

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



OCTOBER, 1918

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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LI

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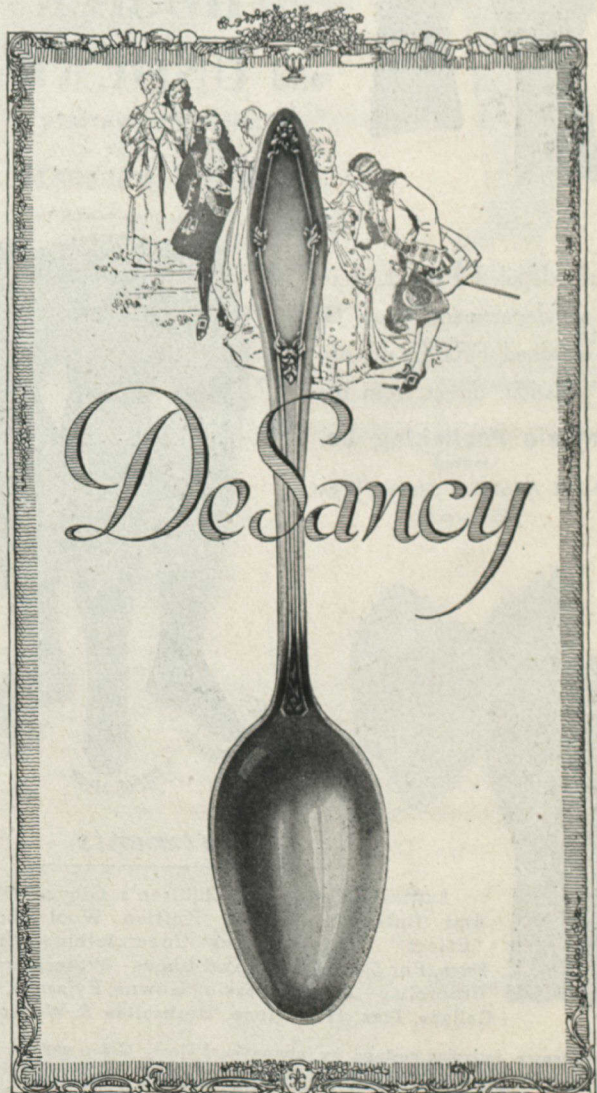
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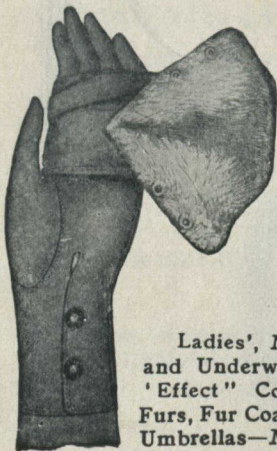
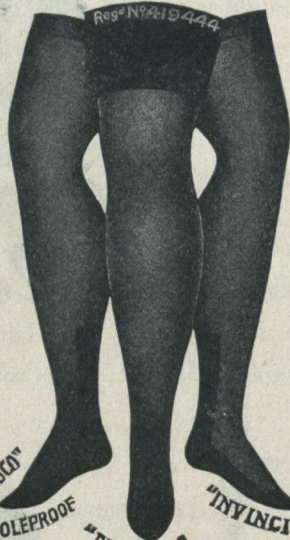
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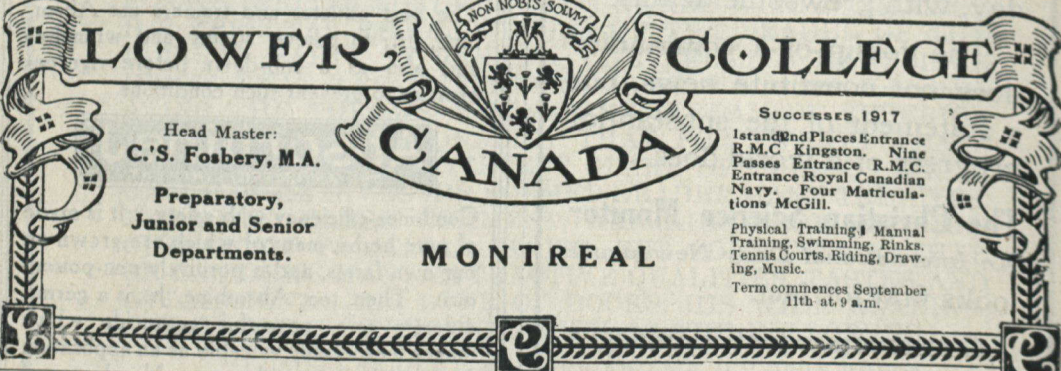
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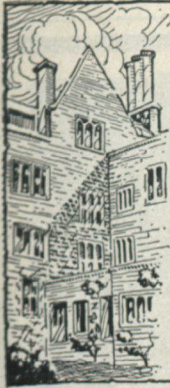
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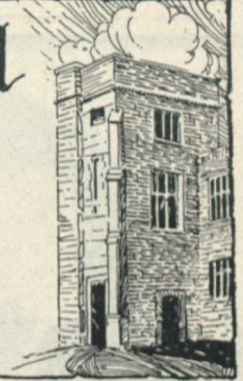
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The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to Cadets and Officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

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

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

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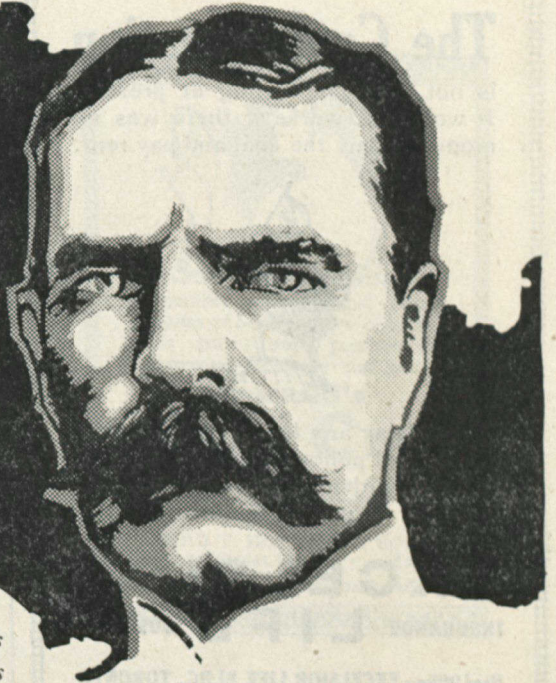
The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$900.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in June of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.



# Kitchener was right



when he said—

*“Either the Civilian population must go short of many things to which it is accustomed in times of peace or our armies must go short of munitions and other things indispensable to them.”*

**N**OW, the only way we can possibly live up to that obligation is by going without in order that our soldiers may have. For the money we waste is not money at all—it is equipment, clothing, shot and shell that are urgently needed in France.

By denying ourselves, therefore, we enable Canada to procure to the fullest extent the materials and labor which she and our Allies need for the successful prosecution of the war.

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*For the sake of your country and the boys “over there,” spend cautiously. Think of what Lord Kitchener has said, and ask yourself first, “Is this something I really need or can I do without it?”*



# The Coal Situation

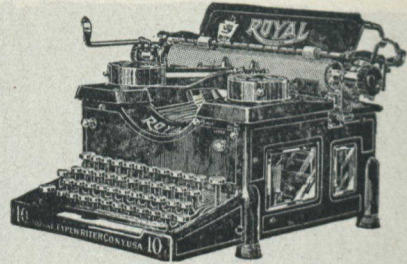
is not very comforting at present. It would be worse if there was no money to buy the coal and pay rent.



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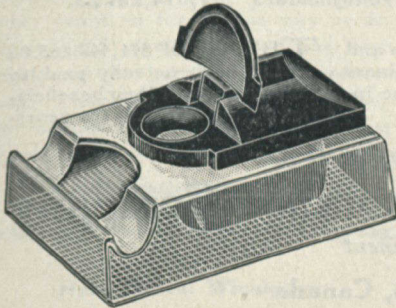
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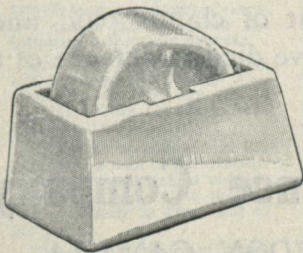
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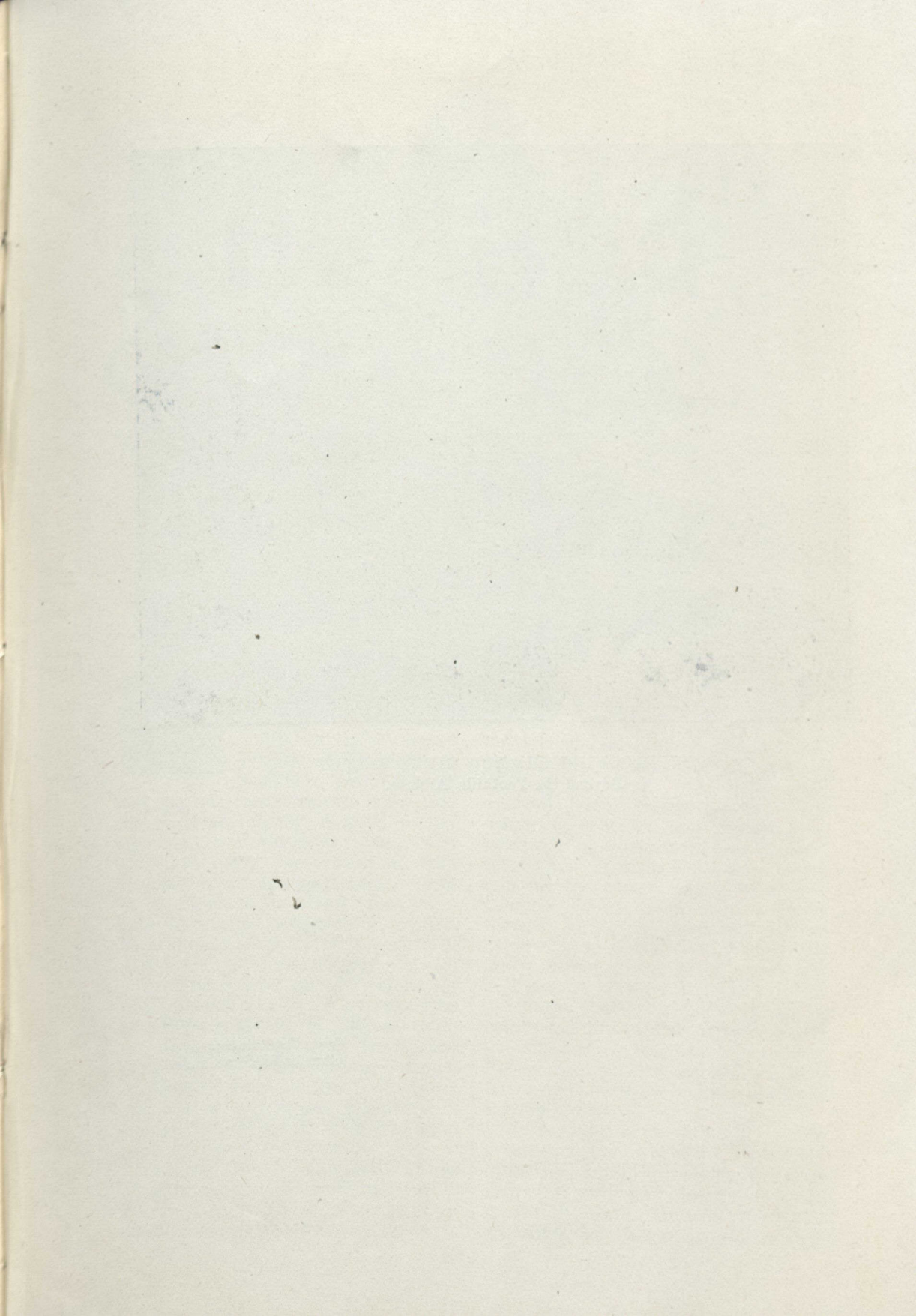
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## SCIENCE AND THE WAR

BY T. BRAILSFORD ROBERTSON, Ph. D., D. Sc.

PROFESSOR OF BIOCHEMISTRY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



ONE of the many stupendously important by-products of this world-conflict is the quickened interest of the public in scientific research and the material achievements which are its outcome—chiefly, I fear, in the material achievements. On every hand, in every department of militant activity, it has been made evident to the “man in the street” that scientific knowledge, competently applied, is a determining factor in defence and a prerequisite to victory.

In that remote period “before the war” science was to the average man of affairs a subject of languid interest, an interesting hobby for learned gentlemen advanced in years, an indispensable item in the preliminary training of doctors and engineers, of course, but otherwise devoid of vital bearing upon the everyday life of “practical” men. The speculations of astronomy might be very interesting, but after all the stars are exceedingly remote and not likely to

interfere with our businesses or our investments. Wireless telegraphy was thought of us as an isolated achievement, and never connected in the popular imagination with the science of physics. Dyes were taken for granted, never connected with the vision of a quiet and unobtrusive professor of chemistry who devised the method of their synthesis. Electric motive power was a profitable channel for investment, never thought of as the offspring of the brain of a shoemaker’s son labouring for a lifetime in a quiet laboratory in London. The great local surgeon perchance saved us from imminent death, but his success never brought to our minds the memory of the French chemist and the Scottish professor of surgery who rendered asepsis possible.

Upon this uninformed public consciousness the world-war suddenly arose and science dramatically came into its own and determined the march of events. Guns of unexampled range, explosives of unparalleled



power, hygiene of unimagined efficiency, aeroplanes, submarines, poison gases—all these appeared to spring into being or evolve into perfection overnight. Into a static world change was born.

And these vast controlling forces, these rending destructive agents, these strange new implements of speed and death and terror are the products of the hitherto unregarded. The professors, the amiable, harmless scholars of tradition working hand-in-glove with the inventors (a notoriously unpractical crew), have hurled these their ghastly offspring into an unimaginative world, and shattered the precedents of centuries.

Obviously, people who can do this sort of thing must command our respect. We may not like them; we might even prefer to relegate them and their infernal inventions to eternal oblivion, but since they are here and all we hold dear may depend upon their labours, we must learn to accept and even to seek their services with as much good grace as we can summon.

Such is the mental attitude of not a few, and it springs from a very prevalent misunderstanding. Although it is of course perfectly obvious to the trained engineer or doctor that the war merely precipitated a number of inventions which were already on the verge of practical realization, or dragged into prominence hitherto unregarded discoveries decades or even a century old, to those who are unfamiliar with current scientific thought and the history of science (and these alas comprise a substantial majority of even our better educated members of society) this whole flock of inventions and discoveries appeared to spring into being as Athena sprang from the head of Zeus, full-armed without the preliminary gestation of centuries of painfully accumulated knowledge.

The present world-crisis is so stupendous in its magnitude and in the novelty of its manifestations that it may well seem folly to draw an

analogy with an episode of antiquity. Yet in so far as the part played by science is concerned, and in not a few other respects as well, the situation of to-day is remarkably paralleled by one which occurred no less than twenty-one hundred years ago.

It was during the second Punic war when the two great world-powers of their day, Rome and Carthage, were facing each other in a bitter struggle for the world domination of two opposing theories of society. Syracuse, under the rule of Hiero, had been a loyal ally of Rome and much depended upon her fidelity. The close proximity of Sicily rendered her a vital danger in enemy hands. It came about, however, that Hiero died and was succeeded by his son Hieronymus.

The outcome of the great struggle was at that time by no means certain, and it perhaps occurred to Hieronymus that his father had chosen the wrong or at least the unfortunate side in the conflict. At all events, he was supposed to have been guilty of intriguing with Carthage, and the citizens of Syracuse, outraged by this attempted treachery, arose in their wrath and very effectively terminated the rule of Hieronymus and the monarchical form of government as well, setting up a republic in its stead.

This energetic action was unfortunately misunderstood in Rome. Doubtless the stability of the new republic was viewed with doubt and the ultimate purpose of the revolution with suspicion. Whatever the reasons may have been, the Roman Senate dispatched a very peremptory ultimatum to Syracuse, demanding the immediate restoration of the monarchy.

The young republic was very jealous of its new-found liberty, as republics are apt to be, and the response to the ultimatum of Rome was unhesitating defiance.

During the Punic wars Rome had become a sea-power. In many bitter lessons they had learnt the art of the Phoenicians and the Carthaginians



and had with characteristic energy and administrative ability constructed, in the midst of warfare and from the very beginnings, a fleet which had already seriously rivalled and was destined ultimately to overwhelm the fleet of Carthage. The army of Rome had just reduced Hannibal to impotence. A strong detachment of the Roman fleet and an army under the command of Marcellus were dispatched to overwhelm the small and impudent neighbouring republic.

It must have appeared a trivial undertaking. A republic consisting of one small city and a patch of adjacent country, without a fleet and without allies, was a small mouthful for the strong jaws of Rome. But Rome had reckoned without Archimedes.

In the household or "court" of Hiero had dwelt for many years, as tutor to his son, and as trusted adviser and counsellor, the greatest investigator of antiquity. The name and fame of Archimedes were known to every educated man in Europe. A geometrician of the foremost ranks, he was also the founder of the science of mechanics, an astronomer of extraordinary ability and the most important contributor to the science of optics of his age. As a mathematician and a philosopher, as an expounder of profound speculations concerning the structure of the universe, Archimedes was already well known to the Romans, and he was now in the declining years of his life to appear before them in a new role, that of a well-nigh fatal military obstacle.

The Roman fleet duly appeared and anchored before the walls of Syracuse, and thereupon fell, as it were from the skies, stones of unparalleled weight hurled from seemingly impossible distances, which crashed through decks and hulls like so much paper, engulfing ships and soldiers without a moment's warning.

The remnants of the shattered fleet were hurriedly removed beyond the range of these infernal engines and reinforcements were summoned to

begin the siege anew, but from a more respectful distance.

The reinforcements had been collected and stood in formidable array blockading the sea approach to Syracuse, when, of a sudden, flashes of light and burning tongues of fire issued from the walls, igniting the sails of the great fleet, and for a second time the majestic power of Rome stood humiliated before the knowledge and resourcefulness of a trained investigator of nature.

Luckily for Rome the loss of so many ships was not so serious a matter as it might have been in the previous war. Carthage had been hit a shrewd blow and was in no condition to assist the Syracusans. So Rome was able to concentrate her energies upon the task and by sheer weight of numbers and resources to crush the infant republic and to lay the city in ruins—among which Archimedes fell to the sword of a Roman soldier.

And so Rome conquered in a material sense and was in the same moment spiritually defeated, for she most gravely misinterpreted, as we are but too apt to-day to misinterpret, the part played by the investigator in the conflict. To this day in a popular moving-picture, Archimedes, who figures as an eccentric pantaloon apparently far advanced in his second childhood, is represented in the act of evolving, in one flash of inventive eccentricity (one could not apply the word genius to the figure depicted on the screen) the engines which proved so nearly fatal to Roman supremacy. If that were indeed the case then and now, if great inventions came to the favoured few in flashes of inimitable inspiration, then, indeed, the progress of science and invention would be impossible to influence for good or yet for evil, and we could but wait for the revelations to unfold themselves in the brains of the chosen.

So, doubtless, the Romans regarded the matter. The defence of Syracuse was to them an isolated pheno-



menon, Archimedes a unique individual and therefore inimitable. Anything may be possible to a genius, but plain people proceed by the surer paths mapped out for them by precedent. Archimedes's engines now afforded a precedent to be copied, but not so the methods of thought which made those engines not only possible but inevitable.

The truth of the matter was, of course, that Archimedes made no new discoveries with which we are acquainted during the period of the war. The heat and urgency of conflict do not afford a favourable atmosphere for research. What he did was simply to draw upon the stores of knowledge accumulated during a lifetime of laborious investigation and to apply this knowledge in the simplest and most direct fashion to the immediate crisis which confronted him. His catapult was no more than the lever to the description of which he had devoted a treatise written many years before the siege occurred. The laboratory model was simply enlarged and applied to the task of casting stones. The only problems solved during the actual crisis were those of a purely constructional type, the problems, namely, of cutting beams of sufficient length and resiliency for this purpose, of manufacturing tackle of sufficient strength, of devising a trigger mechanism which would be safe and convenient to handle—problems of the type of thousands which are hourly being solved in this our crisis of to-day. But these are not in themselves scientific discoveries, no new principles are evoked, as a rule, in their solution, they are simply adaptations of the known to the situation as it lies before us.

So it was, also, with the burning glasses which ignited the sails of the Roman fleet. These were nothing more than enlarged editions of the lenses and mirrors which he had devised and devoted many years to studying long before the idea of applying them to such a purpose had arisen in his mind. The crisis of war

called forth the application of his knowledge and experience, gathered fragment by fragment during a lifetime of investigation, to the urgent need of the moment. Again, the problems solved, during the crisis itself, must have been purely of the constructional type—problems of the craftsman and not those of the natural philosopher.

The plain lesson of these events, as of the events of our own day, was that the patient investigation of nature pursued under the discipline of the scientific method, without ulterior thought or object of immediate profit or utility, yields us in ever-augmenting measure a storehouse of information overflowing with things useful to man, adaptable to every crisis, helpful in every need. In peace no less than in war, but in war more dramatically than in peace, the scientific investigation of nature yields material rewards of which the value to man is in our day little less than the material value of civilization itself. That it yields spiritual rewards of unmeasurable value will hardly be contested, but it is generally, although mistakenly, believed that these are the privilege of the few and their compensation for a dull and stuffy existence spent in laboratories odoriferous with chemicals. But the material rewards are shared in manifest proportion by all, only the links which connect them to the investigator and his laboratory are generally overlooked.

Had the Romans learnt this lesson and cultivated the sciences as energetically as they cultivated the arts of administration, the history of the world might have been written in very different terms. The clues which were uncovered by the labours of Archimedes and his Greek contemporaries and Alexandrian successors would have led in time to the laws of Kepler and the *principia* of Newton. Those in turn must have led, in about the space of time that separated the discoveries of Newton from those of Newcomen and of Watt, to the develop-



ment of mechanical locomotion, the key to the problem of transportation. Efficient transport would have enabled the Romans to extend their rule over the whole inhabited world. The Teutonic menace to civilization would have been forever curbed and the world of to-day would have been Latin in speech and institutions. As it was, the Romans, being practical men, little inclined to waste time in aimless investigation of the structure of the universe, accepted things as they found them, and for five centuries Roman civilization leaned upon the ever-weakening shoulders of Greek science.

The same lesson and substantially the same alternatives lie before us to-day, and the question that confronts us is whether we are prepared to read that lesson aright, or whether we are going to be content to build Western democracy upon foundations "made in Germany".

The advance of scientific investigation during the period of the war has not been more rapid than it would have been under the normal conditions of peace, and in all probability has been very greatly retarded. Many centres of energetic research have been overrun by armies or congested with sick and wounded and overwhelmed with the problem of their care. Hundreds of investigators have been wrenched from their proper tasks to the performance of duties trivial in themselves, but of vital and immediate urgency in this crisis. Others have already fallen in the defence of principles far more dear to them than knowledge. The advance of science has thus been unquestionably retarded. What has indeed been accelerated, and in very patent measure, has been the application of knowledge, long since garnered and imperfectly utilized, to the service of the nations in arms.

Take, for example, the development of aviation. Most of us are indeed aware that mechanical flight had been achieved before the war, but few are acquainted with the true history

of its origin, or of the trivial part played by war, or the anticipation of war, in the development of its fundamental principles. The problem of mechanical flight appears to have been for the first time competently and scientifically approached by Leonardo da Vinci, who, besides being one of the greatest painters, one of the greatest sculptors, one of the greatest architects and one of the greatest anatomists of his epoch, was one of the greatest engineers which his century produced. It was he who first pointed out the importance of the angle of the wing or plane in determining the direction of motion. Practical application of the theoretical principles which he discovered was of course impossible at that time for lack of mechanical motive-power. The next and final fundamental step in the solution of the problem was taken by Langley, late secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, who was the first to discover the dependence of the buoyancy of the air upon the *speed* with which the planes move through it. The fundamental laws having been elucidated, and adequate motive-power rendered available by the development of the automobile industry, the aeroplane was not merely a logical but a necessary outcome. As a matter of fact, the first aeroplane was built by Langley in 1903 and successfully flown by Curtiss in 1914. Meanwhile Blériot and the Wright brothers had built and flown aeroplanes constructed in accordance with the fundamental principles laid down by Langley.

The modern battle plane differs in a thousand details from Langley's aeroplane, but it is still after all but an elaborate adaptation of the fundamental type which was evolved by laboratory investigation and not in response to any immediate need. The successive problems which have arisen in the construction of the modern planes have been very largely, although, of course, not entirely, problems of craftsmanship rather than problems of science.



So, again, it has been with the development of explosives. Recently we have heard much of "T. N. T." and its power has been tragically revealed by the desolation of Halifax. But "T. N. T." was not discovered during the war or because of the war or for any warlike purpose. Trinitrotoluol has long been known and its explosive properties have been known for a like period, and they were discovered in the course of the natural development of the science of organic chemistry. Why, then, do we hear of it only now? Well, just as in Archimedes's day, the present crisis forced us to the immediate utilization of previously accumulated knowledge. A new explosive, of great power and inexpensive to manufacture, was needed. We consulted our hand-books and monographs in which the discoveries of decades are enumerated. In such encyclopaedic works as Beilstein's "Handbuch der Organischen Chemie" which, significantly enough, although written in Russia was published in Germany, we may find hundreds or even thousands of explosive substances enumerated. Amongst those which combined the qualifications of cheapness and power Trinitrotoluol was conspicuous and hence "T. N. T." came into being.

The development of military hygiene has constituted one of the most remarkable triumphs of applied science in the war. Yet here again for the most part we are gathering interest upon past intellectual investments rather than making new investments.

One of the many tragic surprises of the early weeks of war was the sudden appearance of an apparently new disease. "Gas-gangrene was one of the terrors of the doctors at this time. It was a new and totally unexpected complication of the wounds and at first we did not know what to do in the face of this pressing danger."\* A man would receive an apparently trivial flesh-wound of the arm or leg,

one which in the normal course of events should have healed without difficulty or subsequent inconvenience to the patient. Instead, the whole limb would very quickly become gangrenous and die, with a peculiar type of gangrene which develops gas which one can feel crackling like tissue paper when the fingers are pressed upon the skin. "The general condition of the patients required great care, for they were all very, very ill."

Thousands died from this strange disease alone in the first months of the war. To-day this type of wound infection is no longer a vitally important complication, for we now have it under control. Even this advance in medical technique, however, was not accomplished within the battle-zone and owes but little to the war.

In a dressing-station, a clearing-hospital, or even in a base-hospital but little creative scientific investigation can be done. While hundreds of shattered or tortured men are pouring in upon the doctors and nurses, while the very simplest comforts and methods of relief are the crying need and lives hang upon the speed with which they are provided, it is impossible to stay one's hand in order to inaugurate the leisurely investigation which is a necessary prerequisite to the identification of a new bacillus or the invention of new means to combat it. The "surgeons in khaki" did not even attempt it. Instead, precise descriptions of the cases and what was far more important, cultures of the organisms found in the gangrenous tissues were sent to quiet centers of research far from the thunder of guns and the cries of tortured men, to Paris, London, New York, Boston and Baltimore.

The cultures were received, the symptoms in men and animals noted and the characteristics of the infecting organism reviewed in a dozen laboratories. Then the investigators in these laboratories turned to their libraries, to the reference-books, the

\* A. A. Martin, "A Surgeon in Khaki". (London, 1916).



journals and indices in which the facts of medical science are systematically compiled. Then it became evident that this organism and this disease which the surgeons at the front had regarded with horror as a new plague, had been discovered and described many years ago and long before the war, exactly as it is described to-day, by Dr. Welch, Professor of Pathology in Johns Hopkins University.

Gas-gangrene was thus not a product of the war; it merely was rendered abundant by the circumstances of the war. Prior to the war it was a very uncommon type of infection, only rarely observed and still more rarely described in scientific terms. But it is due to an organism, a bacillus, which normally inhabits the intestines of horses and cattle; trench-warfare in fields cultivated and manured for centuries rendered their inoculation into wounds inevitable and very frequent; hence the sudden outburst of cases of a disease formerly regarded as so rare that a single instance constituted a medical curiosity and serious attempts to combat it seemed unnecessary in comparison with the urgent need of learning to combat more prevalent infections.

But now the need had arisen urgently indeed, and the problem of combating the disease was promptly undertaken. But even here no new principles were invoked, only principles with which the epoch-making researches of Pasteur and of Behring have made us long familiar. It was indeed a singular stroke of fortune that these principles sufficed to solve this unexpected problem, for if new principles had had to be evolved gas-gangrene might still have been claiming its toll of thousands. All that proved necessary to be done, however, was to prepare an antitoxin for this bacillus in exactly the same way as diphtheria antitoxin has been prepared ever since Behring showed us the way. The result was fully as successful as the great achievement of Behring, and one more of the blind

malignant forces of nature was brought under the control of man.

One more instance must suffice to illustrate my thesis. We have known for centuries that certain gases are poisonous when inhaled. We have known that chlorine is an irritating and corrosive gas ever since the Swedish chemist Scheele discovered it in 1774, and we have known of hundreds of others even more corrosive or more deadly. But what we did not know and could not anticipate was that any race of human beings existed who could have sunk so low in humanity and sense of honour as to deliberately initiate the employment of such a treacherous and torturing weapon of warfare.

Gas poisoning in warfare may be of two kinds, incidental and purposeful. Incidental gas-poisoning has doubtless been an occasional occurrence in warfare ever since the first employment of combustibles and explosives. With the introduction of picric acid derivatives as explosives, incidental gas-poisoning became more common; it was frequently encountered, for example, in the Boer war. Then, again, the fumes from the breech of a gun fired in a confined space, as for example in a naval turret, may often give rise to incidental gas-poisoning of the gunners. But in all these cases the poisoning is an unforeseen and undesired incident which is not at all essential to the main purpose, that of exploding a shell or propelling a projectile. It is quite otherwise with gas-poisoning as practised by our opponents and which constitutes a characteristic contribution to the savagery of warfare by which Germany of to-day will be recognized and judged in the histories which will be written in the centuries to come.

The gases first employed by the German army were chlorine and bromine. Since then a variety of gases have been employed by the Germans, and also, after long and honourable hesitation, by the Allies. But I doubt very much whether any new (formerly unknown) gas has been employed,



or, if such a gas has been employed, whether any hitherto unknown principles were invoked in accomplishing its synthesis.

The list might be extended almost indefinitely and to cover almost every modern development of warfare, but the illustrations I have chosen will suffice to show that the majority of the most striking surprises of this war were not at all surprising to the scientific public, who were fully aware of their potentiality in the accumulated and unapplied scientific knowledge with which preceding decades of research unconnected with war had endowed us.

By the destructive power of applied science in the present conflict we may measure its constructive power under happier conditions if only a like demand upon its services is maintained, and this rests with the public and not with the scientific investigator. The investigator cannot apply his researches if the public do not understand their potentialities well enough to wish them to be applied. Nor can the investigator continue indefinitely to supply new services from a limited stock of knowledge. We must not expend our capital without taking care to lay by a sinking-fund for future expenditures. In other words, although the useful application of science stands in urgent need of intelligent stimulation, research which aims at acquirement of new knowledge, not at present of evident utility, stands in equal need of encouragement and stimulation, and this need requires the greater emphasis because it is not so obvious to the scientifically uneducated public.

At the present time research, at least in the allied nations and America, is largely a haphazard performance. We rely upon the independent initiative of men who are prepared to wage a life-long struggle with obstacles, discouragements and indifference, men who, notwithstanding totally inadequate means, conflicting duties and financial hardships, will nevertheless persist in the endeavour

to penetrate fresh unexplored regions of nature. The measure of success which has attended their efforts in the past has been astonishing when we take into consideration the small means which have been placed at their disposal. To such men we owe the steam engine, electrical motive-power, the telegraph and telephone, analytical chemistry, nearly all the modern methods of manufacturing metals, the manufacture of dyes, the synthetic manufacture of numerous irreplaceable drugs, the discovery of bacteria and its consequence, aseptic surgery, vaccination, antitoxins, anaesthetics, the production and intelligent utilization of fertilizers, the majority of the methods of modern intensive agriculture, systemic methods of plant and animal breeding, only to mention a chance selection from a multitude of discoveries which are now essential to civilization as we know and value it. The majority of these men are unknown by name save to their spiritual heirs, the scientific investigators of our own day, and they, like their predecessors, are for the most part unknown and unregarded by contemporary society. Most of them have been and are teachers in our universities or higher schools. They are paid and poorly paid for the performance of their teaching duties, and their investigations are conducted in their "spare time", if they have any, and with such facilities as they can filch from the supplies which are purchased for the use of their pupils. In only a very few institutions, such as the Royal Institution in London, or the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research on this continent, is investigation an avowed and primary object for which means are specially and specifically provided, and while one or two of these institutions expend annual sums which are large in themselves, yet the total avowed expenditure upon research in this or any of the allied nations is absurdly small in proportion to the potential and actual



value of the products of research.

Are we going to continue to pursue this haphazard course, trusting to luck and the infallible "genius" to guide us to Eldorado blindfold and against our will?

A policy of "grants", microscopically small and distributed capriciously for the purpose of assisting in the solution of specific problems, will never meet the needs of this situation, because in the first place, the grounds upon which these grants are awarded are always results already achieved, i.e. the grant necessarily fails in its most important purpose of stimulating discovery because it is only obtainable, as a rule, after the discovery has been made; and, in the second place, the person to whom the grant is awarded remains, as a rule, a teacher overburdened with a multitude of other duties, handicapped by a teaching laboratory which he forever struggles in vain to adapt to the service of investigation, or else he is a recent graduate who aspires to but has not yet received a teaching position, and who is therefore of necessity an unskillful amateur in the business of investigation.

We need, on the contrary, a multiplicity of research laboratories closely affiliated with corresponding university departments and sharing with the universities the services of a proportion of their personnel, but also possessing a staff of men specifically appointed to do research, supplied with means to perform it, and salaries sufficient to justify them in regarding investigation as a life-work and a career. There is no doubt that this would involve in the long run the expenditure of almost as much money upon research as we at present spend upon higher education, but the very briefest consideration of the relationship and services of these two branches of intellectual activity should serve to convince any unprejudiced individual that this programme, far from being Utopian, is in fact necessary, and the logical consequence of the function of

research. The large sums which we now spend on higher education are expended for the purpose of acquainting new generations with the results of past research. If we only admit, and this is the crux of the whole matter, that immeasurably more remains still to be found out in nature than our ancestors have been able to ascertain, surely it is not unreasonable to hope that at least as much may be spent in acquiring new knowledge as in distributing knowledge which has already been acquired.

But, as I have said, the difficulty resides in our failure to realize the fact that infinitely more knowledge lies ahead of us than behind us. To anyone possessing a tolerable measure of general scientific training this truth is so self-evident that it requires no demonstration. To the vast majority of our contemporary "men of affairs" it appears, on the contrary, a fantastic exaggeration. The programme which I have indicated can never be realized to any important extent until this scepticism and its cause, the prevalent ignorance of the history of science and the relationship of scientific discovery to the development of civilization, have been removed.

The solution of our problem therefore consists in the popularization of science. Not of scientific specialties or scientific "curiosities", of "marvellous" inventions which promptly drop out of sight and are never heard of again, or the freakish absurdities which pass for science in the "scientific" columns of our popular newspapers and magazines. We require, on the contrary, the purposeful and intelligent development of a popular appreciation of the function of science as the creative factor in civilization. We have hitherto sought to disseminate scientific knowledge of quite the wrong sort and in quite the wrong way. To the average business man, lawyer or politician it matters little what the result is, for example, of mixing nitric and hydrochloric



acids. But it is essentially and vitally important to him and to all of us that he should realise the historical significance of science, the part it has played in moulding the world as he sees it to-day, and the part it may come to play in creating new and undreamt-of civilizations, and we have surely the right to demand, when we review the vast potentialities of the subject for good or for evil, that the public men of the future shall have at least that measure of acquaintance with contemporary scientific literature which we would expect any educated man to possess of contemporary artistic literature.

A conscious and purposeful effort to disseminate the scientific point of view and a consciousness of the historical function of science has been made and has been attended by a considerable measure of success during the past generation by our adversaries. Of course it may be urged that if science makes us like the Germans, then for Heaven's sake let us have no more science. But to this we may reply in the first place that the misuse of fire does not render fire a wholly malignant evil to be eschewed, and in the second place that "needs must when the devil drives". We are placed under the necessity of becoming scientific or else ultimately succumbing to the domination of the only modern nation among whose people the scientific viewpoint is at all widely distributed. There can be no doubt as to which alternative we will prefer and we may as well adopt it wholeheartedly.

The Germans have characteristically cultivated the materialistic aspects of science to the almost total exclusion of its idealistic and spiritual values. But it is the character of the recipient mind which renders science materialistic, not the sincere endeavour to fathom the ultimate mysteries of the Universe and of our place within it which is the ultimate goal of Science, as it is of religion

itself. The prophetic words of Pasteur, so accurately define for us the true issue of to-day, that it is difficult to realize they were uttered thirty years ago:

"Two contrary laws seem to be wrestling with each other at the present time; the one a law of blood and death, ever devising new means of destruction and forcing nations to be constantly ready for the battlefield—the other a law of peace, work and health, ever developing new means of delivering man from the scourges which beset him.

"The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of humanity. The latter places one human life above any victory; while the former would sacrifice hundreds and thousands of lives to the ambition of one. . . . Which of these two laws will ultimately prevail God alone knows. But we may assert that French science will have tried, by obeying the law of humanity, to extend the frontiers of life."

Not only French science, but the science of all the allied democracies is to-day pitted against the science of autocracy. If this war awakens us to a realization, not merely of the passing utility of science in this immediate crisis, but of its organic function in society, of its fundamental significance to us all, in war, in peace, in health and in disease, materially and spiritually, of its enduring importance as the pre-eminently creative factor in civilization, then indeed we may entertain the hope that this war may in very truth be the last. For that order of society which attains the greatest harmony of its social consciousness with scientific thought must inevitably attain the domination of the world.

And thus out of the almost intolerable evils of our day, good may yet be the issue; and those who come after us may speak of our tragedies as the birth-pangs of a new democracy, conscious of its power, creating its own destiny purposefully, intelligently, systematically; looking forward with confidence and reverence over the vast perspective of unfathomed truth which lies ever before us, divining and fashioning new worlds, "extending the frontiers of life".



# HOME

BY BANNISTER MERWIN



**A**FRAIL little figure came fluttering into the post-office—a figure of a woman in rusty black. Under her green bonnet gray hair, with its yellow tinge, was scarcely distinguishable from the outlines of her seamed face. Her nose looked pinched; her mouth was a vague line; her eyes wandered aimlessly, resting no more than an instant on any one point. One could not say that those light-blue eyes were expressionless; but the meaning in them came and went with flickering uncertainty, like the light of a candle that is almost gone.

The new minister, looking up over his glasses from the letter he was reading, found himself wondering whether the November wind had blown her in from the street in spite of herself; for, once over the sill, she had hesitated. He intercepted a swift, troubled glance, that seemed to say:

"I know who you are—or I ought to; but my poor mind is too busy to think it out just now."

Then she darted forward to the letter-slit, and tremulously mailed the letter which she had clutched so closely to her breast. As it rustled into the box on the other side of the partition, she laughed softly to herself, and hurried out into the wind, to be blown, as the minister put it to himself, Heaven knew where else—to the butcher's or grocer's, perhaps, or—home. And what kind of a home?

The postmaster, from his little window of "general delivery", broke in on the minister's thoughts. Being cer-

tain that every human being is curious about every other human being, the postmaster saw a pleasurable opportunity to anticipate a question.

"That's the widow Varnum," he said. "You'll see her at church every Sunday—rain or shine."

"The widow Varnum?" repeated the minister.

"She's been like that for twenty years, to *my* knowledge," the postmaster went on, settling himself on his elbows. "Just a little—you know." He tapped his temple with an inky forefinger. "Not enough to harm, of course. She's right enough to do dressmaking, and earn her living."

"Pathetic!" said the minister.

"Ye-es, I suppose it is. But you get used to it after a while. And then, as I say, she's harmless."

"The pathos is hers, not ours," remarked the minister incisively.

"Oh, well!" The postmaster nodded his recognition of the view-point of the specialist in human suffering. "It all came of losing her son," he continued. "Twenty-five years ago, or more, he was killed in an accident somewhere out West. She don't realize he's dead. Every few days she writes a letter to him and brings it here. Sometimes they're addressed to Chicago, and sometimes to Denver, and sometimes to New York. She never stamps them. Years ago I used to give them back to her, but now I just tear them up. She's better off for not knowing," he added, as a concession to the ministerial mind.

"Yes," the clergyman slowly admitted.



"Now, this one"—the postmaster dived down behind the partition and came up with the letter—"you see, it isn't stamped. It's addressed to—hello! Well, I'll be —" He looked at the minister with the startled eyes of a discoverer. "Say, she's addressed this to the New York *Evening Star*. Well, what do you think of that?"

"I think you'd better send it," said the minister.

"I believe I would, if it had a stamp," replied the postmaster doubtfully. He hefted the letter, and raised his eyebrows in fresh surprise. "Two stamps!" His fingers pinched at the envelope. "Why, there's money! Well!"

The minister took some stamps from his card-case, and handed them to the postmaster.

"I don't know as it's exactly legal," remarked the postmaster, "but anyway"—he moistened the stamps with his well-developed tongue—"but anyway, here goes!"

## II.

Briggs was tired. One cannot be managing editor of a metropolitan newspaper without occasional fatigue, and Briggs was managing editor of *The Evening Star*.

He expected to be tired, as a matter of course, every afternoon about the time the first edition came off the press; for *The Evening Star* had clung with dignified persistence to its early traditions, and never put out its first edition till three o'clock. But for the last week or two he had felt tired in a different way, and all the time. He had gone to bed tired; he had waked up tired. There had been a strange, dull aching at the back of his neck. He had discovered that in odd moments he was developing the habit of lapsing into thoughts of things he had always wanted to do and had never had time for—things like trout fishing, and reading Balzac, and—yes, even marrying.

He tried the effect of denying that he was tired. It did not work. Then he began to knit his brows. He dared

not ask for a vacation. Would not that be an admission that he needed one? Would it not be another way of saying:

"I've had my warning, Mr. Proprietor. I'm not going to be fit for many more years of this work, but a little rest now will mean lasting just a little longer later on!"

And good men were waiting for his job.

So Briggs tried miserably to hide from himself the truth about himself. And this afternoon he fought with his work so viciously that he was not surprised to overhear the Cub whisper to Bill Mayo:

"Say, what went wrong with the old man's lunch?"

The city editor came in to discuss the handling of the truckmen's strike.

"You're looking a little seedy, Briggs," he suggested cheerfully.

"Seedy nothing!" retorted Briggs. "The only things that give me gray hairs are the mistakes of that dub crew of yours. Why don't you get a seasoned man or two?"

He realized that the retort lacked his usual snap, and he read malevolence in the city editor's answering grin.

An interruption whipped him back to his routine. The first copy of the first edition was flapped wetly on to his desk by the grimy foreman. Briggs took it up mechanically, shook it open and held it critically at arm's length to study the general effect of the headings.

"All right, Marsh," he said; and the foreman went.

Briggs began to scan the paper more particularly. Too much space to this drowning—too little to this society wedding. Yes, and when *would* that new copy-reader learn not to pass a phrase like "in our midst"?

He opened out the paper and skimmed the inner pages—drama, sports, editorial, advertisements. His eye lingered for a moment on the personal column. One item suddenly seemed to stand out from all the rest. It burned into his heart:



"My child, come home. Come home for Thanksgiving.—Mother."

Briggs slowly raised his eyes from the paper. The office wall became for him the background of a picture in far perspective. How well he knew that white-haired figure seated in that comfortable armchair! And the room, how familiar it was, even to the Rogers group on the mantel!

Distant Illinois; and yet it was here. And he had not been there for ten years—had not seen that kindly, loving face for ten years! He had been too busy! Too busy!

He folded the paper briskly. He got up from his chair, and marched straight to the office of the chief.

"I am going to leave you, Mr. Farley," he said. "I'm going home—for Thanksgiving."

"And where is home?" Privately the chief was a man, after all, though in public he never seemed able to forget that he had once been United States Minister to a foreign country. "And where is home?" he repeated.

"A thousand miles from here," said Briggs. "And I'm going. Clendenning can take my work."

"Don't worry," said the chief. "You're entitled to a rest. Come back in a week or two, if you're ready—but whatever you do, come back!" He studied the younger man's face with smiling comprehension. "I can't spare you long, Briggs. I'm getting old."

"I'm going to-night," said Briggs, hardly taking in what the chief's words implied. "Home, Mr. Farley! Just to think of it!"

The ache was gone from the back of his neck. He was smiling as he set his desk to rights. He slapped Bill Mayo on the back. He gave the city editor a special cigar, and he commiserated the flustered Clendenning. When at last he disappeared, the force was still dazed. The Cub, as an afterthought, wondered why the managing editor carried with him the smudged first copy of the first edition.

Briggs, as it happened, had a sentiment for that smudged paper. He

meant to keep it. Nevertheless, he forgot it, and left it on the Subway train.

### III.

When Delaney went aboard the Subway local at Grand Central, his first act was to pick up the paper that was lying on the empty seat.

"Somebody must have rubbed this across the bar," he remarked to himself, noting the smudges on the first page.

He opened to the financial column, and read it with the yawning indifference of one who knows more about Wall Street than do the reporters. At Fiftieth Street he got off, taking the paper with him. He made his way to a non-committal side street in which stood a non-committal apartment-house, built before the days of steel and concrete. He pressed the third button from the end, over the row of inset letter-boxes in the entry, and presently the door clicked open for him. He slowly climbed the creaking stairs, regaled *en route* by the ascending odours of the janitor's dinner.

The door at which he ultimately knocked bore the information that Miss Clare lived within. It was opened an inch, and a high voice said:

"Is that you, Harry?"

"Surest ever," replied Delaney.

"Well, stay there till you hear my door shut," said the voice. "Then come in, and wait for me in the sitting-room. Lucille is doing my hair."

"Any old thing," agreed Delaney.

"Where'll it be this evening?"

"Rector's?"

"Right oh!"

Slipped feet pattered away, and a door was shut. Delaney entered discreetly, went into the sitting-room, and bestowed himself among the bright green plush upholstery. He cast a blasé eye toward the photographs on the wall—photographs of Miss Birdie Clare as *Sylphine* in "The High Rollers," of Miss Birdie Clare as *Cupid* in "The Arrows of Love," of—but why enumerate or describe?



A score of Miss Birdie Clares smiled their set smile at the nochalant Delaney.

He lighted a cigarette and unfolded the newspaper. Perhaps he was a little bored. He was taking Miss Clare to dinner because it was quite the thing to take Miss Clare, or some other Miss Birdie or Miss Fifi Somebody, to dinner. It was part of the routine of a dozen years of his history. Meantime he read the paper.

Miss Clare appeared at last. Her hair was a masterpiece of well-arranged disarrangement—thanks to Lucille. For the rest, she was tailor-made, with emphasis on the slender waist. Her eyes were tantalizingly cool and saucy; her mouth a bit hard.

Delaney eyed her with a degree of satisfaction. Of course, it was her business to look that way, but he felt obliged to admit to himself that she did it very well. It occurred to him that he might kiss her; and then it occurred to him that, if he kissed her, he would disturb a relationship that was already satisfactory—a relationship which was free from entanglement. Wherefore he grinned at her casually, and, observing that she still had something to do to her hat, dipped again into the paper.

"Here's a queer one," he remarked presently. "What do you think of this?"

He pointed to an item in the personal column. Miss Clare paused in the operation of adjusting a veil. She stepped to the side of his chair and glanced down at the fine print, bending till the plume on her hat brushed Delaney's cheek. She read. Slowly she straightened up and in silence moved across the room to the window.

"How's the che-ild going to know?" inquired Delaney. "Mother ought to have signed her name—what?"

Miss Clare did not answer at once. She was looking out into the darkness; but at last she spoke measurably.

"Harry, haven't you any home?"

"Sure thing!" he answered. "New York, U. S. A."

"New York? Does he live there?"

"I'm the fellow that was born here," he added. "Why?"

She was silent. He looked at her curiously.

"If you've got anything on your mind, little one," he said, "you might as well unload it."

"I?" She turned and showed him a preoccupied face. "I've just remembered something, Harry. I can't go out with you, after all."

Delaney grinned.

"Who is it, Birdie?"

"Nobody. Don't ask questions. Be a good fellow and run along."

He got up.

"What are you trying to hand me?" he inquired.

"Nothing that's likely to worry you," she answered with a hint of weariness.

"Oh, well!" He surrendered easily and took up his hat. "I'll phone you in a few days, Birdie. Hope you have a good Thanksgiving."

As soon as the door had closed behind him, Miss Clare summoned her maid.

"Lucille," she commanded, "take my purse and go and get tickets and a stateroom for Portland, on the midnight."

Delaney, strolling down the street, began to be angry.

"The nerve of her!" he muttered. "Throwing me down like that—me!"

He flung the folded newspaper from him. It sailed off in an eccentric curve and dropped lightly into the tonneau of a big, shiny motor-car that stood by the curb.

#### IV.

As she went out to the motor-car with her husband, Mrs. Edgerton's taut nerves were tingling with this latest annoyance. Why did he inflict his wishes on her with such irritating placidity? Why was he always proposing the impossible?

Her sharp chin was held disdainfully high as she stepped into the car and seated herself as far away as she could on the farther side. She was



careful not to look at him. It seemed to her that she would scream if she had to recognize the good-natured patience which his face was most certainly expressing at the moment. If only she could hold herself together till they got to the Carson-Smiths'!

Meanwhile Edgerton settled down in the seat. He understood well enough that he had blundered; but his mind admitted no defeat. It was merely, he said to himself, that he had brought the question forward at an unfavourable moment. Later there would be a better opportunity.

He picked up the folded newspaper beside him. He did not remember putting it there. Without even troubling to unfold it, he glanced indifferently at the column exposed on the broadest fold, seeking to decipher a few words by the casual light of the passing street lamps.

Suddenly he lowered the hand that held the paper, and stared thoughtfully before him. With heavy deliberation, he took a pencil from his overcoat pocket and laboriously ringed the item he had read. He turned on the wide seat and spoke to his wife. The car had stopped at a Fifth Avenue crossing, blocked by a flow of transverse traffic.

"Phyllis," he said, "read this."

She moved slightly. Then, conscious that he had thrust the paper almost under her nose, she took it and read. As she read, she tried to harden herself against the tenderness that crept into her heart.

"That's universal, Phyllis," said Edgerton in a low voice. "My child, come home—the cry of the mother. Here we are, in this big, homeless city; but, thank God, we've got a place to go to for Thanksgiving! Of course, it will interfere with engagements to spend the rest of the week at Toronto. Of course, it will bore you; my family always bores you. But, Phyllis, it will do you good to be bored a little—to blunt the edge of all this nervous excitement of the great American pleasure-hunt. And my mother wants us, Phyllis. Isn't

that at least worthy of something?"

Mrs. Edgerton unconsciously placed her hand on the edge of the tonneau. The folded paper slipped from her relaxing fingers and fell to the street. She bent her head. "You needn't say more," she whispered. "We will go!"

The car moved forward.

## V.

Missouri Bill picked up the newspaper that was threatened with obliteration by hoofs and wheels. In the Third Avenue hotel to which he was bound—a hostelry in which, for ten cents, he would get as good a bed as he desired—he would be glad of reading-matter. Also, a newspaper, after perusal, might come in handy to eke out the scanty bedding.

Missouri Bill was puffy—and forty. His eyes were watery; red bristles adorned his face. His means of livelihood were so simple as to require no paraphernalia other than a fairly glib tongue and a husky earnestness of voice.

At the Hyperion Hotel, that evening, Bill sat as near as he could to the flaming gas-jet in the "office," and read his paper like a philosopher. He had early observed that a certain item in the personal column was encircled by pencil-marks, but he forbore from comment, because it was not his custom to offer comment unless he had a properly responsive audience. Thus had he learned from experience.

Young Charley drifted into the Hyperion about ten-thirty. Here, to Missouri Bill's eyes, was youth—youth still unhardened, still impressionable. For Young Charley was still in his twenties. What though his face was evil, his eye undependable? Was he not young?

"Come 'ere, Young Charley," said Bill, as soon as the newcomer had successfully proved to the clerk his right to remain.

Young Charley ambled over to the vacant chair beside Missouri Bill.

"Kid, where you goin' for Thanksgiving?" inquired Missouri Bill.



Young Charley yawned indifferently.

"Salivation Army," he replied.

Bill shifted his quid, and regarded the young man solemnly.

"Kid," he said at last, "where did you blow from anyways?"

"Schenectady."

"Long ago?"

"Four years."

"Folks live up there?"

"Guess so. Did, the last I knew."

Young Charley yawned again. "The old man's in the works. I was, once."

"Kid"—Missouri Bill slowly held out the newspaper and pointed to the marked item—"here's somethin' that might 'ave been wrote to you. Listen to this, now: 'My child, come home. Come home for Thanksgivin'." He read with impressive deliberation. "It's signed 'Mother,'"

he added.

Young Charley shifted uneasily.

"Cut it out!" he muttered.

"Why don't you take the bet?" persisted Missouri Bill.

"Take it yourself," retorted Charley.

"Naw, kid, that's different," said Bill. "I couldn't act the part. I been livin' on husks too long. But you now—you've only been out four years. Beat it back there; give your old mother a sight of you. Enjoy the fatted turkey an' the cranb'ry sauce. Smoke a pipe with the old man. Tell 'em you got a job with J. P. Morgan, an' don't get time to run up often, but you're glad to see 'em when you can. It's a grand con, kid! It won't hurt you any, an' it may do your mother good. What say?"

Young Charley squirmed.

"What's the use?" he demanded.

"How do I know?" Missouri Bill wisely disclaimed all definite knowledge. "I got a hunch, that's all. You beat it on up there to-morrer. Hurray for the grand time! Talk big and make 'em happy. An' then, kid, cut out from 'em as soon as the dinner's over! Make your getaway while there's still somethin' left to the fatted turkey beside the bones. You know that prodigal son stuff, don't you, kid? I heard a gink talking it to a bunch o' boes one night in Union Square. It's all to the good, that spiel; but it leaves out somethin'. Take it from me, kid, if that prodigal boy was a wise one, he beat it next mornin' in a sidedor Pullman. He wouldn't 'a' had no business to stay there an' let the old folks come to know how different he was. It wouldn't 'a' been fair."

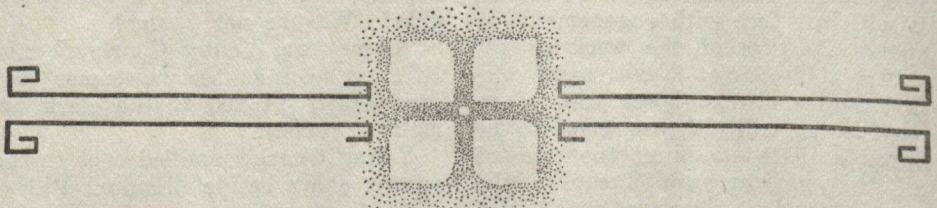
"I guess you're talking all to the good," said Young Charley soberly.

## VI.

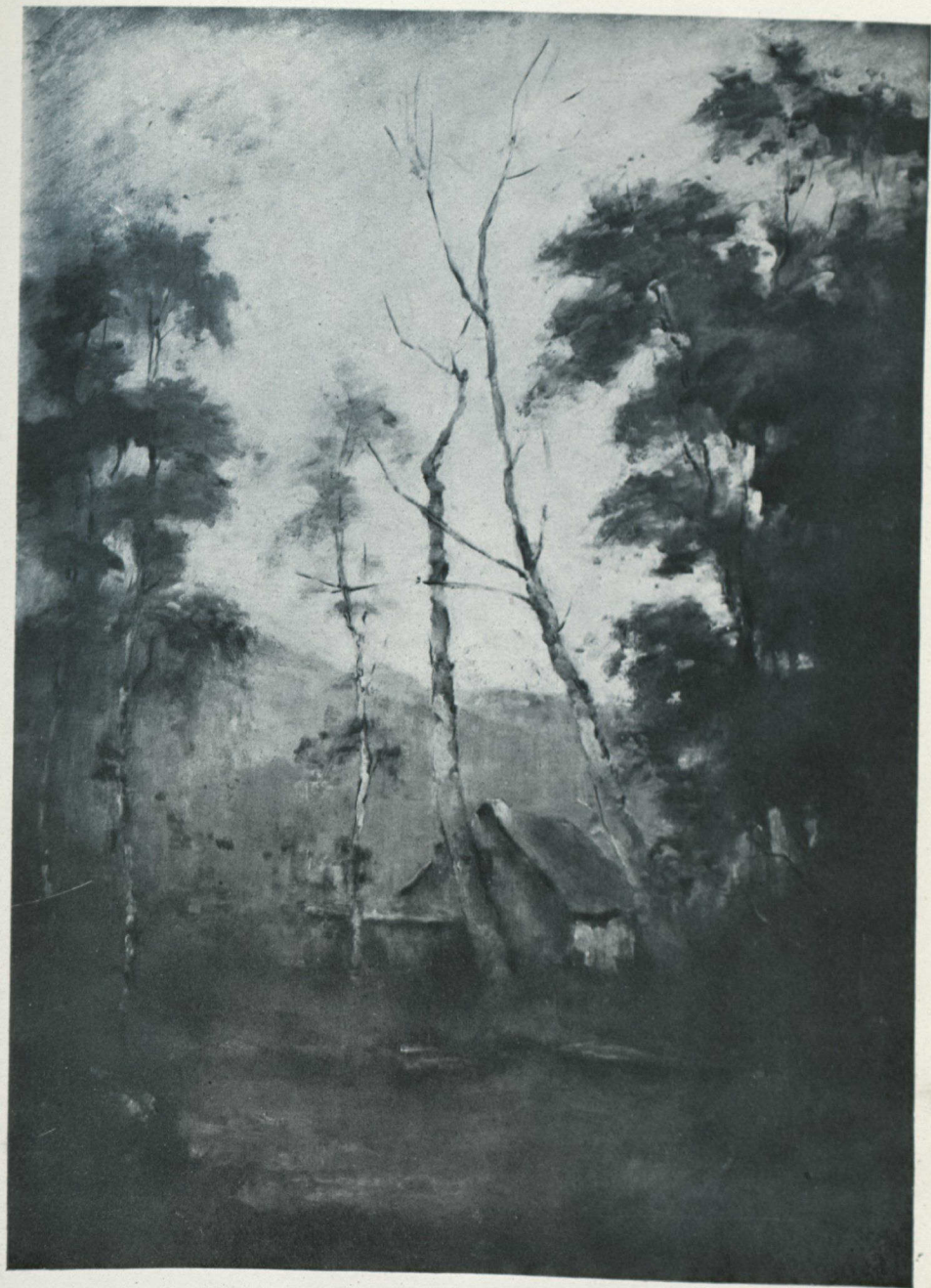
A wisp of a woman with yellowed gray hair stood at the window of a cottage in a Connecticut village. In the room a snowy table was laid. From the pot on the back of the stove came the smell of good things simmering; but the woman stared with vague wistfulness out into the street.

The new minister, passing, saw her at the window.

"Poor widow Varnum!" he said, softly. "What a pity there's no one to eat Thanksgiving dinner with her!" And as he remembered the first time he saw her, that day in the post-office, he added: "I wonder what happened to that letter she sent?"







THE COTTAGE

From the painting by Berthe Des Clayes.



The Canadian Magazine



# THE DOUKHOBOURS: A COMMUNITY RACE IN CANADA

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



IF all the Allied nations watching with vital interest the doings of Russia, Canada is the only one having a living acquaintance with the Slav, the only one with the opportunity to study him as he is in his daily life.

In the Russian Doukhobour colonies of Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and British Columbia the Canadian North-West is dealing with the character and community life of a curious religious sect, and at the same time with one of the most titanic forces at work in the world to-day—the force of the working man; dealing, too, with Russians who have left Russia but who still hold, not so much to Russia and things Russian, as to the habits of life, to the trend of thought to which only Russia could have given birth—thought at once material and mystical, childlike and philosophical. A people who themselves illustrating the material and spiritual power arising out of a co-ordination of interests for any purpose whatever are apparently utterly unconscious of the force they have generated.

Canada in the Russian Doukhobour is dealing, too, with a people who although Russian in a sense, have yet come out from Russia, left her behind, as it were, both in actual life and in

a spiritual sense! In her politics they never took a hand. Yet being born Russian they have not as yet been willing to renounce this nationality for another. So while still calling themselves Russians, the old Russia, to whom they really belong in childhood recollections and youthful experiences, many of the latter of an unpleasant and even cruel nature, is no longer in existence, has *founded* as a ship of state, and left these children drifting in the wild seas.

Of the new Russia they know nothing. To whom then shall these people, whom Fate has seen fit to set down in Canada belong, if not to the Canada that offered them asylum and shelter when the old autocratic Russia had determined on their extermination? Here is Canada's opportunity. In fact she is already mothering these strange children of hers; mothered them, as it happened, years ago in giving them her earth-bosom to rest upon, and eventually she must win them to herself.

The Russian Doukhobours have tremendously high ideals of life. They have simplified complex human existence to one standard, that of the "perfect man"—and claim that if each one bases his own life in very truth on the life of Christ, so that his heart and intent are pure, it does





A Doukhobour group, showing cucumbers

away with the need of the usual safeguards of society.

Thus, for instance, in a community free from thieves, burglars, fighters, cheaters and the like common-law breakers as well as one in which property and money is owned in common, so that no *one* person can take advantage of another, there is no need for police, law courts, magistrates, lawyers, jails, etc. For the same reason they claim not to require the services of a church or minister, nor will they register births, deaths or marriages.

On first coming to Canada they would have nothing to do with schools, basing their objections definitely on

the instruction given in arithmetic, which they claim is only required by persons trying to outdo others in business. Since those days, however, they have changed their view-point in regard to schools and in some instances have erected their own buildings and hired their own teachers, arranging the curriculum to meet their own particular requirements. Although the day when "brotherly love" shall be so great that armies, wars, jails, police, locks, banks, poor-houses, churches, ministers and the like will be unnecessary, is what we are all supposed to have in mind—to be hoping and working for, yet it is





Getting ready for a spin

a positive shock when one happens on a people definitely shaping their daily lives in every detail to this end, definitely believing that Utopia is practicable.

A day or two spent in one of their communities reveals the Doukhobour life to be, above everything else, based on sound common-sense. All the Doukhobours are farmers; farming being with them the natural expression of themselves rather than an acquirement. Every generation of Doukhobours as far back as the sect dates, which is more than two hundred years, has been a generation of farmers. They know wheat from having

lived on the wheat Provinces of Russia before coming here. A peasant race in whom love of the earth is as natural as breathing!

Although knowing more about wheat than any man in the west, it would be impossible for the Doukhobour to confine his operations solely to wheat.

The Doukhobours are all vegetarians, never tasting meat or fish, so their farms are so planted that their tables are all supplied in both variety and quantity sufficient to make the change and amount required to feed such a number of people. The present food-searcity spells no danger to





Doukhobour woman husking beans

the Doukhobour who has always *fed* himself. He is not eating any of the world's little supply of meat or its fish either, but on the other hand if he is not actually fighting overseas he is a "commissioned officer" in the Canadian Food-Army at home, and Doukhobour wheat in considerable quantity finds its way to Allied armies in the field. The "Doughman" is the mascot of the Doukhobour, has been from their beginning, and at the moment this doughman is behind the man-power behind the guns in France.

In this age when the whole world has been shorn of all but fundamen-

tals, Canada in the Doukhobour presents to the world the most basic principle of living economy and thrift to be found perhaps in all America. Curious, old-world children of chaotic war-soaked Europe, the Europe that bordering on Asia develops religions and mysticism and philosophy. These "spirit-wrestlers" have caught a wonderfully clear concept of the life that really counts. Coming from the region of the earth which, within a comparatively limited circle has produced the Christian, Buddhist and Mohammedan religions, the clearness and insight of these people and the courage of taking the life of Christ





Doukhobour woman beating mustard seed

as the model of life and adhering to it whatever the result for themselves is proof enough of their courage and also of their ability. Illiterate as far as education gleaned from schools, books and newspapers goes, they think and reason as clearly and to the point on matters of daily living and religion as any of our specialists along those given lines.

The Doukhobour woman could give points to us on the economic cooking and use and preservation of foods. Everything that she eats she has taken a hand in growing. She has but to glance at a vegetable to know its age. Perhaps even the soil it grew

in and whether it will keep to most advantage covered or uncovered, cooked or raw.

The Doukhobour woman is skilled in making fine linen cloth, Eastern embroidery and "drawn" work. But those same big, strong, graceful hands that make the shuttle fly back and forth on the loom, the needle in and out working to her own design on fine cambric, can also plough and dig and weed and prepare the land and sow the flax-seed, reap and soak and pound the grown flax in the shade of the great "Arch" and pin the floss to thread on the primitive Russian wheel that has been in vogue ever





A Doukhobour woman in British Columbia

since Catharine's time and which she either brought with her on the long voyage from Kief to Canada or made with her own hands here out of a seasoned British Columbia log she herself cut down in clearing the western wilderness to farm lands.

I know of no woman who has so well in hand the gift of self-expression or who has more that is really worth while in her life to express than this same peasant woman who, standing or sitting out-of-doors, in the field, or at home in the great yard, or within doors in the great living-room or in the wonderfully clean little bed-

room among her spotless appointments and her pots of flowers, in every movement so unconsciously betrays the attributes of the born lady.

Yet, personally, this Doukhobour woman has none of the accessories of dress which the average woman deems necessary if she is to feel and act at ease. Even the gifts of nature which are generally conceded as crowning gifts of beauty have been taken away from her. She graciously welcomes you with closely cropped head and bare feet; over her head a simple kerchief. If she is at work in the field when you appear she talks about





Dinner-time

her beans or flax or potatoes or the crops of fruits and calls attention to the late season or the size of the apples, the prospective picking of peaches. She is a product of nature, she takes it for granted you love the things of the earth as every true woman should. In her talk she meets you on big universal subjects out of the nature-book which she knows by heart and if you have allowed yourself to stray away even in thought from "the simple life" here is the moment when you feel ashamed and when some of our conventionalities show up in their true light. It took

the thunder and lightning of Mars to convince the world that farming—plain everyday farming is the finest business the world affords, that the man or woman who doesn't produce something of a food-nature from the earth is a parasite. Hence the moment you meet the Doukhobour woman—strapping, athletic, alert and graceful—you find yourself looking at the strong face and hands and you say to yourself, "Here is a life that counts, here is a woman who can *do* something, not one who plays at it, inquiring of the fashion books what she shall wear when going a-hoeing."





A Doukhobour woman spinning flax

It is no little feat to make out a thousand meals a year without the aid of meat and fish yet the Doukhobour housewife succeeds so well that for strength and endurance it is well known in the West that the Doukhobour working on railroad construction or in land-clearing gangs outworks all others of whatever nationality.

The Doukhobour will not eat meat because he deems all life sacred. It is for this reason he conscientiously objects to war. Believing that the spirit of Christ dwells in all men how could he take life? His beliefs in this respect are bona fide, having

nothing whatever to do with the present war. He was "a conscientious objector" back in Russia under the Romanovs two centuries ago. And all through the years prior to coming to Canada endured persecutions, imprisonment, loss of property, banishment to Siberia, working in the chain-gang and mine rather than do military service.

Peter Veregin, leader and adviser of this interesting people, was a convict to Siberia, serving his time there, when through the intercession of the Czarina and the assistance of Count Tolstoi, Aylmer Maude, the Quakers of Philadelphia, the Canadian Gov-





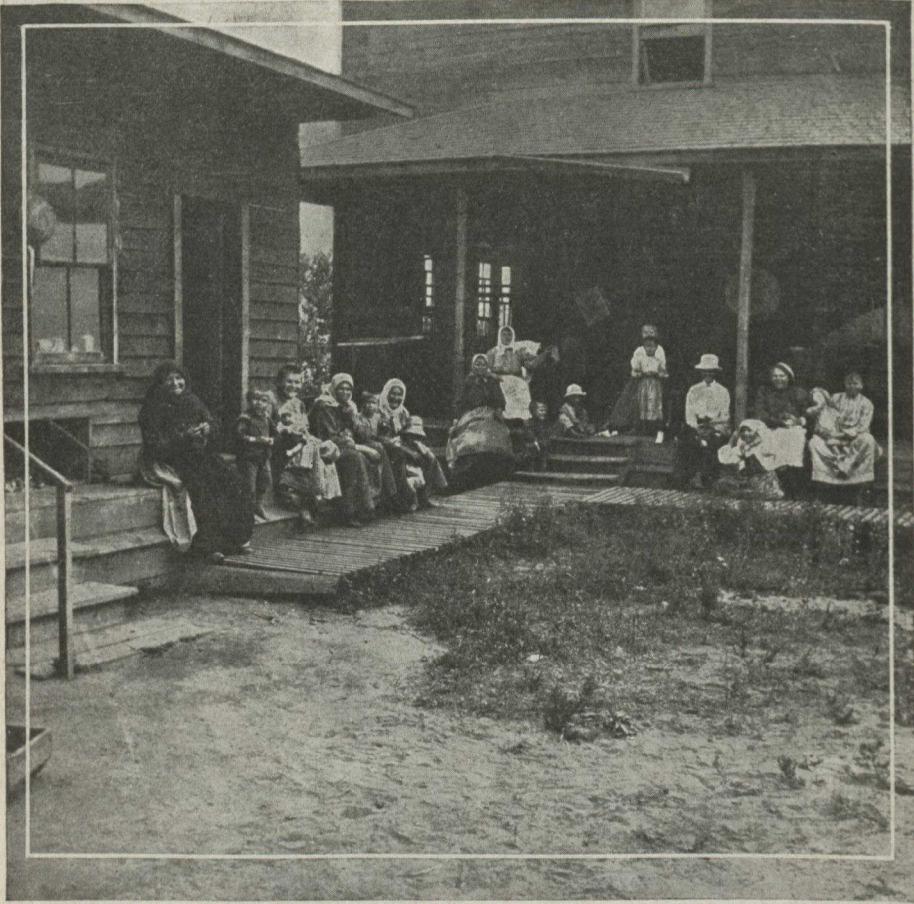
The dropped stitch

ernment and the Canadian Pacific Railway, these people, of whom he was the acknowledged leader, set forth on their long journey to these shores. After serving his sentence he joined the Doukhobours here and proceeded at once to take hold with that mastery of men and affairs which has not only made the Doukhobour community one of the best-paying and most progressive institutions in Western Canada but has made him famous all over the country in those inner circles of men-who-know as well as among men gather-

ing by the camp-fire as one of the cleverest and most progressive organizers in the country.

The Doukhobours came to Canada with very little means to command, in fact, not enough to buy horses for the ploughing, so that the women set themselves to the plough in those first lean years and saved the day. Early settlers, neighbours, who perhaps might have taken a page out of the Doukhobours' book to advantage, spread erroneous statements concerning these simple honest folk who were not ashamed of work—scorned them





A Community of Doukhobours

for "harnessing women to ploughs and the like", but these folk did not know the Russian peasant, did not know that these same poor folk had set out to beat the wilderness and to carve for themselves a home in Canada, the free, and meant to succeed whatever the work. Their indomitable courage has made them what they are to-day, a thriving people controlling millions of dollars' worth of property; and, what is important for Canada, they already have developed large wheat and fruit-growing areas and given a very "army of farmers" to the section where every farmer counts.

The Doukhobour settlement at Brilliant, B.C., is one of the most interesting of their settlements to visit. Situated on the Columbia River it runs through the "Valley of Consolation", stretching for several miles to the Uplands on both sides of the river. This is a fruit-growing region. A mile or two up the river are the independent colonies of Glade and Thrums. Of a morning the lifting mist reveals an endless acreage of apple and peach trees bending under ripening fruit if your visit happens to be in the Indian summer days of the late fall. You are welcome at any of the twin houses under



whose huge gateway your wondering feet may lead.

Such sights as these meet the eye! The flax wheel revolving in a mist as the kerchiefed spinner works. The dust flying as the flax-pounders beat out the flax-seed on the tarpaulin spread in the deep shade of the great Russian circle to be seen nowhere else outside of Russia but here in Canada! The children with gathered skirts in arm, treading out the plaster—the Russian plaster made of manure and sifted earth, with which the inside of the houses are plastered before being whitewashed so spotless and fresh. All around the houses are flowers that, besides beautifying serve a practical purpose in yielding honey to the bees of the apiary. In a special kitchen-garden cucumbers—aplenty kept fresh and succulent by a system of irrigation by means of the giant pump down by the river—the pride of Peter Veregin's heart and said to be the largest of its kind in Canada. Strawberry beds and a thousand other small fruits supply the great centrally-located jam-factory down by the river opposite the railroad station, the jam factory that enabled the Doukhobours to make their gift of several hundred pounds of their delicious jam to the boys in "khaki" not so long ago.

If you have the time to spend a night or two with these hospitable people you may do so free of charge in "the Church"—a name they give to their town hall.

The Church is also the school—a fine, big building with a neat and clean suite of living-rooms above. Old Alick Cherinoff and wife, caretakers, will in the absence of the school-teacher from New York act as hostess, cook for you and say "Grace" at meal-time over the delicious cauliflower baked with potato sliced in olive oil, the sliced tomato, the vegetable soup, the great cups of Russian tea, with jam in it, and the *artuitsi*, without which no meal at this season

of year is complete, and the great slices of Russian bread that the enormous loaf affords.

In the centre of the valley beside the public highway, trailing away to the east, one happens on an old-world "threshing-floor". Perhaps the only one of its kind this side the Atlantic, where the farmers bring their wheat and assemble from all directions with their horses to lend a hand with the threshing. This threshing-floor with the horses, driven by boys standing on drags, treading in spirited circles over the wheat, when seen through a haze of flying dust, looks more like a scene from old Testament lands than anything Canadian!

After the tired horses are driven off, the tawny chaff is taken in hand by men armed with home-made wooden forks with which they toss the straw in air where the wind blows off the chaff and the wheat falls to earth in a heap.

Words are altogether inadequate to describe this wheat-threshing scene. It needs the painter's brush to bring out the tawny colours and the figures of the moujeks with the light striking on the hand-made wooden forks, the long prongs flashing in air like the sabres of an advancing troop. After a time the air becomes so thick with straw-dust the outlines of the working figures lose their sharpness and the sun itself is almost toned off into the yellow haze.

When the wheat is all nicely cleaned it is stored in bins in a store-room in "The Church"—and is thence taken to mill. Everybody having a share in the flour as in everything else produced on the great farm.

It is difficult to realize that these people will receive no pay, as we understand it, for all this hard work; but on the other hand neither do they have to pay out money for wages or food or house rent or clothes or furniture as we have to do. And having no necessity for "force" to uphold the law, they have no "taxes".



There is a central "office" keeping tab of each man and woman's share and the amount of "rations" drawn. All food over and above the amount required to feed their own people is put on the market and sold, so that we are sharing in the profits of the labour of these community-dwellers indirectly. The money received for their crops is taken care of by the central office and credit given to each member. So that if a Doukhobour desires for any reason whatever to leave the community and become an "independent" he is at liberty to call at the "office" and collect his share, and settle wherever fancy leads—east or west.

There are a number of these independents at Glade and Thrums and elsewhere in the West, and judging by the appearance of their small farms they seem to be doing very well on the soil. But of course in renouncing the "community life" most of these independents have also given up other tenets of the faith. Some, for instance, are no longer vegetarians but are meat and fish eaters. They no longer deem it a sin to take life for food and they own firearms. Peter Veregin, speaking of the independents a short time ago said, "These men have fallen away from the faith, eat meat, carry firearms and they should be conscripted".

But the Doukhobours who have become unfaithful to their religion are so few as to be practically negligible. "Once a Doukhobour always a Doukhobour, seems to fit "The Clan", a condition of affairs which proves that the great majority are very happy in their life together. The women and children have happy, beaming faces, which is a pretty good index that "all is right with their world".

Their "community life" is really a great asset to the entire country in this time of food scarcity. The work

which together they have accomplished could not have been done by individuals in so short a time because of the proposition of labour. The Doukhobour farms play into each others' hands. When the wheat on the prairie farm of Saskatchewan is ready to reap, the men come from British Columbia to lend a hand with it. Children of the Doukhobours are early taught to work or perhaps what is better, allowed to join their parents or older playmates in whatever work happens to be going on. In this way work becomes a pastime to the little hands.

All Doukhobours are of very gentle natures. Their courtesy to each other being based on the belief that as the spirit of Jesus dwells in all, even the child, the very youngest among them is entitled to a courteous hearing at all times, the child being trained by its parents not to take advantage.

For the same reason in conversation they never interrupt each other but listen patiently to what each one has to say, a practice which, to say the least, gives them very nearly faultless manners, and, of course, great force of character. It is customary for the Doukhobours, over the evening meal, recalling Russian scenes and friends, to burst into song—hymns in the Russian tongue—hymns that soon fill the big living-room or "Church", that every twin-house boasts, and swelling, float through the valley on the evening air like some sweet and plaintive litany that is at the same time a chant of victory—the victory of the Russian peasants who, coming to this country with nothing except pure hearts and an infinitive knowledge of wheat have "made good" in the wilderness and in so doing have themselves in turn become an "asset" to Canada, their foster-mother in this her time of need.





BY HELEN M. EDGAR

VII. THE IMPOSING ANTIQUITIES AT DENDERA AND THE FAMOUS  
TEMPLES AT ABYDOS

**M**ARCH 15th.—Wind and sand having ceased from troubling, the *Dodo* opened her eyes once more, and after a few preliminary stretches sidled into the middle of the river and began to move northward in her usual unhurried way. We half drifted and half rowed till the wind took an interest in us and blew us against a lovely palm-fringed bank where, perforce, we had to rest the whole day.

C. scented flints, and we discovered we were near the spot where wonderful tomb excavations had been made by De Morgan and Flinders Petrie. It was some distance in the desert, but the C's were eager, and so were we. The rest of the party took charge of the *Dodo* while we packed up a hasty lunch and taking two of our men (who, by the by, carry long spears with them when they venture inland) started out on a skirmish for donkeys. After great delay and much agitation we managed to secure some beasts. My animal was equipped with a bridle and a pair of ears

of such prodigious size that they rather interfered with the view. The saddle was girthless and stirrups not being in fashion, I had to keep my balance as best I could. P. used his donkey as an assistance for walking, or by curling his long legs up he turned it into a seat for riding. C.'s donkey was so toy-like that he preferred to lead it gently by hand most of the way.

We started our procession desertwards across one of the great dikes that divide this fertile country from end to end. We met herd upon herd of camels laden with such huge bundles of durrâ that we were nearly brushed off our wobbly saddles as they passed us on the narrow way.

Besides our donkey boys, about fifteen native "gentlemen" accompanied us out of pure and undisguised curiosity. We reached the desert in an hour and proceeded to pick up flints and potsherds like buttercups at home. The tombs were vast and bottomless holes in the ground. When, after lunching, Mrs. C. and I rested on the edge of one, while the flint hunters were at work

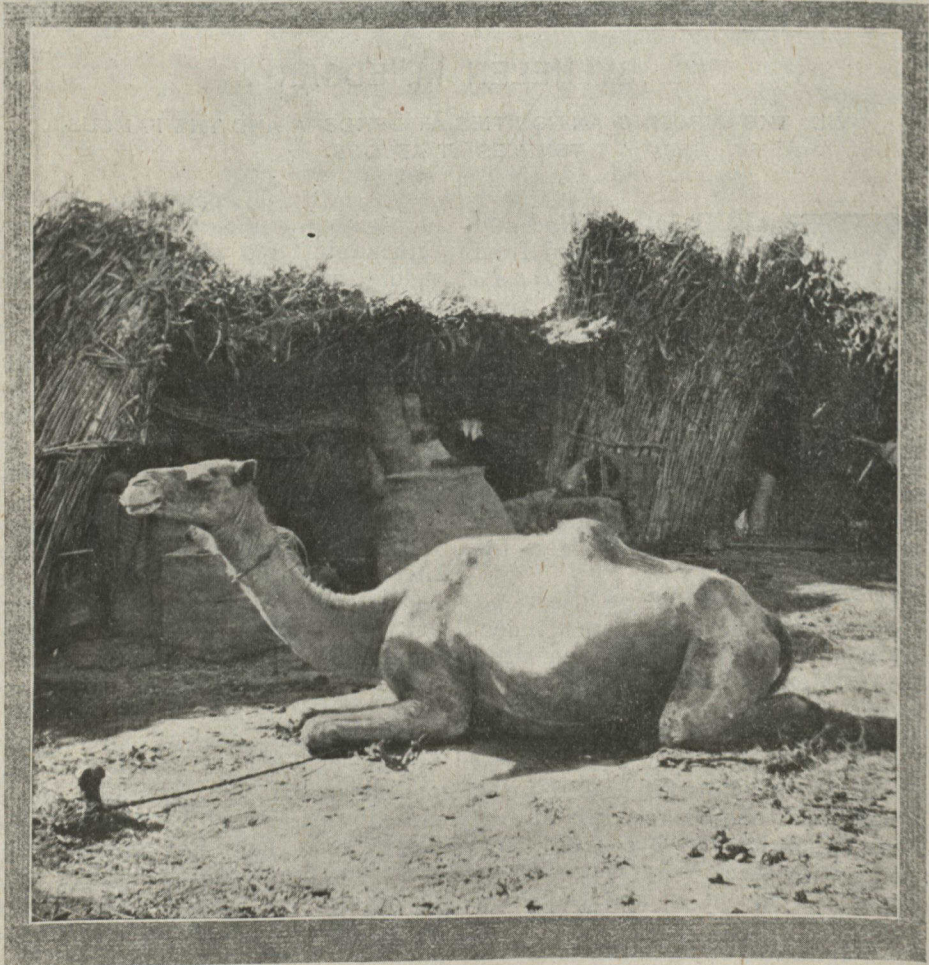


and our audience of fifteen squatted in a semi-circle in front of us, I felt that the combined spears of Achmet and Mohammed would not be sufficient defence if our worshippers got bored with the performance and decided to give us premature burial in a twelfth dynasty tomb.

We rode home towards sunset, a time when Egypt glows with so much colour that its beauty makes one speechless. Harvesting had begun. Flocks with Arab herdsmen gleaned the fruitful remains, and low-pitched tents, or rather wind-guards of sugar-cane, were scattered about, their

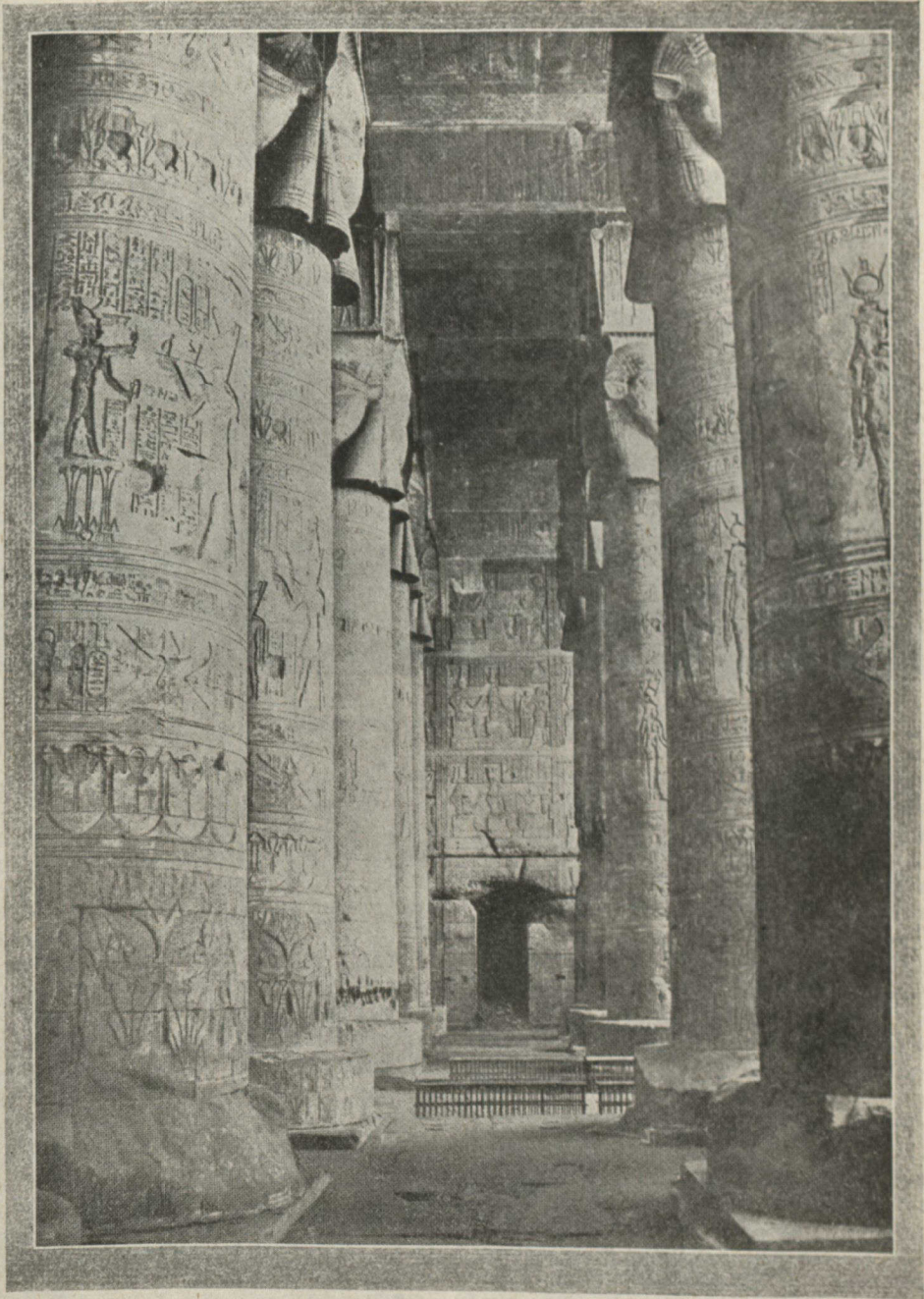
owners looking much as we imagine Abraham did of old surrounded by his family and flocks and herds. Camels lay before the entrance of one dwelling, and buffalo calves and long-fleeced sheep and longer-eared goats cropped leisurely their evening meal. My donkey, excited by so much animal life, kept up a braying acquaintance with all his friends till we reached the *Dodo* and dinner.

March 16th.—To-day we made some progress before the wind landed us, this time, on a sandy waste whose only virtue lay in the fact that it was near Guft, where Abderachman, our



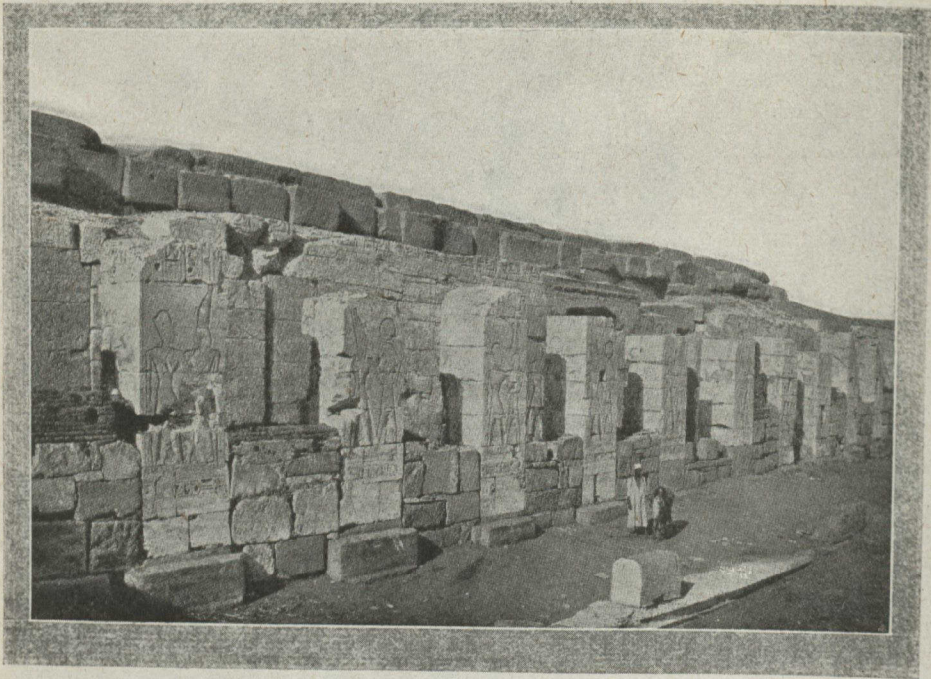
A sugar-cane wind-break.





Colonnade of Hathor's Temple, at Dendera





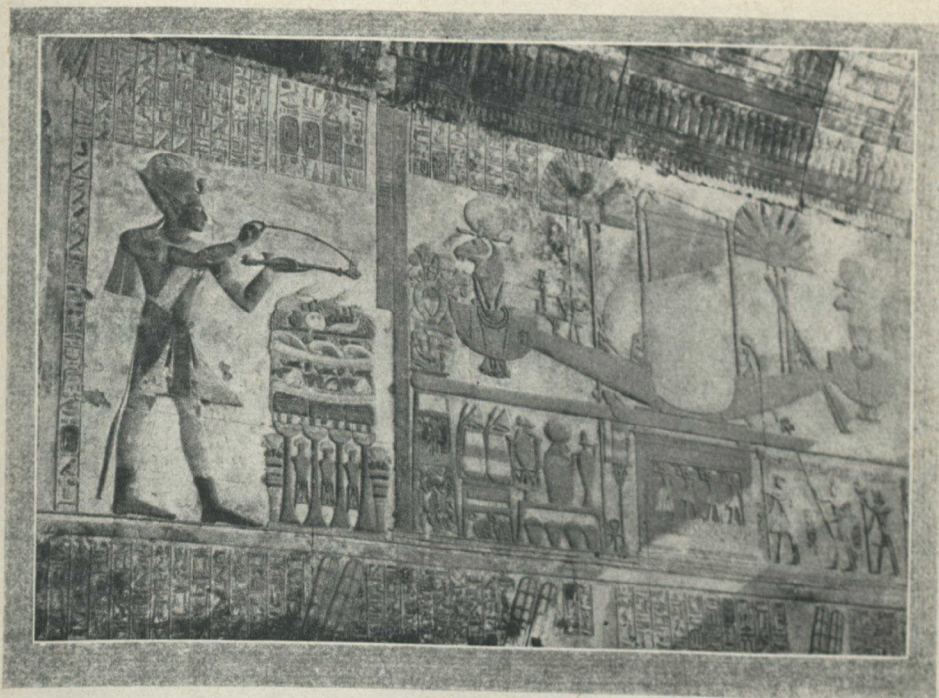
The Memnonium of Seti I., at Abydos.

cook, might possibly find his father. As the father was an Ababdeh and generally wintered in the desert, it seemed an off chance, but Abderachman was hopeful and departed on his search with the mate as companion. They had just left when the wind allowed us to move on. As we passed the village of Guft, a figure waved to us from shore and proved to be the wandering parent whom our cook was scouring the desert for. In the queer way of this country news had reached the old man of the *Dodo's* presence. Our felucca was sent to fetch the visitor on board, and he came gladly, thinking his son would appear any moment. As a matter of fact, he did not appear till next morning, when we were at Dendera. The fond parent sat unperturbed for twenty-four hours, while he drifted farther and farther from his home. He was fed and warmed and given a cigar that nearly made him ill during the interval.

March 17th.—We celebrated P's

birthday at Dendera with a glorious ride through poppy land and barley fields, till we reached the lovely temple with its Hathor columns rising against the blue and mauve and pink of the early morning sky. We have seen such glories in the way of temples that it is hard to make comparison. In their different ways they all seem best. It is an ever-increasing marvel that colour should last so long, the great masses of stone holding with pristine freshness the paintings brushed in with so much grace 2,000 years and more ago. We explored the crypts, a creepy, crawly performance I do not want to duplicate. C. went down first and left a fat leg protruding so long that we called after him to ask if he had forgotten it. When we followed we realised his difficulties. A twisty hole at the top of crumbling steps, which had to be descended with a lighted candle in one hand, was not an easy problem. But when we had solved it, we found we were inside a jewel box, for





Sculptures of the Walls in the Memnonium of Seti I., at Abydos.

such seemed to us the tiny rooms with their exquisite carvings on unsullied walls. We could not tarry long, for the atmosphere was stifling, and I for one was very glad to reach the upper air. C. explored farther, but even his enthusiasm waned when the gaffir told him there might be cobras in one of the corridors.

We returned from the bliss and beauty of Dendera to find a mutiny brewing on board the *Dodo*. This happened periodically, so we were not alarmed. Our sailors were exactly like naughty children who exasperate one to a spanking finish and having induced a climax become as good as gold. On this occasion our crew had not the slightest grievance, and after C. had stood with watch in hand insisting that in fifteen minutes they and their bundles should leave the *Dodo*, at the fourteenth minute they surrendered and set to work as happy as you please, singing their rowing song as we started off down stream.

To-night our anchorage was mid-stream. The half moon and all the stars were reflected so clearly in the still water that it was hard to know which was heaven above or earth beneath.

March 20th.—We had no further *Dodo* adventures till we reached Nag Hamadi on this fateful day when we were to say good-bye to our cosy cabins and companionship on board the *Dodo*. Abydos was still to be seen, so we decided to let the *Dodo* proceed while we took train to Beleana and donkey-rode from there to Abydos, trusting that the *Dodo* would do the decent thing and meet us at Beleana on our return and give us our last dinner party on board before we took the train for Cairo. The *Dodo* behaved like a perfect lady and kept her appointment with feminine punctuality, which means, I judge, about twenty minutes late.

It is a long ride from Beleana to Abydos, but a very lovely one. We





Coptic Church at Abydos.

reached Seti 1st's great temple about 11 A.M., and after a preliminary exploration of its marvels we sought the cool shade of one of its seven colonnades and lunched luxuriously. The two gaffirs served our coffee on a very modern silver salver that looked quite out of keeping with its surroundings.

We looked long and lovingly on this our last Egyptian temple, the painting of which one could swear had been done but yesterday. Beautiful was the drawing and grouping and not without a certain solemnity, too. The themes repeat themselves over and over again, and yet one

never wearies of them, but greets each time afresh the figures of the gods who pour the stream of life, happiness and strength over the reigning king.

Ignoring the fierce mid-day sun, C. started off to visit some excavating friends in the neighbourhood, but Mrs. C. and ourselves decided to continue our worship of the temple till he returned.

In the cool of the day we explored another temple built by Rameses II. It was in a very ruinous state though some of the carvings and colourings were equal in beauty to anything we had seen. A very dirty Coptic church





Some of the party at the Temple of Dendera

put a full stop to our sight-seeing. Our eight-mile ride back to Beleana was full of diverse interests. Owners of "antika" that had been invisible on our morning journey rose with mushroomlike rapidity as we returned. From time to time C. was completely surrounded, while he exchanged piastres for some trinket of delicate and curious workmanship. A white goose, not, I am glad to say, an antiquity, was his first purchase. It must have been an immense bird, or else C.'s donkey was extremely small, for as it lay across the saddle its yellow feet almost touched the road on one side while its limp white neck and wobbly head dangled at the same length on the other.

The limestone cliffs were wonderful in colour as they absorbed all the prismatic sunset shades. We reached the Beleana river-front in time to see the *Dodo* some distance up stream doing her best to keep her appointment. We felt quite homesick when, sidling in her characteristic fashion, she reached the shore, and we saw Suffragi stand in the light of his pantry, feather brush in hand, ready to dust us off before we came on board.

Our dinner, I remember, was a great success. Abderachman's skill in making lentil soup was unsurpassed. The chicken that followed we tried not to identify, for the speckled hen and little white cock had become



almost household pets. A plum pudding was our dignified sweet. As we sipped our Turkish coffee in the luxurious half-hour that followed, we heard great shuffling of feet outside the dining-room door (for privacy's sake we always dined below when in port), and Abderachman and Mohammed entered, supporting the apparently fainting form of Abdullah, our smart "laundry maid". His gallant turban was all askew and his "Horus" lock in which he took so much pride lay limp and curlless on his cheek. We were all properly horrified at the spectacle, but a merry twinkle in the dark eye of Abderachman gave us hope that this scene was not as tragic as it might appear. After a dramatic pause Abdullah feebly raised his head and in the faintest of voices recited an appalling domestic tragedy. He spared us no details of the brutal murder of his only and beloved wife and week-old daughter at the hands of his brother whom he had trusted to be her protector. Had we not remembered that it was only a few short weeks before that leave had been granted him to visit his wife and new-born son, we might have believed his story, so anguished was his state, such real tears coursed down his cheeks.

The procession retired in the same order, and then Abderachman was summoned to give his version of the "play". It seems Abdullah had met an acquaintance in the bazaar who had offered him a slightly higher wage than his contract with us allowed, therefore he must make an appeal to us for leave of absence and full pay. This C. could not grant, for our crew was now reduced to a minimum, and there were yet many miles to go before the *Dodo* reached her final anchorage. The judgment having been pronounced, it was conveyed by Abderachman to the suppliant, who received it with a groan, flinging himself on deck and writhing in agony. I was glad to hear later that complete recovery occurred at the end of half an hour;

and domestic sorrow, having served no useful end, was laid quietly aside.

It was practically over Abdullah's prostrate body that we had to step as we left the *Dodo* on our way to the railway station. We were quite a solemn procession, for most of the crew accompanied us, not, I fear, so much in sorrow as in the hope that P's generosity would burgeon forth in a second dole of bakshish. Suffragi alone was missing. His joy at becoming the owner of P's khaki outfit, five sizes too large for him, paralyzed both speech and action for some time.

Our farewells were short, for our train was just leaving. A wave of the hand and a promise to write, inadequately conveyed all our regrets for breaking the chain of happy days and experiences together.

March 22nd.—We were a very dusty and tired couple when we reached Cairo early this morning. The *Dodo's* uncertain methods had made it impossible to engage a compartment in advance, so we were considered to be lucky in finding an empty second-class one. The hard wooden ledges on which we tried to sleep had a Procrustean quality that racked every bone in our bodies.

Late in the afternoon we were sufficiently repaired in mind and body to visit the mosque of el Azhar, the great Mohammedan University where the Faith gathers its students from every quarter of the world. We slipped our feet into large felt shoes before we ventured into the enormous courtyard with its 140 pillars, each a centre of a group of students who swayed their heads while reciting in a monotonous tone verses and chapters of the Koran. The students numbered between six and seven thousand. The volume of sound was considerable, although not more than two thousand were gathered in this hall of learning. Our examination of this vast building was difficult, for my felt shoes kept slipping off, and not being allowed to desecrate the pavement with a French heel I had to make frequent stork-like pauses



till I was reshod. That evening I began to think that Osiris and Isis must have not only granted us life and happiness but also endowed us with colossal strength, for in spite of aching bones we planned an early start for Sakkara.

March 23rd.—At eight o'clock this morning we were at the station in time to catch the train that deposited us three-quarters of an hour later at Bedrashen. Donkeys were numerous and tourists few, so we were able to select five sturdy little beasts for our long day's expedition.

Memphis looms so large in history that it was difficult for us to realize as we rode through the fields and villages of Bedrashen that we were passing over the site of that vanished city,

"Melted into air, into thin air".

P. murmured Prospero's lines as we went our way along a bridle-path that had once been a teeming city street, whose tortuous route took half a day to traverse. We trod the dust of ages. Cairo with greedy fingers has taken stone by stone the "gorgeous palaces" for her own use. Only the two colossal statues of Rameses II. remain as lonely sentinels to guard his vanished temple gate. The first of these great statues lies in the open on slightly rising ground. To see his face we had to climb up and view it from the plateau of his huge chest. Remembering another head of this same Pharaoh, which is one of the great treasures in the British Museum, we could recognize the nobleness of the features with the subtle curve of the lips that give to Rameses II. an expression of almost Mona Lisa elusiveness. Following this line of thought we recalled his prostrate colossus in the Ramasseum at Thebes, with some sympathy for the enemy who in sheer exasperation hacked away a smile that measured three feet and a half in solid granite. The second colossus is sheltered in a mud brick building which we did not enter, as we had lingered longer than

we had intended over its counterpart.

Palm groves dotted our journey towards the Necropolis of Sakkara. A lovely sycamore near a spring of pure sweet water gave us refreshing shade before we mounted to the higher level. We passed by the Step Pyramid on our way to Mariette's House, where we lunched and engaged a guide to lead us through the subterranean passages of the Serapeum. The tombs of the Apis Bull are quite near the house of their discoverer, who describes in a most graphic way his wonderment and awe when he first penetrated into these vast vaults. We lit our candles in the entrance chamber and journeyed down a wide corridor whose rocky floor was spread several inches deep with a sandy carpet. A huge sarcophagus half-way on its journey to the tomb blocked the passage, a silent monument to the end of a worship it was intended to commemorate. Mariette, the French explorer, describes his entrance in 1851 to a tomb chamber where he could still see the finger prints on the limestone of the Egyptian who had placed the last stone in the wall built to conceal the doorway. Here the bull as carefully embalmed as a human mummy had lain undisturbed for 3,700 years. A heap of sand held the imprint of bare feet as proof of the unbroken stillness through all these centuries.

The heat and closeness were oppressive, and we were glad to see daylight after many labyrinthian turns. The sky was looking a trifle ominous, but we felt the Mastaba of Ti must not be left unvisited.

Ti, sailing through the marshes in a boat of papyrus, seemed such a poetical and legendary figure that we were anxious to have our impressions of the royal architect and manager of the Pyramid of Kings duly confirmed. Ti, with true courtliness, met us in the vestibule of his fifth-dynasty dwelling. Though he carried a staff in one hand and a club in the other, he did not grudge us welcome. In all the rooms his effigy greeted us.



We saw him as a great administrator watching the sowing and reaping of crops, the herding of his cattle, the building of ships, the receiving of offerings. In moments of relaxation he is depicted issuing from a doorway in frequent changes of costume. His wife Nefer-hotpes generally accompanies him. There is one charming relief in which she is sitting at his feet, while an endless procession of antelopes, stags, gazelles, and other sacrificial animals, all duly labelled, pass before them. All these reliefs are exquisite in form and colour, but the crowning one of all is a large panel where Ti is seen sailing in his slender boat through the reeds and rushes of the Nile. The tall stems of the water plants end in a frieze of lotus, with birds of lovely plumage fluttering among the blossoms. Strange little beasts creep up the stems and cause them to bend in graceful curves. Against this lovely background sails Ti in his fairy boat, a tall, upright figure clad in a wide apron and wearing a wig of large dimensions, watching slaves kill a hippopotamus. The water is so transparent that one can see fishes of many hues taking a lively interest in the capture of the huge beast. We said a most reluctant good-bye to Ti, marvelling as we did so at the beauty of colour and design that had been created 2,000 years before Christ.

Ti had entertained us so successfully that we had become oblivious of the weather. When we reached the upper world we found a sand storm in possession of it. However, we had to face the music, though we did not like the tune that accompanied us throughout our three-hour ride to Mena House. Our donkey boys sheltered themselves behind us and from time to time we called a halt, turning our little animals about to give them breathing space. In one of these pauses we saw the bleached bones of a camel, which looked like the whitened ribs of a long-stranded ship. Our journey seemed endless, and when at length we reached the Sphinx, our

heads were bowed, not so much in reverence as with fatigue. Battered and dishevelled as I was, I tried to look him in the face, but countless swirls of driving sand enveloped us. Out of the depths of the storm I thought I heard a distant voice murmuring, "See how *I* stand these trifling puffs of wind".

With ever-thoughtful kindness Mrs. H. had motored out from Cairo to meet us, and so it was owing to her that our remains were safely delivered at our hotel in time for dinner.

March 24th.—We left Cairo this morning. On our way to the station we passed the Khedive driving in state to meet Mr. Roosevelt. His Highness was a fat, complacent-looking Turk, and we thought his horses showed much better blood and breeding. The Port of Alexandria was in its usual turmoil. Without C.'s guiding hand we felt forlorn, till a dragoman, clad in yellow and brown striped satin, took us as his special charge and only left us when we were safely deposited on board the *Perseo*.

It is on the deck of this steamer that these last few pages are being written. Once more Messina lies before us. The water of the bay seems to be an even deeper blue than when we last were here. The ruined arches of the Renaissance Colonnade look very toy-like after our mighty Egyptian columns, and one feels that with an outstretched hand one could adjust the pieces of this earthquake puzzle. The golden sands of Egypt have slipped through our fingers, but the memory of the golden hours and spacious days is not so swift to pass. The gods have given us a pigment with which to fix forever in our minds the beauty and colour of that ancient world.

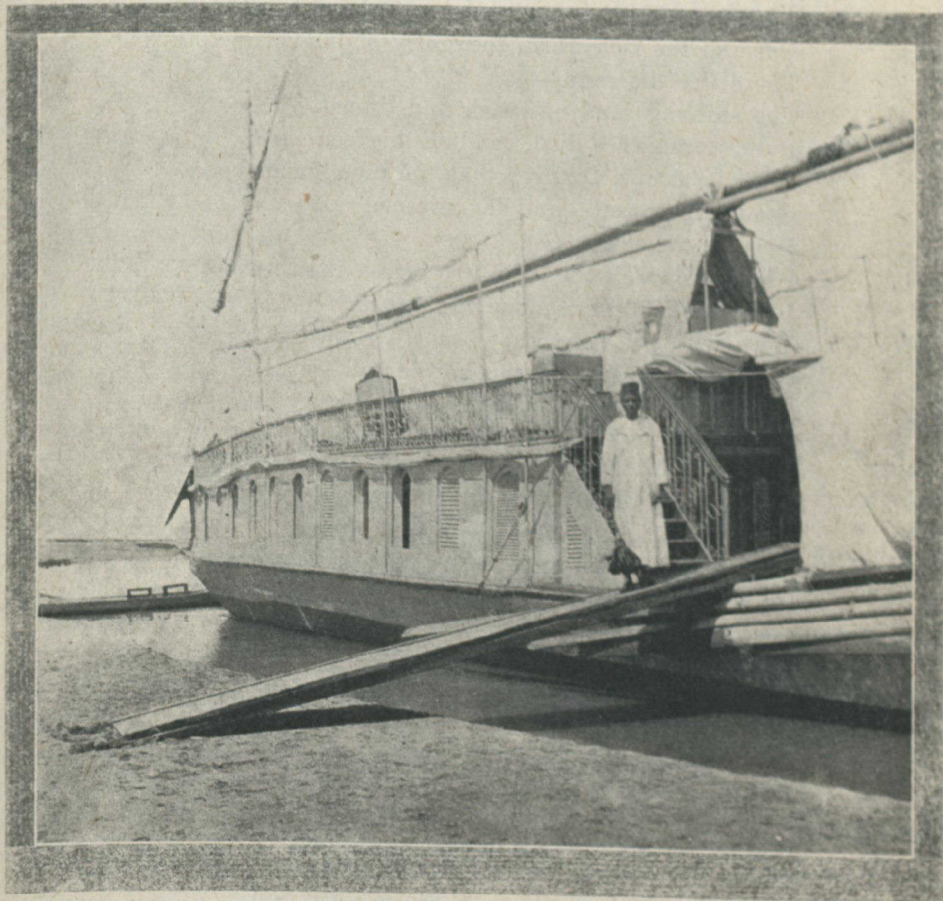
#### L' ENVOI.

Three weeks later we heard of the safe arrival of the *Dodo* in Cairo, after many vicissitudes. The rapidly-falling river and the quick ascent of the thermometer caused sporadic outbreaks of *irritabilitas Africanus* on the part of the passengers and crew. At one point stone-hookers, with a



fleet-footedness not in keeping with their trade, stepped in front of the *Dodo* in such numbers that it was only after a three-day blockade that she was able to push her way through a channel that twenty-four hours later was closed for the season to all vessels of her size. As our bond

was given that the *Dodo* would be handed over by C. in person to Ali Bey in Cairo, we could picture the anguish on board when it seemed likely that the *Dodo* (at a fixed monthly rental) would be obliged to wait till the Nile was once more in flood.



The End—Suffragi and his feather duster



## SEA SAND

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

**B**ETWEEN the rhythmical unfathomed sea  
and the rich warm fecundity of land  
There lies the sand—  
The shifting sand of beach and dune—  
Pure, strange sea dust, so alien to green earth,  
With its brown furrows that the ploughman makes  
Ready for sowers—and for miracle.  
Here on the sand,  
I lie and watch the coarse sea-grass that creeps  
Like an adventurer along the dunes,  
With wild pea-vines that bravely cling and spread  
Tenacious tendrils in this sterile soil—  
A barren mockery of useful bloom.

I let a little handful of the sand  
Drift slowly through my fingers, and I see  
Its myriad tiny atoms—shells and stones  
That long ago the great waves tossed and ground  
To starry powder on the rocky ledge.

At sunset, out on the wet, shining sand  
Left by the dropping tide, rare colours fall,  
And linger there as if they loved the sand.  
Who dreams at noontide that its level ways  
Can hold such colour: rose and turquoise green,  
Purple and gold, and even a crimson glow,  
Just for a moment, till the splendour dies.

Then the moon, silvery and alone, shines down  
Upon the sand—pure strange sea dust of Time.



# A GLIMPSE OF OUR NORTHLAND

BY LEROY THORNE BOWES



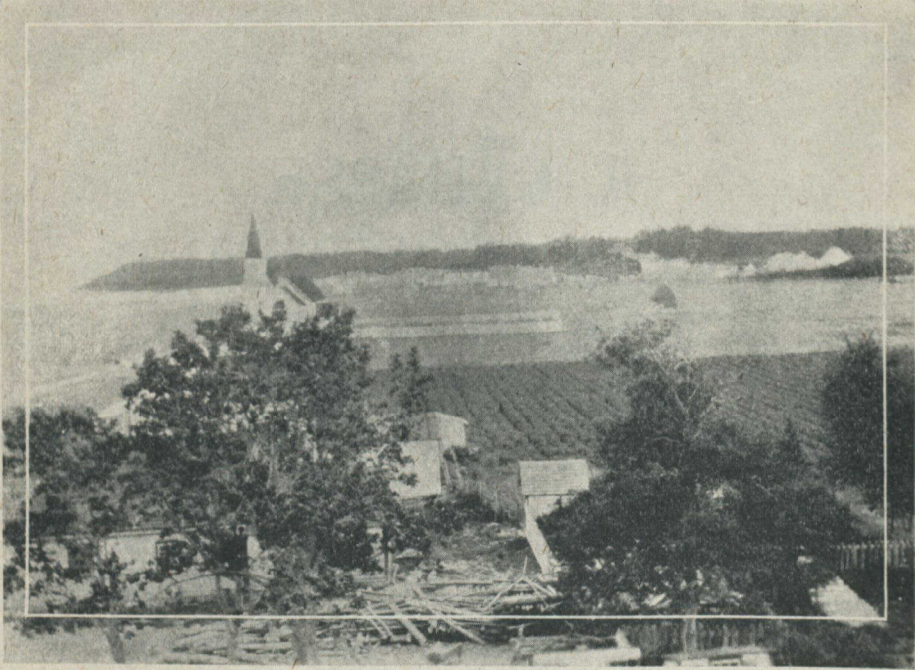
FOR years the trade of Western Canada was conducted along the great lake and river highways. Now iron roads have supplanted the river, lake and portage, and the iron horse has taken the place of the canoe and the caravan. Civilized settlements have demanded that more rapid means of travel be instituted, until now the palatial trains loaded with passengers complete the journey in six days, and the freight trains laden with grain from the West rush across the Continent and soon are returning, bearing the products imported into Atlantic ports and manufactured in the Eastern Provinces. The Dominion of Canada being essentially a pastoral country, has called for transportation facilities which will serve as an outlet to its vast resources and abundant production in supplying the world at large. The transcontinental railways have proved inadequate, and it is for that reason that the West has thought of and almost completed a new highway to the outer world through the great northern inland sea, Hudson Bay and the Straits. Critics have condemned such a route, but the last Government estimates for work on the Nelson terminals alone amount to three million dollars. Does this not imply that the Government of Canada has confidence in the success of this new route? At least the expenditure of such a vast sum, and of such vast amounts as have

been expended in the past, justifies a consideration of the new land of wealth.

The planting of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Transcontinental Railway in the Far North has had most excellent results. A useful and attractive route has been furnished and settlers have begun to carve prosperous communities from the wilderness—generally thought to be a barren waste, but which in reality is very valuable and interesting. Here are millions of acres of the finest farming lands. Although part of the region is swampy, and there are also very rocky sections, the proportion of both is small when compared with the whole area. The soil is for the most part of a brownish clay loam, and this clay belt extends even to Moose Factory, at the southern extremity of James Bay. Farming upon a small scale has been tried at Moose Factory, Albany, Rupert's House and other posts. Most gratifying results have been obtained. Between the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence River and James Bay, there is a large tract of land fertile enough to be adapted for agricultural pursuits, and having resources of the very nature to support an enormous population. The resources of the Canadian Northland are varied. Their value is inestimable.

The fur trade has always occupied a prominent place in the history of Canada. Directly or indirectly in the earlier days this business furnished





A View of Moose Factory

occupation to nearly all the inhabitants. Much of the exploration of the country was done by the adventurous and hardy pioneer traders. The population of the wilderness tract to the north of the Transcontinental Railway is composed mostly of fur traders, and, just as in former days, their livelihood depends upon their success in trapping and shooting the valuable fur-bearing animals which haunt this wilderness of wildernesses. At the present time this valuable trade is practically monopolized by the wonderful and ancient Hudson's Bay Company and their more recently established rival, the world-renowned firm of Revillon Frères. Annually millions of dollars' worth of raw furs are sent out of the country, and later at London, Paris, and New York are made into the beautiful pieces which are worn as articles of usefulness or luxury. Although the Dominion Government has purchased much of the lands and special privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company, more strin-

gent laws affecting conservation and trade conditions would result in an enormous gain to the Dominion treasury.

In the waters that have been used as the roads for transporting the valuable furs to the outer world and scattering the supplies of the various posts of the trading companies, there are valuable fisheries. In 1914, the Canadian Government carried on fishery investigations in Hudson and James Bays and tributary waters. The expeditions were in charge of Messrs. C. D. Melville, A. R. M. Lower and Nap. A. Comeau. In a summary of his season's work, Mr. C. D. Melville, F.R.G.S.C., says:

"The question of railroads is of paramount importance. Without them the fisheries are worthless unless the ice conditions of northern James Bay and southern Hudson Bay are such that a fish-carrying vessel can make continuous journeys in summer between Fort George and Port Nelson.

"Second. Provided that the conditions mentioned above are satisfactory, it would



be necessary to investigate very carefully the cost of running such a boat and its general feasibility.

"Third. With the first two questions favourably settled, there can be little doubt the whitefish fishery will prove one of the greatest in Canada, and with its development, the other fisheries will become of immense value."

The Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway has made extensive surveys between the terminals at Cochrane and Moose Factory, while another road has been planned from Montreal to Rupert's Bay. When the construction of these roads is undertaken a great number of men will be required, and undoubtedly traders, engineers and workmen will cause towns to spring up in the new country. These railways, with the united

service of seaworthy fishing tugs, will constantly supply enormous quantities of fish to the great West and be added to the plentiful yield that annually comes from our great inland lakes.

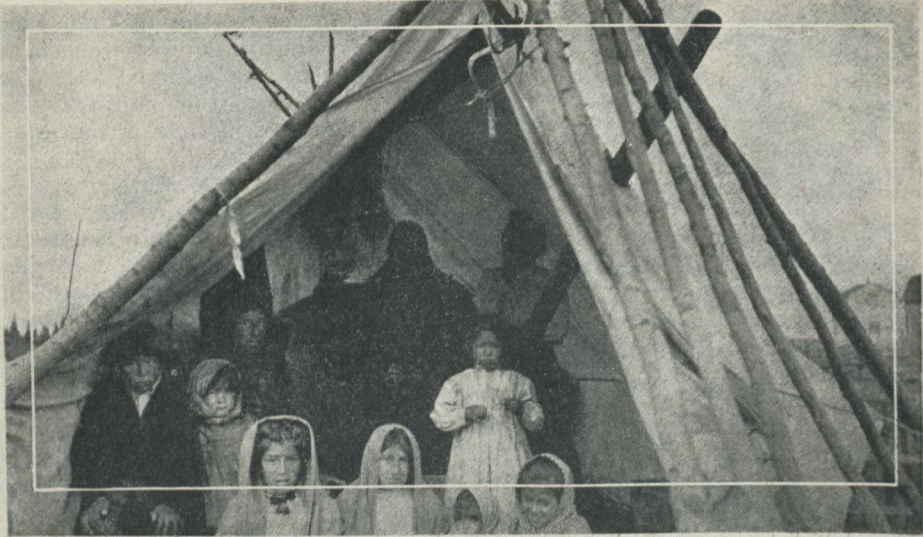
Not only is the North country capable of producing rich and fertile farms, but there is a mineral wealth lavishly endowed. There are also large amounts of forest land suitable for pulpwood, fire-wood and building purposes. Besides the Northland, like the West in its early days, offers the advantages of many navigable waterways. On these may be found water-powers which, when bridled, will yield inestimable service to man.

In the Hudson Bay territory there are mineral lands for prospectors



The "Limited" in the Northland





An Indian Family at Rupert's House

which have only been touched. In proof of this we can cite an instance which occurred in 1914. An expedition equipped by Mackenzie & Mann, in charge of R. J. Flarity, F.R.G.S., was fortunate, or, rather, unfortunate, enough to have their auxiliary schooner driven ashore in a fog. They were aware that they were not far from Great Whale Post of the Hudson's Bay Company and were near a number of small islands marked on existing charts and plans as The Belchers. When the fog lifted, they were amazed to find an island before them which later proved to be fully one hundred miles in length. This island, which is not more than nine hundred miles directly north of Toronto, had really been lost, and rediscovered by Mr. Flarity. A lake teeming with fish required a two-day journey by canoe to pass from end to end. On his return to civilization the explorer was laughed at and his discovery of "The Lost Island" was discredited in much the same way as the discovery of "The Lost World", as related by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. But later, when his claims were verified, like the fictional rediscovered world, "The Lost Island" was found

to have very valuable mineral deposits, which resulted in the return of the expedition to that region. It is rumoured that large copper deposits were found. This is only one instance. Gold and coal have also been discovered, the richest yields of the latter being at Clark's Island.

The Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is a Government project. Operating between North Bay and Cochrane, it is a connecting link between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways and the Transcontinental, operated by the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Government Railways. Besides, it serves a country which is rightly called one of God's greatest storehouses. Silver, gold, and other precious metals are found at the various mining towns along this railway. Of these, the most notable are the mines at Cochrane and Porcupine, the former producing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of silver.

Arriving at Cochrane, the terminus of the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario, you may take the Transcontinental either East or West. At various points it is crossed by mighty rivers which the height of land—the





An Indian Family at Moose Factory

Great Divide—sheds into the great inland sea. The rivers flowing into the bays are navigable only for canoes owing to the falls, shallows and rapids.

Beyond this land of interminable and valuable forest areas, agricultural tracts and minerals fields, we have the region bordering about James and Hudson Bays. At the present time this remote region can be reached only by canoes in the open season. In the strenuous winter time, when the Frost King has congealed the swiftly flowing rivers, the canoe is left on the river bank and the small boats and steamers are hauled up high and dry to protect them from the ice. The dog-team has to perform the duties rendered in civilization by the horse or motive power.

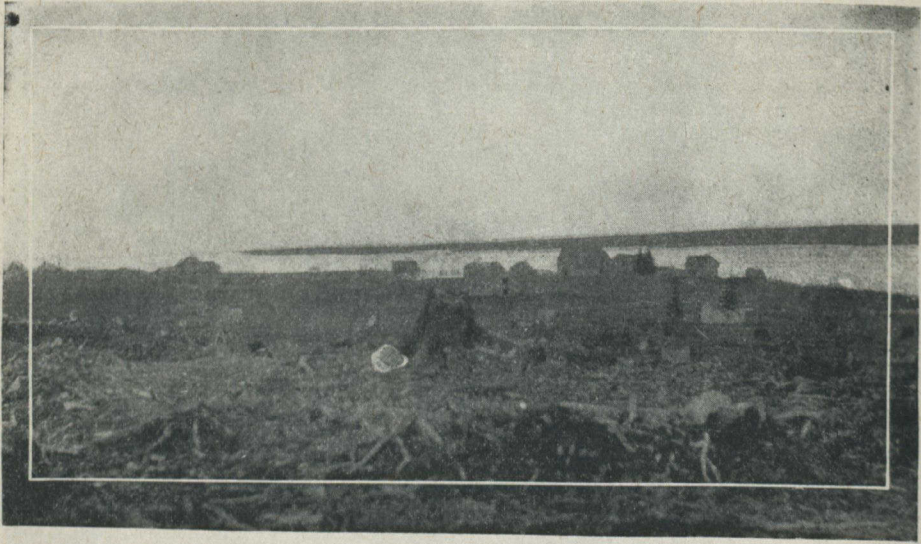
The following is an account of a canoe trip to the North by way of the Ground Hog River, fifty miles west of Cochrane:

It was an early June morning when we bid good-bye to the Ground Hog, with its short but tiring portages, and entered on the broad waters of the Mattagami. We were now on the wilderness highway to Hudson Bay.

Two days of drenching rains and then heavy snowstorms had made the journey very unpleasant, but now the sun was shining, the leaden sky had been replaced by great heaps of woolly clouds whose lower surface seemed nearly horizontal, while the upper one became an exuberant variety of rounded forms with a background of blue. Interminable forests—the haunt of the fox, the wolf and other valuable fur-bearing animals—lined the river bank. Sky, clouds and forests were all mirrored in the cold, clear, crystal-like waters which flowed so compellingly through the wilderness.

At first these inland rivers were only one hundred feet or so wide, but as the high land was left behind they broadened into streams nearly half a mile or more in breadth. The descent from "The Ridge" to the sea level through the rocky and densely wooded country had resulted in a series of rapids and water-falls whose dashing, foam-bedecked waters added to the picturesqueness of this incomparable river trip. On the quieter stretches of river one had been impressed by the silence of the solitude and the stern





Rupert's House, James Bay

severity of the forest wild, but now the rushing water-falls bring us dreams of the time when civilization shall push its way through these wilds and man shall harness the untold power to create the richest of industries.

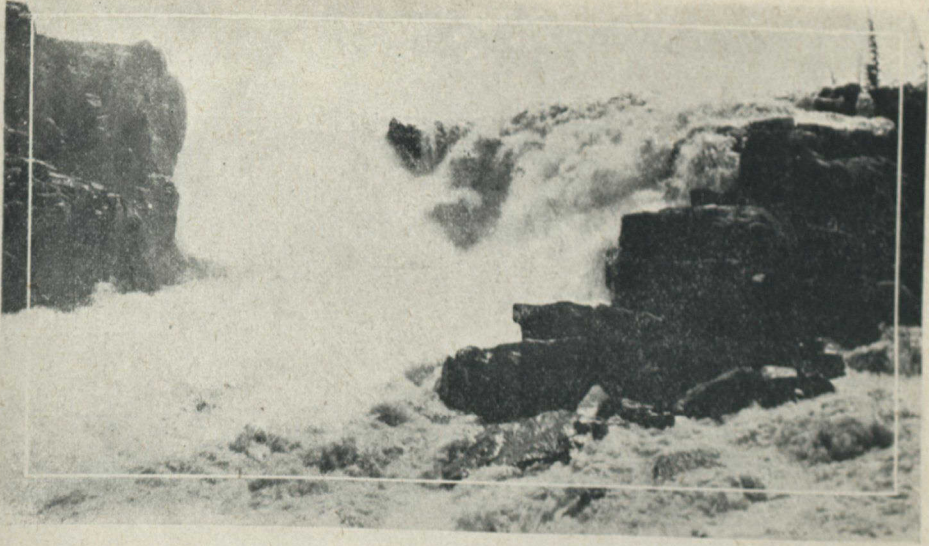
Reminiscently we recall how we had been sailing down smoothly aided by the current. Then white wavelets would appear and the Ojibway guides, ever on the alert, would rise to their feet for an instant, survey the turbulent waters, decide upon a channel, and then guide us through these beautiful but treacherous boulder rapids where an error in judgment meant an upset. Then again there were stretches of river, lake-like expansions so broad that the north wind, sweeping snow in our faces, had whipped the waters into countless choppy waves. The Indians had always proved successful in mastering each wave, which was a problem in itself, and skilfully taking advantage of every eddy, escaping boulders which appeared in the stream and threatened our frail canoes. Then there were other places where a swift or dangerous fall made necessary a portage through hardwood trails paved in leaves and moss and ob-

structed by countless windfalls, streams and bogholes. These trails were cool though, and as we staggered along under our packs, innumerable shadows, outlined against the greenness, entranced and mystified us. Occasionally through breaks in the foliage, we would catch a gleam of the madly-rushing rapid as it pursued its way through the rock-obstructed course. When the sun sank behind the western line of tree-tops and bathed the forest on the opposite bank in resplendent colours, we would pitch our tents on the river bank. There, after a hearty meal of bannock, bacon and jam, we would sink wearily on our brush bed, fragrant with the freshness of fir boughs and pine needles. And the musical flow of the river would lull us to sleep—sleep such as comes to the man who lives in the wilds.

But five or six days have passed. There before us the Moose River widens into an island-dotted expansion. On the mainland, Revillon Frères' trading-post, with the little houses of the company's servants or the wigwams of the hunters are seen.

On an island we found the historic Moose Factory, one of the oldest trad-





Smoky Falls, Mattagami River

ing-posts of the celebrated Hudson's Bay Company. The stockade is gone and the place has resumed a quiet village-like appearance, but the historic associations are still there. The white house of the Factor, the long storehouse and the other buildings have a spectral grasp on the centuries of the past. The shades of evening were falling. The tide of Moose River came rippling in from James Bay. The thirst-maddened dogs tugged at their chains and howled plaintively their many wrongs to the rising moon. The wolves answered their call, the foxes barked in the distance, moccasined squaws passed by on the trail and idle Indians smoked contentedly down by their wigwams on the river side.

From Moose Factory it is one hundred miles across the bay to Rupert's House; sixty miles from there to East Maine, one hundred and ten miles farther to Fort George, and a distance of one hundred and thirty miles from there to Great Whale River Post. From Moose Factory to Fort George in a straight line it is one hundred and fifty miles. On the west coast it is one hundred and fifty miles to Fort Albany, and from Moose Factory to

Charlton Island and the Strutton group, the base depots of the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Frères, respectively, the distances are sixty and seventy-five miles. Most of the forts or posts above are reached by the small steamers or sailing craft, while from the depots at Charlton or Strutton, the large supply steamers call periodically at Nelson, Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet.

In conclusion, it may be said that the North Country is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The forests supply game of all kinds, the rivers, lakes and bays, fish of the highest order, and mineral wealth supplies a profitable field for the prospector, the pulp and timber lands wealth for the lumberman and occupation for a great number of men. These in their turn will supply a ready market for the farmer who has cultivated the rich and fertile acres of valuable farm lands, and all of them will furnish a valuable trade and maintain the successful operation of the railroads which tap them.

Blessed with natural wealth scattered over its vast extent, with room for hundreds of thousands of sturdy settlers, possessing such advantages





On the Wilderness Highway to James Bay

as rich and varied resources, a temperate climate—severe in winter, but with long hours of sunlight in the summer to ripen the crops—with unexcelled geographic position, the Canadian Northland is truly a land of wealth and promise. But it is a pioneer's land and calls for the best blood. In the words of the poet Ser-

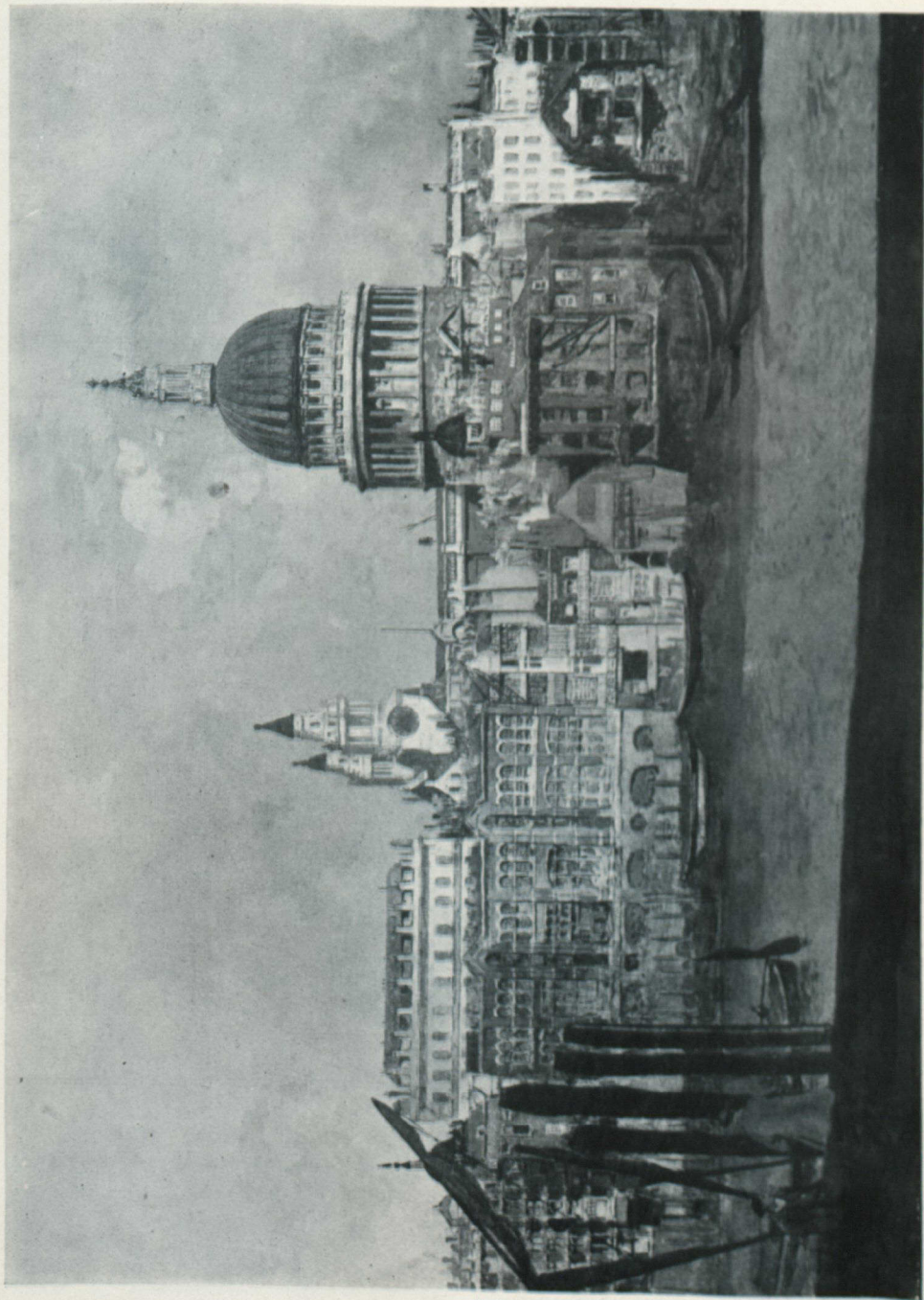
vice, the North has a law and she makes it ever plain:

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me  
 your chosen ones;  
 Them will I take to my bosom, them will  
 I call my sons;  
 Them will I gild with my treasure, them  
 will I glut with my meat;  
 But the others—the misfits, the failures—  
 I trample them under my feet.



Great Whale River Trading-post, Hudson's Bay Company





ST. PAULS CATHEDRAL  
From the Painting by J. Kerr Lawson







# REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

VI.—BLAKE AND THOMPSON IN PARLIAMENT



F those who gave distinction to the House of Commons thirty years ago how few survive. It is long since Sir John Macdonald whispered, as he passed out of the Chamber for the last time, "It is late, Bowell, good-night". Even Bowell, upon whom the years fell so gently, has joined the leader he followed with such trust and ardour. Honourable Edward Blake and Sir Charles Tupper, often described by Sir Richard Cartwright, with a snap of the jaws, as "Master Blake" and "Master Tupper", have vanished. More often, however, Sir Richard called the robust Nova Scotian "Mine ancient friend Sir Charles Tupper, Bart". And "Bart" came out with a bark. We think of Blake with a sense of loss, of Tupper with a sense of possession. Cartwright loved neither, and Blake had at least as much love for Tupper as he had for Cartwright. But this is not the time for that story.

Behind the Conservative leader was Sir John Thompson, who in a single session, and indeed in a single speech, established an ascendancy in the Commons which he held until his death. He had, too, a moral as well as an intellectual ascendancy. As much as any other man of his time he strove to give dignity and decency to the public life of Canada. I like to think that as editor of *The Globe* I protest-

ed over and over again against the common insinuation that he was more loyal to his church than to his country, and that his faith was a disqualification for public service. I said in *The Globe*, when he became Prime Minister, "With the fact that Sir John Thompson is a Roman Catholic we have nothing to do. It would be a poor tribute to the liberality and intelligence of the Canadian people if it were laid down that a Roman Catholic may not equally with a Protestant aspire to the highest office within their gift. Any attempt to arouse sectarian prejudice over his appointment will not make for the dignity of Canadian politics or the welfare of the country".

It is strange that one so gifted and naturally so generous as Reverend Doctor Douglas, of Montreal, should not only have nurtured this suspicion but boldly proclaimed his distrust. He described Thompson as "a clerical creation" and "a lay Jesuit in the Government". On his brow there was "the brand of pervert". "He was enthroned in order to manipulate with Jesuit art the affairs of this country". There was nothing in the political career of Sir John Thompson to suggest that his patriotism was tainted by his religious connection. But it is true that a Roman Catholic in the English-speaking countries rarely becomes the leader of a political party. When was a Catholic Prime Minister



of England? No Catholic has held the office of President of the United States. By contrast Canada is singularly and resolutely tolerant. Is the fact that Canada is more Catholic than Great Britain or the United States the true explanation? Sir Henri Joly was Premier of Quebec, but if he was Protestant he was also French. Honourable John Sandfield Macdonald was Premier of United Canada and Premier of Ontario, and probably his Catholicism was no greater disqualification in the English-speaking Province than was the Protestantism of Joly in the French Province. It is doubtful if Honourable C. F. Fraser, notwithstanding his ability and integrity, could have become Premier of Ontario. No doubt men of meagre capacity sometimes attain office because they are Roman Catholics, but as certainly Catholics reach the first places less easily because of the church to which they belong. Probably the explanation lies in the aspiration of the Papacy to temporal power, the old conflicts between civil and ecclesiastical authority, and the assumption of elements in the church to supremacy in civil affairs.

No man ever attained high office more absolutely and unequivocally by sheer force of character and ability than did Sir John Thompson. It is doubtful if he ever spoke a single word or took a conscious step to secure the leadership of the Conservative party. There is reason to think that he would have become leader of the party upon the death of Sir John Macdonald if the judgment of his colleagues had prevailed. But, not convinced that the feeling of the Parliamentary caucus was the common feeling of Conservatives in the constituencies, he strongly advised against any doubtful experiment. Sir John Abbott therefore was appointed, with full knowledge that he would be comparatively inactive and unimportant and that Thompson as leader of the House of Commons would be the mouthpiece of the party and

the actual dictator of strategy and policy. From the first, however, it was manifest that Sir John Thompson was the logical and inevitable leader. During the few months that he was Premier Sir John Abbott never addressed a public meeting or exercised the actual function of leadership. This was not because he was unequal to the position. For he could be wise in council and bold in action, and had qualities which inspired regard and confidence. But he knew that he had not long to live and was looking beyond the jangle of political conflict into the long silence. There was no seer to foretell that his successor would so quickly follow upon the journey which each of us takes alone and knoweth not the hour of his going.

It is to the honour of the Conservative party, in which the Orange element is so powerful, that there was general acquiescence in the elevation of Sir John Thompson. But there was not complete acquiescence. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy believed that he should have succeeded Sir John Macdonald. He so expressed himself in language which Thompson could not misunderstand. He held that neither by the length nor by the nature of his services, nor by natural identification with the masses of the Conservative party was Thompson entitled to the leadership. Even if the title were clearer, there were forces in the party which would not submit. Inevitably, whatever the prospect of the moment, these influences would express themselves and disaster would follow. He did not object to Thompson as a Minister, but as leader he was objectionable in the party interest and in the public interest. Nor was Mr. McCarthy's attitude presumptuous or unreasonable. For many years he was among the active and trusted advisers of Sir John Macdonald. In debates which involved legal and constitutional issues, in the bitter contests over provincial rights as represented by the Liberal Government of Ontario, and in many stern party bat-



tles in the Committee on Privileges and Elections, McCarthy was chief counsel for the Conservative party and the Federal authority. No one was more active in founding *The Empire* when Sir John Macdonald and the Conservatives of Ontario required an organ. Moreover, McCarthy was a Protestant and the natural spokesman for formidable forces among the Conservatives of Ontario and the other English Provinces. He could not fail to be conscious that he was reduced to an inferior position in the party and in Parliament by Sir John Thompson's phenomenal ascension to influence and natural assumption of many of the functions which he had discharged. Whether or not he resented the reduction to lower rank in the Conservative army, and like many other great men was carried by personal feeling into new courses, it is certain that he became estranged from Sir John Macdonald and made mischief for the Government. Leading the agitation for disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act of Quebec, supporting the abolition of separate schools by the Liberal Government of Manitoba, and challenging the legal status of the French language in the Western Territories, he excited intense feeling in the country and precipitated stormy and bitter debates in Parliament. Whether or not he was actuated in any degree by personal feeling, there is no doubt that he was faithful to his convictions in opposing extension of dual language and racial and religious privileges. It is understood that when the motion for disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act came before Parliament Mr. McCarthy was so incautious as to declare that he had pledges of support from every Conservative member from Ontario. The statement was carried to Sir John Macdonald, who made a personal appeal to every Conservative upon whom Mr. McCarthy relied, with the result that only seven ministerialists voted for disallowance. This interference by the Prime Minister,

natural as it was and necessary as it was to the credit and dignity of the Government, McCarthy never could overlook, although it is believed his displeasure did not extend to Sir Charles Tupper.

During my first years in the Press Gallery Sir John Thompson was the most powerful debater in the Conservative Parliamentary party, as Honourable Edward Blake was the most impressive and convincing speaker among the Liberals. Sir John Macdonald had greater authority than either, but his ascendancy was the growth of years; the long result of a rare personality and a great prestige. Neither in Blake nor in Thompson was there any impelling spontaneity or magnetism. Blake was often heavy and sometimes monotonous. Thompson was always cold, sober, self-contained and distant. In his pilgrimages throughout the country Thompson was described by irreverent blasphemers as "the ice-wagon"; Blake could be very lonely and remote. Once I saw the Liberal leader mooning in solemn abstraction over the exchanges in the reading-room when a colleague on the Liberal front benches, who had returned from dinner with "a quart of wine visibly concealed about his person", if I may borrow language which Mr. Alfred Boulton applied to a clubmate, lurched against him, brought his hand down with tremendous force upon the bowed shoulders, and gurgled, "Come—come 'long, you—you—old hulk, and have some fun". The hulk put his hand affectionately across the back of his unsteady associate and shook with laughter. One could not know from the frosty exterior how intimate and companionable Blake could be in rare moments of self-revelation. But so often he was among the glaciers. So often he seemed to be like Goldsmith's Traveller, "remote, unfriended, melancholy". I recall a meeting which Mr. Blake addressed at Kincardine in 1882 during a bye-election for the Legislature. In early manhood he had appeared in South Bruce as



a candidate for the Commons. It may be that he was softened and inspired by memories of that triumphant contest. He had set the riding aflame by his moving, sonorous oratory, the energy of his deliverance, the revelation of his eager intellectual virility. For a generation the Liberals of Bruce recalled that contest with such enthusiasm and reverence as Scottish Liberals remember Gladstone and Midlothian. As he grew older Mr. Blake became too anxious about the letter of the message and sacrificed spontaneity in dependence upon manuscript. But at Kincardine in 1882 he delivered an address remarkable for its humour, its flavour of neighbourliness, its simple human quality, and moment by moment one could feel respect deepening into confidence and softening into affection. I heard Mr. Blake many, many times in Parliament and on the platform, and often perhaps he displayed greater power, but never as it has seemed to me was he so close to his kind and so disencumbered of his greatness. For whatever one may think of certain aspects of Mr. Blake's character and career, he was as great a man as ever was born in Canada if the mind is the test and the standard. At his side stands Sir John Thompson. The test here also is sheer intellectual power, capacity to reason, instinct to understand.

It is the common notion that Sir John Thompson was unemotional, unaffected by praise, impervious to attack. But I am told by those who sat at his side in Parliament that he boiled within under adverse criticism and muttered protests and imprecations that would have required rigid censorship in any religious publication. In a memorable attack upon Sir Richard Cartwright he amazed Parliament by the fervour and violence of his denunciation. He declared that Cartwright would rather abuse his country and defame it than eat his breakfast. He thanked God that nature broke the mould in which he was made when she cast him. He put all

his passion and contempt into the savage sentence, "As a member of the bar I have sometimes spurned the fee of a blatant scoundrel who denounced everybody else in the world, and was himself the most truculent savage of them all". Upon that speech could have been pronounced the verdict of the Nevada jury, "If it please the court we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of striking with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze, an' he done it". It may be that in that speech only was the man fully expressed. He had schooled himself to restraint and discipline, but there was a volcano within whose forces he alone understood. It is said that in council he was companionable, unrestrained, tolerant of the asperities of associates, happy in their foibles and eccentricities. But in Parliament and on the platform he was austere, if not cold, and even when he was gracious there was more of dignity than of cordiality. Many shrewd but biting judgments ascribed to Thompson were current in the lobbies of Parliament. Unfortunately those I remember strike so hard at men still living that they cannot be repeated. He never was more happy than at a dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade when he discovered "the lean and hungry Cassius" in Honourable George E. Foster. Of great girth himself and with colleagues of equal girth he said, "Their youth and their robustness excited the imagination of a Toronto poet, who indited some verses to me and put into my mouth words which were put into Caesar's when he said, 'Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights', and I could make you to-night a little boast about the girth and weight of my colleagues if it were not that my friend Cassius here—the Finance Minister—breaks the record and utterly destroys the average".

Sir John Thompson, with grave reluctance, entered the Macdonald Government as Minister of Justice in



1885, when Quebec was inflamed over the fate of Riel and excited writers in Ontario were "smashing Confederation into its original fragments". Smashing Confederation is the common pastime of Canadian patriots when the party is in danger or the Constitution interferes with the designs of minorities or the prejudices of majorities. But the ship of State sails on and the waters are assuaged.

The new Minister first spoke in Parliament in direct reply to Honourable Edward Blake on a resolution declaring that Riel should not have been executed. So far as I can remember there was no general impression in the country that Thompson was of exceptional character or capacity. He had been Premier of Nova Scotia and a member of the Supreme Court of his Province, but at best he had only a Provincial reputation in law or in politics. When he sat down after his first speech in the House of Commons it was realized that a great figure had emerged from a curious obscurity. Parliament is seldom deceived. There are first speeches that dazzle with metaphor and rhetoric, but these reach the ear only. For once or twice such performances may attract, but they have no enduring quality. Soon the benches empty and the sounding phrases become the jest of the smoking-room. The House of Commons distrusts eloquence. It is seldom that a great platform orator catches its atmosphere. A long training in Provincial politics constitutes a positive disqualification for the Federal Parliament. But from the first Sir John Thompson had the manner of Parliament. From the first he commanded its interest and confidence. He was simple, lucid, persuasive and convincing. He seemed to be interested only in the logical structure of his argument. He was not so anxious to achieve a personal triumph as that he should be understood and that the cause for which he pleaded should suffer nothing by imperfect statement or intemperate advocacy. In

short, he gave an impression of simplicity, sincerity and integrity, and in Parliament these are the qualities that prevail. If he did not overcome Mr. Blake in his first speech in the Commons even the Opposition admitted that the reply was adequate, that a man had appeared of vital power and resolute character, and that a great task had been done with high skill, wise discretion and profound judgment. Nor do I think that Sir John Thompson ever was humiliated or discredited in Parliament by any incident, attack or situation. Throughout the impression of austere integrity persisted. He came into Parliament in a difficult time, and found work to do that was not pleasant. But whether one recalls the expulsion of Rykert, the long, heated, acrimonious inquiry into the McGreevy charges, the international negotiations in which he was engaged, the measures of policy and legislation for which he was responsible, his integrity stands and his patriotism is not impugned. He did not come to his country giftless nor fail "to show fruit of his days".

There was a divided and somewhat sullen party behind the Liberal leader. Many of the French members who had stood with Sir John Macdonald from Confederation had been driven into revolt by the fierce current of feeling which swept over the Province when Riel was hanged in defiance of its angry and tumultuous protest. There are few more ugly incidents in Canadian history than the erection of the Regina scaffold into a political platform. There is no doubt that the half-breeds had grievances, that the Government had warning, and that by sympathetic decent consideration for the rights of the helpless and anxious settlers the revolt could have been averted. But Riel was at the foot of the gallows years before. In the Red River he had sanctioned murder and had received a full portion of mercy. In precipitating a second rebellion he was foolhardy, insolent and defiant.



The man, perhaps, was on the verge of madness, but if so the calculating politicians did not discover that he was insane until he was executed. I think of a Liberal journal which declared before the death sentence was carried into effect that we had come to "a pretty pass" in Canada when a base, foul, red-handed murderer could escape the consequences of his crimes because a cowardly Government dare not order his execution. After he was hanged, this journal was just as certain that we had come to "a pretty pass" when a bold and chivalrous champion of his oppressed compatriots could be put to death by the Government whose neglect and ineptitude had provoked the revolt. The "curve" which Mr. Smiley took so gallantly at the request of Sir John Macdonald was nothing compared with that which was taken by Liberal politicians and Liberal newspapers when Riel was executed.

During the ferment of agitation in Quebec against the execution and the clamorous demand in Ontario for Riel's death Honourable Edward Blake was in the Old Country. Thus he was free to approve or condemn, however deeply many of his associates might be committed against his decision. Contending that Riel was insane and the Government responsible for the rebellion, Mr. Blake joined hands with the excited agitators of Quebec, and so far as he could prevail rallied the Liberal party against the execution. One may not impugn his sincerity, but the circumstances were singular and suspicion inevitable. It is hard to believe that Riel would have become a martyr and a patriot if he had been reprieved. It is certain the execution would have seemed to be less heinous if Quebec had been quiescent. We often get strange results when actions are measured by political exigencies. Once in the House of Commons long after the fires of this fierce controversy had smouldered into ashes, Dr. Weldon, of Albert, recalled this chapter of Mr. Blake's career in grave, cold, stern

sentences of rebuke, if not of contempt. As Dr. Weldon spoke the Chamber became very quiet. Mr. Blake seemed to shrink as though a whip were laid across his shoulders. One felt as sometimes in a court-room when a great trial has ended and the Bench pronounces judgment with reluctance, but with inflexible justice. From the Liberal benches there was no protest. The Ministerialists were responsive, but there was restraint in their cheering. The common knowledge that Mr. Blake and the scholarly member for Albert had tastes in common, and that the Liberal leader thought highly of Dr. Weldon gave a curious emphasis and a startling unexpectedness to the attack. It may be that Dr. Weldon was unjust. Possibly this impressive Parliamentary incident has coloured my thinking about Mr. Blake's relation to the issues which arose out of the Northwest Rebellion and Riel's execution. But surely the Liberal party would have had its feet on firmer earth and the historian would find Mr. Blake's career less embarrassing if he had been content to leave the question of Riel's sanity to the alienists, and simply held Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues responsible for the neglect and misgovernment which, with or without Riel's malign activity, produced the rebellion, or if convinced that Riel was insane had spoken before his life was taken.

It is true that Mr. Blake was in Europe, but one may speak to Canada even from Europe. It is impossible to believe that he was ignorant of the vital facts of Riel's career, and the evidence produced at the trial at Regina, or had not definite opinions about his mental condition before he was executed. I remember how confident Liberals were that Sir John Macdonald would not dare to hang Riel and defy Quebec, and how deep was the dismay when the sentence was carried into effect. They had believed that the Conservative leader would succumb to the agitation in Quebec and that to



such final and irrefutable evidence of "French domination" the English Provinces would not submit. But when Riel was hanged and feeling in the English Provinces appeased they foresaw certain defeat in the constituencies unless Quebec could be consolidated against the Government. It was not easy to detach Quebec from Sir John Macdonald, nor easy to adjust the Liberal party to an alliance with the mutinous elements in the French Province. A political party, like an individual, develops character, firmly rooted in its traditions, convictions and sentiments. Under George Brown the Liberal party warred against Quebec. When Mr. Blake secured office in Ontario he excited Orange feeling against Sir John Macdonald over his merciful dealing with Riel after the Red River insurrection, and secured a substantial measure of Orange support in the constituencies. In the general election of 1882, in which Mr. Blake first appeared as leader of the Liberal party, there was much fervent denunciation of the "tricky Bleus", and upon many platforms the campaign vocalists sang "The traitor's hand is on thy throat, Ontario, Ontario". Now, however, circumstances seemed to require an alliance with the Bleu and the traitor. Indeed, from this time there is a clear and continuous design in Mr. Blake's course as leader of the Liberal party. He sought to detach Irish Catholics from Sir John Macdonald by aggressive advocacy of Home Rule for Ireland. In alliance with Honourable Wilfrid Laurier as leader for Quebec, he strove to secure the confidence of the French Province. He attacked the Orange Association and gave zealous support to the measures of the Mowat Government, which were so distasteful to the extreme Protestant elements. He failed because Sir John Macdonald had the enduring confidence of Irish Catholics, because Cartier was a living force in Quebec with the generation which remembered the firm and happy partnership between Cartier and the Conservative

leader, because Langevin was the faithful champion of the Hierarchy, because Laurier was distrusted by the church whose faith he professed, because Chapleau could reach the soul of the French people as even Laurier could not, because Macdonald's whole career was fashioned in sincere and courageous racial and religious tolerance, and because in the Liberal party which George Brown created there were traditions and susceptibilities inimical to any effective alliance with the Roman Catholic Church and the Province of Quebec. Until Laurier appeared no Federal leader of the Liberal party was able to achieve what Mowat accomplished in Ontario. Mowat succeeded because he had in such peculiar degree the confidence of Presbyterian Liberals.

If Mr. Blake could have effected the alliances which were his deliberate objects he would have prevailed in the country, but the facts of history, the constitution of the Liberal party, and the personality of Sir John Macdonald had created conditions and established influences too great to be overcome. Moreover, when Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Charlton, Mr. Mulock, Mr. Davies, Mr. Paterson, Mr. Scriver and other influential Liberals in Parliament could not be persuaded to condemn the Government for sending Riel to the scaffold it became difficult to consolidate the Liberal forces in the country. A party divided in Parliament is a party divided outside Parliament and disabled for cohesion and aggression in battle. Hence because of division and disunion over the execution at Regina and the firm adhesion of Protectionists to the Government, Mr. Blake failed in 1887 as he had failed in 1882, and fretful, discouraged and dispirited, he imposed his resignation upon a broken and disheartened party. It was the habit of Mr. Blake to resign. If we could penetrate the secrets of Liberal caucuses between 1880 and 1887 we would discover an Opposition upon its knees in passionate



pleading against the sudden decision of the leader to relinquish the command. Nor would a single incident complete the story. But the doors of caucus are so guarded that only whispers reach beyond the threshold.

It was said of a British statesman that he had not even "a feeding acquaintance with his party". This was true of Mr. Blake, and yet no one ever had more devoted adherents than he in the House of Commons. He could be petulant, inconsiderate and ungracious. He could impose laborious drudgery upon associates and absorb the material which they had accumulated through "long days of labour and nights devoid of ease" without any word of praise or gratitude. He could pass out of the Chamber without turning towards a colleague who had just spoken with power and effect in a great debate. It is said that Mr. David Thompson, who held Haldimand for the Liberal party through three or four Parliaments, upon reaching Ottawa after a serious illness was warmly greeted by Sir John Macdonald, while from Mr. Blake he had neither a handclasp nor a word of sympathy or welcome. On the day in 1890 that fire destroyed a portion of the University buildings at Toronto Mr. Blake made the first speech in Parliament that he had delivered since his resignation of the Liberal leadership. If only from the fact that he had broken a long silence the incident was of high interest and significance. But when *The Globe* reached Ottawa next day there was no report of Mr. Blake's speech nor any account of the proceedings of Parliament. So much space was devoted to the fire that the Parliamentary report had to be held over and all other matter highly condensed. Meeting Mr. Blake in the lobby, I ventured to express regret that the report of his speech had not appeared. He intimated with cold acidity that he had not discovered the fact and was at a loss to know why I should think he would be interested. There are times when language gath-

ers within one which, owing to the proximity of the family, the presence of the stenographer or other untoward circumstances, has to be suppressed. This is serious because I have the notion that profanity which has to be muzzled is more injurious to the system than that which has free and robust utterance. I am still uncertain whether I should be proud or ashamed of the restraint which I exercised on that occasion. When I met Mr. Blake again a few days later he took me to the library and in a long conversation was confidential, gracious and almost affectionate in his references to my despatches from the Gallery and my interpretation of his own position in Parliament and potential influence upon public affairs in the freer relation which he could maintain towards parties and questions in which the exigencies and interests of parties were subordinate to national considerations.

I have been told that Mr. Blake once met a friend from Toronto in Dublin. The Canadian was effusive in his greeting, for he was lonely, and a familiar face was a gleam of sunshine. Mr. Blake responded in a few frigid sentences and passed on his way in solemn abstraction. The friend stood for a moment in dumb surprise, then stepped after Mr. Blake, and peremptorily demanded an explanation. He said in effect: "You know me well. We have been friends. I was glad to see your face. I wanted to talk with you, for you come from home, and for weeks I have been among strangers. Why do you pass me without a word as though I was unworthy of your regard or recognition?" And Mr. Blake said, with a touch of emotion: "I am sorry. I am as glad to see you as you can be to see me. I would have understood in a moment how strange my conduct must appear. If I cannot explain, I think you can understand." The friend understood, and he and Mr. Blake spent companionable hours together in Dublin. If one may say so without blatant egotism, I had more



confidential relations with Mr. Blake than need be disclosed. The acquaintance began when I was in the Press Gallery and he was leader of the Liberal party. There was a closer intimacy after I became editor of *The Globe* and he was settling his future relation to the party, chafing over the adoption of "unrestricted reciprocity" with the United States as the fiscal programme, and nursing his soul in bitterness over Sir Richard Cartwright's assumption of leadership in Ontario. During his first years in the Imperial Parliament I had many letters from Mr. Blake discussing very frankly the characteristics of British statesmen, the political conditions in Great Britain and the course of events in Canada. Over and over again he expressed the desire that we could talk together, and the hope that we would have an early meeting in Canada or in England. In 1897, while this correspondence was proceeding, I visited London and met him on the street. He shook hands, made a perfunctory inquiry as to my movements, and strode away. During four or five weeks in London I neither saw nor heard from Mr. Blake again. I cannot think that I had even a momentary sense of annoyance. I believed that I had come to understand the man, and was convinced that he intended no discourtesy nor was conscious of any neglect. But there was a curious conflict between his letters and his actual conduct.

In contrast I think of the experience of a young Canadian from St. Mary's who was in London and saw across the street a man of unusual stature, with heavy shoulders and head leaning forward under a slouch hat. He thought the figure and movement were familiar, and crossing over found, as he had suspected, that the man who had attracted his attention was Honourable Edward Blake. He had the courage to introduce himself, although he had never met Mr. Blake, and save that he was a Canadian had no claim upon his famous compatriot's consideration. Instantly Mr.

Blake's face shone with pleasure and his hand went out in hearty greeting. He walked with the young Canadian, took him to dinner, got him a seat in the gallery of Parliament, and treated him with such consideration and attention as he would have expected only from a close friend or a member of his own family. There is a story in Sir George Ross's volume of Reminiscences which I heard him tell more often perhaps than he knew. "I suggested to Mr. Blake," he writes, "that it might be profitable, from a party point of view, if we brought before the House some question of general public interest to show that we had some power of initiative as well. After a review of several suitable topics it was agreed that I should give notice to reopen the question of reciprocity with the United States in the form of a motion asking for correspondence between the Governments of Canada and the United States bearing upon the subject. As the question was a comprehensive one and might involve an expression of the policy of the Liberal party, it was agreed that I should submit an outline of my speech for Mr. Blake's approval, which I did. In the course of a couple of weeks my motion was reached, and I rose to deliver myself of a speech which I had carefully prepared and which I felt confident would be a reasonably creditable presentation of my case. I spoke for about three-quarters of an hour, and was listened to with fair attention by both sides of the House. The Honourable Mr. White replied to my arguments, and with one or two short speeches the debate closed. Though not particularly impressed with my effort to instruct the House, I ventured to say to Mr. Blake a few hours afterwards: 'Well, I have done my best for reciprocity. How did you like my speech?' 'My dear boy,' he said, 'I did not hear a word of it. I slept the whole time you were speaking'. Whether to take his repose as a mark of perfect confidence in my ability to do justice to the subject or as showing a lack of interest in any-



thing I might say was my dilemma. It was, however, the last speech about which I asked his opinion, either before or after delivery." In telling me this story as illustrating Mr. Blake's neglect of his followers, Sir George Ross added that once as he was leaving the Chamber after a speech by Mr. McQuade, of South Victoria, who was by no means among the best speakers of Parliament, he saw Sir John Macdonald with his arm about Mr. McQuade's shoulders and heard him whisper, "McQuade, you spoke like an angel, I am proud of you". In his book Sir George adds, "Whether Sir John felt sincerely proud or not I do not like to say, but I am sure McQuade did."

I have related these incidents because they explain a great man and perhaps illuminate aspects of his career. I cannot agree that he had not high qualifications for leadership or that he was without adequate courage for political conflict. In his nature there was a strain of despondency. He sank easily into gloom and depression. Responsive to passing impulses, he made decisions inconsistent with his real character and true ambition, surrendering positions which he could not recover, but which in honest communion with himself he knew he should have seized or held. Still, notwithstanding his moodiness and remoteness he had the affection of many of his followers and a loyal obedience and confidence which was not affected by successive defeats. Honourable Alexander Mackenzie resigned the office of leader under compulsion; Mr. Blake imposed his resignation upon a pleading, protesting and despairing party. There is no doubt that he was vexed by the desertion of many Parliamentary associates upon the motion to condemn Riel's execution and was grievously wounded by the contumacy of Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright. He was incensed, too, over utterances by Cartwright in open conflict with his own attitude towards the tariff. It is clear that Mr. Blake

sought to disarm the Protectionists and persuade the country that there would be no revolutionary disturbance of the industrial system under a Liberal Government. In his address to the electors of West Durham in 1882 he said:

"I have fully recognized the fact that we are obliged to raise yearly a great sum, made greater by the obligations imposed upon us by this Government, and we must continue to provide this yearly sum mainly by import duties, laid to a large extent on goods similar to those which can be manufactured here, and it results as a necessary incident of our settled fiscal system that there must be a large and, as I believe in the view of moderate Protectionists, an ample advantage to the home manufacturer. Our adversaries wish to present to you an issue as between the present tariff and absolute free trade. That is not the true issue. Free trade is, as I have repeatedly explained, for us impossible, and the issue is whether the present tariff is perfect or defective and unjust." He said again at Malvern in 1887: "No man, I care not how convinced an advocate of absolute free trade for Canada he may be, has yet suggested a practical plan whereby our great revenue needs can be met otherwise than by the continued imposition of very high duties on goods similar to those we make or can make within our own bounds or on the raw material. I invite the most ardent free trader in public life to present a plausible solution of this problem, and I contend that he is bound to do so before he talks of free trade as practicable in Canada. I have not believed it soluble in my day, and any chance of its solubility, if any chance there were, has been destroyed by the vast increase of our yearly charge, and by the other conditions which have been created. The thing is removed from the domain of practical politics."

But, as in 1882, *The Globe* would emphasize the tariff as the chief issue between the parties, so in 1887 Sir



Richard Cartwright was taunted into violent denunciation of the Protectionists, and as prospective Minister of Finance in a Liberal Administration he was perhaps naturally treated by Conservative speakers and writers and by the industrial interests as the authoritative interpreter of Liberal fiscal policy. It is understood that Mr. Blake's statement at Malvern had been submitted to a Liberal conference and approved even by Cartwright, and undoubtedly there was feeling that Cartwright had not observed the compact. But Sir Richard's tongue was an unruly member. Abuse of manufacturers with him was an instinct, a duty, a recreation, and a profession. It is suspected that he was deliberately incited to provide the campaign literature which Conservatives required to offset Mr.

Blake's attempt at Malvern to remove the tariff from "the domain of practical politics". The course of *The Globe* in 1882 was among the reasons for the removal of Mr. J. Gordon Brown from the editorship. The course of Sir Richard Cartwright in 1887 aggravated an incompatibility between Mr. Blake and Sir Richard into an enduring estrangement and perhaps explains incidents and events in the later history of the Liberal party as yet uninterpreted and misunderstood. When Mr. Blake resigned the leadership of the party did he not entertain a vagrant notion that he would be recalled and restored to the dignity and authority in the councils of the country which his ambition coveted despite fitful impulses of revolt and wayward denial of his dominant attributes?

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"When Laurier became Leader" is the subject of Sir John Willison's Reminiscences for November.

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## THE PATH OF GOLD

"It is ordained that we shall not reach the blessed era of peace save along a path of gold cemented with human blood."

—Lloyd George.



# THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS



COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF and Special Correspondents write daily dispatches, and military experts and expert commentators hash and rehash, digest, expand and belabour these dispatches daily—all that the homefolk may believe that they, having read their newspapers at breakfast, possess as up-to-date and intimate a knowledge of the war as the gentleman who spent the night and morning of the day before in deadly conflict with the Boche.

Adjutants, staff-captains and general staff-officers, grades two and three, write war diaries for posterity.

Operation orders and reports, summaries of intelligence and operations, and innumerable other varieties of orders and reports are written for action and information.

It seems to me that everyone at home who can buy a newspaper and read it must be conversant with the most recent activities of our troops and that every officer who has access to the daily outpourings of orders, summaries and reports at the Front must possess a grasp of the military situation extending into next week.

All this being so (and for other reasons as well), I make no attempt to translate any military situation. I make no attempt at timeliness. Timeliness is already well served, both at home and in the field, and the armchair tacticians and strategists are supplied with sufficient information from which to evolve their own dispositions of all armies and decide the fates of nations.

As to me, I write of three weeks ago, or three years ago, or even longer ago. I write from a knowledge that is of the heart rather than of the head.

The unit of the army with which I am most familiar is the Canadian Corps. The Canadians have grown in battle from one to four divisions. In these divisions I have seen and known all the great qualities of sacrifice and courage and loyalty which are common to all men of British blood who fight or have fought in our expeditionary forces. I do not attempt to write history; but I confess to a hope that I may help a few of my readers to realize the history that others are making. It would be a great thing to flash one true picture into the eyes of those who, viewing London daily, and daily concerned with the difficulties of obtaining more food and drink than they require, have become blind to the significance of soldiers in light blue hospital suits and young officers on crutches.

The uniform and its traditions, the equipment and its evident purposes, fellowship, and all disciplinary measures and restrictions—the whole martial machinery by which men are mustered and officered, fed and led—serve to encourage and inspire the soldierly qualities of the individual.

The chances are that the average civilian of two or three years ago was a brave man; but also the chances are that in those days, as a member of a firm and peaceful householder, he would walk a long way to avoid physical conflict with a brawler or a burglar. And what of him now, no



longer an average civilian but an average British soldier, no longer dull by the usages of a firm but inspired by the traditions of a regiment? He faces death greatly as our soldiers have always done—as if he had been born and bred to the harsh and glorious profession of arms.

Few men are devoid of physical courage; but in times of peace few are called upon to show their fighting metal. A prize-fighter may make a good soldier, but the mild young man in the corner book-shop may make a better. Great things and right conditions are required to call martial impulse from the depths of the quiet heart. These great things have been with us now for more than three years. The junior clerk who yesterday trembled before the displeasure of his paunchy employer to-day dies gloriously for England on the field of battle. The youth who passed neckties and other articles of "gent's haberdashery" across the counter of a Toronto "store" three years ago has long since become a master in the science of passing hand-grenades into the midst of German patrols and wiring parties. The speculator in British Columbia lands who once trembled for the fate of his speculations now, without a tremor, speculates on the day's chances between life and death. The one-time lumberman of Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, who of old allowed anxiety for their "cuts" and "drives" to haunt their greedy days and nights, now contemplate to-morrow's raid into the Boche trenches without anxiety.

The heart of man is a thing to wonder at and applaud. Heated in the right fire it will pump courage as long as it will pump blood. The right fire was kindled for us more than three years ago. It burns on every front of battle where the soldiers of civilization stand against the mad disciples of frightfulness. It holds the hearts of men to the steady glow of sacrifice and fortitude and lifts them, again and again, to the white heat of valour.

In the old days England had knights and men-at-arms, bowmen and pikemen, to fight her battles and their own. Those were men who lived a rough-and-ready life even in times of peace. They were professional fighters even when not professional soldiers. As soldiers, they were as inferior to the British soldiers of to-day as their weapons were inferior to ours. The foundation of such discipline as they possessed was builded largely of fear and a little of personal loyalty to some captain, or knight, or lord. But even so, they could fight and win battles. When they campaigned abroad, they could fight victoriously against reasonable odds, and to a costly and heroic finish against overwhelming odds. They were our ancestors. They were the rough and tough beginnings of our army of to-day.

Later came musketeers and fusiliers and carbineers, and history only knows what other romantically-named, hard-swearing, ill-found and cumbrously-armed units to keep England safe and win her glory and dominion. These, like the knights and bowmen, were soldiers by their own choice or by the pressure of personal circumstances. I take it that very few of the "other ranks" of those days, and not many of the junior officers, were inspired to the risk of life and limb by any dream of empire. They were romantic, or desperate, adventurers to a man. With the exceptions of a few noblemen and gentlemen who soldiered from obligation to martial family traditions, they were persons who could not claim or see any prospects of success in more lucrative or comfortable walks of life. But they knew something more of discipline and something more of the science of warfare, than the knights and bowmen and men-at-arms. They were the great-great-grandfathers of our army of to-day.

Later came the army—our Army—as we knew it and continue to know it in this war—the "Old" Army—the "Contemptibles"—the Invincibles.



We, in our millions, are of it. In our thousands and tens of thousands we joined it, in our millions we absorbed it—and in the absorption it possessed us, so that in the rush of new battalions and new divisions the army was not lost, but was multiplied an hundred times.

In the field, the Army of to-day is the Army that fought under Wolfe at Quebec; Wellington and Moore led us: Murdered by politicians and profiteers and bungled by our generals, yet we astonished the world with our feats of arms in the Crimea; Roberts led us in India and South Africa. We fought at Ypres in 1914—and we are fighting still. So it is with us in the field, face to face with the enemy, where we are neither old nor new. There the newest battalion is as old as the fighting traditions of its parent regiment. We are of the British Army, whether we come from Somerset or Ontario. By blood, by loyalty, by the skill of our hands and the pride of our hearts, we are as old as the fighting traditions of our race. Thus it is with us in the field and everywhere in the Army itself. Old and New and Home and Overseas, we are the British Army, but the outsider does not know. He may see in the heroes of the first Battle of Ypres the same stuff as the heroes who fought for England under Wellington, but in the men from Canada who barred the road to Calais at the second Battle of Ypres in the spring of 1915, fighting for England and our Empire, for Right and Civilization, he sees something new and strange. It is his idea that the whole Army—Wellington's men and French's men

—were born to military death and glory. He forgets that even Wellington was a schoolboy before he was a lieutenant; that the men of the old fighting machine volunteered, of their own free will, to bear arms, and that the majority of them were full-grown civilians before they took to soldiering; and that the crash and anguish and weary toil of battle were as new things to our men of the Guards and the old line regiments who confronted the Germans in 1914 as they were to our men of the 1st Canadian Division who first withstood the enemy and held their ground against the first gas attack in the early months of the next year.

The theory of tactics and of bayonet-fighting, and skill in marksmanship, may be acquired in days of peace; but though one has worn the King's uniform for twenty years and never missed a parade, his first initiation to the life of a soldier, as we know it now, is when he first faces death or injury at the hands of the enemy.

Of late (I speak only of the days before conscription, though I hope that even conscripted men may feel the uplift of the old and new traditions), the British Army has made soldiers of civilians more swiftly and in greater quantities than ever before. But it is the same great material—the average Briton; and the result is as it has ever been—the British soldier. The breed is right. It is the same right breed now, in Haig's day, as it was in Wellington's day. Generations in far outposts of the Empire have not quenched, or even dimmed, the fire of the blood of that breed.

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In the November number there will be a stirring article by Captain Roberts, entitled "Battles Against Odds".





# IS CANADA REALLY AT WAR?

BY M. O. HAMMOND



HE query which heads this article may seem an impertinence to the thousands of good citizens who have lost husband or son in the world conflagration now raging. To them it need not be addressed. In a personal sense the war has come all too close to great numbers of sorrowing relatives. They know its pangs, they bear their burdens quietly and without complaint. They only hope for the day when the struggle will end with victory.

In another sense it may well be debated if Canada is at war in the fullest meaning of the term. That is the economic aspect. As everyone remembers, when the war began Canada was seized by panic. Business fell off, confidence waned, and the outlook was exceedingly dark. This scare was short-lived and was followed by a general urge to conduct "Business as usual". There was a psychological feature of this which brought confidence quickly, and the slogan became an article of national faith. People who laid away their motor cars brought them out again. The war was not yet going well, in any continuous way, but everyone realized there must be good backing at home or it would be still worse. So the doctrine of "carrying on" at home became a religion as vital to Canadian life as sending reinforcements abroad.

It was not long before production and business took on undreamed proportions. Millions of men in other countries were called from the field and factory to the trenches. The

home folk were unable to provide all that was needed for war, and Canada's broad acres heard the call for food, her factories were summoned to supply the shells that were to destroy the enemy's power. So to the slogan "Business as usual" was added, "Produce, produce, produce." It did not require a very wise nor even a very patriotic man to see the importance of the call. The food was needed in overwhelming quantities, the munitions were required mountains high. Early battles were lost by the Allies from lack of shells, the new order was to make that forever impossible while the war lasted. Farmers were asked to cultivate every available square foot of soil, that the brave holders of the first line of defence might have our very best and never be hungry. Manufacturers and farmers alike converted their plants to war uses, and the call was met. Manufacturers reaped large prices and munitions makers high wages; farmers produced unheard of quantities which were sold at almost fabulous prices.

Thus we have a set of conditions that are so unusual and so misunderstood that the country might well pause and look about. Prosperity following panic has drugged the people into a false sense of security. It seems as if we would sail forever on afternoon seas with a favouring breeze. Early panic has gone and early pinching is less a necessity. Wages have been scaled up generously for most workers, and tens of thousands of men and women have received pay envelopes for the first time. In munitions alone, it is esti-



mated, there are 250,000 highly-paid workers in Canada. Farmers' incomes are so large that the golden age of the Russian War, with its three-dollar wheat, fades away in comparison.

Under the stimulus of war industry life goes on with an unseemly joy and abandon. True, there are sorrowing homes, and there are hearths where salaried men fail to meet the demands that are inevitable. To the motto, "Business as usual" is added in effect, "Pleasure as usual". Merchants thrive, railway trains are crowded, theatres draw full houses and exploit costly attractions, motor cars dash on all sides in journeys of joy-seeking, luxurious clothing and furnishings are bought by people perhaps now first able to possess them.

Always, of course, making allowance for the minority already economical and cautious, the appeal must be made to Canadians to save for the day of uncertainty ahead. The war prosperity is unstable and elusive. The moment peace comes there is bound to come months of peril and insecurity. The army of munitions workers will lose their occupation, though many will require and seek other employment. The Canadian

army will lay aside the sword for civil occupations. The market for farm produce will get a shock and a restriction, and prices may fall materially. Business, despite its intelligent preparation, may undergo a short period of panic, and there will be unemployment.

All this suggests a condition which calls for one undoubted precaution. There is a responsibility on each citizen to prepare for the day of trial. The pleasure-seekers, the luxury-lovers of to-day should remember their own duty. Many are spending all they earn despite their high wages and former penury. They are not prepared for the "rainy day" and their own neglect imperils the whole country. Canada can be no richer than the collective wealth of her citizens. The citizen without resources will be a miserable person on his own account. The very approach of a victorious end to the war should bring its own accusation. Canada is about the last of the warring nations to curtail her pleasures. It is not yet too late, and an earnest practice of personal thrift from now on will better prepare the country for its burdens and will enable each citizen to face the future with assurance and without fear of financial ruin.







CANNON FODDER

From a drawing by Louis Raemaekers







# THE SPIRITUAL BOND

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

**I**T was midsummer before I went out to Torexo Park. Henry hadn't kept me posted on the gossip of the place, but at the very first dinner we gave I began to discover for myself how things were.

I had asked Janet Aldine and her husband and her violin, because although she adores Forrest in a slavish, Oriental fashion, she is master of the instrument. The two Townsend boys I invited to amuse Minnie Martin, who had come with me from New York; and as a matter of duty, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brittan, new people who had only been at the Park that summer.

This was the first time the Brittans had been our guests, and I was a little startled when Henry offered Mrs. Brittan his arm before dinner, to see her surge up at him with the question:

"Do you deep-breathe?"

Something vague and misty seemed to get into the atmosphere, and Henry looked as though he didn't know what to answer although he is secretly proud that his chest expansion is six and a half inches.

Mrs. Brittan was altogether a gratifying object to a hostess's eye. She wore one of those picture gowns which get along without fitting and have a tendency to slide off at the shoulders. It was a mass of orange and gold, and her bronze hair was twisted fillet-wise about her head,

with a daffodil—Heaven knows where she got it at that time of year!—above one ear. I'd been told that she designed her own clothes, that they had a sort of spiritual significance and spoke the language of colour.

I could see that Henry appreciated her—it's a great asset for a hostess to be possessed of a husband who can pay an acceptable compliment—but his efforts didn't seem to reap their usual reward; for as the dinner went on, Mrs. Brittan devoted herself more and more to Forrest Aldine, who sat on the other side of her. Henry bore it well, and busied himself rescuing Janet from the youngest Townsend, an earnest, God-fearing soul, too much interested in ethical education. It was only when we were about to leave the table that his secret irritation found vent. During the momentary pause before we pushed back our chairs, he said:

"Do you believe in intensive farming?"

This out of a clear sky to a woman who had been saying how she longed for the refining uplift of suffering! She turned to Henry, looking as though she didn't know farming from a canal on Mars.

"Yes?"

Mr. Brittan broke in from the other end of the table:

"Oh, my wife believes in everything."

And she gave him a gratified smile as in return for a compliment.

As we all rose I noticed that Mrs.



Brittan's hand rested on the chair back against Forrest Aldine's, and that he threw her gold tissue scarf over her shoulders as a lover would. Janet Aldine and Albert Brittan saw it, too.

While we women were drinking our coffee Mrs. Brittan took the floor. I had given her the chance by admiring her gorgeous draperies—a bit more suitable for the stage, perhaps, than private life, but none the less lovely for that, and throwing the rest of us in our boned and fitted pinks and blues almost completely into the shade.

"Every costume does mean something, isn't it so?" she said. "We carry with us always an aura of light—a sort of something that reaches out and out, ever feeling and hunting for that other aura which, united with it, makes the whole world brigher and better. It's what was meant by letting our light shine. Of course it's our duty to find the one who with us makes the perfect light!"

There was a silence. None of us were up on auras, and Mrs. Brittan went on:

"Now this dress of mine that you were good enough to like is a symbol, as you may say. It just breathes spring, and joy, and sunshine"—and she flashed up on her toes like a leaping flame.

"H'm!" said Minnie Martin. In spite of her eyelashes, Minnie is dangerous. "And what's the complimentary aura of spring? Autumn?"

"Ah—you've seen it!"

"And together they make——"

"The summer of perfection and bliss!" sighed Mrs. Brittan, clasping her hands and swaying a little as the breeze from the dark window behind her fluttered her primrose draperies.

"Seems to me they'd be just as apt to produce winter and a frost," said Minnie, in a voice as crisp and sharp at the edges as the tick of a kitchen clock.

"Ah, no, dear, they couldn't do that," sighed Mrs. Brittan.

"And can you tell what other people's auras are? What's Mr. Brittan's? Is he Autumn?" asked the persistent Minnie.

"Ah, no, Albert isn't Autumn—he doesn't know just what he is."

Minnie looked demure enough, but she went on:

"Suppose one hasn't got a complement—or can't find him?"

"Ah, dear, he's always somewhere, and it's for you to search, and search and never give up till you find him!"

"Like your Autumn?" questioned Janet Aldine in a voice so smooth as to be a continuation of the other woman's thought; and Mrs. Brittan sighed out a "yes" as the doors opened, and Forrest Aldine came in ahead of the other men to take his place at her side.

Albert Brittan, who followed with Henry, broke off his laugh as he saw Forrest leaning on the arm of his wife's chair, and then took it up again. He was a big, red-headed Celt with a well-developed, ubiquitous sense of fun which led him down by-paths of narrative where he should not have strayed, a man who counted on getting out of a tight place by a compliment or a laugh, who said more than he felt, and felt more than he thought, fitting type of Autumn, the joyous companion of an hour.

Dear Janet pivoted suddenly on her heel as the men came in. I suppose no woman is ever quite conceited enough to be perfectly at ease when she sees her husband in the company of a handsomer woman; and certainly Mrs. Brittan was handsomer than Janet, who had gone off in her looks like a frost-bitten rose.

I've been a hostess too many years to allow obvious twos-ing, so I steered the earnest young Townsend over to Mrs. Brittan with a firm hand, and swung Forrest Aldine around to study my connection of old lace and Minnie Martin. I judged it wouldn't do Minnie any harm to devote a few of her eyelashes to counteracting the aura of that spring symphony.



This pleasing development of force was just arranged when Henry beckoned me across to the piano. Janet was going to play, and it was a question whether the youngest Townsend or I should accompany her. I sat quickly down to the piano. Should I allow any disarrangement of my chess board? Should I detach the youngest Townsend and let loose a freakish spring upon a defenseless household?

Janet was no amateur with her violin. It had been the center of her life till she married eight years ago, and Forrest had seemed to admire the musician quite as much as he loved the woman.

I remember the despair of Sassanio, the impresario, when their engagement was announced. "But see, it is the great musician you were to be. And now!"

Janet had protested indignantly that marriage should make no difference in her music, but the little Italian had shaken his head.

"But no—I am old—I have seen! The beauty you may keep, and the *panache*, yes—but the music, it is to go!"

He used to visit Janet sometimes at the Park, but I think he never referred to the lost career when the coming of the boy and girl and the exigencies of home-making had submerged the musician, and Janet, with a woman's insistence on self-sacrifice, had forced herself to believe that a sonata was as naught beside a salad. In the process she had become vastly more feminine, and had fed Forrest on devotion till he had acquired an abnormal taste for it—a perilous condition for a man so greedy of experience that he would find Ambrosia cloying and the six days of creation monotonous.

To-night, as I watched Forrest over the top of the piano, I saw that he wasn't listening to the music. Though Janet was playing a lotuslike succession of nocturnes that sounded the way Mrs. Brittan was trying to look,

his eyes travelled away from his wife, past Minnie Martin, who was posed like a modest wild rose for the distraction of the eldest Townsend—not so earnest by half as his brother—and fastened on Mrs. Brittan, who drooped like a languorous golden glory against the carved chair back.

The picture of those two distracted me for the rest of the evening, and when our guests had gone, and I went to Minnie's room to say "Good night," I found her almost too excited to get the hairpins out of her hair.

"Autumn's been telling me about it," she said, as she laid six little blonde curls over the top of a perfume bottle, where they wouldn't muss.

I settled myself against the foot-board.

It seemed that the affair had been going on since spring, and, according to Forrest Aldine, it had begun with a mysterious drawing together of their thoughts, and grown and grown until their very souls had become one.

"He says it's purely a spiritual bond, that there's nothing earthly in it, just a great, beautiful inspiration which has come into their lives," and Minnie, being far from inexperienced, snapped the comb through her hair.

"How about Janet?" I inquired.

"He didn't say much, but I gathered that he thinks *she* thinks it's all right. You see, it's a purely spiritual relation," and Minnie grinned at me cynically.

When I told Henry about it he was for dressing again then and there and going over for a few plain words with Forrest Aldine, Henry's idea being that plain speech is a cure for all nonsense. It was some time before I got him calmed into reason, and then we laid a plan to see that that soul bond of theirs was kept on the spiritual plane if it took a gatling gun.

"No scandal in Torexo Park for mine," said Henry; "I've put too much money into the place."



As Forrest had talked it over with Minnie, I didn't doubt that if I gave him a chance he would talk it over with me. And I was right; he poured out his soul in a rushing torrent of words at the first opportunity.

"It's a beautiful idea—beautiful and simple the way you put it—about the spiritual bond," I told him, "and I hope it will be understood by everybody—I *hope* so! It's such a pity when vulgar people who haven't the depth to grasp a high thing like this get a chance to whet their tongues. Dear, dear just think how they talked about the Mallows last year. This mustn't slip into a scandal."

"A scandal? How could it? How could this soul unity between Hortense and me drop to a physical level? It simply couldn't."

"Of course not, Forrest, of course not; and we mustn't let anybody think that it could! If we do, all the good of your example will be lost. This spiritual bond is too big a thing to let fail of its high purpose through any oversight. And all the little things that go with ordinary affection are so unnecessary with you, the spirit doesn't need them. The way I see it, you're just the same as disembodied souls and all you've got to do is to prove it."

Forrest seemed grateful for my understanding, but appeared not to see his way, exactly; so I went on.

"It's a new gospel you're preaching" (and I never winced as I said it, though I knew it was as old as the world, the flesh, and the devil), "and you want to use a language to be understood by those who need it most—the evil-minded. You're apostles of a new creed, Forrest, and it's part of your office to teach the world."

He was beginning to grasp it, I thought, when Mrs. Brittan turned into the path where we were walking. She was all in shades of violet with a veil floating from her head like a summer cloud, and she seemed to drift toward us in the sunilght that struck

level through the trees. I saw Forrest gasp at the beauty of her as she held up her slender hands to him. That was my chance, and I stepped in front of him and grasped her clinging fingers in a good, thorough, well-developed hand shake.

I stayed with them all that afternoon—it had to be done; and never was a more elevated order of conversation than that to which I kept them. Strating from the lady's mauve gown I led her deftly on to auras, and there I saw to it that we stuck—two hours of auras is about all the average human can stand! We walked around through the rhododendrons. The path is pretty rough, and Mrs. Brittan swayed up against Forrest in pretended stumbling fatigue. But I knew better. She was certainly forty pounds more sylphlike than I, and I wasn't puffing—much. So I talked emphatically about the spiritual basis of the communion of noble souls till I saw Forrest's fingers loosen from the arm by which he had caught her. She looked up at him a shade reproachfully and "deep-breathed"; but he seemed to be studying the ethical import of the sunset.

Then that purple naiad began to get back at me.

"Ah, let us go back by 'Over the Mountain,'" she said.

Now, that's the steepest path in the Park, and ought to be taken at a slow crawl; but could I draw back, knowing she had numbered all my pounds? Up that slippery way we shot like a rocket—the purple nymph well in the lead, I second, and Forrest in the rear, kept there by my intercepting bulk. When I stopped, gasping and scarlet, on the other side of the hill, the mauve aura planted her javelin with as much dexterity and precision as if it had been an embroidery needle. Drifting up beside me as I panted against a tree, she poised herself lightly.

"Ah, I wish you'd let me plan a gown for you. I could make you beautiful!"



This to me, conscious of my beaded brow and stringing hair!

"Ah, Forrest," she continued, "just think of her in something the colour of a Persian lilac—the highest soul colour—falling from her shoulders in long, straight lines."

I could see that Forrest did think of it and that it was no pleasing thought. But I laughed—did the sylph think me her rival? I must indeed be keeping things on the spiritual plane.

Henry worked up an interest in the spiritual bond as though it were a new kind of soap and he were its advertising agent. Business ability of a high order he brought to bear on the situation, and went about telling everybody how anxious Forrest and Mrs. Brittan were to explain their new revelation; how they felt reticent about obtruding their idea on other people, but how grateful they were to all who asked them to expound it.

Whenever Mrs. Brittan and Forrest were together there was Henry also, two hundred pounds of stolid courtesy, eager, to hear about the spiritual bond. And they had to talk to him, too, for if they didn't he was sure to start a monologue on intensive farming—a thing abhorrent to their instincts as being distinctly of the earth.

Minnie Martin helped a good deal by perpetually conveying parties up to those two—how she kept track of them without a scout system I don't know—when they were busy developing that spiritual bond in the seclusion it seemed to require, and introducing them in her pretty way.

"I've been telling Mrs. Ellis and her sister about this wonderful idea of yours, and they're so anxious to hear. They were afraid of intruding, but I told them how your very greatest joy was in bringing others into your thought." And then Minnie would make play with her eyelashes and fade away into the rhododendron path, where the eldest Townsend was waiting for her.

Once Henry and I came upon the twin auras suddenly in the dusk, where the soft grass had muffled our footsteps. Forrest had dropped his head upon Mrs. Brittan's knee, and they certainly were a lovely vision from Arcadia. We backed carefully into the bushes and then came on again.

"Yes," said Henry in a loud voice full of cheerful conviction, "it's wonderful how much Forrest Aldine and Mrs. Brittan have done for us all! Teachers, that's what they are—spiritual teachers—never letting their affection slip down to the merely human level. They've done more—"

And we emerged from behind the bushes to see Forrest standing stiffly some six feet away from Mrs. Brittan, who was crimping the edge of her chiffon scarf with destructive fingers. I couldn't help being a bit sorry for them and feeling like a spy.

But then I remembered Janet. She was thin as a rail, and with a colour born of nothing nearer nature than the cochineal bug. She sent dress-makers orders to town in what looked like an effort to rival the aura's physical perfections. She kept house with the fierce energy of religious conviction and got to emphasizing the duties of a wife and mother, as being of a realm which Mrs. Brittan could not usurp.

Never had the Aldine children spent so arduous a summer. Janet rode and swam and played tennis with them till they were as hard and brown as nuts. More and more worn and thin she grew, though tanned enough, for the sun is no respecter of heartbreak.

Forrest told me that he had talked to his wife of his feeling for Mrs. Brittan, and he seemed to support himself—so far as he needed support—with his belief in her acquiescence. It seemed part of the message of those two that their soul tie needn't interfere with the ordinary matrimonial relations.

Outwardly, Albert Brittan was



more calm than Janet. One might have expected him to take to drink, or another woman, or to shoot Forrest—never quietly to agree. But so far as I could see there was only an extra pointing of his wit. Not a party was given in Torexo Park that summer but that he was the life of it. Only, I came upon him once lying on his face in the fern up by "Over the Mountain," and another time Henry saw him tearing away from the rhododendron path after Forrest and the aura had passed that way. His compliments were rather more extravagant, his songs more sentimental than ever, and his gaiety disarmed question. From neither of the "aggrieved parties" would it ever have been known that anything was amiss. Only Henry and I were driven on by the coming forth of Janet's bones and the dread of scandal.

Everybody probably thinks we're a set of cranks with this 'spiritual bond' fad, but anyway, the newspapers haven't got hold of it, and as long as we've the best polo team on the Atlantic coast they won't think us crazy enough to make property depreciate," said Henry.

By August Janet seemed a little less feverish. The boy and girl romped more with the other children and less with her, and she developed the nap habit. Above all, she began to practice again and the little music room which Forrest had planned for her was filled with the sound of her violin. From morning till far into the night she played, and it seemed to me that the very instrument must ache with fatigue. It wasn't just music used as anodyne for a hurt heart, but music from the standard of professional technique—a hopeful sign, which ought to have meant that the spiritual bond between Forrest and Mrs. Brittan was loosening. But careful observations couldn't show any symptoms of that.

By the time she played for us at the Townsends' in September, Janet had put on flesh and left off rouge, and

she seemed to be recovering her beauty. How she played! Sassannio, who was down over Sunday, watched her intently from under his tossed white hair.

"So!" he said. "It is the musician come back."

But Janet herself was not conscious of him, nor of us, nor of the fact that her husband and Mrs. Brittan were spending the evening on the verandah cultivating that spiritual affection which, like other spiritual manifestations, seemed most convincing in the dark. She was rushing down the last stretch to her finale, and the earnest young Townsend, who played her accomplishment, was labouring hard to keep up, when the two auras appeared at the door.

Forrest was brought up rather short by the impact of the hurrying music. He stopped and straightened as though it were a blast of cold air, and I saw him look at Janet as she lifted her bow from the strings as though he had not seen her for a long time. Beside him Mrs. Brittan was dipping and undulating like a sea-green mermaid, but Janet never noticed.

"I've played on this G string until there isn't any feeling left in it," she was telling us. "Strange, isn't it, that after you've put a certain strain on a string it won't respond any more? Sometimes I've a fellow-feeling for them. I'll have to put in another before I play again."

Sassannio came across to us while she was talking.

"Good," he said, taking her hand. "You shall play at the first concert. So?"

"I thought I'd put it on the programme all through my tour," answered Janet.

Henry and I made such an obvious effort not to look at each other that we might as well have had the comfort of doing it openly. Janet had put in a new G string and was trying to get in tune.

"There, now it's right," she said.



When the old relation between the strings is lost and you have to start out on a new basis, it's hard, at first, to get any music."

Henry couldn't speak, but he patted Janet's hand in a pleasant, if tactless, fashion and went away coughing. And just across the room that naiad continued to deep-breathe and dip, and Forrest Aldine to prate about his soul!

The Park had been filled full of this aura talk, it had grown tired of pale-pink love affairs, and had begun to run over in scandal. I'd done all that the wife of the richest man in the place could to stem it; but still the tongues were sharpening themselves, and it was with unmixed thanksgiving that I received Albert Brittan's announcement that he must get back to Philadelphia next week. Then I grew cold with fear. Would the bond keep Mrs. Brittan in Torexo Park, or take Forrest Aldine away? It is our pleasant custom to see each other off, and everyone was at the little railroad station to say "Good-by" to the Brittans, but the train had sounded in the distance before they came hurrying around the curve. Forrest Aldine was with them, his fingers picking absently at his mouth, and Albert Brittan's full red lips were set in a thin line.

Mrs. Brittan dropped her head as she came up till the gray veil she wore hid all but her mouth. Round and soft and limp it looked, cut off from the support of her other features. It quivered and seemed to try hard to set itself, but couldn't. She stood snapping the catch of her glove—her husband on one side of her and Forrest Aldine on the other, the rest of us a silent audience—as the train roared in.

As I saw the three standing together, it seemed to me that Forrest and Mrs. Brittan had blinded themselves with auras and symbols until now, when there was sudden need to outline and define their bond. The dissolution of two households could

hardly be put on the spiritual basis; would the bond hold or break? The choice was forced on Mrs. Brittan with indecent publicity under the eyes of the people of the Park. They were not the unjudging eyes they had seemed all summer, and Mrs. Brittan's soft lower lip quivered again, while Forrest continued to pick at his mouth with uncertain fingers.

"Come, Hortense," he called from the car step, and though his voice was matter-of-fact, his face was white. But still he represented respectability and the established—all the powerful undertow of public opinion toward the conventions—and what was the spiritual bond that it should hold against it?

"Come, Hortense," he called again. Without a word she turned and let him help her up the steps, and neither of them looked back as the train moved on.

When the crowd had drifted away I put my hand on Forrest's arm. He didn't seem despairing or crushed, but just dazed, as one who had counted the hosts of Philistia upon the hills.

"She's gone," he told me.

I led him across the platform.

"She went on the train," he insisted.

I started him up the road, for I could hear Janet's violin playing some swirling, rapturous, gypsy thing.

The Aldine house was in all the throes of packing, the rugs in rolls, and the servants busy with the curtains. I followed Forrest on to the music-room, where Janet was just laying down her violin. In his trouble he reached out both hands to his wife, to the feminine creature who had fed him with slavish devotion for eight years. But it was the hand of the musician that opened to receive his in an unnoticing, matter-of-fact way as if his fingers had been a china doorknob. It was not the perfect housekeeper, the subservient wife, who stood there, but the brilliant, glittering, golden thing that Forrest had grasped at and that had turned to



useful metal in his hands. Now again she was remote, undomestic, the woman Forrest had first loved. Her hands slid limply away from his, and she danced over to me through the carpenters' litter. She didn't see that there were mountains of excelsior against the windows, that empty barrels were rolling about like billiard-balls, and that chairs were taking on crusts of burlap.

"My first engagement's next week," she cried with shining eyes.

"Janet, you won't go!" gasped Forrest, like a shipwrecked man taking refuge on a sinking island.

"Where shall I pack the brasses, ma'am?" said a maid at the door.

"Oh, I'll have to go and see about them! What did you say, Forrest? I'll be back when I've told Nellie," and she hurried out.

It must have been a long time since he had called to his wife like that, for she had forgotten the language; months since he had struck the string of her love, for it did not respond.

"Forrest Aldine," I broke out, "you have been an unspeakable fool—you have lost the wonderful woman you had won!"

He looked at me blankly.

"Janet's my wife," he said.

"She was once, but is she now?" I asked. "Haven't you put someone else in her place?"

"Why, no—that was a purely spiritual bond!"

"Was it? Then what sort of a bond is it holds Janet to you? I tell you, Forrest Aldine, if there's anything unspiritual about marriage, about having children and a home, the sooner we go back to savagery the better!"

It was my chance to paint the picture, and I did.

"Wasn't it the immaterial beauties of music that first brought you and Janet together? Seems to me I remember a Forrest Aldine very much coarser, less fine, less spiritual, than the one Janet made you. That wonderful musician was great enough to give up fame and name and every-

thing for you. And you! You've made her so miserable that you've driven her back to music—the only refuge you've left her is a professional career. And as for calling this fancy-dress ball you've been attending all summer a spiritual function—why, there's not a person in the Park except yourself who hasn't seen that you were losing a great woman for a chance to play with a bundle of floating draperies, soft eyes, and clinging hands, and that you've swallowed that spiritual poppycock chicken-food till you've got ethical indigestion! It's exactly what you deserve, to lose them both! One wasn't worth having anyway, but the other—well, we all of us gain the great musician when you lose your wife!"

The geyser of indignation which I had suppressed all summer burst out careless of whether it hurt the man or not. I was quite consciously rolling away those mist clouds of auras and sylphs and naiads and mock golden glories, and leaving the experience of the summer picked bare. Only when I saw him give back as before a rising horror did the rush of my excitement subside. Then I realized that the bitterness was not past for Janet either, the use and name and fame could not be an enduring opiate when the taste of home happiness was still on her lips, and I looked for some comfort for them both.

"Forrest," I said, "do you think you can tie the spirit to anything but the highest you know? Was that shadowy, unrestrained sentimentalist as great as the woman who could conquer herself? Can't you see now which was the spiritual bond?"

He couldn't speak, but he nodded.

Then I stopped talking in the past tense and tried to make Janet a goal instead of a memory. I didn't dare paint her as a certainty, and I would not have revived his effortless security if I could, but I put my hand on his arm and said:

"You won her once—perhaps you can do it again."





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

DR. J. D. LOGAN



FOR many years readers of this magazine have been informed and entertained by J. D. Logan, Ph.D., a writer and educationist who now wears blue stripes on his sleeve as an indication of his services at the Front. Two years after the war began, Dr. Logan had just finished a series of lectures at Acadia University on the literary history of Canada, and, being in his native Province of Nova Scotia, he responded to the call, and although he was beyond the age for active military work he enlisted as a private in the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders. While in training for the Front, he was appointed brigade historian and keeper of records and seals, and he also edited *The Nova Scotia Highlander*, one of the largest soldiers' weeklies in the world. After going overseas in 1916, he saw active service at the Front—from Vimy to Paschendaele. In April, 1918, he was invalided home with a broken knee, caused by being precipitated into a shell-hole. For this reason and also because of being over age, he was at length discharged from the army, and is now engaged in active daily journalism in Halifax, magazine writing and lecturing on

phases of the war. His "From Vimy to Paschendaele" has been appearing serially in *The Halifax Herald*.

John Daniel Logan has had a varied and interesting career. Being a true Celt, it has been impossible for him ever to submit to anything humdrum. And being a true scholar, he was not satisfied with the education to be obtained in his native parish of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, where he was born in 1869. As a boy he attended Pictou Academy, and from there went to Dalhousie University, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with highest honours in philosophy, and later the degree of Master of Arts. He won a number of scholarships, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University in 1896. He was at one time an assistant editor of *The Philosophical Review* and acting Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at Ursinus College, Pennsylvania. His pedagogic record includes also the assistant professorship of philosophy, Harvard University, 1897; the principalship of Hampton Academy, New Hampshire, 1898, and the professorship of English and philosophy, State University of South Dakota, 1898-1902. From this work he engaged in journalism, and has been connected editorially and as a critic with *The Toronto World* and *The Toronto News*, and





Dr. J. D. Logan,  
Author, Critic and Educationist

has been a constant contributor to various publications. He has an enviable reputation as a critic of literature, especially the literature of Canada, and of music and the drama. Essays in any of these branches of art he considers with admirable catholicity, supported by scholarly appreciation, with the result that his observations are keen, reflective, analytical and illuminating. He eschews malice, condones many a fault and searches for the good. He is a charter member of the Western Philosophical Association, a life member of the South Dakota Historical Society, and has been vice-president of the Toronto branch of the Gaelic League. He has published numerous books and pamphlets of verse, literary essays and criticism, among them "The Structural Principles of Style", "Preludes, Sonnets, and Other Verses", "The Religious Function of Comedy", "Quantitative Punctuation", "Democracy, Education and the New Dispensation", "The Making of the New Ireland", "Songs of the Makers of Canada and Other Homeland Lyrics", "Insulters of Death", an unusually

strong poem of the war, and he is engaged on a volume of war verse to be entitled "The New Apocalypse, and the Other Poems of Days and Deeds in France", and a volume of war essays to be entitled "Paradoxes of the Great War". Besides all this, Dr. Logan has published many important articles on literature, æsthetics, cosmology, sociology, psychology, physiology and metaphysics.

\*

#### A BOOKISH PERSON

"THE election of Miss Mary J. L. Black to the presidency of the Ontario Library Association was received enthusiastically by the representatives of the libraries of the province. It is the first time in the seventeen years of the association's existence that a woman has been elected president, and no more popular selection has ever been made. There were several reasons for selecting Miss Black, the chief one being that of merit. She is in the front rank of Canadian librarians and has rendered valuable service in the advancement of the library movement in Ontario."

This extract, clipped from *The Ontario Library Review*, was sent to me a year ago, and it has taken me just twelve months to decide that I cannot improve upon the tribute paid Miss Black by her own inspector. Throughout quite a lengthy, albeit a most interesting, article from his pen, there shines high praise and merited appreciation for the girl who has developed the Fort William Public Library in less than ten years until it stands as a model of service and furnishes an example well worth imitating. Let me tell you what she did, and then I will try to tell you how she did it.

The conditions under which the Fort William Library was established were distinctly unfavourable. The residents evidently thought a library superfluous and the city itself must have regarded it as something like a crime, for the accommodation provided in the beginning was in the base-



ment of the City Hall, across the corridor from the lock-up—one inside cell being ventilated from the corridor. The inference, I take it, was that any old atmosphere would do for books and the people who read them. Another drawback to the location was that this cell was used only when all other police repositories were crowded, and it usually befell that the librarian's hours were enlivened by song.

Bue she happened to have an ear for music, and an eye with splendid vision: Besides, she had a bump of humour as large as her body, and she refused to be discouraged. She worked, and studied her city's needs, meeting them wherever possible, and after three years her efforts were rewarded and the present library was built. A fine structure, well equipped, boasting of an excellent book collection, yet it could have failed as a successful library without a certain forceful personality to drive it forward. To Miss Black is due much more credit for providing this driving quality than will appear in this short sketch. She specialized in extending the service of the library and among other measures introduced by her should be mentioned a telephone reference service, a boon to many busy people who would not use the library in any other way. She has given special attention to night schools. She has thought out the needs of foreigners, always with a view toward the making of a more virile citizenship. In a word, she has given the public what it did not know it wanted, as is proved by the fact that "although the population of Fort William has increased, during the last few years, owing to our extraordinary conditions, the patronage of the library has increased to an amazing degree; 90,000 books were borrowed during the year ending 1917, which shows a circulation of nearly five books per capita—a splendid record, particularly when the quality of the books and other library service is considered." Wasn't it worth while to sit in the basement of the City Hall and



Miss Mary J. L. Black,  
the first Woman President of the  
Ontario Library Association

listen to such classics as "We won't go Home till Morning" when such a dream has come true?

I asked her once:

"What do you think most essential to insure success to a woman who undertakes what is called '*man's work*'?" and this is what she said:

"She must have strength and willingness to work twice as hard as any man would be asked, and in conjunction with this ability to work, she must also know how to play . . . how to relax as a man relaxes. Very few of us women know how to throw care and worry aside, and until we do learn, our business or professional life will be neither remarkably successful nor lengthy."

She thinks that a woman must possess sincerity and belief in her work and must view it as a calling demanding her best efforts, not that it is necessary for a business woman to take the vows of celibacy along with her office chair, but that she cannot obtain success unless she is prepared to ignore the possibility that her *present work is not a permanent life work!* So many women accept positions merely as a stop-gap between



somewhat dull girlhood and a hoped-for brilliant marriage.

"A woman must be willing to win her success as an efficient *woman* and not as a poor imitation of a man," she remarked once in speaking of the best way toward success. And, further, "she should have confidence in those gifts which are the exclusive possession of her sex—of course, I don't mean for one instant her 'sex attraction', but rather her quick intuition, versatility and honesty—yes, I said honesty, for in spite of popular opinion, I consider women much more honest than men! If, in conjunction with these she can acquire the equally valuable qualities, considered essentially masculine, such as logical thought, and analysis, and impersonal attitude in controversy, then great indeed should be her reward. But never, never ape man!"

Miss Black expresses herself rather forcibly in regard to that "utter abomination"—the masculine woman. In fact, she thinks there is no particular need for the feminine woman—that the less the idea of sex enters into work, the better. It is as a self-respecting individual, standing on her own merit and not as a woman in particular, that a woman wants to win.

A business woman, while possessing homing instincts necessary to healthy, lovable women, should never make her home-work more than her recreation; she should never do light housekeeping and mending with the idea that it is necessary for her to save money that way. If her time is not more valuable when otherwise engaged, then she had better give up all thought of a business career. "I think," confided Miss Black, even before a couple of husbands, "that a business or professional woman deserves nothing but rest and amusement at home. I do think that she should have a real home, though, where she can have as much social

life as possible. Incidentally, I might add that I think no business life warrants a woman's forgetting that she is a social entity and owes a duty to society in general and special favourites in particular."

Miss Black lives her beliefs. In regard to this last expression, she is President of the Fort William Women's Canadian Club and a member of many other societies and patriotic organizations. She is a convincing and talented public speaker, her addresses being characterized by a buoyant, direct and unconventional style, and they abound in that good humour which suggests a broad and genial optimism. Of herself she says: "I was born many moons ago on the first of April. The first girl in a large connection, they all thought I was a joke then, and I have been one ever since. I was educated privately because they took it for granted that I would marry, and now they say 'I'm not the marrying kind', (whatever that means.)" She drifted into library work without having the slightest conception of its possibilities, saying modestly that, like everything else in her successful life, it was Chance. "I found Chance walking my way," she says, "and the first thing I knew, it grabbed me by the elbow and dragged me along willy-nilly into the limelight, as between us we would furnish a pot of gold" . . .

Of course the board and the public, down to the littlest reader, co-operate with her and are proud to do it. They realize, each in his own way, that Miss Black's inspiration was gained from the vision of the library's part in contributing toward the enlargement of individual life and the promotion of higher standards of citizenship. Also that her work contributes in a very real way to a higher patriotism and a profounder social brotherhood.

MADGE MACBETH.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## OUT TO WIN

BY LIEUTENANT CONINGSLEY DAWSON.  
Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



Lieutenant Dawson could just manage to eliminate some few elements from his books they would reveal themselves the more readily for what they are really worth. He writes takingly and brightly. He is a good describer. He gives with facility the atmosphere of situations. But there is a constant vein of self-satisfied pertness that hints of the snob. One feels that there is a streak in him that really loves the *artificialities* of class distinctions. One wonders what they really think of him where he ties his tie and laces up his boots.

This latest book of his sets out to describe what America is doing in the war. It reveals the magnitude of many of her undertakings in the oftentimes too unregarded matter of dock-building and railway development and transportation organization. According to Lieutenant Dawson, America has accomplished very great things in France in that department of activity "behind the lines" which is so important and often so comparatively unromantic. Some of the descriptive chapters have the flavour of the Arabian Nights about them. It is possible that many of us did not realize that the American army had already really taken such deep root in the war soil of Europe by virtue of such widespread and matured ramifications.

The book is propogandist literature in a way. It is written, according to

the author, to bring America and Britain closer together by understanding and sympathy. Lieutenant Dawson talks of "my two countries". There is a flavour of his besetting sin in that. Or else a beautiful naïveté.

\*

## HIS SECOND WIFE

BY ERNEST POOLE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN the author of this story published "The Harbour" a few years ago he was acclaimed by some reviewers as a great novelist. "His Second Wife", which is his third novel, will not enhance his reputation. It is light in conception, and there is not enough merit in the execution to offset its inherent weakness. It is entertaining enough, however, for an afternoon in a railway train. An American woman, in type like thousands of others (fair, plump, well-dressed, weel-kept), receives into her childless home in a New York apartment house her only sister, a beautiful girl who has been reared quietly in a quiet Southern town. The married sister, whose husband is a successful business man with tastes for something above business, undertakes to coach the younger one in the important duties of dressing well, appearing well and doing well. She is herself a marvel of sumptuousness, with no interest in anything that does not cater to the grosser senses. Then suddenly she dies of ptomaine poisoning, and the sister, with no other roof for shelter, finds herself in the house alone with her sister's husband. These two start out by trying to console each other, and in time the memory of the dead



wife and sister begins to fade. The widower finds a new interest in his wife's sister, and after a reasonable time has elapsed he marries her. This woman, then, is his second wife, and the book is the story of her—not a very remarkable story.

\*

### TOWARDS THE GULF

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. Toronto:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AS an interpreter of human motives the author of this book stands perhaps without a peer. His former volume of verse, "Spoon River Anthology", is a marvellous portrayal of the soul of a community, a typical American community, and in this new book his genius is revealed in an even more extended form. We quote one poem in full:

#### CHRISTMAS AT INDIAN POINT

Who is that calling through the night,  
A wail that dies when the wind roars?  
We heard it first on Shipley's Hill,  
It faded out at Comingoer's.

Along five miles of wintry road  
A horseman galloped with a cry,  
" 'Twas two o'clock," said Herman Pointer,  
"When I heard clattering hoofs go by."

"I flung the winder up to listen;  
I heard him there on Gordon's Ridge;  
I heard the loose boards bump and rattle  
When he went over Houghton's Bridge."

Said Roger Ragsdale: "I was doctorin'  
A heifer in the barn, and then  
My boy says: 'Pap, that's Billy Paris,'  
'There,' says my boy, 'it is again.'"

"Says I: 'That kain't be Billy Paris,  
We seed 'im at the Christmas Tree.  
It's two o'clock,' says I, 'and Billy  
I seed go home with Emily.'"

"He is too old for galavantin'  
Upon a night like this," says I.  
"Well, pap," says he, "I know that frosty,  
Good-natured huskiness in that cry."

"It kain't be Billy," says I, swabbin'  
The heifer's tongue and mouth with  
brine,

"I never thought—it makes me shiver,  
And goose-flesh up and down the spine."

Said Doggie Traylor: "When I heard it  
I 'lowed 'twas Pine Hook's rowdy new  
'uns.

Them Cashner boys was at the school-  
house  
Drinkin' there at the Christmas doin's."

Said Pete McCue: "I lit a candle  
And held it up to the winder pane;  
But when I heerd again the holler  
'Twere half-way down the Bowman  
Lane."

Said Andy Ensley: "First I knowed  
I thought he'd thump the door away.  
I hopped from bed, and says, 'Who is it?'  
'O, Emily,' I heard him say.

"And there stood Billy Paris tremblin',  
His face so white, he looked so queer.  
'O, Andy'—and his voice went broken,  
'Come in,' says I, 'and have a cheer.'"

"Sit by the fire," I kicked the logs up,  
"What brings you here?—I would be  
told."

Says he: "My hand just . . . happen-  
ed near hers,  
It teched her hand . . . and it war  
cold.

"We got back from the Christmas doin's  
And went to bed, and she was sayin',  
(The clock struck ten) if it keeps snowin'  
To-morrow there'll be splendid sleighin'.

"My hand teched hers, the clock struck  
two,  
And then I thought I heerd her moan.  
It war the wind, I guess, for Emily  
War lyin' dead. . . . She's thar  
alone."

"I left him then to call my woman  
To tell her that her mother died.  
When he come back his voice was steady,  
The big tears in his eyes was dried.

"He just sot there and quiet like  
Talked 'bout the fishin' times they had,  
And said for her to die on Christmas  
Was somethin' 'bout it made him glad.

"He grew so calm he almost skeered us.  
Says he: 'It's a fine Christmas over  
there.'  
Says he: 'She was the lovinest woman  
That ever walked this Vale of Care.'

"Says he: 'She allus laughed and sang,  
I never heerd her once complain.'  
Says he: 'It's not so bad a Christmas  
When she can go and have no pain.'

"Says he: 'The Christmas's good for her.'  
Says he: . . . 'Not very good for  
me.'  
He hid his face then in his muffler  
And sobbed and sobbed, 'O, Emily.'"



## MOPPING UP

BY LIEUTENANT JACK MUNROE. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THIS is a most graphic and thrilling account of experiences at the Front by one of the original Princess Pats, who was accompanied throughout all his adventures by his faithful collie, the mascot of the regiment, and a canine of almost human affection and sagacity. We quote most of the chapter entitled "Northern Lights":

Two shadowy figures stole like ghosts from the shelter of the Patricias' trench out into No Man's Land, at the other side of which stretched the Germans' barbed wire with the trench beyond it. Despite the darkness, all was plain to the eye of my spirit as I muttered in my sleep.

It was one of those errands—foolhardy if you will, but necessitated by the grim game of war—that now led this pair onward to the listening-post.

I recognized them as they crept forward stealthily. Rob was slightly in advance. Immediately behind him was Jim.

Rob was whispering back over his shoulder, soft as a breeze, as they went cautiously on through the inky blackness.

"I wish I was back in good old Canada now!"

"There's lots of snow up there these days," answered Jim, as softly.

"Oh, I love the snow! Any place, any spot; from the Hudson Bay to the Great Lakes; from Prince Rupert to the Straits of Canso, would do me to-night. I'm sick of mud!"

A star shell from the German trench lighted the dark sky above them. They huddled in a shell-hole to escape observation. Bullets from friend and foe, constantly exchanged through the night, fell close to them and sent mud spitting in their faces.

Presently there came a lull. The listening-post was only a few yards from the enemy wires.

"It looks like some of those Canadian devils were in front of us again," was heard from the German trench in low, grumbling tones.

Immediately there was afforded the daring Canadians an opportunity they never missed. The flare of a star shell, from a point that made it impossible for the Germans to see them, crouched in the shell-crater, revealed to them a dim form appeared above the Teuton trench, striving with sharp eyes to pierce the gloom and ascertain if there were really intruders present close to the barbed wire.

"Can you see him, Rob," excitedly whispered Jim, very low.

"Yes. I can just get 'six o'clock' on his knob on the sky-line," replied Rob, meaning that he had drawn a deadly bead on the Hun's head. "Duck when I pull!"

In that very instant he fired.

They dropped into the deep sheltering crater, and hugged the earth.

"You got him!" whispered Jim. "I saw him tumble in. Good old boy! And it's not the first one for you, either!"

"I know I got him!" whispered Rob grimly in reply. They lay quietly for some moments, for star shells were falling thickly. The Huns' suspicions were aroused, and with these blue-white flares, like the livid lights which the poet Dante conjured in the hell of which he wrote, they were searching No Man's Land.

Then:

Bang!

There came a terrific explosion. One of the Germans—through mere chance—had thrown a bomb directly into the crater wherein the two men were hiding.

In Jim's horrified sight, poor Rob rolled to the bottom of the crater.

"Rob!" whispered Jim shrilly, "are you hurt?" There was no answer.

Swiftly Jim was at his side; he bent over him. Blood was trickling from his head and a red stream gushed from his neck with every throb of the pulses.

Setting his teeth, in defiance of the swarming death which menaced the action, Jim leaped upright and rushed out of the crater into the open, setting his face toward the Canadian line, for which he forged in a desperate dash. He had but one thought; he could not carry Rob alone; he must get help; there might be a chance if action were taken quickly.

Star shells were now shooting up by the hundreds around him. The entire German trench was in commotion, evidently fearing that a raid impended.

Shots rattled around Jim, for he was plainly visible to the Teutons. On he went in his headlong rush, and not a bullet struck him. Leaping a ditch here; jumping a crater there, he pressed on till a magical word stopped him, a word of one of his own vigilant comrades:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend!" gasped Jim. "It's Jim!"

"What's the matter?" asked the sentry, recognizing him now and lowering his rifle.

"Tell the sergeant Rob is hurt bad, in the crater to the left of the listening-post. We must get him in!"

Immediately it was done. "Pass the word back for five men to get in a wounded man from crater to left of listening-post!" ordered the sergeant. "Here, Jack!" he cried; "you go, and you, Fred!" And with Jim, who turned back



with them to guide them, he called two other men. He told them to get Rob in as quickly as possible, but they needed no urging.

The party started, stumbling into shell-holes and tripping over uneven ground till they came to the spot. The German line was now in a furore, and they had to stop and hide many times to avoid the Huns' alert sentries. But, partially due to their own caution, but more due to a Higher Power, they arrived at the crater without accident, and without the enemy apparently being aware that they were there.

There was now no sign of life in the limp form of their comrade as they picked him up tenderly. They dragged rather than carried him to their own trenches, for the star shells were still searching No Man's Land, and the need for haste was imperative.

Within the Patricias' trench they laid him down. His clothing was soaked with blood and water. His face was gory, and his neck; and where the skin was not red it was blue-white and cold.

"Pass the word back for the rum!" ordered the sergeant. His voice was shaking. All the regiment had loved Rob.

The rum came quickly. They poured it in the mouth of the dying man. But he was unable to swallow it.

They feared that he was dead. They searched for signs of life. Yes; he was still breathing faintly.

Came a ghostly groan. The fiery liquid in his mouth had revived him somewhat. He opened filming eyes; to stare blankly out over the wide waters that were darker and deeper than those of Nighthawk Lake.

Then, broken and faint, came the mumbings of words, breathed in a thrall of delirium that mercifully softened the agony of his passing. The words of a poet and a patriot; the words of a brooding spirit that had loved its land, and for that land had yielded up the supreme sacrifice:

"CANADA . . . Canada . . .  
Canada! My heart . . . my love . . .  
Canada!"

Those who stood about him, with bared heads, were deathly still. From the detonating steel of friend and foe, there in the black night, came the orchestration of the soldier's requiem; the rattle of rifle fire, the bursting of bombs; the diapason of the great guns bellowing in the rear.

Came his voice again; strangely strengthened; ringing with an exultant note:

"Oh, God—Great Spirit of Truth—my soul—give it back to Canada—let it rest there—in peace, in purity—under the snow!"

His soul—under the snow! An emanation of the Divine, of the courageous, of the unconquerable; an essence to forever inspire the generations yet unborn; the generations of the lion heart, of victors, of men; the essence of deathless will that comes to quickened dust from its parent soil—under the snow!

The little group stood and watched; among them my Pendragon and Fred, those two who had struck hands with him that day in the forest, this stricken poet of the "Soldiers Three"!

Again came his voice, dulled, drowsy, a little bewildered:

"Where's my hat, Eva?—What's that—coming down the road?"

After a moment, once more he spoke, now in a whisper, so faint that they had to bend their heads to catch the words:

"The lights—The lights!—Green, yellow and red—dancing across the sky—Oh! the—the—Northern Lights!"

His voice ceased, his head fell back; he twitched once, then lay still. His comrades stood motionless, saying no word.

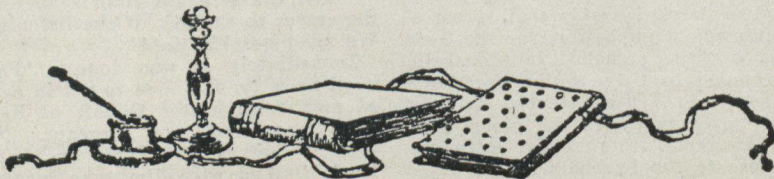
His spirit had fled in quest of the Northern Lights; to the silence and peace and purity of the snows.

\*

### FOE-FARRELL

By "Q" (QUILLER-COUCH). Toronto:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN this book the veteran writer of stories of adventure takes for his theme the effect of hate on two natures. He shows how in one instance hate undermines character and how in the other it causes a beneficial change. The scene shifts often and rapidly, taking the reader to many parts of the world. The plot involves a number of unusually interesting persons.







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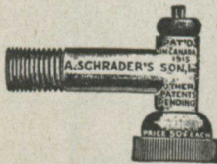
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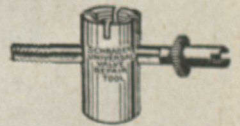
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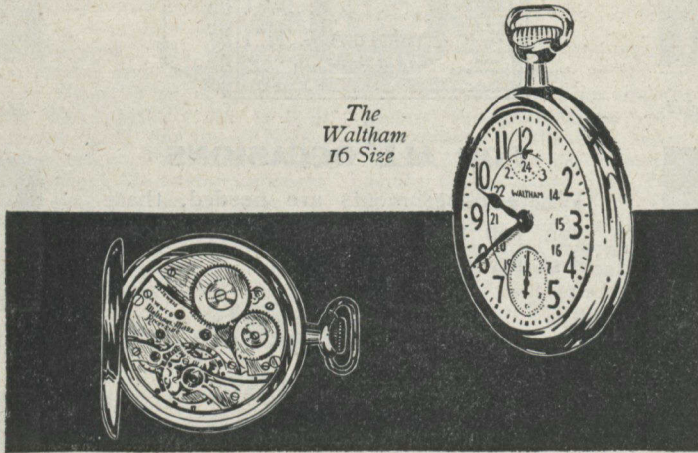


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"Did you put in Grape-Nuts, Harry?"

"Yes, sir."

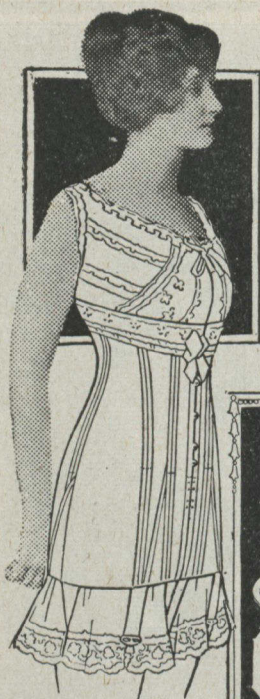
"Plenty of it?"

"I think so, sir. I remember your saying how compact and nourishing it is, and that a small quantity is worth more than a great amount of some bulky foods."

***"There's a Reason" for  
Grape-Nuts***

Canada Food Board License No. 2-026





No. 624

**GRACE**

Grace is added even to a charming slight figure by the D & A Corset No. 624. Like all D & A's it is made in Canada and fitted on living Canadian models. It has the "chic" of the best French corsets but sells at half the price. There is a D & A to suit every figure.

**DOMINION CORSET CO.**

Makers also of the La Diva Corsets and the D & A "Good Shape" Brassières 7.17

*Ask your corsetière.*

NON RUSTABLE

**D & A**

**CORSETS**

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC—MONTREAL—TORONTO

**Iroquois Assortment**

Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high standard of

**Ganong's**  
**Chocolates**

Canada Food Board License No. 11-264





# It Looks Big

When You Figure Its Food Value

*Meat Costs 8 Times as Much per Calory*

*Costing 35 and 15c Contains 2490 Calories*

The small package of Quaker Oats contains 2490 calories of food. It costs 35 and 15 cents. The calory is the energy unit used to measure food. Quaker Oats equals in food value—approximately—the following amounts of other staple foods.

<b>Measured by Calories—One 15c Package Quaker Oats Equals</b>		
3 lbs. Round Steak	5 lbs. Young Chicken	2 lbs. White Bread
3 lbs. Leg of Lamb	3 1/2 qts. Milk	7 lbs. Potatoes

Figure what you pay for these foods. You will find that meat foods—for the same calories—cost 8 to 14 times as much as Quaker Oats. Then compare them.

<b>Calories Per Pound</b>			
Round Steak 890	Young Chicken 505	Eggs 720	Quaker Oats 1810

Thus Quaker Oats—the food of foods—has from 2 to 3 times the calory value. Yet all are good foods, and some are indispensable.

Use Quaker Oats to bring down the food-cost average. Make it your breakfast. Serve it fried. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor and save wheat. Each dollar's worth used to displace meat saves you about \$8, measured by the calories supplied.

# Quaker Oats

*The Extra-Flavory Flakes*

The reason for Quaker Oats is super flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. When such a grade sells at no extra price, it is due to yourself that you get it.

**35 and 15c Per Package. Except in Far West.**

Peterborough,  
Canada

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Saskatoon,  
Canada



# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark  
which identifies the best of cutlery

*Look for it on every blade.*

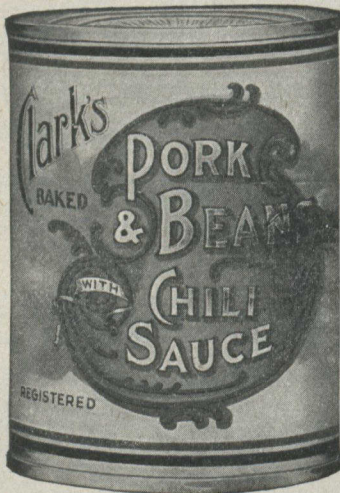
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

## CLARK'S PREPARED FOODS



Some of our helps to Food  
Conservation

- CLARK'S Pork & Beans  
" Spaghetti with Tomato  
Sauce & Cheese  
" Concentrated Soups  
" Peanut Butter  
" Stewed Kidneys  
" Ox & Lunch Tongues  
" Pate de Foie, etc., etc.

W. CLARK, LIMITED,

MONTREAL

Canada Food Board License No. 14-216





## The Waterman Mark

The Mark that proclaims quality  
in a Fountain Pen is

# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The instant Waterman's Ideal touches paper, it gives unmistakable evidence of quality, both in construction and materials as well as of service. Waterman's Ideal is ready to write instantly, anywhere, without skip, dip, scratch or blot—no other writing tool matches it for convenience and efficiency.

There is a size of barrel to fit every hand and a choice of nibs from which any individual preference may be exactly suited.

Waterman's Ideal is needed by everyone today, because, it makes possible more and better work with less effort and with a real conservation of time, labor and materials.

*Three Types: Self-Filling, Safety and Regular—\$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up*

**Sold at Best Stores Everywhere**

**L. E. Waterman Company, Limited** :: **179 St. James St., Montreal**  
 191 Broadway, New York      17 Stockton St., San Francisco      41 Kingsway, London, W.C.  
 24 School St., Boston      115 So. Clark St., Chicago      6 Rue Monsigny, Paris  
 (Temporary)







## *It Multiplies Executive Power*

How to dodge detail—avoid chafing detail work, and at the same time keep your fingers on the pulse of business activity—this, probably, is one of your hardest present-day business problems. If your desk is piled with an agglomerate of papers—if you can't classify and arrange each report, each important paper as it comes to your desk so you'll be able to get it again quickly—detail's going to blur your vision of the big constructive affairs. The "Office specialty"

### **EFFICIENCY DESK**

was built for busy men who handle big affairs—men who count constructive thought a mighty business asset—who want to keep their fingers on the pulse of business, and yet insist on freedom from small detail.

In it you hold right at your fingers' ends important papers, the vital records that keep you in touch with the whole organization, *classified* and available for *instant reference*.

Whether you are the General Manager, Sales Manager, Ad man or Buyer, this automatic "private secretary" is on the job with you and for you every business hour, ready to get, surely and quickly, that very paper you want at a moment's notice.

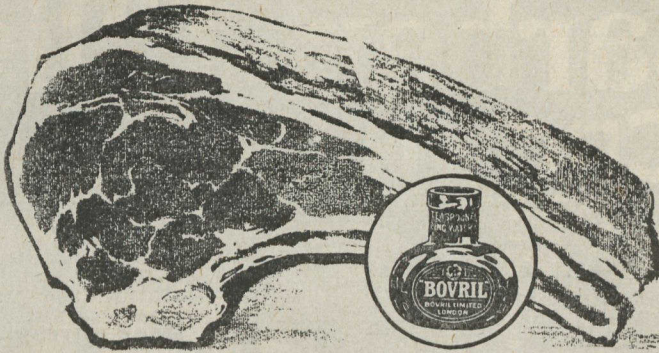
If you want to know how an "Efficiency Desk" can help you to multiply your executive power by taking care of your detail drop a postal in your mail basket to-night for complete information.

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Home Office NEWMARKET Canada

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**OFFICE**  **SPECIALTY**  
**FILING SYSTEMS**





## It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril

---

*Bovril Contains the Goodness of the Beef.*

**T**HE vital elements that give beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

Just as the equivalent light of 32 candles is concentrated in one electric lamp, so the vital elements of beef—of many pounds of beef—are concentrated in a single bottle of Bovril.

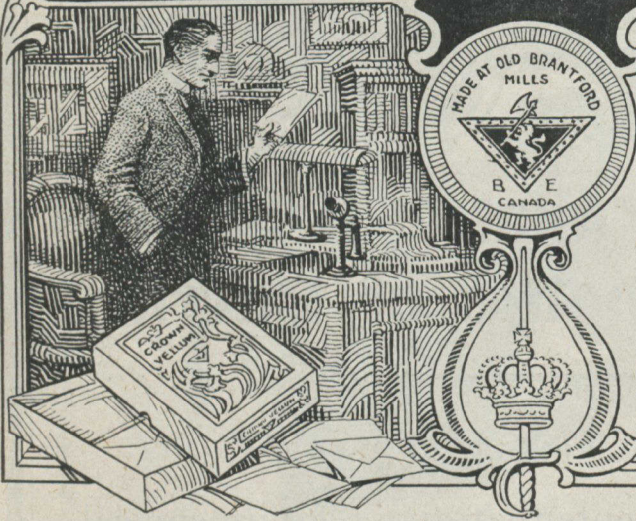
But Bovril is not merely a precious food in itself; it possesses the peculiar power of enabling you to extract more nourishment from other foods. This gives Bovril its wonderful body-building power, proved by independent experiment to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken. Bovril, therefore, in the true sense of the word is a Great Food Saver.

Always keep Bovril in the house.

# Bovril stands alone



# Barber-Ellis, CROWN VELLUM

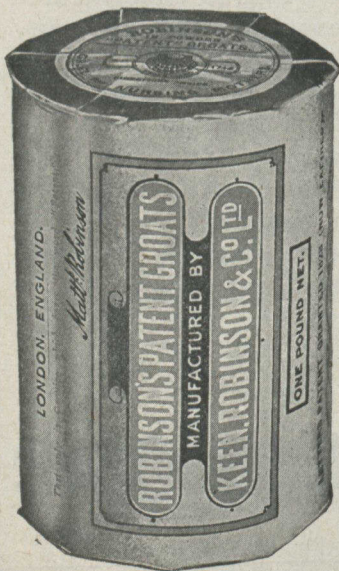


Crown Vellum is the stationery used by Bank Presidents, as well as the Presidents and General Managers of Canada's leading commercial houses, for important or personal communications.

Insist on Crown Vellum.

40-10-18

## Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



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

If the child had been reared on

### Robinson's "Patent" Barley

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

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

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

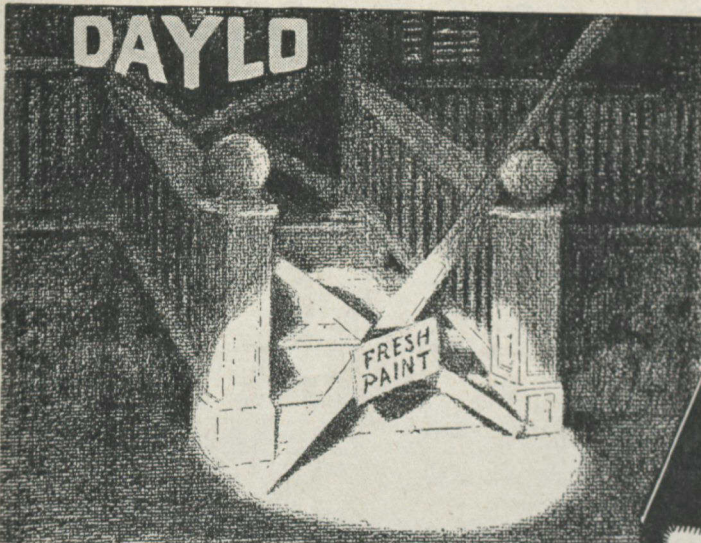
**MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited**  
Sole Agents for Canada

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Montreal

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Toronto



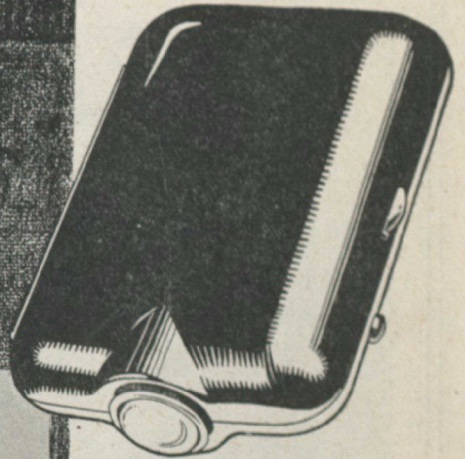
**EVEREADY  
DAYLO**



*The light  
that says:  
"There it is!"*

**Darkness is danger. Don't wait  
for this rude reminder. Get  
your DAYLO today.**

Canadian National Carbon Co. Ltd., Toronto.



No. 6992

One of the 77 styles of Daylo



*From a prominent dentist's letter—name will be  
furnished on request.*

*"Only a Powder has the necessary  
abrasive qualities for polishing  
and cleaning."*

**CALOX**  
THE OXYGEN  
**TOOTH POWDER**

*Cleans-Whitens-Preserves*

A package sufficient for one week's trial and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Powder is better than a Paste" will be sent free on request.

*Tell your friends about CALOX*

The large size contains nearly three times the quantity of the smaller size.

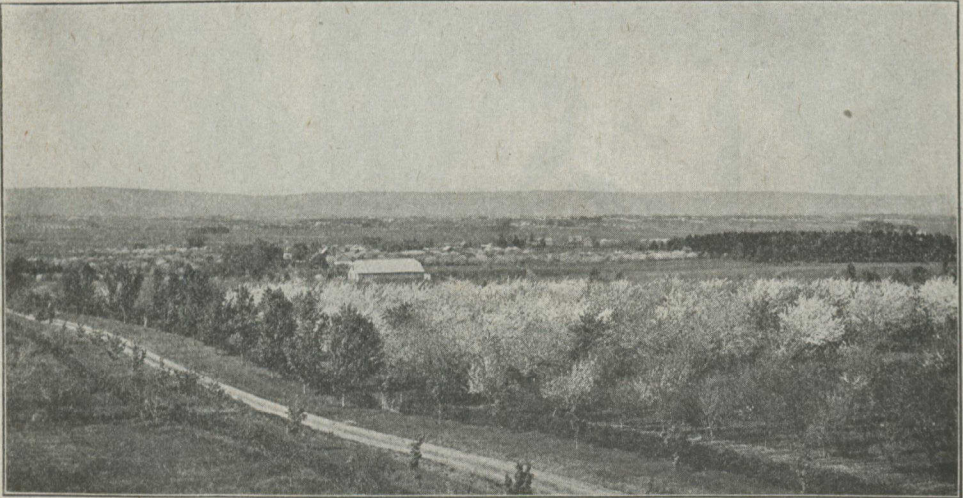
**McKESSON & ROBBINS,**  
*Incorporated*

91 Fulton St., NEW YORK

*"Your 32 Teeth are 32 Reasons"*



# What Nova Scotia Offers The Farmer



**Land Suitable for Dairying** with succulent and well watered pastures. The climate is moist and cool and the markets for dairy products unexcelled. Good breeds of cows average 10,000 pounds of milk per cow.

**Land Suitable for Fruit Growing.** Nova Scotia Apples are among the finest flavored in the world. Trees bear from five to ten years after planting and yield profitably for from 60 to 100 years. A million acres of land not yet planted are suitable for orcharding.

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**Land Suitable for Market Gardening.** Strawberry, Raspberry and Cranberry Plantations yield profits ranging from \$200 to \$500 per acre.

**Strong Local Markets** and excellent opportunities for EXPORTING.

For further information including booklet of sample farm properties available, write,

W. B. MACCOY

Secretary Industries and Immigration,

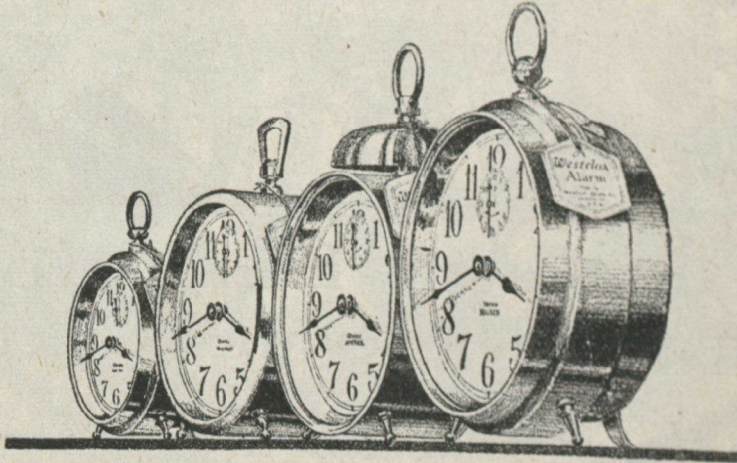
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Halifax



# Westclox

- the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks



## On time for war time

**T**HIS war is a race against time. Every minute counts. The good alarm clock is a practical, economical, time-saving tool—the kind you need these days.

Western Clock Co. - makers of Westclox

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

Factories at Peru, Ill.

# REGAL

FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

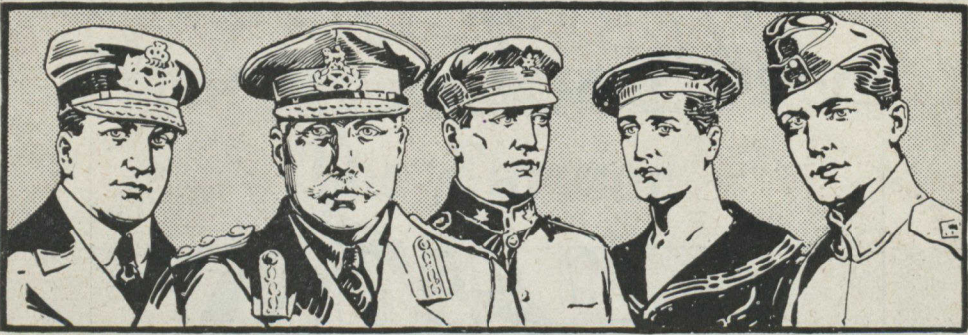
Pure and White as  
the Driven Snow

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED



Made in  
Canada





## All Ranks in Every Service Prefer and Use the Gillette!

The Gillette is the fighters' razor!

It shaves the General; it shaves the private. It is at home in the artilleryman's kit. The airman, the engineer, the transport driver, the staff officer—all use it!

A "clean shave" is not only a matter of pride with all ranks in every service. It is the daily luxury, standing out in bold relief against the discomforts of trench and camp.

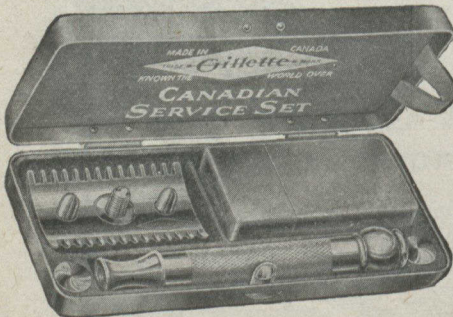
There isn't a regiment in the field today under any of the Allied flags but numbers more users of the Gillette than of all other razors put together.

There isn't a condition that a man can face in his shaving—heat, cold, sunburn, windchop, water scarce or bad—but has been met by the Gillette thousands of times in over four years of war service.

And it costs little to give a soldier the daily comfort of a Gillette!

No Stropping; No Honing—(A soldier will not carry around a hone and strop). The Gillette Service Razor tucks away in the corner of a kit bag, or in the soldier's pocket, complete, compact, simple, strong, weighing next to nothing and ready for use at all times. It is the one Razor of International Service.

*The Gillette Set No. 19 is a Pocket Edition Razor in a soft Roll Case of heavy Khaki cloth, with 12 double-edged blades and an indestructible Trench Mirror.*



*The Gillette Set No. 20 is the same set in a heavily nickel-plated case, handsomely embossed.*

## Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory :

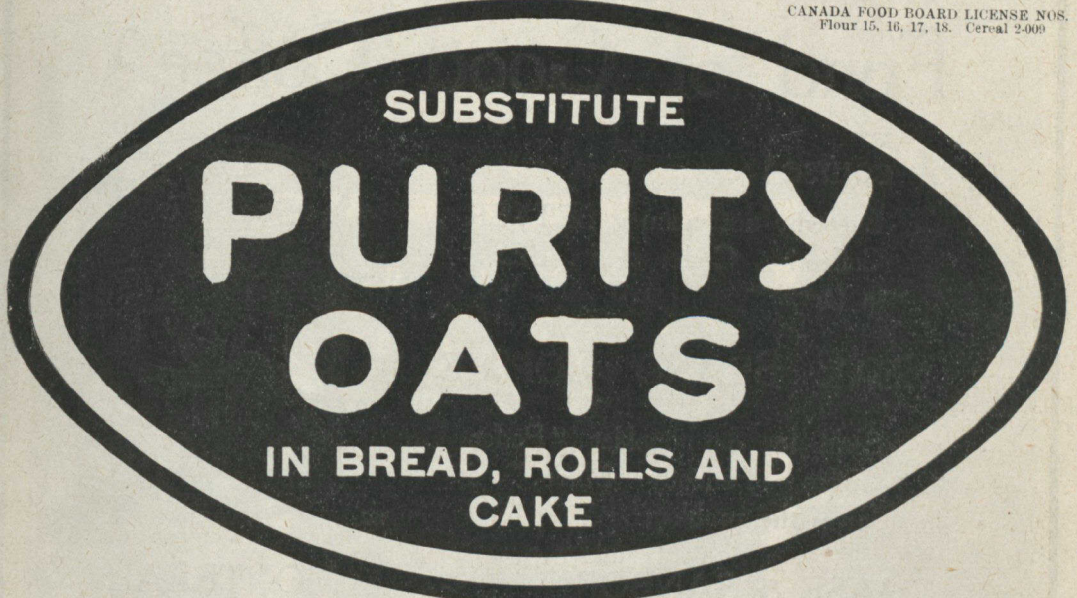
65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal.



**SERVE BY SAVING WHEAT**

To Fight, our armies must have plenty of food. We can all help by using substitutes for wheat flour

CANADA FOOD BOARD LICENSE NOS.  
Flour 15, 16, 17, 18. Cereal 2-009



WHEAT-SAVING RECIPES MAILED FREE ON REQUEST  
**WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED**  
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

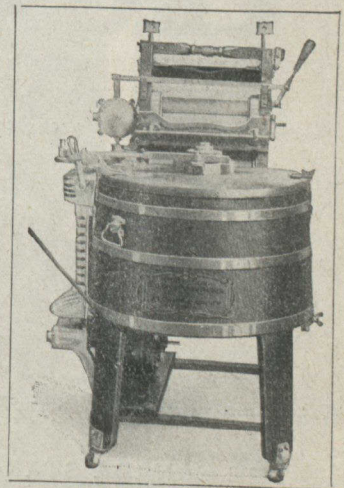
## “The Perfection Electric Washer”

The very thing needed for war time, conserving of time, energy and money.

The Perfection Electric Washer will turn Wash Day into Wash Hour, take ALL the work out of washing, disposing of the extra help usual on that occasion.

The saving—considering the cost of electric current at three to five cents per washing, fifty two times a year against the cost of the usual help—will pay for the investment in less than one year with one hundred per cent dividends in the years to come, besides the added comfort of having your washing done to your complete satisfaction and under personal supervision.

*May we mail you full particulars.*



**J. H. CONNOR & SON LIMITED, OTTAWA, ONTARIO**



# Fond of Good Coffee?

of course!

But why not make it **BETTER**  
Coffee? Coffee at its **BEST**  
in fact—

## SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Send for our booklet "Perfect  
Coffee—Perfectly Made," it  
solves the problem.



192

CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL

SAVE SUGAR  
BY USING

# CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Not only a choice table Syrup—can be used for all Baking

SAVE WHEAT  
BY USING

# BENSON'S CORN STARCH

Makes dainty Pie Fillings, Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, and can be used in Bread making.

MANUFACTURED BY  
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

MONTREAL



# MURAD

## CIGARETTES

### Remember Our Boys At The Front

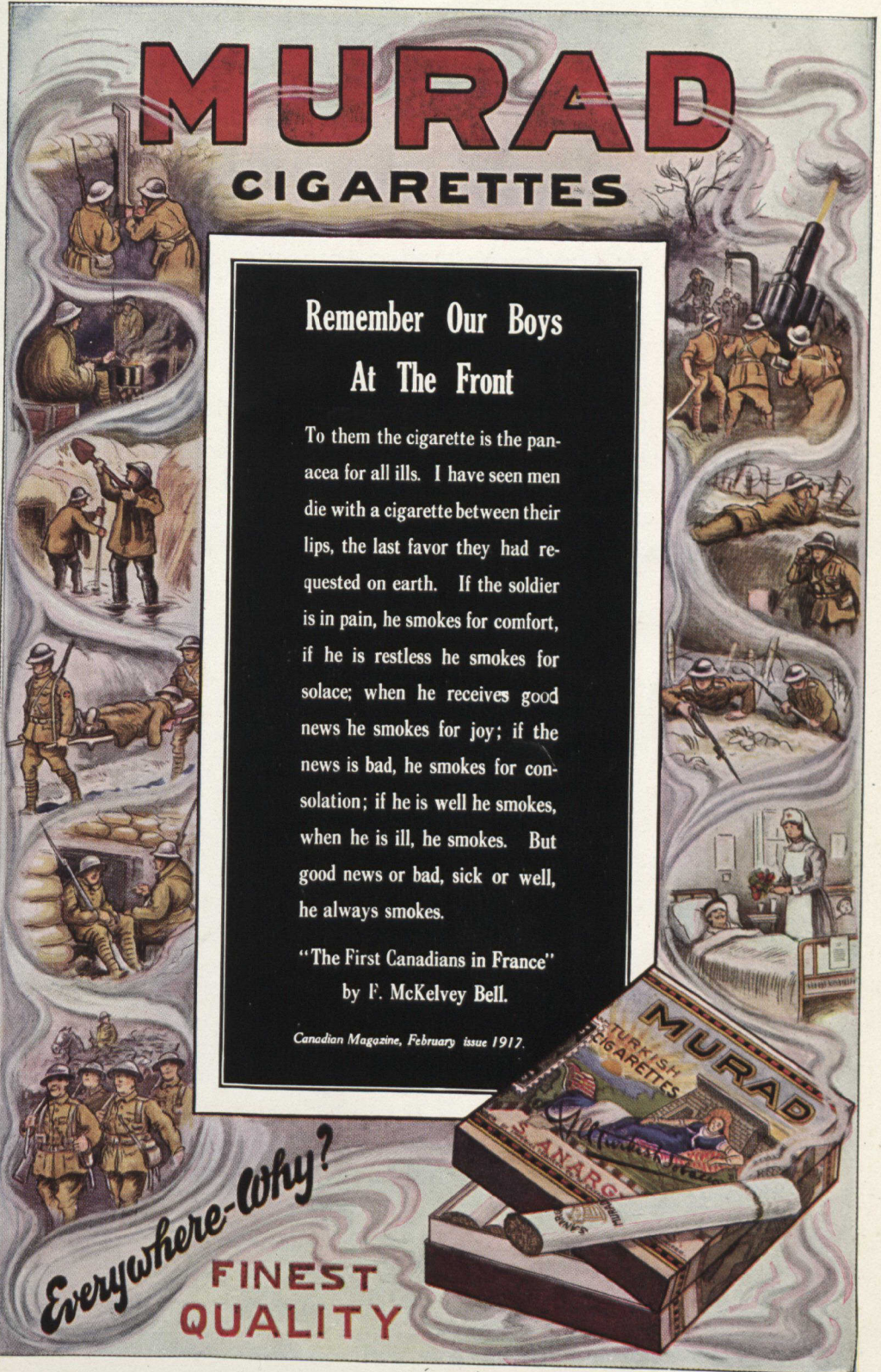
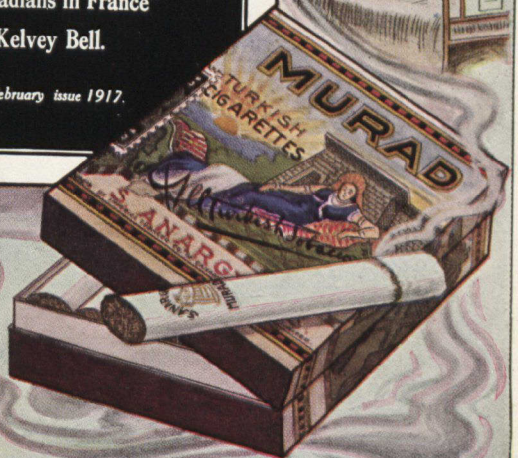
To them the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips, the last favor they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort, if he is restless he smokes for solace; when he receives good news he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well he smokes, when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he always smokes.

"The First Canadians in France"  
by F. McKelvey Bell.

*Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.*

*Everywhere-Why?*

**FINEST  
QUALITY**





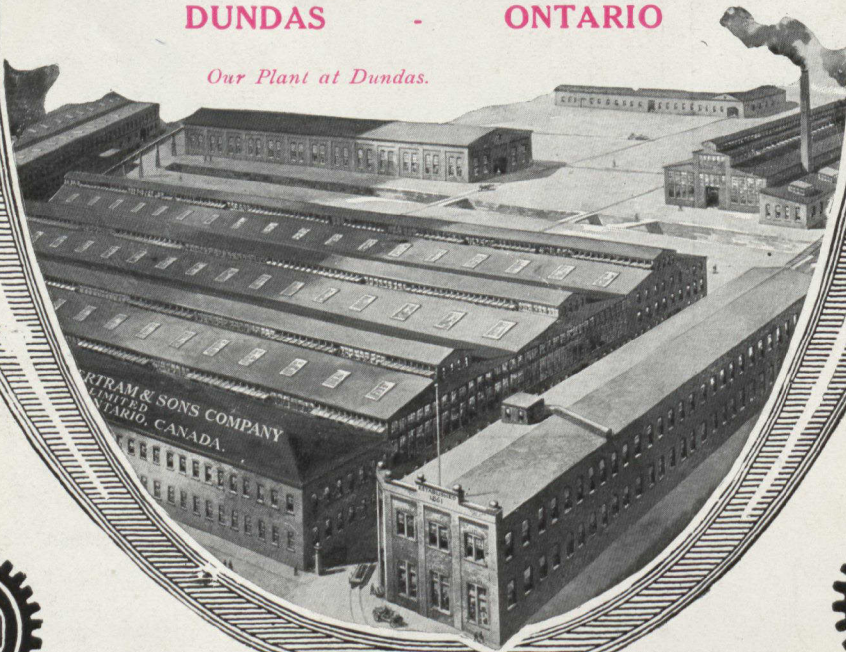
# BERTRAM MACHINE TOOLS

are strictly up-to-date in design. Built to give economical, efficient and long service. They include General Machine Shop Equipment, Repair Shop Machinery, Locomotive and Car Shop Machinery, Structural and Bridge Shop Machinery.

Photographs and full particulars upon request.

**The John Bertram & Sons  
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DUNDAS - ONTARIO

*Our Plant at Dundas.*





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**HOTEL BUTLER** large, airy room.  
 Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c. Rooms \$1.00 up, with bath \$2.00 up. Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.



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 Home of Winter Golf, Tennis, Turkey and Quail Shooting. 700 ft. elevation. Just right climate. No snow. Pure spring water. Best of everything. Cottages. Bungalows. Orchestra. Write CREAMER & TURNER, Proprietors, for Booklet.



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Maganatewan River, French River, Muskoka, Lake of Bays and other famous Regions.

Write to any Agent, Grand Trunk System, for "Playgrounds" Booklet, giving Game Laws, etc., or to

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 Bonaventure Station, Union Station,  
 Montreal, Que. Toronto, Ont.



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### Give a High Grade SECRETARIAL COURSE

For Matriculants and Varsity Graduates. Full particulars mailed on request.

Write— **W. H. SHAW, Pres.**  
 Head Offices, Yonge and Gerrard, Toronto

**KEATING'S POWDER**  
 Cold weather is approaching—flies seek the warmth of the house. Get rid of them quickly, surely, with Keating's Powder. Sold by all Grocers and Druggists in tins only. 10c, 25c, 35c.

### WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

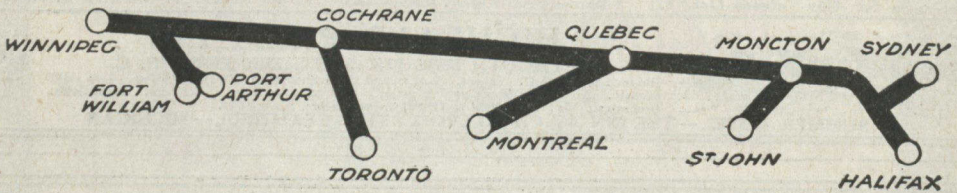
Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$35.00 per set, also actual value for OLD GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM AND DENTAL GOLD. We send cash by return mail and hold goods for 15 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to Mazer's Tooth Specialties Dept. 133 2007 So. 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



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Government  
Railways

# NEARING THE MILLION MARK

Canadian  
Government  
Railways



## THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

- Winnipeg - Toronto
- Winnipeg - Quebec
- Montreal - Halifax
- Halifax - Sydney
- Halifax - St. John

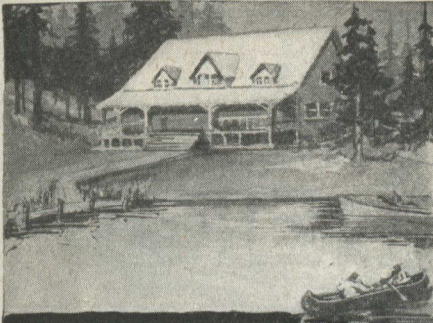


H. H. MELANSON, *PASSENGER TRAFFIC MGR.* MONCTON, N.B.

OVER

**700,000**  
**SOLDIER LADS**  
HAVE TRAVELLED THIS  
ROUTE WITHOUT MISHAP





## Highlands of Ontario

### Canada

Embrace millions of acres of virgin pine and spruce, broken by thousands of lakes and streams. Is it any wonder that the Highlands of Ontario is the mecca for out-door men and women.

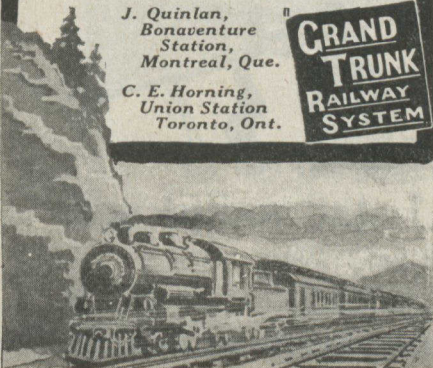
**Algonquin Park  
Muskoka Lakes  
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are all famous playgrounds. Modern hotels afford city comforts but many prefer to live in tent or log cabin—your choice at reasonable cost. May we help you plan your trip? Write or call for illustrated literature.

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TRUNK  
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The Hotel Lenox, at North Street and Delaware Ave., Buffalo, has become a favorite stopping place for Canadians visiting Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The pleasant location of the Lenox—quiet, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts—adds much to the comfort of tourists, as do the unusually good cuisine, complete equipment and excellent service.

*European plan. Modern. Fireproof.  
All outside rooms. \$2.00 up.*

*On Empire Tours. Road map  
and running directions free.*

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**HOTEL LENOX**  
B U F F A L O

## HOTEL ST. JAMES

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th St.  
1½ Blocks from 45th Street Entrance  
to Grand Central Station.



Women will find here a home atmosphere and absence of objectionable features of ordinary hotel life.

40 Theatres, all principal shops, 3 to 5 minutes walk

2 minutes of all subways, "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines.

An excellent Restaurant, at moderate prices.

Write for  
"What's Going  
On In New York".

All Outside Rooms

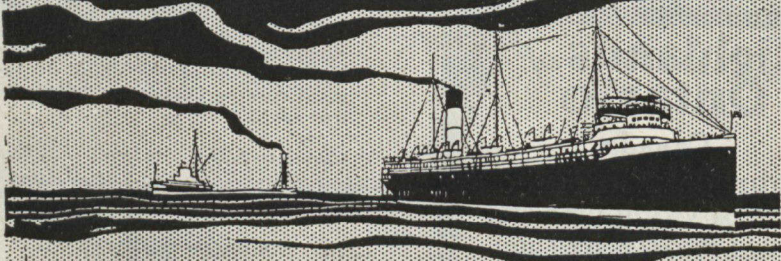
With adjoining bath	- - - -	from \$1.50
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Furnished Apartments by the year,  
month or week, at special rates.

RAYMOND L. CARROLL, Pres. and Mgr.



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**On Your Trip to the Pacific Coast**  
Through the marvelous

## Canadian Pacific Rockies

Excellent accommodations—cool, restful,  
day-and-a-half's diversion on the

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From Port McNicoll, via Toronto, on Georgian Bay  
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**W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent,  
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The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

## ‘RITE-HITE’ WARDROBE TRUNKS

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the ‘Rite-Hite’ Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the “hangers” or in the “Chest of Drawers” in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)

**\$33<sup>00</sup> to \$90<sup>00</sup>**



**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**

105 King Street West, Toronto



## Most Beautiful Canadian Northern Rockies



*Typical of the picturesque Canadian Northern river valley route between Edmonton and Vancouver.*

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From the  
**Canadian  
Northern Ry.**

The highest  
known peak  
in Canada,  
(13,068 ft.)

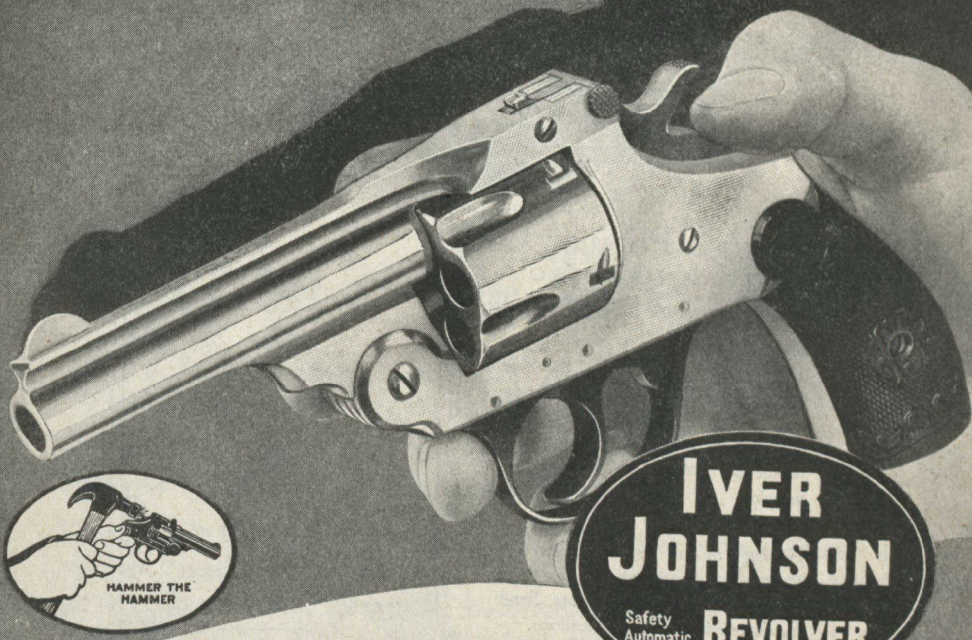
West of Edmonton the prairie continues, then it becomes rougher, until the haze-clothed mountains loom up in the distance. Striking the river here, we ascend the Athabaska for miles; passing through Jasper National Park, and Yellowhead Pass where we cross the Great Divide—the main ridge. Beyond picking up the Fraser we follow its upper reaches to Mount Robson, thence skirting the Canoe and Albreda rivers, which in turn are succeeded by the North and Main Thompson rivers, we reach the lower Fraser at Lytton, from where we cross and re-cross, hugging its mighty and picturesque banks through to Vancouver. Nowhere in the journey of over 700 miles from the gateway to the Rockies clear to the Pacific does it grow monotonous, or time hang heavily, so insistent are the attractions which flash past the windows of the comfortable Observation Cars.

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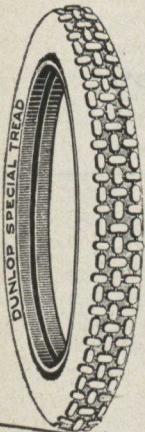
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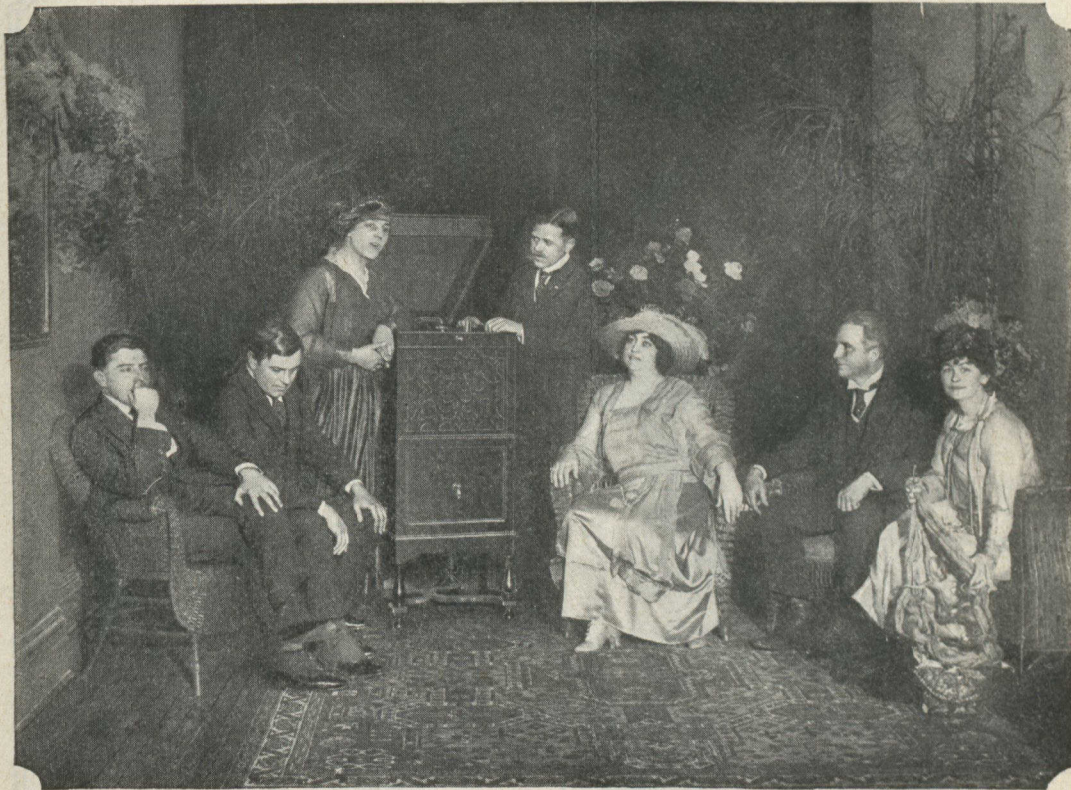
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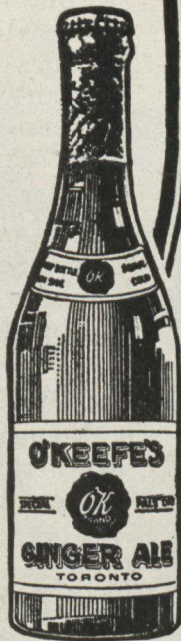
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You know from experience that some excellent soaps tend to roughen the skin. They simply have too drying an effect on the natural oils. The skin relies upon these natural oils to keep it soft and clear and flexible.

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It should be made of pure materials which cleanse perfectly without disturbing the skin's own natural oiliness.



*... Make no mistake about it—no matter to what new field she turns, she will always be the woman at heart, greeting her new responsibilities with a smiling face. . . . Frankly glad of her natural womanly charms—caring for them always with a high order of common sense.*

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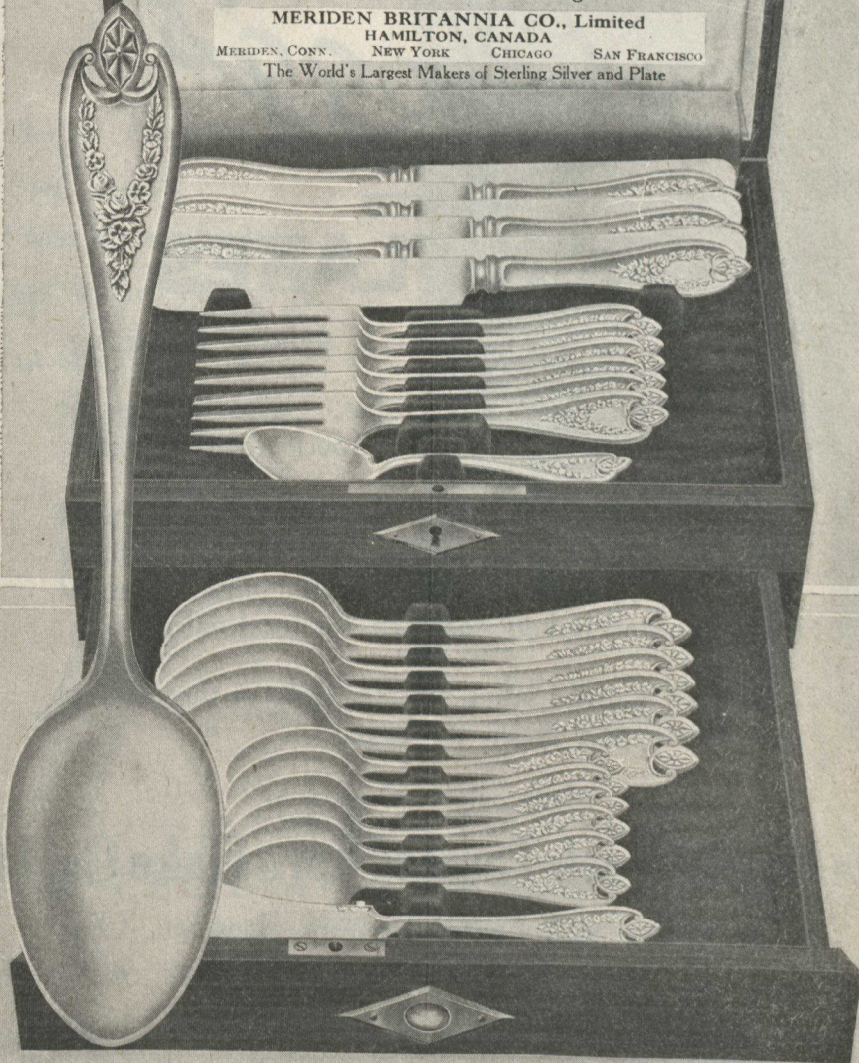
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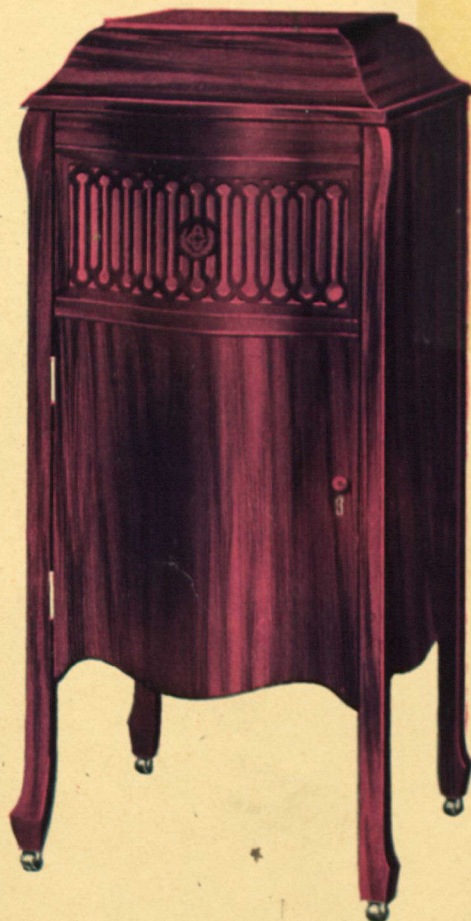
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and see a man with whom coffee  
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see — there's health and comfort in

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