

JUNE, 1919

153

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE

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BY R. K. GORDON

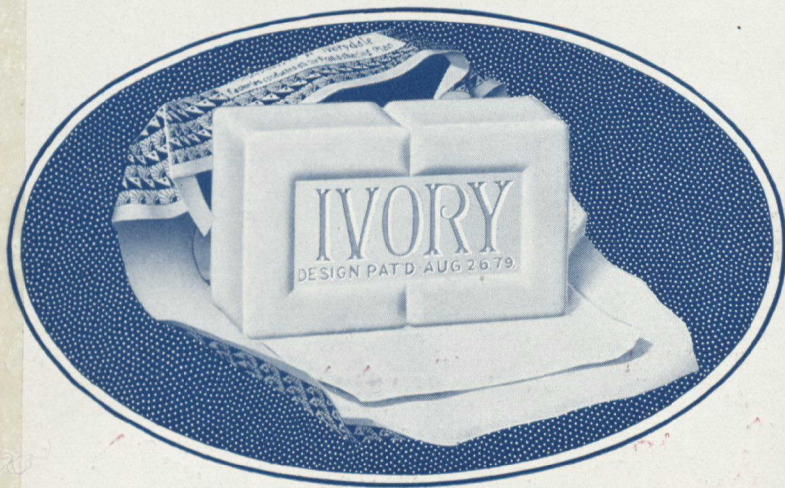
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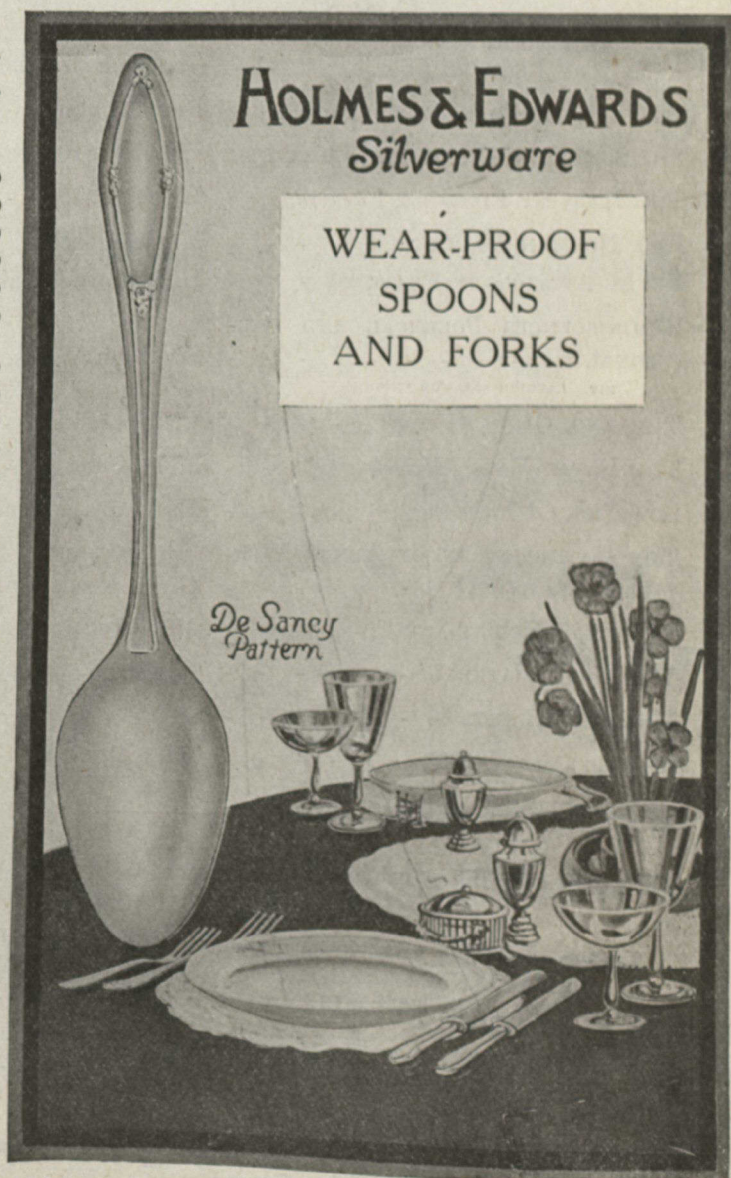
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LIII

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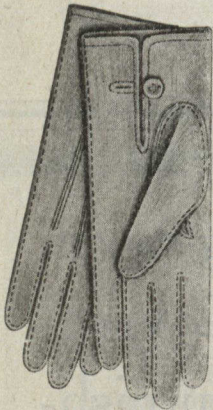
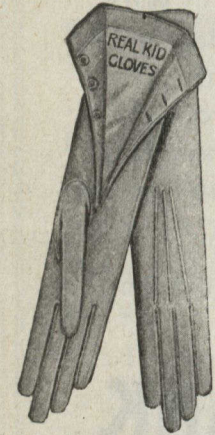
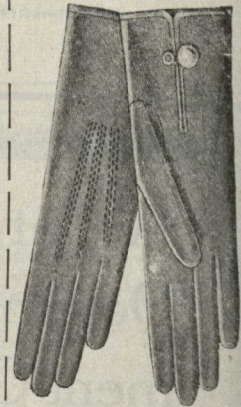
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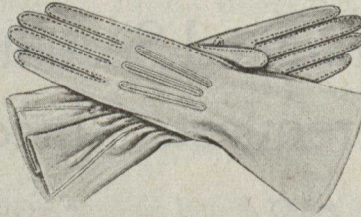
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“WHO’S WHO” in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THIS MONTH

Rev. E. E. Braithwaite, Ph. D., is the energetic and aggressive President of Western University, London. During his varied career as pastor and educationist he has contributed numerous articles to the secular and religious press on national and theological subjects. His observations may be accepted as a result of careful analysis.

Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald is an Ottawa lady, a gifted poet herself and an earnest admirer of merit in others. She is a sister of Charles G. D. Roberts and Theodore Roberts, an aunt of Lloyd Roberts and a cousin of Bliss Carman all poets of distinction.

Miss Muriel Jocelyn was born in Winnipeg and studied music in Toronto. After graduation she was for some years abroad studying and travelling. She returned to Toronto before the close of the war. Her experiences in Great Britain and on the Continent form the bases of many of her articles. She knows France intimately, and her sketches of life in Normandy have appeared in various periodicals. She is the author of “From a Canteen Doorway” which appeared in this magazine last July.

Mr. Hamilton M. Laing is well known as a naturalist to readers of the Canadian Magazine. Although he lives in the United States, he comes to Canada for much of his material. He enlisted in the Royal Air Force, in Canada.

Sir John Willison, who has been successively Editor of the Globe and the News, both of Toronto, and correspondent of the Times, London, is now President of the Canadian Reconstruction Association. He is a serious and competent critic of public affairs.

Main Johnson is a journalist, at present on the staff of the Toronto Star. He came through the University of Toronto, studied law, was private secretary to Hon. Newton Rowell while he was leader of the opposition in Ontario and during the early part of his term as President of the Privy Council at Ottawa. He has had wide experience in travel, and in meeting big men, but his tendency is toward belles lettres.

Grace MacGowan Cooke is a popular writer, the author of numerous short stories and novels.

Miss Marjory MacMurchy has been a journalist in Toronto for a number of years, a librarian at intervals and at all times a close observer of social tendencies. She is the author of “The Woman—Bless Her” and of numerous articles, reviews and criticisms. She is a past President of the Canadian Women’s Press Club.

Geo. R. Lighthall, it is sufficient to say, is Honorary Secretary of the Aerial League of the British Empire (Montreal Branch).

Henriette Ronner, a famous painter of animals.

Wyatt Eaton was born at Philipsburg, Quebec. Early in life he crossed over to the United States and attained renown as a portrait and figure painter. He died in the prime of life.

Franklin Brownell is a distinguished Canadian Painter, a resident of Ottawa. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy and of the Canadian Art Club.

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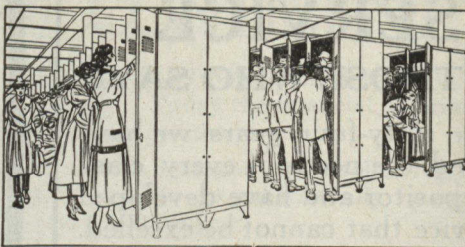
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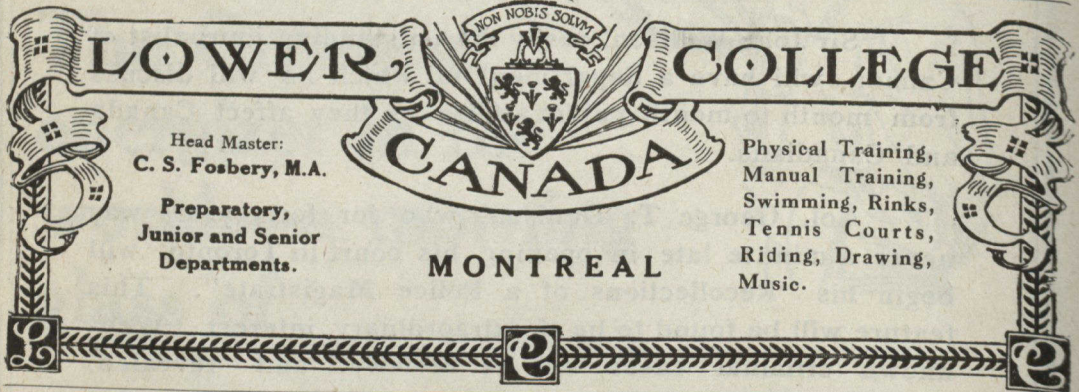
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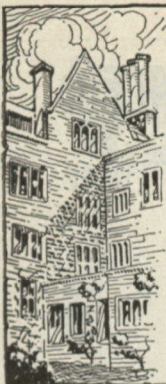
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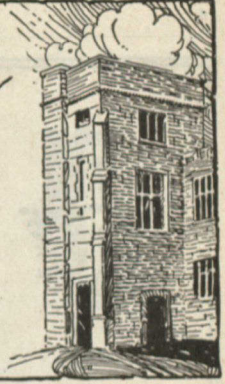
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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 2

THE NEW ERA FOR CANADA

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE,

PRESIDENT, WESTERN UNIVERSITY

I.—THE NEW NATION



THE recent important negotiations with Roumania by virtue of which Canada is establishing credits looking to an export trade with that country, involving the sum of twenty-five million dollars, together with an agreement of a similar kind with France and other negotiations still in progress, constitute a tangible evidence of the new ambition of the Dominion to secure a much larger share of the world's trade than she has ever had before. This is symptomatic of the great strides that this new nation is bound to take in her own development and in her increasing importance among the nations of the earth. Plunging vigorously into the arena of world politics, as she has done in the recent war, at a much earlier comparative stage of her development than was the case with her big neighbour the United States, the promise of her rapid development during the present century is at least as great as

that which the great Republic enjoyed in the nineteenth century.

For the expansion of her trade, Canada is most favourably situated. From London, the centre of the European markets, which are the most important of all, we are, according to Lloyd's calendar, less than half the "mail" distance of our competitors in South America, South Africa and India, and only one quarter the distance of Australia and New Zealand. From the United States, the world's second most important market, we are separated only by an imaginary boundary line, while to Japan and China, next in importance to Europe and the United States, we have the readiest direct access possible across the Pacific.

The vital change in the German situation also bears upon the question of our trade prospects. The year before the war, Canada's imports from Germany amounted to more than fourteen million dollars, chiefly in manufactured goods, while her exports to

Germany, mainly raw materials and food stuffs, amounted in value to four millions. Of Germany's total exports of two and a half billions during that same year, nearly four hundred millions, or about one-sixth of the whole, went to England. Much of this trade will be lost by Germany, for the present at least, and Canada has a good opportunity of capturing her fair share of it.

Nor is the history of other great wars such as to discourage the hopefulness of the outlook in this direction. Instead of a long period of depression following such wars as the Crimean, the Civil War in the United States, the Franco-Prussian, the Boer war and others, there has usually been a rapid economic adjustment followed by a period of great prosperity. It has also been pointed out that other forms of disaster have proved beneficial in stimulating industry. The great fires of Chicago, Boston and Baltimore made these cities greater and richer than ever, one explanation of this being that everyone went energetically to work to overcome the losses. In Europe the era of railroad building that followed the Napoleonic wars increased the world's wealth by many times the sum the war had cost.

Honourable L. C. Avery, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, has recently referred in most optimistic terms to Canada's prospective development along trade lines. After stating that there have been few things more amazing in military history than the way in which Canada, starting with a mere nucleus of trained officers and men, created a corps which, as an instrument of scientific warfare was unsurpassed by any army in the field, and that her effort in the production of war materials had been hardly less remarkable, he expressed emphatically his unbounded confidence in the future development of Canada, declaring that she was destined inevitably to become one of the world's greatest

industrial and exporting powers. Her position alone was almost enough to justify this prediction. This position he pictured in the following terms: "Just look at the map; Nova Scotia jutting out into the Atlantic and British Columbia overhanging the Pacific form incomparable foci for the world's industry and commerce, from the viewpoint of future economic strategy. Canadians have at their back the raw material and the market of half a continent, and in front their own empire to draw tropical raw materials and find an outlet for their surplus manufactures."

As important as the development of our external trade is that of our boundless resources. Claiming to have the largest nickel mines in the world, the largest wheat-growing area, the largest potential water-power, being double that of the United States, though not one-tenth of our own has yet been developed, the most extensive and prolific fisheries, etc., it is not easy to overestimate the possibilities of the near future if these resources are developed in an up-to-date, business-like and non-partisan manner.

It has been estimated that the Dominion has about four hundred and fifty million acres of arable land of which less than one-tenth has yet been tilled. In comparison with France, the single province of Ontario has twice the area of that country, but France has had six times as much land under cultivation as Ontario, and has been raising ten times as many cattle, twenty times as many sheep, twelve times as many potatoes, and twenty-five times as many sugar beets. Dean Adams, of McGill University, claims that the field crop in Canada could be doubled in ten years if the system and methods of the best ten per cent. of the farmers were adopted, while with the intensive methods used in Europe these could be multiplied many times. The same authority estimates that the forest of British Columbia, which is part of the great forest extending into

Washington and Oregon and constitutes one of the two great tracts of merchantable virgin timber still existing in the world, the other being the great pine forest of Russia, could be made to yield without depletion about five times as much lumber as is at present being cut from it.

The national wealth of the United States grew in the two-thirds of a century from 1850 to 1915, from seven and a half billion dollars to two hundred and fifty billion, making her the richest nation of the world, possessor of one-third of the estimated wealth of all the nations. With the possession of labour-saving machinery, transportation and other facilities, such as were never dreamed of in the greater part of the nineteenth century, Canada's development in the twentieth century should be far more rapid. With a present estimated wealth of about seventeen billions, the present goal of the United States should be reached in a very much shorter time than was taken by that country in her unparalleled experience.

There is also the significant question of immigration, concerning which there are very conflicting views. On the one side is the opinion that the European countries will restrict the emigration of their people as far as possible, especially as they will have so much to do in the way of reconstruction, by means of which they may even be able to attract some workmen from this side of the ocean, especially the natives of these lands who had formerly emigrated to the new world.

But, on the other hand, there are millions of homes that have been broken up, and whole communities once familiar and sacred to those who went out from them to the war have been so devastated and rendered so desolate that the former inhabitants will be imbued with the desire to begin life over again, and that amid entirely new surroundings. Millions of men have been taken out from their former monotonous, treadmill exist-

ence in the shop, the factory and the mill, and having imbibed roving propensities will have the tendency to cultivate these still further by emigrating to some new land where they will have hope of improving their social and financial outlook.

After the Civil War in the United States, many from the Eastern states moved to the middle West, having learned of the new lands of promise from those Westerners beside whom they fought in the war. In the same way, from our soldier heroes many will have learned of the advantages of this country as compared with European conditions and will be prompted to make a venture in this direction. Major-General McRae, intimately associated with immigration matters in the West previous to the war, predicts that a million British people will come to Canada within the next five years. That the Americans anticipate a large European movement hitherwards appears from their proposed legislation to prohibit immigration for a period of four years except in relation to certain special cases. While the free land of the United States has mainly been disposed of, Canada yet has boundless acres for the right kind of immigrant. The probability is that we shall not have to lay so much stress on the securing of immigration as on the proper guarding of it.

Both in regard to population and wealth, the signs of the times point strongly to a tremendous expansion in the coming years for this lusty and vigorous new country.

II.—THE NEW EDUCATION

There is no movement arising out of the war that promises to be more significant or far-reaching in its results than that which has to do with educational matters. Nor is this confined to our own land or even to Anglo-Saxon countries. Already whisperings are heard from the Orient which show that an attitude scarcely

less than revolutionary is developing on the opposite side of the world also.

The movement which has attracted wider attention than any other is that which has been taking place in England during recent months, the central features of which are associated with the name of Honourable Herbert Fisher and the important Bill which he has recently had enacted. Though this may deserve the tribute that has been given it in being styled "a charter of justice, freedom and opportunity for English children", yet from our point of view it does not go as far absolutely as its reputation would seem to indicate, as we have already provided for many of the features which are now coming into vogue for the first time in the educational system of the mother country.

The Fisher Bill lays special emphasis upon the compulsory attendance of all children between five and fourteen years of age, and forbids the employment of any child under twelve, or of any between twelve and fourteen, except for certain brief hours and under conditions that are carefully specified. The significance of this change will be more fully appreciated when it is remembered that according to reliable estimates over eighty per cent. of the school children of England have generally worked an average of about three hours a day. The Bill also provides for the extension of general and vocational education through the period of adolescence. Provision is made for thorough medical inspection and medical treatment and for special schools for the physically defective and epileptic. Not the least important of its features is that providing for an annual increase of \$16,000,000 in teachers' salaries alone.

In the realm of higher education there is reported to be in England a widespread desertion of the classics and a great flocking to the study of modern languages and the practical sciences. The chemical, physical, and engineering laboratories are said to be especially crowded. There is also

a strong demand for facilities for adult education, it being difficult to provide sufficient lecturers to meet this demand.

A special committee appointed to investigate the question of modern language study in Great Britain strongly emphasizes the importance of clerks, travelers, foreign agents, and others familiarizing themselves with these modern languages. French is regarded as by far the most important. The second place is given to German, which must not be neglected in the view of the Committee in spite of the natural prejudice prevailing at present, especially as it is important from the standpoint of technical knowledge. Next in order come Italian, Spanish and Russian; and, after these, such languages as the Portuguese, the Scandinavian tongues, Dutch and Flemish, Magyar, Roumanian, etc.

The Committee, though composed to a large extent of those who have had a thorough classical training, and fully aware of its value, nevertheless did not hesitate to declare that Greek and Latin should be no longer obligatory, especially as other languages might become fairly satisfactory substitutes for these.

This whole movement in Great Britain is by no means an isolated one, but is more or less indicative of what is taking place elsewhere.

In the United States the schools are reported to be giving a much larger place to physical and biological science, especially in their practical applications to industry, agriculture, hygiene and sanitation; and far less attention to Latin and other foreign languages. Commercial courses are becoming very popular and the conviction is growing that part-time education at least should be provided for young people up to the age of eighteen. The importance of looking after the health of the pupils is also being very strongly emphasized. A sum of \$50,000,000 is being provided for the increase of teachers' salaries.

In Japan, too, similar tendencies are to be noted. Awake to the changing situation, commissioners from Japan have recently been in the United States collecting data and studying the situation generally. There is a manifest disposition to give large recognition to the demands for improved methods of manufacture and agriculture, and to the unexampled opportunities for the expansion of foreign commerce—largely, it is admitted, with the object of increasing the wealth of the country and especially to compare favourably with that of the United States, Great Britain, and France. Here, too, it is reported that the Chinese classics, which correspond to a certain extent to the Greek and Latin classics with us, are being largely abandoned in favour of the experimental study of the applied sciences.

One cannot face these revolutionary tendencies so widely prevalent without raising the question whether it does not indicate a swing of the pendulum to too extreme a position in response to the "practical" or "utilitarian" motif now asserting itself so strongly. Indeed it may signify this and we must be on our guard lest the humanities lose their properly exalted position in our educational system. As a matter of fact, however, whether we be led to go too far or not, there is at any rate a very healthy *raison d'être* at the basis of all these movements, which is the application of our school training to the affairs of our daily living, whether we are preparing for professional life or whatever occupation we may have in view.

Indeed in all this there is a disposition to meet the greatly changed situation which has been gradually coming upon us for some years but has been wonderfully accelerated as a result of the war. One feature of this change is that our educational institutions are no longer training men simply for the "four learned professions" but also for a great multitude of other callings, and for these a vari-

ety of training is naturally required. Then there have been a large number of important new subjects added to the school curriculum in recent times—scientific, technical, vocational, etc.,—and we must give up the attempt to make all our pupils cover a uniform round of subjects, especially as they are far too many for anyone to cover satisfactorily. The recent annihilation of distance by the aeroplane and the greatly increased intercourse with foreign peoples also suggest the necessity of a wider acquaintance with the languages and conditions of these people. With the strong democratic trend of modern times, too, it is also important that higher education be much more widespread. Democracy is in great peril unless the general body of citizenship is of a high intellectual order. Higher education and corresponding degrees can profitably be offered to those who are capable of taking advantage of them without insisting in all cases upon the same narrow path for all—and that, too, without any apparent or real weakening of standard.

In Canada we are in the midst of these prevailing tendencies and are being influenced by them. In Ontario the universities are now considering a revision of the matriculation curriculum. One university, at least, is ready to recommend that it be made possible for a matriculation certificate to be granted—and probably this would lead to the possibility of an Arts degree being granted—without insisting on Latin in every case, as has heretofore been done. This does not signify a lessening appreciation of Latin or that it should not be demanded of those who are expecting to be high school teachers, or of those planning to follow certain other literary professions. It only means that the exemption may in certain circumstances be allowed for such as have aspirations for a liberal education while expecting to fill a very different sphere in life from those just mentioned.

In addition to the character of the changes already outlined the New Education is beginning to stress certain other fundamental issues of life that can no longer be ignored or relegated to any other domain.

The most important of these is health. Dr. Claxton, the United States Commissioner of Education, states that 37½ per cent. of all the American young men drafted for the war were physically unfit, and that in the United States 300,000 children die every year in the first six years of their life from preventable causes. Competent authorities claim that not less than 75 per cent. of the school children of to-day have physical defects of greater or less importance—lung diseases, disorders of hearing or vision, diseased adenoids or tonsils, imperfect teeth, etc.—nearly all of which could be remedied by proper medical attention. It is said that in Ontario nearly 10,000 children under five years die annually, half of whom at least might be saved. In a recent year in the United Kingdom over 90,000 infants died in their first year. It has been estimated that if Great Britain had taken proper health precautions for a score of years previous to the war, she would have had 1,500,000 additional men who were "fit". It is time to take this matter seriously. The United States at least is contemplating effective action in proposing to appropriate \$20,000,000 per annum for a health propaganda in the schools, including medical and dental examination of pupils, employment of nurses, establishment of clinics, etc.

The financial benefits of education are also coming to be recognized as never before. On following up to the age of twenty-five the financial careers of one hundred and sixty-six boys of a similar age who were in school together in a certain American city, it was found that the boys who had remained in school until they were eighteen had earned on the average twice as much per annum as those who left at fourteen. The United States

Commissioner of Education went so far in a recent address as to declare that ninety-nine and nine-tenths of the world's wealth to-day is being produced by education, citing the instance of the island on which the older portion of New York city is built being bought at one time for twenty-eight dollars, while one acre of it was recently sold for \$33,000,000. He contended that the change was brought about by the achievements of educated men who built railways, subways, steamboats, skyscrapers, etc., none of which could have been built except for the labours of men of superior education.

The formation and development of character is also receiving greater attention from educators. As far as religious instruction in the schools is concerned the prevalent prejudice and sectarian rivalry make this no easy undertaking. But experiments are being made. Ex-President Eliot has suggested a conception of religious teaching which could be emphasized everywhere, in the following terms: "It would contain no dogma, creed or ritual, and no church history; but it would set forth the fundamental religious ideas which ought to be conveyed to every American child and adolescent in the schools of the future. Such teaching would counteract materialism, promote reverence for God and human nature, strengthen the foundations of a just and peace-loving democracy, and conform to Micah's definition of religion: 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

All of the above is in keeping with the following resolution recently passed by the British Labour Conference: "The most important of all the measures of reconstruction must be a genuine nationalization of education which shall get rid of all class distinction and privileges, and bring effectively within the reach not only of every boy and girl, but also of every adult citizen, all the training, physi-

cal, mental and moral, literary, technical and artistic, of which he is capable."

It is evident that the carrying out of a program of this kind is going to require a vastly larger outlay than has usually been available for education. But the importance of the matter is so great that this promises to constitute a very slight objection, especially in these days of huge expenditures for things worth while. Indeed tests have already been made. In England and the United States and to a less extent in several of the provinces of Canada the calling for very material advances in the educational budget has been received with great favour.

III.—THE NEW CITIZENSHIP

This is intimately connected with the "League of Nations". A prominent English writer—Dr. Orchard in his "Outlook for Religion"—has recently pointed out a certain danger involved in this in the following terms: "What guarantee have we that the nations' signatory to the arrangement might not split up into two almost equally balanced sides? As thus stated the proposals simply mean that every war will now be a world war . . . of a more awful character than we can imagine."

There is just one thing that can prevent this, and that is a right basic foundation for international relations. It used to be considered that one man was not successful in a transaction with another unless he in some measure worsted the latter. We have now come to see that a good business transaction is one in which both buyer and seller are benefited. The nations must also learn that one nation does not really prosper most by securing some sharp advantage over another by which the latter is defrauded, but that in the last analysis they stand or fall together. What benefits one, benefits another, benefits all. What injures one, injures another, injures all.

There is a law which Dr. J. A. Macdonald calls "the law of the world's good will" which is the good of each working for the welfare of all. This "cannot be sinned against without its penalty being paid". It "is the first law of every nation . . . No nation sins alone or suffers alone . . . Slowly but very surely and sometimes painfully and at great cost, are the nations learning that the country that frames a tariff of spite so as to damage the industry or trade of a neighbour-people is whetting a two-edged sword that cuts both ways and wounds the smiter as well as the smitten".

Plainly stated, this is the doctrine of the New Testament Golden Rule. The outcome of the war tends to prove that the Golden Rule is not only good religion but also good business and good politics. It is a bold challenge to the world to apply this ideal of life not only to the relations between individuals but also to national and international affairs. It may be held that this is visionary and impractical. But in reality we never had a more forcible illustration of the unprofitableness of the opposite principle, viz., selfishness, even from the baldest materialistic point of view. Never before was there such a favourable opportunity for our statesmen to make a strong stand for the very highest ideals in national and world politics.

It is clear that the war was brought on by the spirit of selfish grasp and greed. While one nation over-reached itself in this and was thus the immediate cause of the war, none of us can claim that we have been free from the same defect attaching to a greater or less extent to our national life. But it may still be contended that there is no other practical way. In order to attain to a position of great commercial prosperity or other eminence, the nations must think only of their own interests without considering those of others. The Golden Rule would lead to financial ruin instead of prosperity. This has been our theory and it has been a costly

one—the cost of the wars of history, to say nothing more, for they have all resulted from an application of this principle. The tremendous loss we have sustained is in reality nothing more nor less than the cost of violating the Golden Rule.

As far as the recent war is concerned we can now begin to count the cost. The money cost is estimated to be nearly two hundred billion dollars which is more than one-quarter of the world's national wealth. A very competent American authority has claimed that this is a sum greater than the combined money expenses for all other wars since the beginning of recorded history. A little reflection seems to place this estimate within the bounds of reason, for it would probably not be necessary to go very far back to reach the time when the national wealth of all the nations would not total this amount. It took the United States about two-thirds of a century (from 1850 to 1915) to increase its national wealth from seven and a half to two hundred and fifty billions, and this nation affords an unprecedented example of rapid development. Yet in four years a sum almost equal to this immense figure is used up in the destruction of war. The aggregate public debt of the belligerent nations before the war was a little more than twenty billions, that amount being accumulated in a period of one hundred years. Now their debt amounts to one hundred and fifty billions. In other words, in four years of the war these nations have amassed a debt more than six times as great as that which was incurred during the whole previous century.

This does not take into account the destruction of buildings, machinery, crops, live stock, railway bridges, for which in Belgium alone more than two billion dollars would have to be figured into the account and in France not much less than this sum, nor the tremendous loss of shipping, nor what is of far greater moment than all else,

the appalling loss of human life. There must have been at least fifteen million men either killed or almost totally incapacitated. This would represent an economic value of forty-five billions besides having immeasurable results in other respects. Most of those who were killed were among the choicest young men in the various countries. They would have been the fathers of our boys and girls of the next generation. As a result, the average grade of fatherhood must be to some extent lowered, and this will not only affect the present race but future generations as well.

If the opposite principle had been the common basis of international action—if tariffs were framed not simply from the standpoint of the nation enacting them, but also with a view to their bearing upon other countries affected by them, and such modifications allowed as would be an illustration of a true international and fraternal spirit—even if the resulting revenue were much less than originally anticipated—it would be possible to make numerous and tremendous concessions of this kind before reaching even a fractional amount of the immense financial losses caused by the war.

We must hereafter think in world terms—nothing less. Some day we shall find that it is not only unbrotherly but also unprofitable for Canada to enact legislation which is considered from its own selfish standpoint alone, and without relation to its bearing upon the other parts of the British Empire or its neighbour to the South; and that the United States cannot profitably ignore the effect of its legislative enactments upon our Dominion or other nations with which she has dealings. It may be that tariffs should not be abolished. It may be that there should be certain restrictions upon the movement of people from one part of the world to another. But if mutual counsel were held in reference to these matters with a view to the effect upon the

whole community of nations rather than upon any one by itself the world's "good-will" would be immensely increased and the prevention of war immeasurably advanced.

The League of Nations is a step towards the fulfilment of Tennyson's ideal—"The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World". Though the complete realization of this may be far distant a significant advance towards it may at least be made. Great Britain and the United States, the two greatest nations in the world,

are now in a position to take a strong leadership in this. While their relations to each other have been growing more cordial since the beginning of the century, this cordiality has been greatly strengthened since their sons have fought side by side in the most titanic struggle the world has ever witnessed and in defence of the most precious principle of human liberty, which was never before so bitterly assailed.

This is our new citizenship—"The Brotherhood of Man."

A HISTORY LECTURE

By GEORGINA H. THOMSON

HER eyes are on the tufts of trees
 That toss against the square of sky
 Framed by the window, while above
 White wisps of cloud go trailing by.
 She dimly hears the voice of one
 Who tells of wars in ages gone.

Her thoughts are on the sodden fields
 Of France. Beyond the trees that toss,
 She sees the ruined walls of Ypres
 And near, a simple wooden cross,
 The while a voice goes on and on
 And tells of wars in ages gone.

THE EYES OF CONSCIENCE

BY ROY TURNBULL



RANKLIN CRAIG had been waiting for this chance all the morning. Mr. Betterworth, his miserly employer, wealthy owner of the fashionable Art and Curio shop, had just stepped to the warehouse some blocks distant. Yokokita, the Japanese lad of all work, stood lazily talking with the proprietor of the book store adjoining. Stealthily, the Art Shop clerk walked across the store, filled with treasures in pottery and metal, silk and ebony, to Betterworth's private antique safe which stood under the cash register. He paused with hand suspended above the combination, the secret of which he had long since surreptitiously acquired. Through the cavelike entrance to the darkened store he could see the living sunshine dancing in the cobbled street.

A gusty breeze swept in, stirring up the weird mixture of smells lurking in the many objects culled from all parts of the globe. His hesitation was brief, for the contrast between the inviting sunshine, with its promise of other lands, and the monotony of the "junk" shop, as he termed it, wherein he had slaved for so long, quickly overcame his scruples.

In a moment he was down on one knee and a little later the safe door stood open before him. His eager hand readily found the thin flat packet of bills that his employer had drawn from the bank early that morning in order to pay for an ex-

pected cloisonne treasure from the Orient. Betterworth's dealings, owing to the diverse methods of the many nationalities trading with him, were always in cash. Ripping off the covering, Craig stuffed the bank notes into his coat pocket. Hot and cold waves coursed through his pulsing veins as his hand closed over the coveted money. His traveling bag had long since been packed against this emergency. A few days of travel and the name of Franklin Craig would be but a memory.

Then slowly, but overwhelmingly, and with a spasmodic contraction of his stomach muscles, he sensed another presence in the darkened store. Instinct, with its indefinable, yet disconcerting force, apprized him of scrutinizing eyes. Turning his head with a painful jerk, he beheld a tall man in a frock coat and an old-fashioned beaver hat, standing on the other side of the low counter, watching him. Craig, the blood rushing away from his blanching face, rose slowly to his feet and shrank back involuntarily, a damning picture of guilt. The strange old man who had so silently entered the store must have witnessed the act of theft and seen him feverishly stuff the ill-gotten money in his pocket.

The intruder stared inscrutably at Craig, a look of world weariness and sadness on his wrinkled face. His lips moved slowly as if he were counting the inexorable moments of time, or muttering unsavoury words of condemnation. Craig, with purpose and emotion inchoate, stepped

forward, his gaze wildly falling on a bronze shield whereon hung an Arabian scimitar, but the old man shook his head austerely from side to side, and turning on his rubber heel, walked forth from the emporium of trinkets into the bright sunlight.

Craig fell back against the safe, his tortured brain racing in kaleidoscopic confusion. Then summoning every ounce of will power, he rushed from the store, but the old man of the beaver hat had vanished. Yokokita, his back to Craig, still held forth idly with the proprietor of the bookstore.

With fear tugging at his entrails, Craig struggled in the upheaval of his mind until it seemed he must collapse. As he saw the fat, dumpy figure of his employer emerge from around the corner of the block, he uttered a sharp ejaculation of terror.

The thought came with a rush—to get the money back into the safe—but no, it was too late! Yokokita had already entered the store and was busily engaged dusting a Louis XIV. chest of drawers. Turning desperately in pursuance of a rapidly forming plan, Craig quietly went to the safe and locked it with a turn of the handle. Tearing a bill from the packet in his pocket he thrust it into one of Yokokita's street shoes standing in the corner, always discarded in the morning for sandals. Spying the familiar "Studies in English," which Yokokita had been perusing for weeks, Craig had a stroke of inspiration. He opened the cover of the book and inserted between the leaves a crumpled bit of paper he had fished from his pocket and on which appeared rude numerals.

Craig then hurried out into the little yard, where he immediately buried the packet of money in a far corner and whistling merrily busied himself with huge packing cases.

His heart beat wildly as he waited for the explosion. It came with the door flung open and Bettersworth apoplectic on the step.

"Come in here!" he cried. Craig, simulating wonderment, obeyed.

His employer pointed grimly to the antique strong box, the door now standing open.

"I put it in there this morning! There isn't a chance of a mistake! Now it's gone!"

"What, sir?" inquired Craig mildly.

"Money! Money, you idiot! Nearly five thousand dollars! Where have you been?"

This question came like a shot, but Craig was equal to the emergency.

"Unpacking the plasters, in the yard," he responded quickly. "If I had known you had forgotten to lock the safe door, I—I—" he paused, visibly embarrassed, as he glanced over at the gaping Yokokita who understood but little of this wild enactment before him.

"You'd, you'd what?" demanded Bettersworth.

"Why, I wouldn't have gone out in the yard and closed the door behind me," blurted Craig, flushing and endeavouring nobly to shield Yokokita. "I thought Yokokita was in the store all the time."

Yokokita, instinctively catching something of the danger in the air, sputtered in imperfect English.

In a moment, Bettersworth was at the telephone calling the police. Later, when special officers discovered the crumpled ten-dollar bill in the Japanese servant's shoe, the boy from Nippon nearly fainted and when, to top it off, they investigated his pockets and clothing and finally discovered the sheet of paper between the leaves of the "Studies in English", which Bettersworth immediately recognized as the numeral notation of the combination to his safe, poor Yokokita raved incoherently while Craig solicitously sympathized with him.

A few weeks later, in the courtroom, drowsy and humming with the murmur of voices, Craig watched the jury retire. Hope and triumph rose in his breast, for the bonds of

guilt had securely fastened about the hapless Japanese boy.

The suspicion that in the regular course of investigation had included Craig now completely lifted.

Bettersworth, seemingly ready to burst with the suppression of his spleen, sat next to his lawyer waiting impatiently for the verdict which, though it could not return his money, would at least prove that justice prevailed in the punishment of the thief. Yokokita, sullen and hopeless in this jargon of animosity about him, sat with eyes on the floor. Craig swept the audience and smiled condescendingly.

Yet, would the door of the jury room never open! Yokokita must be found guilty. This must close the case against further investigation.

At last the suspense was over; the judge paused in his conversation with the clerk, to read the verdict which affirmed the guilt of Yokokita. Craig, by this time a master of dissimulation, concealed his elation. After all, what did it matter if a miserable, solitary Jap like Yokokita—who had never had anything anyhow!—were to spend a few years in the penitentiary? Surely his own hopes, reputation and future, were of infinitely greater importance. He would resign his position in due time, dig out the hidden packet and be off for other climes. The blood began to flow more normally through his veins. Mopping his brow, he breathed with an acute sense of relief, and turned to leave the courtroom. As he did so, an icy hand clutched his heart and the room seemed to spin round crazily. The thing that he had feared subconsciously, had, in fact, been his obsession all through the days and nights of agony since the hour of his theft, had come to pass. The memory of that strange, mysterious, phantom-like witness, the old man with the beaver hat, had been with him every hour. *There*, not ten feet away, just behind the railing, sat the weird old man himself!

Craig uttered a startled cry and sank limply into the chair he had just vacated. Bettersworth turned on him.

"What is it now?" he demanded.

The guilty clerk, with protruding eyeballs, gazed into the eyes of his conscience—the fateful witness. Under the uncompromising stare of his silent accuser, Craig's spirit crumbled like sand. Two officers were already leading Yokokita toward the hold-over. The old man near the rail gathered his hat and pad of paper under his arm, preparing to rise, presumably to address the judge.

Craig's nerves gave way beneath the impending exposure, and he jumped to his feet. In a piercing, hysterical voice, his words tumbling over one another, he poured forth his confession to the startled court. The astounded judge ordered him into custody.

Under the fearful touch of the law, Craig sank in a huddle. Dazed and motionless he heard the methodical, technical reopening of the case. The tense, full silence of the room beat in upon him like muffled hammers.

Dumbly, he was dragged toward the shining bars of the hold-over where Yokokita stood with mouth open. On the way, they passed the old man of the beaver hat. He was writing on the pad of paper, supported by his flat-top hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Donaldson," offered one of the officers at Craig's side. The old man of the beaver hat gravely bowed his head to the salutation, and Craig cringed before the austerity of his noble face.

"Brian Donaldson, the novelist," explained the officer to his companion on Craig's left. "He's blind as a bat, but he goes poking around everywhere—pawnshops, and bookstores, and police courts. Always alone—never seems to lose his way."

Then the two officers of the court turned to their charge in dismay, for he had collapsed to unconsciousness in their rough grasp.

THE SONNET IN CANADIAN LITERATURE

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD



HE lover of sonnets is surely "born not made". Devotees of poetry might almost be divided into two classes—those who enjoy sonnets and those who do not. To the former the sonnet seems the absolutely right form of expression for certain moods and thoughts; to the latter it is a synonym for the artificial and the arbitrary.

These two classes might be subdivided into the extremely technical admirer of this form of verse, who thinks first of exact adherence to the rules of sonnet-building, and even perhaps adds a few small rules of his own, and the anti-sonneteer, who maintains that to write a sonnet one need only compress (or expand) into fourteen lines a motif which might as well or better have been put into a more lyric and less restricted verse-form.

Every reader of English poetry knows Wordsworth's and Rossetti's sonnets on the sonnet—which the student of verse should surely memorize. Richard Watson Gilder's variation on the same theme may be less familiar, so I quote it here:

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring
sea;

A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;

A two-edged sword, a star, a song,—ah,
me,
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell!

This was the flame that shook with Dante's
breath;

The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shake-
speare's shadow falls:

A sea like this is—beware who ventureth.
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Deep as mid-ocean to the sheer moun-
tain-walls.

The sonnet cannot be called a favourite form in Canadian poetry, but some of our best-known writers have found it a natural and forcible mode of expression. Charles G. D. Roberts has a sonnet-sequence of thirty poems called "Songs of the Common Day", forming a series of pictures of familiar Canadian landscape, clear in outline and rich in colour and atmosphere. (The fact that this writer is my brother makes it difficult for me to deal with his work. To express fully the admiration which I certainly feel might appear to savour somewhat too much of family pride! So I will content myself with a quotation.) One colourful sonnet I give entire:

Amber and blue, the smoke behind the hill,
Where in the glow fades out the morning
star,

Curtains the autumn cornfield, sloped afar,
And strikes an acrid savour on the chill.
The hilltop fence shines saffron o'er the
still

Unbending ranks of bunched and bleach-
ing corn,

And every pallid stalk is crisp with
morn,
Crisp with the silver autumn morn's distil.

Purple the narrowing alleys stretched be-
tween

The spectral shooks, a purple harsh and
cold,

But spotted, where the gadding pumpkins run,
 With bursts of blaze that startle the serene
 Like sudden voices—globes of orange bold,
 Elate to mimic the unrisen sun.

“The Sower” and the “Potato Harvest” are so well-known that I need scarcely quote them; “The Oat-Threshing” and “Buckwheat” are rich of hue and haunting in their power of re-creating atmosphere and association—but to one who loves Canadian country life all this sequence is a treasure-house. Among the “Miscellaneous Sonnets” of this poet I will just mention the “Collect for Dominion Day”—which might be used profitably at every political meeting!

Archibald Lampman has added richly to our store of sonnets. His little sequence of five called “The Frogs” is full of the breath of spring and the magic of the woods. Among his other sonnets, I should like to give one showing something of his attitude toward life, and one of his exquisite nature-pictures. For the first I have chosen “Sight”:

The world is bright with beauty, and its days

Are filled with music; could we only know
 True ends from false, and lofty things
 from low;

Could we but tear away the walls that graze
 Our very elbows in life’s frosty ways;

Behold the width beyond us with its flow
 Its knowledge and its murmur and its glow,

Where doubt itself is but a golden haze.

Ah, brothers, still upon our pathway lies

The shadow of dim weariness and fear,
 Yet if we could but lift our earthward eyes

To see, and open our dull ears to hear,
 Then should the wonder of this world
 draw near

And life’s innumerable harmonies.

For the nature-poem, it is indeed hard to choose. So many favourites come to mind—“March”, “After Mist”, “A Morning Summons”, and that lovely last sonnet, “Winter Uplands”—but perhaps “In November” is one of the most perfect and suggestive, calling up the scene described with the vividness of a dream:

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield
 To the thick-driving snow. A little while
 And night shall darken down. In shouting file

The woodmen’s carts go by me homeward-wheeled,

Past the thin fading stubbles, half-concealed,

Now golden-gray, sowed softly through
 with snow,

Where the last ploughman follows still
 his row,

Turning black furrows through the whitening field.

Far off the village lamps begin to gleam,
 Fast drives the snow, and no man comes
 this way;

The hills grow wintry white, and bleak
 winds moan

About the naked uplands. I alone

Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor gray,
 Wrapped round with thought, content to
 watch and dream.

Speaking of sonnet-sequences, I must not omit “A Lover’s Diary” by Gilbert Parker. This series tells a love story in autobiographical form. There are passages of real beauty, and the whole tone is one of chivalry and idealism, but the “Lady” of the poet’s adoration always struck me as vague and artificial, and the tragic climax of separation has not sufficient cause. The greatest charm of this volume, for me, lies in the delightful little “Egyptian Proverbs” which mark the divisions of the story. I have always wondered whether these are really “Egyptian” proverbs, or gold of the writer’s own coining and no more Egyptian than Elizabeth Barret Browning’s poems are “from the Portuguese”.

Robert Norwood, one of the best-known of our younger poets, has also enshrined a fair lady in a series of sonnets. These are artistic in workmanship, perhaps sometimes a little over-elaborate, but rising in parts to much force of thought and emotion. Though each sonnet is complete in itself, the series is so homogeneous that it is difficult to quote one part which will give a fair sample of the whole. It should be read in its entirety.

The Petrarchan and Miltonic sonnet-forms, with variations, are those generally used by Canadian writers.

The pure Shakespearean form is quite rare—I cannot, on the spur of the moment, recall a dozen of this type in our literature; though the couplet-ending is used very widely in the variants of the Petrarchan.

When we consider the general definition of this verse-form, and that it deals with the order and disposition of the rhymes as well as with the *sine qua non* of fourteen lines, and (in the Petrarchan form and its off-shoots) the division into octave and sestet—we may well hesitate to call a rhymeless poem of fourteen lines a sonnet. But Keats wrote one at least, and called it that; gave it, in fact, no other title but "Sonnet" only; and now we have from Bliss Carman's pen "Four Sonnets" in unrhymed verse, so we may as well enlarge our definition! Certainly those "Four Sonnets" are very beautiful and so rich both in vowel-music and in colour, that I had read them more than once before I realized the lack of rhyme. The first of the four, beginning "Heaven is no larger than Connecticut", has been so widely-quoted that it is probably familiar to most readers, so I will give here one which embodies richly a vision of Autumn fields:

Now when the time of fruit and grain is
come,

When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from the tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colours of the Orient,
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy
hills.

The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear
Tints of Bokhara and of Samarcand;
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;
And while the crickets file along her march,
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

There is a sonnet by George Frederick Scott which, once read, is not likely to be soon forgotten. The graphic force of the first part and the weird surprise of the closing lines fix it strongly in the memory. It would make, I think, a good subject for a picture:

I saw Time in his workshop carving faces;
Scattered around his tools lay, blunting
griefs,

Sharp cares that cut out deeply in reliefs
Of light and shade; sorrows that smooth the
traces

Of what were smiles. Nor yet without
fresh graces

His handiwork, for oft-times rough were
ground

And polished, oft the pinched made
smooth and round;

The calm look, too, the impetuous fire re-
places.

Long time I stood and watched; with
hideous grin

He took each heedless face between his
knees,

And graved and scarred and bleached
with boiling tears.

I wondering turned to go, when, lo! my
skin

Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face
sees

Itself all changed, scarred, careworn,
white with years.

Ethelwyn Wetherald is another of our poets who has found the sonnet a natural medium of expression. There is one of hers—"To February"—whose sestet is certainly among the loveliest things I know:

Oh, master-builder, blustering as you go
About your giant work, transforming all
The empty woods into a glittering hall,
And making lilac lanes and footpaths grow
As hard as iron under stubborn snow,
Though every fence stand forth a marble
wall,

And windy hollows drift to arches tall,
There comes a night that shall your might
o'erthrow.

Build high your white and dazzling palaces,
Strengthen your bridges, fortify your
towers,

Storm with a loud and a portentous lip;
And April with a fragmentary breeze

And half a score of gentle golden hours
Shall leave no trace of your stern
workmanship.

There are other nature-sonnets of Ethelwyn Wetherald's that I long to quote, and some of her love-sonnets have a lyric passion and depth that rank them with Mrs. Browning's. "Good-bye," "Telepathy," and "At Parting" are among these.

Duncan Campbell Scott, one of the most distinctive and individualistic of our writers, has some sonnets which make pictures in the memory.

I think of those I have read the two called "Frost Magic" appeal to me most for sheer beauty and glamour. I quote the first:

Now, in the moonrise, from a winter sky,
The frost has come to charm with elfin
might
This quiet room; to draw with symbol
bright
Faces and forms in fairest charactery
Upon the casement; all the thoughts that lie
Deep hidden in my heart's core he would
tell,
How the red shoots of fancy strike and
swell,
How they are watered, what soil nourished
by.

With eerie power he piles his atomies,
Incrusted gems, star-glances overborne
With lids of sleep, pulled from the moth's
bright eyes,
And forests of pale ferns, blanched and
forlorn,
Where Oberon of unimagined size
Might in the silvered silence wind his
horn.

In Helena Coleman we have a sonneteer of force and charm. She has written many sonnets, polished, artistic, and of a sonorous music. "Beyond the Violet Rays" contains a suggestive thought finely expressed:

Beyond the violet rays we do not know
What colours lie, what fields of light
abound,
Or what undreamed effulgence may sur-
round
Our dreaming consciousness, above, below;

Nor is it far that finite sense can go
Along the subtle passages of sound,
The finer tonal waves are too profound
For mortal ears to catch their ebb and flow.

But there are moments when upon us steal
Motions of far wider realms that lie
Beyond our spirit borders, and we feel
That fine, ethereal joys we cannot name,
In some vast orbit circling, sweeping by,
Touch us in passing as with wings of
flame.

But instances of fine work in this field are more numerous than I realized when this discursive survey was begun, and if I continue at this rate my little task will turn into a sonnet-anthology! There are many more sonnets I would like to quote—and many more, doubtless, with which I have not made acquaintance. But I must at least mention George A. MacKenzie's "In That New World Which is the Old", Marion Osborne's strong love-sonnets, Gertrude Bartlett Taylor's "The Gunners", Katherine Hale's "At Noon", and Arthur Bourinot's lovely "Autumn Silence" and "Returning".

Truly, the sonnet is more at home in Canadian writing than I wot of when this paper was begun! It is true that some of our leading singers have not used it at all, but in the hands of those who have, it is "a precious jewel carved most curiously; it is a little picture painted well".





THE HARVEST FIELD
From a Painting by Wyatt Eaton in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal



The market for little pigs, Bayeux

IN A NORMAN MARKET

BY MURIEL JOCELYN



HE stood at the foot of my bed, a slender, lovely thing, with red gold hair and laughing eyes. "Wake up," she cried, "wake up. You're in

France, and the sun has made the whole world gold. Look!" She drew the curtains, and through the rose-hung window I looked out across a mediæval courtyard with plane trees rising in the distance and, far against the sky, the soft gray of the Cathedral tower.

The door opened and the little *bonne* appeared with my *petit déjeuner*, two rolls and a cup of coffee. "What a dickie bird's breakfast," said my companion and, seeing I was fully awake, she announced that today was market day, that I must hurry with my dressing lest one moment of it be missed, and then van-

ished, a whirling cloud of pink draperies.

"*Elle est gentille,*" murmured the little *bonne*, "*si gaie, si charmante. Elle n'est pas Americaine. Non? Canadienne? Bon.*"

There were just the two of us in the convent, for the tourist season had not begun, and the halls and corridors were full of that brooding peace known only to the convent-bred.

A shy little sister with a long veil which almost hid her kind face opened the door leading into the world, and the next moment we stood in the *rue St. Loup*.

Down the long cobble-paved road, past the great Cathedral with soft music pouring from its open doors, and on to the *rue St. Martin* we passed, stopping for a moment to admire the exquisite fourteenth century wooden house at the corner.

Up the rue St. Martin lay the great market-place of Bayeux, with plane trees standing sentinel-wise around its cobble-stoned expanse.

Temporary booths had been erected over night, and the voices of countrymen were heard proclaiming the excellence of their wares. Here a merchant displayed the warm-hued Norman pottery, there a white-coiffed peasant cried the superlative quality of her lettuces, and next to her a blue-smocked, crabbed old peasant offered mussels wet and gleaming in the strong brown wicker baskets at his feet.

"Flowers, madame?" I heard. A young girl stood at my elbow. She was like a flower herself in her gay frock, checked apron, and snowy cap; and while she filled my arms with roses, I watched Young Canada buying strawberries, cool and luscious in their leafy nests, from an old woman in a vine-decked stall.

"*Voulez vous les canards?*" The old woman was fat and breathless, in her eye was the light of battle. These people, she told herself, were Americans; she knew them, and they would buy, if one had the patience. I shook my head. She persisted. If I would not buy, at least I would not have the heart to refuse to look at them, and from a basket she produced two fluffy, protesting ducks with their yellow feet tied together.

"Fifi and Fifinette," she proclaimed, "and you can have them alive or dead. Non?" She wept copiously. "*Pauvres petites,*" she sighed, "*mon Fifi, ma Fifinette,*" and then told a long garrulous tale of how the sale of these little ones was all that stood between her and starvation. She wrung her hands, she called upon Heaven to witness the truth of her words, and then, seeing I was firm, turned on Young Canada.

"I'll buy them," said the latter.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said I. "She's a regular tramp, and probably tells this tale to every foreigner she sees." But I was too late.

Already Young Canada was pouring francs into the gnarled old hand, and Fifi and Fifinette changed owners with surprising lack of emotion on the part of the old woman once the good Norman silver was hers.

Creamy Camembert cheeses wrapped in fresh leaves, luscious glowing fruits, and vegetables crisp and green were displayed in gay canvas-covered stalls. In the distance, a wooden block resounded to the blows of the butcher's axe as he cut fresh joints under the watchful housewife's eye. In one corner a little goat was for sale, in another a vast pile of clothing, dry goods, etc., was presided over by a fiery-eyed cavalier in a royal blue smock and felt hat.

"*Voulez-vous les corsets,*" he cried, displaying a mediæval shape, guaranteed, so he told us, to last a year, and all for the magnificent sum of two francs. "*Non. Voulez-vous les chemises? Non?*"

He grew more incredulous, and then, as the crowd gathered, turned his attention to a pile of gray flannelette garments and waxed loud and long upon their merits.

"What's he saying?" said Young Canada.

"*Et* is saying, my dear," I answered, "that these gray flannelette *pantalons* are the finest in the world, that they are of superlative fit and workmanship, that if there is any lady in the crowd who does not believe him, he will present her with a pair of these superlative *pantalons*, provided she will give herself the trouble of trying them on to prove to all the world that they are what he declares them to be, and," I added, "he is coming our way."

Young Canada fled. In her hurry, however, she left behind the basket containing Fifi and Fifinette, and I noticed an old woman strangely like the one who had sold them to her, pick up the basket and walk away. I did not interfere. I had no desire to travel across Normandy in company with two cheeping ducklings.



"Down the long, cobble-paved street, past the Cathedral"
Note the fourteenth-century wooden house on the left



The Market-place, Bayeux



Another view of the same place



“Down the road came a milkmaid”

“Cider, sweet Norman cider,” called a bright-eyed girl, and while we drank to her very good health a young fisherman offered us a string of shining fresh caught fish. We shook our heads.

“I have regret, madame,” he said grandly. “It is not often that you will find fish like *these*.” He drew himself up. “And I, Pierre Loliot, have said it.”

We didn’t know who Pierre Loliot was, but he was plainly a person of importance to himself and to the rosy cheeked vendor of cider. With a blush that made her rosier still she leaned forward.

“Pierre, thou wilt drink?”

His ill-humour vanished.

“*A vous, petite*,” he said, draining his glass, and when last we saw him he was deep in conversation with “*la petite*”.

Opposite the inevitable café, a crowd of thirsty Normans sat drinking their red and white wine, in the distance a merry-go-round bore its laughing freight of children, and in

a warm sunny corner an old fiddler softly played the songs of the country. Near him the lace makers had a stall. One of them, in her black frock and white cap, sang to herself as she sped the shuttles to and fro. It was the lace makers’ song.

Down the road came a milkmaid in the quaint and primitive Norman fashion—by her side a minute gray donkey with a couple of gleaming brass and copper cans fastened to its saddle. The woman told us that her name was Juliette and that she brought the milk to market every week, even as her grandmother and mother had done; and “*le petit*”, she concluded, pointing to the donkey, “*is called Francois*”.

Suddenly there arose the most harrowing cries. The crowd parted. There before us stretched row upon row of pig pens, iron bound and cleanly, and each individual porker therein was screaming its loudest.

The Bayeux market is famous for the excellence of its pork, and from all Calvados the merchants crowd to

buy. Being bought hadn't disturbed poor piggie. He didn't know that his destination was Paris and ultimately the table of the rich, and so he didn't care. It was, however, the method of removal that grieved him to the point of loud protest. Tall, stalwart Normans, called in the vernacular pig-men, dressed in bright blue linen with scarlet scarfs in lieu of a belt, and wide felt hats worn low upon their heads, followed the merchants from pen to pen. When the bargain was made and the gold exchanged, the new-comer pointed out his cart. Bending down, the big peasant picked up the porker by his

tail and forequarters, and carried him away squealing to the four winds of Heaven. How it was that the tails did not come off *en route*, was a thing I did not discover. "Doesn't it hurt them?" I asked of an old priest in a rusty cassock, standing near me. "*Mais, non, madame.*" "But why do they yell so?" I persisted. "Ah, madame," he said, with a twinkle, "it is the indignity of having their tails pulled to which they object"!

"Come," said Canada, "there are *marrons glacé* in the *patisserie* across the road, and it is a long time since breakfast."



A Norman woman making lace

YOUNG AVIATORS IN FEATHERS

BY HAMILTON M. LAING



HERE are not many of us who at some time or other have not fallen to wondering over the cleverness of our young wildwoods friends in feathers. This is the more certain if, fortunately, we have spent our earlier years in the country and now and again claimed robins, bluebirds or wrens or other sociable birds for neighbours. We wondered how the young things, yesterday apparently so helpless, to-day left the home nest—left of a sudden as though springing a surprise on us, leaving behind but a sagging nest and some skin sloughings as disdainful souvenir of the short days between egg and up-and-away maturity. Our swallows or martins that yesterday chirped noisily, open-mouthed at the door of the bird-box, to-day are gone on airy wing; the wren youngsters that in a snug chink in an out-building jabbered vociferously from the nest yesterday, are silent to-day and departed; the young robins, yesterday bulging over the nest's rim, stolid, stupid, incapable, to-day are vanished—these and other like tricks all raised anew the mighty wonder of the feathered youngsters. How do they learn?—is the oft-asked, seldom-answered query of the young ten-year-old naturalist.

“Why, the old ones teach them, of course,” is the usual parental answer. “Who else would teach them?”

But somehow this answer never seemed satisfactory, for the simple reason that we could never see the bird youngsters taking a lesson; and to those who go to the birds themselves the story is very different. For the birds are taught but little by their parents. In fact, speaking generally, in things pertaining to flight they are not taught at all—they know. As soon as the fledgling has the strength enough he knows how to use it. The knowledge, the instinct for flight, comes with him from the egg.

It must be accepted as a general principle that the shorter the infancy or youth of a creature, the less he has to learn, the more complete must be his instinctive equipment. At one end of the scale we may see the insect spring full-blown from his pupal case and go off about his business thoroughly wise in the ways of the world—a world that he has never seen. He learns nothing; he knows instinctively everything necessary for his well-being. At the other end of the ladder we find the human being with a childhood prolonged for years. He has the most to learn and the longest time in which to learn it. He starts with rather little, but happily enjoys a long youth, a time of play and experimentation fitting him for eventual maturity. Somewhere between these two extremes we find the bird. That young grouse and sandpipers and plover and snipe all run shortly after birth, while young ducks



Young, Sharp-tailed Grouse—midgets, yet almost ready to fly
Note the extraordinary development of their tiny wings

and geese and other waterfowl swim almost as quickly; that a young warbler spends but nine or ten days in the parental nest; a thrasher, thirteen or fourteen; that the big Canada goose requires but ten or eleven weeks after hatching to take himself off on the wing—these and other glimpses into the life of the birds tell us very eloquently that their period of preparation is short, their early career meteoric. Consequently then their instinctive equipment must be very complete; and it is. Instinct makes few mistakes; the bird has no time for play and experimentation.

Of the instinctive or primitive promptings in the bird there are few perhaps that are more pronounced than the flight instinct. All the birds, it would seem, possess it about equally. It is necessary for us merely to study a wing, study too its various motions as displayed by the speed lens in motion photography—and what an amount the speed lens and shutter have taught us!—or even to use a good eye afield, to be convinced that the teaching of the art of using this member is a feat in pedagogy somewhat beyond the reach of mere birds—even fond parent birds. And to teach it in a crowded nest seems absurd. Nevertheless, it is necessary here to distinguish between two classes of young aviators, *i.e.* those that can and do experiment a certain

amount before achieving flight, and those that do not, cannot, dare not. For a line may be drawn fairly sharply without many species hanging on the border. In nearly all cases a fledgling is one thing or he is the other.

In the study of the wing in either of these classes one can go back a very long way. Almost every fledgling shows a little of his family tree in his wings, shows a trace of his four-footed ancestors of the days long ago, when feathers were mere scales and unlovely lizards, rather than birds, pretty much owned the earth. For birds of primitive orders such as grebes, coots and herons, in their first attempts at locomotion walk on fours, while the fledglings of the higher orders stand similarly, using the wings as front legs; and even later when the latter have learned to stand erect upon their feet they droop the front members helplessly. This pose is characteristic of all fledglings; it is the badge of the immature, the helpless. Coupled with an extended neck and gaping beak it is a begging pose irresistible—more eloquent perhaps than any human pose could be. It is only later, in the days when flight is a possibility, the flight feathers well grown and the muscles of locomotion developed, that the wings are tucked away snugly in place in the manner of the adult.



Young Red-tailed Hawk in a premature flight.
He is awkward, does not pick up his feet and plainly works one wing
more than the other. But he flew a hundred yards

Yet when we examine the birds and divide them into the classes indicated, *i.e.*, those that may play or experiment a little and those that may not, we find that it is rather the low orders that have the privilege of learning; the water-birds being most noteworthy; the higher orders, as represented by the passerines or perchers, are less favoured and must be content to start off on the wing quite unschooled. The difference is merely that in the case of the water-birds the young may give their wings a trial whenever ambition prompts, whereas with the greater number of the tree nesters and ground nesters such a trial would be fatal.

Ducks, geese, coots, grebes, pelicans, swans, some gulls, terns and other water-birds nest on or near the water; the young take to it at a very early age. They secure protection from ability to swim well and in most of these species to dive well. The

water is their stronghold. A young bird's ambition usually is slightly in advance of his strength—although there are exceptions—and so it is that on the marshes we see the young of these water-birds trying their growing wings. Thus we occasionally see the young teal or pintail or mallard duck mount upon the convenient rat-house, stand and for a moment, fan the air with his new wings, or jump down and flap violently in his descent. Or we may more commonly note these ducks or the coots or the grebes (and the geese more rarely) taking short, pattering runs upon the water, fanning rapidly with the wings as they run. They do this again and again; it is a real game to them. It is quite certain that such acts are either mere play (and, of course, all play of wild things has its unconscious purpose) or they are the response to the instinctive promptings for flight and give exercise to grow-

ing muscles that call for action. All which is rather much the same thing. To all appearance the bird is learning to fly. He is; and he is not. For the most part he merely is developing his strength while growing flight feathers. He has little to learn, for wing motion comes as naturally to him as drawing his breath does. During the ten days preceding flight he flaps away in the same manner; what he lacks is strength and complete flight machinery in the way of long, strong wing quills.

The methods of young ducks in getting off on the wing in most species are exactly alike. As a tiny peeper the young duckling swims well, but when he wishes to make a little speed he rises slightly and runs upon the water. His helpless downy wings are mere balancers, perhaps as useful to him as arms are to an athlete in running. This trick of pattering on the water is not soon abandoned by the duckling; but later when his wing planes have become partially grown they become more than mere balancers; they now tend to lift him as he runs and they increase his speed. More and more the wings assist him till he is able to clear the water for a few feet; very soon after this, flight is in his possession. Almost as soon as he can clear the water he can fly a good distance. It is noteworthy that this method of getting started is common to the young of all ducks, geese, swans, coots and grebes, but most of them abandon it as soon as possible, and when the wings are strong they spring directly into the air. Only the scaups, canvasbacks and scoters, ruddy ducks and coots and grebes: the benighted ones of the numerous family stick to early methods and always run to get a start. But the fact that so many of these birds do this, and that they all play more or less in this way while young, goes to show that to a certain degree at least the water-birds may be said to learn to fly.

We see the same thing from a slightly different angle in the case of

a molted goose. In midsummer these birds shed their flight feathers, and during the few weeks in which they renew their planes they are incapable of rising; their fastest pace then is achieved by running on the water, duckling fashion. While the long, strong primaries are lengthening, these birds fan their wings considerably, doubtless trying them out as it were. Yet it could scarcely be contended that these birds are learning to fly. They are merely exercising. To a slightly greater degree only may the young of the other water-fowl be said to be learning. The juveniles of the gulls and terns do not run on the water in starting. Instead, they spring into the air; this is done by a flick of the long, pointed wings rather than by a run or jump with the legs; and long before they are ready to follow their parents, we may note these little chaps jumping aloft in anticipation of a coming day.

The water-birds mentioned above are not the only ones to exercise the wings and tune up a little in anticipation of flight. It is a safe guess that almost all young birds that are not helpless try more or less to use their growing members. Thus the plover and snipe young, so nimble on their legs, the tiny grouse so skilful at running and hiding, are all able to practise flight. Doubtless the young marsh hawks too, hatched on the ground and having apparently no great cause for concealment, exercise as the others do, though judging from the nature of the cover about their homes, one must be led to feel that their gymnastics must be limited to stretching and fanning. But the water-birds offer the examples more easily seen. A season spent on the breeding grounds of the ducks will give any observer a multiplicity of data. In fact the successive steps in the young teal's growing ability may be noted from the day when he is a downling to that in which he leaves his pond but circles the rim to be sure that he can get safely back to it again.



Two young Canada Geese about ten weeks old, at the time they achieve flight. The Snow Goose is an adult, but unable to fly on account of wounds or molt

Now let us consider the way of the other class of birds, *i.e.*, those that have no opportunity to use the wings before the final test. It is very obvious that the flickers and other woodpeckers that are reared within the

cramped walls of a wooden home, and wrens that are literally piled up within the confines of a nest hidden in one of the innumerable holes and crannies in which wren parents build, and eave swallows that spend their

early days within hollow mud nests, or the bank swallows or kingfishers that are housed in an earthy tunnel, cannot in any case secure opportunity to try their wings more than perhaps to stretch them a little. It is equally obvious that if the young crow or hawk reared at high elevation sprang off prematurely, he would come to grief in a hard fall; and that young red-winged or yellow-headed black-birds if too ambitious and left the nest in the rushes to practise aviation too soon would be very apt to meet a watery fate. The sea birds that spend their youth on beetling, inaccessible crags high above the water, or eaglets up on the cliff, both must make a fair success of aviation at the first attempt. And all these birds and many more do just this. "If at first you don't succeed," etc., means nothing to these youngsters. They must succeed at first or fail altogether.

The birds of this class that give us best opportunity for observation are the swallows. In a deserted house or out-building or stable loft the barn swallow pair fasten their half-cup of mud and in it rear a family of four or five. Try as we may the only instruction we can note from the parents is that they make unceasing trips to the nest bearing insect provender. The youngsters grow and grow; they fill the nest; they overflow it and sit and gaze steadfastly out through the door or broken window. Do they stand on the nest-rim daily and exercise their growing pinions? Perhaps they do no more than stretch them; for the position of the nest usually precludes more than this. We approach too close some day—whisk! whisk!—off out through the door go two or three of our swallow young. They do not fly as well as their nimble parents; but for a first trial it is a marvel. These birds very commonly build on a beam below a bridge, where to fall from the nest would mean death; yet they rarely drown.

Similarly we may watch a colony of the cave (cliff) swallows where the

young are hidden from us by the mud walls of the globular nest. In the days immediately preceding flight, greedy mouths are constantly at the door shouting for food. There is no way in which these crowded youngsters may give trial to their wings. Yet there comes a day notable in the colony on account of its noise and excitement, and a dozen of these young and unschooled aviators come out through their mud portals and on untried wings go skimming off joyously. The tree swallows and the martins in the bird-house behave similarly; there are no trials, no transitions between non-flight and flight. The youngster knows when he can fly and how, knows by the instinct within him, just as he knows the time to migrate, the direction to take, the time to mate, or how to build a nest.

By far the larger number of birds belong to this class. Nature in her wisdom evidently has found experimentation rather bad; instinct makes fewer mistakes. In addition to those already mentioned, the young of nearly all the tree-nesters: crows, hawks, owls, grackles, orioles, robins, thrashers, waxwings, doves, flycatchers, vireos, the thicket nesters and many others, are all fairly capable when they undertake to fly. Some of them seem to possess dangerous ambitions. Young robins frequently fall from the nest before they are nearly equipped and so perish miserably. Young orioles or grackles sometimes, though more rarely, do the same. But there doubtless is a reason for this. Robins have been nesting about our premises so long that they have lost some of their native fear of being discovered. It is possible that the youngsters in their greed and overzeal to secure the food brought by the parents, and not being compelled to be quiet and stealthy at their meals, get out on the nest-rim too early and so fall.

With a few of these birds, however, there is a certain very limited amount of experimentation. Before



Young Ducks nearing flight. The bird in the distance shows the method; he has almost succeeded in rising



Snow Goose unable to rise because his new wing quills are not fully grown after molting. He now runs on the water just as the young run



Even when they can stand upon their feet they droop their wings helplessly.
Young Long-eared Owl well grown, but quite unable to fly

flying, young crows usually leave the nest and move out through the branches. The same is done by young long-eared owls. Young night herons too, leave their rickety stick platforms and take a course in cruising about the tree-tops before they trust their wings. In these excursions these birds climb or jump from branch to branch, and in this way perhaps secure a trifle of practice; but it is so little as to be scarcely worth noting. Both a young crow and a long-eared owl have been seen to spring from the nest beyond the rim of which they never before had ventured, and make off in a very respectable flight. A young horned owl, when visited at his nest and scared badly, has been seen to jump out and attempt aviation on half-grown wings, when the best he could do was

fall easily at an angle of about forty-five degrees. He knew instinctively what to do, but he lacked the machinery. On two occasions young red-tailed hawks have been routed from their nests when their flight was a steady descent that brought them to earth at a hundred yards. In these cases all the young did the best they could; they failed simply for the reason that their strength was in arrears to their ambition. It may be reminded here that the birds of prey are exceedingly slow at getting a-wing; the hawks and eagles do not fly until they are completely feathered and mature in appearance.

Other than this sort of preliminary moving about the tree-tops, or in some cases in the grass, there is very little movement of the fledglings till they are ready to fly. There is a very



Newly hatched Killdeers.

Young Plover and Snipe are precocious, yet even they use the wings first as legs or props

excellent reason why the young woodpeckers, bluebirds, tree swallows and kingfishers should stay in the seclusion of their holes, why the young robins, orioles, catbirds, blackbirds, warblers and flycatchers should stick tight to their home nests, why the ground nesters: the sparrows, horned larks, longspurs, bobolinks and meadowlarks should hold close to the grass-tuft that is their home. The perils of the young things are truly innumerable and terrible. Death awaits the fledgling on every hand; it peers in upon the nest by day and by night. The percentage of young that die by violence between hatching and flight is shockingly, cruelly high. The infancy of the weaker birds is a gamble with death, and the odds are heavy against them. How silent are the fledglings! How attentive, nervous, devoted, the parents! The greatest care of the latter is to conceal the whereabouts of the treasures they attend so zealously. Secrecy is

the key-note of their lives at this time. It is only the young of the birds that are hidden securely from attack, such as woodpeckers in holes, swallows in their inaccessible mud nests, wrens in their various strongholds, and others of the sort, that jabber and shout and betray their presence and location. Many of the young birds, and especially the ground nesters, are as silent as can be. Their lives depend on it. Woe to the nest of young meadowlarks or vesper sparrows or horned larks that sets up indiscreet jabbering when weasels or ground squirrels or foxes or skunks or big snakes or any others of their numerous foes are within earshot. They must be silent until they have safety in their wings.

From a glance at the list of water-birds that experiment, it will be seen that nearly all these young are precocious. They can swim well, find their own food (the gulls, terns, and pelicans and some others to the con-



This young Red-tailed Hawk, scared by the approach of the photographer, rushed to his wings and landed in a slough

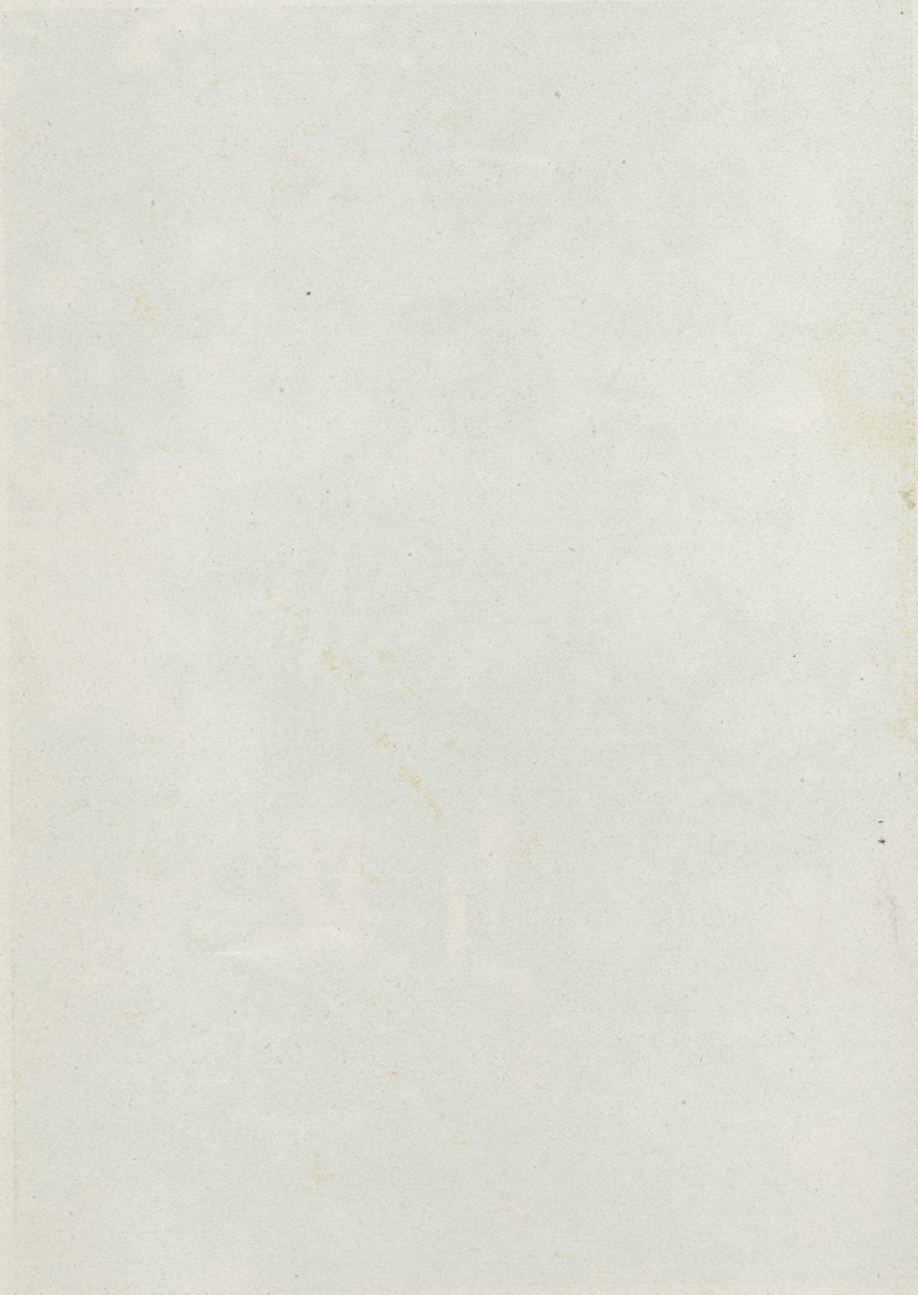
trary), keep sharp look out for foes and escape by running, swimming, diving and hiding. Fledglings in the second class, *i.e.*, those raised in nests, are very backward and helpless. In no case must they show themselves. If the young catbird or thrasher or warbler climbed aloft in the shrubbery to practise the gymnastics of aviation, he would prove easy prey for hawk foe. If he jumped down to earth he would meet ground prowlers with appetities for fledglings quite as keen. He must stay in his nest or perish. The ground nesters in the field are in even more precarious position. Were they to attempt to move about, they would be picked up even

more quickly than would the young of the thicket birds. It is only the precocious ones: the plover and snipe and grouse young, that can run and hide in a moment, that may show themselves afield and hope to live.

Doubtless there are exceptions to this general rule. Says Mr. W. L. Finley of the rufus hummingbird in "North American Birds": "I have never seen a hummingbird fall from the nest in advance of his strength as a robin often does. When the time comes he seems to spring into the air full grown, clad in glittering armour, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. While I lay quiet in the bushes I learned the reason. . . . Then



Young Red-tailed Hawk
Even with well-feathered wings and mature look he is as yet unable to fly



he tried his wings. They began slowly as though getting up steam. He made them buzz till they fairly lifted him off his feet; he had to hang on to keep from going; he could fly but the time was not yet ripe." But it is easy to find an explanation. The nests of these birds are most diminutive structures, usually placed on a limb that is well protected from above, and the youngsters are so tiny as almost to escape notice.

In these birds we see very clearly the sharp difference between their in-born faculty for flight and their instinct for securing food. Flight is by no means the last acquisition of most birds. Most fledglings are dependent on their parents long after they are able on the wing. A young gull starves to death if lost or deserted by his parents even when he is possessed of strong flight. The young hawks and crows must be fed long after they can fly well. The old crow's labours at jamming eatables into the vociferous throats of well-fledged young is a common sight in the fields and meadows in July and August. A young cowbird follows his much-imposed-upon foster parents about and demands no end of provender even after he seems quite fully grown. The young of all the thicket birds may be seen following their parents and begging, when it takes a second glance on our part to distinguish old from young. Food getting seems much more a matter of education; there is more for him really to learn here. The knack of getting his dinner seems not so purely instinctive as the other is. It must be a big day for the young marsh hawk when first he gets up in the breeze, but a bigger event in his life when he grabs his first mouse or ground squirrel. Happy must be the young robin in the hour that he discovers initiative in himself to pull the cherries first hand from the tree and fill his insatiable belly.

It is interesting to compare the precocity of the various birds—or the

lack of it—in getting away on their wings. The young yellow warblers that leave the nest in nine or ten days, the young robin that does the same in twelve, and the whip-poor-will or thrasher in thirteen or fourteen, all show their haste through this period of helplessness; but for even more precocity, apparent at least, we must look to the grouse. For whereas the young of the other species just mentioned have attained approximately their growth in these periods, the young grouse go whizzing when they are but downy midgets. With these birds, both sharp-tailed, ruffed, and pinnated grouse, the flight feathers grow in advance of the plumage, and while he is but still a tiny chick the youngster is able to fly well. This trick of Nature has helped to save the grouse from extermination. Were they able merely to hide in the grass when surprised by a foe, it would be possible for a fox or coyote or any other sharp-nosed prowler, upon discovering the covey, to annihilate it.

From these clever young aviators at the head of the class we may find them in all grades of slowness down to the great water-birds requiring nine or ten weeks (which really is wondrously rapid at that) and to the eagle, slower still by far. For near the foot of the class we find him: royalty, our kingly bird. He requires three months or more to grow the predatory tools of his fierce trade and to perfect the seven-foot expanse of great wing planes that later will take him aloft and place him upon the throne of all the birds. And with him down at the very foot (that is, among North American birds) is the great lonely California vulture or condor that up in his mountain home requires about six months to grow his immense ten-foot pinions. A long childhood indeed for a bird, especially for one that seems to have so little to learn; but then, perhaps, this big bird is not just what we imagine him to be.

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XIV.—WHAT WAS LEFT OVER



HE Liberal party of Ontario was on the edge of the grave when Honourable George W. Ross became Prime Minister. For the condition of the party he was not chiefly responsible. His fault was that he tolerated desperate expedients in the endeavour to resuscitate a body whose hold upon healthy and vigorous life could not be renewed. In successive bye-elections there was organized personation, violation of the sanctity of ballot boxes, intimidation, coercion and direct purchase of voters. It is a profound pity that such a chapter should have been written, for there is no other in the history of Ontario of which its people need be ashamed. The demoralization began under Mr. Hardy, although he was even less responsible than Mr. Ross for the calculated plottings and activities of the agents of corruption. A guerilla organization with connections at Ottawa, Toronto, and London, recruited a body of personators for service in provincial and federal bye-elections, and carried constituencies in defiance of public sentiment. One could produce the evidence, but there is nothing savoury in the rehearsal of scandal nor any profit in reviving incidents which would involve the dead and the living in discredit and dishonour.

Many of the active agents in these

discreditable practices never were discovered. Some of those upon whom condemnation fell most heavily were not the chief culprits. It is best sometimes that the veil should not be lifted even if one cannot agree that there is any obligation of personal or party loyalty which requires defence of conspiracy and rascality. The time came when even Mr. Ross was convinced that office could be retained only by methods which were beyond toleration and by dependence upon instruments which could not be employed without imminent danger of exposure and disgrace. But he was not willing to resign nor convinced that the outlook was hopeless. He persuaded himself that it was better to save something by negotiation than to lose all in a battle which was going badly. With the sanction, therefore, of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright and two or three of his own colleagues, he approached Mr. Whitney with proposals for a coalition. Mr. Goldwin Smith in *The Weekly Sun* had suggested coalition, and he was persuaded to revive the agitation on assurances that Mr. Ross had become a convert and that *The Globe* would support *The Sun's* argument. *The Globe's* first article in accordance with this agreement was an appeal for union as unequivocal as Mr. Goldwin Smith could have desired, but which in the judgment of

many Liberals emphasized too strongly the hopeless position of a Government with only three of a majority in the Legislature. A second article followed, more guarded in language, but in definite advocacy of coalition.

Mr. Ross foresaw that the position would be embarrassing if Mr. Whitney should not entertain his proposals, and he was anxious that neither *The Globe* nor himself should be irrevocably compromised. For my part I was convinced that the Government should resign, and I had no thought that Mr. Whitney would coalesce. Ross and Whitney were incompatible in temper and method. The Conservative leader was open and eruptive. The Prime Minister was adroit and acute. Ross was often brilliant, Whitney seldom. But Whitney had more quality than he ever revealed in Parliament or on the platform. Whitney trusted Hardy, and they were much alike; he distrusted Ross, and they were greatly unlike.

Among Liberals there was a common conviction that the Conservative party never could attain office under Whitney. This, too, was the impression of many Conservatives. I remember that a few days before polling in 1905, when I was convinced that the Conservatives would have a majority of forty, an active and influential Conservative met my confident prediction with the blunt but unflattering rejoinder that "only a d— fool would think that Whitney could ever beat Ross". This curious undervaluation of Whitney perhaps partly explains Mr. Ross's confidence that the project of coalition would be entertained and explains also the favourable attitude of some Conservatives towards the proposal. But there was never even a momentary prospect that Whitney would enter a coalition. If he ever seemed to hesitate it was because he desired to understand fully the position of his opponents. When this was disclosed he rejected the offer

with decision and emphasis, as he resolutely resisted subsequent attempts by a group of influential people outside the Legislature to bring the leaders of the two parties together in a union cabinet.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier sanctioned the advances to Mr. Whitney, but he cannot have believed that Mr. Ross would succeed. He was greatly concerned over the situation in Ontario, and very urgent when the Union proposal was rejected that Mr. Ross should resign office and enter the federal Cabinet as Liberal leader for Ontario. Laurier contended that if Ross were to persist in the attempt to govern with an inadequate majority he would destroy his own reputation, bequeath the party an accumulating heritage of scandal, and provoke a public feeling which would not discriminate between the Government at Toronto and the Government at Ottawa. He was anxious for Ross, anxious for himself, and anxious for the Liberal party, but the Provincial leader would not listen nor would he ever believe that he could be defeated in a general election. When a party has governed continuously for a third of a century it is not surprising if its leaders become convinced that they have an hereditary title to office. Even during the electoral campaign of 1905 Mr. Ross believed that he would hold the Province, and he infused his courage and confidence into many of his candidates. But the defeat was overwhelming; the ruin so complete that the wreckage still embarrasses and encumbers.

When Mr. Ross was in London for the coronation of King Edward VII. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain through a casual inquiry learned that he was the fourth successive Liberal Premier of Ontario, and that for more than thirty years the Conservative party had been excluded from office in the Province. Turning upon Mr. Ross with courtesy but with energy, the Imperial statesman insisted that the British system of government required regular alternation in office

between the political parties, and that only by such changes could the initiative and capacity of rival statesmen be fully employed in the public service. But Ross was not affected by the advice of Mr. Chamberlain, nor would he listen to the appeal of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, although he admitted that questionable expedients and corrupt expenditures were necessary at the moment to success even in constituencies which were historic strongholds of the Liberal party. If he had resigned in deference to wholesome public sentiment he would have protected his own reputation and dignity, and the restoration of the Liberal party in Ontario would have been a far less onerous undertaking for his successors. But he had an excess of courage, and he was so effective in debate and so persuasive and convincing on the platform that he could not forsake the field and refuse a battle in which he did not doubt that he would prevail.

There was nothing spontaneous in Mr. Ross's speeches, and yet there was a simple, easy, natural spontaneity in their deliverance. Although he prepared with infinite labour, his sentences were spoken as simply and impressively as though they were the coinage of the moment. When he read a speech, as he did sometimes, he was heavy and unimpressive. If he made the same speech without production of the manuscript he was happy, alert, stimulating and inspiring. Few public men speak without exact and laborious preparation. Blake, Cartwright, and Mowat were as dependent upon manuscript as was Ross, but they never achieved his natural spontaneity. Sir John Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie avoided verbal preparation, but they never spoke more naturally than did Ross when he was using the literal language of the manuscript. There was spirit in his sentences, occasional flashes of satirical or impudent humour, a sugges-

tion of complete candour, passages of orderly eloquence, not so perfect when dissected, but singularly impressive as delivered with appropriate inflexion and gesture. His voice was not musical, but there was a penetrating quality, a curious sharpness in attack and an intimate cadence in appeal and defence. Few men could handle a public meeting with such skill, or so restrain and conciliate hostile elements. He was so nonchalant, so reliant, so easily confident in his message and in himself that only the irreconcilable suspected and only the unwary interrupted. If his speeches were prepared his humour was spontaneous enough, and when he could not subdue with banter he would silence and humiliate with contemptuous ridicule or a sudden savage retort from which there was no recovery.

His speeches reveal an amazing power of absorption. They suggest greater knowledge than he possessed. He read many books and something of all remained in his memory. He could expound the science of banking better than the bankers. He could advise manufacturers and instruct farmers. He had an instinct for assimilation and exposition. He had language for the other man's knowledge and expression for his experience. He let off cargo as easily as he loaded. There is not much in his speeches that will survive, for the true flavour of literature is missing, as is almost inevitable in material for the platform. But for immediate effect Sir George Ross was the best speaker of his time in Canada or at least Sir George Foster alone among his contemporaries was as uniformly attractive and effective on the platform and in Parliament.

Sir George Ross was not fortunate in his term of office as Prime Minister of Ontario, nor was his reputation enhanced in the Senate, but these are incidents in a career which was distinguished for patriotic service and a living interest in movements of high social and national value. There

were tests he did not meet, but he was not narrow in sympathy or outlook. His reconstruction of the educational system of Ontario may have been faulty, but the defects were insignificant in a solid body of achievement. He was eager to stimulate native literature. He made valuable contributions to biography and history. A gallant spirit prevailed over severe physical affliction, and he held for thirty years without a single defeat the constituency by which he was first returned to Parliament.

For years after he became leader of the Conservative party Mr. Whitney was a lonely figure. He lived in a village between sessions of the Legislature. Even while the House was sitting he had few friends outside the Chamber. He was seldom seen at a club or at a private dinner. He would go often to the theatre, and he could enjoy a harrowing melodrama. He read the Sunday editions of the American newspapers, from the first page headlines to the comic supplements. But he also read many books, and few men had a wider or more exact knowledge of British political and constitutional history. In social intercourse he could be charming and companionable, generous in judgment, and tolerant of differences of opinion. When he first appeared in the Legislature his speeches were singularly moderate and judicial. But in the long struggle for office he developed irascibility. He became convinced that the balances were weighted against Conservative candidates, that the returns of the ballot boxes did not express the intention of the voters, that there was careless toleration of evil political practices by the comfortable classes, and that even the churches were acquiescent and cowardly. One suspects that he also resented the attitude of many Conservatives to whom his personality made no immediate appeal and who withheld the sympathy and support which was so freely accorded to Sir William Meredith and Sir John Macdonald. It

cannot be said that he had strong support in the Legislature, although the Opposition under successive Conservative leaders was not so contemptible as the country was led to believe. For years there was a general impression that the Conservative party in the Legislature could not form a Cabinet out of the material available and that there was no alternative but to prolong the tenure of Liberal administration. Conscious of this feeling, Mr. Whitney often displayed resentment and anger in his speeches. Indeed he was often heartily abusive but never grossly personal in attack. He was never so abusive as when he defended an associate or repelled aspersions upon his own motives. Unlike Sir George Ross, he spoke without preparation and was often carried into violence and extravagance of statement. But he was so transparent that the people understood and rejoiced in his tempestuous ebullitions. He travelled the Province over, without parade or pretension, often alone and unsupported, often weary but aggressive, resolute, independent and defiant.

From day to day while I was its editor *The Globe* reported his speeches as fully as they were reported by any Conservative newspaper, to the distress of Liberal ministers, who often protested that if the paper would treat him with salutary neglect he never would rise above his natural insignificance. But I was concerned only for *The Globe's* reputation as a newspaper and could not be convinced that the speeches of the Conservative leader should be ignored. There was no thought of conciliating Conservatives nor any desire to assist Mr. Whitney into office. The time came when defence of the methods employed in behalf of the Ross Government was impossible, but there would have been a suspicion of betrayal if, as editor of *The Globe*, I had attempted to exercise the freedom which I believed the circumstances demanded. Connected with the sensational incidents in

which Mr. Gamey was the central figure there is much that has not been disclosed. Neither upon the one side nor upon the other was there a complete revelation, and if the judgment of the Royal Commission was according to the evidence the investigation was incomplete and inconclusive. There could not be a more tangled story, and it was just that Mr. Gamey and the Ross Government should have suffered.

As Prime Minister, Sir James Whitney required and enforced simple integrity in administration and in legislation. He came into office unfettered by pledges to any group or interest. In appointments to office he did not forget the faithful workers of the party, but he protected and trusted the permanent Civil Service. He provided liberally for the University of Toronto. The appropriations for primary and secondary education were substantially increased. He was not too generous towards agriculture nor was he very sympathetic towards revolutionary panaceas for the regeneration of mankind. He suspected the idealists and hated evangelical profession and pretension. He thought he was a Tory, which he was not: he was stern in word and compassionate in action. He guarded his own integrity with such anxious vigilance that his colleagues were sometimes subjected to inconvenient restraint. For he fully trusted only himself, not so much in doubt of associates, as in the resolute determination to know every detail of administration and the reason for every departmental decision. Although he distrusted "public ownership" he sanctioned a great project of municipal co-operation which has been of incalculable advantage to Ontario. He was not a prohibitionist, but he required stringent enforcement of the license regulations and agreed that if a public sentiment should develop strong enough to assure general respect for a prohibitory enactment the Legislature must give effect to the will of the

people. He was a British subject of intense conviction and devotion. He would flame into anger over any suggestion of withdrawal from the Imperial connection. He was deeply anxious that Canada should grow closer to the Mother Country and bear its legitimate proportion of the burden of Imperial defence. He said to me just after the general election of 1908, in which the majority for the Government was overwhelming, "Ontario does not think I am a great man. It does think I am honest. And honest I must be". But that was not a hard task for Sir James Whitney. He was invincibly and belligerently honest, and his character and example, whether or not he was a great man, are among the best possessions of the Province.

There died the other day a colleague of Sir James Whitney of remarkable quality. Honourable W. J. Hanna was less than sixty years old, and five years ago he would have been said to have a great reserve of strength and energy. But the strength was exhausted too soon by the energy which could not be restrained. He was not perhaps an orderly worker, but at times he had almost a demoniac power of concentration. At his best he stood to the level of great men, but he revealed himself reluctantly, and much that the gods offered he cast aside. He could have been counsel for the Grand Trunk Railway, but he chose instead the fretful irritations and the meagre emoluments of public office. He could have been Chairman of the Federal Railway Commission, but Sir James Whitney would not agree, and Mr. Hanna in simple loyalty to a political comrade accepted the decision. When he took the office of Food Controller he expected that criticism and unpopularity would be his portion. He did not attempt to conciliate critics by promises of immediate reduction in domestic prices. Believing that the chief objects were to increase production and provide food for the allied countries and the

allied armies he was unmoved by all the clamour for arbitrary regulation of producers. He was primarily concerned to increase production not to reduce prices, and although his office exercised a greater control over prices than was generally believed it was by open co-operation and quiet pressure rather than by vexatious and repressive regulations that effective results were secured. The statement he issued when he resigned office was a conclusive vindication of the system of control which he devised and a message of high significance for the future.

There was a quality in Mr. Hanna which few men possess. He could labour and sacrifice and conceal what his hand was doing with infinite reserve. He was restless when he was praised but grateful when he was understood. For the causes to which he was devoted he had enthusiasm that could not be controlled. These causes were chiefly connected with the erring and the unfortunate, the maimed and the broken in the battle of life. No man ever saw more good in those upon whom the strict moralists laid their censure, or ever was more eager to restore the penitent who would not look towards the uplands. He believed in the essential divinity of man and in compassion saw the law of justice. On the prison farms which he established he was happy as he was nowhere else, and these are his praise and his monument.

As he sought to restore those who had come under social and legal condemnation, so he was anxious for the estate of women and the dignity and independence of labour. Of idleness and inefficiency he was intolerant. Perhaps he hardly distinguished laziness from actual criminality. But he could not be reconciled to social conditions under which work was denied to those who were willing to do it, which condemned men and women to live in unwholesome surroundings, and which laid upon the backs of honest and thrifty people burdens

greater than they could carry. It may be that he had no great reputation beyond Ontario. More than once he stood upon the threshold of national politics. If he had greatly desired he could have sat in the Federal Cabinet. But it was ordered otherwise, and he was content. He disliked the meaner side of party warfare, the littleness and ugliness of personal controversy, the demagogic ranting which disgusts honest men with public service. But he could have been a great Minister of National Welfare, if by abuse and misuse that term has not become misleading and unattractive. He was peculiarly, perhaps, the servant of Ontario, but his achievements, little as he did to attract attention to himself, have national significance and should have national recognition.

As I reach the end of this story I think of men for whose friendship I am grateful, of incidents insignificant in themselves which linger in the memory, of things said that one cannot forget, of things written that one would not recall. Alexander Russell, the famous editor of *The Edinburgh Scotsman*, declared that the life of a journalist is a warfare upon earth. But the conflict is absorbing and if one advocates many causes which deserve to succeed and do not, one also fights many battles which he deserves to lose and does not. The journalist must develop philosophy. He must harden his hide and soften his heart. If he lets the sun go down upon his wrath he will have much sorrow and will make much sport for his contemporaries. He must learn that "wisdom lingers" and that prophecy is the pastime of fools.

For thirty years I looked every day through scores of exchanges. Nothing in the day's work was more interesting, more instructive or more effective in reducing conceit and restraining arrogance. I was often told that I wasted time upon the exchanges. I do not think so. They

expressed Canada, town, village and country, and often in an unpretentious weekly publication one found a word of inspiration or a revelation of feeling of national significance. Often, too, there was humour in the exchanges, conscious or unconscious, as interpreted in different surroundings or from a different outlook. I recall an account in a Brampton paper of a wedding which ended with the impressive sentence, "The happy couple took the Chicago flyer for Guelph". Once a Fort William paper stated that a Pole had been shot in the foreign quarter. A Durham exchange reported the farewell sermon of a Methodist minister from the text, "Sleep on now and take your rest". Another journal published in Grey County had this item, "Mr. John Albrecht, Mr. George Schenck's hired man, had the misfortune of cutting off one of his big toes on Thursday. We think it was an axe that did the terrible work. Dr. McLean was called and dressed the wound". A Nova Scotia exchange gave the prayer of a little girl, apparently belonging to a Liberal family, who said, "Now, O God, take care of yourself, for if we lose you we shall only have Laurier left to take care of us and he is not doing as well as papa expected he would do". *The Kincardine Review* mentioned a colonel who could not join the Stratheona Horse because he was an ass. The *Catholic Register* of London, expressing regret for the death of a bank director, through the eccentricity of a typesetting machine was made to say that he had been "added to the rest account." A Winnipeg paper intended to say "women clothed with sanctity", but actually said, "women clothed with scanty". There was the Montreal story of a dispute between a French Roman Catholic and a Scottish Presbyterian. Finally the exasperated Scotsman said, "To hell with the Pope." The Frenchman retorted, "You say, to hell wis zee Pope, den I say, to hell wis Harry Lauder".

One acquired, too, a beautiful collection of anonymous letters. It is, perhaps, not easy to be reconciled to such letters, for only an irredeemable coward, unfit for the decent earth which he encumbers through the mercy of an indulgent God, sends even to an editor unsigned letters which are meant to wound and fester. But one does become reconciled to the ways of such creatures and as the years pass there is genuine delight in rereading their curious messages. I find an old envelope addressed to "J. S. Willison, proprietor of Cox and Jaffray's morals and daylight editor of *The Globe*". A letter which preserves the balance reads, "The daily sight of the knightly editor defending Rogers is enough to make angels weep". Another letter reads, "You can beat Ananias; better not yell political purity so long as you have stinking fish in your own basket". Of like implication was a letter I received four or five years ago, just a few minutes before I had to address the Canadian Club of Vancouver, "You are the biggest liar in Canada. It is a wonder you were not shot long ago." At least there is comfort in the reflection that one is not an amateur. Another of which I have lost the connection but which is signed "A Conservative," reads, "It must be something of a wrench to have to do this sort of thing, so long as one retains any pretensions to decency in public affairs. Surely the Prussian taskmaster could not be harder than this indicates. I take it that there was no escape, or you would have ignored the rascal in politics, even if you could not call your soul your own sufficiently to deal with him as the general interest dictates. And, believe me, the policy of our party so dictates, whatever may be your instructions from your immediate masters." But I could multiply such letters into a volume and possibly other editors with greater virtue than I possess have not been ne-

glected by these curious guardians of the public morals.

How many vagrant stories, gathered in a third of a century, lie at the back of one's memory. Many years ago Mr. David Glass was prominent in political contests in London and Middlesex. Once he was speaking in London South and was interrupted by a man in the audience of very diminutive stature, with the remark, "Cut it short, Dave, cut it short". Glass retorted, "The Lord in His wisdom saw fit to cut you short". I recall that when I was in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons a Liberal member who was reading his speech was called to order. Interrogated by the Speaker, the member confessed that he had "copious notes". He was, however, allowed to proceed. Not long afterwards a Conservative member was reading his speech, and Dr. Landerkin stood up, and, addressing the Speaker, said, "I rise to a point of order". "You mean," interrupted the Speaker, "that the honourable gentleman is reading his speech?" "No," said Dr. Landerkin, "my objection is that he is reading it so badly". During the campaign of 1887 Honourable Edward Blake, speaking at Barrie, pictured Riel as insane and the Western halfbreeds as driven into revolt by a feeble and corrupt Government. When he had fully developed his argument he sternly questioned, "Should this man have been hanged?" Some one at the back of the hall shouted, "Yes, what else would you do with the scoundrel?" Mr. Blake retorted, "I hope the Judge will take a more merciful view when you appear for sentence". In 1876 Sir Richard Cartwright was addressing a meeting in South Ontario. A well-known political worker interrupted while he was denouncing Tory corruption with the question, "What changes have you made in the law to ensure purer elections?" Sir Richard answered savagely, "One change will make it more difficult for you to sell your

vote next election". The blow was mortal, for it was believed that the interrupter had "keen commercial instincts".

Sir George Ross never was more happy than at a meeting in Toronto when he applied the old Jacobite epitaph for George Frederick, Prince of Wales, to Mr. George Frederick Marter, for a very short time leader of the Conservative party in the Legislature:—

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

Once in the House of Commons, when Honourable William Paterson was speaking, a Conservative member, who had measured his liquor carelessly, muttered between sentences, "Rot", "Rot", "Rot". Mr. Paterson paused, removed his glasses, beamed upon the offender with placid benignity and whispered as much in appeal as in reproach, "If the honourable gentleman thinks it is rot, why does he take so much of it".

Looking backward a few figures appear in the shadow with whom I walked side by side or followed at a distance. In my first years as editor of *The Globe* no one gave me wiser counsel than Principal Grant of Queen's University. He could be a politician if occasion required and he often needed to exercise political genius in behalf of the University. But he had none of the docility of the partisan nor ever cringed to the majority. As a young man in Nova Scotia he stood boldly with the minority for Confederation. He never hesitated to defend Quebec and its

institutions if they were unfairly attacked. He was as ready to resist any extreme demand by the French Province or to oppose any public man of Quebec who sought through appeal to Race or Church to elevate himself or aggrandize a faction. He could resist the glamour of Sir John Macdonald. He was equal to negotiation with Sir Oliver Mowat. An advocate of the Gothenberg system of control over the liquor traffic, he bore with serenity the denunciations of prohibitionists from pew and pulpit. Perhaps only Colonel George T. Denison among Canadians was so influential in opposing every movement towards separation from Great Britain, in strengthening Imperial sentiment, in fashioning the structure of Empire. For they were the teachers of British statesmen, and the evangels of a gospel which even the British people were slow to understand. Derided and misrepresented, they persisted, and Dr. Grant lived as Colonel Denison has lived, to see an abundant harvest from the seed which they scattered in lonely furrows thirty or forty years ago. They said that Dr. Grant was a "trimmer", but that sentence falls upon all men who will not be the servants of party unless the service goes with conviction. I think of no career in Canada which was more distinguished for simple and resolute patriotism. It is true that he was often dexterous in pursuit of his object, but the object was worthy and the diplomacy objectionable only to those who were overcome and who used more clumsily and ineffectively the instruments by which he achieved. If he had been governed by personal ambition only he would have turned his back upon Queen's University, entered the federal Cabinet and stood foremost among the statesmen of the Empire.

Another man of remarkable personality, of whom I saw little but knew much, and whose confidence it was my privilege to enjoy, was Sir William Van Horne. Few men have

had a greater thing to do or in the doing displayed more signal resource and courage. He had to build a railway across an uninhabited country, through wastes of rock and over high mountain ranges, with the people greatly divided as to the wisdom and practicability of the undertaking. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had to go to the public treasury again and again for relief. In 1885 the stock sold as low as 35¾. Its position was assailed in the London money market. It was the object of inveterate political hostility. Within the company itself there was friction, angry criticism, and suspicion of mismanagement. Against all this Van Horne had to contend, and he showed superb self-control and inflexible purpose. He kept the confidence of the Board and had the devoted loyalty of subordinates. His own activities were various and numerous almost beyond computation. He had to deal with ministers, often timid, and for years profoundly apprehensive concerning the ultimate issue of the undertaking. If Sir Charles Tupper never flinched it is not certain that so much could be said for Sir John Macdonald. He had to concern himself with problems of immigration, to consider the more desirable fields for settlement, to conciliate angry municipalities, to establish terminals, to organize a system of elevators, to acquire steamships for the lakes and the Pacific, to superintend crop reports, to devise attractive advertising, and to maintain, subject to the authority of the directors, the credit of the company against political attack at home and sullen money markets abroad.

In all these things he concerned himself. In all he advised, in much he was absolute. Perhaps his courage was most signally displayed in 1891 when, feeling that the company would be fatally damaged by free trade with the United States, which was the central feature of Liberal policy, he organized its forces

against the Liberal party and perhaps was chiefly instrumental in the decisive victory which Sir John Macdonald obtained in his last contest. He said afterward to the late Carrol Ryan, who was writing a sketch of his career: "I am no politician. I have no time to give to politics, even were I inclined that way, which I am not. I am only a plain business man. All my time is given to the Canadian Pacific. I never interfered in politics in my life but once, and I hope I will never have to do so again. I care nothing about parties, and the company is under no obligation to either Government or Opposition." This was sincere, and it is curious that he never reappeared in a political contest until 1911, when again a measure of free trade between Canada and the United States was the issue.

Van Horne was a gracious host who talked much but was never dull or commonplace. Decisive in judgment and confident in opinion, his sentences were so picturesque and so penetrating that even his rasher statements were seldom challenged. His career was of the very genius of this continent, and yet there was a sense in which he belonged to the Old World. There is no evidence that he read many books, but art was his playmate. He had no diplomacy. He was unhappy on a public platform. Before Parliamentary Committees he was peculiarly ineffective. Face to face, in single combat, he was invincible. In one man there were many men compounded. Fortunately he outlived all strife and contention and saw the railway which he was so instrumental in building develop into a system of transportation beyond even his original conception.

There is a last word to be said about one other man whose friendship I greatly cherished. One thinks of Mr. T. C. Patteson, for many years postmaster of Toronto, as the last survival of Toryism in Canada. He was, however, not so much a Tory as he

thought he was for he had a tolerant conception of creeds and systems which he could not accept. But he disliked the telephone, he would not dictate a letter. Against all sumptuary enactments he revolted. He would choose his own company and live in his own fashion. He was a Squire at Eastwood, a genial autocrat at the Albany Club. Strong in his dislikes he was incapable of deceit or treachery. He played cricket as became a student of Eton and Oxford. The race track had for him just such fascination as it had for Charles Greville. If he had kept a diary or written memoirs, which unfortunately he did not, they would have shown as wide knowledge of public affairs, as keen and as shrewd judgment of men, and at least as sound, prophetic reading of events. He had a passionate love for horses. His whole being responded to the excitement of a great race. Far distant as he was, his heart was across the sea on successive Derby days, and he seemed to see the very horses sweeping around the course. He was a familiar figure on race tracks all over America, and it is doubtful if any other man on the continent knew so much of racing and breeding or spoke with equal authority. He was fond, too, of riding and rode out daily almost down to the day of his death. So he loved gardening, and the hours which many give to the club, to golf, or to some other outdoor recreation, he gave to his garden, and in this intimate touch with nature his life was mellowed and enriched.

He had an intimate relation with successive Governors-General, and many friends in England with whom he maintained a regular correspondence. As editor of *The Mail* during the "Pacific scandal" and the formulation of the National Policy, he had material at command which would have illuminated vital incidents in Canadian history. It is no secret that he believed history was perverted in the common understanding of the events of that period

but he left nothing behind. Indeed he wrote only for the moment and never at length or with material collected by laborious investigation. Under Mr. Patteson's control *The Mail's* editorial page had distinction and dignity. He wrote freely and clearly, but in his style there was no pomposity. It was the English of the essayists, simple, straightforward and unaffected. He was sometimes merciless in political attack, but there was often a touch of generosity which restored the balance of sanity. The page, too, was far-reaching in its survey and catholic in its sympathies. Books, music, sport and Old World affairs received careful and

regular treatment, much after the method of the chief British journals. We have had no better editorial writing in Canada, and Mr. Patteson had the genius to preserve the unity of the page, no matter by how many hands the work was done. He wrote while he lived, for he never grew old but died at seventy-one, as buoyant of spirit as most men of forty or fifty. I have a letter written a few hours before he died. He was jaunty and confident. In the few sentences there is a chuckle at those who thought he was dying. But he was never to see his garden again nor ride again along the valley of the Humber.

(THE END)

THE EVIL OMEN

By CLARE GRIFFIN

THE moonlight waked me last night,
But I turned away from it and closed my eyes.

The moon that I saw between the half-closed shutters
Was no round, friendly face, bringing back baby-days,
Evenings when I saw it rise golden brown above the pines and
wondered at it,
Nights when it silvered the frost pictures on the window-pane and
made me unhappy because it was so beautiful;
It was no thin crescent, no worn-out sickle moon of dusk or evening.
(These, too, with their memories, glad enough or sad enough, but
never terrible).
It was the leering, lop-sided, hunch-backed creature that saw you go
away from me forever,
The horrible gibbous moon.

That night you went away I went as far as the gate with you,
You kissed me and hurried away, and I listened to your footsteps and
tried to be very brave;
Then I noticed the moon, low, just above the hawthorn sprays,
The same gibbous moon that leered at me last night.
I knew, then, that you would never come back!

THE FATAL VASE

A SOCIETY MELODRAMA

BY MAIN JOHNSON



MARILYNN FISHER was delight. Her golden hair played like sunshine; moon beams danced like her eyes. Her face was aglow with the vivacity of a budding rose. Her form had all the swaying grace of a slender tree. She was pagan charm.

Everyone loved her and everyone wanted her. College youths dreamed of her much more than they thought of any goddess; older men showered her with gifts and attentions. And, from them all, it was Philip Boyer who won her. Less dashing than many of her other suitors, less spectacular and less wealthy, his fineness of soul, his temperament of a poet, had drawn Marilynn to him in spite of the other influences which lured her in different directions.

It was on New Year's Day that the engagement of Marilynn and Philip was announced, during a house party in Oakville. As the guests went back to Toronto on the following morning, they talked of nothing else. The chase for Marilynn had come to such a sudden end! They seemed surprised that a frivolous butterfly, loving the laughter of youth and the praise and the presence of men, should let herself be captured so early.

During January and February, Marilynn was as devoted to Philip as he was to her. Either they went out together to the theatre and to dances, or, an unusual event for Marilynn, she spent the evening quietly with Philip at her father's house in Upper Avenue Road. She would play for him sympathetically, suiting his own quiet

taste with Beethoven and Schubert and her own more exotic inclinations with Debussy and Stravinsky. At twelve o'clock, they would have a little supper tête-à-tête, and by one o'clock he would be on his way home to his apartments in St. George Street.

Philip in these days was living in a rose-touched world. The snows could bank up on the streets, the winds could howl down on the city from the north or from the frozen bay to the south, but all that winter was a crocus and a lilac time for the poetic Philip. And Marilynn, too, was happy—to see another so joyful and content.

All was well with Marilynn while the cold weather lasted, for to her, winter was winter, vigorous and steady. Her love was not powerful enough to change the seasons, as Philip's had done for him. When the real spring came, however, and the intoxicating wine of sunlight began to filter, not through gaunt branches any longer, but through the greenest and softest of leaf tips, and the robins brought with their warblings the soft sensuousness of the south, Marilynn Fisher, at first the conventional fiancée, felt herself slipping again into the pagan atmosphere of the joy of life. The wedding was to take place in late June, but, by the middle of May, she had lost all interest in her wedding dress and the other traditional trappings of matrimony, and, instead, was feverishly buying the softest of summer-dance fabrics.

At first, Philip noticed no change in Marilynn, except a gradual restlessness which finally put a stop en-

tirely to the quiet evenings spent alone together, and substituted a whirl of dances and dinners, in which he found it difficult to keep up. Their friends kept referring constantly to the approaching wedding, but Philip himself could never get Marilynn to talk about it.

"I hate the muss and fuss of weddings," explained Marilynn, laughing. "Don't let us speak of it. It worries me."

It was not the fuss of it that Philip wanted to talk about, but the girl was always away to another subject.

On the last day of May came the Gordons' dance. For two nights previously, Philip had not seen Marilynn. This was to be a big and gay affair, and she had to have time to arrange everything with her friend Dorothy Eversley and to complete the last detail of their frocks together.

These conferences were successful. Marilynn, at the dance, was dazzling in the triple radiance of health and beauty and fashion. Philip's eyes never left her; he did not notice therefore that he was only one of many who devoured her with their adoration. The first two dances she had with him, but she was either speechless entirely or, in the next instant, almost hysterically talkative. Certainly she did not listen to one word that Philip had to say, but he was happy enough just to see her and to have her.

After the second dance, Marilynn went off with young Ramsay, and then with other men in the succeeding numbers. Philip danced with other girls, too, but he was soon bored, and went into the garden for a stroll. On his return, he came by a different route from that which he had taken when he went out. This time he came back through the library, a large hall at a distance from the ball-room. The buzz of voices and the sound of music seemed far away in the vast house. The library was empty, and was only partly lit with a dim illumination. As he was walking through the room on rugs so thick and so deep that he could not hear his own footsteps, he

noticed, standing on the floor in the alcove of the library, a glorious vase, fully seven feet high. Behind it, and between it and the window, towered lofty and luxurious palms. A soft blue light, such as Gordon Craig might have devised, hovered above.

Philip stood enraptured at the sight of the vase. He knew that his host was very wealthy, and that the house had been furnished by the best of decorators, but he could scarcely believe his eyes at the beauty of the vase. All his artistic nature was instantly aroused. With the keenest delight he saw the subtle colourings of the jar, its Brangwyn blues, its Gauguin reds, merged in the artistic satisfaction of chaotic harmony. After the first shock of pleasure, he felt a desire to examine the detail of the design. He stood close to the vase, running his hand over the rounded form. It was at least two feet wide. He began to circle slowly and softly to see the other side. At his first step around the huge jar, he stopped. Under the shadow of the vase and of the palms, in the soft blue light, was a white stone seat. Sitting on it, with his back towards Philip, was a young man—and a sunlit-haired girl in a pale green dress. She was in the man's arms, and their lips were joined in a voluptuous kiss.

Philip stepped back as silently as he had come. Dressed as he was, without either hat or coat, in his evening clothes, he walked slowly across the library, out into the garden, through the gates, into the street. It was after midnight. Up Avenue Road he walked, through the grounds of Upper Canada College, to the open country beyond. Hour after hour he walked. First one of his dancing pumps came off as he crossed the rough furrows of a field; then the other had gone, too. Just at dawn he found himself climbing the stairway to his own apartments.

The mantel-piece in his den seemed to catch his attention. There was a picture of Marilynn and two fancy vases. The portrait he laid quietly

away in a drawer of his writing-table, and locked it; but, as he looked at the vases, he began to tremble violently, and a wave of regret or bitterness or anger (he didn't stop to analyze his feelings) swept over him. The vases he seized, one in each hand, and smashed them to pieces against the bricks of the fireplace. Then he lay down on his couch. Towards Marilyn herself he didn't seem to have the least resentment. The very thought of a vase, however, burned a hole in his brain; it haunted him as the symbol of his devastating catastrophe. For two days Philip did not leave the house.

When he did go back to the office of his magazine, outwardly he seemed quite normal. His looks were not altered, nor was his demeanour changed. Once or twice, at a distance, he saw Marilyn on the street, but although he avoided her, his feelings were never anything but kindness and sadness. Gradually he realized that he wasn't seeing her any more, and heard rumours that she had gone to New York to join the stage.

Although Philip remained normal enough in his business life, he began to drop out of society. He even resigned from his club. For ten days after the Gordons' ball, he had not gone to the club, but his absence at that time was not intentional. One day he went in for luncheon. In the reading-room, on a table he had not noticed before, stood an imposing Oriental jar. On the threshold of the room Philip stopped, gasped, and went out. That afternoon he forwarded his resignation.

One by one he refused invitations from his friends. He came to have a horror of private houses. He had never thought of it before, but they all had vases of some kind or other. The sight of a jar, he felt, would crack his brain. "That way madness lies", was a verse he couldn't drive from his mind. Dreams began to disturb him; they were always murky with the sinister of a vase.

Once, when in Montreal, he was

with a friend in the lounge of the Ritz. As they turned to sit down, he noticed in front of him, as high as himself, a decorative urn. He startled his companion by shuddering, excusing himself, and rushing off without a word. He made towards the mountain with violent haste, but do what he would, his footsteps kept leading him back towards Sherbrooke Street and the hotel. He felt himself on fire with a craze to smash that vase! It was only by getting into a taxi and telling the driver to keep away from Sherbrooke Street and to drive "like the devil" to the Windsor Station, that he avoided the district. He paced the floor of the waiting-room until the train for Toronto was ready.

In December he was in New York. His associates in Toronto were not sorry to see him go away for a week, because more and more, Philip was growing moody. He was withdrawing within himself. Social life he had abandoned entirely. He worked hard at his writing, but it was the cheerless, joyless work of the recluse.

New York offered no more attractions to him than Toronto, but, one evening, an editor friend of his, suggested that they should go to a theatre.

"No," shuddered through Philip's brain defensively. "I might see a vase."

"I don't believe I feel like it tonight," was all he said to his friend, Jack.

"You're a true-to-life picture of Melancholy," chided Jack. "What do you want to do? Read the *Post* and go to sleep?"

Meanwhile something had been stirring in Philip's mind, something he rather thought was salutary.

"Some plays would be safe enough," he thought, with uncanny clarity of detail. "I wouldn't go to a drama, of course. There are always house scenes in them. But a musical revue. That's harmless. Too spectacular for domestic things there."

"How about the Winter Garden?" was what he asked Jack.

The latter was a reckless sybarite. He could have had complimentary seats, as an editor, if he had asked for them, but they wouldn't have been in the front row, and that was where Jack wanted to go. Philip meanwhile had lost interest entirely, and went to the theatre listlessly.

Within a few minutes, however, he had brightened up, and was feeling more light-hearted than for many months. There were hordes of beautiful girls who marched and sang and danced, but it wasn't to them that he was paying attention. The "funny men", however, he did enjoy. Under the obliterating influence of their non-sense, he felt that they could lift the load from Atlas's shoulders, even if it were only for a few minutes. Philip settled back in his seat, amused and content.

It was still early in the revue. Some of the principals had not yet appeared. After one of the comedians' songs, the stage melted into darkness, there was a confused, professional sound of shifting scenery, and then dawn began slowly to break. The vague outlines of a Greek temple appeared. Maidens, draped in flowing Grecian robes with ropes of flowers about their necks, were dimly dancing. The music of the orchestra resembled Pindaric hymns and Theocritean songs. It was to be one of the "artistic sets" of the Winter Garden. The audience, after the resounding applause that had followed the comedian, were resting peacefully.

Suddenly Philip was standing on his feet.

"Sit down," muttered Jack in disgust. "What are you going out for?"

A murmur of disapprobation also arose from the row behind.

"Sit down," someone snarled.

Jack, in his seat, couldn't see Philip's face, but a woman a few seats away did, and, with a groan, she pulled her hands over her eyes.

Jack saw Philip's back begin to sway, but before he could do anything, Philip's hand had gone into his hip pocket, a short, thick, black piece of steel was in his grasp—a flash, a report—and, on the stage, to the left, one of the decorations of the Grecian temple, a lofty vase, crashed down in ruins with a terrible clatter of broken pottery. Nor was it just china that was broken. Amidst the débris, drooping, unconscious and dying, lay a girl. Hidden within the vase, she was to have emerged, singing as she came. And now there she lay, dead among the wreckage.

The house and stage were in an uproar. Chorus girls, running wildly from side to side, shrieked in fear; women wailed, panic-stricken. Before the curtain came down, Philip was being led away. A policeman held him by the arm. As he passed along the seats, Philip's face was flushed. In his eyes was a horrible glare of triumph. He looked back and saw them lifting up the dead girl.

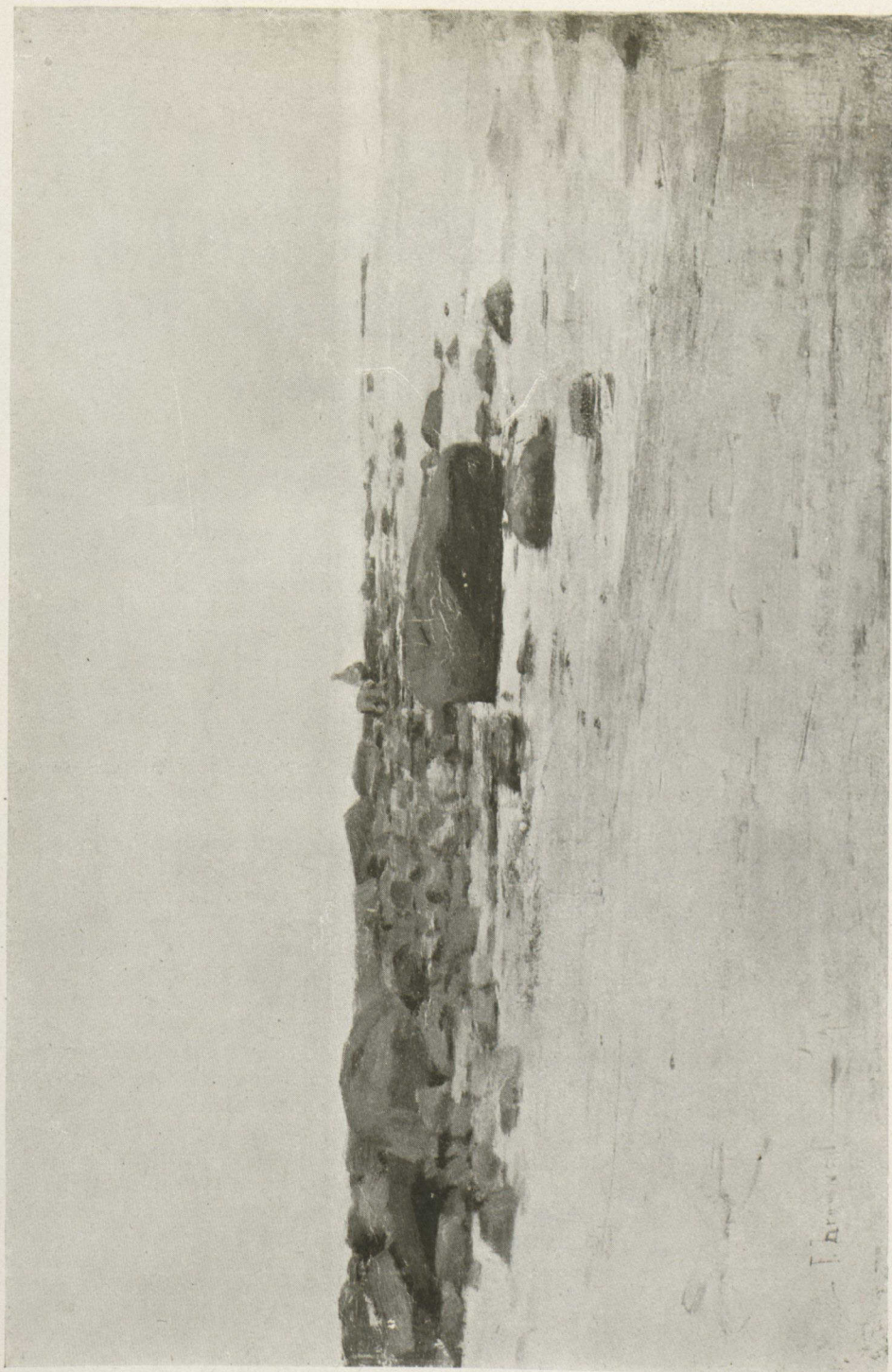
"Who was fool enough to put a girl in that accursed vase?" he mumbled. "Poor little thing. I'm sorry for her, but" (and that awful grin spread over his face again) "I smashed it!"

Anyone could see that he was insane.

And then, all at once, the triumph and the madness both died from his face, and the look of a lost soul blackened it. He fell unconscious in the aisle.

At the last moment he had caught a glimpse of the dead girl's face. Just for a second, but—it was the face of Marilyn.





LOW TIDE
From a Painting by Franklin Brownell in the National Gallery of Canada

THE GATHERING IN OF ABNER WIMBERLY

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE



TRY to do my duty by each and every, in the station to which the Lord has called me. Hit do look plumb cur'us that Proverdunce should have sawn fit to afflict me with an onregenerate pardner."

"Oh, I dunno—I dunno," snapped Uncle Abner. He was small, alert, bright-eyed, like a gray-haired old sparrow. "Reckon hit's the same dummed fool 'rangement that 'flicts me with sech a durned regenerate one."

Aunt Volumnia started and groaned at each mild expletive as though the word had been a sharp instrument prodded into her ample person. "Thar," she said, the ready tears beginning to flow comfortably. "You can cuss me all you want to, Abner; I'm used to hit, but for any sakes don't let the Elder hear you. My sorrers is enough, without public disgrace."

The little old man was an emotional creature, irascible, swift to forgive, with a veritable volcano of feeling ready to spill over upon every trifling matter. He looked at his wife's large, placid, vacant countenance; he was aware that in her own fashion she relished these scenes, and the knowledge wrought him to frenzy.

"What in thunder" (there is nothing particularly sacred about thunder, one would say, yet Volumnia Wimberly shivered and moaned as her husband took its name in vain), "what

in thunder," he said, as Volumnia rose and covered her face with her apron, "would you do ef my bein' sech a devil of a sinner wasn't the talk of the two Turkey Tracks? Hit's your callin' in life, to be the sufferin' wife of the wickedest man the Lord ever forgot to strike with lightnin'. I don't need to misbehave myself before the preacher—you'll run an' tell him fast enough, without." And the old man's thin red face grew redder with rage.

"Oh, my soul!" sobbed Aunt Volumnia, quite enjoying herself, "I wusht I had a leadin'. I long for to know how best to bring this hyer sinful man to a knowledge of his sins."

She addressed the cosmos generally. The small section of its conscious intelligence there present, in the person of her erring spouse, merely snorted. "Hit's about time for the quarterly," he commented with biting sarcasm. "I looked for you to chune up a-yesterday. You an' your crowd air settin' out fer the fo'teenth quarterly to gyether Abner Wimberly in. Well, you'll not do it. From the samples o' pefessors I've got in my fambly, I'd ruther take my chances outside. I bet a chaw o' terbacker the Old Boy has got a mighty hot skillet ready for the hypocrites an' I ain't a gwime to jine their crowd. I'll cuss when I git aready, an' I'll pay my debts, whether I'm ready or not. Ef the Lord don't like my kind of religion, He kin jest —"

Volumnia rose with a whoop, so that her husband did not get to suggest that the Deity should "lump" his religious views. When she was afoot, one saw the contrast between them even more clearly. If he looked a sparrow, with his quick movements and his bright, black eyes, she seemed a calico-clad tortoise, as she waddled slowly across the room, moaning that she had merely wished to ask him to attend the first meeting.

She was a dull woman, whose sluggish emotions needed arousing; she liked to have these stirred up, just as a fat, torpid cat loves to have its back rubbed. When she married Abner Wimberly, more than twenty-five years before, he was not a "professor", as the mountain phrase goes. But it was supposed that Volumnia Stott's excellent example would soon gather her young husband into the fold. However, infant Wimberlys began coming thick and fast, and Volumnia relaxed her grasp upon the church; she had found something else to apply the needed spur to her energies. Thus matters rocked along for many years. Her husband was a kind man, if somewhat quick tempered, a good provider, an excellent farmer, a fond and devoted father. Occasionally some travelling exhorter would look upon the well-kept Wimberly place, behold how goodly it was, and regret that its proprietor was not among the chosen; he would make a dead set to gather Abner in; Volumnia would ponderously second him; but it was not till they had both come to late middle age, and their children were married off, that, with the falling away of other employments and interests, she definitely undertook the rôle of persecuted wife.

It might have been easier had the attempt been earlier made. It has been said that the little man was a fond father; there were tall sons and married daughters who looked to him for counsel and who thought his word almost as good as that of Elder Justice. That he should be brought low

before his own children at every quarterly, held up to them, officially, as the most abandoned of sinners, was intolerable. But in the mountains, to be a profane swearer is the limit of human vileness. Swearing is the one sin which there retains the generic term of "wicked." You are told that a man is "mighty wicked". You need not ask if he is honest, a good husband, a kind father; the word thus used touches none of these human relations. He may be all that a moralist could ask, and yet merit this reproach—if he be a man who uses profane expletives.

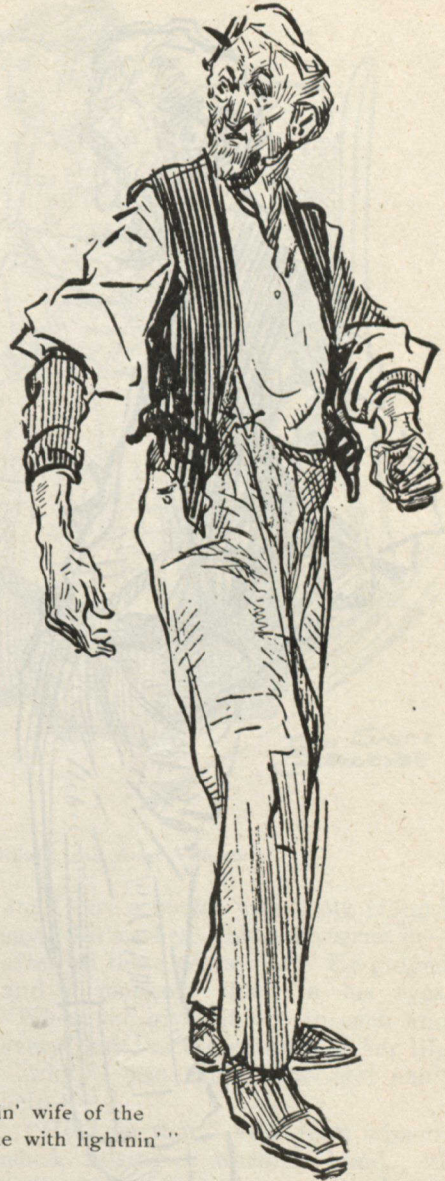
Now, under the smothering aggravation of Aunt Volumnia's martyrdom, Uncle Abner had developed a free, fiery and forcible vocabulary. It was his one outlet, and in this straight-laced little community it was speedily making him a social outlaw, earning for him the name of "The wickedest man in the two Turkey Tracks".

"I reckon you want to pen me in the amen corner, an' let Polk Dillard sass me to my face, like he done the last time I put my foot in Little Shiloh meetin' house," the old man called after his wife's retreating form.

"Brother Dillard would 'a' let up on yo' sins ef you had but come down to the mou'ners' bench," she sighed, turning upon him.

"I hain't gwine to do it!" volleyed her husband, with the air of a man who fears that he will be driven into a despised and hated course. "I'm too old to begin turnin' hand-springs over a mourners' bench an' crawlin' about on the floor yellin' to the Lord that I'm a mis'able sinner. I reckon He's got the tally; ef I ain't in His good books He knows it. Most o' them dratted cattle that pesters 'round mourners' benches calls themselves names jest to try to squeeze a compliment out of the Lord."

Turning, Volumnia clutched the mantelpiece and glared with staring eyes past her irate husband. "You hyer him, Brother Dillard," she whispered finally, to the rotund form that



"Hits your callin' in life to be the sufferin' wife of the wickedest man the Lord ever forgot to strike with lightnin' "

had that moment appeared in the doorway. "I was jest anaming to him that I wanted him to go down to quarterly with me—and this is the answer I git! Pray for him, Brother Dillard—an' don't fergit to pray for pore me." She buried her face in her checked apron and sobbed.

The little man spun around upon his ministerial visitor, who had been ex-

pected to arrive later in the day, and who would make his home with the Wimberlys during the quarterly. Rage and the inextinguishable hospitality of the mountaineer warred in Uncle Abner's sanguine face.

"Don't you pray for me, Polk Dillard," he growled finally. "I kin do my own prayin' same as I do my own cussin'. Ef you pray for me here in



this house, you'll neither eat nor sleep in it."

The Rev. Mr. Dillard shook his head in mild, sad reproach. "Hit's like the evil sperits of old," he said, "that entered out of the man and passed into the swine."

"Ef they was anybody hyer with sense," Uncle Abner snorted, "I'd leave it to them who it is in this room that looks like a hog." Which, as the Rev. Mr. Dillard and Volumnia were both extremely plump, while Abner was a thin, dry, spare creature, was, to say the least, personal.

The remarks concerning his tenure as a visitor in the house seemed to have called out all of Polk Dillard's Christian forbearance. He smiled even a mournful smile as his host bounced from the room and mounted his wagon to drive away.

What priestly consolation he found to administer to the afflicted Sister Wimberly is not to be here set forth, but it must have been excellent, for Polk Dillard was famous throughout his district as a consoler of those in affliction — particularly when the troubled ones were well endowed with the goods and comforts of this world.

Half-way down the rough mountain road Abner Wimberly's wagon met another. Its driver, Pap Overholt, his rosy face drawn into a thousand puckers and creases of genial kindness beneath his crown of thick, white hair—like a winter apple that the frost has touched—greeted the angry small man kindly.

"An' whar you aputtin' out fer, in such powerful haste?" he inquired, after the usual "howdy" had passed between them.

"Nowhars in particular," returned Wimberly, pulling up his team with a slightly shamefaced look. He was a good horseman and the panting sides of his mules rebuked him.

"A merciful man is merciful to his beasts," quoted Pap John, smiling. "Ef you hain't agoin' nowhars, in particular, don't be in sech a all-fired hurry to git thar."



Rev. Polk Dillard and Aunt Volumnia

"Thar now!" commented Wimberly gloomily. "You said 'all-fired'—and they hain't no preacher out after *your* scalp, is they?"

Pap John looked mystified; then he laughed. The Wimberly troubles were too notorious to be ignored. John Overholt was a famous mender of breaches. Now he edged his team closer to that of his neighbour. "See hyer, Abner," he began; "I reckon I sense jest what you air adrivin' at. I seen Polk Dillard go up your way awhile ago. I know you will use strong language, and I reckon you had a—er—had trouble with the preacher."

"No, I hain't," Abner snapped. "I

don't care a hooter what Polk Dillard says; hit's when Volumny turns in—after all these years——" He gulped and a moisture stood in his eyes. "When she gives it out to each and every that I'm the scourge of her life—why, I jest can't help—jest can't help——"

"Hold on thar," Pap John admonished, raising a warning hand. "I never was a swearin' man. Oh, I may have cussed a few in my teens; but to say wicked, I never got the habit in me; I don't know how deep-seated hit may be; but I know mighty well an' good you *kin he'p it*, ef you onet set your head thataway."

The other shook that head which was to be aimed in the right direction, and gazed mournfully down at his boots. It was a relief to speak of the matter. Except to quarrel over it, he

had never mentioned the trouble to any creature in his world.

"You air a mighty good somebody, Abner," Overholt went on. "Man an' boy, I've knowed you for more'n fifty years; an' I hain't found out a low-down meanness in you yit. Why do you arm them what persecutes you, an' then go an' stand up in front of their guns?"

"Ye wouldn't go to quarterly at all, ef you was me?" Wimberly asked, looking up sharply.

"I hain't a-sayin' that," Pap John demurred; "but ef I went, an' when I went, they'd wush I'd stayed to home."

The little old man gazed at large, placid John Overholt with a working countenance. His eyes were moist, and the red lingered even in the furrows around his neck and chin where tufts of stubby gray beard had resisted the overtures of the razor. It was plain that the inert but positive expectation of his wife that he would furnish her with the credentials of a martyr drew powerfully upon his expressive and even mercurial temperament.

"You don't understand, John," he said at last. "Volumny—an' her preachers—all jest p'intedly depends on me cuttin' up. I hate it on account of the children—though Antrissy Ann did git mad an' say, time she was ten years old, that she'd ruther hear Pap cuss than Mammy pray." He chuckled reminiscently. His children were the one unchanging passion of his fond old heart.

"I reckon that plagued Volumny," commented John Overholt appreciatively.

"Hit did—an' hit didn't," returned that lady's husband. "Ye see, John, Volumny she takes a sorrerful enjoyment in my wickedness. Ef I was to git converted, her callin' would be gone. W'y listen here, John; you know I got a heap o' pride in my gyarden, an' Volumny, she's master hand with fowls." He sunk his voice to a confidential whisper. "Sometimes when I've been abehavin' most

as well as other folks, I've suspicioned—jest suspicioned—that she turned her chickens into my gyarden!"

Overholt laughed softly and slapped his knee. "Ef she done so," he suggested, "I'll bet a nag she got what she wanted out of you—ye foolish critter!"

Abner hung his head, and admitted that the performance had been spectacular. "But I couldn't help it, no more than I could 'a' stopped breathin'," he concluded. "I was jest like Elder Drane, when he used to git warmed up—you remember, when we was boys—an' pound the Bible tell hit'd fa'rly jump, an' yell damnation tell they could hear him mighty nigh to the Fur Cove."

Overholt nodded and smiled. The remembrance seemed to bring with it an idea. "Why can't you take pattern by the Elder?—dead an' gone these twenty years, but his works alivin' after him. Some good strong scriptur' texts ort to relieve your mind mightily, whilst you're aroekin' the chickens out o' your gyarden."

The plan appealed strongly to Abner's sense of humour. "Ef I could do hit," he mused. "Ef I could jest turn all the steam in that direction, I'm dummed ef I don't think hit would scare some folks considerable. But I couldn't—when I see them blamed chickens eatin' up my early beans I feel like I could do murder, an' they's nothin' but cussin' will relieve me."

Pap John stirred the lines softly on the backs of his fat old horses; the motion was like a caress. "Aw, I'll bet you you could," he argued. "King David, he had a mighty limber tongue when he started fo'th for to miscall his enemies; hit wuz hung in the middle, an' worked at both eends. You had good scriptural fetchin' up; you won't be lackin' for texts onet you set out on this hyer new line."

The whimsical smile spread on old Abner's countenance. "Job," mused the little man, "he had biles. I've thought, a many's the time, I should admire to have his gift of speech.



“Thar now! You said, ‘all-fired’”

Reckon some things he said might fit them ornery chickens.”

“Don’t stop at that,” pursued his adviser. “Lemme tell you what I’d do, ef I was in your shoes.” And the two gray heads were bent together long, in earnest converse.

Abner was nothing if not instant in action. About four o’clock that same afternoon, the chickens failing to enter his garden, he deliberately set the paling gate ajar, while the Rev. Mr. Dillard and the mistress of the house were placidly partaking of a snack preparatory to setting forth for Little Shiloh church to attend the first evening of the quarterly meeting. It has been said that Abner was a good provider; it shall be added that Volumnia was an inspired cook. The board between these two was covered with

testimonials of his labour and her skill. The Rev. Mr. Dillard found it hard to tear himself away from such a feast. His hostess refilled his plate with unfailing hospitality, and implored without intermission that he should try to make out a meal—poor as her victuals were.

Upon her iterant urgency and his protestations—the latter somewhat muffled by the good things with which his mouth was full—broke suddenly a thin, dry shriek.

“Ye generation o’ vipers, who give ye warnin’ for to flee from the wrath to come?” It was Abner cursing the chickens—or so his wife supposed. She had prepared her preliminary shudder, and even squeezed two very small tears into the corners of her eyes, when Polk Dillard set down his

coffee cup, let his cheek bulge with the unswallowed mouthful, and ejaculated, "Hark ye!"

For Uncle Abner had begun his scriptural campaign against the fowls, and a youth nourished upon the law and the prophets furnished his mind with many startling missiles. It sounded more furious than genuine profanity, yet the listeners recognized text after text.

"Been a-eatin' an' a-drinkin' damnation to yo'se'fs," came from outside.

"I'm afeared Abner hain't well," quavered the wife, rising and waddling to the window, where she looked out to see her active spouse accompanying each text with an accurately aimed stone.

"Ye sarpints! How ye gwine escape the damnation o' hell?" he panted.

The preacher came and gazed over her shoulder. "He's arockin' 'em all right," Dillard muttered, "but that talk—has he been doin' thisaway much of late?"

Abner's wife clung to the curtain and stared at her husband in horror. He skimmed about the garden—just as she had seen him do so many, many times—seeming scarcely to touch the earth as he bounded after the intruding chickens, his arm full of stones and his mouth full of scripture. The thumping texts seemed to shake his spare little frame as he brought them forth. He had indeed plowed with Job's heifer, and if he sometimes adapted the ancient Hebrew objurgations rather freely to fit his present needs, his hearers were too excited to note it.

"Am I a sea? Er a whale that you-all set up an watch me?" he now quoted appositely.

They turned, in a sort of panic, almost at the same instant. "I better be gittin' my ridin' skirt on," the woman said. "I see my nag's ready, an' we'll git down thar to the meetin'." It was characteristic of them both that they dropped this enigma which they could not explain, and their hurry to depart looked almost like flight.

When, a few minutes later, Volumnia came out on the porch holding up her black calico riding skirt, she found the wagon waiting for her. "I'm agwine down to meetin'," announced her husband without preface or preamble.

And one less desperately preoccupied with his own part in the play must have laughed to see the blank faces of the female pillar of Little Shiloh church—the president of its Ladies' Aid Society—and the Rev. Mr. Dillard. For years these two had dragged Uncle Abner to meeting, at the end of a string of entreaties. To have him wheel suddenly and charge snorting toward that goal, straining upon the cord, as one may say, nonplussed and even considerably alarmed them both.

Volumnia was crawling into the wagon with her habit on, when her spouse called her attention to it. "Looks like you're pestered 'bout somethin'. Hain't no objection to my goin' to quarterly, either on ye, hev ye?" he asked aggressively.

"Oh, no—oh, no, Brother Wimberly," Mr. Dillard began. ("Brother Wimberly" had formerly been sufficient to irritate the little man, but he took it now with a grim smile.) "No, my dear brother, we are but too glad. Yo' worthy pardner and me is that glad that we cain't neither of us find words to speak out our gladness. Ain't it so, Sister Wimberly?"

"I noticed you was afflicted similar," grunted the host, as he climbed to the driver's seat, and they set off down the mountain.

What emotions possessed the slow mind of Volumnia Wimberly during that ride it would be difficult to say. She dreaded desperately that Abner should burst forth in the church with scripture which sounded so much like cursing—and so much worse. He had addressed those quotations to the chickens; suppose the next were hurled at her! She felt guiltily that she had given the little man just cause for complaint, and if only he could

be got safely back home, his vials of wrath unbroached, she was willing to be very humble in making her peace.

Sitting back in one of the two chairs provided for herself and the preacher, while Abner, on the seat forward, drove silently, she peeped timidly at her husband's thin, sloping shoulders, and listened fearsomely to see if he would not utter some familiar malediction when the mules jibed and shied at a noise in the laurel thickets by the roadside. But he did not. She noted the chewing motion of his jaw which meant excited thought, and the play of muscle and cord in his neck below the ear. For the first time in her life she was afraid of him. She regarded him as one might a dynamite bomb, liable to go off at any time and on slight provocation.

She would have climbed down from the wagon and walked back to her home, had she dared. But if she was afraid to accompany Abner to church, she was much more afraid of staying away. Her heavy wits finally formulated a sort of plan. The minute they arrived at Little Shiloh church she would see Elder Justice and warn him concerning Abner's peculiar behaviour.

This was discussed with Polk Dillard in energetic whispers, which the whisperers fondly imagined were cloaked by the noise of the wagon. If any syllable reached Abner Wimberly, he made no sign, and they drew up at the meeting-house in silence.

Leaving the Rev. Mr. Dillard to attend to the team, Abner sprang from the wagon and made what Pap Overholt afterward described as "the beest bee line you ever saw" for the mourners' bench. There, as the church filled, he sat, very red in the face, his knotted hands clenched, staring straight before him. Volumnia, on her part, hastened to the elder and made her communication.

"Oh, I trust not, sister—I trust not, Sister Wimberly," the venerable elder rejoined. "I never have seen, and never shall see, why Abner hain't been

a happy, perfessin' Christian this twenty years. He's jest under conviction of sin, I ain't nary doubt. You put your heart at rest. Look at him settin' thar this minit on the mo'ners' bench."

Volumnia had not observed; she gazed and her jaw fell. Abner at the mourners' bench—Abner—without urging, of his own motion! As she stowed herself, palpitating and apprehensive, upon the women's side, she looked despairingly at the elder's serene face, framed in its flowing silver hair. Polk Dillard was the only hope she had; he had heard the strange jeremiad to the chickens, he knew the importance of heading Abner off, should he show any wild tendency; he would be personally concerned in doing so. In him she placed her reluctant trust.

A hymn was sung, one of the wailing mountain melodies, with its wild minor cadences, its unsatisfied upward turns:

"My soul—hit's awanderin' in the dark;
Show, Lord, Thy light on me."

The words came strongly home to the soul of Abner Wimberly. He had come to this place in a spirit of bravado; Volumnia's fears of him were well founded—yet in that mood he could but have convinced their world that she had always been justified in her attitude toward him. Now a more dangerous, because a more genuine element, entered into the coil. A woman was singing tenor in the back of the building; he knew it was his daughter Antrissa, and the shrill, sweet notes, soaring, bird-like, out above the other voices, brought a choke in his throat and a mist before his eyes. His children were all here, in the fold.

"Onet git Ab to that thar mourners' bench," Pap Overholt had confided to his wife, when telling of the counsel he gave, "onet git him thar, and thar's nothin' betwixt him an' bein' the happiest man in the two Turkey Tracks. He was borned for a godly life."

As the last notes died away, Elder Justice, standing by the little pine-wood pulpit, said sonorously, "I see a new face at our mourners' bench." Then, with a fond smile toward Abner, "Brother Wimberly, do you feel to b'ar a testimony this night?"

Instantly the old man was on his feet, his clenched hands dropped at his sides, the undersized, angular, sloping-shouldered figure standing straight as a soldier. As, for a moment, he stood and gulped, Volumnia, with the sudden inspiration of desperation, leaned across the aisle to where Polk Dillard was labouring with some sinner who refused to come forward, and whispered frantically:

"Ax him to lead in pra'ar! Ax him to lead in pra'ar! They hain't no tellin' what that pore misguided man will say, onct he gits to givin' experience. Oh, fer any sake ax him to lead in pra'ar!"

His own name, mentioned with great frankness in the opening of Brother Wimberly's remarks, smote upon the Rev. Mr. Dillard's ear like a tocsin, and he hurried up the aisle. His wits were dense, but once an idea was firmly wedged among them, it stuck. Bursting heavily in upon Abner's discourse: "Brother Wimberly will lead us in pra'ar," he announced.

Abner checked tentatively. No one else spoke. Catching a glimpse of Volumnia's purple visage and desperate eyes, Dillard repeated, a good deal louder:

"Brother Wimberly will now *pray!*"

A moment Volumnia's husband considered the proposition. His understanding of John Overholt's advice was that he was to go down and "shake up Shiloh Quarterly and have his evens".

But Pap John had not gauged his neighbour amiss when he held out material advantages in a quarrel to draw the fiery, misunderstood little man within genuine spiritual influences. Abner was at the mourners' bench—there of his own free will. The mighty tides of emotion which are

abroad in such a meeting caught up his soul and whirled it forward with a power that left him unable to choose. Heretofore, even when dragged in, he had looked on the machinery of the church with alien, misliking eyes, as an outsider. Now he was like one who has put hands to an electric battery and may not withdraw them at his own will.

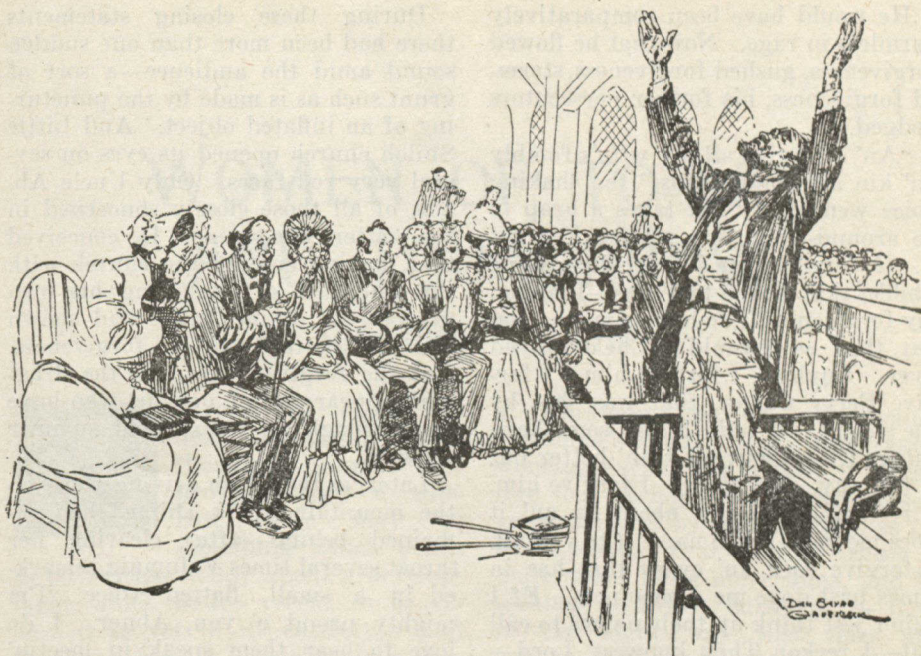
Unused to offering prayer in public, the old man folded his hands like a child about to put up its evening petition at its mother's knee. He bent his head above the supplicating palms and eyes were wet at the spectacle of him standing thus. With the laying together of those tremulous, work-hardened fingers came an inrush of delight, new, unexpected, like that of a prodigal returned to his father's house. Now the palms were flung out and up; the thin face was raised, tears flowing from under the lids of the closed eyes; the muscles twitching with the frank grief of a boy.

"O Lord!" he burst out, "I've come home!"

A wave of emotion went through the crowded congregation. More than one sob sounded upon the stillness that followed. A woman's voice cried ringingly, "O pappy!" A tall young Wimberly over near the wall uttered a deep bass "Amen".

For a short time it seemed Volumnia's fears might be unfounded, or Brother Dillard's stratagem wholly successful. The new convert was rapt in the ecstasy of his novel, spiritual experiences. In nervous, terse, colloquial sentences he poured out to heaven the bliss that was his. There was a passion of originality in the little man—he would never pray like anybody else. His fiery words were calculated to arouse and fix the attention of even those who made a practice of dozing impartially through prayer and sermon.

Yet the outburst of enthusiasm from the new convert grows ever an old story to the long-time church member, and it was not till Abner came down



“‘Fergive my wife, Volumny’”

to personalities that Little Shiloh was fully awake. With a sharp drop in his tone he began :

“I been awanderin’ a long time ; the gates of the fold has been barred agin me—but I’ve come home. An’ now, O Lord, I beg and pray Thy merciful kindness on—them that barred the gates. Fergive my wife, Volumny, and them that put her up to what she’s been doin’.”

The blow fell with a mute shock that reverberated soundlessly through every listener’s being. And the hush within the church suddenly became so profound that small night noises outside were distinctly audible, and the stamping of the tethered animals sounded loud.

“Thou knowst that when I yearned most toward Thee, hit seem’ like some folks was afraid I would forsake my wickedness ; an’ I’d jest about set my foot on the do’step o’ Thy house to have its door popped in my face. Fergive her, that when I didn’t cuss enough to make the neighbours feel

she was the most abused woman in the two Turkey Tracks, she up an’ turned her chickens into my gyarden. Thou knowst, Lord, a man couldn’t stand that—an’ his early beans jest apod-din’ out!”

Volumnia dropped to her knees, and hid her face against the back of the seat before her.

“Fergive this woman—for she’s a good woman—that she wouldn’t believe that Thou couldst save her husband, but must put him to shame befo’ his children ; acallin’ on them to notice that he was headed for the lake that burns with hell-fire ; apretendin’ all the time to be a warnin’ of them not to take the same road. I fergive her, O Lord, as Thou hast fergive me. I fergive Polk Dillard. I fergive Volumny’s second cousin Jasper Stribling, from over’t Big Buck Gap. I fergive all them that knowed my weakness, how prone I was to sin in the way o’ wicked cussin’, an’ worked upon it, an’ then rolled up their eyes an’ showed off over me. I fergive ’em.”

He would have been comparatively harmless in rage. Now that he flowed forgiveness, gushed forgiveness, stormed forgiveness, his former persecutors dodged.

"An' I fergive all my wife's fambly an' kin an' connections," the shaking voice went on. "Hit takes a heap to go around—but I've got it—I've got it. I fergive 'em. I fergive Beene Shifflet that moved to Texas—I reckon my fergiveness'll do him as much good out thar as 'twould ef he'd stayed hyer. Anyhow, I fergive him. I fergive Perry Carter, that was shot by the sheriff last fall. I said some hard things then about his bein' better out o' the way. I'm sorry. I fergive him. I reckon he'll know about it, an' it does me good for to name it to you all. I fergive each an' every that has in times past done me a meanness. Ef I cain't jest think up their names to call out—I reckon Thou knowest, Lord—Thou knowest."

"Yes, yes, Brother Wimberly. Amen. The Lord knows," chimed in the deep voice of the elder, to the relief of several in the gathering.

During these closing statements there had been more than one sudden sound amid the audience—a sort of grunt such as is made by the puncturing of an inflated object. And Little Shiloh church opened its eyes on several very red faces. Only Uncle Abner, of all those closely concerned in the matter, was serene. He conceived that, having entered the church with the intention of exploiting his own grievances, divine grace had shown him the better way of forgiveness. But the forgiven ones had the dragged appearance of persons who have run through an unexpected summer shower.

Later, as they were driving alone up the mountain—Polk Dillard had remained behind—after clearing her throat several times Volumnia remarked in a small, flatted voice, "I'm mighty proud o' you, Abner. I do love to hear them speak in meetin' that has the gift of it. Seems like yo' words comes mighty free. I hain't thanked ye yit fer fergivin' me—but I reckon you know jest how greatly I do."



WOMEN OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY



One can expect to deal adequately with thoughts brought into being by such a title. But there may be something which ought to be written to-day about a development which is too recent to be recorded as yet in its entirety. And there is a certain attraction in a daring attempt, even for a timid person. If the reader, therefore, will be good enough to put up for the present with a few notes from the field-book of an observer, some abler student and keener analyst to-morrow or the day after may take warning and avoid the errors committed by the analyst of to-day.

First, let us consider the organization of women, beginning, as it seems to us, in the late nineteenth century. What is more difficult than attempting to describe a movement which is wholly natural and gradual in its development, but in which our own activities are involved? When the tide of the sea flows, some indistinguishable part of it, some atom of an atom, might almost as well try to lift itself up to get a look at the wave. We have been often assured that Abraham's pilgrimage was part of the Western movement, that trend of population which no one can stay or explain. But it would be difficult to believe Abraham knew that he belonged to the Western movement. Women organizing to-day appear to be somewhat in the position

of Abraham, and we will include Abraham's wife, that remarkable woman, Sarah, not a wholly attractive soul perhaps, but a real person, yet untouched by organization, as far as we know. It is only by trying to understand these movements, and by seeking to adjust ourselves to them in the right way, that men and women have justified themselves as members of a race which is moving on an upward course. We do know that such movements occur because of strong beliefs and adequate causes.

About forty years ago, the women of Canada began to organize themselves with a definite plan to include women in all parts of the country in their bonds of organization. Nothing less in extent was ever their expressed purpose. There are written accounts of these origins. Those who began the work of organizing Canadian women did so for the sake of the women and children of heathen lands. Already their passionate words sound out of date. Who now speaks of "heathen lands"? But what has been the result of these little meetings? To-day in Canada there are a number of Women's Missionary Societies, each belonging to a separate church, and all of them national in extent, with hundreds of thousands of members and with incomes aggregating some hundreds of thousands of dollars. The intensity and earnestness of these organizations are as remarkable as their

growth. Their memberships have learned so much of concerted and concentrated action, and of the conduct of meetings and business, that the knowledge has had a considerable influence on the trend of character in the second generation.

At the same time, or in the years following, were organized the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Council of Women, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and others. Twenty years ago, the first Women's Institute of the country women of Canada was formed in Stoney Creek, Ontario, with its watchword, "For Home and Country". There are now Women's Institutes or Home Makers' Clubs in every Province of Canada. A few weeks ago the National Federation of Women's Institutes was consummated, with a membership of 100,000 rural Canadian women, possessed by a desire for unity and action. The Women's Institute movement has spread from Canada into the United States, and notably in the last three years to England, Scotland, and Wales, where organization is being carried on with rapidity and effectiveness. There is also the remarkable movement of United Farm Women in every Canadian Province. The Central Council of Agriculture of the Grain Growers and United Farmers has its counterpart in an Interprovincial Council of Farm Women, formed either as a section of the Council of Agriculture, or in close connection with it.

We are too accustomed to the organization movement after forty years to recognize its extraordinary character. Let us try to recapture its true meaning. If women had been preparing to take their part in such a day as this, to meet the war which those of us alive now will never try to describe in a phrase, and to seize these moments of promise which are with us still, what else would they have done forty years ago

but knit themselves together in a living unity on which the shock of an undreamed-of conflict must fall in vain? The pain and loss of that shock no one can express, but the unity for effort and service remains unbroken. "Unbroken" is not the word; the movement for organization has been greatly strengthened. In recent years, no one can turn round in Canada without witnessing the evolution of some woman into the perfect president or secretary. It is the same with Canadian girls at school. In every part of the country executive committees are as frequent as leaves on trees, and there are few rooms left of any size in which has not been held the successful meeting.

It would be useless to try to exhaust the meaning of the organization movement. Why has it come? What will be its consequences? No one can safely do more than make a few remarks, joined possibly with fewer predictions. The movement is beneficent. Its consequences will last a long, long time. It has had already, and it will have, a great influence in the development of the political, social and economic life of women. No one who attempts to understand women of to-day, or to co-operate with them, should fail to study their power to associate themselves with other women. But the study is not possibly as simple as it may seem. All these great national associations came into existence for the sake of ideals. The ideals must also be studied before the organization will reveal its meaning. Generally speaking, the movement belongs to the well-to-do, but it cannot rightly be described as fashionable. It belongs indeed to the world, and to the times.

I do not know whether the attitude of girls and women to-day towards employment is more characteristic of this age or more permanent than their power to organize, but I am certain that the feeling on the part of young women towards em-

ployment is also a world movement, beneficent and important. When we are talking of our present attitude to employment, it is well to remind ourselves of the fact that women of undisturbed leisure, who do not earn their living by some form of work, have always been at every age in the world's history in an extreme minority. It is a myth and superstition to speak of any considerable body of women as not being workers. But, to refer by inference to the women of to-morrow for a moment here, let it be said that the recognition of home-making and the care of children as highly skilled and exacting employments is extremely necessary. The occupations of women in their value to the State, and to men and women, will not assume their right order and proportion in the eyes of everyone until some method by which the home employments are recognized is devised by the nation. As things are now, speaking as a student of paid employments of women especially, conditions are misleading to the paid worker and unfair to the home maker. Unfair, I mean, in this way: the home maker is often left without proper means to do her work or proper training for it, and she is given the impression, unintentionally possibly, that her work has little or no economic value. On the other hand, the girl in paid employment is led to believe that home making is not work, that it does not need skilled training, and that she is contributing more to the country as a paid worker than she will when she is a home maker. We cannot build up a safe and noble state, or men and women of the highest development, on these suppositions.

There is one fact connected with the employment of girls which students of such conditions should repeat at frequent intervals, as we would a creed, to rectify misapprehensions and to guide us into right ways of thinking and acting. Between eighty and ninety per cent. of the girls of this country leave school at

fourteen. I understand that the percentage in the case of boys is even higher. This fact modifies our ideas in many ways. Dwell on it, for a consideration of what is involved in the statement will teach us a great deal. I find difficulty here in refraining from placing emphasis on another fact; the majority of young women have turned naturally to paid employment for a number of years. But this is not the point that you want me to discuss. The formula which I must postulate without delay is that there is a change of attitude towards paid employment on the part of young women belonging to the class that a few years ago would have fainted at the idea. Do you suppose that wenches did not work in Shakespeare's day? Perhaps ladies did not. But there always have been so many, many fewer in the class where there was a choice, than in the class where paid employment, or rather working for someone else than your own family, was taken for granted. Having said so much, I shall try to leave this part of the subject alone.

It is undoubted that choice and necessity together are whispering to the girls of to-day that it is better to be up and doing somewhere in the world of work. Partly the great service idea of the war, partly an economic progression, in some part the ideas of a new age, have changed the attitude of women to employment. As far as one can see, this movement will strengthen steadily, and it will be good. It will not injure the home, but will serve it; and one may repeat the same statement word for word, for the race. I should like to ask doubters one question. Does anyone suppose that these young things, so attractive, so full of life and vitality, so guided by natural wisdom without being aware of it, do not know what they are doing? The flower of the race does not turn itself to destruction, but to the thing that is best for it. The circumstances of the average girl are such that she

has more opportunity to meet those who will be her friends by going to work than by doing nothing.

Now, as to the supposed dangers of this women's movement towards employment. Does it make the girl think less of having a home of her own and of marriage? How little anyone knows of womanhood, who would suppose this! Women are profoundly, if inarticulately, loyal to the race and to the home. The only dangerous person, one sometimes thinks, is the person with nothing to do. But this statement is neither here nor there. It would not be possible for the majority of women in paid employments to think more highly of home life than they do. Another danger sometimes spoken of may be put in the form of a question. Will the increase in the numbers of women in paid employment tend to lower the wages paid to men? Economically, an increase in production and in money earned should benefit everyone. Any question about wages is extremely difficult to answer. But I will venture to say this. Wages below a decent living standard paid either to men or to women are a national danger. There is evidence to show that one way to combat the tendency to pay low wages to women is to be found in this change of attitude towards work on the part of young women of well-to-do families. A woman who has placed thousands of girls in paid employment, when discussing this question the other day, said: "The girl who is accustomed to living well at home won't take low wages. She insists on getting the best that are paid. But the poor, little girl, whose necessities are great, and whose training is inadequate, will take anything." There is at least, it seems to me, great promise in the entry of all kinds of young women into skilled work. I believe that this tendency towards paid employment on the part of well-to-do women will eventually help to improve wages and working conditions for both men and

women. I think our experience in the war has shown this in some degree. I do not mean to give the impression that there are not problems to be solved: problems of wages, problems connected with opening higher positions to competent women, and problems which involve standards of right living, for which I believe the general body of women at home are more directly responsible than they are for wages or opportunities of employment. Why should not women investigate and make known the standards of living in our communities? They are the real experts on this subject.

Before we leave employment, I should like to give you two pictures. The first is a representation of a woman scrubbing out an office building after hours. She is not a new development in work. Get her picture in your minds. In time it will make something happen. The other is a group of young women discussing a subject in which they are interested. One of the group is a member of a Telegraphers' Union; the next is a teacher of better methods of salesmanship; the next a member of a Shop Clerks' Union; the next an employment expert. The subject under discussion was the form of organization most helpful to women workers. I ask you who will help the charwoman first: the young woman who is neither a home maker nor a paid worker, or the young woman who is a trained worker, either in the home or outside of it? If you are interested in the discussion referred to above, you may care to know that for the average girl, the form of organization favoured was the Club rather than the Union. The Union was warmly commended, and it was unanimously agreed that some form of organization is necessary.

After some investigation of relative wages for girls in Canada and the United States, I believe that there is evidence to show a better recognition in Canada of the righteousness

of living wages for young girls. It has seemed to me that, although our wages may not go as high for special workers, they also do not fall as low for the girl beginning work. Minimum wage legislation has made considerable progress in Canada. I think that compared with other countries, higher positions in employment are more easily won by women in Canada. We have still much to achieve, but recognition, good feeling, and comradeship are often shown by men workers in Canada to women in the same employment.

With some sense of wonder we realize that there seems to be little need to speak of the franchise to-day. Women are now responsible citizens, responsible in every way, and perhaps while the roots of the franchise are growing down in our lives, and the branches of the tree are spreading abroad, the less we say the better. The situation in Canada belongs to this country, and perhaps in the same degree to no other. We have been fortunate in Canada. I think there has been in the Canadian household always the wish to do equally well for both sides of the house on the whole. The subject of the political enfranchisement of women is interesting, but may be safely left for the abler analyst of to-morrow. Yet there is one note that the observer cannot refrain from jotting down in her field-book. The women who most keenly enjoyed casting their first votes in the Dominion election were not the young, nor even the middle-aged, but the old. There was something touching and most significant in the evident satisfaction of seventy or seventy-five when she cast her first ballot, and there was no sign that she had ever lifted a finger or spoken a word to get it for herself. Having jotted down the note, it may be added, however, in a spirit of frankness, that women are prepared to accept some responsibility for future legislation, not merely by voting, but by helping to draw up the legislation itself. But

the immediate power to be exercised by women politically is through the vote. If a woman feels that she owes her country much, in the degree that she has been well educated, by the inheritance she has from good parents, she can judge of the importance of her franchise. The better citizen she may be the more necessary it is that she should vote.

Now, not bravely, but as a trembling Child Roland, the writer has come to the Dark Tower. What of the women of to-morrow? Like three spans in a bridge, organization, employment, and the franchise seem to lead us safely over into the unknown country. There is no need to speculate about the eternal qualities in women, because they remain the same. All that the woman wants from organization, employment and the franchise is an opportunity to be more perfectly a woman, to develop to her full stature, whatever that may be, and not mainly for her own sake. Generally speaking, the work which the average woman most enjoys and that for which she has the most genius is helping other people to do their best work. This genius will not change. One of the wisest and best arguments regarding the finer relations between men and women in the future and their work together may be found in Professor McIver's book, "Community," and there I advise you to read it.

Possibly one of the consequences of this genius for helping others to do their best work is the characteristic failure at times by women to think of their own individual work as important. I cannot believe that in the To-morrow about which I have been given the task to write women will not consider their work more seriously, and bring to its advancement their powers of organization, the methods they have learned in employment, and the responsibilities of their citizenship. What could not women do if they organized to better child life? We hear about bureaus of scientific research, and

they are essential. But what about a bureau to study children, to utilize all the knowledge of mothercraft and to teach mothercraft? We could if we would save the lives of thousands of children in Canada every year. Is there not to be an organization to promote the training of girls for home-making and the care of children? The Home and School Council may develop in this way. Who was the controlling factor in food saving? Why not then one of the controlling factors in the production and consumption of food and in the controlling of food prices? No one but the consumer can carry out the duties of the consumer. If we understood, practised and taught the laws of health, what effect would this have on the community? One of the most colossal businesses in the world, if one can call anything a business which is unorganized, is buying carried on by women. Do any of us know what national or communal effect our buying has? We teach ourselves gradually to select what seems good to us and what we think we can afford to buy, but there ought to be some fundamental knowledge of this business which it is possible to acquire from instruction. What effect has the nature of our expenditure on the well-being of others? Housing is at least half a woman's problem. These are not questions which we can leave altogether for the woman of to-morrow; because the war has helped to teach us to think about them, and the women of to-morrow may never think of them at all. How do we know that they will? Over the bridge of organization, employment, and the franchise something that we do about better living will have to go.

These social advances cannot be made successfully unless women contribute their full share of expert study, thought, and effort. There is no substitute for a woman in child welfare, in the use of food, or in many other things. I do not know of any employment in the world

with wider horizons or greater possibilities than may be found in the study, investigation, the laboratory work and practice of the home employment. It is a question of retarding or advancing the well-being of the race. I do not suppose that praise was meant to have any part in this brief survey. But for my part, I am not afraid to trust the future, judging by what we have learned of the men and women of our own day. We are eager for the people of to-morrow to do better; but if the future is to excel the finest men and women, the boys and their sweethearts we have known, it will have to do its best.

Is there a reward that women as women may hope for through organization, employment, the franchise, and in taking up their own work in a way which will make the world better? There should be an increase in individuality. There should be also a greater number of these individuals of remarkable personality, of whom already we have had not a few examples in this country with its comparatively brief history, Abigail Becker, Laura Secord, Madeleine de Vêrchères, Sarah Maxwell, and others whose names you will remember, who by being themselves did so much for all of us. How much we need this increase in individuality, and these remarkable individuals, who can put into words! But by making a steadfast attempt at the greater work of the race, by trying to fill the need for the existence of these benefactors, we do make their coming more possible. It is not the people who talk about what may be done, but those who take an active part in the affairs of life, working out idealism—what we may call the better life—in practical concrete plans who merit our support and allegiance. Meanwhile, in preparation for the coming of these greater people, what we have to do is to refrain from merely talking about the future, so that we may devote ourselves to concrete and practical plans.

WHAT OF AVIATION?

BY GEORGE R. LIGHTHALL



WITH daring aviators essaying the huge task of flying across the Atlantic and private companies advertising flying machines for sale, it is worth while to observe some of the present aspects of aerial navigation and review past achievements.

The subject of the possibilities of aviation after the war has already been occupying much attention. Much skepticism is indulged in by those who know little of the subject, but the advocates of its great possibilities are almost daily adding to their claims and as well to their numbers, as the public is becoming better informed.

There are the mail, the express, and the passenger service. There is forest ranging, sheep ranching, seal fishing, coastal patrol and the realms of sport. The possibilities of aerial service for surveying and for exploration are pressing forward for recognition.

The mail service has already been established, as we know, between a number of places. Official mail has been conveyed to and fro between Paris and London, twice daily, for the past year and more. Rate tables for passenger service between these two cities have been published. They establish an operating cost of about \$1.00 a mile for a machine built to carry twelve to twenty-five passengers from one capital to the other in three and a half hours. These heavier than air flying machines are hope enough that this transport will be further developed.

Service between Paris and St. Nazaire was established last August. The distance between the two places is about 250 miles. The service between Paris and Nice and Rome will shortly become regular. For more than a year planes have been used in Morocco for mail and special despatches between various posts, and this is to be extended to Algeria.

Other established services are now operating between London and Edinburgh, between Scotland and the Irish Coast, Italy and Sardinia, Rome and Turin, Marseilles and Nice, services in Holland, services in Scandinavia, the service between Washington, Philadelphia and New York is now operating so successfully that the original charge of twenty-five cents an ounce has been reduced to sixteen cents an ounce.

It is interesting to note that official committees which are considering air routes reckon that New York will be just two days sail from London. That London to Bagdad may be travelled in one and a half days. Constantinople and Petrograd will be only about twenty hours travel from London; while Ceylon may be reached from London in two and three-quarter days, and Sydney in five days.

A careful computation of the cost of a service between London and Marseilles and to Rome, providing for twenty-four machines and operating six machines each way daily, shows that it would involve a capital expenditure of £500,000 and a yearly maintenance of about \$600,000. At this the cost works out at forty-one

cents a ton mile. The machines on which the calculations are based are Handley-Page, equipped with 2,300 horse-power Rolls-Royce engines, capable of non-stop flights of eight hours and of carrying a revenue-paying load of no less than 4,000 pounds.

This year I expect to see a flight across the ocean between the Irish Coast and Newfoundland, where, near to St. John's, large aerodromes have been in preparation by the British Government.

We have in Montreal the credit of inaugurating the first official mail service in Canada. This was in last June, when Captain Peck, of the Royal Air Force, in a Curtiss Biplane carried a bag of mail from the Postmaster in Montreal to the Postmaster in Toronto with authority from Ottawa, and with all the other marks on it necessary to make certain of its official character. This was accomplished under the auspices of the Canadian Division of the Aerial League of the British Empire.

In forest ranging the saving to the country and to the lumber interests will be immense, as one machine can range the forest for fire patrol and for other services more efficiently and with greater speed than may forty men as presently employed, and at a cost much below that of present methods. Natural landing places for this service, which will employ seaplanes, will be the innumerable lakes scattered throughout our forest regions.

It is claimed by those having good data at hand that passenger and express service may be maintained between larger centres of population profitably and at a cost not, or at least very little, in excess of the present rates by rail or boat. The saving in time alone will warrant the establishment of this commercial enterprise.

Hard-headed men of means and business enterprise are showing anxiety to go into the business of manufacture of aeroplanes and of establishing such services, and are

willing to risk their dollars in the venture.

The Aircraft Manufacturing Company of Canada (working in conjunction with Mr. Holt Thomas and his interests in England) has been incorporated and will commence operations in Montreal this Spring. The Canadian Government is waking up to the possibilities and advantages of aircraft. The Canadian Reconstruction Association is now considering the best means, and it is likely, as in Great Britain and in the United States, that a National Advisory Committee will soon be appointed by the Government from among those interested in aeronautics to assist in an advisory capacity on all subject matter submitted to it, and we shall soon have laws enacted to govern the traffic in the air and franchises will be granted to responsible concerns. Air routes have been suggested and will soon be officially established and aerodromes and landing-places are planned for a number of points, and at an early date we shall have complete links from ocean to ocean, to Hudson Bay, to the Yukon, and to Labrador and Newfoundland.

Help will be given for the outlet of grain from our Northwest by the Hudson Bay, by aviators flying over the sea, pointing out by wireless, the passages through the ice floes, thus saving much time for steamships and reducing risk and loss. The reduction of insurance rates alone in consequence of the establishment of a proper service for this purpose will eventually more than offset the entire cost.

One man in the Western states used a flying machine last year in connection with his sheep ranching, and says that he saved at least 5,000 sheep during one winter, which under the old conditions would have perished before they could have been found and rescued.

For a period of three months last summer the British Government, as an experiment to determine the cost and practicability, used the same ma-

chine, a large Handley-Page, between England and France, making two trips daily in each direction. This it did carrying an average of sixteen passengers on each trip, taking over to the Front flying officers for service and returning with others going on leave. It never once made a poor landing or had an accident. I do not know the figures, but am informed that the cost of maintenance of this service was most satisfactory and encouraging.

We read in the newspapers only a few days ago that four army aeroplanes were flown from San Francisco to Washington and to New York, taking in the elapsed flying time only some fifty-three hours for the entire journey of about 4,000 miles. *En route*, and as part of the object of the trip, the flyers made selection of suitable landing-grounds to assist in the establishment of one of their proposed national air routes.

I noticed also in newspaper reports that a similar trip had been made by three army machines from Texas northward to a point near Detroit. The universities are already looking to aviation as a regular branch of education and instruction. Several of the leading universities have had money given them for the purpose, and are considering establishing professorships of aeronautics, for which I may instance the University of London. McGill University, although it has not so far had any donation or grants to assist it, is establishing a course of lectures on the subject, and these will commence in the Fall of this year, 1919; and the University of Toronto will do the same.

As illustrative of what may be done by the modern aeroplane and in answer to our natural craving for stories and incidents taken from facts rather than fiction, before closing I will take the opportunity of telling a few, all authentic, and for that reason the more interesting, and intended as a means of helping better to grasp future possibilities of this greatest of all modern sciences.

At a certain British post a big seaplane turned out for trial on a particularly rough day. The waves were more than six feet high and the port commander ordered a motor-boat to be in attendance, as he regarded a capsize for the seaplane as inevitable, should she try to "land" on the water. But while the motor-boat was rocking down below to such a tune that she eventually healed right over, the big seaplane alighted neatly on the water and took the crew of nine from the upturned boat, and then ascended from the water with this formidable addition of her own load of five men. She flew for the harbour and there the seaplane even landed downwind instead of upwind, and taxied up to a vessel in the harbour and deposited her half-drowned would-be rescuers with cordial good wishes for their comfort.

One day in the early summer of last year, a day when all nature seemed to rejoice, the sun was bright, and there was little haze on land or sea, a British destroyer went out into the North Sea on patrol service, and was accompanied by a seaplane, in which was a Montreal boy, a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service. On that day, the 1st of September, 1917, and when about thirty-five miles off the coast from Dunkirk, he was flying about 2,000 feet up in the air, he saw in distance about two miles away, a German submarine on the ocean surface. The plane at once dived down on its quarry and when about 800 feet above it dropped two bombs, the first of which did not seem to have any practical effect, but the second struck the submarine just aft of its conning tower, and exploded with sad effect on the submersible. The submarine turned over on its side and disappeared, leaving the sure evidence of oil on the surface of the water that thirty or forty Germans had gone "West". For this exploit the Montreal boy now wears the D.S.C., and has the modesty to consider that his action was nothing but an incident in his day's work.

One exploit which happened over the forests of Mormal, now in British hands, is worthy of notice. Over there the major of one of the British flying squadrons (a Canadian, by the way), searching for the whereabouts of British troops, and for any German fighting planes in the neighbourhood, saw a two-seater flying at an altitude of 10,000 feet to escape the "Archies", and the major climbed up to it in a wide spiral and from below fired at it. The German pilot and his observer fell, their machine breaking in two in the air. A Fokker biplane then came into view, and the major soon heard the whistling of the bullets through his plane and felt a hammer stroke on his left side. He had been hit and stunned, and his machine began to spin out of control. He, however, became conscious of his danger, and instinctively righted the machine, and then saw that he was surrounded by several Fokkers, crowding around him to give him the *coup de grace*. Nevertheless, he attacked and got in his shot first, downing three of his enemies. The others kept at him and for the second time he was hit and his left thigh shattered. He fainted clean away and his machine once more dived dangerously, but again he revived, and with the instinct of self-preservation and the desire for revenge, once more mastered his machine and looked out for the Germans. Twelve or fifteen of the enemy scouts were on the hunt for him. He flew at one and sent it hurtling to the ground in flames. His left elbow was smashed and the arm dropped helplessly to his side. With one hand he now managed to shoot and fight a swarm of enemies that seemed determined to finish him. He dived steeply to escape, but eight of them still followed him, and as he could not avoid them he fought them. He fought them by manœuvring and by all the stunts known to airmen, but with cold and deadly skill. For ten or twelve minutes he juggled with his machine to get the advantage of the vultures. He hit two and put

them out of action, and then they had enough and he landed successfully, but when his machine came to rest he did not jump up, but was carried to the hospital and the story says that he is now well on the way to recovery. As a matter of fact he fought between fifty and sixty hostile craft, destroyed four and drove down six—a marvellous feat.

First Lieutenant Edmund G. Chamberlain, of San Antonio, Texas, a graduate of Princeton and the University of Texas, has received simultaneous recommendations for the Victoria Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honour, for an exploit in which he figured last July.

Lieutenant Chamberlain was an aviator attached to the United States Marine Corps. He was trained under Major K. E. Kennedy in the British school, the R.F.C., in Texas.

He appeared on July 27th at a British aviation camp and informed the officer in command that he was on furlough, had a personal but not official permission to visit the camp, and desired some experience before returning to duty.

The British commander was in need of aviators, and as there was a bombing squad about to leave he gave Lieutenant Chamberlain permission to go with it. On this flight he brought down one German airplane in flames, and sent down another out of control.

The following day Lieutenant Chamberlain was one of a detachment of thirty aviators who went out over the battlefield, and as the thirty machines circled over fleeing Germans, they were attacked by an equal number of German machines. It was a hurricane battle from the first, and almost at the inception the British lost three planes. Near the beginning of the engagement Lieutenant Chamberlain's engine was damaged, one of his machine guns jammed, and he seemed to be out of the fight, but instead of starting for home he remained to offer assistance to other airplanes which were being attacked

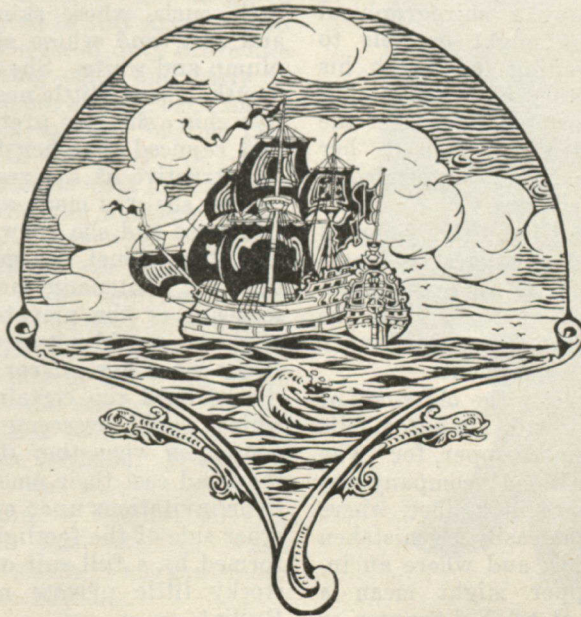
by twelve Hun machines. He lost altitude owing to engine trouble, but when he was attacked by a German he opened such a hot fire that the enemy started into a nose dive towards the earth. His engine now started to work better, and he climbed once more towards the enemy, and with a burst of fire sent one of them crashing to ground. He shattered a second with another volley from his machine gun, and then looped the loop out of a cordon of enemy machines that had gathered to finish him, and as he sailed away he shot the wing off another German machine. The leader of the German squadron then came straight at him, but was met with such a torrent of bullets that his plane joined the other Huns in hurtling to the earth.

Lieutenant Chamberlain then turned towards the British line. His engine had gone dead and he was forced to glide, picking his way as well as he might through the enemy and through anti-aircraft shell fire.

As he was sweeping towards his destination he saw beneath him a col-

umn of German troops, and scattered them by pouring into them a gust of machine gun bullets from the machine gun that had become jammed but which he had succeeded once more in putting into action. He flew a short distance farther and came to earth. He could not carry off the equipment of his machine, but took his compass and started to run for home. He encountered a patrol of three Germans, and ordered them to surrender, waving his compass above his head like a bomb. Two of the enemy ran but the third surrendered, and with him he started for the British line. They came upon a wounded French officer, whom he picked up and carried, driving his prisoner before him. He waded a brook under heavy fire, but arrived in safety with the French officer and the German prisoner.

We should not wonder that we won the war when we realize that our ranks, on land, on sea, and in the air, teem with heroes such as these. What will they and thousands like them achieve in time of peace?





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

A "BABE" IN BURLON WOOD



HE star of "The Babes in Burlon Wood" company sat in her dressing-room and contemplated what in theatrical parlance is known as a "mash note".

This was not the first document of its kind received by the star, but it provoked, as had each of its predecessors, her keen amusement. An officer hoped, with many a chirographical flourish, that he might be able to acquaint the leading lady with his high opinion of her ability and personal charm in a tête-à-tête, after the performance. He signed himself "her admirer" and modestly appended a couple of military titles.

The star chuckled and then laughed outright, and I dare suggest as a psychologist and not as an eye-witness, that the higher the officer's rank, the more imposing his titles, the keener the little lady's amusement.

This is not exactly the old story of the stage Johnny with his automobile and his invitation to supper, for "The Babes in Burlon Wood" company was *en tour* somewhere in France, where a limousine might easily be mistaken for a motor lorrie, and where an invitation to supper might mean a rasher of beans at a "Y" counter or

a doughnut and a cup of coffee at the Salvation Army tent. Sometimes it might mean simply an invitation—no more!

But that was not what amused "Marion" as she regarded herself (a few inches at a time) in a small, wavering mirror. She saw a very attractive person whose deep blue eyes were beautifully shaded with long black lashes, whose hair was silky and full of unexpected and provocative little curls, whose skin was creamy and soft, and whose shoulders were plump and white. She saw a rosebud mouth, a saucy little nose and a sensitive chin; she saw pretty slim hands and rejoiced that her feet were just as attractive as the rest of her. Of course, she was made up for the performance and she knew that the general, the colonel, the major, the captain, the lieutenant, the corporal, the sergeant or the private, as the case might be, would not expect to see precisely what her mirror reflected, but she realized the certain discomfiture which would overcome any of these gentlemen when they discovered that they had cast their amorous eyes and their invitations upon one who, on the other side of the footlights, was transformed by a full suit of khaki into a stocky little private named Ed. J. Bullis!

Ed. Bullis is a native of Ottawa. His fondness for the theatre and all pertaining thereto amounted to a mania, but he had very little opportunity to express himself in dramatic terms. True, he was a member of several amateur dramatic organizations, but they offered him comparatively little scope, and probably his only part of note was that of a lispng curate in an original play of Major Donald Guthrie's, during the production of which Bullis had the advantage of careful and intelligent rehearsing. His interpretation of the lines, as well as his grasp of theatrical technicalities, marked him as having the undisputed qualifications of an actor.

If he played but few parts, however, he was invaluable at performances, never scorning to lend his assistance behind the scenes in whatever capacity he was most necessary. In this way he learned from professional stagehands just what a production entailed. He familiarized himself with the work of each man, including the electrician, and he reached the point where he could "lash his flats" with the best scene-shifter.

Ed. Bullis did not want to go to war. He wanted to stay at home and act, but a high sense of duty drove him to the recruiting office and early in the struggle he might have been found in Flanders, a member of the 12th Canadian M. G. Company.

His first dramatic work in the Army was done under the auspices of the "Y" and on a somewhat restricted scale. The troupe was known as the "Versatiles". The impression created by this type of work caused military authorities to look upon it as an important feature in army life, as we all know, and the particular success of the Versatiles soon attracted the attention of the Division. It was felt that the "Y" was wasting good opportunities, and in August, 1917, a reorganization was effected, when "The Maple Leaves" emerged under the ægis of the Division.

At the Front, Ed. Bullis created and filled a niche, which probably sur-



Private Ed. J. Bullis,
as a "Babe" in Burlon Wood



Miss Winifred Mary Wiseman
President of the Canadian Business Women's Club

prised him as much as it did others, for impersonation was the last thing he would have attempted before leaving Canada. With the present demand for that type of work, it will be a pity if he does not follow his success into a larger field.

*

MISS WINIFRED MARY WISE- MAN

THE President of the Canadian Business Women's Club is interesting as one of the few English women of any note in Toronto who have not been Canadianized. She remains typically British in character, temperament, and outlook. She is pre-

eminently the business woman. Her instinct for business is inherited, and has been shown to a quite brilliant degree in another member of her family, her brother, Sir William Wiseman.

Miss Winifred Wiseman began her independent career as owner and manager of a tea-shop in London. This was an enterprise that some years ago required considerably more pluck, initiative and determination than similar undertakings over here. After five years' experience, Miss Wiseman is not enthusiastic over this as a means of earning a livelihood, at least in the more difficult conditions in the Old Country, where it proved a very hard-working life with no very

great profits to be made out of it at the end.

After visiting her brother in New York, Miss Wiseman first came to Toronto as manager of the large poultry farm that W. F. Robins had north of the city, arranged on the most up-to-date principles. Her English love of animals and the out-of-doors made this a happy post for her. Unfortunately fire destroyed a good deal of the farm buildings. Her most important position was that which she held as head of the Women's Department of Munitions in Canada, wherein her business ability, power of organization, and capacity for handling all sorts of people had full demands made upon them. After giving up that work she for a time helped in the development of a Women's Branch of the North American Life Assurance Company, of which she was manager. Before leaving for England, on account of her mother's condition of health, she was for nine months Field Secretary to the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children, for which institution she organized their last Rose Day. Her work in connection with the Gage Institute consisted of lecturing to various societies and Sunday schools, and trying to inculcate in the younger members of the community such principles of healthful living as would tend to lessen the dread prevalence of tuberculosis. This was interesting work, relieved from monotony by a perpetually fresh audience and stimulated always by a consciousness of its vital importance.

On the reorganization of the Canadian Business Women's Club a year or two ago, she was elected President, and did much to extend the usefulness and popularity of the club.

With the Miss Wiseman of public meetings a good many of us are familiar, for she has been very prominent in political work. She is a successful public speaker, and knows well how to manage a voice of varied range. In some of her little presidential addresses you may hear at times a distinctive note, a Scots quality of earn-

estness, a something you associate with religious gatherings where sinners are persuaded to their good, but here charmingly applied to matters secular. This impression of warmth and genuineness is enhanced by the attractive geniality of the speaker's appearance. Her figure, rather small and quickly-moving, has a virile air of self-reliant energy.

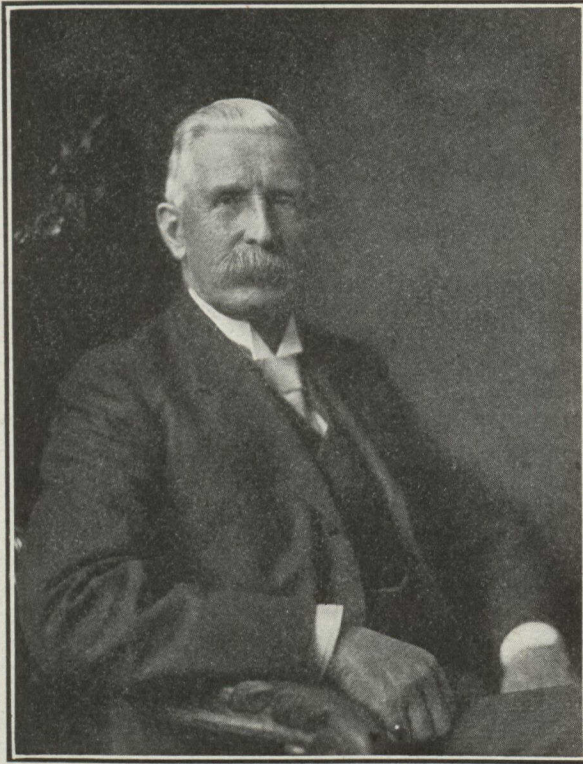
Miss Wiseman is of mingled Scottish and Irish ancestry, and her people have been for generations connected with the British Navy. It is perhaps the Scottish element in her that believes firmly in a strict upbringing for success in life, she herself having had a father who, as a navy man, was a severe disciplinarian.

Miss Wiseman confesses to a dislike of the "superior person", and an appreciation of the attitude of "There but for the grace of God, go I". Having lived a good deal in theatrical and musical circles, she has a warm sympathy and liking for the society of artists. An ardent love of children characterizes her, and the fact that she has been associated largely with men in business all her life may account for her acknowledged preference for them as friends. And on both her men and child friends she expends a strong "mothering" instinct. One of her beliefs is that the woman who wants to succeed in life has got to be "selfish". An underlying distinctive quality in her is a broad and unconventional religiousness of spirit.

*

COLONEL DENISON

COLONEL GEORGE T. DENNISON, whose "Recollections" begin in the July number, has been a prominent figure in Canadian national affairs for almost half a century. On page 134 of this magazine Sir John Willison says, "Perhaps only Colonel George T. Denison among Canadians was so influential in resisting every movement towards separation from Great Britain, in strengthening Imperial sentiment, in fashioning the structure of Empire. For they were



Colonel George T. Denison,
whose Recollections begin in the July Number

the teachers of British statesmen and the evangelists of a gospel which even the British people were slow to understand. . . .”

Colonel Denison already has earned a reputation as a writer. Several volumes, treating mostly of military and campaign matters, have come from his pen. Perhaps the most widely read of these are “Soldiering in Canada”, “The Struggle for Imperial Unity”, and “A History of

Cavalry”. The last won the first prize offered by the Emperor of Russia for the best history of cavalry. It was published in English, Russian, German, and Japanese.

Colonel Denison has been engaged all his long life in many activities, and he is almost constantly in the public eye. He is a splendid *raconteur*, and his “Recollections”, which cover a wide area, will be found to be unusually entertaining.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HOPE OF OUR CALLING

By ROBERT LAW, D.D. Toronto:
McClelland & Stewart.



NE would infer that this is a book for preachers of the Gospel. While it is addressed as such, no layman should set it aside because of that.

For everyone is just as much interested nowadays as he ever was in the possibilities of the hereafter, in the hope of Heaven. The tendency of books revealing the claims of spiritualism, books like "The Twentieth Plane", by Dr. Watson, tend to allay any fears that might be lurking of a place of torment for the damned. Spiritualists seemingly have not distinguished greatly between the state of the good and the state of the bad in the hereafter, but here Dr. Law assures his readers that a good, decent life on earth is an all-important matter, at the same time leaving the impression of a happy immortality as the inevitable outcome of a life well lived, according to Christian principles, on earth. The Heaven he sets up is open enough to admit all who profess Christ, but it rejects all others. "Death," he says, "in itself and without Christ is a curse, the uttermost of all curses, a penalty and doom, the sum and end of all penalty and all doom." The "experience" of Christianity, one might imagine, is to many in these days a difficult thing to realize. And yet Professor Law clings to it as a requisite, without which death is the uttermost of all curses. As one reviewer puts it:

"To preach a conditional felicity hereafter is nice work. One has to be so sure of the fundamentalness of one's conditions. Dr. Law's conditions seem proper and adequate and applicable when one has Old St. Andrew's congregation in the purview. But what about those conditions with the whole round world of race and colour in mind? Do they leave the most of the whole round world damned with the uttermost of all curses? If so, Dr. Law's congregation should be on fire with a wild concern; there should be a tremendous urgency among them if this thing is so specific, so necessary, so final, and (as it appears to the reviewer) so little known."

Now that the church is being accused of neglecting Heaven, this book should be read with keen interest.

*

ESSAYS IN OCCULTISM, SPIRITISM, AND DEMONOLOGY

By DEAN W. R. HARRIS. Toronto:
McClelland & Stewart.

ONCE it is admitted, as the author of this book admits it, that the instances of spirit communication are unquestionably established, it would seem to become comparatively easy to accept the contentions of the Psychic Researchers. Dean Harris has a comprehensive embrace in these matters and an abandoned enthusiasm about their acceptance that makes Sir Oliver Lodge and A. D. Watson seem like cold and carping cynics. Where Lodge and Watson tread on careful toes tentatively, Dean Harris rushes in unrecking. Where, in picking over evidence, Lodge and Watson scrutinize and reflect and reject, Dean Harris has no misgivings; he accepts practically the whole programme of the occult from the planchette and the ouija board to the phenomena known

as bi-location and aerial transportation. Not that Dean Harris would admit any contention to the effect that he is over credulous; what things he accepts, he accepts because the Church has studied them and found them true; but to the scientific investigator he would seem credulous. His book, therefore, becomes specially interesting as revealing the mental processes by which credulity in matters psychic ends in repudiating scientific findings which are popularly considered as needed credulity for their acceptance. Popularly, the enemies of the Psychic Researchers are considered to be those who believe too little; Dean Harris's book shows that it is those who believe too much who are the real enemies. Credulity, when its eyes are widest open, is most blind. This peculiar defect in vision which Dean Harris shares with others in the world has shut from his two things. It has shut him off from the use of the scientific checks and tests which would have made him incapable of accepting much that he has accepted as data in the realm of the occult. It has also shut him off from even considering any scientific basis the Psychic Researchers may have for whatever contentions they make. In the first case, Dean Harris loads himself with questionable data; then in the second case, he is able to hug his "evil spirits" theory and be blind to all else.

For, in a word, this is what Dean Harris says: (1) Humanity receives communication from the spirit world through mediums, boards, by automatic writing, etc. But (2) this communication is evil. It is not communication from the living spirits of the good departed dead; it is communication either from devil spirits who have never been on earth or from the spirits of suicides, patricides, etc., who come back with devilish ingenuity and malign intention to plague the people of the earth.

It is an interesting tangle which Dean Harris achieves. Having been credulous in the matter of proofs for spirit communication, he is credulous

then in the matter of the Church's proofs against a particular scientific theory based on the scientifically accredited data of psychic investigation. Having been unscientific in the beginning, he is consistently unscientific to the end. Nowhere in his book can there be found the peculiar ruthlessness and courage to face the truth where mere romancing and presupposition and theory is concerned that is characteristic of the scientific spirit and that is the sounding lead of all scientific advance.

Dean Harris has written an interesting, even a captivating, book. But he has numbered himself with those who would sail blithely on over dangerous seas, confident in the findings of an antiquated chart, rather than among those who, knowing the way to be precarious, would move forward swinging the lead from careful bows.

*

THREE TIMES AND OUT

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG. Toronto:
Thomas Allen.

IT is no reflection on Mrs. McClung's literary ability to say that this book, which is really the story of Private Simmons as he told it to Mrs. McClung, will be regarded by many of her readers as her best work. The title at once is attractive. Three times did Private Simmons attempt to escape from German camps, and at last, with Corporal Edwards, the hero of "The Escape of a Princess Pat", succeeded in getting "out". Edwards's story, as recorded by George Pearson, and Simmons's story, as told by Mrs. McClung, make in reality companion volumes. Mrs. McClung has done the work simply and with good effect. This Private Simmons displays no malice, and indeed he is not above saying a good word for the German soldier, or at least for a German soldier:

"I thought about him that night when I sat with the blanket wrapped around me, and I wondered about this German soldier. He evidently belonged to the same class as the first German soldier I met after I

was captured, who tried to bandage my shoulder when the shells were falling around us; to the same class as good old Sank at Giessen, who, though he could speak no English, made us feel his kindness in a hundred ways; to the same class as the German soldier who lifted me down from the train on the way to Roulers. This man was one of them, and I began to be conscious of that invisible brotherhood which is stronger and more enduring than any tie of nationality, for it wipes out the differences of creed or race or geographical boundary, and supercedes them all, for it is a brotherhood of spirit, and bears no relation to these things. To those who belong to it I am akin, no matter where they were born or what the colour of their uniform.

"Then I remembered how bitterly we resented the action of a British sergeant-major at Giessen, who had been appointed by the German officer in charge to see after a working party of our boys. Working parties were not popular—we had no desire to help the enemy—and one little chap, the Highland bugler from Montreal, refused to go out. The German officer was disposed to look lightly on the boy's offence, saying he would come all right, but the British sergeant-major insisted that the lad be punished—and he was.

"I thought of these things that night in the cell, and as I slept, propped in the corner, I dreamed of that glad day when the invisible brotherhood will bind together all the world."

One further quotation. Surely this description out of a hungry time, strikes a peculiarly Canadian note:

"Thoughts of food came to torture me. When I slept my dreams were all of eating. I was home again, and mother was frying doughnuts. Then I was at the Harvest Home Festival in the church, and downstairs in the basement there were long tables set. The cold turkey was heaped up on the plates, with potatoes and corn on the cob; there were rows of lemon pies, with chocolate cakes and strawberry tarts. I could hear the dishes rattling and smell of coffee. I sat down before a plate of turkey, and was eating a leg, all brown and juicy—when I awakened."

*

FIFTY-TWO QUESTIONS

By FABIUS. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THIS is a small book dealing with the subject of the nationalization of railways in Canada. By the use of a *nom de plume*, the author gives the

impression that the interests he serves deter him from using his own name and thereby disclosing whatever authority he may have, if any, or whatever fitness for treating a complex subject such as this. For the railway situation in Canada is by no means easy of comprehension, and when one reads "The Canadian Railway Problem", by E. B. Biggar, and then reads this book of Fabius, one is enlightened, but perhaps not convinced. It seems to be easy to make a good case either for or against nationalization. "In the first place," as Fabius puts it, he frankly lets the reader know that "it is only prudent to be slow to act in this matter of railway rationalization," and there perhaps is much wisdom in his advice that we should not cruise ahead of Great Britain and the United States in "such dangerous seas". The book upholds the argument that under government control politics would enter into all the problems affecting the railways. "It can take nothing away from our pride and confidence in democracy," says the book, "to hold . . . that the management of railways lies outside the number of things which democracy, in its present state of development, does well." It gives an interesting discussion of this present great national problem.

*

THE NEW AMERICA

By FRANK DILNOT. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is no very apparent reason why this book should be called "The New America". However, after one has read it and balked a little at the title, one pauses to wonder why, having commenced it, one read on to the end. It is likely because, to make up for its superficiality, the book offers also a certain brightness of style and now and then something a little piquant, and a slant on the mind of an ordinary wholesome likeable Englishman viewing a nation other than his own for the first time. Mr. Dilnot evidently had a good time while in

the U.A.S., and it is nice of him to say so. While people have money and plenty of time for light reading, there remains a justification for such books as Mr. Dilnot's, lacking anything profound, making no contribution to thought, but adding a little bright and superficial knowledge to the stock of easy-going minds.

*

BARBARA PICKS A HUSBAND

BY HERMAN HAGEDORN. Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada.

THIS novel plays its action off against New York City as its background. The background is cleverly done, is atmospheric and suggestive. Barbara is thinking about three men as possible husbands. A fourth hovers about at a critical point in the action, Mr. Nobody-at-All. All three men are hackneyed types. One is a decent enough about town New Yorker. One is the serious high-minded clean type. One is a masher with a Harrison Fisher face. Of course Barbara marries Tom. Everyone knows from the beginning she is going to marry Tom, in spite of mothers and fathers and other inconveniences. The interest of the book takes one galloping from start to finish.

The novel is not so amateurish and hackneyed as the above outline might suggest. It is a light novel, but it is not cheap. There are very vivid passages. There is some real character drawing.

A CHANCE TO LIVE

BY ZOE BECKLEY. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

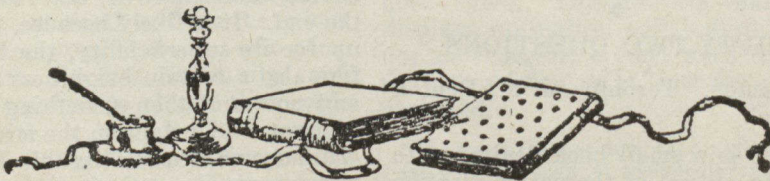
HERE is treated in Miss Beckley's humorous style the problem that confronts thousands of young women every day, the problem of how to earn a respectable living. Annie Hargan is a girl of the tenements, alone in the world, with no one to help her to solve the problem, except "Aunt" Maggie, who is not able to do much. Annie begins to work in a factory, but her ambition is rewarded with a position as a switchboard operator and then as a typist. But she has a higher calling, and as a wife and prospective mother she starts anew with Bernie. These two have trying experiences, which are skilfully told, but in the end they triumph in a manner that is, to say the least, highly reassuring.

*

THE DESERT OF WHEAT

BY ZANE GREY. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is a peculiar title. On first thoughts wheat and the desert do not seem to harmonize, and, again, how could a desert be composed of wheat, the great sustaining force of mankind? Read this thrilling tale and learn why. It presents a splendid contrast of grit and cowardice, of patriotism and treachery; and while some of the situations are unmistakably melodramatic, they fit in well with the character of the novel.



PELMANISM AS AN INTELLECTUAL AND SOCIAL FACTOR

IT is occasionally urged that in the announcements of the Pelman Institute the business element is predominant, and that other aspects of Mind Training receive less consideration than they are entitled to.

The reason for this is fairly obvious. Business or professional progress is, in this workaday world, a subject which the average man or woman has very much at heart. Consequently, the financial value of Pelmanism is the point of primary attraction for, probably, 60 per cent. of those who enrol; but this circumstance does not in any degree dispossess Pelmanism of its supreme importance as an educational and intellectual factor. Instead of two pages of an explanatory nature, a fairly lengthy volume would be required to do justice to this theme—the *higher* values of Pelmanism.

Far-seeing readers will be quick to appreciate this, and will recognize that a system which has proved of such signal value to the business and the professional brain-worker must perforce be of at least equal value to those whose occupation is mainly intellectual or social. If assurance were needed upon this point, it is abundantly supplied by the large number of complimentary letters received from those who have enrolled for the Course from other than pecuniary motives, the amateur and leisured classes being well represented on the Registers of the Institute.

The charms of literature, and in particular the beauties of poetry and descriptive writing, are appreciated

by those who adopt Pelmanism as they never appreciated them before. Every phase of existence is sensibly expanded. Life receives a new and deeper meaning with the unfolding of the latent powers of the mind.

“I must have gone about the world with closed eyes before,” was the remark of a well-travelled man after he had completed only half the Course. His ejaculation is significant. He is typical of many who, unwittingly, are living with “closed eyes”. Indeed, if the Pelman System stopped short at its third book instead of continuing to a twelfth, it would still be a remarkable and valuable system.

In developing latent (and often unsuspected) powers of the mind, Pelmanism has not infrequently been the means of changing the whole current of life. Many letters might be quoted in evidence of this.

Again, there are numbers who avow their indebtedness to the Pelman Course in another direction—it has led them to examine themselves anew, to recognize their points of weakness or strength, and to introduce aim and purpose into their lives. Indeed, it is surprising how many men and women, including some of high intellectual capacity and achievement, are “drifting” through life with no definite object. This reveals a defect in our educational system, and goes far to justify the enthusiasm of those—and they are many—who urge that the Pelman System should be an integral part of our national education. Self-recognition must precede self-realization.

and no greater tribute to Pelmanism could be desired than the frequency of the remark, "I *know* myself now: I have never really done so before."

Self-expression brings us to another fact of Pelmanism, and a very interesting one. Even a University education may fail to equip a man or woman to maintain himself or herself creditably in the social sense. How often the clever scholar is a social failure—a nonentity even in the circle of his intimates! His academic "honours" have done nothing to endow him with personal charm or conversational power. His consciousness of a rich store of knowledge does not compensate him for the discovery that he is deficient in the important art of self-expression.

Tact, discerning judgment, adaptability, conversational ability, are not "gifts": they are qualities which can be developed by training. This is emphatically proven by the large number of letters received from Pelman students who have received almost unhopd-for assistance in this direction.

As a system, Pelmanism is distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is this which makes it of value to the University graduate equally with the salesman, to the woman of leisure, and to the busy financier, to the Army officer, and to the commercial clerk. The Pelmanist is in no danger of becoming stereotyped in thought, speech, or action; on the contrary, individuality becomes more pronounced. Greater diversity of "character" would be apparent amongst fifty Pelmanists than amongst any fifty people who had not studied the Course.

There are many who adopt it as a means of regaining lost mental activities. Elderly men and women whose lives have been so fully occupied with business, social, or household matters that the intellectual side has been partly or wholly submerged; successful men in the commercial world whose enterprises have heretofore left them too little leisure to devote to self-

culture; Army officers who find that the routine of a military life invites intellectual stagnation—these find that the Pelman Course offers them a stairway up to the higher things of life.

It would easily be possible, if space permitted, to quote several hundred letters exhibiting different phases of the intellectual value of Pelmanism to men and women of all ages (up to 70) and all stations.

Hardly a day passes at the Institute without at least one such letter being received.

In short, it is not merely the fleeting interest of a day that is served by the adoption of Pelmanism, but the interest of a lifetime. One may utilise the Course as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational, or intellectual—but the advantages of the training will not end there. The investment of time will bear rich fruit throughout life, and, in addition to serving a present purpose, will enable many a yet-unformed ideal to be brought within the gates of Realization.

"Pelmanism" is, in fact, an intellectual force of the first order, and no brain-using class can afford to ignore its potentialities. Psychology is by no means a new science, but in "Pelmanism" it may be said to have reached the practical stage and to have become as definite a means of exercising and strengthening the faculties of the mind as physical drill is of developing the muscles of the body.

The Pelman Institute publishes a small Book, "Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated; and a supplement treating of "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor." These two publications, together with a reprint of "Truth's" Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent, Gratis and Post Free, to any reader of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE who addresses a post-card to the Pelman Institute, 729 Temple Building, Toronto, Canada.

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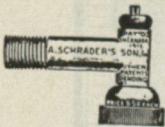
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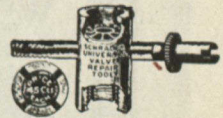
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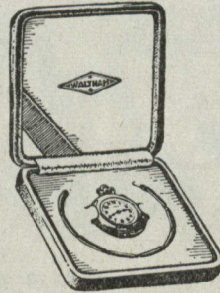
Schrader Universal Valve Repair Tool

A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

Price 45c

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



The dainty little watch that can be worn in whichever style that fashion may dictate

WALTHAM Convertible Bracelet Watch

WITH all the accuracy for which Waltham has become world-famous, this dainty little watch possesses unique beauty and distinction.

It is pre-eminently the watch for women.

At the bottom of the case is a small eye to which, when open, one end of the bracelet is attached.

But if you desire to wear the watch in some other way—on a chain or brooch, or as a ribbon wrist watch, for example—a slight pressure of

the finger folds the eye back flush with case, leaving no indication of its use as a Bracelet Watch.

This versatility of wear is very useful because the watch can be worn in whatever manner fashion may dictate.

As a gift for a bride, or a girl graduate, or as a birthday gift or a present for any like occasion, the Waltham Convertible Bracelet Watch enjoys wonderful vogue.

Ask your jeweler to show you this popular model.

Waltham Watch Company, Limited, Montreal

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

Grape=Nuts

provides the rich nourishment of
wheat and barley in delicious form.

A "building" food par excellence!

"There's a Reason"

Canada Food Board License No 2-026





ANITA STEWART
wearing her
celebrated
"GODDESS"
Costume

ANITA STEWART
in street
COSTUME

Goddess
Corsets that face in front

ANITA STEWART welcomes "GODDESS" Corsets.—

This charming artiste authorizes the following publication of her appreciation of the corsets which are named after the "Goddess" film, in which she had the title role.

"Your "GODDESS" Corsets are most comfortable and are a triumph in corset making. They give added grace yet do not compress unduly".
Yours sincerely

Anita Stewart

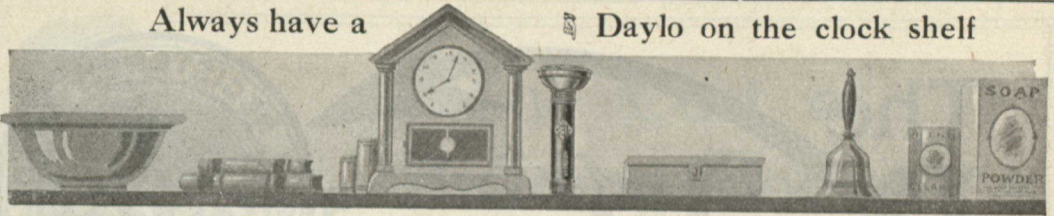
This Canadian Corset has met with a wonderful reception in Canada, and is now sold in almost every leading corset department. Ask your corsetiere.

Made by the Makers of the celebrated D. & A. and "LA DIOA" Corsets.

THE DOMINION CORSET CO, - - QUEBEC, MONTREAL, TORONTO.

Always have a

Daylo on the clock shelf



For the dozen uses that
bob up every day

- "That bread's most done."
- "Take the Daylo and bring up a jar of raspberries."
- "Go up the garret and look—don't take matches—use the Daylo."
- "It's among that pile of papers in the cubbyhole."
- "Look way back in the ice box."

Important

Styles 1706, 2639, 6962 and 2650 are especially suited for household use. No. 2631 is an ideal style to keep under your pillow. Select yours.

For your protection the registered name, Eveready Daylo, is stamped on the end cap. Accept no substitutes.

EVERY night at some hour or other there is the unexpected or unusual call for Daylo, to "look and see." Have a regular place to keep one, the Clock Shelf your Dressing Table, or under the Pillow. Don't forget to carry a pocket size in your Handbag when you go out at night.

Canadian National Carbon Co.
Limited

TORONTO, ONTARIO



The light that says

"There it is!"

The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



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

Look for it on every blade.

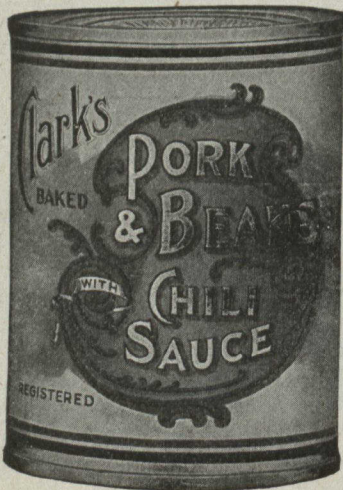
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

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 Cost of Building Bodies

Protein is the body-builder. Also the costliest element in food.

Quaker Oats yield 16.7 per cent protein, which is more than sirloin steak. Potatoes yield less than 2 per cent—bread about 9 per cent.

That's one reason why oats dominate as food for growing children. They excel all other grains in this body-building element.

Figuring protein alone, this is what it costs at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein Per Pound

In Quaker Oats	- - - - -	\$.73
In White Bread	- - - - -	1.30
In Potatoes	- - - - -	1.48
In Beef about	- - - - -	2.00
In Ham	- - - - -	3.62
In Eggs	- - - - -	2.32

Thus body-building with Quaker Oats costs about half what it costs with bread, and a fraction of the cost with meat.

What Energy Costs

Energy value is another food essential. Most of our food consumption goes to supply it. Quaker Oats yield twice the energy of round steak, six times as much as potatoes, and 1½ times bread.

At present writing energy costs in essential foods as follows:

Cost of Energy Per 1000 Calories

In Quaker Oats	- - - - -	\$.05½
In Round Steak	- - - - -	.41
In Veal Cutlets	- - - - -	.57
In Average Fish	- - - - -	.50
In Chipped Beef	- - - - -	.75
In Hubbard Squash	- - - - -	.75

Thus meat and fish foods average ten times Quaker Oats cost for the same energy value.

This doesn't suggest an exclusive oat diet. Other foods are necessary. But this food of foods—the greatest food that grows—should form your basic breakfast.

It means supreme nutrition, and the saving will average up your costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats

The Delicious Flakes

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c—Except in the Far West

Whoever enjoys a perfect cup of coffee—fragrant, delicious, satisfying—will find an added pleasure in a cup of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—Ground—Pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

204



**FEARMAN'S
Star Brand
HAMS & BACON**

There is nothing quite so nice for Lunch or Supper as a bit of Cold Boiled Ham and there is no ham quite as tasty as Fearman's "STAR" Brand.

F. W. FEARMAN & CO., LTD.
Hamilton, Ont.





Keep This Dish Before You

When you order foods for children keep Puffed Grains before you—these whole-grain toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

Remember their attractions—how children's faces light up when they see them. Remember their exquisite taste, which makes them food confections.

And Also This

Remember, too, that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. They are rich in minerals, etc., which part-grain foods omit. Whole grains excel flour foods for children, as every mother knows. And this form makes those whole-grain foods attractive. More than that, these grains are steam exploded. Every food cell has been blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

The Puffed Grains, prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, are the best-cooked cereal foods in existence. Consider all these things—how children love them, what perfect foods they are, and how fitted for digestion. And there are two kinds, each with different flavor, which avoids monotony.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Bubble Grains—Each 15c, Except in Far West

These are more than breakfast dainties. One great way of serving is in bowls of milk. And every dish of fruit is better with these fragile grains mixed in.

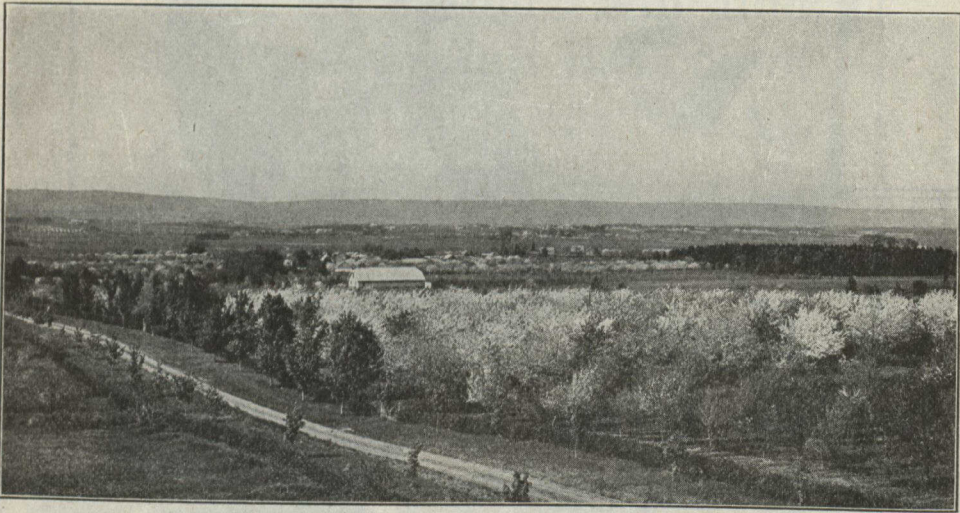
The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

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.

Land Suitable for Sheep Raising in one of the most favorable portions of Canada for the sheep industry. The hilly pastures produce healthy sheep and the mutton and lamb are of superior quality and flavour. Nova Scotia wool is sought after by cloth manufacturers.

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,

197 Hollis Street,

Halifax



Fruit Jelly

2 cups boiling water
1 cup pineapple juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
1 1/2 cups pineapple cubes
1/2 cup sugar

Pour water over sugar, and when sugar has dissolved, add gelatine soaked in cold water five minutes; then add juice drained from canned pineapple and lemon juice and strain. When mixture begins to thicken, add canned pineapple cut in one-half-inch cubes. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water and chill thoroughly. Garnish with pineapple cubes. Any home-canned fruit may be used in place of the pineapple.

Woman's Home Companion

Coffee Marshmallow Cream

2 cupfuls strong boiling coffee
2 tablespoonfuls gelatine (granulated)
2 tablespoonfuls cold water
1 cupful corn syrup
1 cupful condensed milk
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft. Add coffee and stir until dissolved. Add other ingredients. Chill. One-quarter cup of marshmallows may be added just before chilling.

Woman's World

Grape-Juice-Ginger-Ale Jelly

HEAT one pint of grape-juice with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When hot, pour over two tablespoonfuls granulated gelatin which has been previously soaked in a little cold water. Add one pint of ginger ale. Cool and stand in ice until ready to serve.—H. W. C. Rhode Island.

Delineator

Mrs. Knox Says—

"Whenever a recipe calls for gelatine it means *Knox Sparkling Gelatine*." Read the recipes in all the leading publications and note the ever-increasing call for "gelatine." Its use is unlimited.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Raspberry Napoleon
(Pictured above)

Soak half an envelope of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine in half a cupful of cold water till soft; chill and whip two cupfuls of cream and put on ice. Heat one cupful of milk, one cupful of raspberry juice and pulp and half a cupful of orange juice in a double boiler; stir constantly and add the soaked gelatine, cool on ice; when it begins to harden whip till light, add the whipped cream and pour into mold. When ready to serve, turn out of mold and decorate the top with plain raspberry gelatine, molded in small molds.

This recipe makes over a pint mold or seven to eight individual servings and uses only one-quarter of a box of Knox Sparkling Gelatine

Plain for general use—easily prepared.

Including pure lemon flavor for quick use.

Of course, you must have the true gelatine and that means Knox—the "4 to 1" gelatine. One tablespoonful will make a dessert or salad ample for six people.

Write for the Knox Knowledge Books—"Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They are free, if you give your grocer's name and address.


KNOX GELATINE

Mrs. Charles B. Knox
Dept. A., 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.





Even the Dinner Coat makes way for a
PALM BEACH SUIT

 ONCE upon a time, a great American author effected a compromise 'twixt comfort and convention by appearing at table in a white serge Dinner Coat.

But that was before the advent of GENUINE PALM BEACH.

Nowadays, convention has no bone to pick with comfort, for a PALM BEACH Suit is a national

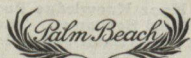
form of dress that is on intimate terms with all occasions.

As to its workmanship and individuality—well, it's simply a question of choosing your Clothier. If he prides himself on good tailoring, you have naught to fear—

FOR PALM BEACH, THOUGH WORN FOR COMFORT, IS UNIVERSALLY FASHIONED FOR STYLE

Shown in many shades and patterns

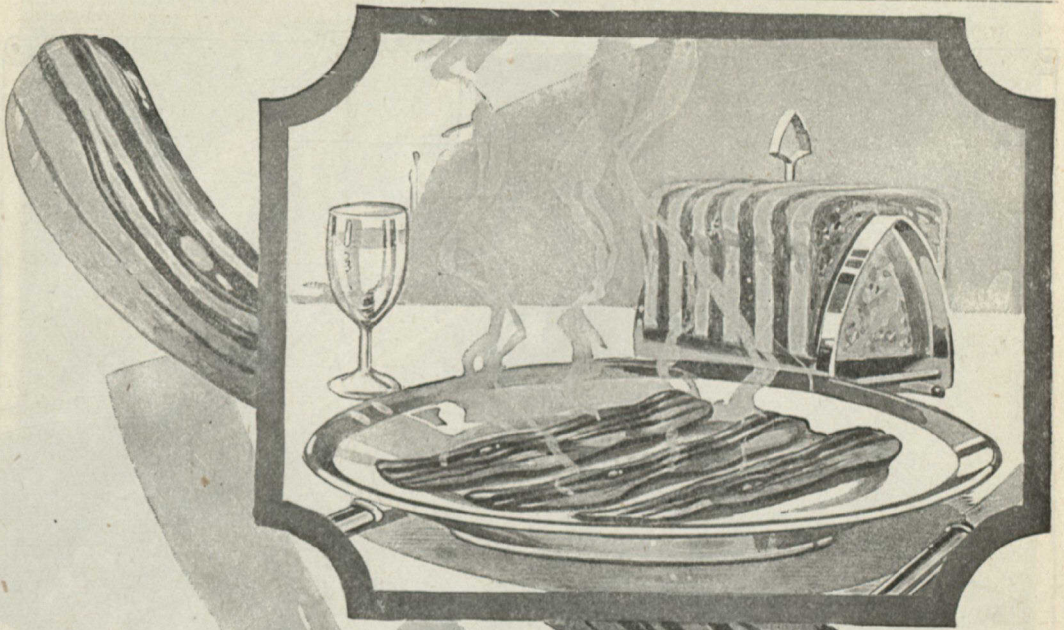
THE PALM BEACH MILLS
 GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, ME.
 A. ROHAUT, AGENT, 225 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
THE GENUINE CLOTH
 MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

Look for this Label—your safeguard against imitations

Trade Mark Registered in the U. S. Pat. Office and in Canada



Speaking of Breakfast -

WHAT could you get more appetizing than juicy slices of richly-flavored, delicately-cured, Rose Brand Bacon—pan fried, in the old-fashioned way?

ROSE BRAND BACON

is the real treat at any breakfast table—the one appreciated by all.

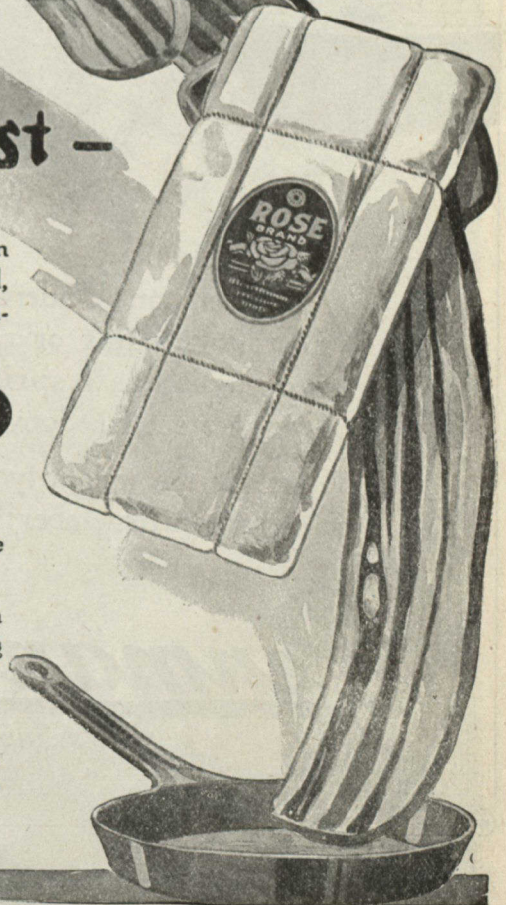
Try Rose Brand Bacon—it costs no more than good bacon should cost, and besides its tempting qualities, it is rich in food value.

Sold Almost Everywhere.

Matthews - Blackwell Limited

Established 1852

CANADA FOOD BOARD LICENSE 13-86.





ALL Penman Underwear is free from rough seams or raw edges. It fits snugly, yet has a springy texture that allows perfect freedom of action.

Whatever the weight, you can be sure of comfort if you remember the name—*Penmans*.

Penmans Underwear

"THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE"



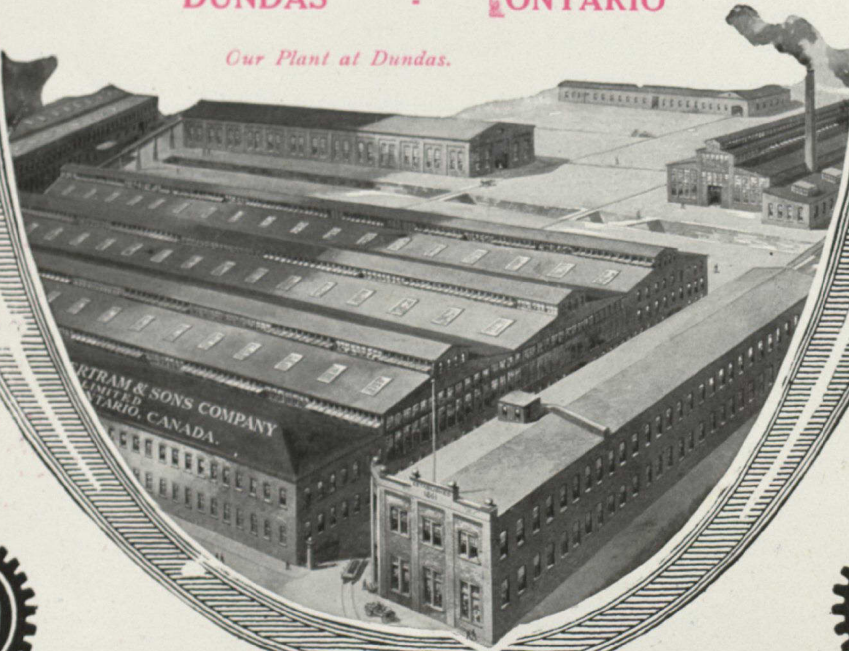
BERTRAM MACHINE TOOLS

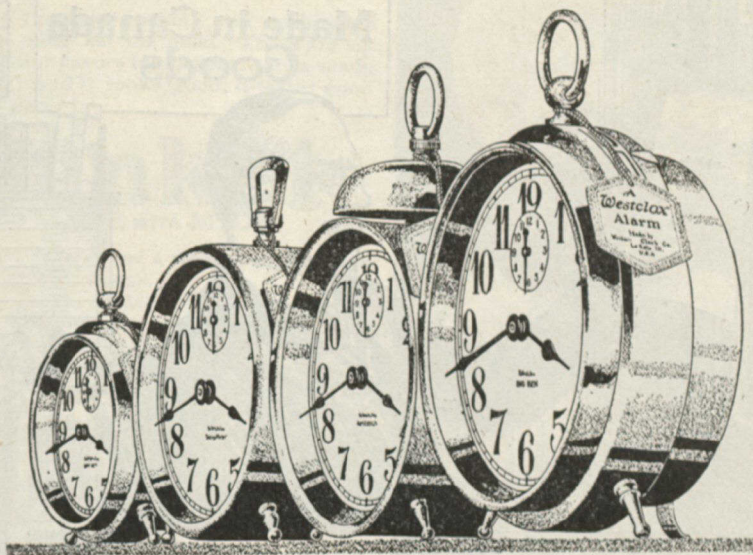
are strictly up-to-date in design. Built to give economical, efficient and long service. They include General Machine Shop Equipment, Repair Shop Machinery, Locomotive and Car Shop Machinery, Structural and Bridge Shop Machinery.

Photographs and full particulars upon request.

**The John Bertram & Sons
Company, Limited**
DUNDAS - ONTARIO

Our Plant at Dundas.





Westclox

IT'S the way you *start* your day that counts. A leisurely, untroubled get-away in the morning usually means a day of many things well done.

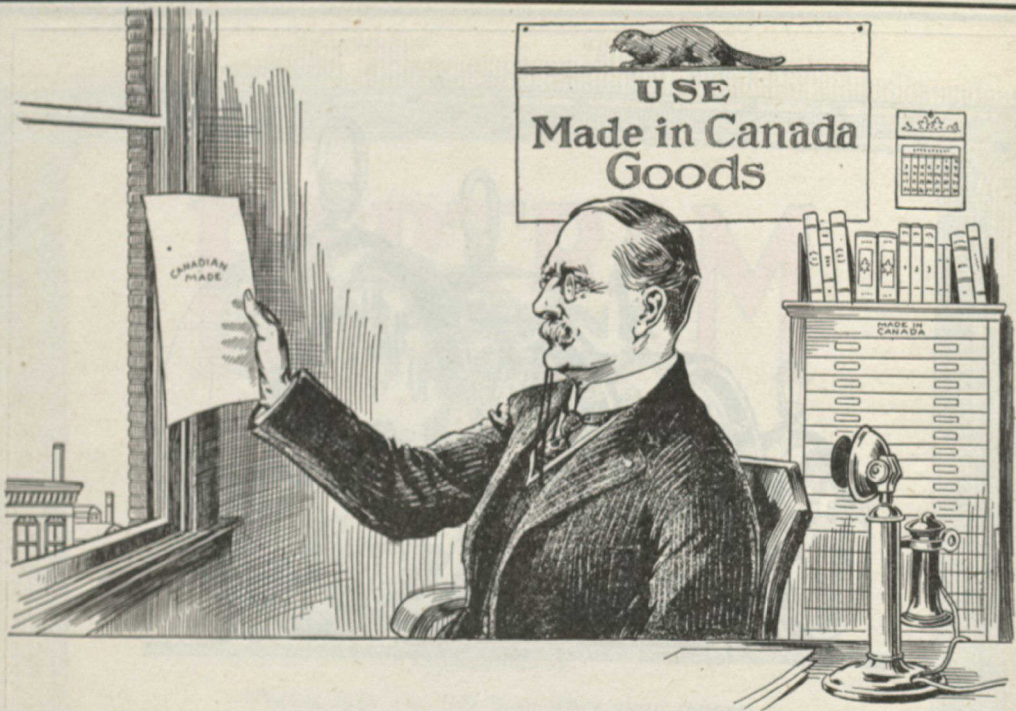
That's what a good alarm clock does for you. Millions of men thank their Westclox alarms for smoother-running, more resultful days. They get off to business feeling *right*.

That's because each Westclox does *its* job right. It's built so it will. All Westclox have the same construction that won Big Ben's success.

Wheels turn on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. Friction is lessened. The clock runs easier; lasts longer. Westclox, on the dial and tag, means that kind of a clock.

Western Clock Co. - *makers of Westclox*

La Salle & Peru, Illinois, U. S. A.



Is There a Foreign Watermark on your Stationery?

Use Canadian-Made Papers

*Canadian-made Papers for
Stationery
Booklets
Circulars
Ledgers, etc.
Stock Certificates
Wrapping Papers
are second to none in
quality and value.*

You receive a convincing letter appealing to you to buy certain goods, because they are MADE IN CANADA. You hold the letter up to the light. The watermark shows the stationery to be of foreign make. What is your natural mental attitude?

Your correspondent has no chance to explain why he uses foreign paper—and, indeed, no explanation is valid, for he could have bought equally good paper of Canadian make without spending any more money.

You see the importance of using "Made in Canada" stationery?

Bond papers of all qualities are made right here in Canada—papers for every purpose. Make it a personal matter to see, hereafter, that your stationery is not only of such a quality as represents your house, but that it is genuinely MADE IN CANADA.

Write for Booklet "Some Facts About the Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada."

CANADIAN PULP AND PAPER ASSOCIATION
304 SHAUGHNESSY BLDG., MONTREAL.

So Good—and So Easy!

With "Prepared Junket" you don't have to add a thing but the milk. There are six pure, natural flavors for variety. It is made in a jiffy; and it looks good, it tastes good and it *is good*.

Junket

MADE *with* MILK

A dainty dessert and a wholesome food for children and grownups.

Use a Junket Tablet when making ice cream. Note how smooth, velvety, delicious it is! It will make the cream more wholesome because more easily digested.

Get a package of Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets, as you prefer, and delight your family with dainty dishes of wholesome Junket

A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c. stamp. A full package for 12c.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory,
Toronto, Canada.



VICKERMAN'S SERGES WEAR WELL NEVER FADE

Black, Blue, Grey. Smooth or Rough Finish

All Colors Guaranteed

Absolutely the best Cloths sold in Canada



This name on every three yards

NISBET & AULD, LTD., TORONTO
Sole Wholesale Distributors in Canada

Barber-Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE *Stationery*

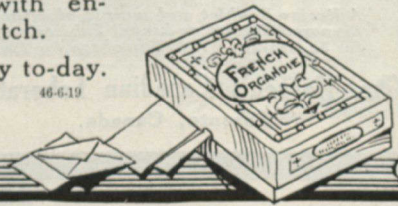


Your stationer is always delighted when you specify French Organdie Stationery because he is vitally interested in having you thoroughly pleased.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Order a supply to-day.

46-6-19



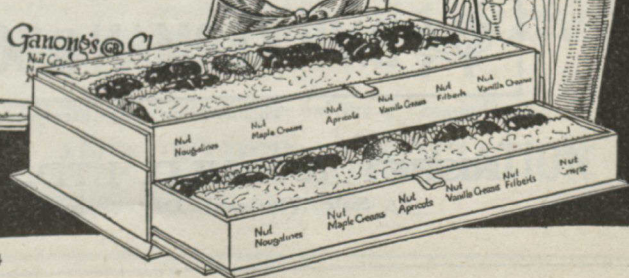
Iroquois Assortment

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

Another revelation of the high standard of

Ganong's

Chocolates



MOIR'S Chocolates

With their smooth, thick coating and centres of Creams, Nutmeats and Jellies

Make the Holiday a real Joy.

**MOIR'S LIMITED
HALIFAX**



REGAL FREE RUNNING Table Salt



The Handy Little Spout lets the Salt run out.

A pure salt of highest quality. "Regal" is the ideal salt for table use. It never cakes, and is unaffected by changes in the weather.

Free running at all times and in all places.

The Canadian Salt Co., Ltd.

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Made in Canada.



GENUINE DIAMOND CASH OR CREDIT

Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person

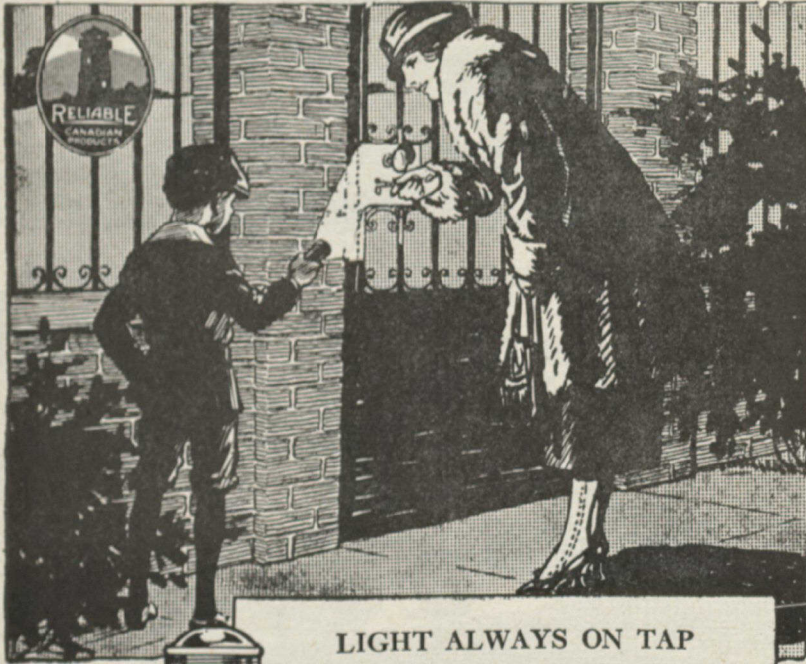
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JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade TORONTO, Can.

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At

Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



LIGHT ALWAYS ON TAP

A Reliable Flashlight instantly penetrates darkness—makes night travel or night working easy and safe. Focused as easily as you can point your finger—safe, clean, non-extinguishable, certain.

Searchlights and Tubular Flashlights made of metal handsomely enamelled in red, brown, blue or green, and all standard types and sizes of fibre and metal Flashlights. Good for long, intermittent service.

Reliable Ignition Batteries are best for your car or truck—for your bell or electric lighting plant. They abound in energy that is lasting, as all Reliable Products, made in Canada, do.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

DOMINION BATTERY COMPANY LIMITED
Toronto, Canada



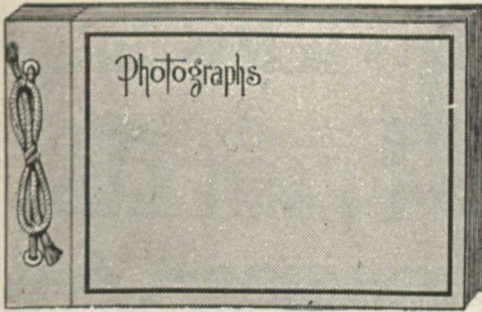
RELIABLE

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Canadian Products

"Lively and Lasting"

SIMCOE PHOTO ALBUMS



*Bound in Walrus, Seal
and Morocco Grain
Leathers and Silk Finish
Art Cloths, Flexible
Covers.*

*Every Collector of Snap
Shots requires one.*

PAUL E. WIRT FOUNTAIN PENS

*Self-filling,
Safety and
Ordinary Styles.
Gold Mounted or
Plain Holders.*

THE Brown Bros. LIMITED

Simcoe and Pearl Streets
TORONTO

For Over a Century MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"



has been used by persons of
taste the world over.
This unflinching popularity is
due solely to its grateful, en-
during fragrance and unique
refreshing quality.
It is delightful in the Bath,
the best thing after Shaving,
and beyond question the
most reliable and satisfac-
tory Toilet Perfume in use.

PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP,
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.
Accept no Substitute!

JAEGER

Known
Everywhere
for Quality



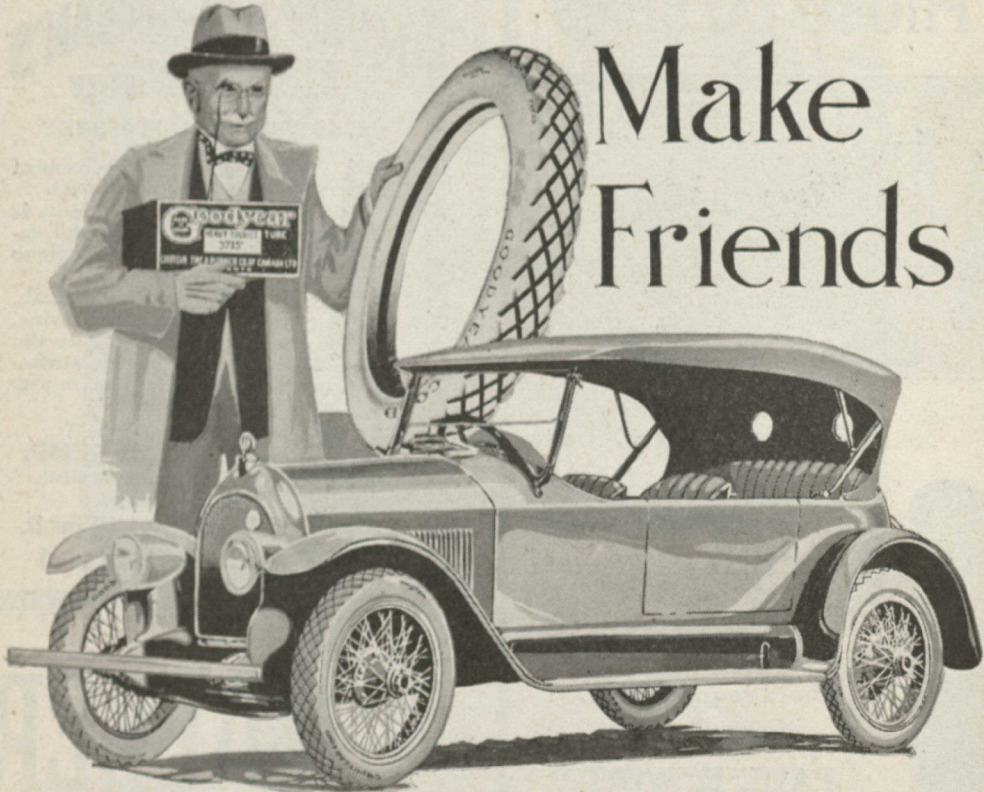
Quality is one of the chief essen-
tials in every Jaeger Garment
and it is on quality that the re-
putation of Jaeger Pure Wool
has been built throughout the
British Empire. One of the lead-
ing scientific authorities on tex-
tiles in England devotes his en-
tire time and attention to keep-
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For sale at Jaeger Stores throughout the Dominion

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen
System **Co. Limited**
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British, "founded 1883"

Tires That Make Friends



Only on that one basis—quality and service—do we wish the Goodyear Service Station to sell you Goodyear Tires. Your part in the bargain is to call there and talk it over.

Ask, also, about the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes. You'll find them extra good—giving greater service in any tire and especially suited to the Goodyear Cord Tire.

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

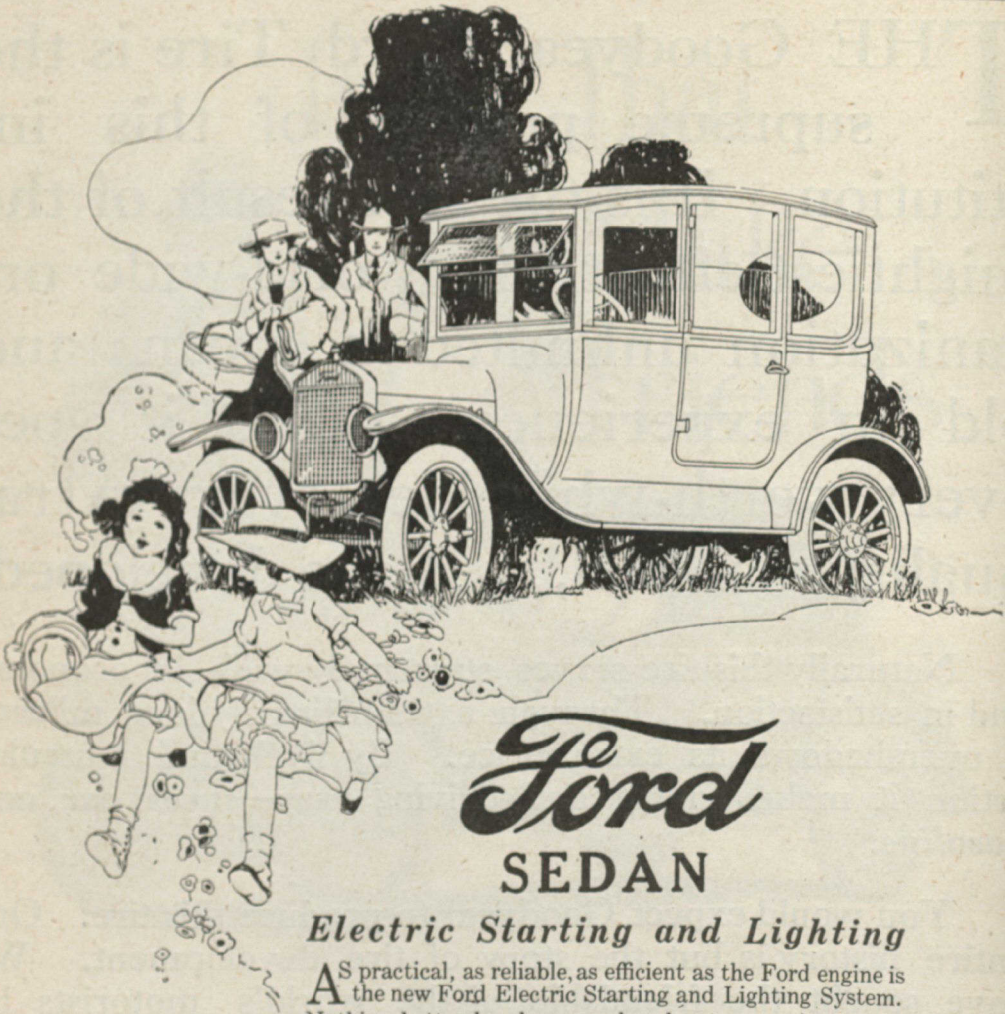
THE Goodyear Cord Tire is the supreme product of this institution. It is the fine result of the mightiest effort of a world-wide organization unlimited in means and old in experience. Into it goes every worth-while idea, every extra-quality material, we have developed.

Naturally this tire serves supremely well—in economy and in satisfaction. Through extraordinarily long mileage it overshadows its extra price. By lively and muscular action it makes riding and driving easy—*saves car and gasoline.*

You would expect Goodyear to produce this tire. Our entire history is but the story of tire development. We have sought the friendship of the world's motorists by building tires ever better, by discovering the many things that make the automobile tire of to-day a willing and efficient servant. It is noteworthy that while higher in price, tire-cost-per-mile is lower to-day than before the Goodyear Cord entered the field.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
of Canada, Ltd.

CORD TIRES



Ford

SEDAN

Electric Starting and Lighting

AS practical, as reliable, as efficient as the Ford engine is the new Ford Electric Starting and Lighting System. Nothing better has been produced—at any price.

The Ford Electric Equipment consists of Generator, Starting Motor and Storage Battery.

It is a Ford product—designed for the Ford car—made in the Ford plant.

Built into the motor, which has been re-designed for the purpose, it becomes an integral part of the power plant—
—a positive starter of proven efficiency:

—a powerful lighting system uniform at every engine speed. A complete instrument board on the cowl controls the system.

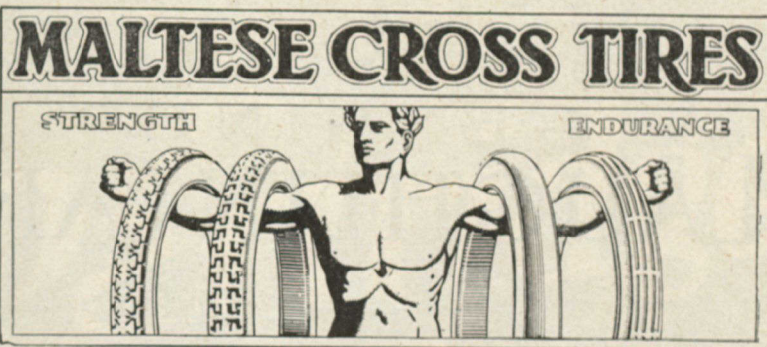
The Ford Car is also equipped with the Standard Magneto to provide ignition independent of the batteries.

All Ford closed cars now have Electric Starting and Lighting System as Standard Equipment.

Come in and see it. If you have never driven a Ford Sedan you have something to learn about motoring.

PRICES—including Electric Starting and Lighting, Ford Sedan \$1175. Ford Coupe \$975, f. o. b. Ford, Ont. (War tax extra) 105

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford Ontario



—Strength— —Endurance—

Two things the motorist knows a Tire must have to give him his money's worth. A "double portion" of each is served with every Maltese Cross Tire. **STRENGTH** is built into these tires by experts; **ENDURANCE** is proved in them by motorists.

TREADS

**NON-SKID
PARAGON**

**RIBBED
PLAIN**

Ask Your Dealer for Maltese Cross Tires

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Office and Factory; **TORONTO**

BRANCHES:—Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Fort William, Winnipeg,
Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge
Vancouver, Victoria.

The Light Six

A GENUINE McLAUGHLIN CAR



The McLaughlin trade mark is a guarantee of efficiency in the mechanism and quality in the material and workmanship. The McLaughlin LIGHT SIX stands up to every test and cuts down the cost of motoring. Many owners of this model get over 30 miles per gallon from gasoline and eight to ten thousand miles on tires is not unusual.

Send for Catalogue

The McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO



McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX TOURING H-6-63



ON all your trips in case of emergency carry Partridge Tires.

Partridge Tires never leave you stuck on the road—they are dependable and finish those long trips that other tires fail to make.



Made by The F. E. Partridge Rubber Company, Limited, Guelph, Ont.



“First”

HAVING founded the tire industry in Canada; in other words, having made the first Canadian Quick-Detachable tire twenty-five years ago, it seems but suitable that we should be making the first tire to-day:—first in breadth of acceptance, first in uniformity of service, and first in rock-bottom value.—*Dunlop Traction Trade.*

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Maple Buds are widely known
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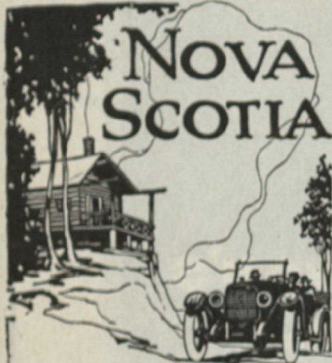
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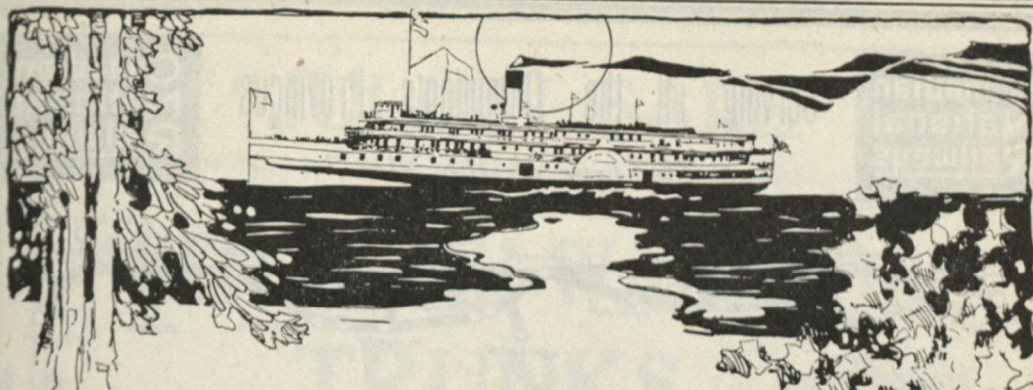
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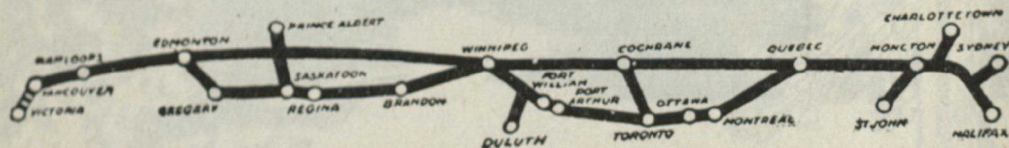
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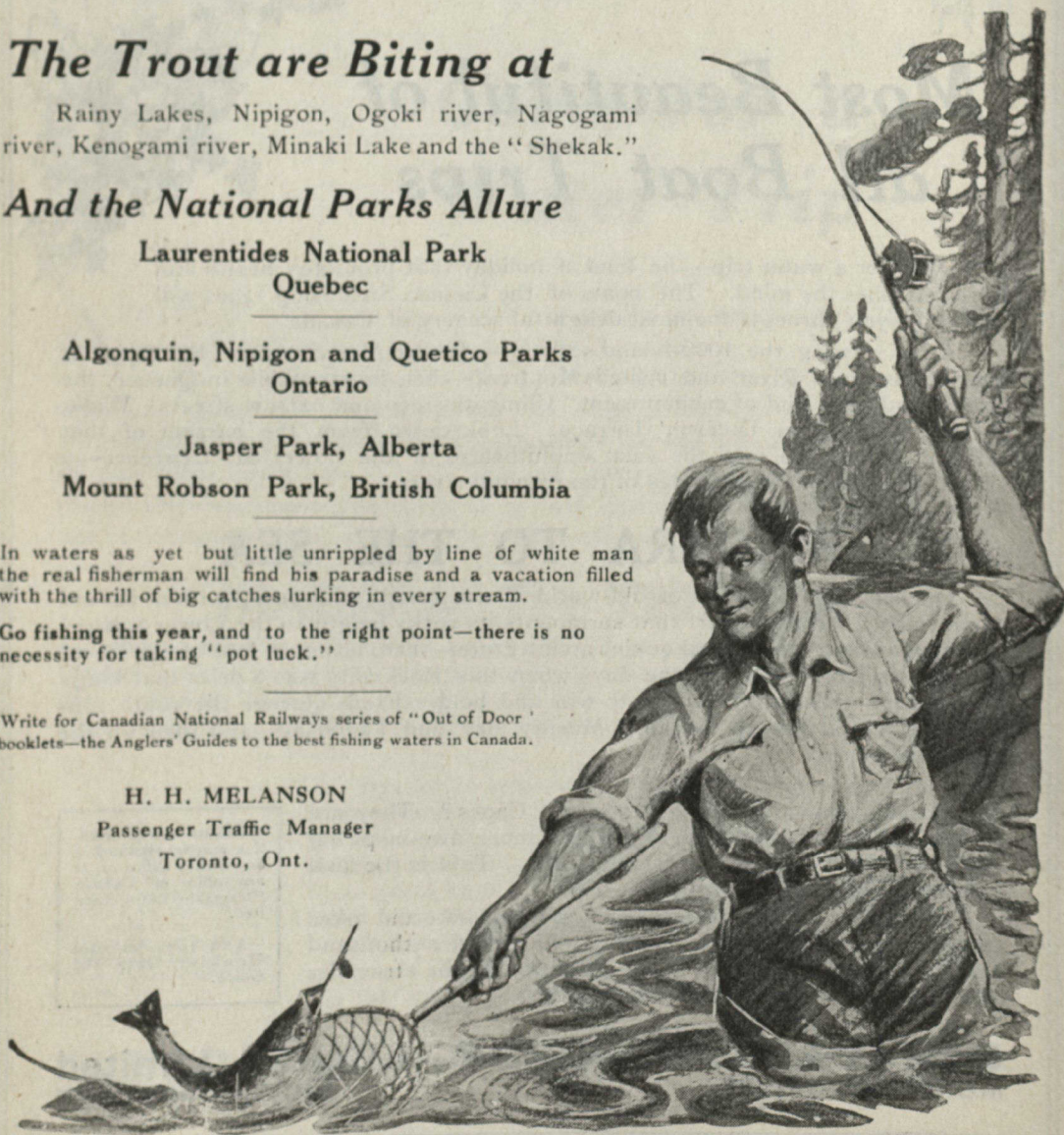
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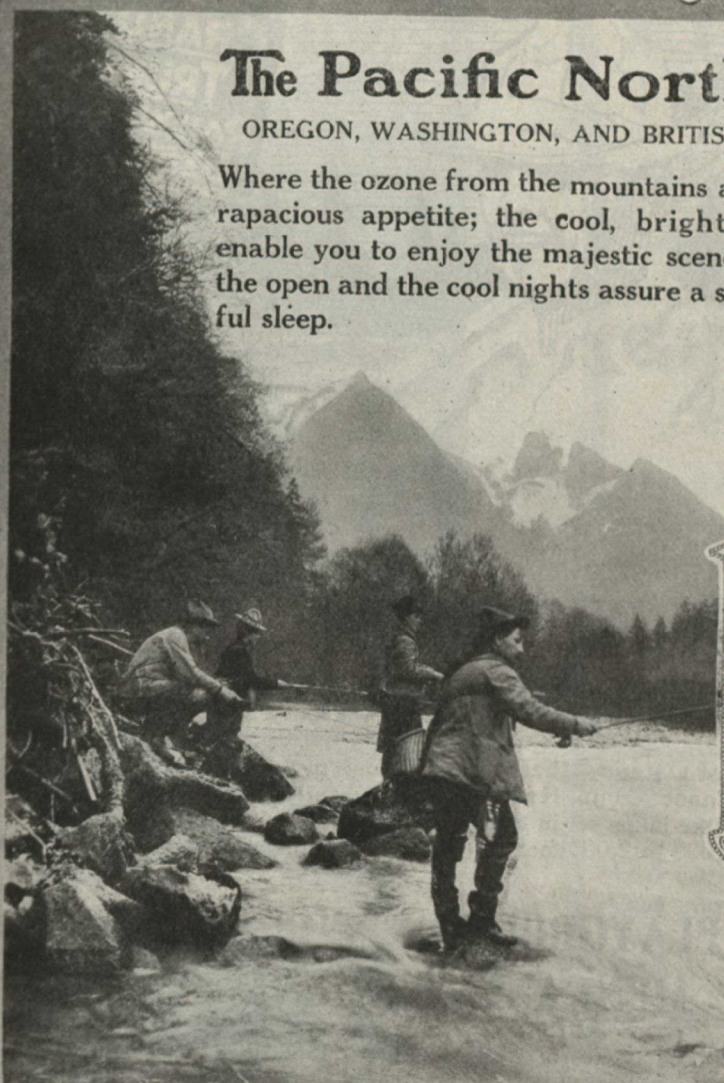
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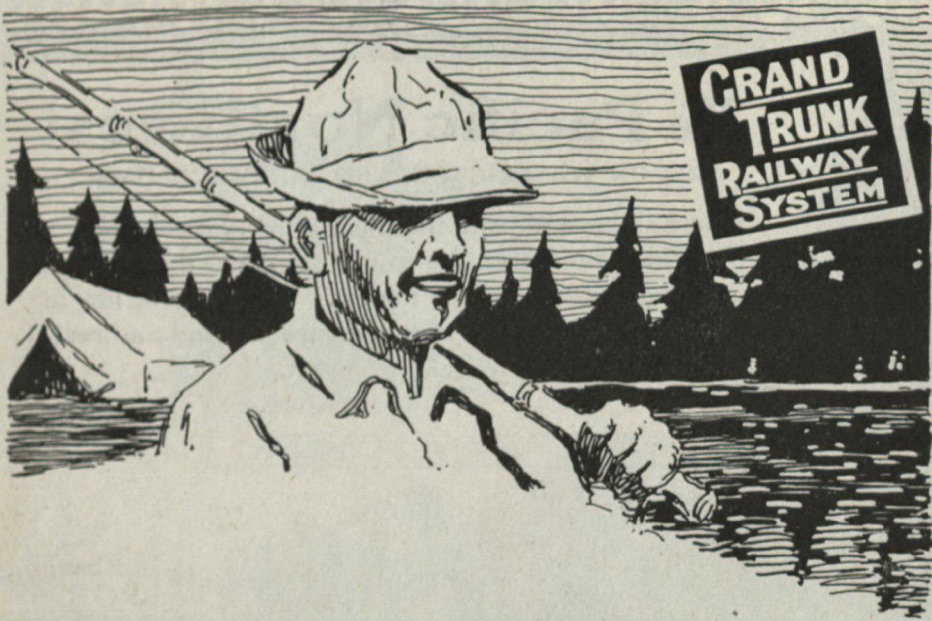
Where the ozone from the mountains and sea gives a rapacious appetite; the cool, bright, sunny days enable you to enjoy the majestic scenery and life in the open and the cool nights assure a sound and restful sleep.



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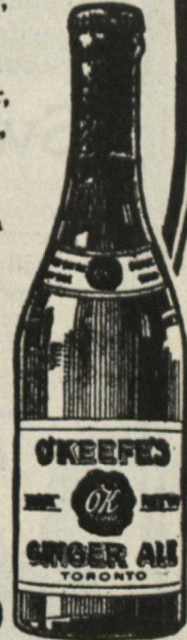
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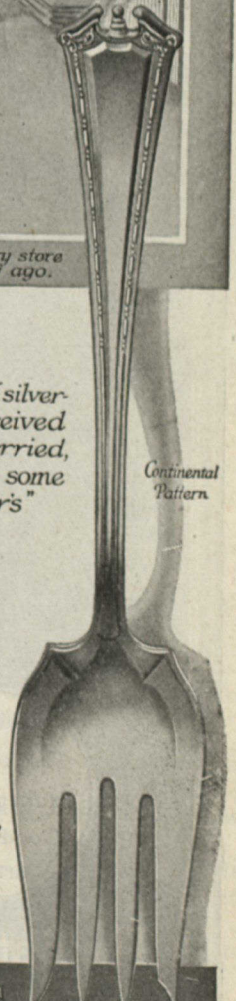
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For Dorothy's party mamma has made up six lovely dishes of

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