supplied a public laundry for a year. The blue and white Nile meet at Khartoum, but they also meet every washing day around the *Dodo*.

AN ESKIMO PATRIOT

BY LACEY AMY



HE grief of it is keener to me to-day than it was a week ago when the news first reached me; and I know the shadows of time will never hide it, though tingeing the grief to a brighter hue in a great pride at having known him, at having been called by him one of his two friends in England during his trying days in khaki.

To know John Shiwak, even in the old days of peace, was to be filled with a mysterious admiration that grew without realizing its own roots, a quiet fondness that complimented one's self-respect. But to have been in touch with him even by mail at the end, to have heard from his lips, in words only a few hours old, the unfaltering admiration of him, was to be branded with a mark time dare not try to obliterate. And to have seen him in the moment of his passage! But John's story must be told first—and I hope that ten thousand slackers may read it and see the picture as I see it—which is infinitely better than I am able to present it.

It was in the summer of 1911 that I met John. It was *only* in that summer that I met him. But to have met him once was to remember him always. Seeking new out-of-the-world places in or around Canada, I had picked on the bleak coast of Labrador. Across the straits from North Sydney the boat had plunged through a parallel swell all night, and in the morning landed us at Point aux Basques. Twenty-six hours of travel on a narrow-gauge railway, through hours on

end of manless land, had brought us to St. John's, that inimitably quaint capital of Newfoundland.

And one afternoon we pushed our way through the heaped boxes of cod and salt and general merchandise that line St. John's piers and boarded a little mail steamer that ran twice a month—seldom more than five times a year—"down" the semi-settled coast of Newfoundland for five hundred miles, and then another five hundred far off to the north, into the birth-place of the iceberg, along the uncharted, barren, rugged shores of a country God never intended man to inhabit—Labrador.

Yet it was a pleasant trip, one to look back upon with no shuddering memories, but with a dreamy halo of unreality dimming its thousand unwonted events and sights, a composite picture that frays off about the edges and centres about one lone figure—John Shiwak, the Eskimo.

We were a motley crowd on board. For the next two weeks we would be bound to each other in the depressions and exaltations, the trials and strains of a confined existence that centred and circled and spread no farther than the tight dining-room and the after-deck. My personal variation was visits to the bridge, where I spent days at a time. The transient passenger list consisted of the woman-who-worries and myself, three professional world-vagrants who travelled as most people work, a mysterious newly-married couple whom none knew better at the end than at the beginning. And below

decks crowded a score of Newfoundland fishermen and fish merchants on their way to the great cod grounds along the Labrador.

And there was John.

I was aware of him at first as he sat at the Newfoundlanders' table in the dining saloon, never uttering a word, watching with both eyes every movement at the table of the "foreigners". Presently I noted that he ceased to spread his bread on his hand, that he gave up his knife except for its legitimate purposes, that he stopped reaching as the others at his table did. Frequently I caught his eye, and always it dropped in confusion—only to return in a minute to the ways of our table. In a couple of days he was eating in the manner of so-called culture.

I watched for him on deck, but for several days caught only fleeting glimpses of him. And always he was the daintiest man on board. Evidently he had invested in a new wardrobe in St. John's, and the muscular, short, straight-standing figure of him did each garment fullest justice. Twice a day he appeared in different array—in the mornings usually in knickers and sealskin moccasins.

Not a word did I ever see him speak to another. He would appear on deck for a half-hour twice a day, lean over the railing within sound of our voices, and disappear as silently as he came. I set myself the task of intruding on his reticence, of breaking his silence. In truth it was a task. Observing him one day watching the unloading of salt into the small boats that play the part of wharves on the Labrador coast, I leaned on the railing beside him and made some trivial inquiry about the scene of bustle. His reply was three words. To my second question, after several minutes, the reply was two words. And then he turned away. It was discouraging. But soon thereafter I noticed that when I stopped to look over the rail, if it were not in too quiet a part of the ship, John was leaning just far

enough away to be out of range of questions. I took to wandering about, stopping by myself to look out on the sights of shore and iceberg. The interval between us decreased.

Then one night we stopped, in the sudden darkness that falls in that quarter shortly after ten of an August evening, to pick up a missionary and his wife and household goods. It was a task of hours, for everything had to be brought out to the steamer in one small rowboat. I was looking down from the forward deck on the twinkling lights below, hearing the oaths of busy seamen, in my ears the creaking of the steam winch. Suddenly there broke on the night from the outer darkness the shuddering howl of a wolf, then a chorus of howls. I raised myself to listen, peering out into the darkness of the sea where there were only scores of tiny islands, and beyond, scores of towering icebergs.

"The Labrador band," explained a quiet voice beside me, modest to the verge of self-deprecation, but with a twinkle in it somewhere.

It was John Shiwak. And the ice was broken. I soothed his obvious nervousness by keeping to the text for the moment. "The Labrador band" is the term applied to the howling huskies, most of whom are set down on islands during their summer months of uselessness that they might be out of the way.

Far into the morning John and I sat up there in the dirty, deserted bow, as the ship felt its way through the islands on its northward crawl. By the pitch of the boat we knew when the islands ceased to screen us from the swell outside. Now and then an icy breath registered the passing of an iceberg; and once a disturbing crackling far outside, and a great plunge, told of a Greenland monster that had yielded at last to the wear of sun and wave. Not a sound of life broke the northern silence save the quiet voice of the captain on the bridge above, and the

weird howls of hungry or disturbed huskies only one stage removed from their wolfish origin. And in those hours I learned much of John Shiwak's immediate history.

He was a hunter in the far interior by winter, a handiman in his district by summer. The past winter had been a good one for him—a silver fox skin, for instance, which he had disposed of to the Hudson's Bay Company for four hundred and sixty-nine dollars. And on the strength of such unusual profits he had gone down to St. John's, Newfoundland, whence all good things come to Labrador—and whither all good and bad things go from Labrador—and had plunged into the one great time of his life. His memory of that two weeks of civilization congealed into a determination to repeat the visit each summer. And I know that the dissipations of a great and strange city had had nothing to do with its attractions.

In his conversation there was the solemnity of a man who does much thinking in vast silences. Everything was presented to me in the vivid succinctness that delights the heart of an editor. John's life had been filled with the essentials. So was his comment on life. When we parted for our berths I was conscious of a series of pictures that lacked no necessary touch of a master hand; but repetition in the stilted language and phrasing of civilization was impossible. The wonderful gift of nature was John's, and the marvel of it grew on me through the night hours.

Next morning I smiled at him from our table, and some new life in his eyes convinced me the recognition was not unwelcome. And when we few wanderers collected as usual on the after-deck, there was John a few yards away leaning on the rail. I went to him, taking the woman-who-worries, and after a few monosyllabic words he took advantage of our interest in some scene on shore to glide away. But an hour later he was there again, and thereafter he adopted us

as his friends. For the next two days we separated only for meals and sleep. And on the night of the second day, as we swung a little into the open to make the Hamilton Inlet, a storm arose. And through the storm a tiny rowboat bobbed up to us in the moonlight, poised for minutes in the flush of a great danger as it struggled to reach us without crushing against our sides, and then quietly dropped aboard us two Moravian missionaries. And it was John who seemed to know just what to do to make the boarding possible. The missionaries recognized him and rewarded him with a smile and thanks, but John appeared unmoved. A moment later he was standing beside me, staring into the torn reflection of the moonlight, held by the same strange affinity that had been working on me.

Early the following morning we cast anchor far within the Inlet, before Rigolet. And as we glided into position, John and I were talking. In his manner was a greater solemnity than ever. I believe now it was the knowledge that in an hour or so his new friend would pass from his life.

"Can you read?" he inquired. And the unusual embarrassment of his manner made me wonder. Then, "Can you write?" And when I modestly admitted both accomplishments he hesitated. I made no effort to draw him out. In a moment he explained. "I can, too." There was a great pride in his tone. I recognized it quickly enough to introduce my commendations with the proper spirit. "And I write much," he went on. "I write books."

Having received my cue, I succeeded in finding out that his "books" were diaries written through the winter months of his long season in the interior. For John, the Eskimo, had taught himself to read and write.

"Will you read my books?" he pleaded of me.

We climbed over the side then and sat together in the little boat that

was to take us to the Hudson's Bay quay. As I climbed first to the pier a great husky leaped at me. I had heard of huskies and their idiosyncrasies, and I was prepared to put up some fight; but John came tumbling up over the edge and rushed. A sliver of a lad jumped likewise from the other side and drove a kick into the husky's ribs—and then I learned that this particular husky was unwontedly playful. Yet even the Eskimo and the liveyere never trust the husky.

John led me off, past the white buildings of the company, past several ramshackle huts that looked as if a mild wind would make loose lumber of them, and stopped before one a shade more solid than the others. He paused before entering. It was but one of his expressive movements that meant more than words. I was not to follow farther; he did not wish me to see within. I read into it that it was not shame, but a fear that I might not understand his home life. Inside, a few half-hearty words were uttered, and John replied quietly; and presently he appeared with two common exercise books in his hand. These he handed to me and led away from the life of the company buildings and the pier towards an ancient Eskimo burying-ground where we need fear no interruption. It would be a couple of hours before the boat would leave.

But someone shouted. The missionary who had boarded our boat two days before wanted someone to help to unload his household goods, and John, the always ready, supplied the want. And that was the last word I had with him.

I seated myself on the steps of the factor's house and opened one of the books. The first thing I saw was a crude but marvellously lively drawing of a deer. With only a few uncommon lines he had set down a deer in full flight. Therein were none of the rules of drawing, but in his own untrained way John had accomplish-

ed what better artists miss. "This is a deer" underneath was but the expression of first principles. And on the second page was a stanza of poetry. Unfortunately it is not at hand, but this dusky son of nature had caught from his mother what he had never read in books. There was meter and rhyme and a strange rhythm, and there was unconscious submission to something working within. I began to read.

It was all about his past winter back there in a frozen world alone. After a time I became suddenly conscious that something was happening beneath me. I started to a cognizance of my surroundings. A husky had crept beneath the step and jerked from beneath me one of a pair of sealskin shoes I had purchased at the store. For huskies are immune from the appeal of an Eskimo's soul. Anything is fodder to the insatiable fire of hunger that burns within.

They were shouting to me from the quay—and there are more attractive dangers than to be marooned on the coast of Labrador. With the diaries I started for the steamer, thinking to meet John there. But on the way we passed his boat returning with its last load. I shouted that I had his books; and his reply was to nod his head slowly, then to rest on his oars a couple of strokes, watching me as we drifted farther apart.

I never saw him again. During the six years that followed I received from him a half-dozen letters a year, all there was time for in the short two months of navigation along the Labrador. I wrote him regularly, sending him such luxuries as I thought would please him and add to his comfort—a camera and supplies, heavy sweaters-coats and other comforts, books, writing-paper and pencils, a dictionary. From him there came mementos of his life—a beautiful fox skin for a rug, with head and claws complete; a pair of wooden dolls made entirely by the Eskimo and dressed in exact replica of the sealskin suits of the

farthest north; a pair of elk-skin mocasins; a pair of seal gloves. It was significant of John's gallantry that most of these gifts were specifically for the woman-who-worries. For me he was ever on the look for a polar bear skin, and had planned a trip farther north to get one, when other events intervened.

But, best of all, each summer there came out to me his diaries. Diaries have small prospect of breaking through my prejudices, but John's invariably inaugurated a period of seclusion and idleness until I had read their last word. They were wonderful examples of unstilted, inspired writing. They started with his hunting expedition in the late fall (September, in Labrador) into the interior before the waterways froze over, and through the succeeding eight months, until the threat of breaking ice drove him back to the coast with his furladen sleigh, they recorded his daily life, not as a barren round of uneventfulness, but as a teeming time of throbbing experience. He *felt* everything, from the leap of a running deer to a sunset, from a week's crippling storm to the capture of the much sought silver fox, from the destruction of his tent by fire to the misfortune of pilfering mice. And he had the faculty of making his reader feel with him. In a thumb-nail dash he could take one straight into the clutches of the silent Arctic. Now and then he broke into verse, although in his later diaries this disappeared, perhaps under the goad of more careful register. Breathlessly I would read of the terrible Arctic storms that hemmed him in, all alone in there, hundreds of miles from the nearest human being. And the joys and disappointments of his traps bore almost equally for the moment on the one to whom he was telling his story.

From his diaries I gathered bits of his life. He had left home when only ten years of age, to carve his own fortune, but his father and beloved little sisters were still to him his home,

although he never saw them now. He was everyone's friend, grateful for their kindnesses, always ready to help, contemptuous of the lazy Indian, whom he hated. In the summer he fished, or worked for a Grenfell doctor—all mere fill-ups until the hunting season returned. But always there was a note of incomplete existence in his writings, of falling short of his ambitions, of something bigger within the range of his horizon. Even before I waved farewell to him that day, I had him in my mind for a sketch, "John, the Unsatisfied".

Throughout his diaries were many gratifying references to the place I had strangely attained in his affections—communings with himself in the silent nights of the far north. And each summer his letters almost plaintively inquired when I was coming to the Labrador that he might take me away up the Hamilton River to the Grand Falls. Even in his last letter, written from a far distant field, he reintroduced our ancient plans. Once he informed me in his simple way that he had his eye on the live-yere girl for his future home, and asked me to send her a white silk handkerchief with "F" in the corner. John was growing up. During his last summer in Labrador he was much absorbed in an ambition to set up as a Labrador merchant, but he had not the money.

During the first three years of our friendship he embarrassed me much by proposing each summer to come out and visit me; and in one letter he had almost made up his mind to come to me in Canada and take his place permanently in the competition of the white man. I funk'd the issue each time. I had no fear of his ability to hold his own with brain and hand, but the Eskimo in civilization seemed too large a responsibility to assume. At every landing-place in Labrador was, at the time of my visit, a notice threatening a fine of \$500 for anyone inducing an Eskimo to leave the country. It was a result of the dire conse-

quences of the Eskimo encampment at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893. And I could never rid myself of the solemn warning of an Indian chief friend of mine against the risk.

Once a letter arrived in midwinter. The familiar handwriting on the envelope was like a voice from the dead, for I knew Labrador was then frozen in impenetrable ice. Inside I learned that a courier was coming on snowshoes overland through those hundreds of miles of untracked wastes of Quebec. I replied immediately. And his diary the next summer told of his joy at the receipt in mid-winter of a letter from his friend. A pair of hunters, on their way to their hunting-ground somewhere beyond John, had carried the letter from the little village on the river and left it in one of his tilts.

During the fall of 1914 my letters to him were going astray. His arrived regularly, always lamenting my seeming negligence. A dozen times I wrote on alternate days. The summer of 1915 opened with his diaries and more letters of lonesome plaint. Through June and July they continued. Not a letter of mine was reaching him. Then one day came his despairing effort. On the outside he had written in his most careful hand: "If anyone gets this please send it to Mr. Amy". Whereupon I wrote to St. John's friends to get in touch with John at any cost.

In a couple of his letters he had mentioned his desire to be a soldier, but I had dismissed it as one of his ambitions unattainable owing to his race. In the one that was to be forwarded to me he announced that he had enlisted and was going to England immediately to train.

I ask you to consider that. An Eskimo, a thousand miles from the nearest newspaper—no outside life but that of the Newfoundland fisherman for eight weeks of the year, no industry but hunting and fishing, eight months in the snowbound silences of the most desolate country in

the world! And John Shiwak, of another race, untutored, a student only of nature, was going out to fight for his country! Hundreds of thousands of young Canadians could scarcely read it without blushing. Within the little Eskimo was burning that which put conscription beyond the pale.

In the early spring of 1916 I came to England. Within a week I had found where the Newfoundland regiment was in training. John's reply to my letter is too sacred to publish. There was joy in every line of it. "I have nothing to write about," he said as usual, in his simple way. And then he proceeded to impress me with a mission in life I had scarcely appreciated. But he was in Scotland, and I in London. And travel in England is vetoed during the war. Within a very few weeks he was on his way to France, full of ardour.

Almost every week, and sometimes oftener, I heard from him. He was not liking the life. There was something about it he did not understand—this killing of men week after week—and his modesty and reticence, I fear, made him a prey to more assertive fellow soldiers. And thereafter, for months, for some reason, no letter of mine reached him. His petitions for news of me drove me to drastic measures, and then I regained touch with him. Once he was sick in hospital "with his neck", but apart from that he was in the lines every time his battalion was on duty. And after eleven months without leave, suddenly he came to England.

It was unfortunately characteristic of our merely spiritual propinquity that I had left only two days before for a holiday in Devon; and when his wire reached me on a Friday night there was no train to bring him to me and return before Monday night, when he was due in Scotland. I hastened back from Devon to catch him on his way through to France, but the letter he sent me from somewhere in London neglected to include his

address, and I could not find him before his train drew out that evening.

His letter of regret, written from Folkestone as he waited for the boat to France, is by me. "I hope we will meet again somewhere," he said, and I imagined a tone of hopelessness rang in it.

Upon his return to France sorrow seemed to dog his steps. He had induced two other Eskimos to enlist with him, but they could not stand the life and were sent back. But his real grief was the loss of his hunting mate, who often shared his winter rounds in Labrador, a white man. "I am the only one left from the Labrador," he moaned. And the longing to get back to his old life peeped from every letter. But to my sympathy and efforts to brighten him he replied: "I am hanging on all right. The only thing to do is to stick it till it's over."

It is through misty eyes I read his letters of those last three months. The duration of the war was wearing on him. He had no close friends, none to keep warm the link with his distant home. In September he lamented: "I have had no letters from home since July. There will be no more now till the ice breaks". And in his last he longed again for the old hunting days. Labrador, that had never satisfied his ambitions, looked warm and friendly to him now. He wondered what the fur would be for the coming winter, what his old friends and people were doing, how the Grenfell doctor managed without him.

I had been sending him books and writing-paper, and small luxuries in food and soldiers' comforts. "It is good to know I have two friends," he thanked me. (The other was a woman living near his training camp in Scotland). "I don't think a man could be better off." Simple, grateful John! He complained of the cold, and I despatched a warm sweater and a pair of woollen gloves. But they never reached him.

That was in mid-November. A month later an official envelope came to me. Inside was my last letter. On its face was the soulless stamp. "Deceased". More sympathetic hands had added: "Killed", "Verified".

It was a damp-eyed sergeant told me of his end, this native of Labrador, the only Eskimo to lay down his life for the Empire.

"He was a white man," he whispered. Would that John could have heard it! It happened in the Cambrai tank drive. The tanks were held up by the canal before Masnières, and John's company was ordered to rush a narrow bridge that had unaccountably been left standing. John, chief sniper of his battalion, lately promoted lance-corporal, the muscular son of the wilds, outpaced his comrades. The battalion still discusses which was the first to reach the bridge, John or another. But John ran to the height of the little arch and turned to wave his companions on.

It was a deadly corner of the battlefield. The Germans, granted a respite by the obstacle of the canal, were rallying. Big shells were dropping everywhere, scores of machine guns were beginning to bark across the narrow line of protecting water. And just beyond the bridge-head, in among the trees, the enemy had erected a platform in tiers, bearing machine guns. As John stood, his helmet awry, his mouth open in unheard shouts of encouragement, the deadly group of machine guns broke loose. That was why the bridge had been left.

The Eskimo swayed, then sank slowly. But even as he lay they saw his hand point ahead. And then he lay still. And they passed him on the bridge, lying straight and peaceful, gone to a better hunting-ground than he had ever known.

And my thoughts of John Shiwak, the Eskimo, to-day, are that he must have been satisfied at the last.

THEODOSIA'S SUN-DOG

BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTERBROOK



VERY Tuesday morning for thirty-two years Oliver M. McVeagh had brought a big white envelope to our little country post-office, had sealed and stamped it with emphatic slaps, had poked it through the mailing slit with an emphatic poke, and had turned to those who happened there with an emphatic smile that would have puzzled a stranger, but that never failed to reassure us for whom it was intended.

For we were known to the world only through Oliver M. McVeagh. Without him we would have been what we were in the long ago—when our children were as our grand-children are now and Oliver had not yet “contributed to the press”—an unsung rural neighbourhood of six square miles, plodding our uneventful way from planting to garnering and from garnering around to planting again.

When the world contemplates a community through a single glass, it is well (for the community) that the glass be an excellent one. Oliver was our glass. Never had he focused us wrong. Never had he permitted the hand political, the hand religious, or the hand scandalous to turn him till we were blurred. The world saw us as we were, and since we were properly proud of ourselves, it pleased us to be seen just that way.

I wonder, now, that we withheld so long from him his merited meed of hard-won appreciation. I wonder

that we used to jog our horses up a bit when we drove toward past his farm, hoping to escape his column of “Eden” items in the forthcoming *Daleville Sun*; that we tried to conceal our betrothals from him, the minutiae of our weddings and funerals, the proud bashfulness of our births, and the destination of our long-planned trips.

I wonder, I say, that we ever tried to conceal such things from him, seeing that he always found them out anyway and that somehow or other they never looked so ill in print as we thought they would. Indeed, we got to liking them there, and all because we had learned, at last, to trust ourselves to Oliver M. McVeagh.

Every Tuesday morning in thirty-two years, I have said, found him at the post-office with his Eden budget. Perhaps that is putting it too strong, and we are chary of exaggeration in Eden. He did lose out *once*, when his brother, in a distant State, was dying. I was at his house when the message came and he asked me to wait till he could get ready, so I sat there in his barren, bachelor's parlour while he packed his old-fashioned slick valise and donned his sabbaticals.

“I must stop a minute at Theodosia Parkman's,” he said, as we climbed into the buckboard his hired man had brought around.

He was accustomed to refer to Miss Parkman as “my literary competitor”. When I told her about it once she got hopping mad.

“Competitor, indeed!” she sniffed.

"Ol McVeagh my competitor! Why, he never wrote a line in his life that was good enough to publish outside *The Daleville Sun!*" I wish there were some way of indicating in print a modicum of the contempt with which she garnished *The Daleville Sun*.

I must confess there were people in Eden who put Theodosia in a class clear above Oliver's. She wrote poetry, exclusively, she claimed with fine pride, and it found semi-occasional lodgment in that type of publication which abjures swear words and the names of intoxicating drinks. We know a thing or two in Eden. We know, for instance, that real poetry is as far above ordinary reporting as heaven is above earth. But what we never did settle to everybody's satisfaction was whether the sort of poetry Theodosia wrote was above the sort of reporting Oliver did.

Theodosia was in her garden when we drove up and she came to the fence to meet us. She was a tall, lean woman with superb black eyes and a rather severe face. I can remember when she was called the prettiest girl in Dubois county. Oliver cramped the buckboard to bring it closer and then turned in his seat, draping his long legs over the end.

"Theodosia," he said, "I've got a mighty sick brother back East, and I'm hurrying to see him before it's too late. I thought I'd stop and ask if you'd mind gathering a little bunch of news for the *Sun*? Needn't go to any trouble, you know. Just take whatever comes your way."

She was quick in her expression of sympathy for him; she never failed anyone as to that. Indeed, there were folk right in Eden who were cynical enough to declare she would have written better poetry had she been less sympathetic. Even Oliver, who rarely criticized her, once told me he wished to heaven Theodosia would quit drying her eyes long enough to look at her feet—meaning, of course, her poetical ones.

In the first half-minute she spent

condoling him, I thought I detected a lurking hesitancy to grant the favour he asked. She gave me the impression of sparring for time. Still, I knew there had never been anything evasive about Theodosia Parkman. When she fought, she fought in the open, and when she poked fun at anything she poked it the same way. But she was just as proud as the rest of us, and she must have recalled how often she had ridiculed Oliver's reportorial task. If there was any hesitancy, however, it soon passed.

"I'll do the best I can," she said, "only I must do it in my own way, Oliver."

"That's just what I want you to do, Theodosia," he declared, how heartily I did not at the instant appreciate. "Give yourself full swing. I may have to be gone two weeks. Be sure to send the items in Tuesday morning. You'll have two days to get the first batch off, and I'll give you for a starter what I've got together since the last issue."

He tore a few leaves from his notebook and reached them across the fence to her. "I guess you can make them out," he said. "I'd have had them in better shape if I'd known somebody else was going to use them."

"I'm sure I'll have no trouble at all with them," said she, with a critical glance at the untidy scrawl.

After we had left her, with profound thanks on Oliver's part, I remarked that it took a good deal of courage to ask Theodosia to do a thing she had always given us to understand was quite beneath her talent. Oliver regarded me with a quizzical grin.

"She's been itching for years to show me how to do these Eden items," he said. "Now she's got the chance, we'll see what she makes of it."

He had arranged with me to drive his rig home after his departure from the station, and I was about to pass Theodosia's lane an hour later when she arose from the porch, where she had evidently been awaiting my re-

turn, and beckoned me to enter.

"If you're not in a hurry, let the horse stand and come in," she called, and I went up and took a seat on the porch beside her. She had the notebook leaves which Oliver had given her, and her black eyes were dancing.

"I want you to read these items over with me," she chuckled, and we read down the first page:

Ten-pound boy at Joe Faber's. Mother and son doing well. Congratulations, Joe.

Davy Hillet is building a five-room cottage with all conveniences, on his forty opposite Rodney's schoolhouse. Rumour saith he's trebled his visits to a certain farmhouse on Wheatly Ridge. Tired of baching, eh, Davy?

Sol Rogers has a bran-new driven well in his dairy yard now. Sol says people were beginning to object to the taste of the old well in his milk.

And so on, down to the bottom of the page. A simple, bucolic narration of the little things that make up life in Eden, told in the vernacular of our community. We had seen it every week for years and we had accustomed ourselves to whatever was wrong or inane or crude about it. At all events, we argued, it lacked the one thing we detested above everything else in Eden—affectedness. And that was something!

But I had never realized what a terrible affliction we had endured in Oliver M. McVeagh till that morning on Theodosia's porch. I had not known that country correspondents, if they were like Oliver, had so much to answer for. It was really quite dreadful from Theodosia's point of view. Till then, too, I had never appreciated how silly we had all been to concoct romances—as we had been doing for years—between Oliver and Theodosia, based on their "literary affinity". Indeed, by the time Theodosia had finished her comment on Oliver's items I had quite concluded that "literary" and "affinity" were words clear beyond Cupid's power of hyphenation.

"For twenty years Ol McVeagh has been making Eden ridiculous by this

sort of thing," cried she, shaking the poor, mussed leaves challengingly beneath my nose. "Oh, I know how he pooh-poohs what it pleases him to call 'cloud-writing'. He's eternally harping on simple facts. But because a thing's simple is no reason it should be left *naked*! The trouble is that he hasn't any imagination, nor any vocabulary. He's lamentably short on verbal raiment, consequently his poor facts are forced to go strutting around in tights! I think I can promise that you'll see a change in the Eden items for the next two weeks. You may not get so much news, but you'll get what's vastly more important, a certain literary flavour, a delicacy and an imaginative element that will appeal to anyone with an imagination! And I'll see to it that my facts have verbal skirts that will decently cover their knees."

Naturally there was no lack of curiosity when we got our next week's *Sun*. We expected a certain tang of precocity, knowing Theodosia as we did, but we were scarcely prepared for what appeared under our familiar caption:

EDEN

In the "wee sma' hours" of last Wednesday night there came, straight from elfin-land, a man-child—

" . . . little goddikin,

No bigger than a skittlepin,"

who took up his abode in the hospitable home of Mr. Joseph Langdon Faber and Mrs. Eugenia Dale Faber, where he was rapturously received.

O thou, Sweet Child! To be beguiled

By thy infantile mirth,

Is joy supreme to those, I ween,

Who gave thee mortal birth.

Up in the old clover-field opposite Rodney's schoolhouse, where the bees hum and the birds sing and the bloom nods and the sun dapples the meadows, there is heard, these bright summer days, the sound of a solitary hammer.

For Davy Hillet is building a house up there. Handsome Davy Hillet, whom everybody in Eden knows and loves. Perhaps Davy doesn't call it a house—he'll call it that after a while when he's as old as some of the rest of us are now. But let him call it the nest he knows it's going to

be. And let it prove not only a nest, but a castle for young love's dreams as well. Speed and strength, say we, to his honest arm, and fulfillment of his ambition.

It isn't necessary to quote her on Sol Rogers's well and other Eden subjects of interest. In the main she made use of the two styles of writing shown above—one intended to be highly poetical, the other that nudgingly intimate style adopted by so many ultra-modern publications. Oliver's list consisted, usually, of some thirty paragraphs, gleaned goodness knows how, for he farmed just as ardently as the rest of us. There were only six of Theodosia's. Naturally, her method of treating them precluded their being very numerous. At the bottom of the column was an editor's note announcing that other items had been omitted for lack of space.

What Eden thought of it was easily learned on Friday morning when the *Sun* reached us. Old man Farady read the items twice—once without glasses and once with them, to make sure, and leaned over to Daniel Mace-man, his neighbour.

"What about this here man-child business?" he asked contemptuously. "What do you understand by a man-child, Dan'el?"

"Jist a plain he-baby," replied Daniel promptly.

"Why the dickens didn't she say so then?" demanded Farady.

"If Theodosia Parkman had the runnin' of them items all the time we'd soon have poetry names for dogs and cats and houses and sich like," vouchsafed another neighbour savagely.

Just then Davy Hillet came in for his paper.

"Hello, Handsome Davy!" called Mace-man; "how's its little bird's nest this morning?"

Some one read the item aloud to Davy, and, circumspect lad that he was, he dropped a comment which I am not at liberty to set down here.

Oliver was gone two weeks and we were anxious to see Theodosia's second

budget, but, alas, it never appeared. On that second Thursday, for the first and only time, the name of our beloved Eden was absent from the columns of *The Daleville Sun*. It was a long time before I learned why. Then, one day, Oliver showed me a battered old letter from Gilsey, the editor, dated about the time of Oliver's return from the East. "Tell that old blue-stocking to whom you delegated your job that I'm neither running a heart-to-heart journal nor compiling an anthology of pink-tea poems," he wrote.

That was the reason Theodosia's second effusion was never printed. It was a terrible blow for her. After that her most ardent partisan could be immediately squelched by the mere intimation of her inability to "correspond" for the *Sun*. I'm satisfied that Oliver told no one but me. Nevertheless, Eden learned, possibly through Gilsey himself, that the second budget had been ignominiously turned down.

Some years later Oliver published his "History of Eden Township", a huge blue and gold volume with multitudinous woodcuts of Eden places and faces, sold by subscription only. Theodosia's picture was among the others and the author had fairly outdone himself in a short biographical sketch of her, to which was appended a goodly array of her best verses.

The competitive spirit always soared high in Eden, and it soared just as willingly for our literary output as it did for our more prosaic crops. Oliver's adherents chuckled anew while Theodosia's were plunged still deeper in despair. Theodosia herself, I'm inclined to believe, regarded that portion of the history devoted to her as but a sop thrown to her very natural feeling of envy over her "competitor's" advancement in what the *Sun* called "the literary world".

"Oliver tells me he has done remarkably well with his book," I said to her one day, nodding to the big volume on her library table. "He

thinks he stands to make as much as six hundred dollars on it."

"Indeed! I'm so glad. Gorgeous book, isn't it? So rich in blue and gilt."

It always amused me immensely the way Theodosia could let go a fling like that. "It will take just one more thing to make Eden's pride complete," said I.

"What's that?" she demanded curiously.

"Your book."

"My book?"

"Yes; you'll have to write one, now that Oliver has had his published."

I shall never forget the mingled pleasure and envy and wistfulness that came into her sweetly severe face. I didn't know till then what a pesky thing the literary microbe must be.

"Oh, my book," she laughed deprecatingly, although one had only to look at her black eyes to see that her book had been a dream insistent. "My book will have to be of different stuff from Oliver's. I can't compile. It will have to be straight out of my heart. I suppose I'm foolish, but do you know I actually feel I couldn't take money for a book like Oliver's. It's too much like making capital out of other people's affairs."

"What about Bancroft and Boswell?"

"Oh, of course I'm silly. But my book will have to come out of my own heart, just the same. And that's the reason it likely will never be published."

"Because it's like you?"

"Because people don't care very much for me, I think," she said sadly.

I made all manner of fun of her for that remark, but it didn't seem to do much good, she was so terribly discouraged. Theodosia's life had not been a particularly happy one. Ever since her brother's death, many years before, she had lived practically alone in the old-fashioned farmhouse he had left her, where, in spite of a most erratic management, she made a liv-

ing from the few acres that had remained after his debts were paid. She had retained an old serving woman who had long been with the Parkmans, while the farmwork was done by a labourer, who divided his time between his own scant fields and hers, with results that were not always remunerative for her. We had tried, unsuccessfully, but times without number, to get her to change the management of her affairs. "Lemuel suits me exactly," she always retorted. "He mayn't know much about farming, but he understands me, which is more to the point."

One drizzly, cold evening in November I saw her driving the stock in from the fields—Lemuel's chore—and hurrying past a few mornings later, what was my astonishment to see her actually splitting wood in the yard back of the house—another of Lemuel's jobs, of course. I called that person to his door a quarter of a mile farther on. "I saw Miss Parkman splitting wood a minute ago. What's the matter with you?" I demanded.

He grinned slowly. "Nothin' the matter of me," said he; "Miss Parkman's set on doin' her own chorin' this winter. Going to 'conomize."

Determined to know what was behind it all, I stopped at Theodosia's on my return and was received where I had never before been received—in the kitchen.

"We've been too busy to start a fire any place else," she explained. "The kitchen won't hurt you for twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes!" I echoed.

"Yes; that's all the time I can spare this morning." And this was Theodosia, who usually stuck to a visitor like a plaster!

"I'll go the minute you tell me what this stock-driving in the rain and this wood-splitting in the cold means," said I.

Theodosia put out her hands for my inspection. She had always been frankly proud of those hands. Now a ribbon of muslin was wrapped

about a thumb, a middle finger was in a stall, and the firm whiteness of her skin was marked by sundry scratches.

"Well," said I, "out with it."

"It's the 'Sun-Dog,'" said she, laughing.

I looked at her vaguely. Then I recalled that "The Sun-Dog" was her single poem worth while, one of those exquisite little things mediocrity attains in spite of itself.

"What about it?" I asked.

"I'm going to have it published—along with some others," she began, a hand lifted to stop my incipient applause. "I'm going to do it myself. I've hawked it around from publisher to publisher, and it's no use. They won't take it on their own responsibility. In a thousand years I would not find anyone willing to do it. So I'm going to pay for it right out of my own pocket. I'll need six hundred dollars for the first edition, and it's going to take two years of scraping and saving to get the money. Is it plain now? If it is, run along home like a good boy, and let me get back to work."

"Theodosia," I cried, "there are a dozen of us right here in sight who would be tickled to death to loan—" The look in her eyes stopped me. I might have known better than to have suggested such a thing, she was that proud and independent.

"My cake must be paid for when I'm ready to eat it," she said soberly.

As I hurried away, I couldn't help noticing the big basket by the range, its bottom velvety brown and black with fluffy, newly-hatched chickens; nor the big pile of carpet-rags the old serving woman was sewing in the corner. Chickens and carpet-rags were not the only things Theodosia had neglected. She was the sort of woman who spends hours in her flower-garden and buys all her vegetables.

"How comes 'The Sun-Dog'?" I called to her from the road some weeks later.

"Not very fast," she called back,

and I thought I detected a quiver in her voice. "I don't seem to be able to learn the incubator. Half my last hatch died."

"Poems?" I asked.

A smile lit her severe face. "I begin to think it would have been better had I let the poems die and turned my attention to chickens."

"Nonsense. Cheer up. Oliver says —"

"I don't give a rap what Oliver says!" And she refused to waste any more time on me.

From my own house I could see her quite plainly, at times, tramping across the snowy fields to bring the horses in, or making repeated trips to the chicken-house, or milking the new cow—she had hitherto bought all her milk and butter—or doing the hundred other things about a farm that it is a man's business to do.

One morning in February I had occasion to go very early to the station. It was bitter cold, so cold that a great sun-dog showed in the eastern sky, almost as fine a one. I thought, as Theodosia had painted in her poem. As my wheels creaked past her place she came out, muffled to the ears. She had resurrected from some forgotten corner an old great-coat of her brother's. She had a hatchet in her hand and I knew she was going to chop the ice out of the watering-trough. It startled me—Theodosia Parkman chopping ice out of a watering-trough or anything else on a morning like that!

"Take cheer," I called, waving my whip toward the sun-dog; "it's propitious."

But things did not go very well with Theodosia. The real sun-dog had not helped matters much after all. "I'm afraid I've waited too long to turn my hand to money-making," she once admitted sadly. She had confided her plans to no one in Eden but her old servant and myself. She could not keep her sudden rigid economy from her neighbours, but she concealed its purpose.

When I saw that she was determined to slave the winter away, I divulged the whole business to Oliver, in the vague hope that he might suggest some way out for her. We were sitting in his little old parlour at the time. It was sleeting—an abominable day.

"So that's the reason she's working her fingers off, eh?" he said, and, knocking his pipe empty against the hearth, he got up and strode to the window, where he stood looking out, his hands jammed into his pockets.

"I'd never have told you but I thought you might suggest some plan to help her, without her knowing it. Of course, it will have to be done that way."

Till a late hour that night we turned over plan after plan, only to discard each in its turn. "Let's sleep over it," I finally suggested, and departed.

The next morning I was laid up with rheumatism and had to forgo my usual drive to the station. I was very much surprised when one of the neighbours brought me word that Oliver had been called to Chicago. He was home again in three days and went directly to Theodosia. She it was who called to me on my way over to see him, and through her I got the first version of his trip.

"Oliver had some urgent business to attend to in Chicago," she explained, "and while there he happened across an old schoolmate who is a publisher and persuaded him to give me a hearing. I sent Lemuel to the station to post 'The Sun-Dog' only a moment ago."

It was wonderful to see how hope had rejuvenated her. I offered my congratulations, and chuckled, after I got away, over Oliver's "urgent business". The acceptance of the book came surprisingly soon—had I known more about such things then I should have thought suspiciously soon. I called on Theodosia at the very first opportunity and as I drove up the lane I saw that the chicken-

house door was open and that Lemuel was loading the incubator onto his own wagon.

Theodosia didn't wait for me to knock. "Come right in," she cried, opening to me. It was a rather warm day for March, but she had a blinking red log in the fireplace.

"What extravagance," said I.

"Not now," she laughed happily. "Of course, you know about the book?" She was radiantly happy. Never had I seen her half so pretty. "Isn't it perfectly glorious?" she asked, with all her charming frankness.

"It's fine, Theodosia," said I, squeezing her hand again.

"Oliver says he's sure the publisher can sell five hundred copies right here in Eden," said she. It was surprising how often she Olivered this and Olivered that during my brief stay.

"It's a great thing for Theodosia," said that gentleman to me some days later. "Anybody can compile a book and get it published if he is willing to pay the price. But to have a book taken outright on its merits, the publisher assuming the risk, that's quite a different affair, I can tell you."

The book was to come out in June, an ideal time, Theodosia declared, from a poet's point of view. A few weeks before the date set for its appearance I got a letter from Oliver, who had been called to the city in a business emergency. He requested me to search his desk for a very important document which I was to mail immediately to him. "You'll likely have to read every drawer through before you find it," he wrote.

It was while searching for the letter in question that I came upon another that was vastly more important to me. It bore the name of a Chicago publisher and read:

My Dear Oliver:

Your friend's "Sun-Dog and Other Poems" will be ready on date specified. We shall do what we can for her, which is not much, as you know. It will be well for her, if she wants to get rid of the edi-

tion, to sell as many copies as possible among her friends.

You will find receipt inclosed for six hundred dollars, payment in full as per arrangement between us. Will make settlements with her as per contract and will return to you whatever may accrue to us up to the amount you have advanced. I fear, however, it will be many a year, magnanimous soul, before you get your money back.

There followed some schoolboy reminiscence and the publisher's signature. Dear old Oliver! I could have hugged him!

When he came back I told him about having learned his secret. For a minute he was more annoyed than I had ever seen him.

"We can keep it from her," said I reassuringly.

He gave me one of those quizzical side glances of his and a smile lit his usually sombre face. "It isn't going to be very easy for me to keep secrets from her after the middle of June," he remarked quietly.

"Oliver!" I shouted.

"There, leave me a piece of my hand," he laughed.

We were driving past Theodosia's lane. It was dusk and the odour of early summer was in the air. Theodosia had lighted her lamp. The blind was up and we could see her shadow on the wall across from the fireplace.

"You'll be literary *partners* then, I suppose," said I.

"Better than that," said he quietly, "much better than that."

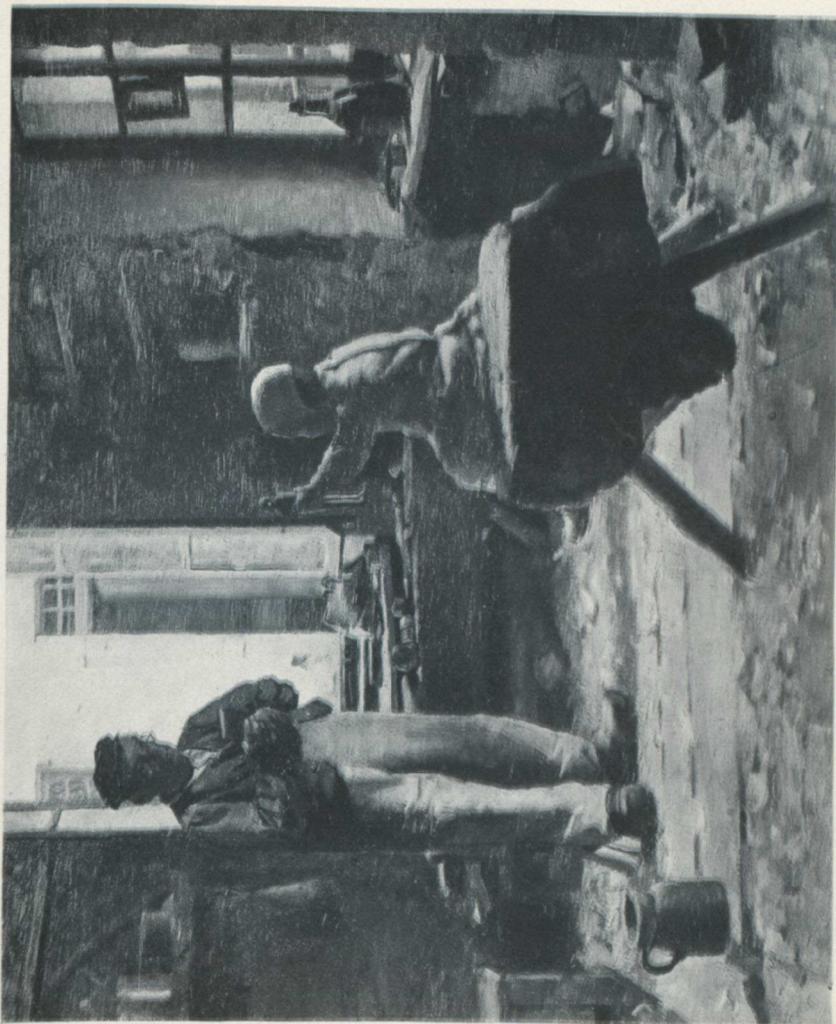
MIDSUMMER

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE year dreams idly on her blossom bed
Beside a glimmering pool; her smiling mouth
With spoil of sun-ripe berries is made red;
And over her, from meadows in the south,
Breathe winds, so long the riflers of wild bloom,
That they are verily drunken with perfume.

In the warm garden-ways the lilies lift
Their pearly chalices, where plundering bees
Are drowned in sweetness; great cloud-galleons drift
Over the sky, becalmed argosies;
Even the echoes, haunters of the hills,
Have fallen asleep beside the hidden rills.

The pale, wild poppies by the eastern sea
Nod through the calm hours of the afternoon,
And the blue ocean drowns languorously
To the low lullaby its wavelets croon;
Earth's beating heart seems for the moment stilled,
With every young spring wish and hope fulfilled.



**DOLLY AT THE SABOT
MAKERS**

From the Painting in the National
Gallery of Canada by
William Brymner, President Royal
Canadian Academy

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

III.—MR. JOHN CAMERON AND THE BLAKE WING



OR half a century *The Advertiser* and *The Free Press* of London have been influential throughout Western Ontario. Neither has been overshadowed by the newspapers of Toronto nor submissive to their authority. Mr. Josiah Blackburn, for many years editor of *The Free Press*, was a distinguished figure in Canadian journalism. He gave *The Free Press* an authority which it has retained. Although a devoted Conservative, his conception of the relation of an editor to the party leaders was that of Mr. Goldwin Smith: "A sort of literary statesman guiding his paper according to his own opinions, though in concert with his political party". No doubt like all political journalists Mr. Blackburn had occasionally to submit to the authority of the party caucus, and unfortunately for the journalist the world looks on as he turns the corner. There is a tradition in London that it was Mr. Blackburn who said when he was required by the action of the party leaders to bless where he had cursed that "it was a d— sharp curve, but he could take it". Investigation, however, has disclosed that Mr. Blackburn has no title to the gratitude of posterity for this expressive and picturesque confession of self-confidence and party fealty. In a history of the Canadian Press Association by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, it is declared that the author

of the telegram erroneously attributed to Mr. Blackburn was Mr. Robert Smiley of *The Hamilton Spectator*. "In 1854 *The Spectator* was attacking Honourable Robert Spence, who sat for North Wentworth as a Reformer. When the Coalition was formed Spence became a colleague of John A. Macdonald, who promptly pleaded with Smiley to cease firing at a man who would next day be his associate, and Mr. Smiley wired back, 'It's a d— sharp curve, but I think we can take it'. And he took it, thereby contributing vastly to the gaiety of nations." This rests upon the word of Mr. H. F. Gardiner, for two or three years chief editorial writer of *The London Advertiser*, but mainly celebrated as the editor of *The Hamilton Times*, to which he gave much distinction and authority. In 1879 Mr. Gardiner met Sir John Macdonald at the railway station in Hamilton and in conversation the Conservative leader admitted that he had telegraphed from Quebec to Mr. Smiley urging merciful treatment of Spence, and in reply had received the famous message. Mr. Gardiner reminds me that at that time the Great Western Railway was under construction. Hence "sharp curve" was a common expression among the people of the district.

There is, however, a reason why the phrase which should have made Mr. Smiley famous was ascribed to Mr. Blackburn. *The London Free Press* was reluctant to follow the Conserva-

tive leaders into the advocacy of Protection. In 1876 Honourable Thomas White made a Protectionist speech at London. *The Free Press* contested his teaching, but when the party became fully and irretrievably committed to Protection, Mr. Blackburn submitted. He made the curve with such gallantry and discretion that not a wheel left the track. It could not be said of Mr. Blackburn as has been said of Mr. John Redmond when he committed Nationalist Ireland, with moving fervour and eloquence, to unity with England in the Great War that he "took the curve too sharply and did not carry the train with him".

Among living journalists in Canada no man has had a fuller or richer experience than Mr. Gardiner. He learned to set type in the office of *The Canada Christian Advocate* of Hamilton, of which his father was editor. In 1871 he was reporter and night editor on *The Hamilton Standard*, directed by Mr. Jonathan Wilkinson, who afterwards published *The St. Thomas Times*, and whose descendants have followed his calling with like distinction. In 1872 Mr. Gardiner joined the staff of *The Hamilton Times*, controlled by Mr. C. E. Stewart, who also published *The Weekly Expositor* at Brantford. In the famous contest between Sir Francis Hincks and Mr. William Paterson for the representation of South Brant in the House of Commons Mr. Gardiner assisted in producing a tri-weekly campaign sheet in support of the successful Liberal candidate. In the spring of 1873 Mr. Gardiner was again in Brantford as chief press counsel for Mr. A. S. Hardy, who succeeded Honourable E. B. Wood in the Legislature. He was the first editor of *The Daily Expositor*, but when Mr. Stewart died in 1874 he was recalled from Brantford and sent to Ottawa to represent *The Hamilton Times* in the Press Gallery during the first session of Parliament under the Mackenzie Government. The only survivors of that Gallery are Mr. Gar-

diner and Honourable C. H. Mackintosh. Thirty-five or forty years ago Mr. Mackintosh was among the most dashing and intrepid controversialists of the Conservative party. For a time he edited *The Strathroy Despatch*, and had a passing connection with other journals in Western Ontario. From a youth he was active on the platform, vigorous in attack and fertile in political expedients. In 1874 he acquired *The Ottawa Citizen*, which under his direction was distinguished for its destructive criticism of the Mackenzie Government, its devotion to Sir John Macdonald and its eager espousal of the National Policy. For many years he was influential in Conservative councils, in the confidence of the leaders, a pathfinder in strategy and policy. For two years he was Mayor of Ottawa and for two Parliaments represented the Capital. Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories in 1893, he passed out of Government House five years later, still alert and vigorous, and still deeply concerned in the greater issues of national policy, but since, although his pen has often been busy, he has not been in the forefront of the battle. A picturesque figure with much daring and courage, Mr. Mackintosh was more influential in the public life of the country than has ever been disclosed and gave to the Conservative party services of value far greater than any recognition he has received.

But to return to Mr. Gardiner. In October, 1874, he became assistant editor of *The London Advertiser* under Mr. John Cameron. Returning to Hamilton in March, 1877, for three and a half years he was managing editor of *The Spectator*. From October, 1880, until July, 1903, he was editor of *The Times*, greatly impressing upon that journal his own vigorous personality and faithfully proclaiming an economic gospel which began with Low Tariff and Economy and ended where it began. Mr. Gardiner was a journalist before he was a politician; he was a teacher rather than a parti-

san. He loved to stroke the back of the under dog. He had little reverence for authority. In political controversy he was not obedient to the maxims of prudence, nor was he ever proficient in the language of compromise. If in the hour of battle he could fight well for the candidates of the Liberal party, between elections he was unmanageable. But he was not capricious or untrustworthy, nor was he unamenable to discipline save when decent loyalty to his own convictions forbade trimming or faltering. After thirteen years of service as superintendent of the School for the Blind at Brantford, he has come back to Hamilton, to live among his friends and his books, happy in old associations, surrounded with affection and respect, fresh and strong in mind and body. There may he still have many years of rest and peace and much of sunshine.

For twenty-five or thirty years the chief occupation of *The London Advertiser* was to attack, and the chief business of *The Free Press* to defend Sir John Carling. It was all very trivial and very futile. Those old volumes reveal symptoms of madness such as still appear in municipal contests in Toronto. No doubt there was corruption in elections in London, but no one would now suggest that Sir John Carling deserved all the vituperation and violence to which he was subjected. Nor would they suggest that his assailants were encased in any panoply of virtue. Carling's chief offence was that he was usually successful, and what title has a candidate who will not be defeated to courtesy or justice or compassion. He was a placid, wholesome, honourable gentleman who would have been esteemed and beloved even by those who hunted him with so much ardour and malignity if he had kept out of politics. Even as it was, he was trusted and respected in no ordinary degree. If not a great man, he gave the country service of sound quality throughout a long public career. Once, no doubt, he held the seat for London in the

House of Commons by a dubious title. There was technical justice in the judicial decision by which he profited, and perhaps it is difficult to determine the moral validity of a legal technicality or what latitude judges may exercise in interpreting the letter of the law instead of the spirit. It is said that once in Council Sir John Macdonald looked long at his colleague from London and at length remarked, "I wonder, Carling, if God ever made a man as honest as you look". It may be that he was not as honest as he looked, but he was honest enough for Christian communion, reverential burial and kindly remembrance. The press never killed a public man who deserved to live. If this were not so Honourable George Brown never would have reached middle life and Sir John Macdonald would have died in infancy. I think sometimes that if journalists would periodically examine the old files of their newspapers there would be far more of charity and justice in political controversy.

It is doubtful, however, if any newspaper in Canada has a more honourable history than *The Free Press* or has been a more effective ally of the Conservative leaders. So *The Advertiser* has been a staunch champion of the Liberal party in London and the western counties. At times wayward, it was ever valiant in the day of battle. Like its Conservative contemporary, *The Advertiser* has had individual flavour and distinction. Founded by Mr. John Cameron in 1863, until 1883 it was as much the expression of his personality as was *The Globe* of the robust courage and flaming spirit of Honourable George Brown. Associated with Mr. John Cameron in the conduct of *The Advertiser* were three of his brothers, of whom only one is living. Less resolute than Mr. Brown and more distrustful of himself, Mr. Cameron was more tractable and more submissive to authority. But it would be unjust to suggest that he had no settled opinions or was yielding when his cherished convictions were chal-

lenged. He was a prohibitionist by example long before we all became prohibitionists by compulsion. Until he withdrew from the active direction of *The Advertiser* to become editor of *The Globe*, liquor advertising was not admitted to its columns. Forty years ago when there was no such volume of advertising as newspapers now carry this involved a serious sacrifice. Nor was there much popular sympathy for what was regarded as pharisaical pretension and commercial imbecility. Two or three months after Mr. Cameron relinquished his personal control over *The Advertiser* I was detailed to write a sympathetic account of the Carling brewery. Just why I was assigned to that particular duty I have never understood. There were other members of the staff who could have pronounced a more seasoned judgment upon the quality of the product. But I had an amiable conversation with Sir John Carling and thereafter *The Advertiser* gave Carling's ale the benefit of its circulation. Mr. Cameron was favourable to woman suffrage when advocacy of the political equality of women was regarded as a feminine eccentricity. He was religious, but he hated heresy hunting and narrow denominationalism. He was loyal to British connection, but doubted the permanence of the colonial relation unless equality of citizenship throughout the Empire could be established. Restless under the domination of *The Globe*, he naturally drifted into relations with that element of the Liberal party which chafed under Honourable George Brown's ascendancy.

George Brown was not jealous of equals nor contemptuous of inferiors, but he was a natural Dictator and was intolerant of carping and disaffection within the Liberal party. Those who were contumacious he would flog into submission or drive into the wilderness. If there never was an open quarrel between Honourable George Brown and Honourable Edward Blake it is certain that Mr. Blake sometimes resented the dicta-

tion of *The Globe* and its masters. Thus there were two forces, if not two factions, in the Liberal party until Mr. Blake became the Federal leader. It may be that the responsibility for this division lies upon Mr. Blake rather than upon *The Globe*, for he had the zealous and faithful support of the Liberal organ while he was Prime Minister of Ontario. I have been told by Mr. William Houston, M.A., who was on the staff of *The Globe* as far back as 1872, that Honourable George Brown exercised all his power of persuasion to get Mr. Blake to enter public life. It was the judgment of the Liberal Dictator, who was as just as he was downright, that Mr. Blake had no intellectual equal in Canada, while among British statesmen he ranked only below Gladstone and perhaps Lord John Russell. This estimate was not accepted by his brother, nor perhaps will we all agree with George Brown that Lord Palmerston was inferior to Russell in capacity and genius for government. But while Mr. Mackenzie was leader of the Liberal party, Mr. Blake was an uneasy and uncertain ally. Between the two there was constant friction and misunderstanding. If they had personal relations they were frigid and reluctant. When Mr. Mackenzie died I was sent to ask Mr. Blake if he would be a pallbearer at the funeral. He acquiesced but hesitated. There came into his face a look of memories that were not pleasant. As I turned to go he murmured, "How I was misunderstood". Whether there was discord or music in Mr. Blake's memories among Mr. Mackenzie's adherents there was a rooted conviction that he had not been generous or chivalrous in his treatment of the head of the Government or of the Government itself towards which his relation was so capricious and uncertain.

The truth is that Mr. Blake could lead, but he could not follow. There is reason to believe that he could have succeeded to the leadership of the Federal Liberal party upon his resig-

nation of office in Ontario if he had permitted the Parliamentary caucus to choose between Mr. Mackenzie and himself. One reads much into a letter which Mr. Mackenzie wrote shortly before his Government was defeated: "From the first I was more willing to serve than to reign, and would even now be gladly relieved from a position, the toils of which no man can appreciate who has not had the experience. I pressed Mr. Blake in November, 1874, to take the lead, and last winter I again urged him to do so, and this summer I offered to go out altogether, or serve under him as he might deem best in the general interest." But Mr. Blake persuaded himself or deluded himself into the notion that he did not want to be leader. He was not frank with his associates nor frank with himself. He was more ambitious than Mr. Mackenzie, but his ardent and honourable craving for place and power was poorly concealed beneath an affected pretentious indifference. He was sensitive to every wind of criticism, blow it ever so softly. He was so mortally afraid he would be misunderstood that he never fully understood himself. Disabled by temperamental defects, this man of whom giants might well be afraid let his soul be harried by insects and to the gnats gave victories which belonged to the gods.

It was natural that Mr. Blake, who wanted to blaze the trail instead of Honourable George Brown, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who hated the Browns and *The Globe* as he hated Disraeli and the Jews, Mr. David Mills, who was rising to leadership in Western Ontario and was not convinced that when George Brown set his hand to the British North America Act the era of constitutional reform was closed forever, and Mr. John Cameron second in authority among the Liberal journalists of Upper Canada but not unwilling to be first, should seek a basis of alliance and co-operation. But surely there never was less promising material for conspiracy. There is no evidence that Mr. Blake had complete

confidence in Mr. Goldwin Smith, while in politics the Sage of The Grange trusted no one but himself. One can imagine that at the first conclave they would adopt a resolution of mutual distrust and commiseration and disband. Mr. Cameron could have gone with the company for a day's journey, not too happily, but with the quiet fortitude of a Christian fatalist. As for Mr. Mills, he had a wise humour, a collection of stories that even Sir John Macdonald relished, much knowledge of books and of human nature, and a confidence in Mr. Blake that he gave in equal measure only to Sir Oliver Mowat. A rare company for social converse, if the mood was mellow, but difficult for any political enterprise.

If there was any intimate political understanding between Mr. Blake and Mr. Goldwin Smith it is not revealed in the speeches of the one or the writing of the other. Mr. Goldwin Smith was never happy in any political household. No man denounced party so freely and laboured so continually to organize new parties. No other man of his time wrote the English language with such beauty and simplicity, or had greater command of searching irony and biting invective. He had a genius for depreciation. He never saw a human face without warts and he painted the warts first and often in colours that never faded. His "Canada and the Canadian Question" expresses political despair with scholarly elegance and a suggestion of enjoyment. His "Political History of the United States" is as brilliant as it is destructive. He left both the Dominion and the Republic almost without a hero or a patriot. It was said when he published "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" that having wholly lost faith in man he was beginning to lose faith in God. I doubt if he ever lost faith in either God or man, but he would be perverse and unhappy. Surely there never was a finer or serener look on a human face than when I saw him just before he died, and he said at parting, "Good-

bye, when we meet again it will be in another world". He had genuine sympathy with organized labour, but to the cherished ideals and projects of Collectivists and Socialists he was resolutely opposed. No man fought more stubbornly or more continuously to prevent construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway by Government. We are told by Baroness Macdonald that when British Columbia entered Confederation on condition that direct railway communication between the Province and Eastern Canada should be established, Sir John Macdonald desired to have the road built by the Government, but was overruled by his colleagues while he was engaged in negotiating the Treaty of Washington. There is reason to think that Mr. Mackenzie entered upon Government construction with reluctance and only because no satisfactory agreement with private capitalists could be effected. The Mackenzie Government and the Macdonald Government while engaged in building the railway were embarrassed by gross charges of ineptitude and corruption. Many of these charges were the emanation of partisan credulity and malice, as subsequent events established. No one was more active in these assaults than Mr. Goldwin Smith in *The By-stander* and other publications. The atmosphere of suspicion thus created throughout the country was among the chief reasons for the final decision of the Macdonald Government to reverse the policy and commit the undertaking to private capitalists. We do not know just how the negotiations with George Stephen and Donald A. Smith began. The chances are, however, that the Government was at least as eager to be relieved of the undertaking as the private capitalists were to build the railway.

Here perhaps was the only real bond of sympathy between Mr. Blake and Mr. Goldwin Smith. Neither had faith in the transcontinental railway project. Mr. Blake not only denounced Sir John Macdonald's contract with British Columbia under which the

railway was to be completed within ten years from the admission of the Province to Confederation as extravagant and impossible, but was hostile to the "better terms" secured by the Mackenzie Government. He created disaffection in the Cabinet, in the Commons and in the Senate, and spread throughout the country that vague sense of insecurity which is so fatal to the spirit and unity of a political party.

Mr. Goldwin Smith was neither a Nationalist nor an Imperialist. He denounced American Imperialism as illustrated in the adventure in Cuba and the acquisition of the Phillipines, while he sought to extend the sovereignty of the Republic over Canada. As long ago as 1866 at Manchester, which begins to rival Oxford as the home of lost causes, he delivered an address in which his vision of the future of Canada is freely and boldly disclosed. "Grow," he said, "the American Federation must. Its people know that it must grow; and diplomacy will do well at once to acquiesce in the natural and inevitable course of things. But the growth will be that of peaceful expansion and attraction; not of forcible annexation, of which I believe no considerable party at the North dreams or has ever dreamed. The British North American colonies will in time, and probably at no very distant time, unite themselves politically to the group of States, of which they are already by race, position, commercial ties and the characteristics of their institutions a part. No one can stand by the side of the St. Lawrence and doubt that in the end they will do this; but they will be left to do it of their own free will." To this vision Mr. Goldwin Smith was faithful. He would not have the prophecy unfulfilled. While the British North American colonies, with high hope and eager counsel, were evolving a Commonwealth, he was making sepulchre for the new birth of Empire. It is clear that Mr. Blake was affected by his teaching, but averse to any severance of the con-

nection between Canada and Great Britain.

During his first years in Canada there was a disposition to forget or overlook Mr. Goldwin Smith's academic declarations in favour of political union between the United States and the British Provinces. It was believed, perhaps, that the consummation of Confederation gave adequate and final security against absorption in the Republic. He had the most intimate personal relations with the Denisons and other uncompromising British Imperialists. Even by *The Globe* he was eulogized as a distinguished scholar and publicist and his decision to settle in Toronto treated as a signal favour and distinction. There was a serious movement, in which Mr. D'Alton McCarthy was active, to have him appointed editor of *The Mail*, but, according to the tradition, Sir John Macdonald would not consent. He was the first president of the National Club established as the social home of the Canada First group, but never was in full sympathy with a movement peculiarly dedicated at its origin to Canada and British connection. Originally a faithful expression of the political faith and outlook of Colonel George T. Denison and Mr. W. A. Foster, the Canada First movement developed into the Canadian National Association, was invaded by advocates of political independence and became a refuge for doctrines upon which *The Globe* fell with characteristic ardour.

In the famous address at Aurora on October 3rd, 1874, Honourable Edward Blake, eagerly acclaimed as the mouthpiece of Canada First, advocated federation of the Empire, reform of the Senate, compulsory voting, extension of the franchise and representation of minorities in Parliament. *The Globe* treated the speech with reserve, but was not unfriendly. It said that a great Federal Parliament for the British Empire was not a novelty and was an idea that had "many attractions for a certain class of minds". Much in the abstract could

be said in its favour, but its practicality was a very different affair. "The subject affords material for interesting and harmless speculation, which in the course of time may issue in some arrangement which will fuse the whole Empire more thoroughly into one united whole, and make the inhabitants of all its different parts so entirely one in sentiment and feeling and aspiration that the only country they will recognize as theirs will be the British Empire, and the only national sentiment they will deem worthy of cherishing will be one that thinks not of 'Canada first' or 'Australia first' or of 'Heligoland first' or 'Norfolk Island first', but of the grand old British race first, and of all who love their Sovereign and all who swear by the 'old flag' as first and last and midst as well". *The Globe*, however, deprecated "tinkering" with the Constitution, argued that the Senate as constituted assured reconsideration and amendment of measures adopted by the Commons and effectively prevented hasty and injurious legislation. It was the part of wisdom to hasten slowly, since nations, institutions and sentiments grow slowly. Changes in due time would be needed, and when needed would be effected. It argued that an elected Senate would produce conflict with the Commons, and that any second House elected for a longer period than the Commons would reduce the authority of the popular Chamber. "In the interests of the people of Ontario, who struggled for fifteen years to secure representation by population, and who are enjoying the full fruits of their labours at the present moment, we enter our protest against any change which will weaken the power of the popular Chamber in which they possess their fair share of influence and authority".

The London Advertiser accepted "the Aurora platform" without substantial reservation. It was especially whole-hearted in support of his protest against early construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. It was strongly in

favour of his demand for reorganization of the second Chamber. Indeed in its columns Mr. David Mills was advocating an elective Senate. There are sentences in Mr. Blake's attack upon British Columbia and the Transcontinental Railway project which constitute an instructive warning against rash political prophecy. He emphasized "the insanity of the bargain thrust upon you by your late rulers". He believed that it would cost \$36,000,000 to build the British Columbia section, and doubted "if that section can be kept open after it is built". At best we could only find "the least impracticable route through that inhospitable country, that sea of mountains". He affirmed, "If under all the circumstances the British Columbians were to say, 'You must go on and finish the railway according to the terms or take the alternative of releasing us from the Confederation', I would—take the alternative". Finally, he declared, "I am confident that a bushel of wheat will never go to England over an all-rail route from Saskatchewan to the seaboard".

In the speech at Aurora the more extreme Conservative newspapers saw only conflict between Mr. Blake and George Brown, and between Mr. Blake and the Mackenzie Government, which was negotiating "better terms" with British Columbia and proceeding with the construction of the Transcontinental Railway. According to *The Toronto Mail* Mr. Blake in urging reform of the Senate, to which, it must be remembered, Honourable George Brown had just been appointed, was "in great hostility to Mr. Brown". If it were not that Mr. Blake had "removed himself from the list of Reform leaders" it would have to be said that "the Grit party had at last issued an ultimatum which means nothing if it is not a declaration that the sooner the British Columbians take themselves out of the Confederation the better". It declared that "Mr. Blake has virtually severed himself from the Grit party". Furthermore, "The foresha-

dowed exodus of a great body of intelligent men from the Grit organization, led by one of the boldest and bitterest spirits among them may well cause a shaking in the secret councils of the faithful at this juncture". It might be said "in respect of the crib that Brown built that the Aurora pronunciamento is the beginning of the end". *The Toronto Sun* said that for "this outspoken disloyalty there can be only one fate in store for him, and that is to blackletter him in *The Globe* as a traitor, and to read him out of the party as a renegade". *The London Free Press* denounced the Aurora platform as impracticable and absurd. But *The Montreal Gazette*, in an editorial of great moderation and dignity, said "that Mr. Blake is momentarily out of harmony with his party friends is quite possible. That they are very decidedly out of humour with him is proved by the kind of criticism which has been bestowed upon his Aurora speech—one organ declaring that the Reform party cannot consent to follow him in his principles and another dismissing him with the statement that his utterances were quite 'harmless'."

Generally, however, Mr. Blake's address at Aurora was treated with consideration and respect. There was clear evidence that he was at variance with the Mackenzie Government, but the Liberal newspapers were discreet and conciliatory. So many of the Conservative journals discussed the Aurora proposals with such breadth and restraint as *The Montreal Gazette* displayed. It is not possible to follow the controversy in its various phases without sincere respect for the press of Canada forty-four years ago. But Mr. Blake could not escape association with Mr. Goldwin Smith and the Canadian National movement. Mr. Goldwin Smith was the first president of the National Club, and naturally was regarded as an authoritative interpreter of the Canada First movement. He rejected federation of the Empire, and proclaimed the ulti-

mate inevitable separation of Canada from Great Britain. In answer to strong and sustained attack by *The Globe* he explained that he looked to gradual emancipation as the natural end of the colonial system. "Gradual emancipation," he said, "means nothing more than the gradual concession to the colonies of powers of self-government. This process has already been carried far. Should it be carried farther and ultimately consummated, as I frankly avow my belief it must, the mode of proceeding will be the same as it has always been. Each step will be an Act of Parliament passed with the full consent of the Crown. As to the filial tie between Canada and England I hope it will endure forever." He said he could club with Imperial federationists, but could not agree with them in opinion. This was in direct conflict with the teaching at Aurora. Nor was Mr. Blake's utterance at Aurora his only declaration in favour of federation of the Empire. He had said at Montreal in 1873 that he desired "the intimate union of the British Empire". He believed that Canada must have a greater voice in "the disposal of her interests", but that voice need not be acquired by disruption. "We looked to a brighter future, to the reorganization of the Empire on another basis, which would open to us a wider and higher destiny as a member of the great British Empire".

But if Mr. Blake and Mr. Goldwin Smith divided over federation, it is impossible to doubt that they were animated by a common hostility to Honourable George Brown and *The Globe*. Through Mr. Cameron, of *The London Advertiser*, they found a common medium of expression and action. In 1875, *The Liberal*, with Mr. Cameron as editor and Mr. W. F. Maclean as Ottawa correspondent, was established at Toronto. Behind *The Liberal* were Mr. Blake, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. David Mills and Mr. Thomas Moss, who represented West Toronto in the House of Commons. But the days of *The Liberal*

were few and full of trouble. Its resources were inadequate for a contest with *The Globe*, while as an agency of division in the Liberal party its motives were distrusted and its constituency restricted. In its pages there was brilliant writing and a flavour of independence as refreshing as a summer shower. But it was only a summer shower, for in a few months *The Liberal* disappeared, Mr. Blake re-entered the Mackenzie Government, Mr. Moss became Chief Justice of Ontario, and *The Globe's* ascendancy was re-established if it ever was seriously threatened.

The failure of *The Liberal*, inevitable from the outset, laid a burden of debt upon the backs of the Camerons. When Mr. Blake withdrew from the movement of which *The Liberal* was the mouthpiece, Mr. Goldwin Smith said that he "left him to the tiger". But it was the Camerons rather than Mr. Goldwin Smith who were devoured. It is understood that before they embarked upon the adventure in Toronto *The London Advertiser* was yielding a satisfactory revenue to its owners. But for years they did not recover from their losses in *The Liberal*, if indeed they ever recovered. There is no evidence, however, that Mr. Blake or Mr. Goldwin Smith were unfaithful to any obligation or understanding. I never heard Mr. John Cameron reproach either or suggest that he was misled or deserted. Moreover, it is certain that their personal relations were not disturbed. After Mr. Cameron became editor of *The Globe* he had intimate social and personal intercourse with *The Grange*, while there is no doubt that Mr. Blake was influential in the movement to seat Mr. Cameron in the chair of the Browns. I was told often that when Honourable George Brown died it was discovered that *The Globe's* finances were in disorder and the annual deficits heavier than was suspected. There was nothing dishonourable in Honourable George Brown's system of finance, but his statements were arbitrary and his

optimistic estimates not always according to actual results. As a consequence the directors attempted to exercise authority for which there was no warrant in the Brown tradition. Friction developed between the board and Mr. Gordon Brown, and in degree as he became intractable the directors became determined. But I am bound to believe from many facts which came to my knowledge that political differences were a vital factor in Mr. Brown's deposition. He was not willing to be only a speaking-tube for the political leaders. He held that the function of a public journal was to discuss public questions with reasonable freedom and independence as a loyal ally, but not as the subservient creature of the party caucus. *The Globe* had marched in front with the word of command for the party which it had created, and Mr. Gordon Brown would not lower the flag and step to music which was not of its making. Faced with the alternative of submission or withdrawal he left the field humiliated but not dishonoured. It was perhaps inevitable when Mr. Blake became leader of the Liberal party that this should follow. It was as natural that Mr. Cameron should be Mr. Gordon Brown's successor. So far as I can learn there was no intimacy between Mr. Blake and Mr. Gordon Brown. There was intimacy between Mr. Blake and Mr. Cameron. It was necessary to have complete mutual confidence between the leader and the chief Liberal journal if the party was to be strong and united. The differences between Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie, between Mr. Blake and *The Globe*, had long consequences.

Honourable David Mills succeeded Mr. Cameron as editor of *The London Advertiser*. But at most he was the chief editorial writer. He exercised no authority over the staff and had only a perfunctory interest in the news columns. According to my recollection he rarely if ever gave a suggestion to the reporters or concerned himself about the treatment

of the despatches. But we liked to have him in the office, and in his bearing towards us there was a gracious friendliness. For a long time Mr. Mills had contributed to the editorial columns. But he was not a journalist nor was he ever an easy or luminous writer. There was a curious heaviness in his sentences, and he travelled far before the argument was completed. Mr. Mills was a philosopher, learned by the books, and "apt to teach". In his writing he did not fully reveal himself. He was best revealed in social converse and among his constituents. It was my privilege to attend the convention at Florence which nominated Mr. Mills in 1882, and to report other meetings in Bothwell which he addressed. He was like a father among his children, confidential, companionable, wise and tolerant. Between the member and his constituents there was such mutual confidence and affection as distinguishes a happy household. One felt, too, that he was invincibly loyal to his convictions and would not compromise with truth for any man's grace or favour. I can think of no man in public life who had more courage than Honourable David Mills, who was more scrupulous in argument, more just in praise or censure, more resolutely faithful to himself on the platform and in Parliament. "Praise is comely for the upright". More than once these qualities distressed associates and comforted opponents. Between Mr. Mills and Sir John Macdonald there was a firm and enduring friendship. It was often suggested unworthily that the Conservative leader flattered Mr. Mills in order to discover the designs of the Liberal party. The truth was that they had much in common. Both had read widely and thought beyond most of their contemporaries. Each had a fund of stories which could be wisely exchanged only in very confidential intercourse. The country knew how human was Sir John Macdonald; it did not know that Mr. Mills was just as human and just as companionable.

Joseph Howe said in the House of Commons in 1870: "I will pass over the philosophical declamation of my honourable friend from Bothwell, but I may say of him in passing that I am not aware he ever says an ill-natured thing if he can help it."

Mr. Mills, as has been said, had confidence in Mr. Blake that never was shaken. To Sir Wilfrid Laurier he gave only a perfunctory allegiance. There is no doubt that he aspired to the leadership of the Liberal party when Mr. Blake resigned and never was convinced that a wiser choice was made. Mr. Mills was defeated in Bothwell in 1896, and chiefly because in obedience to his interpretation of the constitution, he would not deny that the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba had ground of appeal to the Federal Parliament. Losing the votes of Catholics because the Liberal party opposed remedial legislation, and the support of extreme Protestants because he would not deny validity in the position of the minority, he was beaten when his party came into office after eighteen years of Opposition. No man had fought its battle with greater ardour, courage and ability, and the blow was severe. He was deeply stricken, too, by his exclusion from the first Laurier Cabinet. It is doubtful if he ever recovered his natural buoyancy and serenity. As leader of the Senate he was not happy. On the Supreme Court bench he was in an alien atmosphere. He fought a long and gallant battle and was sorely wounded in the hour of victory. What humiliations and tragedies mark the paths of public men! How grudging is public gratitude until it is cut into the sonorous phrases of an epitaph!

I was amazed to receive a letter written under the assumption that I had advised Sir Wilfrid Laurier to exclude Mr. Mills from the Government. My advice was not sought, nor was it offered. If I had so advised I would have been guilty of ingratitude and presumption. I fear, however, that Mr. Mills never was con-

vinced that I was not among those who had "conspired" against him. It was the fashion to think that the editor of *The Globe* was busy behind the curtain with decisions and movements of which he had no knowledge and for which he had no responsibility. With Mr. Mills as editor *The Advertiser* laboured somewhat heavily. Even Mr. Archie Bremner's daring and incisive paragraphs hardly relieved the sobriety of the editorial columns. At his best, Mr. Bremner was as brilliant and pungent as Mr. J. R. Cameron of *The Hamilton Spectator*, but Cameron was more spontaneous and more prolific. For many months my copy passed through Mr. Bremner's hands and I have often said that he never made an erasion or a correction that did not improve the style and the sense of what I had written. For a young reporter that was a great concession.

Few Canadian journalists have had a gift of humour equal to that which Mr. J. R. Cameron possessed. Few had a career so picturesque and adventurous. He was a printer's devil at Seaforth, and a compositor on *The Sarnia Canadian*. At twenty years of age he went to Arkansas and saw service during the Civil War. Returning to Sarnia at the close of the war he joined a company of volunteers organized during the Fenian Raid, but which was not called for active service. He was a reporter on *The Detroit Free Press* when rebellion broke out at Red River. Again he enlisted at Sarnia and became quartermaster-sergeant in the first battalion of Ontario Volunteers under Lord Wolseley, which made the long journey through the wilderness to Fort Garry. He assisted Mr. W. F. Luxton, with whom probably he had made acquaintance at Seaforth, in establishing *The Manitoba Free Press*, destined to become one of the great newspapers of Canada. When twenty-five years of age he was elected to the Winnipeg Council. For a year he was a reporter on *The Minneapolis Tribune*. But he had not yet found the soil in which he was to

take root. He came back to Canada and had a short connection with *The Stratford Herald*, *The Guelph Herald* and *The Ottawa Citizen*. Finally, in 1894, he joined the staff of *The Hamilton Spectator*, of which he became chief editor and in whose service he remained until his death in 1907.

Mr. Cameron's connection with the Red River Expedition, wholly honourable in itself, was often made the subject of gibe and banter by his contemporaries. Once in *The Toronto Evening Telegram*, Mr. J. R. Robinson, between whom and Mr. Cameron there was a happy vendetta for years, said "only a typographical error could have caused *The London Advertiser* to refer to Colonel John Robson Cameron as A.D.C. to Sir Garnet Wolseley. The historic fact is that Colonel John Robson Cameron was A.D.C. to Sir Garnet Wolseley's horse". Mr. J. P. Downey says that in his boyhood he thought Mr. Cameron "the funniest man alive". It is Mr. Downey's impression that he hardly wrote a serious editorial or a serious paragraph until he joined *The Spectator*. As editor of *The Spectator*, however, he had marked distinction among his contemporaries. He was clear and persuasive. Very often his leading articles were singularly moderate and dispassionate. He could be very partisan and even ferocious, but he could also carry on a long debate with a contemporary in admirable temper, quoting fairly, reasoning clearly and seeking judgment upon the facts as tested and established by reason and experience. But to the last his paragraphs were the salt of *The Spectator*, and never was he so happy, boisterous, delightful and insolent as when the Hamilton baseball nine defeated the Torontos in the old Canadian League contests of twenty-five or

Between Mr. Cameron and Mr. Alexander Pirie, of *The Dundas Banner*, there was constant interchange of badinage. *The Spectator* described Dundas as situated on the g. g. c.—the god-given canal. It had some

verses beginning, "A. Pirie stood at heaven's gates". When *The Buffalo Express* said that "Canada doesn't know enough to come in out of the Reign Britannia", Cameron retorted, "Canada knows enough to keep out of the Hail! Columbia". When a grieving Conservative newspaper insisted that it was a shame to bring in Sir John Macdonald's nose when Hugh John Macdonald's qualifications for public life were under consideration *The Spectator* said, "Shame! It's more than a shame. 'Snoutrage!' Charging *The Ottawa Journal* with cribbing from *The Citizen*, Cameron ended the protest with "Three shears for *The Journal!*" Mr. J. Gordon Mowat, perhaps better known as "Moses Oates", for many years connected with *The Globe* and various periodicals, acquired some celebrity as a weather prophet. Once he predicted a dry, warm summer, but in contempt of the prophet the summer was cold, wet and disagreeable. Towards autumn an Indian named Moses Oates was arrested and lodged in jail at Brantford. *The Spectator* had this paragraph, "Moses Oates, who is confined in Brantford gaol charged with a heinous offence, wishes us to announce that he is not the Moses Oates who predicted a dry, warm summer". Devoted altogether to his profession, Mr. Cameron has left only memories of an attractive personality and the simple records of a laborious and faithful workman. But Mr. Mills, Mr. Bremner and Mr. Cameron passed through the obituary column long ago, while only the old and the garrulous write Reminiscences. If Mr. Mills did not give vivacity to *The Advertiser*, he gave it authority throughout Canada almost equal to that which *The Globe* exercised, and a steadiness and consistency for which the chief organ of the Liberal party was not so distinguished throughout quarrels and tumults which were fast coming upon the country.

(To be continued).

JUST A PAGE OR TWO

FROM THE DIARY OF A CANTEEN WORKER IN FRANCE

BY MURIEL JOCELYN

June 16th.



ON jour, ma petite. This brings you greetings from the window of a little house in France, where I am sitting over my *petit déjeuner*, resting after my first night in the canteen. Yesterday, Madame la Directrice placed me in charge of the night shift for the summer, and this morning I am rejoicing at the change.

Since January I have been on duty every day from seven in the morning until five in the evening, and I have polished great coffee cauldrons and have cleaned the railway bar in which we have our canteen, until every scratch on the cauldrons and all cracks in the floor have become intimate friends. Such intimacy, however, palls after a time, and I longed to share the adventures of the more fortunate ones who were on night duty; for this is a station through which the soldiers pass in large numbers, and, with rare exceptions, they pass in the night.

On one side of us is the main line, and on the other a big freight yard. Through this pass, from the trenches to the trenches, all sorts of troops—men on leave, men going back to fight after having been in hospital, men singly and in detachments, men of every regiment and from every little corner of France.

We give them *café noir*, *café au lait* and biscuits, and dispense these from the steps on the yard side. The

men come up in single file, holding out their tin cups, and one of us standing on the top of the steps pours from a large jug, drawn from one of the cauldrons boiling on the stoves. On a lower step another girl distributes biscuits.

In the day-time the canteen seems a trap for all the heat grilling over Europe, but last night a full moon rose over the roofs of the station sheds and turned the freight-yard into a place of dreams. Men waiting for their trains were sleeping on the ground or standing about in groups talking, their rifles stacked and their kits flung down beside them. A constant stream comes to our doorway for coffee; often the men linger for a moment and are always responsive in their individual ways to a smile and a friendly word.

Once a huge *Chasseur d'Afrique* having emptied his tin of coffee to my good health, took a red rose which he had been wearing jauntily in his fez and gave it to me, because "I had the air of an angel". A few minutes later an infantryman, hung about with all the implements of war and most of the utensils of cooking, cast eyes upon my rose and asked me to give it to him. Not knowing where the *Chasseur* might be, I hesitated, and as I did, the soldier murmured, "Madame is *trop gentille* to refuse me a rose. I am very tired and the perfume of the rose is as sweet as madame herself." Of course, he had the rose, and he tucked it into the bosom of his dirty

gray coat with such an air. Is it any wonder that, with such children, France is the adorable, unforgettable country she is?

June 23rd.

There are lovely woods about us here, and an old lady has a boat on the river, which we may use at any time. Last night the other girl and I took our dinner in a basket and rowed up the river until the little town was left behind and only the spires of the cathedral showed gray above the trees. Then we tied up and ate our crisp croissants with salad and fresh fruit and drank our sweet red wine and watched the night slip over the hills.

Nine o'clock found us at the canteen again, and I had hardly filled my jug, when a party of soldiers, full of good cheer, came to the steps. "Eh, Madame la France," one of them cried. "*Avez vous a boire pour vos soldats?*" Can't you picture my delight at being apostrophized as "Madame la France", and at being asked if I would give "my" soldiers something to drink!

One soldier, a rather ancient specimen, (he made me think of Barlasch, in Henry Seton Merriman's "Barlasch of the Guard"), began hovering around the door about eleven o'clock, and by the time his train left, at four in the morning, I had heard not only his entire life history, but that of his family as well. He had been wounded, he had a daughter just like me—she, too, knew how to smile. She was going to be married. Was I, by any chance on the point of marrying? "*Non? Mais c'est pas possible, mademoiselle est si gentille, as all the world can see. Mademoiselle is English? Non? Canadienne! Mais,*" with his eyes raised to Heaven, "what are the Canadians about to let *si gentille* a demoiselle escape them?" They could fight—ah, yes, he granted that—St. Julien, Ypres—all the world knows of them, but in *les affaires du coeur* they are strange, but how strange!

And then he told me of his daughter's approaching marriage and of his wife. "*Qu'il est dur se dire adieu! Elle n'est pas jeune, non plus, que moi,*" and then after a few minutes he repeated, "Ah, no! we are no longer young, and we wept." Before his train left, he came back to say good-bye. "*Vous avez été bien gentille envers un vieillard,*" he said, smiling; and he emptied his tin of coffee to my good health.

You will ask if I do not find the work tiring. Of course, I do, but then, as the soldiers say when they sympathize with me over the heavy jugs, "*C'est pour la Patrie, n'est ce pas, madame?*"

July 1st.

Last night we had our first glimpse of what war really means. Some few miles farther down the line lies the great hospital of X—. In the ordinary course of events the ambulance trains pass through our station without a stop, but last night a breakdown on the main line necessitated the wounded being detrained here. Ambulances were in waiting and the worst cases were rushed to X— immediately, but it was morning before the station platforms and yard were empty of their ghastly burden.

Our canteen was hastily turned into a species of operating-room, with the French Red Cross in command. Those who were not badly wounded helped us to carry coffee to their less fortunate comrades, and one of us remembered a great store of cigarettes. And they laughed, those gentlemen of France, as we lit their cigarettes with hands shaking with pity at their white-lipped agony. "*Ce n'est rien, madame, c'est pour la France*"—and never all through that hideous night did I hear a cry.

As I raised one poor fellow's head to give him a drink, he asked, with obvious difficulty, if I would wash his face. As I did so, he noticed the rose I had tucked in my belt a few hours earlier—one of the late roses one finds only in France. Would madame give him the rose?

Returning a few minutes later with hot coffee, I found he had gone out with the rose at his lips. He had served his mistress well—his beloved Madame la France, but I wonder, did he leave some other, some Juliette or Nanon, to go down the long road alone? Did the rose bring back to him some golden day in Touraine or Calvados? I wish I knew.

July 2nd.

This morning, Monsieur le curé, silver-haired and kindly, came to La Directrice, while we were restoring order in the canteen. It seemed that at early mass he had missed an old parishioner, and after his *petit déjeuner* had gone to make inquiries. Knocking gently at the door of her little house on the river, he heard a muffled voice call "*Entrez*". On entering he found his good Marie kneeling by the side of the rough bunk that formed her only bed. One hand held that of a sleeping khaki-clad youth, the other her rosary. She had found him wandering by the river, shortly after the ambulance train came in. "*C'est un petit Anglais*," she explained, adding that he would not go back to the station and so she had taken him in. He had gone to sleep thus, because he liked it so—and Monsieur le curé must have a care lest he awaken him.

"Would Madame la Directrice come and see for herself?"

They took me with them, but our entrance awakened Marie's protégé and he sat up hurriedly—a mere child with puzzled wide blue eyes, pink cheeks and golden hair. Our English voices seemed to reassure him, and when La Directrice questioned him gently he told a disconnected tale of a "bally shell and a headache". Murmuring "shell-shock", La Directrice sent me in search of a carriage, and when I returned with an ancient vehicle, driven by an old villager in a hairy coat, we bundled Marie's *petit Anglais* into it and started out for X—, followed by the soft bless-

ings of Monsieur le curé and Marie of the white coif.

Our patient dozed uneasily most of the way, and, greatly to our relief, the examining surgeon recognized him immediately. La Directrice was right. It was shell-shock, but a mild case, and he would be quite himself in a few weeks. It was thought he had slipped away from the orderlies in the confusion of the arrival. We told of Marie and of how the curé had found her telling her rosary by his side. "*Eh, c'est bien la main du bon dieu*," said the little surgeon.

July 16th.

To-night I had a lively detachment of Chasseurs to deal with. Their sergeant came to me as I stood on the steps. "Madame," he said, "we have so many men. Can you give them coffee before we entrain?" Telling him to draw up his men in two lines, I started out armed with my jugs. But they no sooner saw me coming than they began to shout and to beat with their tin cups upon their rifle-barrels, and though they were on the best possible terms with their officers, they paid no attention to my order about lining up. In fact, they played leap-frog, sang for me, and introduced me to the regimental dog—an excited mongrel with a tail a yard too long, and gaily sporting a Chasseur coat with the Chasseur arms embroidered on it.

It was a delightful party, but time was going and there would be others to attend to, so I appealed to the men. Did they want coffee, or did they not? Would those who did get into line? You should have heard them cheer as they pushed each other into place. One enormous man with the *Croix de Guerre* on his breast stepped out from the ranks and with sublime indifference to the presence of his officers, announced in tones for all the world to hear, that he and he alone would protect *la petite demoiselle*. Whoever lacked politeness to madame should answer to him!

He followed me up and down the lines, glaring at his comrades as if I were in the midst of a tribe of hungry cannibals, and was in imminent danger of being eaten alive. There wasn't a man amongst them who would have worried me, and they knew I knew it, and they laughed and cheered and jeered at my self-constituted guard, until a company of infantrymen sweeping in upon us, drew me away. So I bade my *Chasseurs au revoir* and *bonne chance*, and as they entrained there were cheers for *la petite Canadienne*.

Dawn. Our freight-yard is empty now, the last train has gone out, the last gay cry has died into silence.

Behind me in the canteen, I hear the voices of my two assistants as they clean the great cauldrons. From my doorway I watch the dawn steal up into the skies. Over the cathedral, silver gray against the hills, hangs one silver star. On the river faint mists are adrift and somewhere there calls the sweet wild note of a bird.

In another hour we shall be gone across a wooden bridge, along a quay, and up a cobbly street shaded with ragged poplars, and into the little house where the most rosy-cheeked of old ladies prepares our *petit déjeuner*. Afterwards we shall sleep until the sun is low, and for myself I dream always of *mes chers enfants Français et que le bon dieu te garde, petite*.

THE TWO TRANSPORTS

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

I DREAMT I saw a ship go by,
 A ship go by,
 With cheering men and flags a-fly.
 It made me sigh,
 And you know why,
 And I know why.

I dreamt I saw a ship go by,
 A ship go by,
 Come in from sea so silently.
 And this time I did more than sigh,
 And you know why,
 And I know why.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

GERMANY'S DANCE WITH DEATH

The Canadian Magazine



THE GRAY TROUT OF TIMAGAMI

BY M. PARKINSON



LAKE TIMAGAMI, the northern home of *Christivomer Namaycush*, the great gray trout, lies three hundred miles due north of Toronto, nestling in the midst of the green fastnesses of the Timagami Forest Reserve. Here the most ardent disciple of Izaak Walton may enjoy his loved sport to his heart's content.

Timagami, with its rolling, pine-clad hillsides stretching away into the blue haze of the distance; its ever-green islets set in azure blue; its sinuous passages leading on and on to marvellous and more marvellous revelations of primitive beauty; its cerulean skies and crystal waters, teach its visitors the deep truth of that very wise and very ancient saw,

It is not all of fishing to fish.

To get away from offices, counting-houses, school-books, parlours and five-

o'clock teas; to get out into the open of existence where life is real, and where worry and strain and sham are not; to get among the green banks, the leafy, balsamic forests, the singing birds, the blue skies, this is after all the chief part of fishing. And in all this the fisherman in Timagami may revel to the full. Here, in all power, comes the witching hand of the mystery of the wildwood, soothing by its magic touch the troubled brow. All worry and care fall away. And as you loll back on the cushions of your canvas-covered Chestnut watching the tiny globules of water scurrying away over the limpid surface as they drip from the Ojibway's paddle, you fall to musing in the words of the old poet:

Of Recreation there is none
So free as Fishing is alone;
All other Pastimes do no less
Than Mind and Body both possess;
My Hand alone my Work can do,
So I can fish and study, too.



On the Timagami

The game fishes of Timagami are five in number; the genteel brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*; the sportive black bass, *Micropterus dolomieu*; the stately great gray trout, *Christivomer namaycush*; the common everyday doré, frequently called pickerel, *Stizostedion vitreum*; and the scavenger pike, *Esox lucius*. Of these, that gold-sprinkled living arrow of the white waters whose dainty meat is the glancing butterfly, zig-zagging up the cataract, loitering in the rapids, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, is the most written about; that "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamiest fish that swims", *Micropterus dolomieu*, he of the arrowy rush and untiring strength,

is probably the most sought after; but, in the opinion of the writer, that cousin of the salmon of the sea, the *namaycush* trout, is among the fish as Launcelot among the knights, the plain armoured hero, the sunburnt champion of the water-folk. Let me here chant thy praise! Thou art the noblest and most high-minded fish. Thy cousin, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, may exceed thee in beauty of colour, in gracefulness of form, but thine is the kinglier nature. His courage and skill, compared with thine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight,
Or as water unto wine.

Then, when *namaycush* reaches the



On the Timagami

pan, when the Crisco is blazing hot, when the great chunks from his pink sides fall into the boiling fat, when browned and sizzling they lie steaming before you as you sit on some flat rock under a shady pine, when the aroma rises to your distended nostrils and the saliva flows from untold fountains in your mouth; then, only the language of the darkey as he sat beside his captured yellow cat-fish on the banks of the Opelousas in Louisiana,

Don't talk to me o' bacon fat,
Or taters, coon or 'possum;
Fo' when I'se hooked a yaller cat,
I'se got a meal to boss 'em,

can express your appreciation of the toothsome-ness of this king of food fishes.

The *namaycush* trout runs up to fifty pounds in weight. These, of course, are not often caught, but trout from fifteen to thirty pounds are of common occurrence. A trout from six to ten pounds is the best for food, and quite exciting on the end of 300 or 400 feet of copper wire. Many do not esteem the lake trout highly as a game fish, but the writer can aver that a good lusty trout on a warm summer day can give even an expert angler "the time of his life", and keep him sufficiently "busy" for an hour or so.

They are usually caught by trolling either with spoon or live minnow, on the end of from 200 to 400 feet of copper wire. The most exhilarating amusement to be had with this fish is in trolling from a canoe. Behind you, gliding over the gunwale like a golden thread, and disappearing in the cool depths of the lake, runs the copper wire of smallest calibre on a heavy trout reel, attached to a stout rod. To this is fastened a six-foot braided leader with an otter-tail spinner or a live minnow on a stiff gang. The weight of the wire sinks the bait to the requisite depth. Then you await the strike with a thrill that is realized to perfection only by one who has felt it before.

The strike of a fifteen-pound fish on this tackle beggars all description. A strong line under such tension would part in an instant, but the ductility of the wire averts this accident. The man at the reel now has exquisitely hard work ahead of him. The frenzied *Salmonidae* rushes and plunges, and finally takes, as it were, "the bit in his teeth" and shakes his slender body as much as to say, "This far and no farther". Thus it goes on, until the dragging minutes have made themselves into an hour or so. At last with bulldog pertinacity he wrenches savagely at the pliable metal, and then rises to the surface in a despairing leap for his life. There he lies, showing white in the fading sunlight, the most perfect form of fish the world has seen. Soon you gaze upon your captive lying asphyxiated on the bottom of the canoe, a synthesis of qualities which make a perfect fish. You disengage him from the meshes of the net. As you watch his glistening gray sides pale into the pearl of the moonstone, as the muscles of respiration grow feebler and more irregular in their contraction, you will experience a peculiar thrill that the capture of neither the *fontinalis* nor *dolomieu* can ever excite.

This is the sort of fishing *namaycush* will give you out of the cool depths of fairy Timagami. Come, if you will test the truth of the "fish-



The Great Gray Trout

stories" revealed by the photographs illustrating this article. Come away from the whirl and worry and bustle of the crowded marts of commerce. Come where the untainted breezes blow, where the clear sun shines from skies of bluest blue, where the jangled nerves grow quiet and the weary brain has rest.

Crystal Timagami, Wasaesinagami,
 Deep rushing rivers and skies that are
 blue,
 Out on thy deeps again, sing me to sleep
 again,
 Sing me to sleep in my birch-bark canoe,
 Back to the wilds again, show me the way,
 Make me a child again just for a day.

THE SIGN OF THE BASS

BY MADGE MACBETH



JOE LOGAN jabbed the hook in a tree, and did a leisurely marathon over the front lawn of the Lodge. He was not taking any freak cure, nor was he out for exercise at seven in the evening. He was merely drying his hard-used line.

It was a good line, and a good reel. The latter had descended to him after twenty years' use in his father's hands, and with the reel had descended the uncommunicable but inheritable gift of angling. Joe had fished since he could walk; he had run the gamut of tackle from a bent pin in the creek to a harpoon in Central American waters. One might say he had caught everything from a dace to a shark, but he specialized on bass.

And his favourite haunt was the Onega Lodge.

When the fine-braided silk had run off the reel, zig-zagging from maple to maple, and showing against the delicate pink sky like a crazy cobweb, Joe rested his rod against a tree, sat down and pulled out and lighted the old comforter.

He was careful to keep his back turned to the verandah, but as though furnished with a pair of eyes astern, as well as afore, he knew exactly what was going on up there. Enid Burnham was the centre of a group of men, each of whom was trying to persuade her to fish with him on the morrow. And she was playing them with her delicate beauty, her subtle wit, just as interestedly as he played

a bass with his delicate line and subtle skill. She would give them length or pull them taut until in the end they would lie inert, ready to do her bidding, like the spent fish in the Big Lake Narrows.

Well, let her go! A fine catch they would make! A fellow can't fish with Enid in the boat, but if they were content to loll about all day with a loaf of bread and a book of verse and a jug of wine—to say nothing of the Thou—let them go to an ordinary summer hotel! The Lodge had never harboured triflers; it was essentially a fisherman's retreat, as the mounted mural decorations proved, and there is nothing quite so annoying to the born fisherman as the half-hearted interest of a trifling angler. Ignorance he can forgive; indifference, never!

He got up from the ground, stuffed the old comforter into his pocket, after whacking it against a tree, then commenced to reel in. Walking slowly round and round the maples, with a furtive eye on the verandah, Joe Logan did for the first time in his life what he would have criticized most hardly in another—he overlooked a dangerously thin streak in his mottled silk thread, and upon that thin spot hangs the whole story.

Enid came to the edge of the steps and watched him. So did the four men, who followed her as faithfully as Mary's lamb followed the heroine of that story.

"Joe," she called, "Oh, Joe, come up here, I want you."

Unhurriedly, Mr. Logan removed

his No. 18 "Cincinnati" from the tree, insinuated it between reel and line, then made his way toward the group.

"He does not Tom and Jerry with us any more," complained Reade, in a tearful voice.

"Doctor's ordered complete isolation," whispered Murray loudly.

"Why are Logan's catches all so profitable?" asked Dallas, of the crowd. "Give it up? Because all his hauls are net hauls."

"Kill Bob Dallas," advised Enid coldly, whereupon there was a mighty scuffle. She turned back to Logan and looked down, smiling.

"Save me from these vultures, Joe," she said. "They want to divide me into four parts, which is lots worse than Gaul, you know. Oh, boys!" she broke off, "a ripping pun—gall—Gaul—g-a-l-l, isn't it marvelous, and so unintentional! Well, anyway, they want me to go fishing to-morrow, and as I can't go with all of them, I have decided to go with you."

Logan's heart thumped alarmingly, but he said with elaborate carelessness:

"Delighted, I'm sure. Only I was going down to the Narrows for all day, which means starting at six. Won't that be too strenuous for you?"

"Pouf!" said Enid. "We'll have a shore dinner, and do no end of roughing it, and I will catch a huge bass. On the whole, Joe, I am awfully glad I chose you."

Logan muttered something polite and escaped to put away his tackle, so he said. In reality he was obliged to get off by himself, for fear those four jackanapes, who did not know a pickerel from a bull-head, would see the radiant joy exuding from his person. To have Enid for a whole day fifteen miles from human habitation—he swallowed and closed his eyes.

With creditable promptness she was ready. The two of them ate a hasty breakfast and repaired to the dock. They seemed to have the misty, dewy, sweet-smelling world all to

themselves, for Frank, the guide, counted no more than the gaily chirruping birds. He was impatient to be off, and no sooner were they seated than he cranked his engine, and they started.

A noisily singing *put-put* took them farther and farther into the heart of nature. Along the shore the trees took shape out of the swiftly rising mist, and here and there a lonely crane sailed close overhead. The prow of the row-boat tied behind stood high above a creaming feather of water, and in its wake swirls of curving ripples tried their best to stretch across the lake.

"How wonderful," breathed Enid. "I didn't know that the world was like this, Joe. I have mistaken a poor imitation for the genuine all these years."

She took off her close-fitting panama, and a strand of bright gold hair loosened in the wind and blew across his face. As though it had been the lash from a whip, he clenched his fists and moved suddenly to the opposite side of the boat, immediately setting to work with his tackle. Enid continued her aspostrophe to Morning, and if she noticed the trembling of his hands she made no sign.

Before long Frank moistened his thumb and forefinger in the water of the lake, pinched off the end of his fat black cigar, and brought the launch to a standstill.

"Are we there already?" asked the girl.

"We're in the Nar's, Miss," answered the guide. "This here's the place where Mr. Logan caught his six-pounder las' summer. Right agin that stump, yanter."

"Is that a very big fish, Frank?"

The guide stared into her lovely face silently a moment. Then, expectorating with splendid accuracy upon a floating lily pad, he remarked, "Well, it ain't no minny, Miss."

They made her comfortable in the row-boat; Joe took up his rod, and Frank, after dousing the minnow-pail, and moistening a heavy canvas

bag from which unhallowed noises issued, took up his oars. They left the launch swinging lazily at her anchor and made for the head of the Narrows. Joe held his rod between his knees, pulled down the hook with a sharp buzz from the reel, and scooping into the pail with a small net, brought out a healthy young chub. Enid closed her eyes and shuddered. When she opened them the little fish was having the surprise of his life, hurtling through the air and landing twenty feet from his starting point, without so much as a splash in the water. Then he had a fearful moment—that chub! A monstrous leering bass with greedy maw distended made straight at him; tugging at the awful weight which dragged from his mouth, the little fellow swam toward the surface, to be jerked in some miraculous manner high above the water and free from the murderous jaws. Another moment and he would have perished.

But his relief was short-lived. The same relentless hand which had flung him thither and had dragged him from a sudden death, now held him dangling—gasping—at the end of a slender upright rod. He made vigorous caudal protests which by and by had the effect of whirling him down beside a submerged stump and into a slithering mass of weeds. Here, too, little chub had a narrow escape. He was again pursued by a colossal bass, but was drawn above the water just in time. Each time he was pulled from the water his writhing grew feebler, though even at the last he was conscious that the creature who was suffocating him seemed more intent upon the other monster in the boat than upon the bass in the lake. He stupidly missed catching two big ones. But he was past caring now. His eyes began to glaze and his breath ceased. His fins stuck against his sides and he could not open them. Oh, for a moment of freedom from that cruel hook and a swift darting in the cool green water!

“Bait’s dead, Mr. Logan,” remark-

ed Frank. “I’ll row you round the bend to Slim Bay, whar we might ketch a leetle ruffle.”

He looked resentfully at the back of a golden head and wished that it had been left at the Lodge. Frank did not approve of mixing women and fish; he never yet had seen the young and pretty one who did not put the double-cross on bass.

“They’re jest alike,” he muttered below his breath, “in that you have to give your whole time to either of ’em.”

Noon crept into Slim Bay with its ruffles—a coinage of Frank’s own, composed of ruffle and ripple—and Joe Logan had not even caught a “dinner fish”. He cast at stumps from all angles, he used his “Payson”, and delved amongst the weeds and lily pads; he trolled; had he possessed a herring net he would have used it—anything to show Enid that he *could* fish!

It was well that a generous lunch-basket had been filled before leaving the Lodge, also that Frank’s surliness did not communicate itself to his cooking. The shore dinner was all that a fastidious epicure could have desired, and the two did ample justice to it. While they ate, a flock of noisy crows sat on nearby trees and demanded in raucous voices that they hurry. Hardly had they left the spot than the ground was black with them, and a few moments later a few chicken bones, only, told the story of recent feasting.

While Frank was washing the dinner kit and the crows were gorging themselves, Joe stretched at full length under a fragrant pine and pulled out the old comforter. Enid sitting near, half closed her eyes, artist-like, and gazed across the glinting water to the wooded hills beyond. Now and again her glance wandered back to the figure at her feet, and she compared him with other men she knew.

“How can one be sure?” she asked herself perplexedly. “If, only, I had some sign!”

Joe examined the old comforter critically.

"Reminds me of an unsuccessful artist chap I know," he said. "Doesn't draw."

The girl took a hairpin from the pocket of her middy and handed it to him.

"What a pretty shiny thing," he exclaimed. "But even at that, Enid, it is not gold enough to match your hair."

Having used it with satisfactory results, Logan bent the gilt hairpin into a twisted circle.

"See, I make you a true lover's knot," he said, slipping it on her finger. "It is a charmed ring, my dear, and will cleave to you as long as my love does." His voice grew serious. "Enid—don't you know—"

"Breeze's comin' up!" Frank broke rudely in upon the idyll. "We mought as well go back to the Nar's, if you want to try to fish."

The insinuation was not lost upon Enid, who jumped lightly to her feet and ran down to the boat. Frank pulled the bucket of minnows out of the water, gave the mysterious canvas bag a thorough sprinkling, then lighting another of his inexhaustible supply of black cigars, he shoved off.

Absently, Joe lifted the cover of the minnow pail, but the guide called sharply:

"Oh, a frog, please, Mr. Logan! Minny in the forenoon, frog in the afternoon. Here they are!"

A discordant croaking followed the untying of the canvas bag, and Enid recoiled with a horrified exclamation as a lively green frog came to light.

"Joe!" she cried. "Please don't—for my sake! A minnow is bad enough, but don't torture a poor frog!"

Both men looked at her astonished. Then into Frank's face crept a flush of angry intolerance; he had come out to row for a fisherman, not to chaperone a pair of turtle doves.

But Logan smiled tenderly as he dropped the frog back into its sheltering bag. "For my sake," she had

said. That ought to stand for something.

"All right, my lady, a minnow it shall be," replied the man cheerfully.

But womanlike Enid had already changed her mind; she was resolved not to be less generous than he.

"No, no! Don't mind me! I know I'm silly. Use the frog, if you think it best. I will close my eyes and stop my ears. I must not spoil your day."

"Spoil my day?" he repeated her words in a tone which caused the vivid colour to flame in her cheeks, and looked significantly at the twisted hairpin on her finger. In spite of Frank's entreaties, he insisted upon using a minnow—and he caught nothing worth taking home.

The sun was slipping to its well-earned rest when Enid demanded a rod. She hated fishing. The frenzied terror of the bass always sickened her, but answering some impulse she could not explain, she now wanted to fish.

Joe put one of his artificial frogs in the end of an old line of Frank's, and, half fascinated, half disgusted, she watched the realistic kicking of the little green lure.

In silence save for the buzzing of the reel, they slid through the still waters. Round the bend lay the launch at anchor. Evening had fallen as gently as a silken garment, and from the shore came a plaintive twittering, like a sleepy whimpering of many little children.

"If I had some sort of sign," the girl whispered to herself.

Plop!

A fish jumped behind her and widening circles swayed rhythmically over toward the boat. On the instant Joe's minnow had sought out the centre of those circles and had gone down without a splash.

"He's got him," breathed Frank, as the rod bent nearly double. "It's a big one—thank God!"

Perhaps because she could not bear the look upon Joe's face as he fought with the fish, perhaps because she was afraid of seeing a lust to conquer which would repel her, Enid took the

the twisted wire from her finger and threw the glittering thing off into the water.

"Before I trust my fate to thee, or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give colour and form to mine,
I ask the gods who favour me, to give me back some sign. . . ."

she muttered, and closed her eyes.

Snap! The boat quivered, Joe's rod flew back, and a slender braided thread whipped through the air, as Frank spat out an ugly oath.

"He's broke your line!"

In the tenseness of the moment Enid gripped her own rod hard. That prevented it from going overboard.

"Joe!" she screamed. "Take it, quick. I can't hold on!"

"By God," cried Frank, "*she's got him!*"

With a rod about as flexible as the ordinary curtain-pole, a line which looked as though it had tied up a package of laundry, and an old reel too rusty to run, Joe Logan fought with the big bass. He was obliged, after a moment's struggle, to throw the rod into the bottom of the boat, handling the line sailor-fashion. One instant there was a coil of it, the next it had slipped through his fingers so rapidly that little streaks of red ran between them. Now it jerked like the reins on a restive horse, now it filtered slyly away. Once, the fish almost gained his freedom by darting to the surface close by, then down again in a twinkling, and up on the other side of the boat. It was on old trick and a good one, but it failed.

"He's almost spent," said Joe above the sound of the guide's heavy breathing. "Take the net, Enid, and land him yourself. He's your fish."

"She'll lose him," grunted Frank.

"No matter. He's hers."

Leaning perilously far over the side of the boat, Enid grasped the handle something after the manner of a baseball bat and waited. Up he came an inch at a time, still making a brave effort toward freedom.

"Put it lower in the water," said Joe. "No, that's too far; now tip it so that he will go in tail first. Don't hurry, I've got him. Be careful not to strike him with the rim, that's all. That's better — now — ready — there. *Quick!* Good work!"

She did it, heaven only knows how. But she screamed as the bass touched the boat and drew her feet off the bottom. Suddenly she felt dizzy and faint.

"Well, I'll be hanged," cried Joe. "Look, Frank, it is the same one I lost! Here's my hook, Enid, open your eyes, my lady, and see what a dumb fool a bass is. He takes one bait, goes off with the hook in his mouth, then waits around to be caught again. *And with an artificial frog at that!*"

Frank surveyed the prize contentedly. It was not a record-breaker, but it was a good five and three-quarters, out of the water, which is some weight considering the manner of its landing. He gave it a deft thump on the head with a bludgeon kept for that purpose and slipped it into the fish-box beneath the seat.

They reached the Lodge after everyone else had finished supper, and so had the dimly-lighted dining-room to themselves.

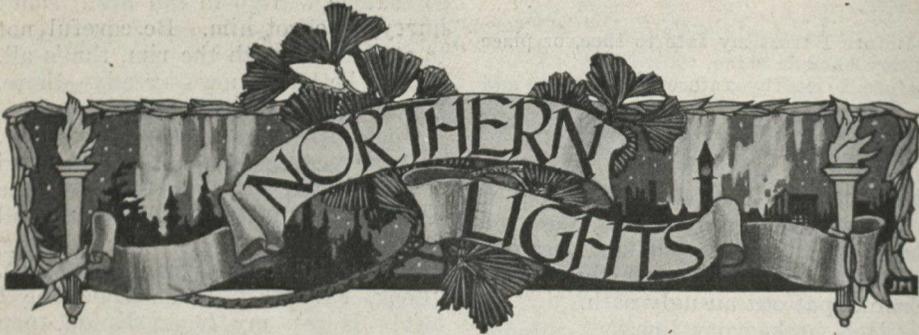
"My true lover's knot!" cried Logan suddenly. "What have you done with it, Enid?"

As though in answer to his question, Sam's grinning face appeared in the doorway. He was carrying a platter of fried bass.

"Dat suttingly war some whale, you-all kotch. Mistah Logan," the chef remarked. "He don't only swallow a minny an' a frawg, but he goes gropin' roun' de bottom ob de lake fer some lady's ring. Look a-here, what else he eat!"

"It's mine," cried Enid, between laughing and crying. "It's mine."

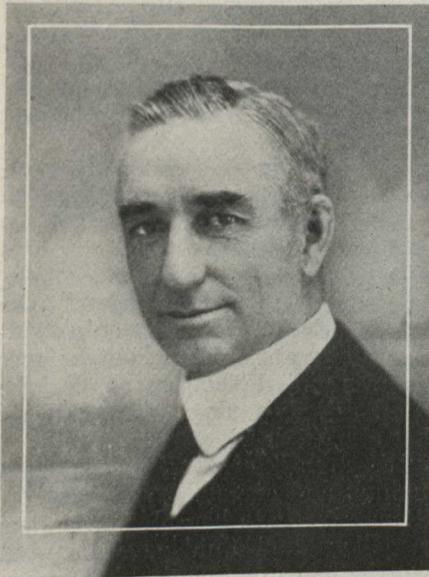
Sam gave it to her; Joe gave Sam ten dollars, and Enid gave Joe—but then she had to. She couldn't ignore *such* a sign!



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MR. WILLIAM M. GRAHAM, Indian Commissioner for the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, for a number of years was the Indian Agent at File Hills, Saskatchewan. His long service and faithfulness justified his recent appointment, which greatly increases his usefulness and scope as a public servant. His importance began when he introduced at

File Hills a plan to set aside a portion of the Indian reserve for the exclusive use agriculturally of pupils of Indian schools. This plan he purposes to continue on a large scale throughout the three Provinces, and thereby to increase production and to instill into the younger generation of Indians a practical idea of the benefits of agriculture. The experiment at File Hills, as described by *The Winnipeg Tribune*, is unusually gratifying. About 18,000 acres were put aside to be used exclusively by the ex-pupils of the Indian schools. The purpose was to put these young people at a certain distance from their beloved but ambitionless relatives, where they could work out their own more promising destinies, away, at least a good portion of the time, from the retarding influences of the older generation. Needless to add, the separation was merely a matter of a few miles, and they could visit each other quite conveniently. The scheme has worked out most successfully. There are about thirty-five farmers—quite a number of them now at the Front and their farms worked by other Indians—and they produced over one hundred thousand bushels of grain in 1916 and again in 1917. One young Indian who went to the colony without a cent ten years ago is now worth \$20,000, and there are several others rapidly following in his wake.



W. M. Graham, Indian Commissioner

The great war evoked a splendid patriotic response from File Hills. Practically every Indian who could go has gone to the Front. One is a prisoner in Germany, one was killed in France, another has been reported missing, while eight or ten have been wounded. Old and young at home have raised nearly \$8,000 for patriotic and Red Cross organizations, the squaws being particularly active and successful.

*

A GLAD SIGHT FOR CANADIANS

THE woman who stays at home following with a breathless tenacity every move of the great world struggle, is at home because she feels that her highest form of patriotism expresses itself on this side of the water rather than on the other. Had she her preference, she would drop the shackles of duty and speed on a darkened ship right for the Front, where she could feel that she was doing her bit, for it is often difficult to get sufficient satisfaction from a constant round of domestic economies, Red Cross work, home knitting and contributing to war relief funds. One is apt to feel that those are doing much more toward helping win the fight who are actually within hearing distance of the battle's roar, and so, many women who must stay at home envy Mrs. Holman, wife of Lieutenant R. Claude Holman, Prince Edward Island, for her ability to volunteer.

She offered her services to the Motor Ambulance in April a year ago, after working in the Red Cross Prisoners of War Department in London for a year before. She was immediately accepted, there being at that time a demand for women drivers that more men might be released to fight. Mrs. Holman, who is an essentially "womanly" young woman, slight of build and delicate looking, belies all these physical features in her work. She has nerves of steel and endurance which equals that of any



Mrs. R. Claude Holman

man. She has been driving an ambulance for a year without rest, meeting trains at any hour of the day or night, and taking soldiers to the London hospitals or to other trains on which they are carried to hospitals outside of London. She has seen some sights which are not good to see, but her courage has never failed, and the joy with which our boys greet a Canadian woman who stands to welcome them with good cheer, strengthens her to bear her part, unflinching.

We at home may take pride in knowing that the policemen about the stations have often complimented Mrs. Holman and other Canadian women drivers upon the expert management of their huge, cumbersome chariots of mercy, for no matter how expert one may have been in extricating one's car from the traffic of Montreal or Toronto streets, that problem was like a b c to syntax compared with London congestion.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Holman knows her ambulance from

radiator to smallest screw, and is not dependent upon outside help to make repairs. She is so much in love with her work that steady duty with but a half-day off every ten days does not seem a hardship.

*

A POET SOLDIER

THE LITERARY DIGEST says ~~says~~ that the late Colonel John McCrae has expressed as no other man in this war the vital message of the dead. Before the war Dr. McCrae was unknown as a poet. Now his memory is revered wherever the English language is read. His poem, "In Flanders' Fields" is generally well known, but many of our readers have not read the other, "The Anxious Dead". We append both:

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing
on!

(These fought their fight in time of bitter
fear
And died not knowing how the day had
gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky
afar!

Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make
war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard
their call;

That we have sworn and will not turn
aside;

That we will onward till we win or fall;
That we will keep the faith for which
they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrought in silence
deep—

Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their
sleep.



Colonel John McCrae

THE LIBRARY TABLE

IRISH LYRICS AND BALLADS

By JAMES B. DOLLARD. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.



ONCE in a while we come across a volume of poetry that we wish were Canadian. Such is this book of Father Dollard's, a book of exquisite quality, and although it is published in Canada by a resident of the Dominion whom we should be proud to call Canadian, it is not Canadian. For Dr. Dollard has the soul of the Irishman, and his heart yearns for his native hills. He is a true lyric, with a beautiful fancy, and he shows a clinging fondness for Irish tradition. It is a pity that more of our Canadian poets have not felt the same towards Canada. There are some outstanding exceptions, but we would have more and better poets if the national beauties and characteristics of the country were more realized. Time will do the seasoning. Meantime we are delighted with volumes like Dr. Dollard's. We quote one poem in full:

THE SILVER ANVILS

There was a rath I used to love, in Ireland long ago.

An ancient dun in which they dwelt—the Fairy Folk, you know.

All belted round with hawthorn was this Rath of Closharink,

And one could hear, when straying near, their silver anvils clink!

O, clink, clank, clink—hear the fairy hammers go;

Clink, clank, clink, in their caves of gold below!

What were they a-forging in the dun of Closharink

Upon their silver anvils tapping—clink, clank, clink!

When all the thorn was blossomed white,
and yellow was the furze,
You'd hear them in the noonday hush
when ne'er a linnet stirs;
You'd hear them in the evening when the
sun began to sink,
And purple glory flushed the hills that
smiled on Closharink.

O, clink, clank, clink, hear the fairy hammers sound—
Clink, clank, clink, in their forges underground.

What were they a-patterning, the Sidhe of Closharink,
With all their silver anvils sounding—
clink, clank, clink?

What were they a-fashioning—a crown for great Queen Mave;
A helmet for Cuchulain, or a shield for Lugh the Brave;
A scabbard for the Sword of Light that flames on danger's brink,
A jeweled torque for Angus who is King at Closharink?

Clink, clank, clink, like a harp note, sweet and low,
Clink, clank, clink, and a big moon climbing slow!

Though youth is far from me to-night, and far is Closharink,
My senses thrill to hear it still, that clink, clank, clink!

*

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THIS prodigious historical work continues without abatement of interest. The nineteenth volume, which deals with the spring campaigns of 1917, contains besides almost 300 pages of letter-press, thirty-five maps, and on the jacket there is a portrait of the author reproduced in colours. The several chapters consider and relate in masterly fashion the

German retreat in the west, the battle of Arras, the second battle of the Aisne, Mesopotamia, Syria, and the Balkans, Italy's campaign since the battle of Gorizia, and the progress of the Russian revolution. This now has become a history which because of its high merit and popular price must command the attention of all who make any pretense at possessing a library.

*

PRIEST OF THE IDEAL

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHILE there is much in this book that is most romantic and ideal, it scarcely can become a popular novel. Hampden, a wandering mystic who preaches idealism and devotion to early church traditions and legends, is in many respects a remarkable figure, but a figure that one should not expect, but hope, to encounter in these days of turmoil. He is like one of the graces, an example, but scarcely a fact. Contrasted with him is Washington King, an American and a very material, matter-of-fact American at that, one who believes that ideals must have foundation in material things. The difference between these two characters is a feature of the book.

*

CHRONICLES OF ST. TID

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

FEW English story-writers of today have so firm a hold on the public as has the author of "Old Delabole" and "Brunel's Tower". This is a volume of his short tales, and is just the thing for the canoe, the hammock or the side verandah. The author deals with the simple folk to be found in Devonshire and the West Country, and what writer knows that part of England better than he? Running throughout the stories there is a vein of rustic humour that brightens the pages and relieves some of the tragedy.

BEST O' LUCK

BY ALEXANDER McCLINTOCK. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THIS is plain, straightforward narrative that should be read by every man about to go overseas. It will, as a matter of interest, be read by many who have gone over and by hundreds of others who have not been able to go. For it is the intensely interesting account of the experiences of an American lad who, because of conviction, came over to Canada and enlisted for service with the 87th Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards, and was wounded at the Somme. Sergeant McClintock does not varnish or garnish his tale. He recounts his tremendous experiences with commendable modesty, notwithstanding the fact that he has won the D.C.M.

*

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

MRS. PORTER, whose "Just David" and "Pollyanna" have been read in homes and school-rooms all over North America, delighting old and young alike, has the happy faculty of presenting lively, lovable, human characters to her readers. In this story she takes as her hero a bachelor who has much money but little else except a good heart and a keen desire to make the most out of life. This Stanley Fulton begins to wonder what will become of his twenty millions after he has passed from the scene, and then he determines to send a hundred thousand dollars to each of several remote cousins and to observe incognito (as John Smith) the effect of the sudden riches on each of them. To one it brings happiness, to another misery and so on; but to himself it brings much enjoyment, much interest in life in general, and in the end a most charming wife. It is a wholesome, readable story.

THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE

By J. SAXON MILLS, M.A. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS book should be of interest to all free-traders. It is a more or less studious treatment well and brightly written. It raises the main problems in connection with Imperial Federation and Britannic Alliance, and is especially discursive upon the trade aspects of those problems. The question of the future trade relations within and without the Empire is one upon which many men to-day hesitate to dogmatize. Mr. Mills seems to hesitate a little. At least he gives to his book the atmosphere of liberal discussion before he becomes dogmatic. When his dogmatism appears, it is of the sort that all free-traders should study to-day. It attacks the free-trade position with strong weapons, dispassionateness and resolution.

*

THE SPELL OF CHINA

By ARCHIE BELL. Boston: The Page Company.

"I WAS thirty years old before I knew it was possible to spend the summer in Europe without a small fortune." Doubtless the old lady who made this statement had read some book of travel such as this entertaining and informing account of a trip lasting five months to and through China. For a keen observer like the author of this book can give to the average reader more than an unobservant traveller can take in for himself. One feels after reading Mr. Bell's account that one has an intimate acquaintance with a most fascinating land, for the author sketches as he goes, giving delightful and convincing scenes by the wayside and entering into the life of the people of the most mysterious country in the world. It is one thing to go to China. It is another thing to read about it; and to all who cannot go this book is recommended.

OREGON THE PICTURESQUE

By THOMAS D. MURPHY. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS volume is one of the "See America First" series, and is something that well might be emulated in Canada. It is an account of rambles in Oregon and the wilds of northern California by one who has had much experience as a traveller and writer of books on travel. In the first chapter, which is entitled "An Unfamiliar Wonderland", the author explains that "We found ourselves scanning with no small degree of interest and anticipation maps of the vast mountain-studded country stretching from San Francisco to the Columbia River. We had met infrequent motorists who had penetrated parts of this comparatively unfamiliar region, and their tales were enough to arouse our curiosity and to intensify our desire to explore these virgin fastnesses of shining lakes, vast forests and rugged hills . . ." There is in the book a comprehensive map and many illustrations, of which sixteen are in colour.

*

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

EVERYONE wonders how the thing is done, how that great organization of present-day war is controlled—fed, transported, armed, supplied, doctored, nursed—how all the vast machinery of war is operated and kept in action. This information Mr. Marcossan supplies, making the book notable and of great timeliness. It describes the army behind the fighters. The author is acknowledged as an authority on affairs, and in this book he makes a veritable revelation of everything that keeps the soldiers in the fighting lines. It describes the great part that the modern motor is playing in the war, and includes graphic sketches of Sir Douglas Haig, Viscount Northcliffe, and Sir Eric Geddes. There are sixteen full-page illustrations.

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

HOPEFUL, inspiring and patriotic, this volume of verse should appeal strongly to most readers. There is enough human sympathy and pathos to be a complement to the quality of gladness and enough tenderness to make them touch the heart. We quote the first, second and last stanzas of "Over the Hills of Home":

Laddie, little laddie, come with me over
the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies, and
the dog-wood and daffodils;
For the spirit of spring is calling to our
spirits that love to roam
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the
hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow
rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing
for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and
hawthorne as white as foam,
We'll carry them all to mother, laddie,
over the hills at home.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should
we cease to weep,
Could we glance through the golden gateway,
whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can
follow you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful
hills of Home.

*

THE IRON RATION

By GEORGE ABEL SHRIENER. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

I REMEMBER once seeing on a housetop unconcernedly throwing bricks down into an alleyway. There was something Olympian in the way in which, from his height, that chimney-maker cast his bricks. He flung them with such disinterested abandon and such aloof and calm disregard of passers-by. Some writers handle their

facts in this way. It makes their work refreshing and sometimes provocative. George Abel Shriener is one of these writers. One reads this book of his, "The Iron Ration", with the feeling that the whole performance is a fascinating display and that one may very probably get hit. In the preface he states where his sympathies lay in the Boer War. He tells lovely and unlovely things about Austria and Germany in the same breath. One puts the book aside with the feeling that a writer has really contributed to an understanding of the war in certain of its aspects; that someone at least has furnished us with objective data. One can make an interesting collection of bricks.

*

FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM

By JAMES W. GERARD. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THE author of "My Fours Years in Germany", who was United States Ambassador to the German Imperial Court, says at the outset that what he especially wants to impress on the people of the United States is the fact that they are at war because Germany invaded the United States—"an invasion insidiously concerned and vigorously prosecuted for years before hostilities began"—and that the war is "our war, that the sanctity of American freedom and the American home depend upon what we do now". In the book he reveals the personality of the Kaiser and the "king business", and inside of Germany diplomacy, Germany's plan to attack America, has early plots in Mexico, the kultur of Kaiserdom—the German soul, the little Kaisers, royalty's recreation, the eternal feminine, and discusses the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the ones who do the Kaiser's thinking, and the Kaiser and *lèse-majesté*.





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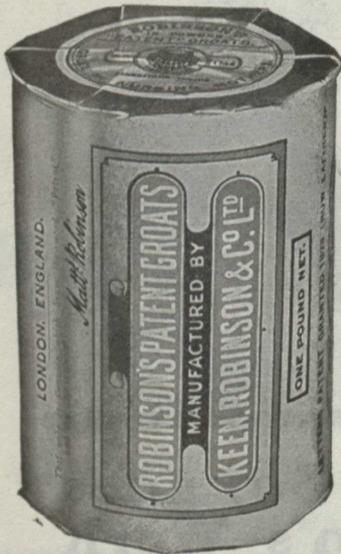
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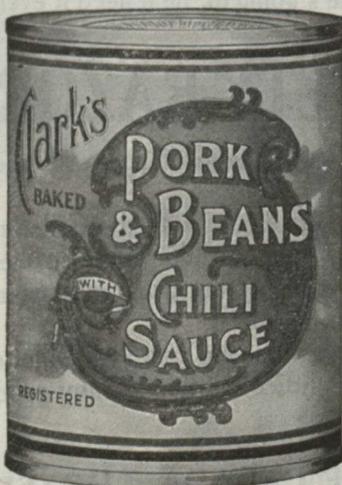
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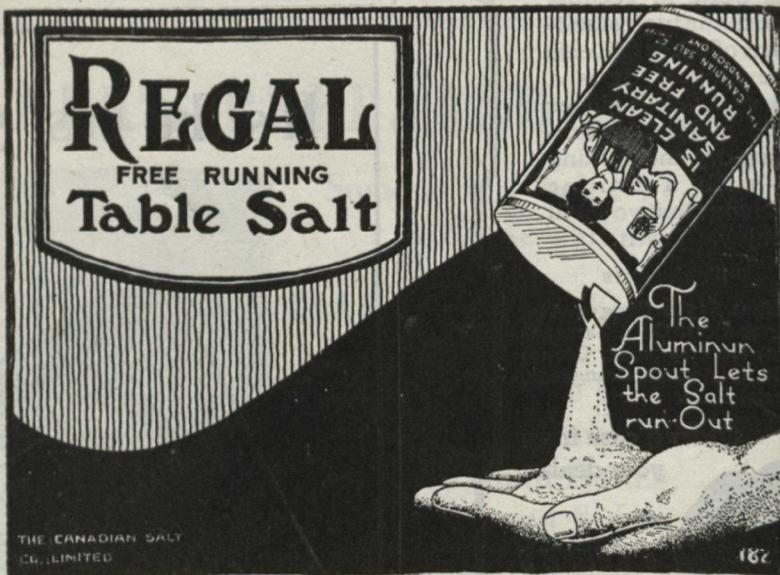
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Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.

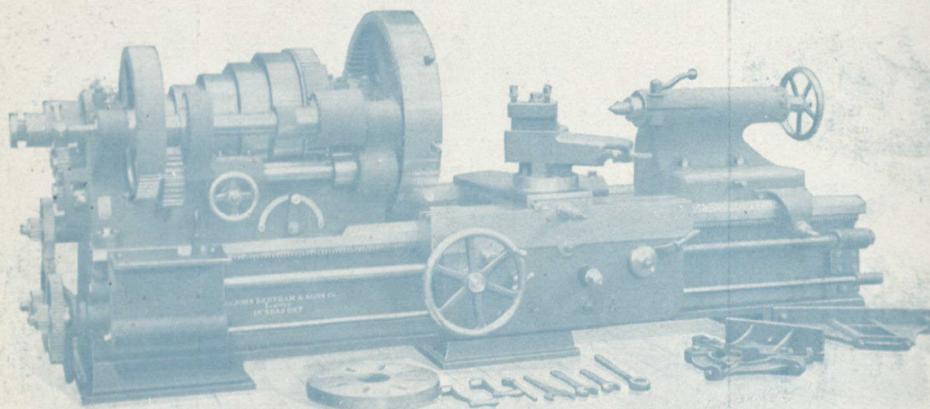
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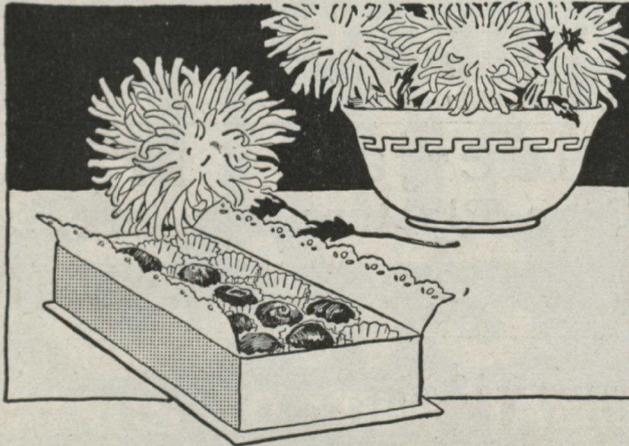
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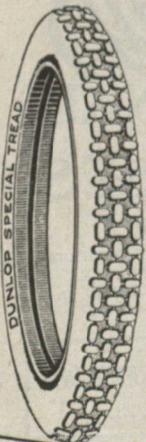
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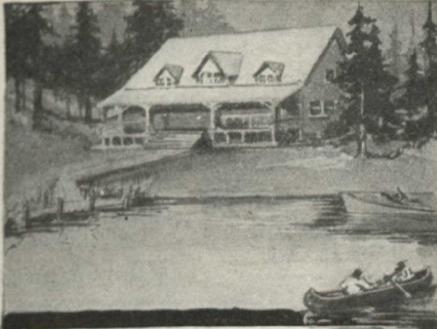
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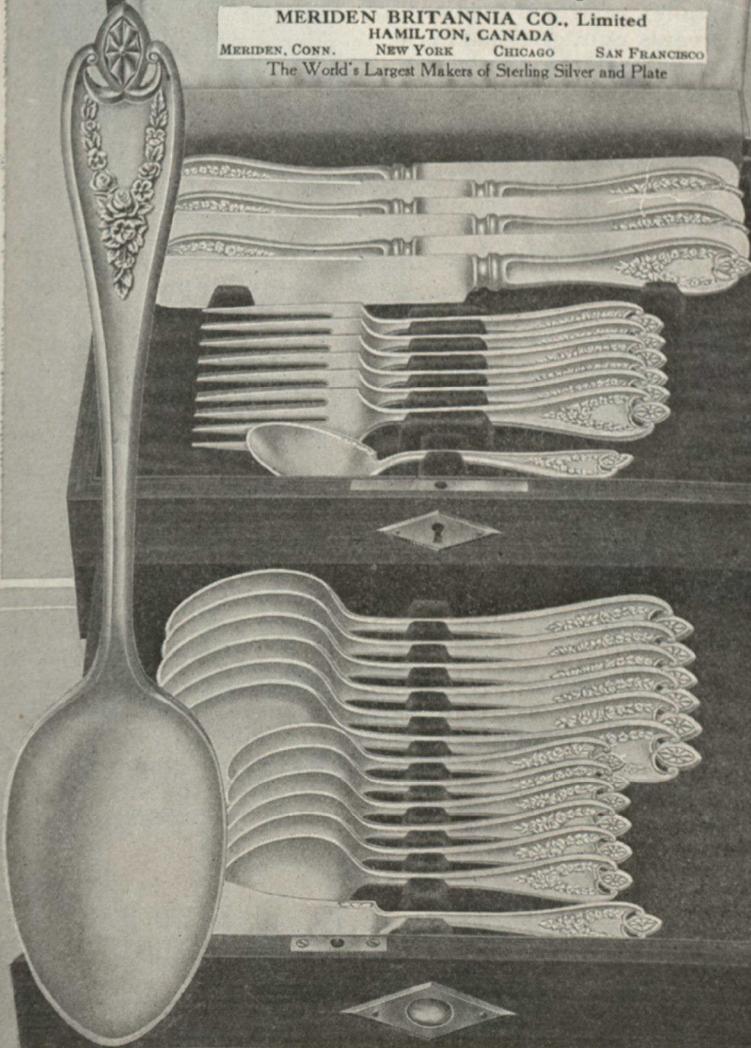
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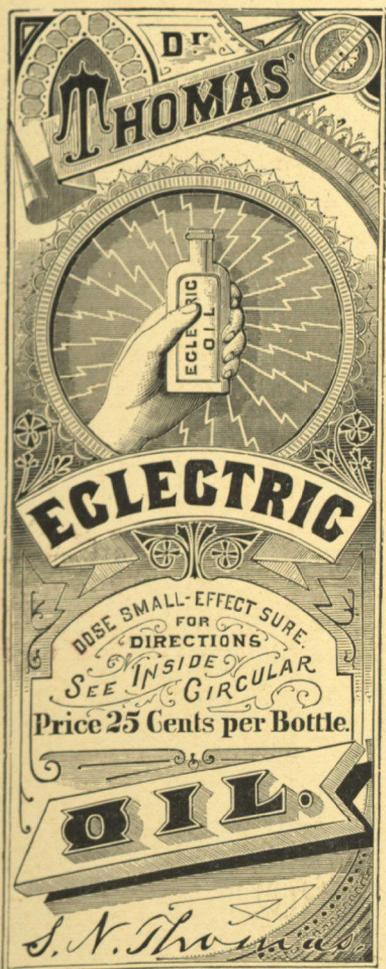
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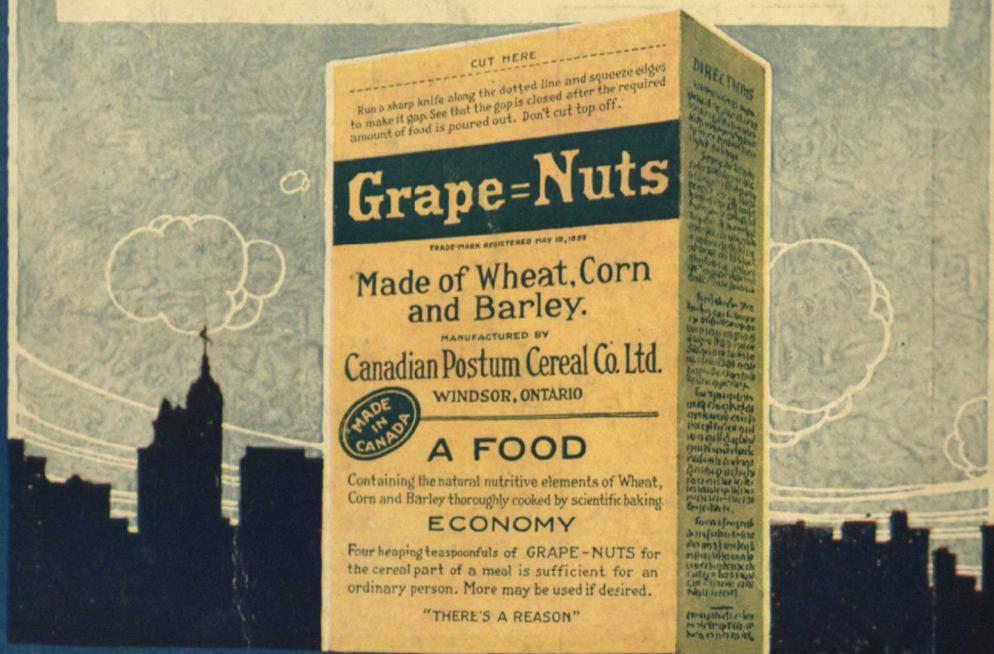
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