Vol. LV. Toronto, July, 1920 No. 3

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Nellie Spence's
Inspiring Article
"Some Young Immortals"

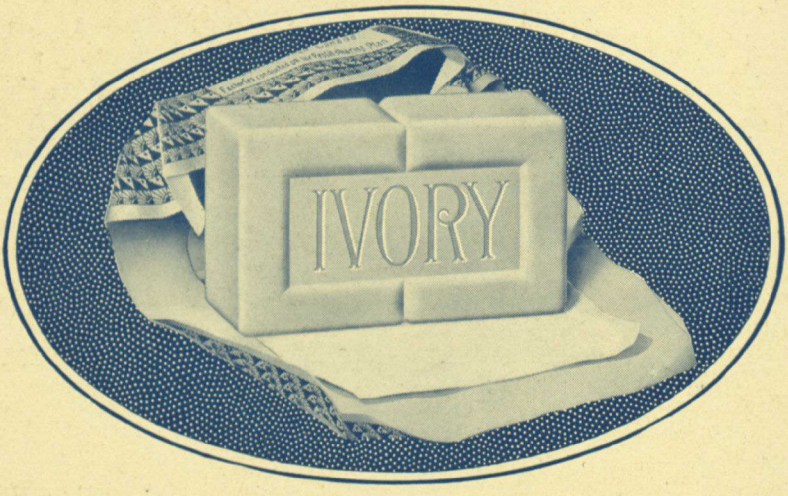
"President Wilson in World Politics"
By William Banks

Good Short Stories

"From Month to Month"
By Sir John Willison

"Thrown In"
By Newton MacTavish

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO



For Baby's Bath

Baby gurgles with delight when he is dipped into the fragrant, bubbling lather of an Ivory Soap bath.

He enjoys the cleansing suds from the top of his yellow curls to the tips of his crinkly pink toes. Ivory always is mild, pure, gentle—never irritates. It is so free from harsh, drying materials that it feels cool and soothing to the most sensitive skin.

You will find Ivory Soap in the bath-tubs of the best cared for babies everywhere—in beautiful nurseries, in spotless, sanitary hospitals, and in modest homes where tenderness and good sense prevail. It is the pure, safe soap for young—and old.

IVORY SOAP 

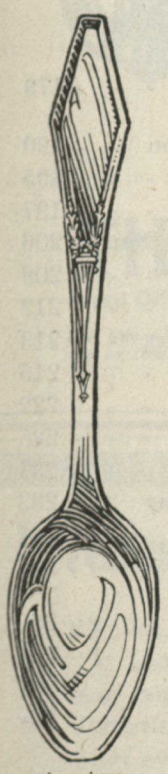
99 44/100% PURE

IT FLOATS

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

Fine Silverware

worthy to grace your table



Jamestown

GLISTENING beneath the mellow touch of stately candles, catching the ruddy lights of rich mahogany, sparkling over the lacy patterns spread by snowy tea sets, fine silverware gives charm to hospitality—it helps to make a home; it facinates and charms through all the years.

HOLMES & EDWARDS Super-Plate and Silver-Inlaid represent the highest achievements of the modern slversmith's craft.

The rare beauty of exclusive designs is richly wrought in silverware whose quality is notably superior.

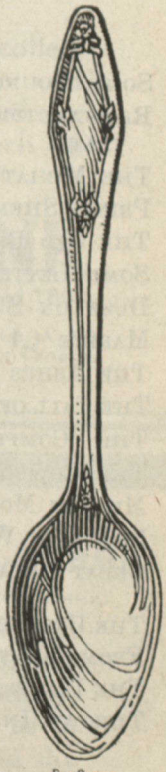
Wear cannot mar its wonderful lustre and finish.

In "SUPER-PLATE" it is protected by an extra heavy coat of pure silver at the rest points.

In "SILVER-INLAID," blocks of solid silver are actually laid in with cunning care at rest points before plating. These two processes of wear protection are applied only in the five staple pieces—those most constantly used. In addition throughout the line, Holmes & Edwards offer you an exceptional quality of plate.

Silverware is a lifetime investment. It is true economy to pay a little more to secure the highest quality. See your jeweller's display of HOLMES & EDWARDS in these two exclusive, exquisite patterns.

Write for our booklet, "How Good Silverware is Protected Against Wear."



Ce Sancy

Manufactured Exclusively in Canada by

THE STANDARD SILVER CO.
of TORONTO, LIMITED

Holmes & Edwards

"Protected where the wear comes"

The Canadian Magazine

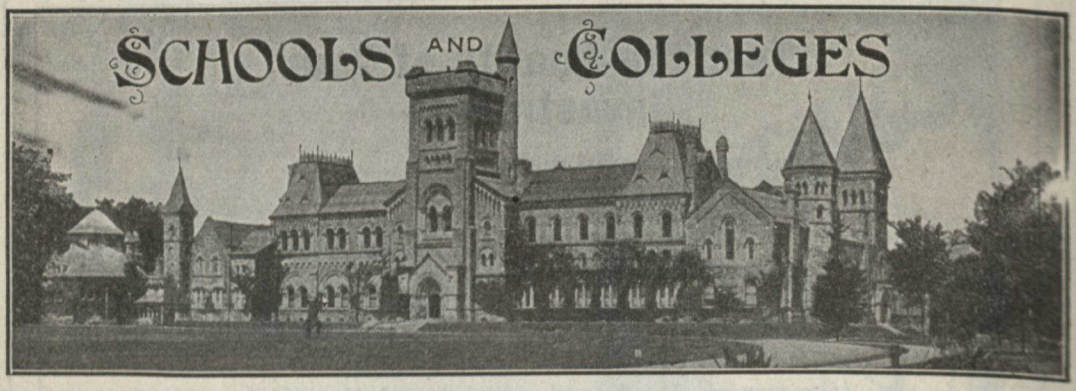
Vol. LV Toronto July, 1920 No. 3

CONTENTS

$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 200-206 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

European Offices, 16 Regent Street, London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson

Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work. Full Commercial Course, **Music, Art, Vocational Domestic Science, Physical Education**—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming.

Write for Prospectus

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President. MISS FLORENCE H. M. NEELANDS, B.A., Principal

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt, near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Ottawa, February, 1920.

Washing after every wearing *saves* Silk Underthings

Half the charm of silken things lies in keeping them fresh and sweet. Moreover perspiration discolors and shortens their life. Why not wash them after every wearing? It's delightfully simple. Use the pure gentle, cleansing LUX suds. Make just a bowlful, anywhere, any time. Just dip them up and down—press out the water—rinse—iron with a warm iron—and it's done. LUX will hurt no fabric that pure water may touch. Sold at all grocers and departmental stores.

How to wash a silk garment.

Use a tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Dissolve in boiling or very hot water and whisk into a thick, creamy lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip your garment through the Lux suds many times. Work it about, gently squeezing the suds through the soiled parts but do not rub! Rinse in three waters—clear and also lukewarm. Press the water out—but do not wring. Dry in the shade and when nearly dry press on the wrong side with a warm iron—never a hot one. Press crepes from side to side and stretch a very little as you press. They will look just like new!

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

LUX

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Beecham's Pills are a happy combination of remedial ingredients which has proved an unqualified success. They are the safest, surest, most efficient digestive remedy possible to produce. They quickly relieve dyspepsia, biliousness, disordered liver, constipation and impurities of the blood. No sufferer from these ailments who may not treat himself in a perfectly safe, natural and economic manner, to the full establishment of his health and vigor by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

"The largest sale of any medicine in the world"

Nature's way ought always to be considered by those who are suffering from any form of ill health. But nature cannot perform the impossible. She is often impeded in her work by difficulties that can only be removed by scientific treatment. The choice of this treatment is a very serious matter. In case of trouble connected with the liver, stomach and bowels, Beecham's Pills

ASSIST NATURE NATURALLY

Sold everywhere in Canada

In boxes, 25 cents and 50 cents

SOME YOUNG IMMORTALS

The young men of this group are the subject of Miss Spence's inspiring article

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, JULY, 1920 No. 3

SOME YOUNG IMMORTALS

BY NELLIE SPENCE

I HAVE just come upon a group picture of some sixteen boys in cadet uniform—winners of a prize in a military tournament in the spring of 1914, shortly before the War. They are arranged in two rows, those in front kneeling, with rifles in position; those in the rear standing. Before them, on a little pedestal, is the Trophy which they won. Behind them are three of the Masters of the Secondary School to which they belonged.

The picture, I remember, was brought to me some time during the progress of the War, with the suggestion that I should use it as the basis of a little "write-up", as all these lads —with one possible exception—had joined the Colours and gone overseas. All these boys I knew personally; of some, it is true, my knowledge was limited to the class-room, while others I knew both in and out of school. But the suggested "write-up" remained in abeyance, chiefly because I felt that it would be all out of proportion, seeing that in some cases my information was so scanty, and in others so complete. I put the picture away in a drawer, and there it lay.

Now the War is a thing of the past, and nobody wants to hear any more about it. Perhaps that is why, from a spirit of contrariety, I am now moved to write of these boys. This post bellum indifference is unworthy of us; we who sang such lusty war Processionals should chant our Recessionals with as deep a fervour—"lest we forget, lest we forget". As I look into the young faces in the picture (their ages ranged from fifteen to eighteen), and remember what they did and how they suffered in the Great War, and especially when I note that seven out of the sixteen gave up their lives, I feel that such lads and such deeds should not be lightly forgotten; that all sorts of reminders by voice and pen and act should be forthcoming. And so, even thus late in the day, I want to speak of these young soldiers, one by one, as I knew them; and in particular of those who are now only a memory—a memory that should be kept forever green. I shall take them one by one, from left to right, beginning with the back row.

Willard, the first boy ("Bill" the other boys preferred to call him), joined the Air Force immediately on receipt of the news that his brother Harry was missing. Harry was last heard from just before the Battle of Vimy Ridge in the spring of 1917. He had often written of his "little fighting scout" which travelled ninety miles an hour. "My little 'bus only carries one," he wrote in one letter. "I have to fly her and work my machine-gun at the same time, and it needs all the hands you have got in a scrap. She is designed for fighting only, so that my duties consist in sitting a couple of miles up in the air over the lines, ready to swoop down on Mr. Hun if he tries to come over. It is awfully lonely up there and mighty cold, and one is not sorry to get down again after a couple of hours."

In that "little fighting 'bus" Harry crossed the lines on reconnaissance work before the Spring Push of 1917, and nothing was ever heard of him afterwards; only a little packet, long months later, was sent home to his mother—a little packet that told its own sad tale.

Meantime Willard had gone over, too. How often during the War was one reminded of the story of the two immortal Gracchi—the younger not daunted, but rather impelled, by the death of his elder brother, to follow that brother's example and share that brother's fate! And just a year after Harry's tragic death the same message—"Missing"—came of Willard. He was last seen surrounded by hostile aircraft—the rest of the story can be easily guessed! As yet no other word has come; and not even a little tell-tale packet of personal belongings. But the mother of these two brave lads—and she has no other sons—still "carries on" with the calm courage that ever marked the mothers of soldier-sons and that goes far to explain the heroism which has been the birthright of these sons.

Of Russell, the second boy in the picture, I can say little. I remember him as a particularly happy, carefree lad in the matriculation class, one to whom both work and play had a proper relish, and who, when the War came, "joined up" without hesitation. I can see him now, on the day he visited the school to say good-bye, standing in the hall, surrounded by his classmates, laughing and joking, perhaps to hide the sadness of farewell. His military career was tragically short. Following hard upon a letter in which he said his battery (he was bombardier) was located where the shells were wildly flying, came the despatch, "Killed in Action". And so he gave his glad young life away in the grim old war. That is a beautiful fancy—and why may it not be a beautiful fact?—in Katharine Tynan's "New Heaven", where she says that

> "Paradise now is the soldier's land,
> Their own country its shining sod;
> Comrades all in a merry band;
> And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God."

Of Heber, the third boy, I have a different tale to tell. For Heber has come home, unscarred by battle but decorated for bravery, having won the Croix de Guerre, with Silver Star. Heber will always be remembered in the annals of the school for his athletic "stunts" in the sports—he established marvellous new records for hundred-yard dashes and running broad jumps. Nevertheless, he was pronounced medically unfit for military service, and it was only by a daring piece of strategy and a tactical "coup" (which I am under bonds not to reveal) that he succeeded in getting overseas. "But he will never get to France," confidently said those who knew him well.

"You'll see!" said those who knew him better.

And soon came the word that Heber was in France, and in a combatant unit, too—infantry, at that. When one thinks of the way in which some boys (and more men) evaded military service, and the way in which others achieved military service, one is lost

in wonder at the contrasts which life affords; and one doubts the conclusion of the modern novelists who say that humanity presents not black and white but only a neutral drab or gray. A study of the military situation under the voluntary system, and even under conscription, is rather a refutation of this theory of life and character. Perhaps Sir Walter and the other old-timers were right, after all.

Leonard, the next boy, near-sighted and spectacled even in childhood, and of rather delicate pysique, is another example of the "Will-to-Do" which scorns obstacles. But a letter from Shorncliffe speaks with disgust of his slim chances of getting to France, and of the tedium of his work as an instructor in bayonet-fighting and physical training. He seemed almost envious of the militant and muscular English women omnibus conductors, and described the summary way in which they pushed mere men off the steps when the 'bus was full enough. It was with considerable surprise that I received a little later a letter from France—Leonard had "arrived" somehow or other. He was with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade under General Seeley, and was afterwards transferred to the Artillery. He, too, has come home, safe and sound; he and boys like him will help to build up the New Canada of the greater days to be.

And now we come to Howard and George. For, really, I cannot speak of these boys separately, they were so inseparable as schoolboys. Rather, I should take the trio, for on the other side of George in the picture stands Douglas, another close friend. George and Douglas came from the same little town at the mouth of the Credit River, and, like other Lake Shore boys, brought with them to the school a certain individuality and virility—like a breath of fresh country air invading the confines of the city. Howard was a Torontonian, but a lover of lake and stream and woodland; not a real city boy at heart. In the summer of 1915 George and Douglas were in camp at Niagara together, sharing the same tent. Douglas got overseas first, in September, 1915, being one of five officers sent over with five drafts (Douglas was seventeen at the time). Meantime Howard joined the Colours, and he and George were in the same unit, George having been promoted to Captain's rank, Howard serving under him as Lieutenant. It was not till the spring of 1916 that they crossed the sea. In England their battalion was broken up, and presently they found themselves in France with another unit, George having reverted to lieutenant's rank to go with his "pal", The first Battle of the Somme was their initiation into actual warfare. Then came the long, hard winter in the trenches, followed by the Spring Push of 1917.

"What did you think of the first phase of 'The Big Push'?" asks George in a letter dated April 18. "It was the most wonderful sight I ever hope to see. Our chaps advanced behind their artillery barrage just as we did when practising for it miles behind the lines. We commenced the attack at 5.30 a.m. and at 12 noon all our objectives were gained and we had successfully 'pulled off' the biggest infantry advance yet made in the war.

"Poor old Howard acquired a dirty crack on the head shortly after we left our own parapet. I didn't see him get hit and have not heard from him since; but, knowing that he is safely wounded and probably in 'Blighty' by now, I am quite content. He was first reported to me as being killed, which news naturally was not the best thing for one after an attack. But cheer up, all is well now, and if our Corps is ever relieved, I shall see him when in England on leave. You see I still hope for it."

But poor George was destined never to see England or his friend again.

Howard, after a hard fight for life and a long convalescence, came home to Canada at last, and was welcomed

almost as one risen from the dead. But it was not the laughing, inexperienced boy who returned; in his place came a mature and thoughtful man. Life could not be the same to him after the loss of his best friend; in fact, life can never again be the same to any of us who knew and loved George well—and to know him was to love him well.

As he stands in the picture between Howard and Douglas, I cannot help comparing him with the boy—or rather the man—who appears in a later picture I have of him. What a change those few years made! Yet it is the boy of the group picture that comes back to me now, as I think of the days before the War. Well I remember the first year of my acquaintance with him. I had announced, as was my wont, that any pupils who were unable to prepare the work assigned each day for the class had only to see me before nine o'clock in the morning and state their case; otherwise they were liable to be detained half an hour after school. Even as I spoke the words, I fancied I detected a curious look in the eyes of a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, English-looking lad sitting towards the back of the room; and I was not surprised when the next morning, at precisely two minutes to nine, he burst breathlessly into my class-room and explained (he had a quick, staccato way of speaking that rather amused me at first) that he was "most awfully sorry" that he hadn't his work prepared for the day; but he had had trouble with the car going home (he used to motor in from the Credit every morning and "park" his car in the school grounds), and it had taken him a good part of the evening repairing it. Gravely I accepted the explanation, with a word of caution as to the use of double superlatives and the importance of precision of diction. In the course of a day or two I examined the car standing on the campus, and came to the conclusion that it might well serve as the peg to hang many an excuse upon—it was a much-used and much-abused Ford, with, however, long life in its old frame yet.

But I was scarcely prepared for what followed. Morning after morning (not every morning, but so frequently that I missed him when he did not come), a roguish boy would rush into my room at precisely two minutes to nine, and, after a hurried "Good Morning!" (he never forgot that), would exclaim in a breathless staccato:

"I'm most awfully sorry, but I hadn't time to polish off Alexander the Great last night. The car——"

I never could cure him of his tendency to the double superlative, and his fondness for racy figures of speech; and so, with occasional changes of metaphor and variations as to the personality of Alexander, the familiar tale was repeated. Of course it was most unpedagogical of me to accept the excuse day after day, but it was really very pleasant to have those morning calls from that happy-faced boy. Besides, I had no fear about that boy's really neglecting his work or failing at examinations; he was not the boy to shirk any duty, he was too much the gentleman to be inattentive in class, and he was quick and clever in every way. He was only trying a little experiment on me and was wondering how long it could be kept up. Sometimes, indeed, as if he thought it not quite fair that he should always get off scot-free and other boys be detained, he would fail to turn up in the morning and would make some shocking mistake in the course of the lesson; then he would come to my room at the close of the day and give Alexander a most beautiful polish under my personal supervision.

At last, one morning, after I had listened once-more to the oft-told tale of the car and its vicissitudes, I remarked:

"This has been a most interesting serial, George, but don't you think that everything has happened to that

car that ought to happen to any self-respecting vehicle? Suppose we begin on a new story to-morrow."

George smiled (and George's smile was a tonic that helped one through a weary day), and withdrew without comment.

I should have been sadly disappointed if my boy had not come next morning; but I knew that he would come—knew that he would accept my challenge. And surely enough, at precisely two minutes to nine, he dashed breathlessly into my classroom.

"I'm most awfully sorry, but I hadn't time to polish off Alexander the Great last night. They're getting up a church entertainment at the Credit, and I had to be at a rehearsal." And before I could recover breath, he was gone.

Who wouldn't love a boy like that?

He was absolutely irresistible, and everybody loved him. He was so sunny, so full of fun ("never was known to have a grouch", the other boys said), and such a wonderful athlete! Never had we such a Cadet Corps as when he was Captain, never such a Rugby Team as when he led it to victory. I can see him now, making one of his beautiful runs down the field; and, again, at the close of a glorious game, borne high upon the shoulders of the other boys after the manner of the old chieftains raised upon the shields of their followers. And—most marvellous of all—he remained quite unspoiled by his popularity, and unspoiled by his military life.

And this splendid young life is over—oh, the pity of it all!

"It seems only the other day," they told me once at the manse, "that George used to come tapping at the door to ask, 'Please may Wallie come out and play?' His home was a mile or two up the river, and he often came down to the village, riding his little Shetland pony or driving behind it in a little cart. And in his home at "Thornwood" they have a picture of a chubby little boy mounted on that Shetland pony. And, in a moment, as it were, the chubby little boy shot into manhood and was off to the War.

My last picture of George is as he stood on the landing outside my little flat. It was the night before he left for overseas, and he and Howard had come in to say good-bye. As they went downstairs, George turned at the landing to call back something, and I can see him clearly, as he stood there for a moment, flushed and smiling, then ran lightly down the steps. Those lines which Wilfrid Gibson wrote of Rupert Brooke often come to me when I recall this last picture of George:

"He's gone!
I do not understand;
But as he turned to go,
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset-glow,
And he was gone!"

George was wounded at Vimy, and, as a brother-officer wrote, could easily have gone to "Blighty"; but that was not George's way. He had to carry on. He only went to the Transport lines for a few days' rest.

To continue the story in the words of the brother-officer:

"We began to prepare for the third of May show. George was told that he would not be in it, but, although his previous wound was not yet healed, he accompanied us up to the trenches on the first of May. He was too fond of work, and nobody with any authority tried to make him stay back. . . . Well, night came on, and about twelve o'clock the battalion moved up to within five hundred yards of the German lines, and commenced to dig in. It was moonlight and Fritz saw us, and between twelve and 3.45 a.m. he laid his barrage on top of us twice. 'Twas a wonder we survived that, but our men had made the most of their time and were pretty well dug in, so we came off very well. Then Zero hour came—*the* hour. A few minutes before that time I went

over to George and shook hands with him. We wished each other luck, etc., and I returned to my men. That was the last I saw of George. He was on the right flank, the position of honour, by the way. I was on the left. I will not attempt to describe that show otherwise than to say, I wonder how any one lived.

"I have made many friends, but I have never met one whom I liked and admired as much as George. He was absolutely the best in every way, physically as well as morally. I don't believe he *ever* did a wrong thing."

In this 3rd of May "show"—the Battle of Fresnoy—George was severely wounded. Two days later, his twenty-first birthday, he was brought into hospital, and it was soon found that a leg had to be amputated. He might have survived this, but it was discovered that the wound received at Vimy a month before—in the apex of the lung—had not healed. He was, moreover, weak from loss of blood and exhausted by the prolonged strain. What is popularly known as "galloping consumption" set in, and, after six weeks of suffering, he died.

"To what purpose was this waste?" was the text upon which one of Toronto's most eloquent preachers delivered a war sermon just about that time. To what purpose, indeed? If only some definite, satisfactory answer were forthcoming to the sad question? Perhaps there is, behind the sacrifice of so much of our splendid young manhood, some infinite purpose, some sublime good, that we know not of; perhaps "the red, sweet wine of youth" has not been poured out in vain so prodigally. But to our finite understandings the only consolation is the thought that these lads who died before their time shall at any rate not grow old,

> "Or tired on any dawning morrow,
> Nor ever change, or feel the clutches,
> Of wither'd Time on his old crutches,
> Nor fear the wild gray osprey, Sorrow!"

As I said before, Douglas went overseas some six months before George and Howard. Cheery letters came from him during the fall and early winter describing life at the training-camps, impressions of old London, and visits to relatives up in the heart of the Highlands. By this time the British Government had become seized of the importance of machine-guns, and early in February, 1916, came a letter from Douglas, announcing his arrival in France as an officer in the 4th Brigade Machine Gun Company. His earlier letters speak of the Colt gun, his later of the Vickers, which superseded the Colt. After a tour or two at the front Douglas was sent to take a special course of instruction on the Vickers at a machine-gun school near Boulogne. "It is a great thing, the machine-gun," he writes. "There is something fascinating about pressing the thumb-piece and hearing it rattling off five hundred shots a minute." Later on, when he returned to the Front, he spoke of the activity of the German machine-guns, but added cheerily: "We retaliate, and in five nights my section fired over 1400 rounds. They never scrimp us for ammunition now."

Writing in the late summer of 1916, he speaks hopefully of the chances of peace. "If the war continues, two or three more tours will bring us to winter again. I don't much want to see another winter here. I saw enough of last winter to suit me."

How often the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick must have been the experience of the gallant, uncomplaining lads, as they passed through campaign after campaign, now gaining a little ground, now losing it again! What an endless see-saw it must have seemed to them!

Shortly before Christmas, 1916, Douglas came home on furlough. He had been wounded at Courcelette, and, indeed, officially reported missing. The latter cable had been fortunately followed closely by one from Douglas himself: "Report missing all rot!" But he appeared pale and worn,

when I saw him a day or two after he reached home, and there was a look in his eyes that I did not like—the look of one who had seen unutterable things. It was not fear—the heart of the Douglas could know no fear—but a sort of horror, the horror of being brought face to face with the unspeakable awfulness of modern war. In a few months, however, he went back to it all, though the going back must have tried even his fortitude sorely. Then, at Fresnoy, he was again wounded, this time very severely, losing an eye and being otherwise injured.

"At any rate Duggie will be out of it now," was the consoling thought that came to all of us, and glad we were to see the scarred young veteran when he got back in the late summer of 1917. He had been decorated by the King, and his Majesty had inquired very specially about his injuries and most of all about the loss of his eye. Douglas was quite cheerful over that loss, only remarking that he wouldn't go back to College now, he would go straight into business.

A year later—it seemed the cruelest thing, the meanest irony of fate—he was struck down by influenza and pneumonia. His reserve power had been used up in the war and he had not the strength to combat the double disease.

"If it were not for his nights, he might pull through," said the physician. But in the delirium of pneumonia he was back in France and Flanders, fighting all his battles over again. It was too much, and in October of 1918, just as the War was being fought to a finish overseas, the battle of life ended for Douglas, and Death, the victor, claimed his own.

Death, the victor? No, one really cannot believe it in the case of a boy like Douglas. Some one has said that it is the poverty of our lives that makes faith in immortality difficult. That is very true, but, contrariwise, the richness and promise of some lives makes faith in immortality easy. And so, to any one who knew and loved Douglas—and the sunny warmth of his disposition and the frank manliness of his character endeared him to many—he, being dead, yet liveth. And I like to think that when I, too, shall go over Life's parapet and steal across the silent No Man's Land of death to the Great Objective that lies beyond, there will be waiting at least one loyal lad to greet me with outstretched hand and cheery word of welcome, for he is of the stuff that does not alter or forget in this world or in the next.

Of Bruce, the last boy in the back row of the picture, I can say very little. He was only a short time in one of my classes, and he left school about the time the war broke out. He went overseas with the Buffs, but was with Col. Harbottle and his famous "Six Bits" battalion during those last Hundred Days of the war. He came out unwounded, indeed, but utterly exhausted. For bravery on the field he received the Military Cross, and he is now back in Canada, not yet quite restored to normal health and strength, but in a fair way, I thought when I saw him last, to make a complete recovery. Wonderful, indeed, is the recuperative power of youth.

Glancing at the kneeling boys in the front row of the picture, one notices that the first boy on the left is looking straight in the direction towards which his rifle is pointing; the other boys seem to be looking straight at the camera. Of Alan, this first boy, I have written elsewhere in some detail,* so I will say little of him here. A son of the manse, he was one of three brothers who went to the War and one of two who fell. He crossed the ocean early in 1916, and saw some of the fighting at the Somme in the summer and autumn of that year. In the spring of 1917 he was home on sick leave for three months, but re-

*"The Schoolboy in the War", published in *The Canadian Magazine* in January, 1919.

turned to France in the summer. Though he escaped the fighting at Vimy and Lens, he went through the horror of Passchendaele, and the greater horror of the campaign of 1918—that final phase of the War. My last letters from him speak with pride of the advance, with sadness of the price paid in human life. One by one his pals fell about him, until at last, after Bourlon Wood, he was the only original officer left of his battalion at the Front. Then, as I have heard from two comrades to whom he spoke quite freely, he had a premonition that his own fate was near at hand. And on September 30th, in the great Battle of Cambrai, in which he, a lad of only twenty, was acting Second-in-Command, he was killed. In his death I seemed to feel not only his loss (great as that was, for he was a lad after my own heart), but, in a sort of cumulative way, all the losses that had come before to our little circle—it was a culmination of sorrow and tragedy.

The next two boys, Basil and Raymond, were brothers as well as comrades-in-arms. They were American lads, hailing from Boston. But their forbears came from Nova Scotia—old Acadie—and it was as much, I fancy, the call of La Belle France as of Mother England that they heard and promptly answered. Raymond was twenty, Basil eighteen, when they joined the Colours. Raymond was a brilliant lad at school, and he used to contribute much to the interest and not a little to the gaiety of our history classes, rising often to a point of order, very respectfully but insistently, when controversial topics, like the American Revolutionary War or the War of 1812, were under discussion—he was never, I know, quite satisfied with our version of the Saratoga incident. But the War came, and lo! our Yankee boy was British of the British. He and Basil joined the "American Legion", and they chafed at the long delay here and in England. At last they reached France, having been transferred to a Canadian unit. "I am an old soldier now," Raymond writes. "I have been in France nearly three weeks." That was in May, 1917. In June he was killed; he was leading his platoon into action for the third time at La Coulette when he fell. On Dominion Day our Yankee lad was laid to rest at Villers-au-Bois.

The official news of his death was late in coming, but a cryptic message from Basil brought the tidings to his people. Basil was not permitted to send word in plain English, but the meaning of his cable, "Be brave—he was brave to the end", was only too clear.

Just about that time I happened to be reading John Buchan's description of the death of another Raymond—Raymond Asquith—and I could not help applying his words to this dear Raymond of ours: "He loved his youth, and his youth has become eternal. Debonnair and brilliant and brave, he is now a part of that immortal England which knows not age or weariness or defeat."

Basil (better known as "Buster" by the boys) "carried on" as best he could without his elder brother. Wounded at Passchendaele, he came home at Christmas on leave. He might have stayed; in fact, he was assigned to "light duty" here indefinitely; but he refused the "bomb-proof job". "If it had been Ray," he said when spoken to on the subject, "he would have gone back, and I must go. Besides, as I figure it out, every man under thirty-five who is physically fit, ought to be over there." I could not help thinking what a pity it was that such proficiency in moral arithmetic, such a clear figuring of it out, was not more general. And I recall a day in the early spring of 1918, when I stood with a few others on the platform of a suburban railway-station and caught a last smile and wave of the hand from the brave lad as he stood in the rear vestibule of the receding train which was bearing him back to

the War. Going out the first time, as all the boys said, was just a great adventure; but going back again was a very different story. What it must have been to this boy who went the first time with the support and companionship of his older brother, and went back alone, one can only vaguely imagine.

"Stay in England if you are offered a Depot job", some of us urged him. "Don't try to get back to France. Think of your mother—and of Raymond."

"Yes, I'll stay in England for Mother's sake," he answered, "unless I am needed in France."

But of course he was needed in France, as we might have known would be the case. There was dire need of the boys of the good old bulldog breed just then in that lonely salient where the sons of Canada were "standing to" for so long, while the tide of battle surged around them. So we were not surprised when word soon came that Basil had rejoined his battalion in France—it was then just a year after Raymond's death. He had figured out the problem of duty to a clear and heroic solution, and stepped once again on French soil in the hour of deadliest peril. The Germans had made their last and most wonderful drive, reconquering in a week (was it not?) the ground that our armies had gained in a long summer's campaign.

Then came the miracle—the right-about—the advance. Then the Canadian Corps, used as a spearhead (how familiar became that metaphor!) won imperishable fame. What is it that Ludendorff himself confesses about that black day—the eighth of August—and succeeding days? But, alas! in that last phase—those Hundred Days—we lost as many men as during all the war down to this time. The one little Secondary School of which I write lost eighty-six boys (of some five hundred who went to the war), and nearly half of these eighty-six were killed during those last three months. And the same, I fancy, is true of every little unit, and of the whole Canadian Corps. The price of victory was high, indeed!

On one of those days of fiercest fighting Basil was badly wounded. For hours he lay out in the open, unable to move, expecting each minute that another machine-gun bullet would come his way and complete the work of the one that had laid him low. A sergeant crawling to his help was killed. Rescue was impossible until nightfall. Then he was brought in, more dead than alive; and, by sheer force of will-power, I believe, he finally recovered. "You have no business to be alive, you know," said his physician. "By all the rules you ought to have died."

But instead of the sturdy boy who had merited the name of "Buster", there came back to Canada a pale and badly-shaken and much older-grown man. A few months, however, and he began to be himself again; even his gaiety returned, mingled, as I imagine it always will be henceforth, with a gravity born of tragic experiences and fateful days.

Of the next boy, Morton, I dare not say much. When he won a Military Medal and the inevitable press-item appeared, Morton served notice upon two or three of us who, he suspected, might have been responsible, threatening to cut us off with field postcards if we ever gave out any information whatsoever about him. So, though I have some good stories of his exploits as a runner, and one particularly racy story of an early morning surprise party across No Man's Land to the German lines (it was here, I think, that he won a Bar to that Medal), and another story telling of the attack on Regina Trench in October of 1916 (a story of uncut wires and consequent tragedy—a story of twenty-four hours that seemed twenty-four years—Morton making, as runner, innumerable trips between the line and headquarters, never stopping going one way or the other—he

was the only runner left at the last—I must leave the story untold. I have often thought, anyway, apropos of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales", that a series of "Half-Told Tales" also might be interesting. Just a suggestion or two—let the reader do the rest.

Morton came through a thousand adventures and escapes, and he lives—but *not* to tell the tale. He is reticence itself, and what information I have, though authentic, is not from him. It is amazing how all the boys, indeed, while communicative enough regarding the heroic deeds of others, preserve a sphinx-like silence about their own. I trust, however, that Morton and the others will forgive me for setting down what I have done. I have really left a great deal unsaid.

Jack, the next boy in the picture, left school in the summer of 1915, and I somehow lost sight of him. He had always been a reserved and diffident lad, and, when he donned his uniform, he did not go calling upon all his friends in consequence. He just slipped away quietly, and my first intimation that he was overseas was almost immediately followed by the news of his death. He had not quite finished his training in England—he was in the Air Force—when one of those accidents that were unfortunately so common and so often fatal in that branch of the service terminated his military career. One can be thankful, at any rate, that he did not see active service. Though he would have been, I am sure, one of the bravest of the brave, yet the horrors of actual fighting would have been worse to a lad of his quiet and sensitive disposition than to boys of a more assertive and bellicose nature. Worthy of as much honour are those who died without entering the fray as are those who fell in the thick of battle. As Helen Gray Cone says, in her little poem, "On the Death of an Untried Soldier",

"He died in armour, died with lance at rest,
The trumpet had not sounded for the charge;
Yet shall his guerdon of golden fame be large,
For he was ready, he had met the test.

"No sacrifice is more complete and clean
Than that in the locked soul secret and still;
Take for a visible deed the perfect will;
Crown with sad pride the accomplishment unseen.

"Hang his bright arms undinted on the wall,
In all brave colours whereto his dreams aspired;
Blazon his blank shield as his heart desired,
And write above : 'The readiness is all!' "

Of Guy, the next boy, I know nothing. He came to us from the West somewhere, and remained only a short time at the school. What became of him I cannot tell. He may have gone to the War, but no word of him in any way reached me.

Alan, the next boy (another Alan), was a despatch-rider at Valcartier camp, at the age of fifteen. When the first Canadian Contingent went overseas, Alan came back to school. But he was quite unsettled, and after Christmas he did not return; and, except for his extreme youth, I was not surprised to hear that he was at Exhibition Camp. In the fall of 1915 he was in England, and soon word came that he was leaving for France. But trench life was too much for him, and pneumonia—of which he had had an attack before leaving Canada—set in. Back in "Blighty", he was restless and unhappy, and presently managed to get to France again. Soon, however, he was wounded, and an amputated leg ended his fighting days. Another tedious experience of hospital life in England was in store for him; but at last he got safely back to Canada, and is, I understand, managing to achieve success and happiness in life despite his serious handicap.

The last boy, Claude, I recently heard of as bound for South America on some business venture. He had only just returned from overseas, when he started off again. I heard little from or about him while he was at the front, but I know that he

won a Military Medal and was counted "a first-class fighting man".

And now, as I look back at the picture, I am seized, as, indeed, I often am (and who is not?), with a strange feeling of the unreality of the happenings of the past five years. Surely—the fancy comes again and again—it has been all a dream! Surely there never was—there never could have been—such a war as that of 1914-1919! Why, it is not so long since I read a book—it was much talked of at the time—proving that war was impossible under modern conditions. And, besides, it did not seem thinkable that the world, having emerged from the Dark Ages some centuries since, should enter still darker ages. Surely, mankind has been acquiring a little common sense—coming to realize not merely the wickedness and the barbarism, but the crass stupidity of war! Surely humanity has grown somewhat in grace and culture and kindliness and sanity through the ages! Twenty-three centuries have passed since Plato taught a serene idealism in the olive groves of Academus; nineteen centuries since a Greater than Plato stood upon an olive-crowned hill and put forth a strange new religion all compounded of Sweetness and Light. Surely the poor, dull world has learned a little of the lesson—has caught something of that divinely gracious spirit? Surely war has become an unthinkable absurdity, an impossible anachronism! Yes, I surely have been dreaming—a prolonged and ghastly dream. I must have been reading late last night—reading old Gibbon, too—reading of the wild work of Goth and Hun and Vandal in those dark days when the wonderful civilization of Greece and Rome came tumbling down in tragic ruin! And in my dream I have mixed and magnified and multiplied all the horrors of that far-off time! But soon I shall be wakened from my dream by the little alarm-clock standing there on the table at my bedside; and I shall hurry over to the old school, trying hard to shake off the memory of the hideous nightmare; and presently a warm shaft of sunshine will penetrate the gloom of my classroom and my spirit, when, at precisely two minutes to nine, a roguish boy will rush in upon me to wish me a merry Good Morning and to explain in his breathless staccato:

"I'm most awfully sorry, but I hadn't time to polish off Alexander the Great last night. The car——"

Oh, little Alarm-clock, why don't you ring out! 'Tis surely time to waken now!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

MRS. SWEENEY'S CASE

THERE was an old Irishman named Sweeney who lived in a street principally occupied by working-class Irish people. He had only one eye, and his wife, like many others on the street, had a fluent tongue and a vocabulary liable to excite interest. On one occasion she got into an altercation with one of the other women on the street, and very soon a fight began. Almost immediately each woman had a firm grasp of the other's hair. They were pulling each other about, when the other woman's little boy, about seven or eight years of age, picked up a stick and poked it at Mrs. Sweeney, saying, "Leave my mammy alone! Leave Mammy alone!" In his attempts to push Mrs. Sweeney away, the end of the stick put her eye out.

This ended the fight. Mrs. Sweeney was taken to a hospital. The boy was arrested on a charge of doing grievous bodily harm, and was bailed to come up in court. Feeling ran pretty high in the street. I knew from the beginning that I would not send so young a child to jail, but the woman was in the hospital, and she had lost her eye, and I felt the matter deserved a formal trial.

I tried the case with great deliberation, adjourning it several times, waitnig for Mrs. Sweeney to get well and for feeling to become quiet. I heard of several witnesses being present, called them and heard their evidence, and when I thought I had exhausted the witnesses, someone said that a Mrs. Lever was present at the time. I said, "I must hear her evidence", and I adjourned the case for that purpose.

When she appeared I thought she was worth waiting to see. She was a little thin pasty-faced looking woman, with the remains of a black eye, and a bright little pink end to her nose. She wore a little shabby brown circular cape or short cloak, and a pointed conical gray felt hat with a narrow rim around it, curled upwards and from the top point of the hat stood a wilted cock's feather in anything but a jaunty style. The *tout ensemble* was perfect.

I asked her what she knew about the affair. She told me the whole story very clearly, with an evident bias in favour of the Sweeneys. When she had finished her evidence, standing in the witness box close to me, she said in a low tone in her rich Irish brogue,

"This is a sad case, your Worship."

"Yes, it is," I said.

"Oh, yes," she repeated, "a very sad case. Those poor people, the Sweeneys—do you know, your Worship, they have three little orphans."

"How do you make that out," I said; "the parents are both alive."

"Och! sure I know that, yer Worship, but what are they but orphans,

with the parents with only one pair of eyes betwixt the two of them."

That finished the case, but the boy was remanded for sentence.

*

The Handwriting on the Wall

On the night of Monday, May 18th, 1908, the Grand Trunk Railway station and the Canadian Express Company's office at Hawkstone, Ontario, were burglarized, and some money and a number of railway tickets and express orders stolen. On the following Thursday Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mitchell of the Canadian Express Company's Yonge Street office, reported the matter to the Toronto police, stating that one of the money orders had been cashed by their paying teller on the previous evening by a woman who signed her name as "Warren". The numbers of the stolen orders had not been supplied to them until some hours afterwards. Consequently they were without suspicion, and, remembering so little about it, they could not even give a description of the woman. The teller did, however, remember that while he was in the act of paying over the money, a young woman employed as a stenographer with *Collier's Weekly* stepped up to the wicket and gave a little smile of recognition to the woman who was getting the money. It was quite easy to find out from *Collier's* who the employee was that had been at the express office the evening before, but when interviewed she had no recollection of the person wanted, more than that she had attended a business college with her for a short time two years previously, but she had never seen her since until the evening before. She promised, however, to try to recall her name, and when seen a few hours afterwards, said that she was still unable to think of the name, but did remember having seen her write her name on the wall of the girls' cloak room of the college. The spot was very minutely described. In a short time the name was found on the wall. The principal of the college remembered something of the girl and thought her home was in the country, and that she had been staying in Toronto with friends. No entry of her name could be found in his books. The city directory was next consulted, and showed that there were five families of the name in the city, but none of them called Margaret, and Margaret was the one wanted. A note of the addresses of the five families was made. It was decided first to visit a family on St. Vincent Street because it was the nearest. When this house was approached it showed such signs of wealth and responsibility, that it was almost planned to leave it until the other four were tried. It was finally decided, however, to inquire. So the door bell was touched very gently, and almost immediately a refined looking young woman answered. Miss Margaret—— was very politely inquired for . She said, "That is my name." After recovering from the shock, interview on a very important business matter was requested and granted. The object of the visit was explained without ceremony. Indignant denial was the first attitude. Then a compromise by admitting that she had passed the order. Had just met a young man at "King and Yonge" that she had never seen before, who requested her to cash the order and return the money. It was explained how very unusual and dangerous a thing it was for a young woman to assume a false name and commit forgery for a person she had no interest in. She finally decided that it was unsafe to lie any more, and said she could show where the man lived. She put on her hat and went direct to a house on Elm Street and walked in. She was closely followed, and two men were found in an upstairs room partly dressed, with a loaded revolver near them. The railway tickets and money orders were all found in the room, excepting the one which had been passed. Most of the money had been spent. They subsequently admitted everything. One of the two had been an operator and station master at the place a year

or so before the robbery. Both were brought before me in the police court and ordered to be taken to Barrie, Ontario, for trial. They both pleaded guilty.

The young woman had been a friend of one of the men years before when they were both attending a country school. When she wrote her name on the wall, she little thought that she was laying a trap to land her friend and one of his chums in prison.

*

Mistaken Identity

In October, 1898, a man named Mackenzie was brought up before me charged with stealing some goods from the Grand Trunk Railway sheds near John Street, Toronto. The Grand Trunk constable swore that he saw Mackenzie with another man close to the sheds on the day the theft took place, and a second-hand dealer swore that Mackenzie had sold to him the goods, which were identified as the stolen property. The second-hand dealer was positive, but Mackenzie vigorously protested that he was innocent. I recalled the constable, and he repeated that he had seen the prisoner that afternoon on the top of the hill near the freight shed.

Mackenzie said, "No, you did not, you saw me at the foot of the hill."

Some other evidence was taken and I was still hesitating, and told the Crown Attorney, Mr. Curry, that I was not quite sure about it, and referred to some weak point in the evidence, as to the identification. Mr. Curry at once said, "The man himself says that the constable saw him at the foot of the hill."

This seemed conclusive, so I convicted him and sent him to the Central Prison for eighteen months, for he was an old offender.

He was sent to the jail, and the next morning I received a message from the Governor of the jail, saying that there must have been a mistake, as Mackenzie had only been released from the jail the day after the theft had been committed. This was investigated and found to be correct. I telegraphed at once to the Minister of Justice to order his release. The man's lie about the foot of the hill was the only cause of the mistake. The real criminal, as we discovered later, was remarkably like Mackenzie.

*

Inexpensive Extradition System

A few years ago a jewelry shop in Toronto was robbed and about five hundred dollars' worth of jewelry stolen. No trace of thieves or property was found for about a week afterwards, and the Jew that had been robbed was getting very fidgety. About this time the Chief of Police got a telegram from a town in the United States, advising him that three men had been arrested there after a running gun fight, and that during the chase they had thrown a package of jewelery in the river but had still some on them when searched. Names and addresses were given but were not familiar to any one in the detective department. It was thought wise, however, to send a man to have a look at the men and their plunder.

All three men were identified as Toronto thieves with police records. Some pieces of jewelry were also identified by initials, etc. The officer in charge of the station was present at the identification and asked the prisoners whether they were willing to return to Canada without extradition papers, advising them at the same time that the only way they could be taken out of the United States was by their consenting to return voluntarily, or by proper extradition process, which was very costly. He was informed that they all liked the United States and didn't much care for Canada. The Toronto officer was then asked whether these men had ever been convicted of crime and said he was informed that they had been. After thinking for a few seconds, the Chief remarked that the town had always borne the reputation of being

able to produce thieves enough of its own, without harbouring outsiders. He then called one of his desk Sergeants and inquired how many meals they had had that day. (It was then 5.30). He was informed that they had had two. The Sergeant was then instructed that in future they were to have but one and it was to be made smaller every day they remained. The prisoners were then ordered back to their cells, and the Toronto man had to go home empty-handed. A few hours after his return a telegram was received by the Chief requesting him to send officers by first train to bring back three men who were wanted for burglary—no papers required. Two men were sent after them at once, and it is doubtful if any three men were ever more delighted to get out of the United States. They talked about nothing but roast beef all the way home.

All three were convicted in Police Court and got stiff sentences.

*

The Varcoe Murder

On the morning of the 9th November, 1899, two burglars entered the home of one John E. Varcoe, who kept a grocery shop on Queen Street, Toronto, and armed with revolvers intimidated the inmates and stole what money they could find. Varcoe attempted to resist them, and both burglars fired at him, giving him wounds of which he died in a few hours. Varcoe had lost his wife a year before, and his little four-year-old girl was sleeping with him, and was so close to the pistol that her face was burned by the powder of the discharged weapon. Some of the inmates had raised an alarm, and the burglars got out of the first floor windows, and Constable Dickson, running up, called on them to surrender. One of the burglars, named McIntosh, succeeded in getting to the pavement without injury, and attempted to run away. Dickson followed him and fired several shots at him, one taking effect, from which he died a few days after. The other man, Williams, as he was getting out, was struck with a chair by Varcoe's brother, which sent him to the pavement heavily, and stunned and injured him so that he was easily captured by Police Sergeant Willis, who ran up at the time.

McIntosh died in hospital, and the hospital superintendent said he was the worst man he had ever met. He died a horrible death, raging against everything and everybody. Williams was tried, convicted and hanged. Police Constable Dickson was promoted at once, and is now Acting Chief Constable.

*

When the late Mr. Dexter was License Inspector he had a young Englishman employed to go around the liquor dives of the city and obtain all possible information regarding their busness methods and transactions. The result was that several persons were brought into court charged with violation of the liquor law.

The young man referred to was the principal witness in most of the cases. Consequently the lawyer for the defence at once centered his energies in discrediting his evidence.

After the Crown Attorney got through, this witness was put through a very severe cross-examination, but without shaking his evidence on any essential point. An attempt was then made to try and discredit him by getting a history of his past.

"How long have you been in Canada?" asked the lawyer.

"A little over a year," he was told.

"How long in Toronto?"

"Ever since I came to the country."

"Ever in jail?"

"No."

"Ever arrested?"

"No."

"How did you earn your living in England?"

"Working."

"At what?"

"Book-keeping."

"Don't you think that it's a rather a long step downward from a respectable book-keeper to a whiskey informer?"

"There is still hope so long as I don't take another long step downwards and become a lawyer," was the unruffled answer.

*

About two o'clock one morning two inquisitive policemen noticed a man walking along Queen Street West, who seemed to have something concealed under his overcoat. The policemen quickened their walk in order to catch up. The man noticed it and took to his heels down a side street, but was soon overtaken and searched. Several bottles of liquor of various kinds, as well as a quantity of cigars, were found in his possession. A little investigation proved that he had just robbed a hotel a few minutes before he was caught.

When one of the policemen was giving his evidence in the case he told the Court, that while running down the side street, the prisoner had pulled a bottle of brandy out of his pocket and thrown it at his head. The Magistrate inquired what part of the head he had aimed at. The constable yawned—herhaps he was sleepy—he had been out all night, and replied in a sort of sorrowful tone, "If it was at me mouth he missed it."

*

Quaint Expressions

I once received a letter addressed to me at the "Sitty All", Toronto, evidently from an Englishman who dropped his h's.

A witness in an assault case said the defendant had punched him in the face, causing a large "ulster" on his eye, the biggest the doctor had ever seen.

A woman once called at the clerk's office to complain that another woman had used "very unseen" language to her (obscene). Another witness told of a defendant travelling under a "consumed name".

The well-known "Ned" Clark showed his Irish origin once by informing the court that "Victoria was a more remarkable Queen than George III ever was".

A constable was sent to make inquiry from a prisoner's employer as to how he had worked lately. He brought back the report that the man had worked ten years for this employer. The first eight years were satisfactory, the last two years were unsatisfactory, the last six months he was a nuisance, and the last two months he was an intolerable nuisance.

(To be continued).

THE MINIATURE NAVY

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

PRINCE SHEMUS OF IRELAND

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

WHATEVER story there is about this is James's story. And James said his story was his mother's story, and I've a suspicion that James's mother's story came down to her along the line of the Irish kings from which she said she was descended.

My meeting with James was unusual, and the better to describe it I will go back to five minutes before I first saw him.

I was reading the evening paper on my way across the North River to New York and came on a paragraph headed "The Boy Was Thanked." If told of a poor boy who, after picking up a wallet that a banker had dropped, chased him several blocks and finally restored it to him. The banker had opened it, had seen that his money was intact, and had then said in a tone of great kindness, "Thank you, my boy. You are an honest fellow."

It had struck me as I read that here was one of those *eminently* just men. The boy had done his duty and the banker had done his duty, which was to thank the boy kindly. Only I wondered how much imagination the banker had to let such an opportunity for gratifying it pass him.

The incident was still in my mind when I made way off the ferry boat and, grip in hand, sought to cross West street.

A snow-laden gust of wind caught me unprepared and whipping my hat from my head sent it rolling and bouncing down the street in the direction of Liberty street.

Of course, four or five sprang for it, including myself, but the hat eluded us all and bowled down the car tracks, heading for one of those badges of New York's progressiveness, a horse car.

Suddenly a boy dashed out from the sidewalk, made a headlong dive and caught the hat just in time to save it from the imprint of a hoof. Dodging the horse's feet he turned and ran with it to me.

I reached out one hand to take it and put the other into my pocket so as to be unlike the banker.

There was not a cent of change there.

"Carry your grip, sir? Haven't had a thing to eat for twenty-four hours," said the boy in a cheerful voice, holding the hat back and smiling an Irish smile that disclosed very white and even teeth.

"Yes, but give me my hat before I catch cold. So you're starving, are you?"

The boy had given up the hat and had seized my grip and he said, "It's no lie, sir. W'ere ye' go'n'?"

"Sixth avenue elevated," said I, wondering where I could get a five-dollar bill changed so as to pay the boy for his trouble.

"I'll take it for ten cents," he said quickly.

He stopped as he spoke as much as to say if the ten cents was not forthcoming immediately he wouldn't take the grip.

"I'll give you ten cents when I get a bill changed, but don't you want any pay for getting my hat?"

"Sure, Mike. On'y fer me it would have been stove in."

"Well, I'm *very* much obliged to you." And reaching out I shook hands with him.

He took my hand, but he looked up into my face and grinned as he said, "Gee, I'd a' chased it over the sea wall for that."

"And glad to see it go, I suppose. Well, we'll call it a dime for getting the hat and you can carry the grip to oblige me, just for the sake of kindness."

"Fix it to suit yourself," said the boy, and I thought I saw a look of contempt stealing over his sunny face.

"What's your name and how hungry are you?"

"Jimmy Mulrennan, an' I'm hungry as hell."

The boy amused me, and as the train I was bound for did not leave until 8.30, I determined to invite him to dine with me.

"Got anything in particular to do to-night?" said I.

"Well, I kin put it off if dere's money in anyt'ing else," said he, with a peculiarly winning grin.

"I was wondering whether we couldn't eat dinner together. I want to see if you're as hungry as you say you are, and I haven't had dinner myself, and Smith & McNell's is close by."

Then to jolly him along, I said (and there was more truth than fiction in it), "I used to eat there when I was a poor boy."

"Gee, was you ever poor?" said Jimmy, and I wondered whether there wasn't a touch of satire in his remark. I have never classed myself among the unduly rich.

He ran on: "I used to be rich, meself."

"You were rich?" said I, for a moment, taking the announcement seriously.

"Oh, sure—say, youse ain't kiddin' me? Are we go'n' ter git dinner for fair?"

I turned into Greenwich street as an evidence of good faith, and said:

"There's no doubt about it. As much dinner as would be good for you after your fast. So you were rich?"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, cheerfully and mendaciously. "Until me farder lost his fortune I was rich. We lived in t'ree houses on Fift' avenyer, an' I studied football up ter Columbia, and every time I seen a poor boy I lammed him one good. I never t'ought I was go'n' to be poor meself some day. But dis Chadwick woman needed me farder's money, an' he let her have it, an' den I kem down here to look for a job of carryin' grips an' I ain't went to Columbia since."

"You're not very hungry," said I, looking down at the bright and surprisingly clean face. "No hungry boy could tell such a fairy tale."

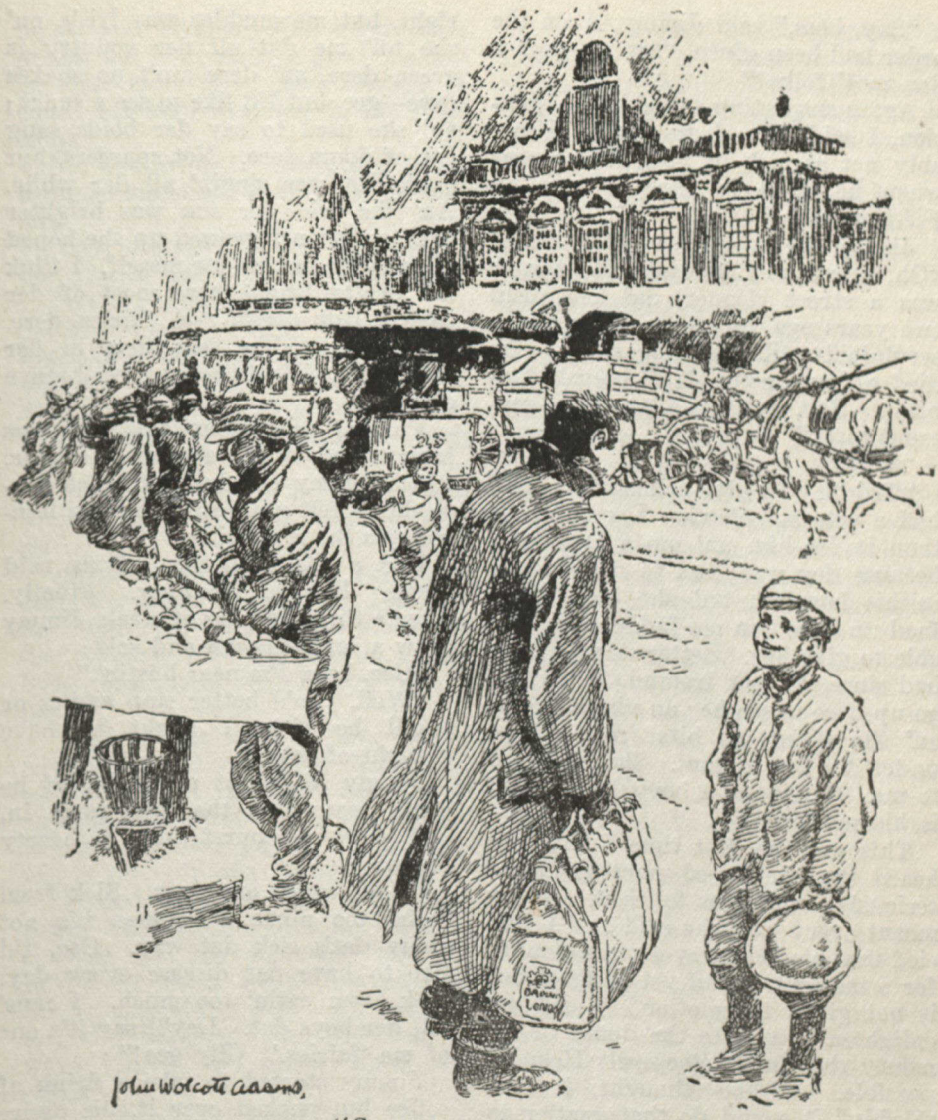
With his disengaged hand Jimmy patted his stomach lovingly.

"Gee, der hungrier I get der better stories I kin make up. I tell de udder boys fairy stories an' dey blows me off—sometimes. Some of dem I made up an' some me mudder tol' me. She'd her head full of dem—Irish fairy stories."

It instantly struck me that here might be a folk lore vein worth delving into and I felt that virtue was going to be rewarded—as usual.

We passed into the noisy and crowded restaurant and found seats in a corner, and Jimmy sniffed the air like a war horse.

"Oh, dat smell makes me hungrier. Sometimes, boss, w'en I ain't got der price I cross over der street w'en I pass a eatin' house, because der smell of t'ings cookin' always makes me hungrier."



"Carry your grip, sir?"

"Well, get as hungry as you want and we'll see what we can do," I said, as we took our seats.

I looked at the bill of fare, and then I looked at the bright little face before me. Yes, he did look hungry. Probably some boys would have spoken with a beggar's whine, but he was evidently a lad of temperament —and also of cheerful temperament, although temperament dooes not always connote cheerfulness.

"How would a thick steak and a fat baked potato and some fried sweet potatoes and mince pie and coffee do?"

"Ully gee! I won't do a t'ing to dem."

The boy clapped his hands in delight, and I could not help feeling (somewhat smugly, no doubt) that that banker had thrown away a golden opportunity when he dismissed that other boy with thanks.

"Say, boss," said Jimmy, when the order had been given, "are you richer dan mos' folks?"

Again suspecting satire in the question, I said, "No, I guess not. Probably not as rich as your father was when he lived in three houses on Fifth avenue."

Jimmy burst into a jolly laugh. "Oh, I was on'y kiddin'. Me farder was a street cleaner, an' he's dead two years ago, an' me mudder was a scrub-loidy till she got sick. She died of pneumonia in Roosevelt hospital. Say, but dat's anudder generous man."

"Who?"

"Teddy. To give a hospital. If I had a vote las' election I would have trun it fer him an' me a Dimocrat, because dey was kind to me mudder in his hospital, an' she had better food up dare dan me fadder was ever able to give her. Better dan any she had since she left Ireland. I used to go up dere to see her on visitin' days, an' she saved me bits from dinner under der bed clothes. She was good to me. Say, boss, a boy's best friend is his mudder."

This was the first time I had ever heard the hackneyed phrase uttered seriously, and I was touched. Jimmy meant every word he said and I fancied that his bright eyes were clouded for a moment. And yet a street boy is not given to emotion. I did not enlighten him as to the donor of the money that made Roosevelt Hospital possible. If he thought it was "Teddy" it would do that gentleman no harm, and it would surely do the real donor no good to tell Jimmy the facts in the case.

He was silent for a minute, and then he said thoughtfully, "I wisht I could go to Ireland w'ere me mudder kem from."

"Your name is Mulrennan, you say," said I. "Didn't your father come from there, too?"

"Jeeze, no. He was born in der Nint' Ward like meself. Terence Mulrennan, he was an American, all right, but me mudder was Irish, an' she tol' me dat all der country is green dere, an' dere ain't no snakes dere—gee, but I'd like to see a snake; an' she used to say der boids sang out of doors dere. Not sparrers, but boids dat was singin' all der while. An' she said der sun was brighter dere, an' w'en I growed up she hoped I'd go dere an' see for meself. I t'ink it's pretty bright here most of der time. But dere's reel fairies dere. She said so. She seen dem in der moonlight. Mustn't dat have been a cinch?"

Further talk along this line was interrupted by the arrival of dinner, which Jimmy attacked with such gusto that I felt quite sure that his hunger was the real thing.

For a while neither of us said much. He was too busy. Finally, after a third helping of steak, Jimmy drew a satisfied sigh and said:

"Gee, boss, I'm near bustin'."

"Well, you'd better stop eating or you'll be sick. I ought to have thought of that."

Jimmy looked at me to see if he could see where the joke came in, and then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Dat's a noo one, boss. Sick from eatin' too much. I guess it's not many dat's sick dat way. Gee, I'd like to have dat disease every day. Sick from eatin' too much. I mus' tell der boys dat. Dey'll say it's one of me 'fairies.' Ully gee!"

Jimmy started to take a drink of coffee but choked over it, his desire for laughter not yet extinguished, and the result was disastrous to the tablecloth.

"Oh, dear," said he in alarm, feeling his throat. "What happened to me? Me t'roat feels twisted."

I told him he had swallowed the wrong way.

"Gee, it's near time I loined how to swaller, an' me doin' it fer twelve years."

I was sitting opposite Jimmy. He looked at me and smiled, then sighed

again and suddenly his hand came across the table and gripped the top of mine from pure good feeling. I could not help warming to the little chap.

He was evidently revolving something in his mind, and at last it came out.

"Say, boss, will I tell yer one of der 'fairies' der boys gits me to tell?"

"Well, I should say so."

There was to be after-dinner speaking, and I was only sorry that smoking was not allowed, that I might have leaned back and pretended that I was listening to some noted Irish wit.

"Well, wance upon a time," began Jimmy, and then he stopped and said:

"Boss, me mudder was descended from der kings of Ireland. Dat's no lie. She was on'y a scrub-loidy in dis country, but she said if I had lived long ago I would have been a prince."

"And as handsome a little prince as ever listened to a harp," thought I, as I looked at the wavy blond hair and the round blue eyes of the earnest lad who was now paying for his dinner in the only way he knew how.

"I used of'en to t'ink dat it was funny she happened to be me mudder, because she was different from me farder an' never swore like some of der boys' mudders does. An' no matter w'ot happened her she was always t'inkin' dat better times was comin'.

"An' here's der story."

The boy was a born actor, for although his own accent was that of a New York street boy, as soon as he began to tell his mother's story he assumed an Irish accent which I have indicated phonetically as nearly as is possible with our inadequate alphabet.

"Wance upon a time there was a king of Ireland an' he had a son, an' the name of the son was Prince Shèmus (Shamus. Me mudder said dat Shémus was der same as me own name, Ja-mes). Prince Shémus was that red-haired that the clouds was lit up of a dark night whenever he would go out of doors an' the eyes of him was like di'minds. An' Prince Shémus wasn't married, because he never seen a gerrul that made him sorry he was livin' alone.

"But wan day there was a fair in Bally—Gee, boss, I never could remember der names of der places in me mudder's stories. Dey was Bally dis and Bally dat."

"Call it Ballyhack," said I.

"All right, on'y dat wasn't it. Well, he went to the fair an' he seen there a fortune-teller in a booth that told him the gerrul he was to marry lived across the says in America, although she was Irish. An' wid that out on the wall beside him was a pitcher of a golden-haired gerrul as white an' red as flesh an' blood. Oh, she was so beautiful that the prince fainted dead away an' when he come to himself he axed the fortune-teller where he would find a gerrul like that. And the fortune-teller tould him to go down to the say an' he'd find a ship on the shore an' to get into it widout a worrid an' sail for America an' the rest would happen to him."

It was interesting to watch Jimmy as he warmed into his recital. He entered into the spirit of the tale, and I have not a doubt was oblivious to his incongruous surroundings save that he had an auditor. It was queer, too, that although the "th" in his ordinary speech was a shibboleth to him when he came to use the dialect of his mother he said "th" with ease where she would have used it.

"And Prince Shémus did as he was tould, and he laves the booth in the fair an' jumps on his cream-coloured horse. (I forgot to tell youse about der horse. Me mudder always began wid tellin' me of der looks of der horse.) He was cream-coloured wid a white tail that swep' the ground an' gleamin' eyes, an' he was that gentle he could walk on you without hurtin' you.

"Prince Shémus lept upon his horse an' rode down to the roarin' say, an'

there ridin' on the waves was a white sail boat with not a soul aboord of her, an' she a furlong from the shore an' no anchor to hold her. Into the water he charged his horse, an' into the water the horse went an' swam to the ship and then gev a le'p an' jumped on her deck without a sound from his hoofs.

"An' Prince Shémus went below the deck, an' a fine soft bed for himself, an' a table with bread an' wine upon it.

"'Glory be to God an' Mary,' says Prince Shémus, 'what more would I want? An' is there hay for the horse?' says he. So it's more he *did* want. An' he went to the stall, an' there was hay for the first day out an' there was fresh water in a pail. An' that was lucky, for the water around him was salt—bein' the say.

"'An' what about the second day out?' says Prince Shémus to his horse, an' the horse nodded his head, an' says Prince Shémus, 'It must be all right or I wouldn't be here.' An' he went up on deck an' they was a mile from the green shores of Ireland an' Prince Shémus felt his t'roat grow choked wid the thought of l'avin th' ould sod, but he thinks, 'Tis wid the good wife I'll be go'n' back.

"So he goes to the cabin an' he drinks the wine an' ates what bread there is an' feels ready for what may come.

"An' he feeds the horse the hay an' gives him the water to drink an' when he went up after that there was no land in sight an' the say high on the two sides of him, an' they go'n in a valley of water.

"An' at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red (me mudder always said the woids der same way, an' it makes it sound better), an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall, an' Prince Shemus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say. An' he seen a storm comin' out of the north. An' well he knew that his cukkle shell of a boat was not wan to live in a storm, an' he goes down to see what is to be found, an' there is a bottle of holy oil.

"An' when the storm comes up he breaks the bottle of holy oil over the say an' the ship sails to where is a foreign shore, an' that's America."

Up to this point in the story I had been reminded of various tales I had read when a boy, but Jimmy's mother had evidently changed the story in order to give it an interest for the boy that sometimes attaches to familiar local colour.

Jimmy's cheeks burned with excitement as he went on. However it may be with some after-dinner speakers, he was enjoying himself.

"An' Prince Shémus le'ps upon the horse's back on' the horse le'ps from

"But Prince Shemus only clasps his hands an' looks at the colleen"

the boat, an' the Prince turns to look behind him an' the boat has gone.

"'Well, it's lucky it lasted me across,' says he, an' rides up on the shore an' comes to the City of New York. (Me mudder said this was hundreds of years before the sky-scrapers was built.)

"An' he rides up Broadway and every one seen he was a prince an' hansomer than any man that had ever been seen in America at all, at all.

"An' the gerruls lined the sidewalks an' threw kisses to him, an' he lifted his velvet cap off his head an' bowed right an' left (the way Roosevelt did when I seen him go up Broadway last time. It made me t'ink of me mudder's story).

"Well, though he bowed right an' left an' made his horse prance on his two hind legs to show he was a to'ro-bred, Prince Shémus did not see a single colleen he'd give the wink of his eyelid for. None of them looked like the gerrul he seen on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"An' he come up to a little green lane in the woods that stood where Fourteenth street is now, an' he looked, an' the crowds had left him, but there sat an ould woman sellin' apples. An' no wan came to buy them, an' the woman looked sorryfil.

"An' Prince Shémus was kind hairrted an' he was hungry, too, an' he says, 'Give me a red apple.' (Me mudder said all der apples in Ireland is green.) 'Give me a red apple,' says he an' chucks an Irish shillin' to her. (An' me mudder always used to say that an Irish shillin' was made of better silver dan an English shillin'.)"

It can easily be seen that Jimmy's mother suffered from nostalgia and longed for the green shores of Ireland. Probably the stories she told the boy were a comfort to her.

"Th' ould woman drops a curtsey (dat's der same as bowin', ye know, boss), an' she says in Irish. (In der Irish language, yer know. I can't speak it, an' me farder couldn't, but me mudder could. It was funny to hear her.)

"Th' ould woman says in Irish, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' if anny wan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"An' Prince Shémus knew he had no knife in his pocket, but he puts his hand there an' he pulls out a silver knife after all, an' he cuts the red apple in two halves, an' the next second out flies a gerrul from the apple as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus only clasps his hands an' looks at the beautiful colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.

"An' th' apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple, an' th' ould woman says, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife an' cut the red apple in two, an' if annywan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"And Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' he pulls out a silver knife an' he cuts the red apple in two halves an' the next second out flies a gerrul as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus on'y clasps his hands an' looks at the colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.

"An the' apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple an' the ould woman says, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' bad scran to you if you don't answer annywan that spakes to you.'

"An' Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' pulls out a silver knife. An' he knew that sorra bit would there be another gerrul come out of a red apple, for there were

no more red apples and no more shillin's, so he shut his eyes so as not to be carried away wid the sight of beauty, an' whin the gerrul said, 'Give me a drink of water,' he says, 'Certainly I will,' an' he hol's out his hand an' into it th' ould woman puts a silver cup filled to the edge with fresh could water.

"An' Prince Shémus hands it to the gerrul wid his hands tremblin' an she drank it an' says to him, 'You are my husband.'

" 'Indeed,' says he to the colleen, 'but you're the good guesser.' And he turns to thank th' ould apple woman, but she had gone away like a flash of heat lightnin'.

"Well, when the New Yorkers saw it was a rale prince an' a rale Irish princess — for the gerrul from the apple was the same as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair — they axed him to live in a palace an' be their king, but Prince Shémus said he'd rather be nothin' but a prince in Ireland than a king in America. He railly said that.

"But he thanks them kindly, bein' a prince, an' him an' the beautiful princess walks down to the shore an' the horse walks be the side of them, for the prince was too merciful to make the two of them ride the wan baste, and the princess wouldn't ride alone.

"An' there on the shore was the white little sail boat, bobbin' an' boundin' like a cork in a basin, an' Prince Shémus put the princess on the horse's back an' he carried her to the little ship and then came back for Prince Shémus, an' when the two was on board there was two bottles of wine an' two loaves of bread, but on'y the wan cup, bein' they was lovers; an' they went back the way he had come through the valley of the say, on'y it took them twice as long because there was twice as many aboord.

"An' when they got to Ireland the King of Ireland was waitin' for them in Dublin Bay, an' he kissed the princess an' kissed his son, an' there was feastin', an' drinkin', an' dancin' an' fightin' till you couldn't rest."

Jimmy sat back in his seat and dropped his hands in his lap. His eyes were dancing and his cheeks were glowing, and he was a pretty spectacle of a boy. He straightened himself up in his ragged coat and he said with pardonable pride:

"Me mudder said dat I was descended from Prince Shémus."

THE OLD RECTORY

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

F course there are many and many old rectories in the world, but the one of which I speak lives in an elm-arched quiet street of a little Canadian town, and is, and always will be, to a number of people *the* Old Rectory.

It is not really—or, rather, it is not officially, legally, or ecclesiastically—a rectory any more. But in another way it is—in affection and delighted retrospect—because of the never-to-be-forgotten personality that once wholly dominated and illumined it.

This Old Rectory is substantial, massive, unadorned; not a bit of a dream-house to look at—from the street, that is: The garden-side is (or was) another matter. The Rectory which preceded this had been burnt down, and one of the main ideas in constructing the present building was evidently fire-prevention. There are double brick partitions between the rooms, and the roof is of slate. But something more than bricks and slate and other such building-matter goes to make up the Old Rectory, and I think its individuality may live on when the double bricks are crumbled! I like what Charles Lamb said, in writing of an old house which he loved:

"I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revivified."

Now I do not imagine for a moment that the Old Rectory was, strictly speaking, beautiful. And I well remember how homesick I was when I came to it, a very small child, from a most picturesque and charming *little* Rectory in a county by the sea. (Oh, that little Rectory—it was always called the Parsonage, by the way—what a gem it was, and how perfectly situated and surrounded! But, as Mr. Kipling so frequently remarks, that is another story!

Neighbours said of the Old Rectory that it was "like an omnibus—it could always hold one more". To be sure, the master and mistress of the Rectory were always ready to give up their own room on occasion and to tuck themselves away in the Attic Study, or in the dressing-room. The children, perhaps, were not quite so willing, but they were movable too! Still, take it "bye and large", the Rectory could accommodate a goodly number of visitors without any uncomfortable squeezing.

There was something wonderful even about the basement of the Old Rectory. The dining-room was there, and the kitchen, and various fascinating store-rooms—in which root-beer and pies and cookies could generally be discovered by a persistent treasure-seeker. The kitchen itself, with its deep window-seat and the cushioned armchair near the stove, and its presiding genius who was one of our dearest friends—the kitchen with its dark-painted cupboards and shelves and its ample space—was a place of refuge and mental refreshment on many occasions.

And the dining-room—well it was not at all a conventional dining-room, though it held the great dining-table, two sideboards, and the requisite number of chairs. The biggest arm-chair in the house stood in a corner, and a solid, cosy, old-fashioned couch was along one wall. The curtains at the deep windows were red, a warm and cheering red; even in summer red curtains were right for that basement-room. And there were no abominations of game-and-fish pieces on the walls, but a spirited crayon drawing or two, and a refreshing water-colour of a little bridge and a stream. When I recall to mind that dining-room there are two memories that perhaps come oftenest; one is of impromptu midnight suppers there—especially in the Christmas holidays—when mince pies and cold turkey were brought forth, and no one even dreamed of indigestion; and another is of the deanery dinners, and the Homeric laughter of the assembled clergy—their deanery business all over—telling wonderful stories and enjoying the occasion as only very busy and very earnest people *can* enjoy.

There were books everywhere in the Old Rectory—books in an enormous set of bookshelves in the wide hall, books in drawing-room, parlour and study, very particularly-loved books in each one's bedroom, and in the attic study, books of course. In the kitchen there were receipt-books, two at least of which had a distinctly literary flavour. (These two were Marion Harland's "Common-sense in the Household" and the old "Home Cook-book", compiled and edited in Toronto long ago). I suppose this is why a bookless room gives me a feeling of cold and lonely discomfort, only equalled by the chill a cold forbidding human eye can produce!

There were two studies in the Old Rectory. One was the regular, theological, work-a-day study of the Rector. Its walls were lined with books; its writing-table was heaped with papers; the only sign of recreation there was the chess table in the window that looked on the garden. The other was called the "attic study", and to some of us that really was the heart of the house.

The attic was an ideal one, a real story-book attic, with long dark closets under the eaves—closets where many dusty treasures were stored. How immensely the sound of the rain on those eaves added to the cosiness of the attic study! How beautifully the wind wailed and blustered around the gables—and in summer how green and delightful the outlook! For the attic study had a magic casement! It did not look, indeed, upon

> "the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn,"—

but it did open on

> "a plot
> Of beechen green and shadows numberless,"

in a garden of such restful seclusion and quiet loveliness as it uplifts the heart to remember.

That attic study, the birthplace of many and wonderful dreams and aspirations, must have its own separate chronicle; but no tribute to the Old Rectory would approach completeness without its mention.

Books and pictures and open fires; a distinct shortage in the way of luxurious furnishings; a shabbiness not to be denied in carpets; a simplicity of material in cushions and curtains that was more than compensated for by warmth and richness of colour; a sense of comfort and at-homeness that met you at the door and companioned you no matter to what corner of the old house you wandered; these are some of the abiding characteristics of the Old Rectory—so abiding that we feel in them the essence of a real immortality—that when it dies, it does not die all!

SOME LETTERS OF FRANCIS MASERES: 1766-1769

BY W. S. WALLACE

THE name of Francis Masères is scarcely known to the Canadian public. Yet he was by no means an unimportant figure in the history of the early days of British rule in Canada. He was Attorney-General of the newly-conquered province from 1766 to 1769; and even after his return to England in the latter year, he became the agent at London of the English minority in the colony. He wrote and published a number of books on Canadian affairs, notably the so-called "Quebec Papers" and "The Canadian Freeholder"; and these books are not only to-day valuable sources for the study of Canadian history, but they are much-sought-after rarities among early Canadiana.

The views of Masères on Canadian affairs did not always meet with the approval of the powers that were; yet he was undoubtedly a very able man. Jeremy Bentham, who knew him well, described him as "one of the most honest lawyers England ever saw". After leaving Canada Masères had a very distinguished career. He became ultimately a Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, and a well-known and picturesque figure about the Inns of Court. Charles Lamb introduces him in his "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple", which was written at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as still adhering to "the costume of the reign of George the Second", and wearing "the three-cornered hat, tye-wig, and ruffles".

Some time ago, when working in the British Museum, I discovered in the manuscript room of that marvellous treasure-house some letters written by Masères to friends in England during his three years' residence in Canada. These letters, which throw a flood of light on the history of the colony during these years, have never been published, nor, so far as I am aware, have they ever been used by students of Canadian history. They have now been transcribed, and I am able to give some extracts from them —extracts, however, which can scarcely do justice to the fullness and completeness of a series of private letters almost unique in the early history of British rule in Canada.

Masères set sail for Canada from Plymouth on June 23rd, 1766. The voyage, which occupied more than eleven weeks, was uneventful, save for a mishap which illustrated the dangers of navigation in the St. Lawrence at that time:

> "We run bump ashore upon the south shore of the river over against that part of the north shore which is called Cape St. Nicholas, some leagues to the east of Remousky and the Ances Matanes. This happened at three o'clock in the morning when it was both dark and foggy. . . .

It happened luckily that it was at that time low water, or pretty near it. . . . As the tide came in, the ship began to resume her upright position, from which she had at first declined to the larboard side. . . . And a breeze springing up which blew gently from the land (towards which the head of our ship was turned, not obliquely, but directly, as if we had intended to sail into the woods with which the land is covered), we were afloat and out of danger by about seven or eight o'clock, having received no other damage but our fright and loss of sleep, and to myself a slight cold which I caught by standing so much upon deck in that foggy and damp weather to see so new a sight, and to observe by what methods we were to get out of our scrape."

At Quebec, Masères and his fellow-voyagers were "very civilly received by both French and English, from which circumstances," he says, "I flatter myself that we may be able to bring things to some kind of temper and settlement, which we are told they have hitherto wanted very much." With the country and the climate Masères was at first enraptured:

"We have been much delighted with the appearance of the country, which we think, or at least I do, more beautiful than England itself. And the river is a noble one. We are here 350 miles from the mouth of it, reckoning of the west end of Anticosti, and it is two or three miles wide very near this place. And everybody agrees that the country between Quebec and Montreal is still finer than we have seen. The weather is also exceedingly fine and bright here, and very warm, or even hot, though we are now in the middle of September."

Of the town of Quebec itself, however, he was not so enamoured. The picture he draws of the town in 1766 is not only interesting but valuable, as affording a glimpse of Quebec a few years after the great siege:

"The town is very dirty, partly through the mischief done by the siege, the rubbish of the ruined houses, and the want of pavement, and partly from the supineness and indolence of the French inhabitants, which make them leave everything in a poor shabby condition without so much as wishing to see it otherwise. The houses are shabby, awkward things, oftentimes with tiled or bricked floors (though wood is so plenty), which makes their rooms look like kitchens, or dairy-houses, or wash-houses, or like offices in England. And the windows are not sashes, but clanging things like folding doors. And there is no plaster to the ceilings to cover the bare timbers, so that you may fancy yourself in a cock-loft whenever you happen to look up. And they have usually only one floor, a ground floor consisting perhaps of four, or five, or at most seven rooms of all sorts, besides shabby garrets. Mr. Hey's house, though reckoned here a good one, is of that sort. It would be a good one if it had another story. Goldfrap, Mills, and Cramahé have, however, houses that are an exception to this description; but it is because they have laid out a good deal of money in fitting them up in a neat and proper manner.

"In the lower town, which was almost entirely destroyed by the siege, there are many houses lately built by the English merchants in the English taste with a considerable degree of neatness."

Masères's life as Attorney-General at Quebec was very full and busy; and naturally there is constant reference in the letters to the public affairs of the colony. On his arrival he was surprised to find that the relations between the English and the French—the "old subjects" and the "new subjects", as they were called—were fairly amicable; and that the real disagreement existed "between the English themselves one with another". The dissensions between the civilian population and the military were particularly pronounced. One of the first cases Masères, as Attorney-General, had to deal with was the famous Walker case, in which a number of officers of the garrison at Montreal were proceeded against for assaulting and mutilating in his own house a merchant and magistrate of Montreal named Thomas Walker; and there are repeated references in the letters to this case which throw some new light on what, up to the present, has been regarded as one of the most mysterious incidents in Canadian history. Masères describes in detail also the first clash between the civilians and the military. It occurred in the year 1764 between George Allsopp, afterwards Secretary of the Council

under Sir Guy Carleton, and the military police:

"It appeared that Mr. Allsopp had at three different times been stopped by the sentinels and taken into custody by them for walking the streets at night without a light, once in March, 1764, and twice in the October of the same year. On these occasions, he used indecent and illiberal expressions against the army, such as telling them that they were a set of scoundrels from the highest to the lowest, and that he maintained thousands of them every day. These expressions provoked the military extremely and were the cause of his being confined once or twice much longer than perhaps any other person in the town would have been on the like occasions if they by accident had been taken into custody for a like neglect. On the two last occasions he had a scuffle with the sentinels, and immediately caused them to be indicted before the Justices of the Quarter Sessions in their Michaelmas session for an assault on him. One of them was acquitted, and the other convicted with great difficulty after the jury had withdrawn for more than two hours, and was fined only one shilling . . . Col. Irving said that this was the first dispute between the civil and the military since the establishment of civil government, and that it occasioned great dissensions between them, and particularly that the prosecution of the two sentinels was the occasion of all the officers of the whole garrison presenting a remonstrance to Governor Murray concerning the hardships they lay under by being liable to be prosecuted at law for doing their duty in obedience to the orders they had received."

Although General Murray, the first civil governor of the province, had already left Canada before Masères arrived, the latter appears to have conceived for him a violent antipathy. "He is said," he writes in one letter, "to be a man that has no regard to truth." "A madman of parts, but of the mischievous kind," he calls him in another letter. "It is by no means true that he was a favourite of the Canadians; they think him a very improper man for a governor, and are very sensible of the happy exchange of him for General Carleton. He had, properly speaking, no friends in the province; that is, none who were so from esteem and sentiment." Several passages in the letters deal with the complaints against General Murray, which resulted in the latter's recall.

Masères was, in fact, a man of strong prejudices. Nowhere does this appear more clearly than in his attitude to the religion of the French-Canadians. He came of Huguenot stock, and he never conquered his strong antipathy to everything connected with Roman Catholicism. The appointment of Mgr. Briand as Bishop of Quebec in 1766 roused his especial condemnation, in a passage not without value as a footnote to ecclesiastical history:

"I am now of opinion that it was an imprudent measure to let the Canadians have a bishop. They had themselves given over the hopes of it, and were very well disposed to be satisfied without it by giving the priests that remained in the country liberty to continue there and to perform the mass and the sacraments unmolested. Nay, I have heard some Canadian gentlemen, professed Catholics, blame the measure as very strange, unaccountable, and impolitic, and tending to perpetuate the Popish religion, which would otherwise have declined very fast (provided Protestant French ministers had been sent here in sufficient numbers), and thereby to keep up an important difference in the sentiments, and consequently in the affections of the old and new subjects of the province. . . . I remember Cramahé, when he was in England soliciting the appointment of a bishop, said that he was not to appear publicly as a bishop, nor to be called so, but to be called *Le surintendant* or *Le grand vicaire*. But the bishop does in fact wear his purple robes and golden cross in public, and is called *Monseigneur l'Eveque* by all the Canadians, both priests and laymen, and walked under a canopy supported by four of the principal inhabitants of this town with the host in a grand procession on Corpus Christi day, one of their greatest holydays. I saw him. . . . We have done the reverse of what we should have done with respect to the Canadians in taking away their laws, which did us no harm and the continuance of which was necessary to their happiness, and we have left their religion in all its splendour, though the principles of it have a natural tendency to keep up a perpetual disaffection to our government. 'Tis difficult to be well-affected to a set of governours whom they look upon as enemies of God, deserving of, and destined to, eternal damnation."

Gradually a note of discontent crept into the letters. Masères's proposals regarding the settlement of various public questions—the legal system, the religious difficulty, the form of government to be established—were not adopted; and this undoubtedly disheartened him. He came to take a gloomy view also of the commercial and economic future of the colony. "I am persuaded," he wrote, "the business of this place will decline considerably every year, from the poverty of the province and the declining state of trade." In another letter he touches on the economic outlook more fully:

"You must know better than I can tell you that the trade of the province is in a most declining condition. The only thing that has a probable appearance of success is the undertaking of the iron works near Three Rivers, which is carried on by nine joint lessees, who have taken a lease from the crown for fifteen years, and are, as I am told, to clear about £100 or £120 sterling apiece, by them, after all their expenses paid; which they well deserve, as it is an undertaking of some risque and a considerable expense in the setting out, to put the buildings in repair. If the claims of the fishing-posts at Mingan, etc., are allowed, the sealfishery will probably be carried on with success, which is reckoned one of the best branches of trade belonging to the province. . . .

"It is said that the sloops from Boston loaded with rum and other spirits have carried away from this province, for it is in gold and silver, no less than £10,000 sterling gold and silver coin in exchange for those liquors, which is a great detriment to the province. This might easily be prevented, if the British parliament would lay a tax of 9 pence or a shilling a gallon upon all spirituous liquors imported here from the other provinces of North America, and only 3 pence or 4 pence a gallon upon that imported from Great Britain or the West India Islands. The West India Islands might take our timber, pipe-stems, and corn in exchange, whereas the North American colonies take nothing but ready money.

"The fur trade in the upper country beyond Montreal, towards Michilimackinac and Detroit and the five lakes, is in a most lamentable decay. The persons sent thither with goods make small or no returns to their employees the Montreal and Quebec merchants, insomuch that they are said to be indebted to them in the sum of an hundred thousand pounds. Various causes are assigned for this, which will deserve to be inquired into."

The first favourable impressions which Masères had gained of life in Canada soon faded; and the experience of a couple of Canadian winters made him cast his eyes homeward. "This province," he confessed in the autumn of 1768, "is a very dull and disagreeable place to live in; and if I could get a little employment in England of only £200 a year, I would prefer it to being Chief Justice here with a thousand pounds a year." In other letters, he was even more explicit:

"As to myself, I have but a middling state of health, a bad scorbutic disorder keeping fast hold of me, and, I fear, rather gaining ground upon me. The extreme cold of this climate (though not otherwise disagreeable to me) is bad for this complaint by stopping the perspiration. And as the ground is covered with snow during five months of the year, it is inconvenient during great part of that time to take the exercise of walking or riding; and in summer there are no great inducements to go ariding, as there are no downs to ride upon, no pleasant green lanes, no parks, or forests, or gentlemen's estates to go and see, or gentlemen to visit at them, but the whole is a strip of cultivated country of perhaps three miles deep along the banks of the river St. Lawrence (which is in most places a mile and a half, or two miles wide), in which every bit of wood is cut down, so that there are neither hedges nor trees left, but only fields of corn or grass separated from each other by palings of dead wood, and behind this half-cultivated country the natural wild woods."

And in April, 1768, with the winter still vivid in his memory, he wrote:

"I confess I have been a good deal out of heart with respect to all schemes for the benefit of the province; and have not that hope and pleasure of seeing things mend and improve by quick degrees that alone can balance the disagreeable circumstance of living in a sort of banishment in this frozen kingdom of the Northwind."

In the latter half of 1769 Masères obtained his desire, and returned to England. His series of Canadian letters thus came to an abrupt term-

ination. A suitable epilogue to them, however, and at the same time an illuminating commentary upon them, is to be found in a letter which Sir Guy Carleton addressed on October 3rd, 1769, to the Earl of Hillborough, the Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"My Lord,—

"After repeated solicitations I have at last granted a twelve months leave of absence to Mr. Masères, His Majesty's Attorney-General for this Province.

"Our arrival here was much about the same time; the summer following, this gentlemen, disgusted at the severity of the climate and in hopes of obtaining further preferment at home, applied for my leave to return, which I then prevailed upon him to lay aside; for although I very soon discovered his strong antipathy to the Canadians for no reason that I know of except their being Roman Catholics, I attributed many of those narrow prejudices which he entertained to his want of knowledge of the world and his having conversed more with books than men. I was in hopes time and experience would insensibly wear these away, and that from his speaking the French language well and from his knowledge in our laws, he would be, indeed he might have made himself, useful here.

"I am sorry to say I was deceived in my expectations; and that Mr. Masères has been so indiscreet I judged it highly proper to yield to his entreaties and let him depart the province, to which I believe he never desires to return; indeed as I understand, he neither would have remained here so long, or wished to have gone home Attorney-General, if it were not for the hopes of thereby paving his way to further preferment. . . . I sincerely wish now he is gone, that some opportunity may offer of placing this gentleman in a situation more agreeable to his own inclinations and where the fervor of his zeal can be no essential disadvantage to the King's service."

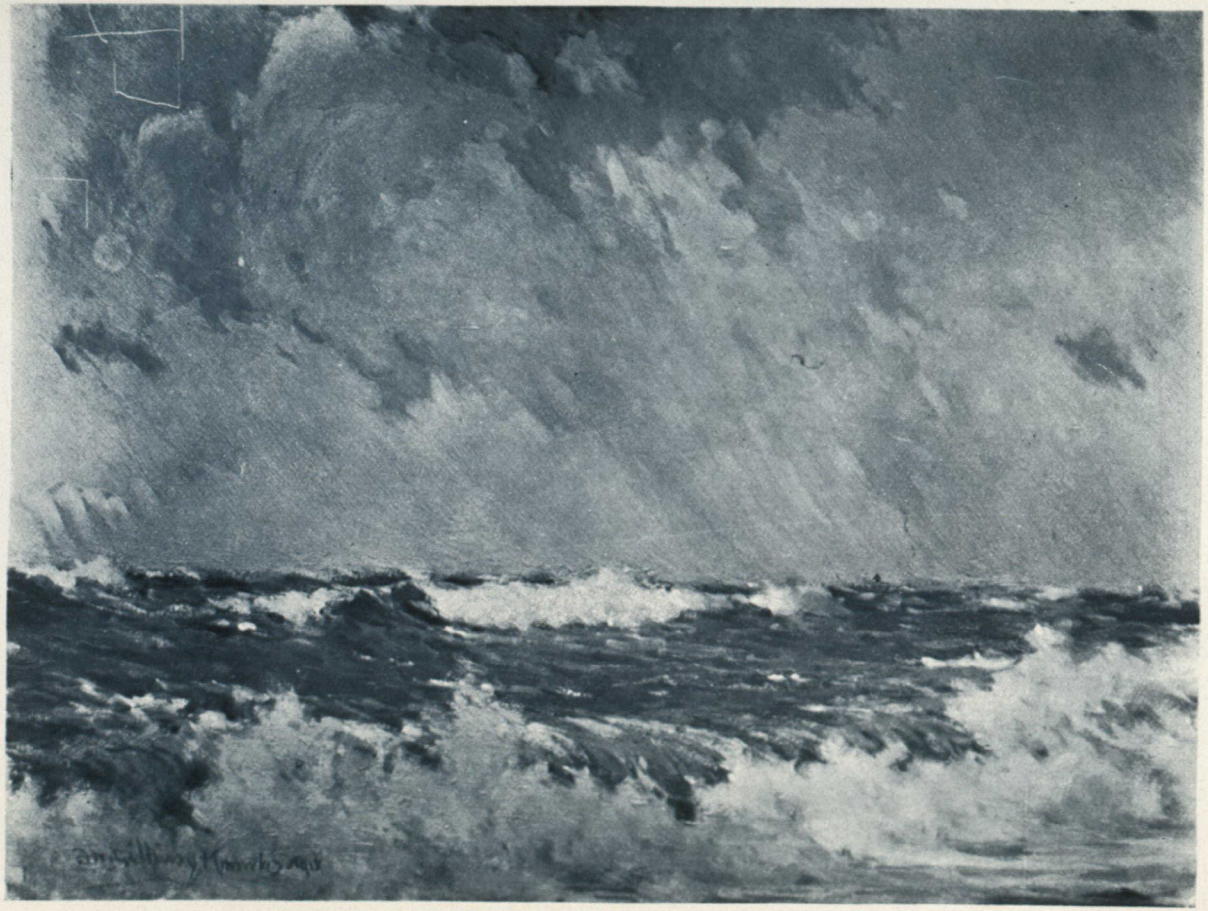
And so Francis Masères passes out of Canadian history. But his books, and now these letters of his, remain. Would that every other Englishman who spent three years in Canada had left behind him books, and especially letters, as full of the raw material of history as these from which extracts have been made.

DUSK ON SUPERIOR

By CLARE SHIPMAN

DUSK on Superior—all the blue turned gray,
And silence clinging round us like the dark,
Dim shade close drawn, save where a star doth mark
The mauve above the last pale gold of day.

So be my evening when the dusk of death
Shall wrap me round in isolation vast;
Then clear before a Star shall shine at last
To light the dying happiness of breath.



MARINE

From the Painting by
F. McGillivray Knowles.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

THE ASHES OF VICTORY

BY EDWARD CLARK MARSH

"POOR fellow!" said McCarney after the funeral. "Ruined by his devotion to a mere woman—and a dead woman at that!"

But McCarney was a pessimist; and a pessimist, like an optimist, is a man of narrow vision. Yet his remark was fairly representative of the opinion of Olaf Jansen's acquaintances when they heard of his death. It is therefore chiefly interesting as exhibiting the fallibility of our judgments. For however much of a failure Olaf Jansen was, the certain fact of his life is that he was not "ruined by his devotion to a mere woman". Quite the contrary. But the facts that would have refuted McCarney's verdict were in the possession of only one, and he did not choose to speak at that time. He alone knew the "case" as a rare example of devotion, it is true, but also as the rarest of instances of sheer spiritual mastery. No one, of course, will feel the grip of Jansen's story as I did when I had it straight from him, in words that I can indeed recall, but in a tone, with haltings and rough gestures and long pauses that I cannot hope to reproduce. Nevertheless, the recital may contain its suggestion for those who are curious of the devious ways the human mind may take to find its way to expression.

I speak not of Olaf's mind, which sought the most direct way out of itself that we can know. He was an artist. He died only recently, obscure, almost wholly forgotten by acquaintances, almost wholly bereft of friends. There were few who remembered that ten years earlier he had been a waxing light in his world.

Olaf Jansen was as Norse as his name. He had come from one of the northwestern states, the son of an emigrant who had become a prosperous farmer. He came to the city young, and remained for years in the art schools. His devotion to his studies was steady, persistent and confident. Long before he had left the schools one of his instructors pronounced him the best draughtsman in the country. Apparently he kept on as a student because he knew nothing better to do. With all his skill—he had a certainty of touch, a directness of execution, that were little short of marvelous—he had acquired not the slightest trace of style. "Jansen's work," one of his fellow-students is reported to have said, "is as sure and as impersonal as death and taxes". At this time he could paint "still-life" admirably, and copy beautifully. His ambition, of course, was to paint portraits; such grotesque associations of desire and capacity seem to be a special delight of nature. His fellow-students looked up to him with a certain awe—the awe the beginner always feels for the one who has mastered the craft; yet even the most indulgent of his friends laughed at an ambition so out of keeping with the nature of his talent.

But there was one who encouraged his hopes. She was a little, quiet, rather pale and neutral-tinted girl. Her New England ancestry had

stamped itself on her frail physique and written her destiny in her deep, dark eyes. Her name was Esther West. She couldn't paint—so ran the verdict of those most intolerant and implacable critics, the students. They asserted patronizingly that no matter how hard she might try, her work was always unfinished, vague, undecided. She seemed to be one of those who are forever struggling, never arriving.

She conceived the most extravagant shy admiration for Olaf Jansen's easy mastery of line and colour, and he fell in love with her. It was probably quite inevitable; she was the one critic who placed no limits to his capabilities. Two years after she had first come to the school they both left it.

After the marriage Olaf set up a studio in Washington Square, then the centre of the artist world. The paternal exchequer enabled him to wait in comfort for patrons. Meanwhile he painted industriously, and to some purpose. It was only a short time, as such affairs are measured, before he had sent to an exhibition a picture that opened the eyes of the scoffers. There were qualities in it that they had not guessed possible in Olaf Jansen's work. The more open-minded even conceded that he might in time become a portrait painter after all.

The lingering doubt expressed in this concession was dissipated the next year, when he took the Webster prize with his "Portrait of an Actress". That picture was the most brilliant success of its year. Here was all the old confident, overpowering dexterity of Olaf's student days, the supreme skill that piled up difficulties for the mere joy of overcoming them; and to it was added something more and different. Those who knew the subject saw most in the portrait; but the story was there for everyone to read. It was not precisely a flattering likeness, though it represented an undeniably beautiful creature. There was something pitiless in the way it suggested certain unlovely traits beneath the beauty. Everybody, even the most untutored, remarked it. And yet it was not malicious—not even ironic. It was not altogether fanciful to suppose the painter lacking in that kindly tolerance for human frailty that constitutes an artist's sense of humour; he was just inexorably, passionately truthful. Something like this, at any rate, seemed to be the impression produced on many people.

This and other pictures that soon followed fairly launched the painter on what promised to be a brilliant career. And his old friends marvelled at the gift that seemed to have fallen on him from the gods. Then someone, to account for it, advanced a theory so obvious, so plainly dovetailed with the facts, that it was quickly accepted as conclusive in the little circle where these affairs are discussed and settled. Olaf Jansen had fallen in love, had married. That climatic change, material and spiritual, had been coincident with the accession of new powers. Plainly it was an instance—one of the finest and most authentic—of the fecundating power of an absorbing love. Poets, since time began, have sung the tender passion as the poet's inspiration; here was the case in point, all too rare in a world impoverished of both poets and passion. That the "inspiration" emanated from a pale, unobtrusive, rather insignificant little priestess of the sacred cult added the touch of strangeness, the sharp contrast of "values" in which we mortals of the latter-day world are supposed to delight. The special object of Olaf's worship mattered less than that the worship was devout; it was enough to have entered the temple to receive the god's benison.

Such sentimentalizing over truths that we are too dull to understand, vicious though it may be, has its allurement as a pastime for the sternest of us. I confess that I was more or less swayed by it even before I met

Olaf Jansen, which came to pass about this time. I had held for a year one of those semi-official positions, the chief duty and honour of which appear only at the time when the distinction is to be relinquished. My portrait was to be painted and hung beside those of my predecessors in office, and Olaf Jansen was designated as the one to whom I should sit. Mingled with the trepidation I felt at the prospect of facing so redoubtable a searcher of the hearts of men, was the anticipation of satisfying some of the curiosity that had been bred in me of the studio gossip I had heard. I was young enough then to imagine that I was one to get to the bottom of this man's soul, and I determined to reverse the roles and play the inquisitor with him. I hoped especially for an opportunity to observe his attitude towards his wife. The love-making of a man so wholly in love must, I thought, be worth the attention of a psychologist.

With some such prepossession I went for the first time, by appointment, to his studio. I was greeted with an unaffected, awkward cordiality that immediately disposed me to like him. At this time he was still a mere boy in spite of his thirty years—a fair-haired, rather clumsy boy, with a big body, square shoulders, large, well-formed hands and a smooth, bland face; plainly a creature of unshakable nerves, dogged will and genuine vital force. What I missed in him was the sign of experience, the record of the tidal wave of life that must have swept over him to have so opened his eyes to the lives of others. One would guess this an inland soul, set high and secure against breakers and stormy seas.

Furthermore, and somewhat to my chagrin, my amateur psychologizing detected in Olaf no heroic outpouring of an absorbing passion for his wife. She was present while I remained. Insignificant she was, almost, and unobtrusive quite. What made her more than a negligible quantity was her own devoted admiration. She watched him wtih eyes that seemed to proclaim a sort of jealous guardianship, and when she spoke—which was not often—her words carried an odd inflection of deference to a superior that was close to grotesque. Yet she understood him, and her tact was constantly on the alert to save him from the consequences of his own clumsiness.

Their first words to me, after the preliminaries of introduction, seemed to me to suggest a clue to their relation.

"I hate doing these official portraits, but when General Landon asked me to do you I couldn't very well refuse," he remarked. Churlish as the words sounded, they were entirely devoid of intentional offense. But Esther hurried to anticipate my possible misunderstanding of her husband.

"Oh, but this will be something more than merely 'official,'" she reassured me. "Won't it Olaf?"

I smiled my disregard of Olaf's unintentional ungraciousness in my delight at having, as I believed, so quickly seized the situation. It was indeed as far as I was to get that day. We talked, while Esther sat quietly by, of unimportant things, discussing and arranging the time for my sittings. At the first of these I made the discovery that Esther Jansen was dumb only so long as her husband's art was in abeyance. At a word touching the portrait the look of anxious responsibility settled in her eyes, and her voice was an index to point the world's homage to its proper object. There was a passing question of the pose I was to assume. Instantly she was attention.

"Yes, I think that is right—isn't it Olaf?" she pronounced. "There, the hand a little farther to the right, and the face turned more, so that the shadow of the hair falls free of the eyes. That's it."

It did not escape me that in spite of her pretense of approval and agreement with the painter her suggestion was directly contrary to what he had

proposed. Olaf himself seemed not to realize this, for he calmly and unconsciously appropriated the suggestion as if it were his own idea.

Such trifling incidents as this, attending my further acquaintance with the happy and absorbed couple, constantly whetted my interest in the problem they presented. Perhaps, I came to think, the secret of Olaf's awakening lay in the mere fact of his having found someone with whom to share his absorption in art. Her love, while it stimulated his powers almost miraculously, also had its reaction on herself; her complete devotion quickened her own vision and made her, failure though she had been, the partner of his success.

Mistaken as was this theory—I was to learn my hopeless error long after—it seemed for a time to be borne out by my observations. In my zeal for studying the painter I almost forgot the portrait—which, by the way, when completed, was pronounced notably successful. I had, as I say, watched its growth rather carelessly; yet I had observed that subtle changes came on it from one sitting to another. Slight as these changes were, they were unmistakable, often startling, although I set them down in large part to my own fancy. Olaf's offhand statement that when he was painting a portrait he was completely in the grip of the subject, that he worked and studied over it incessantly, in the absence as well as in the presence of the model, actually left something still to be accounted for. Nevertheless I accepted it for the time, for I was blind, ignorant as I was, and am, of the mysteries of the painter's art.

I had opportunity to observe more closely the workings of this "method" when, soon after, I attended to the studio a relative whose portrait Olaf, thanks to his success with my own features, was to paint. My aunt was a woman of vigorous intellect, of great decision under a gentle demeanour. I fancied at first that Olaf was misled by her mild manner as to her character; and she in turn frankly confessed that she found him devoid of ideas and rather complacently stupid. Indeed, she pronounced the colourless little wife a more interesting companion—but that might have been accounted for by the fact that Esther Jansen developed under my aunt's encouragement, a palpable admiration for the older woman. In the intervals of the periods actually devoted to the object of her presence my aunt held Esther in subdued intimate talk, while I engaged Olaf in conversation or studied his work. And as I attended thus closely to the growth of the portrait I noted more plainly the evidences of the painter's activity in the absence of his subject. Watching thus the progress of the work from the first "sketching in" of the outlines, the first rough indications of the "value" to the finished canvas, I saw come into the kind face the almost imperceptible lines and shadows that told so well to one who knew her the story of my aunt's gentle firmness. But not once did I surprise the brush stroke that gave the life-touch to the inert figure; I saw these creative, vitalizing additions not at the end but at the beginning of each sitting.

Gradually the pose had undergone subtle changes; the background and decorative ideas were not the same; above all, the entire composure had been transposed to another "key," in the painter's phrase. The result showed no uncertainty or lack of harmony; everything was as gold, as sure and masterful as any work he had ever done. Even my aunt, with her clear-eyed vision of men, was won to concede a tardy recognition of a quality of perception—perhaps of intuition—in Olaf which her first judgment had denied him.

Moreover she more than once told me that the neutral little New England woman was a rare, fine creature—too fine and rare for the understanding of us coarser beings with our rough measuring tools. On this point I felt myself competent to carry on

an investigation, an opportunity for which I should have welcomed; but it was placed beyond my reach just then by the departure of Olaf and his wife for their summer holiday. The condition of Esther's health had for some time been a cause for anxiety, and it was with a view to its improvement and the arresting of certain alarming symptoms that they had gone to some place in the far West.

Although I knew this, I was nevertheless totally unprepared for the brief despatch which I received from Olaf about two months later, announcing the death of his wife. I learned in time that she had faded away quietly, painlessly, swiftly, as is so often the case with the remnants of these older New England families, in which stamina has been sacrificed to the over-refining of the race. She was the last of her family.

Still, after the momentary shock I had felt at learning of Olaf's bereavement, I reflected that after all it was not an irreparable calamity. He had been fond of her, no doubt, but a man of his age always recovers from such sorrows.

At last one day, in prowling about the studio, I discovered the only canvas he had brought back with him from the West. It was a half-finished portrait of Esther. He met my eye with some confusion, I thought, as I looked at him inquiringly.

"She wanted me to do it," he said, "when she knew she couldn't get well. I didn't have time to finish it."

His indefferent tone annoyed me. "Of course you must complete it now." I spoke rather sharply. "The drawing is so far along that you can surely do it superbly from memory. That should be her monument."

"Oh, yes, I'll finish it sometime," was his answer. "Not now, though; I'm too busy. Did I tell you I had a commission to 'do' the Honourable Martin Flaherty, Tammany boss of the Ninth?"

I said no more, convinced at last that this indifference must be feigned —that the great, outspoken boy had learned to wear a mask. And I was really glad to know that instead of wasting his days in regrets and memories he was bent on the wiser course of finding forgetfulness in work. That way lay sanity and ultimate recovery.

I never saw the portrait of the Honourable Martin Flaherty though it was finished early that winter and exhibited. I was away from the city at the time. As soon as I returned I received a note from Olaf Jansen begging me to come to his studio, for he needed my moral support.

"For God's sake come!" it ran. "I've got to see someone, and you're the only one I dare talk to." The note was wretchedly scrawled.

I found him alone, sitting at a table with a big bottle of whiskey and a glass before him. In all my association with him I had never seen him drink. He had the look of a beaten man. I have never seen such utter dejection, such hopeless misery, in any face. So startled was I that I essayed an inanely cheerful tone.

"Well, what's wrong, Olaf?" I said when we had shaken hands and he had relapsed again into his shrunken attitude in the chair. "Let me hear about your latest successes. Don't tell me you've fallen off on any ill luck," I added.

He gave me so little attention that I was not sure he heard. "Then you haven't seen what the papers said about the portrait?" he began. "Perkins and McCarney were the only ones who praised it; and they're two fools who know nothing whatever about painting. All the others roasted it. They were right."

"Nonsense, man," I cried, amazed that he should have taken so comparatively trivial a matter so much to heart. "That's nothing to pull a long face over. Suppose this one picture isn't quite up to your high mark; suppose even that it's a rank failure; it's only one and you've a failure coming after all your successes. Is this all it takes to drive you to drink?"

"Stop!" He almost sat up for a moment and then dropped back again. "What do I care about Flaherty's portrait? You're right—that's nothing. It's worse than that. I'll never paint another portrait."

"Olaf," I said, for his extraordinary manner made me uneasy, "you're not yourself. What in the world do you mean?"

Then, still sitting sunk in his chair, he began to tell me. I recall his words almost literally! I can even see the awkward gestures and hear the stumbling pauses in his narrative. It all made an extraordinary impression on me for I realized at least that the man was not drunk or mad and that he saw his own case in the clearest light.

"When we were married—that was nearly four years ago—I was sure she loved me. I thought I loved her because she appreciated—yes, because she appreciated me. She was the first critic I ever had who thought I could do the only thing I cared to do. You know what I mean. From the very first she encouraged me. I 'did' her over and over—she always destroyed the canvases. But she liked better for me to work from other subjects, so that she could watch every stroke and talk it all over with me. In her quiet way she was always making suggestions, and though some of them sounded a little crazy to me, when I adopted them they usually came out all right.

"Little by little I began to see that I really was doing better work. I said to myself that her appreciation had given me confidence to go ahead and do things in my own way—though the Lord knows I never wanted confidence. I was so sure of myself that I didn't even mind when she took the brushes out of my hand as she did occasionally to touch a spot here and there, just to show what she meant. You know she had studied, and she knew more about it than they used to give her credit for. Twice, when I had been out and returned unexpectedly, I found her before my easel with my palette and brushes. But she just made a joke of that—said she was trying to imagine herself a painter.

"I never suspected anything until we were out there in the mountains. Then, when the doctor told her she couldn't last six months, the only thing she seemed to think of was the time I was losing. She fairly compelled me to begin her portrait. In those days, when I could think of nothing but her, she thought only of painting. Every day, even after she was so weak she could scarcely move, she would take the pose and make me paint, bringing the canvas to her every five minutes so she could criticize and suggest. 'This is my portrait—you must let me have it in my own way': that's what she said.

"Then when we were almost done, one day she couldn't leave her bed at all. All that day she would talk to me until her strength gave out utterly, and she had to lie and wait for breath. She made me promise to finish the portrait, but very carefully, doing as little to it as possible. She tried to tell me just how she wanted it—tried to tell me the very brush strokes. There are some things that can't be told.

"I don't remember much what she said. That day I think I was mad. To talk about art, about my work, when she lay there dying before my eyes! You see, I hadn't really loved her at first, but now—!

"Well, she died—it was only three days after that. For a time after I came back I didn't do any work. There was something in my mind—a suspicion of something I couldn't place—that scared me. Then I got the commission and I took it because I was afraid I was getting morbid. I thought it would be an easy portrait to do.

"When it was done I couldn't tell anything about it. Of course it was bad—worse than you can imagine. Everybody tried to let me down easy, but I knew something was wrong. I made up my mind to find out what it

was. Yesterday morning I got out the unfinished portrait—of *her,* you know—and worked at it all day. I finished it. There it is."

He pointed with his foot to a canvas that stood facing the wall. I reached out my hand and turned it round. I thought again that the man was mad, for at first I did not believe it was the same canvas I had seen before. That had been, even in its unfinished state, a wonderful revelation of the shy, quiet, brave soul my aunt had seen in Esther. It was no more than a sketch, but it had the beauty of all simplicity and absolute truthfulness. This picture before me was a completely finished product—hard, brilliant, perfect in line and colour, and absolutely, unaccountably lifeless.

I suppose I allowed my astonishment to escape me in an exclamation, for Olaf nodded slowly two or three times.

"I know now," he began again. "Even I could see that this thing isn't a portrait—that it isn't she. Last night I sat down and thought it all out. I tried to recall every word she ever spoke to me. I remembered everything she ever did to my paintings, all her suggestions and criticisms, and then all that other people said. I remember how I used to go out and when I came back find some little change in the canvas I had left that I couldn't quite understand. I used to think it was all in me: that difficulties straightened themselves out when I left them alone. I know now how they straightened themselves out."

"Olaf, you must steady yourself," I said, while the suspicion of his meaning formed itself in my brain. "What are you saying? Do you imply—"

"I'm saying," he interrupted me, "that *she* painted every one of those portraits. It's true as God's word. She used me for her tool. All the brains, all the soul—the insight and subtlety and knowledge of character that you fellows have prated of—were hers. That—" he indicated the portrait with a world of contempt—"that's the sort of work I do, left to myself. She saw the possibilities in me—yes, she saw that I could handle a brush, that I could mix colours, that I could draw lines, that I had the steadiest nerves and the best trained hands of them all. She made them hers—she used me—she made the pictures that I thought I had painted myself—Ah!"

He brought it all out as suddenly, as brutally as I have set it down. I was dazed; the only idea I could summon was that he must be turned from his brooding on the truth that had overwhelmed him.

"Olaf, don't think of it now," I pleaded. "Try to think instead how she must have loved you—"

He raised his head to face me fairly now, as he interrupted me.

"You're a liar!" he cried. "I haven't told you everything. That day I told you about, towards night, she said something. I didn't understand then—she was a little out of her head, I think. She said: 'I wasn't quite through with you, Olaf; you've beaten me.' And then: 'But what use are the hands when the brain is dead?' "

He paused, and then went on in a quiet, hopeless tone. "You see, she didn't even love me. She loved art, and because she hadn't the things I have, she used me. She didn't even love me—but I loved her, and now she's gone I'm nothing but a useless pair of hands."

He no longer saw me. I watched him for a time, but as he did not move, I went out of the room quietly and left him alone.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST"

WITH the most intense particularity of detail I recall a certain day at the beginning of a past summer, when the westbound carried me up beyond what was then Assiniboia, and is now South Saskatchewan. In some queer way that day does not seem to be dead and gone. There was something sacrosanct and magical in it; something in the nature of the miracle of the Valley of Ajalon happened to it too. The train still snakes along with open windows; the sunlight still gleams on the interior woodwork and metal. I can feel the airs that fluttered—that flutter—in upon us, can see the faces of the people in the coach.

Many had come all the way from Montreal. With many I had chatted in the smoking-room at the car's end, or in the dining-saloon over the white tables and the tinkling dishes. I knew little details of their lives, as we know details of the lives of our fellow-villagers—details regarding their old homes, and their dreams. That train was really a moving village. One or two I have met since then, despite the bigness of the world. One I saw a year later, and again ten years later. But he always sits, for me, in that westbound train of many years ago. He had been on a visit to Britain. I recall the light on his face as the conductor's voice ticked off our progress: "Next stop Crowfoot!"—"Next stop Gleichen!" I recall the almost idiotic look, though well do I understand it now, on his face, the tipsy joy that suffused it, as he looked suddenly at the back of his left hand and smote it with his right. He grinned and glanced at another man who had been east on holiday. They exchanged a nod of understanding; they were coming grinning home!

"Calgary is the next stop! The next stop is Calgary!"

I looked out, and found it all even better than I imagined. Now there are two Calgarys in my memory, for it has changed since then; but on that day, as the train slowed down, I did not know which way to look, to north or south, for the mere joy of looking. There was the depot platform, and a red-coated R.N.W.M.P. boy with a riding crop under his arm; a baggageman trundled a truck; beyond the small station building were houses, scattered anyhow on the brilliant world, as in pictures by Remington. And to and fro, before these houses that only indicated the alignment of the streets, so numerous were the vacant lots, the gaps between them, men on horseback came and went in a constant stirring of dust, twinkling flurry of hoofs. They sat in high saddles. They rode at sprinting speed down the street, and halted, and wheeled in the fashion that is called "turning on a dollar".

To the south of the track, on a great rolling hump of grass, many Indian children romped and waved their hands to us. Up toward its crest were tepees decoratively pitched, with their protruding poles and blackened tops; and lean ponies grazed over their

shadows everywhere, ponies of all hues, sorrels and buckskins, and many pintos—scraggy, wiry beasts of the hammer-forehead and Roman-nose type. Perhaps they were dirty, these Indians. I have seen Indians very dirty, and Indians scrupulously clean since then; but dirty or clean there were some fine specimens among them. One girl, in beaded and fringed buckskin tunic and quill-decorated leggings and moccasins, ran lithely along the track-side, begging. It was something of a shock—the buckskin, the quill trimmings, the wild litheness of her leaping run, like a deer's and then that brown hand held up for nickels. Her dark eyes still look up at the car windows; the frou-frou of her passing is still in my ears.

Later journeys to and fro took me through the Crow's Nest Pass and the Tête Jaune. It was not till many years after that I came again over the rolling plain to Calgary, and saw the long indigo loneliness of the Rockies beyond the foot-hills, eighty miles away. The mountains cannot be changed; but there were other changes. I looked out to see the shingle houses scattered on the prairie, the cattle-corrals, the young men of the high-saddles with lariats looped to the horn, the conical tepees of the red-men, with smoky tops. And what I looked for I did not see. To north and south of the track—no, not the track, the many tracks—were houses, houses, houses. I alighted from the train into a new depot, a depot with a tiled booking-hall. It was crowded with people, and none of them wore "chaps"; not one had a quirt hanging from his wrist. In place of the quirt many of them had crook-handled umbrellas depending from their arms, for they wore clothes they had to protect from the elements! In a dazed state I walked into the street, and saw, backed up to the concrete pavement (the old wooden sidewalk gone) a semi-circle of motor-cars, for hire. I strolled on, and watched the electric trams rush past with their strap-hangers. I looked up at the buildings. I saw a soaring steel skeleton, many stories high, and a rub-dud, a noise like that of a ship-yard, came from it. Men were driving the rivets home with electric hammers.

Perhaps there is some excuse for those who, coming to Calgary to-day, look dubiously at Old Timers who tell of having seen the buffalo trekking north or south across the Bow River, or of going into camp for a couple of days, when freighting on the old Mac-Leod Road, to let the herds go by. A man need not be old, only a little elderly, to recall those days. I arrived just in time to see the buffalo wallows, and note the streaked ruts the migrating herds had left at the river crossings. Even their bones have been gathered up and sold; the last polished horns have been peddled by the Blackfoot to tourists going through. Yet the old Calgary is not gone; rather is it merged in the new. The men who talked horse and cattle still come there, and sit in the hotel rotundas with those who talk town-lots and oil-wells, but they leave their "chaps" at home.

Much can never be altered. From every western-facing window in Calgary will always be seen the sunlit grandeur of the Rocky Mountains. They, too, have their lure. The other day a man I know (to make me jealous, he said, in a post-script) put a sprig of fir into a letter he posted from the Slocan country. I opened it—in London—and his aim was achieved, before I read. People who do things like that should be fined, and the fine should amount to the cost of steamer and train fare to the place where they are. The room in which I sat was all blurred to nothingness. I saw a long deep cleft in the mountains; and the month was November. I know it was November by the withered leaves on the birches. They had not yet blown off, and they were all dancing upon each tree like fountains of yellow discs. Every shade of gray, till the gray turned to blue, was in

the strewn rocks and boulders going down to a creek, and the creek was the colour of an opal, and changed like an opal in the light. The firs were green, or red, or brown, or all these colours blent; and the shadows under their stately falling branches were blue.

The Rockies are different from the Alps. The knowledge that a man can mount up into them at any place, if he cares, and go marching and camping, marching and camping, month in, and month out, and never see a mortal man till he comes down the butt-end of them toward the Arctic Sea, gives a different feeling among them. The Alps are in a pocket of Europe, and seem almost a kind of sleeping partner of Messrs. Cook; but the Rockies run the length of the continent, and are in league with Eternity. I would write a poem on my old camp-fires there were it not that there is scanty market for such poems. The theme is not considered opetical by the tasters of the moment; one must write of a lady seen in a restaurant, or thoughts while listening to a jazz band.

Once, in a mining camp of the Kettle River Country, one of the "boys" (he was a good deal of a man) told us he guessed he saved up enough to go home and buy a little farm "back east". He shook us all by the hand, and said good-bye. Those of us who had not yet "made good" envied him, for there is hard work as well as scenery in British Columbia, and even in a land where not to work is to be ostracized, men do look forward to the time when they need not labour on days that they don't feel inclined to, but with feet on the verandah-rail, smoke cigars and watch the June-bugs. About a month later I say him again and said: "Hullo! You haven't gone yet, then?" It struck me that perhaps he had been taking a few days to liquidate with his most intimate friends before departing.

"I've gone, and come," he answered. "The east looks all right in fancy, but the fact is different. I got back and saw them all, but the very day I arrived I knew I was coming here again. I told them I was only home on a visit. Those were the first words I said. It ain't God's country there, the way it is here. They were decorating the church for harvest thanksgiving, and one thing and another. And it's all kind of finished and set, and they got a harmonium in the parlour. I just stopped two days. It took all right in fancy, but when you get there——" he shook his head.

"And what about coming back west?" I asked.

"That's—coming—home," he replied.

What called him back? What is the lure? It is a sense of freedom. It is pines mounting up the steep hills, and the smell of the pines and the quiet under them. It is the little white-painted towns, always, it seems, in the perfect sites by bends of rivers or lake sides. It is stomachic too! It is the luscious peaches. It is the rank tea, tasting like nectar after working in the woods. It is the wagon-roads, the two deep ruts, going down through the sands of the Okanagan, or up into the Cariboo, or twining through the pine-needle floors of the tall timber tracts in the Selkirks, the Cascades, or the Pallisers. It is the trails leading off from these, with the gashes blazed on the trees, blaze by blaze showing the way, as lighthouses con ships through sea channels. It is, as in Murray Gibbon's song, "the lakes of melted jade", these lakes that the winds play with, as a hand ruffling and smoothing velvet. It is the lonely call of loons in the hush before twilight, when the grasshoppers all suddenly cease to chirp. It is the mosquito-hawk that zig-zags overhead, with a flight somewhat like bat or swallow, in the drizzle of the reflected sunset. It is the clear air that lets the eyes roam over great spaces. It is the moon rising to silhouette a ridge of firs and light their tips all down the slope—and the wonder of it all getting into one's blood.

THE "COMPLETE EMIGRANT"

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY

THERE has lately come into my possession a pamphlet, a copy of which does not appear to exist in any of the great libraries in Canada. Under the title "A Catechism of Information for Intending Emigrants of all Classes to Upper Canada", the author, Frederick Widder, Commissioner of the Canada Land Company, throws valuable contemporary light on the social, educational and economic conditions which prevailed in Upper Canada about the middle of the nineteenth century. The pamphlet is dated July 20th, 1848, and bears the press mark of Messrs. Scobie and Balfour, Adelaide Buildings, King Street, Toronto. Professing to be compiled "by intelligent and experienced gentlemen long resident in the Province", it is addressed to intending emigrants in the United Kingdom and the United States, and settlers already in Canada West are advised to send it to those of their friends who may be contemplating the creation of a new home in a new land. It is written in the clearest and most precise English and bears self-evident signs of careful thought, well considered judgments and diligently scrutinized phrases.

Doubtless as it owed its origin to an official of a company with well over a million acres for sale, there was need that overstatement should be avoided as much as possible, especially as one of its aims was to encourage distribution by those already farming on the company's property, who were not likely to be deceived or to let their friends be deceived by any glowing account of conditions by interested parties.

This point is of some importance. *Prima facie* the student would be inclined to discount the historical worth of the evidence which it provides, fearing that it was coloured by the utilitarian purposes of its author. This natural reluctance of the scientific historian can easily give place to a certain amount of confidence, when he remembers that an open and candid appeal is made to settlers well acquainted with conditions to distribute it among their friends. In addition, the historian is able to test the value of the pamphlet from the gradually emerging history of pioneer days in Upper Canada, which is appearing in various proceedings published by local historical societies. Indeed it forms another chapter almost ready at hand in that history which as yet remains to be written. Broadly speaking, I have applied this test in several particulars and have found, where such a test was available, that the evidence provided is reliable and that the deductions from it are on the whole fair and justifiable. The great defect is a negative one. Contemporary diaries and letters belonging to the same period, while they usually contain notes of hope and are full of a wise, if not buoyant, optimism, do not, as a rule, make light of the weariness,

the ceaseless work, the trying conditions of pioneer adventure. In some cases, where the available records are written by more educated people, this note of adventure almost appears to lend an element of romance to the description. This note, however, is exceptional. The tale is more often that of heroic effort—rewards, but those of toil; success, but that of the hardest and most diligent endeavour; sorrows but those of a strange land among strange peoples; joys, but those shared with loneliness and isolation. Of all this the Canada Land Company's pamphlet gives no hint. Indeed, it must be judged by that sterling maxim of just criticism—the purpose which its author had in view, and this certainly did not leave any place for emphasizing the difficulties which lay before the pioneer.

On the other hand, the pamphlet has an emotional interest. It is quite easy to gather round it a whole romantic picture, which will possess the truth and atmosphere of great history. For myself, it is this personal element which attracts me in such historical material. I cannot handle a pamphlet such as this without conjuring up scenes in homes long since deserted in the Older Lands. The day when the pamphlet arrives from Canada West seems like yesterday. The eager discussions are audible to the well-trained historical ear. How carefully the *pros* and *cons* are balanced! How insistent the call, how great the reluctance to answer! It is easy to picture many a family council, many a financial estimate, many a hope and many a fear, which gathered round the Canada Land Company's little publication. It is easy to call up something of the emotions which it aroused in the hearts of many who, through it, became in time the pioneers of many an Ontario farm to-day. To those settled on these lands it is not too great an exaggeration to say that the "Catechism for Emigrants" is a family heirloom—a link with the past, a sentimental fragrance from the garden of hopes long dead. It has the fascination of an old letter, into which the human hand has written some depths of the human heart.

But the pamphlet has other interests more mundane. It is an exceedingly valuable piece of evidence for the student of pioneer conditions in Upper Canada during the ten years after Mackenzie's Rebellion. It takes its place securely among the material available for comparative study in this connection—material which is unfortunately becoming less and less common as we advance further from the earlier days and the older inhabitants, and for the careful collection of which no adequate means have been as yet provided.

The Canada Land Company had offices in England, and we may say with some confidence that one of the first and most common inquiries by intending emigrants was concerning the weather of Canada West. Strange tales of the severity of the Canadian climate still linger in the Old Land, and even Rudyard Kipling cannot claim poetic license for his ignorance, as his attempts at historical writing are as ill-informed as his poetry in connection with Canada. Whatever the reason, Widder begins his pamphlet with a careful and, I believe, accurate account of the temperature and climatic conditions in Canada West during the years 1840 to 1847. I feel certain that this prominence was due to reports from England, for he says that "it is a very important question on which much ignorance and misrepresentation prevail". For these years the mean temperature in summer was 62.5°, and in winter 26.7° (Fahrenheit). The coldest winter was in 1840, when 18.6° below zero was recorded and the warmest summer was in 1846 when 94.6° was recorded—both at Toronto. During these seven years there were 770 rainless days, 400 snowless days, 1,752 perfectly dry days—a yearly average of 96¼ rainy days, of 50 snowy days, and of 219 perfectly dry days, on which there was neither snow nor rain. Widder's figures are, as far as I can find out,

perfectly correct; but it will be noted that almost any climate where there are marked differences, can be made to look attractive enough by statistics. However, he is careful to point out a fact, of which information must reach England, that outside work on a farm practically ceased on November 1st and was not again possible till the first of the following April.

An outline next follows of suggestions for travelling, with a table of distances to various places from Montreal and Quebec. There are a few points of interest here. A team of two horses with a wagon (to take a load of eighteen cwt.) and driver could be hired at eight pence a mile to the journey's end, supposing the team to come back empty. If the driver had guarantees of business on the return journey cheaper rates could be obtained. It is also interesting to note that there were daily steamers from Lewiston, Queenston, and Niagara to Toronto and Hamilton, and that a tri-weekly steamer from Rochester plied to the same places. Between American points, steamers touched regularly at Canadian ports, and settlers are advised to make use of these as they afforded the cheapest access to Gore, Brock, London, and the Western Districts in which the lands belonging to the company lay. Stage coaches linked up travellers with the country settlements.

Next to inquiries about the weather and travelling come the problems of finance which naturally held a prominent place in the mind of the intending emigrant. Before examining the information, it is well to note that the prices quoted throughout the pamphlet are based on Halifax currency—$1 or 5s. is equal to 8s. York, or 4s. sterling. The information is detailed under several headings which can be followed for convenience. Does farming afford a profitable return for capital invested? This question is answered very directly and with great fairness. If the pioneer farmer determines to keep out of debt, and to develop his farm gradually he can reasonably expect independence in a few years. He is warned, however, against idleness and "excessive enjoyment in amusement and visiting" in winter to the neglect of his stock, and to the loss of comfort in improving his collection of household and farm conveniences. This "manifest neglect" spells if not ruin at least discontent. Warnings, too, are given that failure is most noticeable among "gentlemen from Europe who expect to live in luxury on borrowed capital"—a feature of which our own generation in Canada is not ignorant. The discussion of the prospects for success leads to the question of the price of land. Lands could e bought in lots ranging from eighty to 200 acres at prices varying from 2s. to 30s, an acre. Thus for example in the Ottawa and Dalhousie districts land ranged from 2s. to 12s. 6d. and in the Brock and Talbot districts from 20s. to 30s. an acre. Lots could be obtained by lease for ten years, or in fee simple by purchase for cash down. Rents on lease-hold were due on the 1st of each February and they amounted to the interest at 6% of the cash price of the lot. Most of the lots could be taken up on lease without any initial cash payment. On some lots, however, one to three years' rent must be paid in advance. At any time a lease could be converted into a freehold. An interesting feature of the whole scheme is the fact that the Canada Land Company was prepared to receive the settler's savings, however small, at any time, to allow him interest at the rate of 6% and the opportunity of withdrawing his money with interest at any time without previous notice. Another point on which emphasis is laid is the scale of wages for clearing lands. From the words used it is evident that the custom was for the new settler to hire men skilled in "clearing operations". All the prices are estimated on a cash payment plan—under a written agreement they were higher. In moderately timbered land wages for clearing varied from 10s. to £2 10s, currency an

acre. In the more remote and more heavily wooded country from £3 to £4 10s. an acre currency. I have not noticed elsewhere in the history of pioneer days any mention of hiring men to "clear". Would it be possible that the company provided them as far as possible?

Satisfied, or ill-satisfied, as to the weather, pleased or displeased with the journey to his new country, the settler having arranged for his new homestead and for clearing it turns to the expenses for the "necessary outfit" in building conveniences, farm utensils and stock. The figures which follow are exceedingly valuable. A comfortable log home, 16 feet by 24, with two floors and a shingled roof cost £9; a frame house of similar dimensions would cost £50. A log barn, 24 x 40 feet, cost £10, or frame £70. Household tables cost 10s. up. Bedsteads could be bought from 15s. to 20s. each. Chairs cost £1 5s. a dozen. The settler could rely on his neighbours to help him in building operations and in no case need he estimate to spend more than £10 on household furniture. For half that sum he would be quite comfortable. A yoke of oxen cost £10 to £12; cows cost £2 10s. to £3 each; a horse cost £10, often less; a pair of drags, £1 15s.; a winnowing machine, £6 to £6 15s.; a plough, £1 15s.; a working sleigh, £7 to £7 10s. Equally valuable are the figures dealing with "the cost of living" for "man and beast". Hay cost £2 10s. a ton; oats, 1s. a bushel; clothing, 50% advance on Old Country prices; wool, 1s. 2d. a lb.; pork 15s. to 20s. for 100 lbs.; flour, £1 5s for 196 lbs.; oatmeal, 7s. a cwt.; beef, £1 to £1 5s. a cwt.; butter, 1s. 10d. a lb.; and the inevitable whiskey, which figures in every available record of the period that I have seen, 1s. 3d. a gallon. Until his farm began to yield and he could balance his necessary expenditures with his returns, the new settler is assured that the annual expenses of an adult family of six need not exceed £36 currency.

What then would be his expenses—what his hope of return? After the initial outlay, the question of wages for help must be considered. A farm servant cost £2 with board, £3 without board (currency, a month). A female household servant cost £1 with board (currency, a month). A day labourer earned on an average estimated over ten years, 3s. 9d. (a day currency, without board). Having arranged for his help, the new settler next considered the method of farming. On new fallow land, wheat was always the first crop. Farmers with capital seeded the fallow down with grass and waited five or six years, but the settler with limited means put his land into crop the next year either with potatoes or spring grain; then followed wheat every alternate year, unless he was able to clear enough new land for an annual wheat crop—when the older land was either laid down in meadow or otherwise cropped. The best English and Scotch farmers adopted as soon as possible the customary three or four field system, or otherwise wheat, and winter and summer fallow each alternate year. Most valuable figures are given of the averages an acre for the years 1838-1847. Naturally the yield varied with the quality of the soil, the climatic conditions, the care, experience and adaptability of the settler, but the averages are remarkably good—wheat, 25 bushels an acre; barley, 30 bushels; oats, 40 bushels; rye, 30 bushels; potatoes, 250 bushels. Turnips, mangels and root crops were not sufficiently in cultivation during these years to allow an average being given. Beginnings, with profitable results, had already been made in the growing of flax and hemp, while most English fruits flourished. Fall wheat sold at Toronto at an average of 4s. 9d. a bushel of 60 lbs. during the years 1841 to 1848. Spring wheat averaged 6d. a bushel lower during the same period. During the "Rebellion" fall wheat rose to 7s. a bushel, the highest price recorded between 1832 and 1848.

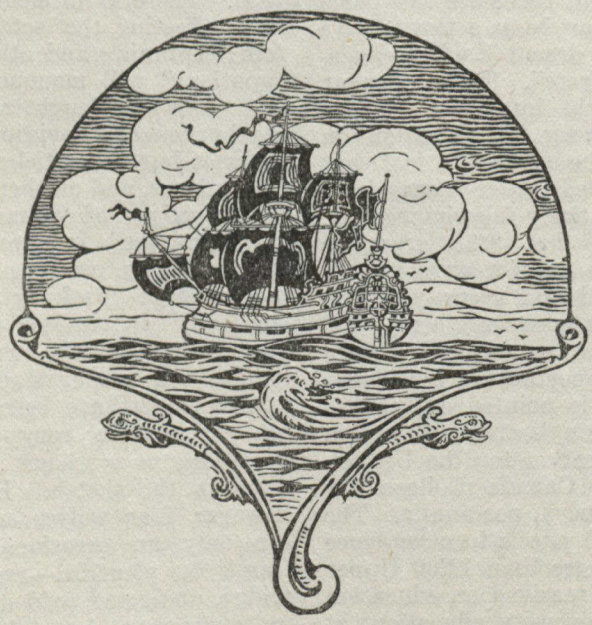
Taxation was very light, and was vested in the District Councils, who could tax up to a certain sum on the valuation of property. All taxes raised by the District Council were spent in the District and each settler had a voice in the election of the Council. Taxes of all kinds only amounted to 1½d. in the £ currency on assessed property. The settler might be called on to serve as Pound-keeper, Fence Viewer, Road Master, Township Clerk, Collector, School Commissioner, or District Councillor if he possessed in the last case property valued at £300.

The provisions for religious worship and for education are specially emphasized. In well-settled districts and in the towns churches and chapels were numerous. For example Toronto had thirty places of worship, Guelph seven and Chatham four. In the district of Huron there were twenty-five places of worship. In similar places "education is cheap in the extreme and good". In the country and new settlements so good a selection cannot be made, but there are few parts where a man can be at a loss to give his children "a decent English education at a cheap rate". This statement must be brought into relation with the official history of education in Ontario. On the whole it is just; but to the uninitiated settler it may have produced an entirely false impression. Thus, the fact that "the grammar schools in each district were respectably conducted and every year improving" might mean anything. Of more interest is the attention drawn to the cheap opportunities for higher education. It is pointed out that a boy could obtain board and tuition (up to preparation for the University) at Upper Canada College for £33 16s. (currency), per annum. The College had 210 pupils in attendance in 1848, and more than 1,200 Upper Canadians had received an education there. For University education at King's College, two inducements are held out: the system was based on the plan of the English Universities, "which is of itself a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of the education afforded"; the tuition fees were extremely moderate, while "four good meals each day at the University" would cost the student only £48 currency. The emphasis laid on education is remarkable. With all the drawbacks which are well known to have attended it in Upper Canada at the time, there would appear to be little doubt that a wider opportunity was open at that period to the class to which the pamphlet is addressed than in the United Kingdom. This fact is at any rate one of the most outstanding and interesting features of the appeal.

The remaining portions of the little pamphlet do not call for such close attention. The newness of the Province and its vast territories promise openings of fortune to settlers' children. The legal rate of interest—6%—can easily be increased to 8% "by judicious management in real estate"—as land near the larger settlements has increased tenfold in value since 1838. There is no mention of conditions affecting the settlers' womenfolk: "spinning and other female occupations" will monopolize the winter; "wife and daughters" must share the burden of providing not merely luxuries but the articles of everyday convenience, and on them will fall the larger weight of "domestic comfort and happiness". In summer, the fields will call them, and even the child of five must be "usefully and healthily employed" in outdoor work. It is here alone that the writer touches hands with the days of trial and labour which have been the settler's lot. It is done very judiciously—doubtless, as we have said, friends filled in the sketch. He need not, however, fear wolves or bears—they are only an occasional annoyance. Game is plentiful—especially partridge, quail and wild duck. Deer is quite common, but "the settler can earn a quarter of beef in the time that it takes him to hunt a quarter of venison."

Such is "the complete settler in 1848" in Canada West. There does not seem to be any effort made to "boost" the Province, as in later days when the descriptions (*horresco referens*) have passed into romantic literature in the highways and byways of the United Kingdom. It would not be a difficult study to trace those who may have come under the influence of the "Catechism" and settled on the Company's lands about 1848. There may be alive not a few who as children at least owed to it their coming to Canada. To them the contrasts must be violent—I wonder if for the better? There is a danger, however, to sentimentalize over "the good old days," and we cannot say "stop" to the march of events. But we may well ask if the sturdy stock of sixty years ago were not built in more heroic mould than we are, and if the compensations of our civilization have not been paid for in a very heavy price.

There we must leave it. From some hamlet or country scene in the Old Land, brave hearts have come. Faith lights the way: hope nerves the adventure. They touch hands with the heroic in history. If mundane prices of food and implements, of lands and cattle, of servants and clothes run throughout their early history, they are but the sacramental robes of the living truth—that it is out of ventures of faith that all that is of value in life springs. Going forth "knowing not whither they went", they span the ages and greet the far off centuries of early Canadian history.



THE COWBOY

From the Photograph by
Newton MacTavish

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XXII

MURRAY WILLARD'S gambling debts had caused him to commit forgery, but even that crime would be overlooked by Stumpf and his associates if the plans of the Greig engine could be placed in their hands. And now, having once clearly faced the issue and having made a decision along the line of his own best interests, he was not the man to suffer from hampering scruples. Under the easy amenities of civilization he concealed a soul which knew no higher law than its own desires. Many called him selfish but no one realized just how selfish he was. He concealed the knowledge even from himself. It was his habit to think of himself as a good fellow. Sometimes he did little services for other people just to prove what a good fellow he was. He would have been surprised to have had it pointed out that they were always services which cost him nothing. When any such kindness threatened to become a bore, he dropped it, just as he had dropped the task of freeing David from Clara. He had always considered himself very fond of David and up to the limit of his capacity it was true enough. Only when David got in the way of Murray Willard did his claim begin to dwindle; when he became a serious obstacle it vanished altogether.

Psychologists differ about these cases of intense egotism. But if Murray were to be used as an example he would certainly lend force to the theory of direct inheritance. Dr. James Willard, his father, had been a man whose callous indifference to everything not calculated to advance his own interests was a by-word amongst his fellows. On the other hand, Murray's early environment and upbringing had not been very different from that of scores of other boys. His father had not done more than generally direct his education. His mother had died when he was too young to remember her but he had never lacked for care or training, good schools, wise masters and the daily companionship of sturdy good-hearted Canadian youth. He had in fact had as good a chance as most and a better chance than many.

Murray left the house of the mysterious Mr. Smith that afternoon in an angry mood, but his anger was not caused by the thought of the traitorous work he intended to do. It was owing entirely to the fact that these men had been able to compel him to do it. Not for the first time did he roundly curse the weakness which had led him into the present trap. Why had he not been wise enough to wait until he could really afford to indulge his passion for play? Since that passion was part of himself it must certainly be satisfied; but it would have been wiser, much wiser, to have deferred the satisfaction. As it was, he had made a pretty mess of

things. He had run things pretty close, he had almost been counted out.

Only let him get on top again, and there would be no more mistakes! Let him once be free of Stumpf & Co., let him once hold Stumpf's money in his hand, and the world would pay Murray Willard for his present humiliation.

His mind thrust aside, now, even the pretense of consideration for his friend. David and his engine!—what did they matter in comparison with the fever of defeat and impotence under which he raged?

As for the actual theft of the plans, that ought to be easy. David was one of those silly asses who trust everybody! Murray smoothed his face clear of disturbing thoughts, settled his collar, and arranged his progress so that he might casually encounter David upon that trustful person's return from John Baird's workshop.

David was unaffectedly glad to see him.

"Well," he said, "how goes it? I thought you went away mad!"

Murray managed a somewhat sheepish grin. "Oh, forget it! I've just seen Stumpf. Told him that the whole thing is definitely off. Rather a decent chap, Stumpf! He wasn't as difficult as I fancied he would be, so we found another way out of my obligation to him; that is, if I can still negotiate that loan you promised me?"

David was much relieved. Money matters are the easiest of all to settle, provided the money can be got. "Certainly," he said heartily, "how much?"

Willard appeared to reflect and then mentioned a sum which, while not unduly alarming David, might be considered large enough to account for his former urgency.

"Will that clear you?"

"Yes, and I' going to stay clear. I haven't been at all up to form lately and I'm going to cut the merry game for awhile—nerves! Every one seems a bit jumpy these days, yourself included."

"Me—jumpy?"

"Aren't you? You act like it. It doesn't matter at all about the engine now, but you did behave foolishly about it, you know. European war—fixed idea and all that. Same thing that ails old John. I shouldn't wonder if you even keep pour precious plans locked up?"

"As a matter of fact, I do."

Murray nodded. "Thought so!" he said.

"Perhaps it does seem crazy. But John's arguments affect me against my will. And in any case it does no harm. The plans are in John's private safe at present. Not the workshop safe but his own special one. Any one who gets them there will deserve them—and anything else he gets!"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that he would get some nice surprises. John keeps a lot of things in that safe and has utilized a few of his own ideas for safeguarding them. I'll let my plans stay there until I go down to Milhampton."

"Better take the safe with you!"

"Oh, it isn't as serious as that. They won't be disturbed in Milhampton."

"When are you going?"

"In a day or two. If you're feeling seedy why not come along?"

"Better not, I might steal the plans!"

"Yes, I'm sure you would!" in friendly derision. "But say, I'm in earnest, Murray. You're looking quite as bad as you feel, and a few days there will fix you up. Cousin Mattie, like Billy Fish's girls, is 'always glad to see a friend.'"

"That Silly Billy isn't going is he?"

"No, but Clara is. She hasn't been at all well; almost fainted in the store the other day. She has a fortnight holiday and Cousin Mattie is going to do great things with the air and food cure. Milhampton air and Milhampton cookery will cure anybody. Come and be cured."

Willard felt a throb of elation. This was easier than he had expected. His luck must be turning at last!

"It sounds very pleasant," he said. "Let you know later."

"No, I want to know now."

"All right. I'll come, if you're sure I shan't be one too many. Thanks."

They parted with mutual satisfaction.

"You say the young man has invited you oud of town to his working-place and the blans vill be there?"

"Yes. There is no use trying to get them from my uncle's safe. But there is probably no safe at all at Milhampton."

"And he does not susbect?"

"Not a particle. I didn't suggest going. He invited me for the good of my health."

"Ach! Your health, it iss not goot?"

"It is very good, thank you, excellent." For no reason at all Murray was annoyed at the kindly question of Herr Stumpf. The little German shrugged his fat shoulders.

"So? But id iss true you do not look vell—with health, one never knows."

"I tell you I am perfectly well."

"Yes, yes!" agreed Herr Stumpf soothingly. "Now, aboud our liddle pisiness: you vill find the blans and the vay to ged them. Then you vill let me know by the simple code I haf arranged. I vill send down a goot man and my own liddle car which not so slow as she looks. You vill ged the pabers and pass them to my man oudside. He vill arrange that id looks like a housebreak. You can further brotect yourself by giving the alarm —when he iss safely in the car. You can say you were disturbed by a noise and you half run oud to see—they vill pelief you, iss it?"

"They'll believe me all right! But how about the man? If I give the alarm they will go after him."

Herr Stumpf smiled.

"They may bursue," he said, "but they vill not capture. That iss brovided for."

"I have nothing to do with that?"

"You," said Herr Stumpf slowly, "vill have nodding to do with that."

"All right. Now about the money and the note. I get them before I hand over the plans."

"That iss also brovided for."

"It might be a good idea if I were to fire a shot," suggested Murray .

"Id would be still bedder if our man should fire. Id would lend—what you call—admosphere."

"Well, I don't know! He would have to be a good shot. We don't want him hitting anything *besides* the atmosphere!"

Herr Stumpf laughed heartily at this joke. But between laughs he managed to reassure his young friend.

"He vill be a good shot," said Herr Stumpf.

XXIII

When Clara heard that Willard was to make a fourth in the little party at Milhampton she turned so white that even David noticed it.

"Don't you want him to go?" he asked uneasily. "I thought you would like it. You two always seem to get along so well."

"Well enough," said Clara, angry at her self-betrayal. "What's his idea in going to the country?"

"Don't let Cousin Mattie hear you call it'country,'" he laughed. "Willard's going for the same reason that you are, change of air."

"Does he know that I am going?" asked Clara. She spoke very low, for it was an effort to control her voice.

"Yes, I told him."

Clara turned away. She did not want any one to see the look of triumph which flashed into her eyes. Willard, the dilatory, was arousing to action at last. He was following her to Milhampton and, to Clara's mind, so long revolving around a single idea, this could mean but one thing. He was jealous. He intended to fight for her.

The relief of this conviction, following upon the depression of the last months, was so great that Clara wept her heart out, when David was gone.

and revived like a flower after rain. Sure instinct told her that Murray was not going down to drowsy Milhampton for any change of air. Nor was he the kind to do anything without a purpose. What could that purpose be, save one?

Confidence in herself and in her methods of managing men came flooding back. Willard had tested her power to the utmost, but it had been equal to the strain. When it came to the point he had found it impossible to give her up.

Clara was happy. For herself she had long ago signed the articles of surrender. Her little, selfish, orderly scheme of life lay broken at her feet and she did not even glance at the débris. She, who had planned always to take, now gave, lavishly, endlessly and asked no better.

David was to take Clara down to Milhampton on Monday morning and on Saturday afternoon they were to have had a last paddle up the Humber. But Clara, with the prospect of a regained Willard to occupy her, had no time for mere canoeing. She needed Saturday afternoon to trim a hat. Also there was a chance that Murray himself might 'phone or even call. Not for many canoe rides would she have missed that chance.

David was accustomed to taking Clara up the Humber, because they were engaged and it was the proper thing for engaged couples to do. He wanted Clara to have all the proper accessories. So did Clara, but it is hardly necessary to say that these expeditions were not markedly successful.

The Humber is a charming river. It is a river made especially for lovers. To them it offers that most delightful of all seclusions, the isolation of two amongst the many. Its gaiety surrounds but does not stifle; its many voices call but do not trouble; its slowly slipping stream; its green-brown banks where trees hang over; its sun-bathed fields and little vales of shadow live in a thousand memories as part of the magic world of love and youth. There is an old mill, too. Long ago its millstones ceased their grinding, yet what a busy, useful mill it is: where once it ground out flour now it grinds out dreams. What used to be reality has now become romance. Quiet rests now where once there moved the miller and his men—quiet, and that faint flavour of decay which seems to touch young joy to a new keenness, heightening the pleasure of to-day with the threat of time's destruction.

But to enjoy old mills and charming rivers the mind must be atune, and the lack of this essential harmony explains why Clara and David never really found the secret of the Humber; also why neither of them felt at all disappointed when on this last Saturday Clara 'phoned and said she couldn't go.

"I have such a very bad head," said Clara plaintively, "acute neuralgia, I think. It wouldn't be wise to risk the sun. Couldn't you take some one else?"

This was the first time in all their acquaintance that Clara had ever suggested David's taking some one else, and it surprised him so that he had no answer ready.

"You might take you rlittle friend, Miss Selwyn," suggested Clara's voice over the wire.

David always bit his lips when Clara referred to Rosme as his "little friend". Only a sense of humour saved him from futile rage. Clara knew that it annoyed him and therefore used the phrase. She had not intended to suggest Rosme at all but just at the last moment she had been seized with a sudden panic—what if David, deprived of his canoe ride, were to come over personally to inquire after the neuralgia? Anything was better than that. Besides what did it matter, now? Only a little while and nothing that David did would matter any more. In her restored elation even her dislike of Rosme Selwyn suffered eclipse.

"Too bad you can't go," said David ignoring the suggestion, "but if you're not feeling up to it, there's no more to be said. Can I do anything?"

"Oh, no," said Clara, "all I want is quietness."

David replaced the receiver and went back to his work-table. But the room was so hot, so stuffy! The perfume of the flowers in the window-box which Cousin Mattie had installed during her last visit only tantalized him with a memory of the breath of the woods.

Take some one else? Well, why not? Take Rosme? Why not, also? It might be the last chance he would ever have of an afternoon with her. He thought of the "Last Ride" with a somewhat dreary smile—"who knows but the world may end to-night!"

He went back to the telephone. There might be a chance that she was free to go.

There was a chance. Circumstance, who really seems to have been doing her overworked best for these two, had arranged it so that Rosme was spending her half-holiday indoors. She, also, was trimming a hat. But hats, in themselves, are negligible. When David asked her what she was doing, she said "nothing," and when he asked her to go on the Humber, she said "yes".

It was a very warm day. People whose faces get red and whose hair comes out of curl dislike warm days and quite rightly. Even quite pretty girls look wilted under these conditions. But as there are some flowers to which heat brings new fragrance, so there are girls who bloom more distractingly under the hot sun. Rosme was one of these. The clear pallour of her skin glowed like warm ivory; her burnished hair lay close and silken with golden tendrils in unexpected places. The open collar of her soft blouse showed to perfection the lovely, creamy neck. Cool shadows lay in her long eyes.

David had never before seen her all in white, and white, say what you will, is the colour for summer and for youth. Rosme was white from the crown of her shady hat to the tip of her dainty shoe—a soft, beautiful whiteness against which her bronze hair burned.

She carried a little basket in her hand but what was in the basket she wouldn't tell.

"It may be almost anything," she said, observing its closed cover with respect. "Maggie made it, the Infant packed it and Madam tied it up with string because the cover's catch is broken. My instructions are to lift it by the handle only, to keep it in the shade, on no account to sit on it and not to open it until we are really hungry."

"I feel hunger coming on—oh, I say, isn't it a heavenly day!"

"Rather!" said Rosme contentedly, settling herself in the canoe. "And it's heavenly that your cushions are blue! Had they been red I should have been regretfully compelled to cast them overboard. Talking of casting overboard, do you know how to drown kittens?"

"Certainly not!" in alarm.

"Oh, I didn't intend to ask you to drown them. I just wanted to know if you knew how. There must be some way of doing it. Perhaps one could take a correspondence course?"

"Why not! Were you thinking of going in for it yourself?"

"Not myself. I am already specialized. But some one in our house will have to do something soon. The neighbours are complaining. Just as if it isn't worst for us than it is for them. We have seven new ones."

"Neighbours?"

"Kittens. Maggie undertook to drown six and prepared the mind of the Infant by displaying just one big one, quality instead of quantity, you see. The Infant wanted quantity but had become resigned and we were comfortably at breakfast when in walked the mother cat with the extra six—one by one. They were not a bit drowned. It seems Maggie had shut

her eyes when she—er—did it, and the anxious mother had seized both the opportunity and the kittens. I don't know what we'll do now. The Infant has them safely counted and, even if she hadn't, Maggie says it's unlucky to drown anyone twice."

"There might be a risk!" said David laughingly. "Do you want to paddle?"

Rosme didn't want to paddle, that is, if David could manage alone. It was much nicer to be lazy. She did not add that it was much nicer to sit with one's back to the prow and look at the paddler, but perhaps that is what she meant. Bareheaded, and without his coat, David was more than ever a figure to arrest the eye. Rosme, stealing a look from under her eyelashes, felt his strong grace with a delightful quiver. And how like sunlit water his eyes were and how dear it was that his hair would never lie down properly!

"This is really a very beautiful river!" said David with the satisfaction of one who makes a discovery. "And so changeable. I have never seen it quite like this before."

He never had. But it was not the river that was different.

"Beauty is such a curious thing," he went on. "It comes and goes. Billy Fish was talking about it the other day and offered a quotation, 'Beauty,' he said, 'is all in a fellow's eyes.' He said it was from Shakespeare."

They both laughed. "But, of course," said Rosme dreamily, "some things are always beautiful. A day like this, a moonlit night—could anything ever sully them?"

David shook his head. Yet even then horrors were preparing which would make men careless of the brightest day and turn the moonlight to a thing of terror. Three years later, when of these two in the canoe one was in London and the other in France, David was to write to Rosme: "All my life I shall shudder at the sight of the moon—when it shines I know they are bombing London!"

But that was very happily in the distance now. The paddle rose and dipped, the green shores slid by them, music and gusts of laughter fled past like happy ghosts. They were alone in a world which held only themselves and the gliding river.

"Do you know Pauline Johnson's 'Paddle Song'?" asked Rosme.

> "Drift, drift,
> Where the uplands lift
> On either side of the current swift."

"I wonder if she paddles a swift canoe somewhere on some shadowy river? No heaven would be home to her without the wind and the water and the trees."

"She was part Indian, wasn't she? Indians have all those things. I rather hope we have them, too."

"So do I. I never liked the pearly gates and the harps and the singing. When I was little I was almost as much bored by heaven as I was afraid of hell. I remember asking once if there wasn't some place in between where a little girl might go and be happy."

"And the answer?"

"Shocked silence I think. But really, with two such alternatives, I think those old, very orthodox people must have been very brave to die at all."

David nodded. "I suppose it takes courage anyway," he said. "But life takes courage too. Angus used to say courage was the one thing no man could live without."

"Women too?" a little wistfully.

David smiled. "Angus's idea about women were very old-fashioned. I am afraid you wouldn't agree with them."

But for once Rosme let a chance to argue the woman question go by. She trailed her hand in the slipping water and was silent. Presently she suggested that they fulfil the second part of Madam's instructions and take the basket into the shade.

David's paddle turned obediently. It was odd, he thought, that he had never before realized what charmingly shaded nooks there were on this en-

chanted river. Places where the water was green and gold-flecked; places where the sun through the leaves wove changing patterns on a girl's white dress and soft uncovered hair.

They fastened the canoe and scrambled upon the sloping bank, the basket between them. A picnic party, hidden by the trees were shouting with laughter somewhere near, and they smiled in sympathy. But the easy talk of their former meetings became more and more difficult. What but silence is left when the things one burns to say are things forbidden. What need for speech, anyway, when one may understand without? David and Rosme were very close to understanding.

Without knowing that he did so, he used her name. "Do you remember when we played Pirates, Rosme?"

"Yes. You had a smudge on your nose and a scar made of the blood of the red geranium across your cheek and your hair stood up—just like it's standing up now!"

David passed a futile hand over his hair.

"And you gnashed your teeth!" said Rosme. "I wonder you have any teeth left."

"You refused to gnash yours, I remember, but you put a green leaf over the two front ones to make believe they were out, and you had a black patch over one eye and a nasty black bruise on your arm which——"

"Don't let's talk about that," said Rosme quickly.

"All right, but I remember that I wanted to go right in and behead your aunt. You said you could behead her yourself—when you wanted to! You had a dagger in your boot and two in your belt, besides the cutlass and pistols. Indeed, of the two, I think you were the more desperate character. You insisted that every living soul on our captured ships should walk the plank."

"I liked the way you made them go 'plop'," explained Rosme.

"And when I suggested, most pusillanimously, to spare the women and children, you said, 'what, clutter ourselves up with a lot of useless baggage?' I admired you terribly for that!"

"I thought you suggested it because I was a girl. And you did, didn't you?"

David admitted that perhaps he had.

"It was a hot, still day just like this," she went on. "Doesn't it make you feel little when you think of millions and millions of hot, still days. All those that have gone before and all those that will come after? I feel as if I would like to hold just one of them tight and never let it go."

"This one!' cried David, who had suddenly turned pale.

"No, no—just any one! We—we mustn't be silly! Let's go on talking about pirates. Do you remember how we buried the pieces of eight. We had nothing that would do, so I cut the buttons off my winter coat and we hid them on a desert island. Oh, David, they're there yet."

"Didn't you ever dig them up?"

"No, we swore, you know, that we wouldn't—not one without the other."

"But, what did you do when it came time to wear the winter coat?"

Rosme dimpled. "I pinned it up with safety-pins inside. Aunt was too mean to get me any more."

"What else did aunt do," he demanded sternly.

But if aunt had done more than this Rosme woundn't tell it.

"You were a loyal little thing!" said David. "Haven't you ever thought it strange that we only met that once? If we had seen more of each other when we were children——"

"We would probably have quarrelled horribly," threw in Rosme hastily.

"Rosme, I have never told you why I did not come back next day as I intended. It was because when I got home that night I heard about my father. He had died that day."

"Your father?"

"Angus Greig was not my real father. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes. I knew you were adopted. But I never heard who your real father was."

"Neither did I—the name, I mean. I wouldn't let Angus tell me. It wasn't a heritage to be proud of."

"But David—one's own name!"

"Greig is my name, if I never disgrace it. Angus gave it to me. But it was that bit of news which changed things so quickly for me. In a fortnight I went away to school. I tried to see you at church, but you weren't there."

"Punishment for the sin of omission!" smiled Rosme. "I expect I hid in the drawing-room. I hated church. David, I believe it was because we were so lonely that we liked each other. You had Miss Mattie and Angus Greig and I had Frances, but a child is always lonely without parents, don't you think?"

"It depends on the parents."

"Well, when I am a parent, I am going to make my children so happy when they are little that no matter what happens to them afterwards they have that much capital to live on."

"Capital?"

"People live on happiness. When they have used it all and there is no more, they die."

"I wonder?"

"They aren't always buried, of course. There are plenty of quite dead people walking around."

"But——"

"But of course it is possible to die of other things—hunger, for instance. Aren't you starving? Please pass the basket and let's see what's in it."

This, David realized with a sigh, was the end of their talk. One does not discuss life's problems over a lunch of chicken sandwiches, celery, pickels, frosted cake, and raspberry vinegar. All these things were in the mysterious basket. David and Rosme ate them all in rotation, scarcely conscious of which was which—a sad waste of pleasant sensation. Then they repacked the basket tidily, set out a dainty feast of crumbs for the birds who hopped hopefully near and set out upon their paddle back down the rose-flushed river.

The brilliance of the afternoon had quieted. Long shadows lay along the banks, mysterious dusk stirred in the reeds, a whispering breath from the lake beyond was cool with the coolness of night and the wide water. But still the glory lay upon the tree tops and gleamed rainbow-hued from the mirroring river. David's paddle dipped slowly, very slowly! But how unrestingly the current bore them on; how quickly the dusk followed them; how chill was the wind from the lake.

"Our beautiful day is going to end in rain," said Rosme with a shiver. "See how quickly the clouds are gathering over there. Madam Rameses will have bad dreams to-night."

"Does Madam dislike a storm?"

"They always make her dream. And lately she has been worried about her dreams. She says she hears a noise of children crying, many, many children! What can it mean?"

"Nothing." David's mind was not on Madam Rameses. "You should not let her fancies distress you."

The storm came so quickly that the first big drops were already falling as they paddled in. The rest was always a blur to David—the long ride in the car, the hurried dash through the pouring rain, a stumble just at Madam's door and a rescued Rosme for one tiny instant in his arms, her face in a flash of summer lightning, beautiful and sad. Then "good-night" and her voice, low and broken, in his ear.

"Oh, David! if you loved her, or she loved you—if I knew you would be happy——"

Then nothing but a closed door and the rain beating down.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT WILSON IN WORLD POLITICS

BY WILLIAM BANKS

IT is probable that no man of his period has been the subject of such heated controversies as President Woodrow Wilson of the United States. The historians of the future, discussing him in the atmosphere of "strict neutrality", may decide for or against his critics of to-day. Their verdict will be the debating ground of another generation. The controversialists of the present are too near to him and to the stupendous events of the last five years to render an impartial judgment.

One thing is certain amidst the arguments that centre around President Wilson and the course he has pursued since the great war brought its perplexities to this continent as well as to those on which the conflict was actually decided by force of arms. That concrete thing is the arrival of the United States as a permanent factor in world politics. Some worthy members of Congress, and many able publicists talk and write as if the United States had finished its share of the work in Europe and Asia and should wash its hands clean of further responsibilities. That cannot be done. In Britain and France particularly, this truth is recognized more clearly than it is in the United States Congress itself. There the majority of the representatives of a nation, tremendous in area and population, are thinking in the terms of their forefathers who knew only repression and intolerance and believed they could escape them by living to themselves and keeping free from all European entanglements. Trade and commerce, the day and night intercourse by cable and wireless, the near approach of the daily journey by airplane and airship and the resumption of immigration from all the old countries of the world, would alone make the ideal of isolation that many United States politicians and newspapers still preach, almost impossible. The entry of the United States into the war, President Wilson's appearance at the Peace Conference, and his subsequent course have made that impossibility absolute.

It is a far cry from the days of the messages issued by the chief executive, in which he implored the people of the United States to maintain strict neutrality in the war, to the recent hour when he urged Congress to authorize the acceptance of a mandate for Armenia. Compliance with that appeal would be the crowning effort of the United States since it threw neutrality to the winds and entered the world conflict on the side of democracy. Congress lost little time in rejecting the request, which seemed to offer the only hope for the salvation of Armenia as a nation and perhaps for its people as a race. The hands of Britain, France and Italy are too full now; their burdens are too heavy. If the martyred outpost of Christianity is to be rescued it must be by

the United States. Wilson sees that clearly. To his logical mind it would be ludicrous for him to act upon the suggestion of the allied premiers that he define the boundaries of the new Armenia, and inform them that his countrymen were willing to allow him to go so far, but would not consent to any action looking toward the protection of the people of that land.

Politics, as was anticipated, resulted not only in the rejection of the President's request for mandatory action, but in its being treated with scant courtesy in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. Promiment members of his own party are against Mr. Wilson in this as in the League of Nations covenant, and until the country has expressed its ideas of the latter through the medium of the Presidential elections next fall, there is little prospect of anything practical being done by the United States to assure Armenia of security from attack until she is able to defend herself successfully if need be.

His critics in Canada and elsewhere outside of his own country, where local politics will probably be the deciding force, should not forget that the President, now pleading for a people whose sufferings are a disgraceful blot on the record of all other Christian nations, which should long ago have combined to end them, is the greatest individual exponent of the League of Nations on this continent. It was his amazing efforts to arouse his fellow countrymen to the vital importance of a League that should be more than a scheme on paper that brought on the illness that has eliminated him as a possibility in the next Presidential election and may compel his early retirement from activity in any phase of life requiring concentrated mental or physical effort.

Had he been backed by a dozen men as familiar with the necessity of the League of Nations and as eloquent in their support of it as himself, it is probable that President Wilson would have succeeded in establishing for it an overwhelming body of public sentinent, despite the machinations of the politicians. Perhaps that sentiment exists in a greater degree than the professed experts of American public opinion admit. The elections will decide that and will indicate to what extent the people of the United States are still influenced by the idea that they should have nothing to do with European affairs. Incidentally it will be interesting to watch in what manner some of the candidates for re-election reconcile their arguments in favour of allowing Europe and Asia to get out of their own troubles as best they may, with their support of resolutions favouring the recognition of an Irish republic; in other words approving an act of hostility against Britain, a friendly nation.

There is a strkiing incongruity in the vehemence with which some American writers and politicians claim that the entry of the United States into the war was based on an idealism as pure as that actuating any individual crusader in a noble cause, and their condemnation of Mr. Wilson's policy in regard to the League of Nations. They cannot see that the League itself is a cause that should stir the imagination of all men who want to avoid a repetition of the ghastly slaughter and waste of the great war, and which is being duplicated on a smaller scale in Europe at this moment because the League lacks the force necessary to back up decisions it may reach. It is a poor commentary upon the boasted astuteness of the average American to absorb the lessons of experience, to have many of his own publicists and politicians assert that he prefers a condition that would leave him free to resort to the bullet and bayonet to settle any and all international misunderstandings. Once it is made plain to him that with all the civilized nations as active members there could be no question of the loss of national honour in submitting disputes to the League of Nations, he would be as keen as any one to have his country

enter. The alternative is the building of fleets that will out-rival those of any other power or of combinations of two or more of the great nations, and the maintenance of a powerful standing army. It is too readily assumed by the demagogues who are blinded by their partisan determination to block and defeat President Wilson's policies, that other countries which were longer in the war are too exhausted to enter into the race of armaments, as deadly in many ways as the wastage of actual war.

In Britain men like Lloyd George, Mr. Herbert Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, who have been in the forefront of the propaganda for the League of Nations share with the great mass of their countrymen keen appreciation of President Wilson's work for humanity in championing the League. Indeed, the confidence of the masses of England in the power of the American President to secure almost unanimous support of the people of the United States for the League covenant was remarkable for its intensity. It is all very well for American writers to say that the Britisher should have known better; should have had knowledge that under the United States constitution the Senate must ratify foreign treaties and so on. The masses do not follow the intricacies of Governmental systems so closely as to understand all the constitutional points such as those raised in the United States Senate regarding Mr. Wilson's adherence to the League of Nations and the Peace Treaty, which it should not be forgotten are inseparable. Moreover the majority of American writers who went to Britain and France on the trail of their President were themselves responsible in a large measure for many wrong impressions created in their own as well as in other countries as to his power and authority. He was always, or nearly always, represented as the standard-bearer of that direct diplomacy that should sweep away all the cobwebbed traditions of secret diplomacy and reach open covenants in open discussion. He was hampered from the very start of his mission—if that word may be permitted—as much by the characteristic desire of the American press to praise and exalt its own as by any lack of the finer understanding of old world diplomacy that might be attributed to him without in any way belittling his undoubted abilities.

As a Canadian observer in the old world at the time of his visit I can add mine to the testimony of many English journalists that the British people welcomed the arrival of Mr. Wilson on two chief grounds: first, their belief that it symbolized a rapprochement between two branches of the English-speaking race due to a long ago folly of the elder. Second, their confidence that the United States would be the most powerful factor in the formation of a league, or tribunal, or international court that would make war among the civilized nations practically impossible. The very attitude of the vast crowds that greeted him on his landing and in London, Manchester, and elsewhere bore evidence to the Englishman's realizaton that a new figure and a new nation were about to play important rôles in matters of state heretofore the prerogative of the European powers.

Somewhat later, in February of 1919, when it had become apparent that the Peace Conference was settling into a contest between the ideals of the progressives who had learned something as the result of the war, and the trained and experienced diplomats whose aim was to hold to the old-time balance of power plans, a number of meetings were held in the British Isles in support of the League of Nations. At all of these Mr. Wilson's name was invariably the signal for cheering and applause. The Englishman does not thus show approval if the man and the cause are distasteful to him. Nor was there any sycophancy in the expressions. Britain is not

kowtowing to any nation or any man in relation to the war and its aftermath. She would be fighting yet if necessary. The few ill-considered and crassly ignorant publicists across the border who paint Britain as fearing the United States or any other nation have a long way to go before they are fit to be mustered out of the kindergarten class. It is because she does not fear that Britain is able to do things for the sake of avoiding friction and promoting good feeling that another nation would not do lest they might be construed as weaknesses.

Mr. Asquith was the chief speaker at one of these meetings on behalf of the League of Nations, and his audience, ten thousand strong, made the Albert Hall, London, ring with approval of his own support of the League and the tributes he paid to Mr. Wilson.

Some days later I heard President Wilson read the draft covenant of the League of Nations at a plenary session of the Peace Conference held in Paris. He was a different Mr. Wilson to the one who had so obviously enjoyed the heartiness of the greetings extended him on his brief visit to England. The strain of the long meetings, endless debates and negotiations of the Peace Conference, were beginning to tell. One could easily believe the stories that he was out of his element; that what to the trained diplomats of the European chancelleries was easily understandable and quickly considered in its application to the special interests they were determined to guard, was grasped by him only after close and exhaustive study. That was not surprising to anyone who has lived close enough to the United States to become reasonably well acquainted with its politics and its newspapers.

President Wilson suffered from the parochialism that is one of the handicaps of the American people. He showed that in his first opposition to the participation of Canada and the other overseas Dominions with distinct representation in the Peace Conference, though on the very next day he withdrew his objections gracefully and frankly. Like most of his fellow countrymen he has not a clear conception of the relationships of the free nations of the British Empire to the Motherland.

That detachment that is his heritage from professorial days, the aloofness of one who has lectured to students who have not answered back, and who unlike the statesmen of Britain, France, Italy and other countries has not had to fight his policies through their various Parliamentary phases in the face of hostile minorities, were additional embarrassments for Mr. Wilson in Paris. This is not the time or place to discuss the charges of some of his own political friends that he would not allow any of his cabinet colleagues or expert advisers to mention views not in full accord with his own. The actions of a few of them in the last few weeks have shown that Mr. Wilson at least understood their limitations fairly well. Nor am I concerned about the allegations that his latest policies on the peace treaty and the Armenian mandate question are the desperate expedients of a man who sees his political power waning and his party disintegrating. I do believe that in the Peace Conference he was sincerely desirious of reaching settlements that should be based on justice. If he was not able to change his mind so quickly as some of the other delegates, and preferred to stick to the main lines of agreements arrived at before the Conference reached the stage where jockeying for national advantage began to outweigh the professed exalted principles of its earlier stages, he may, at least, be given credit for honest intent.

It was no fault of his that the expectations his visit to the old world aroused were not realized in actual achievement. Despatches from the United States before his arrival, and despatches to the newspapers of that country as well as the general trend

of the magazine articles that dealt with his overseas journey and work, set for him an impossible standard. Most of them in fact claimed accomplishment in advance of many of the things they thought he should do, and had little thought of the things that he had in mind and hoped to carry out.

Naturally I shared with fellow Canadians in Paris the resentment of Mr. Wilson's expressed views relative to British Empire representation at the Peace table, notwithstanding his early and complete retraction. In that hour it was easier to recall the tenor of some of his famous messages prior to the entry of the United States into the war, and to condemn his apparent indifference to the allied cause, than to give credit to him for at last placing his country in the battle front with the entente nations. But hearing him read the draft of the League it was impossible to dwell upon his past course and easy to hope for the future.

A heavy rain beat upon the windows of the building during the greater part of that memorable session. It was falling when the delegates began to arrive, but it did not prevent the gathering of a fair-sized crowd anxious to catch a glimpse of the world's notable men. It was of that crowd I thought as Mr. Wilson read the draft, and subsequently made a set speech. It included some French, Britsh and American private soldiers, a few women, mostly in mourning, and a number of workingclass men. They represented the masses upon whom all war lays its heaviest burden. For them the League of Nations would be a new and a real charter of freedom.

In imagination I saw also the hosts of gallant Canadians who with other hosts of the allied armies had died that the world might be made fit for free men to live in, and I thought of those who had loved and now mourned them. A League of Nations was too late to save the men who sleep in the fields of France and Flanders and all the areas of battle over which the world conflict was waged. It is not too late to avert the slaughter of the rising generation if only it has strength enough to do the work for which it is formed. That it cannot have if the United States holds aloof.

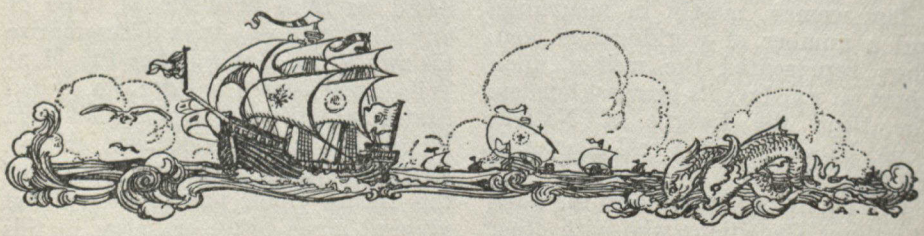
One noticed in Mr. Wilson's prepared speeches at the Peace Conference, as in his public utterances in Britain and France, a curious similarity with the prepared addresses delivered by Mr. Asquith. Each appears to be analyzing as he goes along. Occasionally there is a pause as if he were enjoying the setting of a phrase or finding a flaw in it. Each seems to be confident that it is good material he is presenting to his audience, and to be rather impatient of applause that interferes with the rounding off of a sentence. Mr. Asquith can make a clever and effective impromptu speech, particularly on the election stump. But both Asquith and Wilson fall short of the magnetic appeals that Lloyd George makes to his audiences, though the British Premier's addresses may not be nearly so logical as theirs. There is in Mr. George's attitude on the political platform and even in more formal circumstances an air of inviting the confidence of his listeners. He plays upon their emotions where Mr. Asquith and Mr. Wilson appeal to their reasoning powers.

These are personal views and as subject to the criticism that they are based on false premises as those of any other man who tries to summarize his own ideas. But whether President Wilson was forced to urge the United States into the war against his own inclination, as some declare, or not, and whatever may be the verdict of the future upon the messages that aroused much bitter criticism in this country and others in the earlier years of the war, the course that he is pusuing as this is written is that of a man of wider vision than many even of his friends have credited him with

possessing. Not only has he pleaded for a mandate for Armenia and thus injected into the Presidential campaign the purest and loftiest note that has yet been struck, but he has vetoed the Knox resolution for a separate peace between the United States and the central powers as passed by the Senate, in a message that gives to the political contest still another issue based upon the noblest ideals. The closing sentences are worth quoting:

"Notwithstanding the fact that upon our entrance into the war we professed to be seeking to assist in the maintenance of common interests, nothing is said in this resolution about the freedom of navigation upon the seas or the reduction of armaments, or the vindication of the rights of Belgium, or the rectification of wrongs done to France, or the release of the Christian population of the Ottowamn Empire from the intolerable subjugation which they have had for so many generations to endure, or the establishment of an independent Polish state, or the continued maintenance of any kind of understanding among the great powers of the world which would be calculated to prevent in the future such outrages as Germany attempted. and in part consummated. We have now in effect declared that we do not care to take any further risks or to assume any further responsibilities with regard to the freedom of nations or the sacredness of international obligation or the safety of independent peoples. Such a peace with Germany—a peace in which none of the essential interests which we had at heart when we entered the war is safeguarded—is, or ought to be inconceivable, is inconsistent with the dignity of the United States with the rights and liberties of her citizens, and with the very fundamental conditions of civilization."

No matter what the result of the Presidential elections Mr. Wilson has made it impossible for the campaigners to avoid discussion of world politics, and the educational influence of that in the thousands of meetings and newspaper articles until the contest closes will be incalculable. It may be that the foreign policies advocated by him will be rejected by the electorate; that can only be a temporary check. The United States has already gone too far to assure a future untrammelled by more than a passing sentimental interest in the fates of other nations. The American people are inexorably committed to participation in world politics. President Wilson knows best whether he led them so far beyond the threshold voluntarily or under the compulsion of influences not now apparent. At any rate fair-minded people everywhere will admit, notwithstanding the publication recently of his criticism of the British Navy, that in what is undoubtedly the closing period of his political career he has presented issues for argument and decision that are worthy the best traditions of a great nation.



GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

X.—SIR CHARLES TUPPER

FOR a period of more than sixty years Sir Charles Tupper was a familiar figure in Canadian politics. For almost fifty years of that long span he may be justly regarded as having won against all comers the title of "The King of Canadian Debaters". If not as a silver-tongued orator, then unquestionably as a master of the art of argument and controversy he is pre-eminently entitled to a foremost position in a survey of the orators of the Dominion of Canada.

Seldom, if ever, has History produced the equal of this marvellous man. His mature opinions upon many political questions were definitely formed before he was twenty-one years of age. Half a century afterwards, when he was in the very meridian of his power and glory, and under conditions which were incapable of prediction fifty years before they occurred, those opinions required no essential modification and received no fundamental revision. Never once in his lifetime was he known, whether he was in the right, or whether he was in the wrong, to swerve from the course which he had defintely and deliberately adopted.

Sir Charles Tupper was born in Nova Scotia in 1821. Ninety-five years afterwards he died in the Province of British Columbia. It was fitting that the entire expanse of a continent should have stretched between his birthplace, not far from the Atlantic, and his grave beside the Pacific. For, during the three score years of his public life, he exercised a giant's powers in bringing the blessing of union to the thousand leagues of territory which lie between this planet's mightiest seas. He was educated as a physician, and conscientiously strove for a few years to give his promising talents to his profession. But politics attracted him, with the result that he became at the age of thirty-four a member of the Legislative Assembly of his native Province. Not only that, but in 1863 we find his patients so shamefully neglectful of their own self interests as to dispense with his visits long enough to enable him to become Prime Minister of Nova Scotia.

In 1867 Sir Charles Tupper entered the Parliament of the new Dominion of Canada. Although entitled and invited to office in the Cabinet of Sir John Macdonald, he unselfishly refused, in order that accommodation might be made for the cliques and interests which office alone could satisfy. Merited honour, however, overcomes opposition, and within a few months Sir Charles became a Cabinet Minister. In the general election which sent him to Canada's Capital he was the only unionist sent from Nova Scotia. In 1872 not only was he returned to Parliament by his own constituency, but he succeeded in carrying for union every seat in his native Province, with but one solitary exception. For this vast revulsion in public opinion History has always given him ample credit.

The remainder of the history of the great Nova Scotian's career is well and almost universally known. He retired from power with the defeat of his party on the question of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal in 1873. He remained with his party in opposition for the five succeeding years. During that interval, however, he and Sir John Macdonald conducted throughout Canada a political campaign of unprecedented energy and dimensions. He even changed his residence to Toronto in order that he might be close beside the fountain of political activity in Canada. He is said to have practised medicine while a resident of Toronto, but it may be affirmed with confidence that while one ear was listening to the vibrations of the patient's heart, the other was listening with not less eagerness to the beating of the great political heart of the Dominion of Canada. Much by reason of his indomitable courage and unfaltering zeal, his party swept back into power in 1878, and he resumed office as Minister of Railways and Canals. Later he went to England as High Commissioner for Canada, and in the Empire's mighty capital he performed effective service for Canada. Thrice, during Sir Charles Tupper's incumbency of the High Commissionership in England did he return on great political missions to Canada. Twice he came to aid Sir John Macdonald—in the general elections of 1887 and of 1891. Once he came in 1896 to become at last Prime Minister of the Country that owed so much of its greatness to his genius. His fall in that disastrous year was not inglorious. It was not the fall of a great man so much as it was the temporary overthrow of a disorganized and leaderless party. His heroic efforts to lead his party through the destroying storm of that titanic epoch with the dauntless courage of old, is well known. After his defeat, he retired to his English estate, which he had acquired during his long term of office beyond the seas. There he lived until extreme old age came drifting on, whitening his hair, and enfeebling his footsteps. In time the pressure of the inexorable years impressed him with the necessity of being with the last refuge of a full and complete life—the loved ones of his own blood. He returned when that time had come, and in Canada the pulsing years slipped serenely onward, while he gazed out from the windows of his son's dwelling in the City of Vancouver, towards the mother of all seas. At the great age of ninety-five he passed away, so peacefully that the distinction between life and death was outwardly almost imperceptible. The tranquil close of his career was in mighty contrast with his stormy and restless life. When he died a new generation had completely taken the place of the generation he knew so well. As his remains were being conveyed to the tomb there were many who did not know that forty years before he had shaken the Dominion almost to its very core.

To understand Tupper's oratory it is necessary to define the man. He is unique as a statesman in having no part of a past which he felt to merit any apology. Whenever he met with reverses he proudly swept them aside, as if conscious that they were unworthy of a moment's notice. He regarded his defeats rather as calamities for his country than as disasters for himself. Some day he felt history would repent of its hostility, and willingly return to pathways which he had indicated. Every cause that he espoused, even on into extreme old age, he espoused with the mighty vigour and iron resolution of a giant. He approached stupendous undertakings with the conviction of a man who appeared to conceive that there was no other side to any question except that which he was advocating. His speeches, consequently were not so much scholarly structures of literary magnificence, or masterly models

of skilfully worded logic; they were overwhelming torrents of conviction, tempestuously sweeping in all directions, and superbly submerging all opposition. The battle-axe of conviction, not the text-book of rhetoric, was the formidable weapon which he used most in his gigantic encounters. His voice was pleasant, but not very loud, even in his palmiest days. Had it been thunderous, he might have passed, after Webster, as the next greatest orator of his century on the American Continent. His features were bold and even inexorable, but they were kindly and very human. No one, however, could possibly read his mind. He never strove for the choicest word nor for the most classic expression. His English nevertheless was far above the ordinary, and occasionally rose to brilliance in his most dramatic moods. Every argument which his unusually replete mind could unfold in support of his teachings was used in his speeches with most marvellous effect. Every contention which gave countenance to the reverse side was studiously, and even grandly, ignored. There was nothing halting about his oratory. He spoke smoothly and swiftly, and with the ease of a man who was particularly familiar with his theme. He impressed his hearers with his intense earnestness, and great audiences were vastly swayed by the fascinating eloquence, if not of a silver tongue, at least of a mind deeply laden with conviction. He memorized no parts of his speeches, neither electrifying paragraphs nor striking perorations. He knew his subjects well, for they invariably concerned those portions of the government of his country in which he himself appeared as the principal actor, and therefore he required nothing but the audiences and the opportunities to become eloquent, for eloquence is more the product of profound knowledge grappling splendidly with a national crisis than of scholarly sentences delivered with elocutionary vehemence and dramatic skill. He had at need a boundless command of scathing satire, and the sting of many of his sentences lingered long in the remembrances of many who had given the great orator a sufficient provocation. He did not make timorous arguments against his case and then as timorously overthrow them. His speeches were Jovian thunderbolts. They glowed with heat from the fiery centre and heart of the flame. A thousand changes convulsed the world during his long lifetime, but they made no effect upon him. Through them all he was, to use one of Tennyson's picturesque metaphors,

"A pillar steadfast in the storm."

No man had the need of the teachings of great events less than he. Emphatically he was not directed by history; for he himself made and directed history. In some respects there can be no greater orator than the man who is unchangeable in his opinions.

The very weight of intense conviction in such a person is wholly beyond measure. Every sentence which he thundered, he implicitly believed. Overwhelming majorities against him meant nothing to him. National unpopularity, in the rare times that it came, he did not deign to observe. Out of his defeats rang the fierce wild note of unvanquished defiance. He ever flung the gauntlet in the hour of disaster yet again in the face of the enemy. Of all the orators of Canada he was the most fearless. He was a mighty support for his party in its glory and in its gloom; and if for a generation Sir John Macdonald was the genius of the Conservative party surely Sir Charles Tupper was its inspiration. He was an oratorical tempest upon the platform and in Parliament; he was a far-seeing prophet with his country's most transcendent achievements shining forever in the lustre of his eye; he had a deathless hope in the future of the land he helped to nurture up to

greatness; he was a patriot of the truest type, and his life meant much for the country whose history was blended indissolubly with the triumphs of his noblest and greatest years. Like an inspired Demosthenes, when the cruel Macedonians were approaching the Athenian Capital; like a Chatham, when a hostile flag dared to near the coast of England; like a Webster when the American Union was hastening towards the brink of disruption, he grandly arose in the hour of Canada's tribulation and despair to the very pinnacle of his powers, and indignantly hurled upon the factious enemies of his country the giant oratorical outpourings of a mind, beneath which men accustomed to daring deeds and warring words shrank, quailed and then submissively gave way.

THE URSULINE

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

SHE was a beauty then. Her gray, deep eyes
Brimmed with her laughter, for she knew no care,
And her soft, happy sighs
Were wrought of dancing feet and flying hours
Spent under starry skies.
She was aglow with youth, like springtime flowers,
Graceful and supple as the willow wand.
Sometimes, from back of some wild-loosened hair,
Laughing, she threw a kiss with her slim hand.

Picture her now in that cool, cloistered place.
She is a beauty still, and in her face
Shines the fair spirit of self-sacrifice;
And that sweet, courtly grace
Befits her well: Look in her shining eyes.
In them there lurks new laughter, close to tears,
Like changing April skies—
As if in yielding up youth's precious years
She found instead a nobler paradise.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The Executive Committee of the United Farmers of Ontario reasserts the right to determine what legislation shall or shall not be enacted by the Provincial Parliament. With no desire to be critical or censorious, it must be said that this position involves a direct challenge to the system of responsible government as developed and practised in British countries. If the claim should be admitted, the Legislature would become the creature of an outside body, and the Government of Ontario would be established not in Queen's Park but in the Labour Temple, where the Farmers' Committee holds its meetings.

Moreover, the Committee undertakes not only to control the farmers in the Legislature but also the Labour group, which is an essential element in the Coalition and gives the Government its majority. The Central Labour organization of Australia exercised just such absolute power as is claimed by the Farmers' Committee of Ontario. Labour Members of the Senate and House of Representatives were primarily responsible not to their constituents or to a parliamentary leader, but to the National Labour Council. Any Labour Member who attempted to exercise an independent judgment on any question was disciplined by the outside organization and his resignation demanded if he refused to obey its commands. If the United Farmers should secure a majority in the next Canadian Parliament the Senate and House of Commons would be subordinate to the Canadian Council of Agriculture. We would have a new and sovereign governing body responsible to a single class in the country and constitutionally far more unrepresentative than the Senate, which the Farmers desire to abolish.

Mr. Hughes found it necessary to repudiate the Labour caucus in Australia. Mr. Drury has not submitted to the Farmers' caucus in Ontario. There is really no serious conflict between Mr. Drury and the Farmers' Committee, but he could hardly afford to admit that he is the instructed servant of an outside body and not the free and responsible leader of the Legislature. Nor can other classes afford to recognize a Committee unknown to the Constitution and alien to the genius of responsible government. Burke's conception of a member of Parliament as an independent representative of the people and not the mere delegate of any group or party is the only conception which gives dignity to parliamentary institutions. Mr. Drury probably will save the farmers from themselves by reasonable assertion of his position as Premier of Ontario and proper recognition of the Cabinet as the natural organ of legislation and public policy.

The Manitoba Free Press, which is very friendly to the Western Grain Growers and in complete sympathy with their fiscal programme, declares that the action of the U. F. O. directorate of Ontario means that members of the Legislation will become "mere voting instruments for the organized farmemrs".

It means that "the man in Parliament must have no mind of his own". It means the perpetuation of a "condition that has been an object of attack for years by various protesting groups throughout the country who claimed that the great trouble with Canadian politics was that the member of Parliament was subject to outside control and lacked the backbone to legislate for the country as a whole and not for some particular class".

The Free Press adds:

"Men who do enough thinking to have opinions of their own—and these are the men who are of service to the nation—will not accept nomination if their hands are to be tied. This applies to the Farmers of Canada as well as to any other group where political aspirations exist. The eventual result will be to drive men of independent and thoughtful judgment outside their own party. The party, *ipso facto*, becomes just that much weaker. But the deeper and more perturbing point from a national standpoint is this: Has the standard of citizenship sunk so low in this country that a man cannot be picked for Parliament who can be trusted once his back has disappeared around the corner? Chosen as he should be, for his honesty, for his good judgment, for his enlightened mind on public questions, is it necessary to hold a club over him to keep him true to his own self and to his principles once he is out of sight of his neighbours? If conditions are such in this country it would be just as well to throw democratic government overboard altogether and hand over the reins to some absolute monarch who would govern us as he might think best for us in our day of decadent citizenship."

II

There is a flavour of hostility in many references to "aliens" in Canada. This could be understood if the censure was directed only against Germans and Austrians who during the war manifested open sympathy with the Hohenzollern autocrats or before the war were plotting to secure special privileges and to exercise an undue ascendancy in Canadian affairs. It has been clearly established that alike in the United States and in Canada there were German elements which strove to make the public schools centres of German influence and to organize German voters as a solid block in State and federal elections. This perhaps was not true of Germans in Ontario but it was true of certain insidious agitators in the Western Provinces who maintained a close association with those leaders in the Fatherland who plotted to extend and consolidate German authority in other nations.

But there are many people in Canada commonly described as "aliens" who are not Germans and who deserve sympathy and consideration for the very reason that they do not fully understand our language and institutions. In the past we have opened our doors to all the tribes of men and it should be our object to make these people happy and prosperous Canadian citizens. If they are contented they will be loyal. If they are well treated they will develop sympathy and regard for the institutions of their adopted country. Why should the "foreign" groups be so isolated as they are in many Canadian communities? Is there any sound reason that Canadian Clubs should embrace, as they generally do, only those whose native language is English? Why should not Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs and similar organizations have a greater membership from the "foreign" groups? If now and again the president of such bodies were taken from the "foreign" element would not civic and national good result? The churches, too, could do more than they are doing to break down the barriers which divide different elements of the population. We are too prone to regard many classes of immigrants as "cheap labour" or as political material to be herded and purchased in elections. It is most desirable that all elements which come to Canada should develop an active interest in public affairs and just in proportion as the leaders of "foreign groups" are treated with consideration and trusted with responsibility all those with whom they have racial affinity will become better citizens and the genius of all races will be expressed in the government and institutions of the country.

If we desire that these people shall learn English it is not, or should not be, because we dislike their native language. It should be because on this English-speaking continent those who do not know English cannot make the best of themselves. We want no subject races in Canada, nor any element among the people which cannot take full advantage of all the opportunities which the country affords. It is natural that Italians, Hebrews, Greeks and all other nationalities should remember their racial traditions and have their national anniversaries. This is done by French and English and Scotch and Irish but they are not poorer Canadians because they do not forget the achievements of their ancestors. What we need to do, if the future of Canada is to be what we all hope and desire it should be, is to inspire a like patriotism in all the groups and elements which make their home here and to keep the road to the best places in business life and public life open to all those who become Canadian citizens, without thought of their origin or any vagrant notion that there are favoured races or classes in the Dominion.

III

During the Races at the Woodbine someone suggested that three-fourths of those in attendance would probably vote in a referendum to suppress racing. So thousands of those who will vote to make Ontario "bone dry" will stock a cellar, violate the law without compunction, and deny any responsibility for its enforcement. The most devoted protectionist will smuggle goods across the border and rejoice as in a moral victory over a natural enemy. Was there ever a free trader who would admit that the protection which his own industry enjoyed should be reduced or abolished? One thinks of stern opponents of industrial mergers who are religiously convinced that the merger from which they draw their profits is a blessing to "the people". It is curious that so many men who drink liquor to excess are the most severe judges of those who do likewise. How many zealous advocates of direct taxation discover only one-third of their income when they are required to make return to the Government? One thinks of newspapers which insist that access to the American market is a divine right except for manufacturers of pulp and paper. Have we not all heard men with incomes of $25,000 or $50,000 inveigh against the scandalous proposal to raise the sessional indemnity of a member of Parliament above $2,500? None of us like taxes, or interference with our habits and preferences, but most of us are willing to impose taxes on other people, to regulate their customs and habits, and to deprive them of the things for which we have no inclination or appetite, so long as officials are appointed to enforce the regulations and we are put to no cost or inconvenience. In these happy days the voice of the majority is the voice of God, and it is as vociferous as a siren. Fortunately there is more of comedy than of tragedy in the curious and contradictory performances of mankind.

IV

There is no salvation for a nation in political machinery. The United States discovers that politics are not regenerated by multiplicity of elections. The Primaries were designed to overcome the "bosses" and assure that only the free choice of "the people" would become candidates for public office. But that is not what has happened. There was, indeed, no prospect that the method adopted would produce the result desired. A Primary is not an election and the masses of the people cannot be interested in preliminary tests and inconclusive exercises. But the Primary does afford opportunity to political managers and does increase the cost and apparently the corruption of elections.

It has been revealed before a Senate Committee at Washington that between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 have been spent in the Primaries by Republican and Democratic aspirants for a Presidential nomination at Chicago or San Francisco. Senator Lowden himself, who was seeking the Republican nomination, furnished nearly $400,000 out of his own bank account and fully $1,000,000 was provided to further General Wood's candidature. Senator Johnson of California, who provoked the Senatorial investigation by charging his rivals with corrupt expenditures, seems to have had between $200,000 and $300,000 spent in his own behalf. The Democratic candidates were more frugal, or more successful in avoiding damaging revelations. But apparently the agents of the candidates got all they could and spent as freely as they received. Not a great deal of the money obtained may have been used corruptly, for undoubtedly much was needed for an initial Presidential contest over the whole country.

At last many of the best American newspapers admit that the Primary is a colossal imposture. Only the candidates, the managers and the professional voters are really interested. When the struggle is over nothing is settled. Ofter all the turmoil and expenditure a majority of the delegates to the Republican Convention were "uninstructed" or so "instructed" as to enjoy practical freedom. The candidates who ran strongest in the Primaries could be nominated. All the labour and outlay proved to be useless. The mind of the country was not revealed. The people still have to make their actual choice in the actual election, and to the millions spent upon the primaries, other millions will be added in organizing in behalf of the candidates actually nominated.

It is likely that sooner or later the referendum and the recall will fall upon as evil fortune as the presidential primaries. The chief effect of such devices is to professionalize politics and to destroy the freedom and independence of parliaments. A democracy peculiarly requires informed and independent leadership but such leadership is destroyed by checks and balances which deny the right of independent judgment and compel submission to temporary majorities and passing waves of passion and prejudice. Sir Robert Peel said long ago, "There is too much truth in the saying, 'the head of a party must be directed by the tail'. As heads see and tails are blind, I think heads are the best judges as to the course to be taken." If ever there was a system which gave "tails" the ascendancy in public affairs it is that which the American people have devised and of which they seem to have had about as much as they can endure.

Two statements about the Presidential Primaries by leading Republicans are perhaps worth quoting. In the last chapter of the Reminiscences which Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has been contributing to *The New York Sun* and *Herald*, he says:

"I do not like the primary as a means of collecting delegates or of indicating the preferences of a State. They create bitter jealousies or antagonisms oftener than not. They are incredibly expensive and give rise to stories, true or false, of a too lavish expenditure of money. Often they act to the benefit of the minority party because the sore and disappointed adherents of sore and disappointed aspirants often carry strength to the minority party. In the end primaries settle nothing, prove nothing. The convention system is infinitely better. It is a form of candidate selection after full discussion by men that have been selected more honestly and democratically than under the primary system. For, after all, primaries are largely a matter of canvass, organization and money spending."

This is what Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, thinks of the system:

"It has failed, as it was bound to fail. It is unsound in theory, unworkable in practice, and as un-American as any political device that has yet been suggested by

anybody. This system has invited, indeed has almost compelled, huge expenditures on the part of those who have fallen victims to its solicitations, and yet it has proved nothing except that the great mass of Republican voters await with entire confidence the result of unprejudiced and untrammeled discussion by the delegates to the National Convention. As a method of exaggerating the importance of small minorities this system is quite ideal. The newspapers announce that somebody or other has 'swept' a given State, but, when we get the facts, it is found that the 'sweeping' consisted in polling somewhere between four and twenty per cent. of the party vote. It is probable that in all the recent primaries so widely advertised throughout the land there were not so many votes cast for all the contestants as will be cast for President alone in the City of New York next November."

The experiences of the United States should save Canada from the adoption of such useless and costly political devices as the Americans so often employ to get results which can come only through an alert, patriotic and public-spirited citizenship and the natural, unobstructed working of the British system of responsible government.

V

In Mr. T. P. O'Connor's study of Mirabeau and Sophie de Monnier there are some sentences which have a direct and instructive bearing on the agitation to increase the salaries of ministers of the Crown and the indemnity of members of parliament. He says:

"Mirabeau was considered by himself to be hugely in debt; as a matter of fact, he owed about 200,000 livres—that is to say, about four years' rent of his property. It ought not to have required much financial genius to have made an arrangement by which such a heritage could have relieved Mirabeau from at least pressing necessities; but the splendid fellow refused to leave his place in the National Assembly—where everything turned on his tongue, adroitness, and courage—and would pay no attention to his private affairs. In this respect Mirabeau is but a specimen—a common specimen—of public men; a specimen that ought to receive much more consideration, perhaps, at the hands of men, and especially of biographers, than it usually does. The public man who is really absorbed in the work of the nation is not only without the time, but is without the inclination, to look after his own affairs. The mind that is capable of the enthusiasms of humanity is often by its very essence incapable of the small and sordid personal cares of daily life. But assuredly such enthusiasms are the mark, not of a low, but of a lofty nature, and political society would be much better employed in raising its benefactors and enthusiasts above small wants than in complaining that the great services bestowed upon it by such minds had been given at the expense of the statesman's own comfort and own interests."

VI

In the industrial turmoil through which the world is passing two facts seem to emerge. (1) That a general strike cannot succeed and (2) that workers will not submit to compulsion. A few months ago Kansas established a Court of Industrial Relations with greater powers of coercion than any like tribunal in America had ever attempted to exercise. The State Governor, convinced that he had discovered the secret of industrial peace, delivered a series of addresses in other States in explanation and defence of the Kansas legislation. The other day he met Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, on the platform at New York, and argued with force and skill against the arbitrary right of either capital or labour to strike without regard to the common interests of the community. The Kansas Court has jurisdiction over public utilities and over industries engaged in the manufacture of food, clothing and fuel. It consists of three judges and has power to fix wages and hours and conditions of employment and to investigate the profits and conditions of industry. The Act constituting the Court declares that it "must give equal consideration to the rights of Capital and to the rights of Labour", and that "Capital must receive a fair rate of profit and that workers must receive a fair wage and have healthful and moral surroundings".

Already, however, Labour has challenged the Court of Industrial Relations and the President of the Kansas district of the United Mine Workers of America has been sent to prison for refusal to appear as a witness before the tribunal. He asserts that the Court "is an institution founded to enslave the workingman" and he seems to have the support of a great body of miners. It is doubtful if even three judges can wisely be empowered to adjust without appeal all the differences that arise between workers and employers, determine industrial conditions and fix wages and profits. Labour, as the experience of New Zealand and Australia has demonstrated, will find a way to escape compulsion. It cannot be made to work if the disposition is to do otherwise. So Capital, deprived of a legitimate return, can find many methods to make unjust regulations ineffective and abortive.

One begins to think that excessive governmental interference in industry is not favourable to industrial stability. It does nothing to improve relations between employers and workers. A peace compelled is not a peace that is likely to endure. Machinery to ensure publicity is valuable and arbitration is often effective. But it is certain that in many strikes there is a deliberate intention to compel governments to interfere. Possibly settlements would be effected more quickly and often more justly if they stood aside. One remembers when it was generally believed that under "public ownership" strikes would seldom, if ever, occur. But experience seems to show that services under public control are natural breeding-places of industrial unrest and that the infection spreads to private industries. One doubts sometimes if the sense of equity in governments is stronger than in organized Labour or among private employers and if that be true industry could wisely be permitted to settle more of its own quarrels.

There is much to be said for minimum wages for women and children and perhaps under exceptional circumstances for some classes of unskilled labour. Nothing that the State can do to ensure continuous employment may be neglected. But here again workers and employers in sympathetic co-operation can settle many of their own problems. The trouble is that no general laws can be made to fit all conditions. A measure which can be safely applied to one set of industries would be mischievous and even destructive in its effects upon other industries. We will gain nothing if we make workers and employers dependent upon parliaments and throw every industrial dispute into the arena of party conflict. Many of the measures which are necessary in war lave no natural application in peace. War requires autocracy in government. In peace neither Labour nor Capital will have autocracy. But many politicians do not seem to recognize that the war is over or that the masses of the people have determined to resume control over their own affairs.

In Great Britain, where there is more statesmanship among Labour leaders than in any other country, for the British people understand freedom as do no other people in the world, "direct action" has been repudiated. Even in Australia "Go Slowism" and "direct action" fall into disfavour. Mr. F. W. Birrell, President of the Trades and Labour Council of South Australia, declares that the One Big Union "has crumbled like a house of cards". It is apparent that "the outlaws" in the United States cannot prevail. Canada has had its tragedy and its lesson. No democracy, as has been said, will submit to autocracy either of Labour or of Capital, and the impression deepens that the statesmen of Labour and the statesmen of Capital can best settle their differences without excessive interference by governments. For they must co-operate in their own interest and neither element submits easily or finally to governmental compulsion.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

REYNARD THE FOX

By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a full and resplendent picture of an English fox hunt, with all its colour, its brilliance, its action, its social lights, its background of tavern, stables, horses, hounds, wenches, parsons, squires, soldiers, churls and radiant youth — astride and afoot—all eager for the great work of being in at the death. One must confess to some limping lines, but there are so many delightful passages, the work must be judged as a whole. We like descriptions like this one of the parson who did not talk of churchyard worms:

"He liked to see the foxes killed;
But most he felt himself in clover
To hear "Hen left, hare right, cock over,"
At woodside, when the leaves are brown
Some gray cathedral in a town
Where drowsy bells toll out the time
To shaven closes sweet with lime,
And wall-flower roots drive out of the mortar
All summer on the Norman Dortar,
Was certain someday to be his.
Nor would a mitre go amiss
To him, because he governed well.
His voice was like the tenor bell
When services were said and sung.
And he had read in many a tongue,
Arabic, Hebrew, Spanish, Greek."

Then came:

"An old bear in a scarlet pelt
Came next, old Squire Haridew,
His eyebrows gave a man the grue
So bushy and so fierce they were;
He had a bitter tongue to swear.
A fierce, hot, hard, old, stupid squire,
With all his liver made of fire,
Small brain, great courage, mulish will.
The heart in all his house stood still
When someone crossed the squire's path.
For he was terrible in wrath,
And smashed whatever came to hand.
Two things he failed to understand,
The foreigner and what was new.

. . . . . .

"The next to come was Major Howe
Driv'n in a dog-cart by a groom.
The testy major was in fume
To find no hunter standing waiting;
The groom who drove him caught a rating,
The groom who had the horse in stable,
Was damned in half the tongues of Babel.
The major being hot and heady
When horse or dinner was not ready.
He was a lean, tough, liverish fellow,
With pale blue eyes (the whites pale yellow),
Moustache clipped toothbrush-wise, and jaws
Showed bluish like old partridge claws.
When he had stripped his coat he made
A speckless presence for parade,
New pink, white cords, and glossy tops,
New gloves, the newest thing in crops,
Worn with an air that well expressed
His sense that no one else was dressed."

And, later on:

"Behind them rode her daughter Bell,
A strange, shy, lovely girl whose face
Was sweet with thought and proud with race,
And bright with joy at riding there,
She was as good as blowing air
But shy and difficult to know.
The kittens in the barley-mow,
The setter's toothless puppies sprawling,
The blackbird in the apple calling,
All knew her spirit more than we
So delicate these maidens be
In lovely helpless things."

There are dozens of equally effective pieces of description in this volume of 166 pages which ends, after "The fox came home and went to ground", with this stanza:

"The beech wood gray rose dim in the night
With moonlight fallen in pools of light,
The long dead leaves on the ground were rimed.
A clock struck twelve and the church-bells chimed."

SOME OF US ARE MARRIED

By Mary Stewart Cutting. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THERE are fourteen stories in this book—most of the stories are about the same people. The people are pretty much even as you and I, decent people, ordinary people, gay and good people who have learned to think of income more as something that develops ingenuity than as something that guarantees a satisfactory living. They are the kind of people for whom a trip to Aunt Kate's funeral, involving a sleeper, raises financial problems hardly to be borne. The women in the stories are cosy, homey, dancy, well-dressed, frivolous, profound, and interesting, silly sometimes over the purchase of three cents worth of peppers in the market, curiously and intricately competent sometimes in the matter of husband-psychology. The men go into town to business, skip away of an afternoon for golf or a tango party, love their wives dearly but nevertheless have certain problems to work out in connection with their relations with femininity in general. One man who feels that dancing helps him to be a good architect has a wife who doesn't believe that sort of thing. One woman who runs a house and relatives (when they don't run her) has a husband who has developed the knack of being able to go happily on a holiday without her. So the stories go. They are cleverly worked up and brightly told and there are deft turns to their climaxes.

Domestic infelicity of the excruciating type doesn't figure in the stories—there is no analytic going down deeper and deeper into the strange, stained, and twisted whorls and involutions of morbidity in these stories. Beside them, Joseph Conrod's story "The Return", is like a weird, old, leaf-choked, abysmal woods-pool when compared with a shining open puddle in the sunshine.

There is a place for such stories as these. They are about as profound as ordinary people are when viewed casually without the microscope. Just as the time for summer reading arrives, and just after Canadians are through with the heavy grind of their winter reading, they appear opportunely. There is no excessive sex zest nor wild romance in them; neither is there any difficulty or weight of thought.

*

TALES OF CHEKHOV

By Anton Chekhov. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is doubtful whether these stories if offered in the first place to a public composed of readers in English would be acceptable. They are not stories according to our standards. Rather are they studies or mere incidents. "The Chorus Girl," for instance, is an account of a visit of a wife to the home of her husband's mistress, where, within hearing of the husband, who is hidden, she begs the mistress to give up the presents the husband, as she imagines, has heaped upon her. The mistress, who actually has not received any presents of much value, disclaims any such possessions, but at length, in view of the entreaties of the wife, who arouses her pity, takes from a chest a diamond brooch, a coral necklace, some rings and bracelets. The wife protests that she has not received all. With that the mistress impulsively throws out from the chest several other articles of value, but insists that not one of them was given to her by the husband. Then the wife ties the lot up in a handkerchief and departs without a further word. As soon as she has gone, the husband comes in and upbraids his mistress for humiliating his wife. Then he also goes away, denouncing her as a low creature.

"Pasha lay down and began weeping aloud. She was already regretting her things which she had given away so impulsively, and her feelings were hurt. She remembered how three years ago a merchant had beaten her for no sort of reason, and she wailed more loudly than ever."

"The Bishop" is more satisfactory as a story, although it is really a des-

cription of the depressing routine of a provincial bishop's life, of the awe in which he is held by the people, especially his own relatives, and the impoverishing effect that resultant ostracism has upon himself. Nevertheless they are interesting tales, and are notable for their many poignant passages.

*

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN

By F. P. A. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

MAUD MULLER sighed, as she poured the gin,
"I've got something on Whittier's heroine."
"Thanks," said the judge, "a peppier brew
From a fairer hand was never knew."
And when the judge had had number Seven
Maud seemed an angel direct from Heaven.
And the judge declared "You're a lovely girl,
An' I'm for you, Maudie, I'll tell the worl'."

There is sense as well as nonsense in this book of parodies and careless rhymes. Under the gay cloak of motley parody F. P. A. often carries a real seriousness, a purpose that has a thrust ready for modern peccadilloes and vices and strutting clamours.

College and high school students who are in the throes of translating Horace's Odes should get inspiration for freedom in translation from the first part of this book which is given up to the translation of some dozen of the Odes. Horace was notoriously a bit of a blade. Here in F. P. A.'s rendering of that Ode, Book III No. 15, which begins: *"Uxor pauperis Ibyci, Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae"*:

"Chloris, lay off the flapper stuff;
What's fit for Pholoe, a fluff,
Is not for Ibycus's wife—
A woman at your time of life!
Ignore, old dame, such pleasures as
The shimmy and the "Bacchus Jazz";
Your presence with the maidens jars—
You are the cloud that dims the stars.
Your daughter Pholoe may stay
Out nights upon the Appian Way;
Her love for Nothus, as you know,
Makes her as playful as a doe.
No jazz for you, no jars of wine,
No rose that blooms incarnadine.
For one thing only are you fit—
Buy some Lucerian wool—and knit!"

There is a certain dark professor of Latin in one of the colleges of Toronto University, who, if memory serves aright, would enjoy these sallies of F. P. A., and probably use them in his classes as of real teaching value in giving to a sleepy Latin period that awakening excitement of modernity which it was always his knack to invoke.

*

A STRAIGHT DEAL

By Owen Wister. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ALL who are interested in the controversy now going on regarding the sympathies of the United States and Great Britain with each other just now should read this book, which is being discussed perhaps more than any other book of recent publication. The writer, who is American, the author of that enlivening little book, "The Pentecost of Calamity", does not spare all those of his own countrymen who speak with contempt of Great Britain or rather flaunt their own imagined exploits to the belittlement of their English ally. He rates all who have boasted of what the American navy did in transporting 2,000,000 men overseas, when as a matter of fact, as he points out, not one man could have been transported safely if it had not been for the British navy, which actually transported sixty per cent. of the American troops. While it will be hard for Americans to accept gracefully this scoring by one of themselves, it is nevertheless a book that will be read. It refutes many absurd claims that they, mostly in ignorance, have been making, and therefore it should be read as well by Canadians.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE SOURCE

Small Fry

SMALL fish, so small indeed that the word fry scarcely would cover them, used to frequent in springtime a rivulet that came mysteriously out of the hillside, where it supplied cold water for the village, and then trickled on down to join the greater stream in the meadow. As youngsters not yet fit for school, we used to catch these little creatures and sport them in bottles taken secretly from a supply my father kept for dispensing various concoctions known as bitters and tonics. The elation that accompanied each capture was as great, I feel sure, as the satisfaction that comes to all anglers whenever they succeed in outwitting some elusive trout or in dropping the fly on the very spot where a moment ago the tail of a lusty salmon has flashed above the water.

Water, no matter where found, is for man an attractive element, and for little boys a rivulet has all the fascination of a brimming river. The rivulet that I recall to my memory was scarcely big enough to babble, nor had it any chance to meander. For it went straight down by the roadside, shining, nevertheless, on sunny days and watering withal the cress that grew in abundance throughout its course. And although it was insignificant and could lay no claim to fame, it served its purpose in quickening, as flowing water always has quickened, man's genius for adventure. It led on from its own humble estate into the greater realm of the greater stream and presented to the imagination of childhood, even at the confluence, some of the visions of men who have become renowned as discoverers, who have added to the sum of human knowledge.

The confluence was at a point just above the bridge, above the poplars, whose roots at the bend were revealed in the water and whose leaves fell and were carried away on the bosom of the stream.

The Leaves of the Poplar

We did not always wait for the leaves to fall, for we would stand on the railing and pluck them, just for the sensation

of seeing them flicker down upon the shining surface, take the swirl at the bend and then float on, like valiant argosies, under the alders and through the rushes into the unknown. And we wondered, as mankind always must have wondered, whether we too might not float away as they floated, whether we might not construct some craft and thereon ride forth triumphantly into the great world beyond.

Like Valiant Argosies

But the great world beyond was only a part of the mystery, for while the stream had many of the best qualities that nature gives to its kind, babbling here and meandering there, in those fine days before the vandal man dug it out and made it straight, it also, back the other way, far back where the woodland guarded its secrets, had in all certainty a beginning, a place where it started—a source.

It was then, and always has been, one of my ambitions to follow that stream to the source. I have started to do so many times, but it is a journey that presents a succession of distractions and supper-time always has come too soon or night has taken me by surprise.

In those far-off days the stream meandered naturally either way from the bridge, and under soft green banks it provided hiding-places for the sucker and the chub. It was not a deep stream. A little boy could wade it anywhere, and if he knew a trick or two he could catch with his bare hands, in those very hiding-places, the unsuspicious minnow or the overconfident trout. The trout, in fact, for some reason unknown to me, was a rare creature in those waters, and to catch one was therefore an achievement as well as a delight. But we shall concern ourselves now with a tiny fish whose name I do not know, for it was this humbler denizen that oftentimes distracted us from our original purpose, delayed us so cunningly that we never have reached the source.

The source as a matter of course, and as we always suspected, could be found in the gravelbeds beyond the back acres of my grandfather's farm, where, in that forbidden region, the black bear might be encountered, where the wily lynx found his favourite haunts. It could be found there, of a certainty, for one might traverse the next concession and the adjacent sideroad and not find any stream crossing either of these highways.

But for the present we are wading in the real stream as it meanders through the field just above the bridge. The water, cold no doubt when it gushed forth at the source, has been tempered by the sun so that it caresses one's bare feet but does not

Tempered by the Sun

As clear as Crystal

chill. It is as clear as crystal, except in our wake, and the pebbles on the bottom look smooth and clean, just like all well-placed pebbles should look. With the pebbles there are stones, some a fairish size, and here and there one big enough to hide a ten-inch sucker. Amongst the small stones and pebbles can be seen tiny fish with most beautiful green and red markings, and, try as we may, we cannot catch one. Many a half hour have I passed in the hope of adding one of these elusive little creatures to my score of conquests, but they are extremely wary, and they move with the suddenness and darting swiftness of the humming-bird.

Although I never have known the name of these beautiful little finsters, being held more by their beauty than their identity, I know of but few larger fish that equal them in sheer splendour of colouring. Of all things in nature the opal comes nearest.

The opal was my grandfather's favourite stone. A splendid specimen, one that was three times removed from being inconspicuous, he wore in his necktie, and perhaps for that reason he took a keen delight in watching with me the deft movements and iridescent coating of these handsome little fish. Several times he made a determined effort to catch one, and once during haying-time he devoted a whole afternoon to this fascinating adventure.

But you must see this grandfather as I saw him. He was in size medium to small, but there was in his bearing a confidence so fine and a joviality so rare that one accepted him as being larger than he actually was. His voice was full, deep and resonant, and he could use it to excellent purpose. For him farming was monotonous, so that he grasped eagerly at other interests and diversions. He was part owner of a grocery store, took stock in the grist mill, and, if I might whisper it, owned some shares in a brewery. Therefore he was a man of some importance as well as of mettle, and whenever he arrived in the village, either afoot or behind a dashing span of roadsters, his presence generally was soon felt. For one thing, his voice carried easily from the tavern at the foot of the hill to the graveyard at the top. And even if he chose to be silent, which, of course, never was his choice, the blue tops of his top boots were enough to betray him. These things marked him, even if one could have overlooked his great gold watch-chain, which dangled a fancy gold key for winding the watch, and the great opal pin in his cravat. A hale and hearty, ruddy, jolly, free-spoken old sport was this grandad, and he was not above trying his luck at the elusive game of

A free-spoken Old Sport

catching tiny, iridescent creatures on the bottom of the creek. *Iridescent Creatures*

We used to call it the "crick". Tennyson calls it "The Brook". As such he has immortalized it. Or has "The Brook" immortalized him? The poem itself, perhaps for some of us, would be more attractive if it were less radiant, more impressive if less blithe. But notwithstanding any carping of the critics, it contains a number of penetrating lines. One for instance:

"To join the brimming river".

A simple verse, one quite properly might remark, and yet it suggests much. Perhaps Tennyson did not intend to observe a condition in nature that is, if not peculiar to England, at least characteristic of the British Isles. For there the rivers and streams are brimful—replete—and they "go on forever". With us in Canada that condition, unhappily, does not prevail, except perhaps on the wilds and in the hinterlands. Our streams, overflowing in springtime, become woefully shrunken by midsummer and thousands of them entirely disappear. Our great, majestic rivers—the Yukon, the Mackenzie, the Fraser, the Bow, the Saskatchewan, the Red, the Nipigon, the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, and the Saguenay — pass through deep gorges, chasms, channels and ravines, with high upright, overhanging, precipitous and even mountainous embankments. Notable exceptions appear in the St. Mary, the St. Clair, the Ottawa, parts of the St. Lawrence, the St. John, and the Miramichi. Still we have scarcely any brimming river such as Tennyson saw, whether he saw the Thames, the Stour, the Avon or the Ouse, the Liffey, the Afton or the Nith.

Another passage that sets us thinking is:

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Here we have the almost inconceivable facts of time and space and man's mutability visualized in a stretch of running water, transfixed in a simple couplet.

These things were not coursing through my mind that sunny afternoon when my grandfather attempted to catch the wily sprite. Nor do I believe that the old gentleman himself was thinking of them. His language, free and expressive at all times, was now more picturesque than poetic, stronger indeed than many grandfathers use within hearing of the third generation.

For the small creatures that with me he was trying to capture evaded us as if they were but shadows. We could hear the hum of the mower in the field hard by, but that was the only sound. And once, when my grandfather stood upright, *They were but shadows*

We could see the Village

to ease his back, we could see the village, placid upon the hill, with the tavern at the foot, the cider mill on the right, and the grist mill on the left.

"A man might as well try to catch the devil himself," said the old gentleman, as he wiped his brow and rolled his shirt sleeves higher. "But I'll get one yet, even if I stay here till Doomsday." And, so saying, he again applied himself to the task.

The stream babbled at our feet. Tennyson, or even Thomson, would say that it bickered. In any case it did not gurgle. The gurgle is soft, soothing and rare. The first time I ever heard it was in the west highlands of Scotland. I was walking up the glen from the village of Kilmartin one night, not late, but long after everybody else was abed and all glims doused, when I heard a sound that was musical, dulcet and soothing. I leaned over the stone fence that confined the roadway on the glen side and looking down and across I saw the stream shining silvery in the moonlight. I looked and listened, with a feeling that it was fairyland; and, to complete the enchantment, as I turned and looked over the other fence, up the hillside into a dark copse, rabbits came out and bobbed hither and thither, dim ghosts in the shadows of the trees. Nothing made sound but the brook. Nothing moved but the rabbits. An old stone tower in ruins, like an ancient keep, rose up against the sky, and behind it lay the sleeping village.

It seemed a long way back to that little stream which only babbled or, as Wordsworth might say, only rippled. And it set me thinking. There was I, an alien, but with Scottish blood in my veins, listening to a Scottish burn gurgling in the moonlight, with dour Scottish souls asleep under the thatches and rabbits scampering on the hillside. I thought of that little stream in Ontario and pictured my grandfather in his blue-topped boots squandering with me a sunny afternoon. I thought also of the source, a futile thing, after all, and still I wondered just what it would look like at the very spot where the water gushed forth from the earth. I knew no more, actually, about the source of that stream than I knew about the source of the burn in Scotland. For, indeed, and we might as well come to that now, we never can know actually the source. As far as we can tell, there is not anywhere any source—no beginning, no end. We can imagine a source, just as in those faraway days, as little boys, we imagined a fearsome place favoured by the black bear and the crying lynx. That is all.

No beginning, no end

No More Coffee —
Bring Me Postum!

The result of a ten days trial of

INSTANT POSTUM

in place of coffee, is so conducive to comfort and health that the change is usually permanent.

"There's a Reason"

To average or stout figures this newly patented D & A Practical Front corset gives a perfect straight front and a small hip effect. Permits quick adjustment at each wearing. The elastic section clasps together with a very pliable, light corset-clasp the outer section lacing just like a man's boot. Adjusted in a few seconds, this Practical Front gives wonderful comfort.

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC, MONTREAL, TORONTO

Makers of "La Diva" and "Goddess" Corsets.

"A Comfortable Corset with Style"

Foods to enjoy
in summer

With strawberries mix Puffed Rice. It adds as much as the cream and sugar. The grains are flimsy, crisp and flaky, and they belong to berries as crust belongs to shortcake.

In every milk dish float Pufied Wheat. These are whole grain bubbles, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

The grains are enticing. Never was a wheat food half so inviting. And they make whole wheat wholly digestable, for every food cell is exploded.

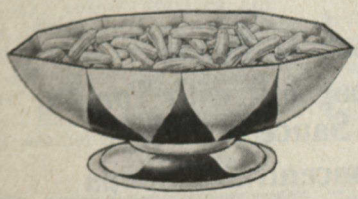
Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Whole grains puffed to 8 times normal size

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar—the Puffed Grain you like best.

For dinner scatter Puffed Rice on the ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

At playtime crisp and douse with melted butter. The children then have food confections.



Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's inventions. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. All are bubble-like and toasted. They are scientific foods.

For Afternoons

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat like confections. Some also serve for breakfast in this way, with or without cream.

All day long

Puffed Grains taste like tidbits. Children revel in them. To millions every day they bring an added Joy. Yet they are whole-grain foods—and they are the best cooked cereals in existance.

You can offer children nothing that is better. In summer have them handy all day long.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada **Saskatoon, Canada**

3399

This 10-Day Test

Has shown millions the way to white teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

This is how millions have found the way to whiter, safer teeth. You see the results on every hand—perhaps in teeth you envy. Send now for this simple ten-day test and see what your own teeth show.

Why teeth discolor

There is on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. That film is the teeth's great enemy. It dims them and destoys them.

The tooth brush fails to end it, for the ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it. So for months between your dental cleanings it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea — a trouble which few escape.

Dental science has for years sought a way to fight that film. Five years ago the way was found, and convincing tests have proved it. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it, and millions of people have been led to employ it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent — a tooth paste considered ideal by authorities. It is believed that its use will create a new dental era.

Supplied on request

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is now sent to all who ask — to 10,000 people daily. This is done to let everyone know quickly what it does.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. That is why it long seemed barred. But science has found a harmless activating method, so it can be daily applied to the film.

Two other new factors in tooth protection are also combined in Pepsodent.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. A ten-day test will be a revelation.

Compare this new method with the old. Then let the clear results decide what is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

CANADA

Pepsodent

REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which, after 5 years' tests, is now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

Ten-Day Tube Free 418

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 632, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

THE making of fine Chocolates demands more than men and machines. It is a science brought to perfection only by long experience and specialized endeavor. The experience of half a century is behind the "Delecto" assortment of G. B. Chocolates, which consists of Creams, Nuts, Fruits, Hard Centers, Nugatines and Marshmallows.

In ½, 1, 2 and 5 pound boxes. Ask for the "Delecto" Box.

Ganong's GB Chocolates

Originated by
GANONG BROS. LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Makers for 50 Years of Fine Chocolates.

14

Healthy Babies Laugh and Play

Health in babyhood comes from proper digestion —by regulating the stomach and causing the bowels to move as they should.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

for this purpose produces most remarkable and gratifying results. Best of all children's remedies to relieve constipation, flatulency, wind colic, diarrhoea, and other disorders.

This health giving preparation is purely vegetable—contains no opiates, narcotics, or alcohol — just an agreeable, highly beneficial and potent remedy, made of the very best harmless ingredients obtainable, as the formula below shows—

Senna	Sodium Citrate	Oil of Anise	Caraway
Glycerine	Rhubarb	Sodium Bicarbonate	Fennel
	Coriander	Sugar Syrup	

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO.

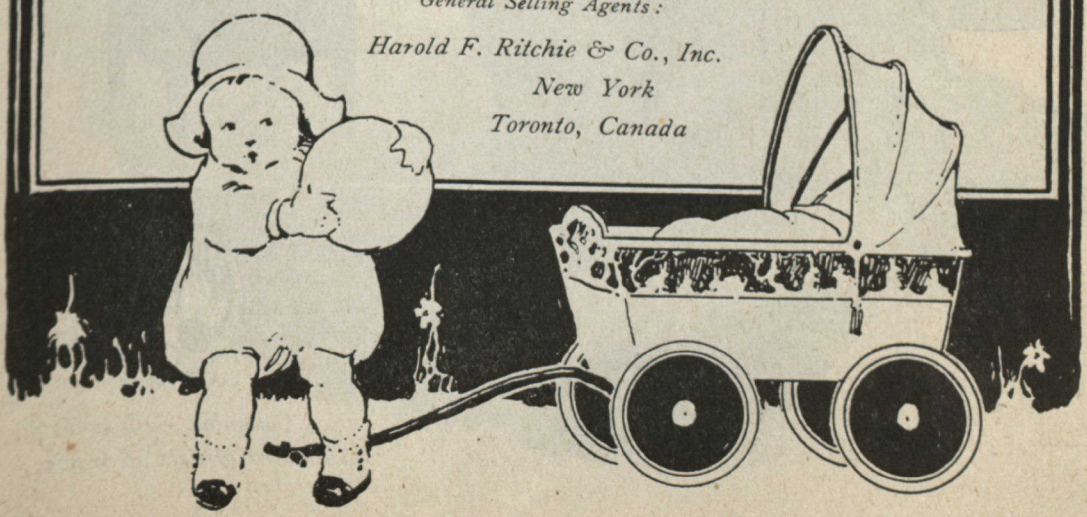
215-217 Fulton Street, N. Y.

General Selling Agents:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.

New York

Toronto, Canada



Columbia Grafonola

Music Wherever You Are

A Columbia Grafonola always gives you lots of fun and requires mighty little care. Its Non-Set Automatic Stop, an exclusive Columbia improvement, lets you listen in peace to the very end of every record. There's nothing to move or set or measure. Just put on your record and the Grafonola plays and stops itself.

Full, pure, unmuffled tone. Exquisite beauty of design The greatest convenience of mechanism.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., TORONTO

Columbia Grafonolas; Standard Models up to 360.

Keeps the Whole Family in Good *Natural* Health

At all Druggists

Prepared by
J. C. ENO, LTD.,
"Fruit Salt" Works, London, Eng.

Agents for North America:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LIMITED
10 McCaul St., TORONTO
171 Madison Ave., New York City

The House of Eddy

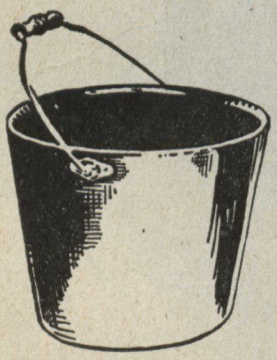
A Factor in Canadian Life

IT is probable that not a day goes by in which the House of Eddy does not make life more comfortable and convenient for you. Eddy Products—Eddy Conveniences —are woven into the very fabric of Canadian life. You light the kitchen fire, or the gas-grate of a morning—or perhaps your pipe, and the comfortable glow springs from the end of an Eddy match-stick.

Eddy's Products

are Products of Convenience

Eddy's Indurated Fibreware Pails, Washtubs and Washboards are widely used on the farm and in the cities. Your butter was shipped in an Eddy Butter Tub, which kept it free from taint or odor. Eddy Milk Pails play their part in keeping your supply clean and sweet. Your purchases from the store are sent home in Eddy Paper Bags.



It is highly probable that the newspaper you are now reading is printed on paper which was made at Hull—by Eddy.

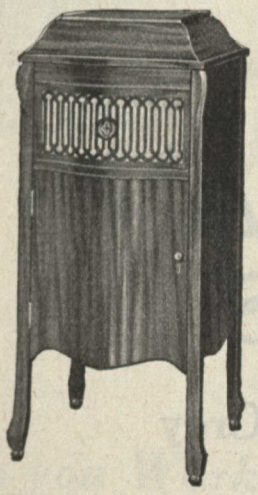
The
E. B. EDDY CO.
Limited
HULL - CANADA

Matches—Indurated—Fibreware—Paper Specialties.

A11

Eddy's Matches
Indurated
Fibreware
Paper and
Paper Specialties

all contribute to make Canadian life more convenient. Since 1851 the House of Eddy has been bending its energies towards this one end.



TRADE MARK

THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE

"THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

The Most Beautiful Phonograph in the World.

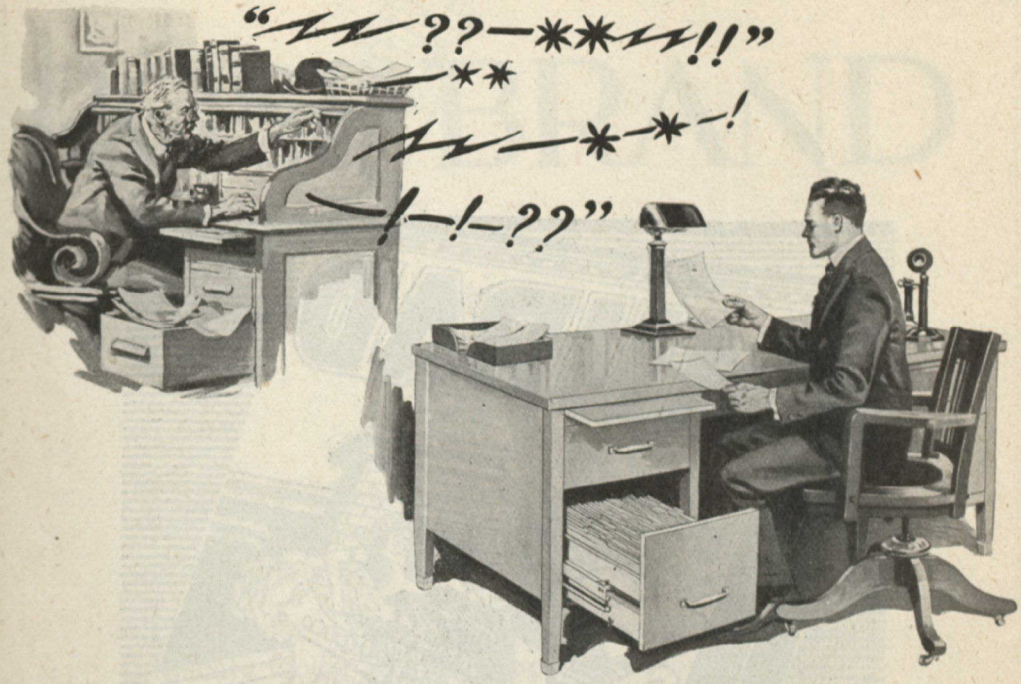
The CECILIAN CONCERTPHONES are artistic triumphs of the cabinet makers art planned to fit gracefully with master creations in furniture styles.

To produce the finest in tone quality. We equip all models with our special all wooden tone ampliphier, which gives a fine clear natural tone.

WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION AND CATALOGUE
DEALERS WRITE RE AGENCIES

HEAD OFFICE **THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.**

247 Yonge Street, Toronto



Do you Work or Worry at your Desk?

WITH the "Office Specialty" Efficiency Desk you can develop the happy faculty of handling well and easily a tremendous amount of routine work. Like courtesy, it smooths away the countless small irritations that daily interfere with the correct performance of office duties.

The "Office Specialty" Efficiency Desk is a personalized filing case and desk combined. Space is provided in it for the systematic filing of business reports, graphic charts, statistics, clippings, catalogues, follow-up matter, personal items either in card or document form—all within easy arm's reach.

SYSTEM SERVICE—The advice and suggestions of our System Service Experts will be gladly supplied to help you solve your office routine problems.

The standardization of forms, the making and filing of records and the organization and establishing of office routine and things concerning which, suggestions of System Service Experts are, while offered free to our customers, of untold value.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MANUFACTURING CO. Ltd.

HOME OFFICE: NEWMARKET, CANADA.

Export Sales Office: 360 Broadway, New York City.

Filing Equipment Stores at

TORONTO, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, HALIFAX, HAMILTON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER.

OFFICE SPECIALTY
FILING SYSTEMS

963


MURAD
CIGARETTES
S. ANARGYROS
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO
Everywhere
Why?
Finest
Quality
Anargyros

ROSE BRAND

Highly Nutritious Appetizing Foods

OF all food products we receive and prepare for the markets of the world the choicest only are labelled with the Rose Brand.

The tender meats, the finest dairy products, the delicate foods—are all prepared by our superior methods, under ideal and scrupulously sanitary conditions.

Rose Brand are products you can rely upon—distinguished for their high quality, purity aud and distinctive flavor.

Dealers everywhere take pride in supplying Rose Brand Ham, Bacon, Sausage, Butter, Eggs and Lard, also the famous Snowflake Shortening.

CANADIAN PACKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

TORONTO - - ONTARIO

ASK YOUR RETAILER
FOR PRUE COTTONS

PRUE COTTON PRINTS MAY BE HAD IN A WIDE RANGE OF COLOURS AND DESIGNS, FROM THE GAYEST TO THE MOST SIMPLE AND CONVENTIONAL. THERE IS NOTHING PRETTIER, COOLER OR LESS EXPENSIVE FOR SUMMER SERVICE, EITHER FOR CHILDREN - - OR ADULTS, THAN GOOD COTTONS - -

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
LIMITED

Montreal - Toronto
Winnipeg

11

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

This Service Increases Tire Mileage.

The largest single group of tire users in the world agree that the first step on the way to maximum tire mileage is a set of Goodyear Tires.

A large proportion of these users also realize that even Goodyear Tires will more surely deliver greater mileage when they are cared for.

Our agreement with this is evident in our sincere attempt, through Goodyear Service Stations and Goodyear Tire Savers, to further tire mileage in every possible way.

Among other things, we have produced Goodyear Tire Putty—the cure for small tread cuts, the prevention of tread separation and tire decay.

Not even the toughness of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread can protect tires from all tread cuts. Scraps of metal, glass, switch-points will cut the toughest tread when struck squarely.

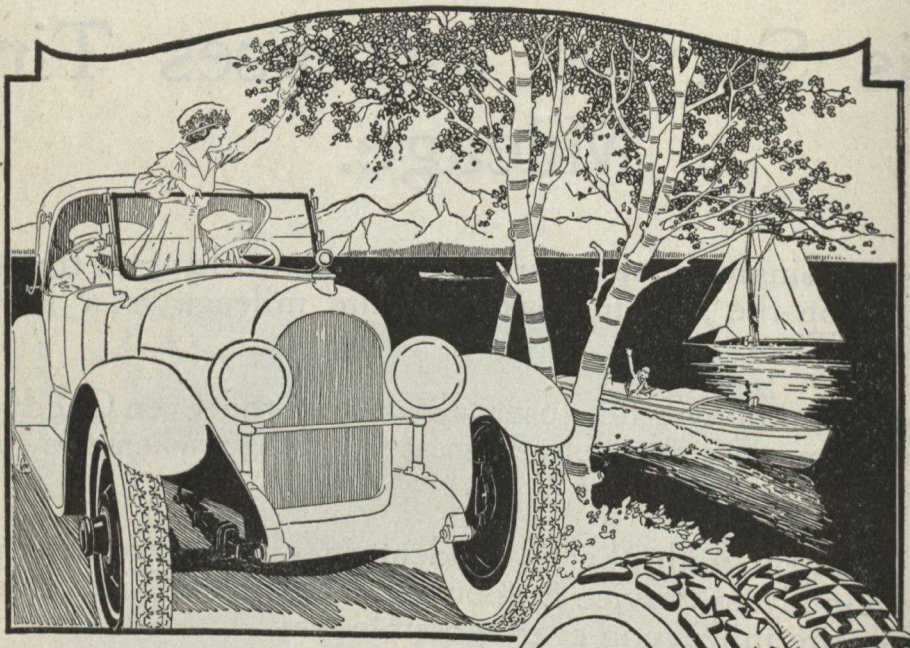
The Goodyear Service Station Dealer who supplies and uses Goodyear Tire Putty, will do other things for you, and will tell you of things you should do yourself to increase your tire mileage.

We will be glad to send you free our Tire Conservation Course if you will write us at Toronto.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

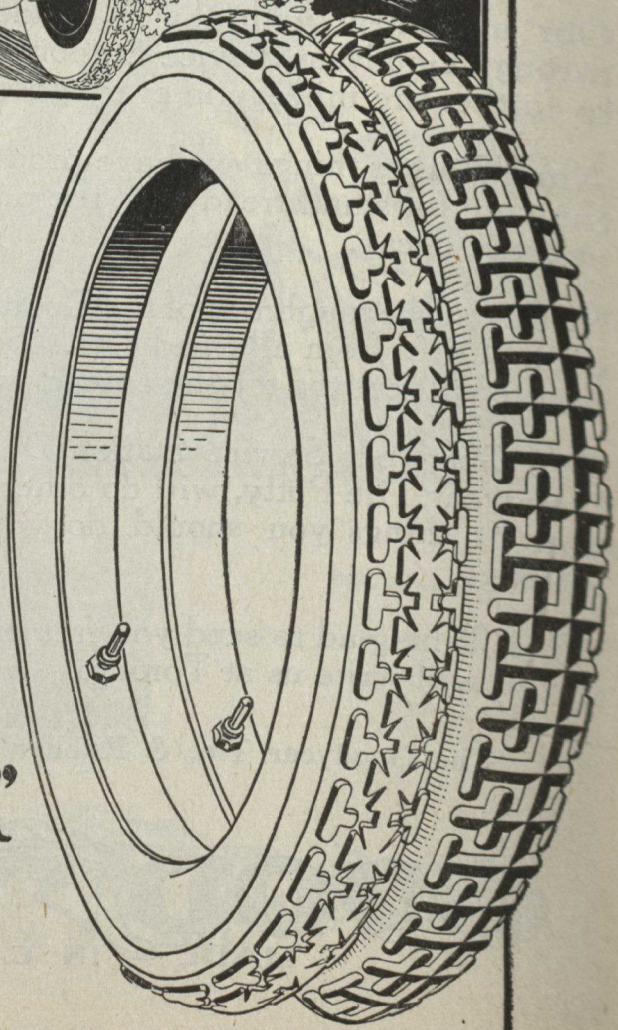
GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA



A MOTOR trip should not be taken without the assurance that the tires will carry through. Where safe and timely arrival are important, "trusting to luck" will never do. One should make assurance doubly sure by having his car equipped with "Cross" Tread "Gutta Percha" Tires. Why? Because they can be depended upon. They are built with unusually strong side walls, exceptionally tough rubber tread, plentifully rubberized cotton duck fabric, beads that have never been known to break, and a reputation that bears out the slogan—

"The Tires That Give Satisfaction"

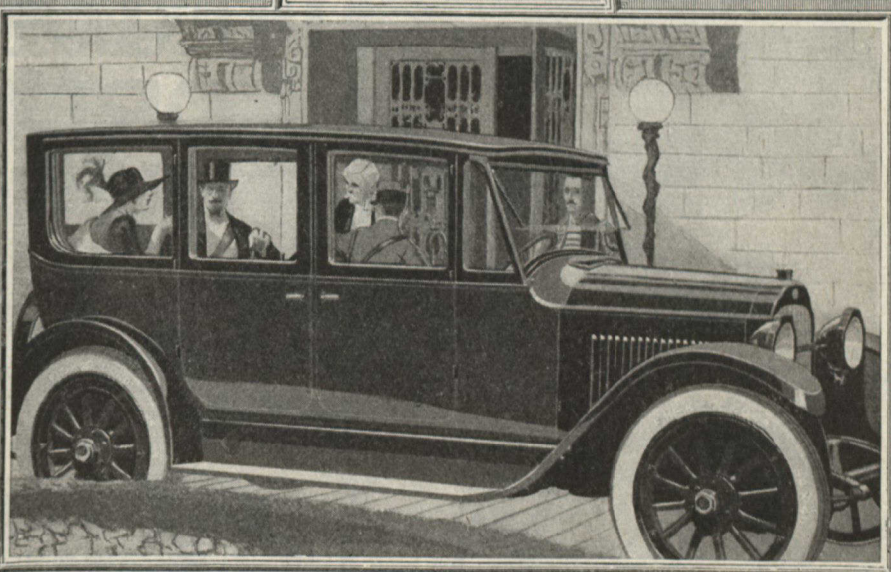


"GUTTA PERCHA" TIRES

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Ltd.

Head Offices and Factory: Toronto

Branches in all the leading cities of the Dominion



WILLYS-KNIGHT

DIFFERENT from other types, the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor runs *better* the *more* you use it.

This engine is always ready whenever you are.

It *improves with use;* stays quiet and it rarely requires adjustment.

In refinement of detail, the coach work is in keeping with the wonderful efficiency of the motor.

WILLYS-KNIGHT
BOOKLET ON REQUEST

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED

Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters

Head Office and Factories, Toronto, Canada

Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Regina

Willys Knight
SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR IMPROVES WITH USE

THE MASTER PRODUCT FOR EVERY CAR

Selected by Present Car Owners—*because they know the value from actual testing-out.*
Selected by Prospective Car Owners—*because they have heard of the value from the actual testimony of Present Motor Car Owners.*

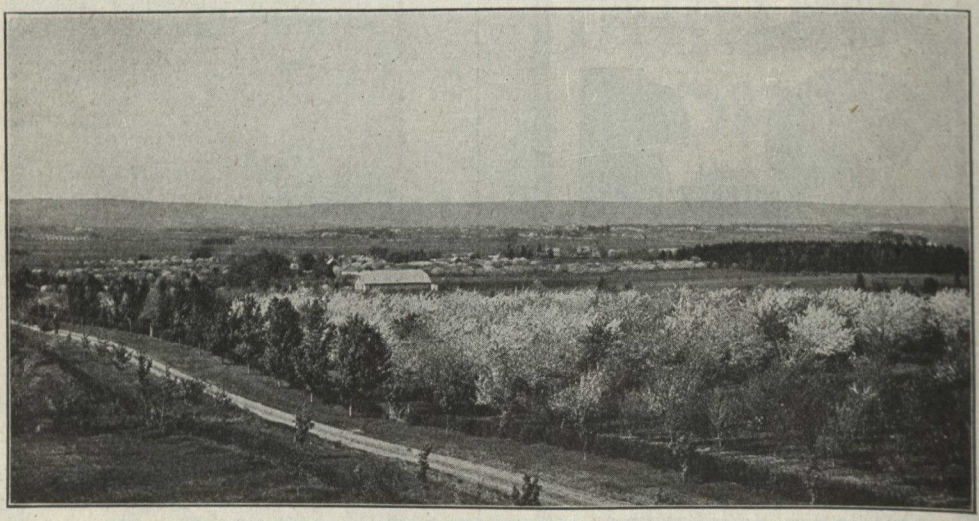
DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS CO., Limited

Head Office and Factories - - TORONTO

BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

A135

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

FLATO

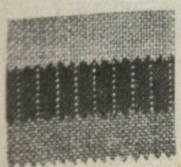
Be Cool in Genuine Palm Beach Suits

If ever a man should dress to fit the weather, it is in the hot days. Of course you *could* ask the doctor, but it is not necessary to go any farther than your common sense.

Here's PALM BEACH—in shades light or dark, to suit every fancy or complexion. Tailored like your Easter worsted. Cool—comfortable—washable.

And, speaking of common sense, do you realize that a PALM BEACH SUIT *costs* ever so much less than clothes that are *warm* but no better!

Durable, too—it will wear the Summer through, and then wait patiently in camphor for a new season to call it back to duty.



GENUINE PALM BEACH SUITS are shown in many patterns—dark colors as well as light. AT ALL GOOD CLOTHIERS.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
Goodall Worsted Company, Sanford, Me.
A. Rohaut, Selling Agent, 229 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

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

Trademark registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Canada.

You'll know it's the GENUINE when you see the Palm Beach Label

THE hand processes—seven of them—by which every single Spencerian Pen is carefully and separately fashioned, are what make Spencerian Pens so long lived, so uniform in quality and so perfect in their writing points. We might add that this same individual care has made them the standard for over half a century. *At all good dealers.*

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway, New York

SPENCERIAN

PERSONAL

Steel Pens

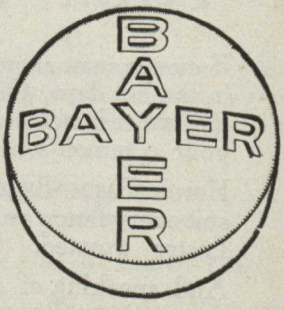
Made in England

Fine, Medium, Stub and Ball pointed

Send 10c for 10 sample pens, and get free, that fascinating book, "What Your Hand-writing Reveals."

ONLY TABLETS MARKED WITH NAME "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" you are not getting Aspirin at all.



The name "Bayer" is the thumbprint of genuine Aspirin. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headaches, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT
— EVERY MONTH IN 7 MAGAZINES —

Atlantic Monthly Century Harper's Review of Reviews Scribner's World's Work and The Canadian Magazine. 13th YEAR

New England Vacations

Seashore, Mountains, Woods, Lakes, Islands

Change of Scene, Healthgiving Atmosphere

Every Summer Enjoyment

Hotel, Farm or Camp. Gay or quiet life. Happy People

Write for free booklets on White Mountains, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Narragansett Bay, Casco Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert, Bar Harbor.

For booklets and information, write
Vacation Bureau
Room 506 Railroad Bldg., New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.—Boston & Maine R. R.—Maine Central R. R.

MAINE

YORK CAMPS
LOON LAKE, MAINE
In the famous Rangeley region. Elev. 2000 feet. On high forest land on 2 mile lake. Private cabins, open fireplace and bath. Trout and salmon fishing. Golf near. Garage. Booklet.

York Beach Maine **HOTEL MITCHELL** On Ocean Boulevard
Combines Country & Seashore. Beach two hundred ft. away. Fishing. Tennis. Booklet.

LAKE PARLIN HOUSE AND CAMPS
invite you to enjoy the grandest of vacations. 1,600 ft. above sea level. Best trout fishing. Garage. H. P. McKenney, Prop., Jackman, Me. Booklet.

MASSACHUSETTS

MAYFLOWER INN AND COTTAGES
Completed 1917. The most modern and beautifully appointed resort hotel in New England. Located on Manomet Point, adjacent to historic Plymouth. Ideal for Cape Cod motorists. Golf unexcelled. Write for booklet. George R. Sanford, Manager, P. O. Plymouth, Mass.

HOTEL PURITAN
390 Commonwealth Ave, Boston
The Distinctive Boston House, called by globe trotters one of the most homelike and attractive hotels in the world. Modest rates. Our booklet has quide to historic Boston and vicinity.
Send to me for it A.P. Costello, Mgr.

RHODE ISLAND

The Leading Hotel of
BLOCK ISLAND, Rhode Island
C. C. BALL, Proprietor

Where-to-go Offers 7 Superior Magazines. 800,000 Circulation, Superior Service and the Best Results.

NOVA SCOTIA

Have a Wonderful Vacation In the Land of Evangeline

Quaint villages — cool bays — winding rivers — pine and birch woods. Wonderful Fishing, Bathing, Sailing and Canoeing. Golf, Tennis, Motoring, Riding. Log cabins, bungalows, comfortable hotels. Supervised Camps for both boys and girls. Everything moderate-priced. A day from New York.

OVERNIGHT FROM BOSTON
"Yarmouth Line" steamers connect with
DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.
Write for particulars on **Tour No. 106-W**
332 Washington Street, Boston - 9 - Mass.
R. U. PARKER, General Passenger Agent
Halifax, Nova Scotia

THE PINES DIGBY NOVA SCOTIA
Comfortable hotel and log cabins snuggled in beautiful grove overlooking picturesque Digby Basin. Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Bathing, Boating. Motor launches, Automobiling, Riding. Reasonable rates, splendid accommodations. Under management
DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY
Write for booklet
Hotel Manager "The Pines." Digby, N. S.

MICHIGAN

THE ISLINGTON, LES CHENEAUX ISLANDS, MICH. Fine location & table. Dustless pine-laden air. No hay fever. Fishing. All water sports. Write to R. S. Melchers for booklet.

MACK ISLAND, WOLF LAKE
Michigan's most delightful summer resort. Boating, bathing, fishing, dancing. Booklet. Write Wm. K. McIntyre, Grass Lake, Mich.

CANADA

Have you considered
Quaint, Curious and Unrivalled
QUEBEC
and the celebrated
Lower St. Lawrence River Resorts
for your vacation this year?
Only one night from New York and Boston
If interested, write
QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY
for information
G. D. Wadsworth, General Passenger Agent
Sherbrooke, Que.

ON THE FAMOUS MUSKOKA LAKES
WINDERMERE HOUSE
Windermere Muskoka Canada
Modern improvements. Best of everything. Enchanting steamer trips through silver lakes bestudded with hundreds of wooded island gems. All water sports. Hay fever unknown.
GOLF Lawn Bowling. Tennis on concrete. Dancing. Write for illus. literature.

TORONTO, ONTARIO

WALKER HOUSE TORONTO ONTARIO
Adjoining Union Station in heart of business district, 1 block from S. S. wharves. Am. or Eur. plan. Special attention to Ladies & Children traveling alone. Booklet.

Trip to Europe FOR BOYS
Manager: Matthieu Jetteur, M.A., Asheville School, Asheville, N. C. Directors: Jack Reardon, B.A., Taft School; Theodore Johnson, M.A., of Bingham School; S. E. Culver, M.A., of Hotchkiss School.
Announcement on request to Mr. Jetteur

For travel information and advice and for space and rates write to WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston 9, Mass.

WHERE-TO-GO
— CONCLUDED —

ADIRONDACK MTS. N. Y.

MOUNTAIN VIEW COTTAGES
"Adirondacks." On the shore of the beautiful Fourth Lake where nature is supreme. Homelike. Established reputation. Superior excellence of table. Booklet. C. O. PETRIE. Old Forge, N. Y.

Come to **PAUL SMITH'S HOTEL** in the Adirondacks. Capacity 500. All rooms with bath. Am. & Eur. service. Camps along St. Regis Lakes. GOLF. Dancing. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Write M. F. Whelan Mgr., Paul Smith's, N.Y.

Where-to-go forms for August will close at noon on July 1st.

NEW YORK

HOTEL EARLE Washington Sq. New York City
Those seeking an American plan hotel will find **The Earle** the most homelike in the city. Centrally located. Our free automobile bus meets all steamships. KNOTT MANAGEMENT, S. K. HILL, Mgr.

WHEN ILL or in need of complete rest or recreation investigate **Steuben Sanitarium, Hornell, N. Y.** Everything at command to restore health. Physical and hydrotherapeutic treatments. Beautiful surroundings, golf, etc. Moderate rates.

TRAVEL TOURS

PACIFIC COAST TOURS
INCLUDING
ALASKA. CANADIAN ROCKIES
Under personal escort June, July and August. 36 page illustrated booklet No. 6 with complete itineraries mailed on request.
COLPITTS-BEEKMAN CO.
333 Washington St., Boston 9, Mass.
Please refer to Where-to-go Bureau.

"A Greater Exposition Than Has Been"

CANADIAN NATIONAL

EXHIBITION
TORONTO

Aug. 28th—Sept. 11th, inclusive

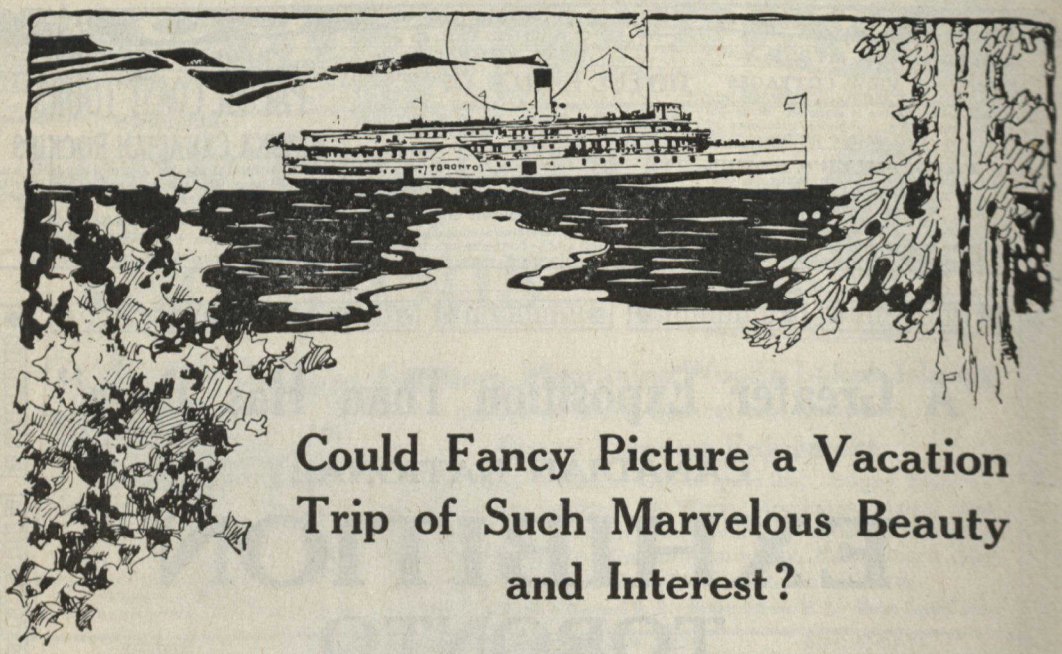
The Annual World's Fair where the nation shows its best product of Mine, Field, Factory and Forest.

1919 attendance 1,201,000 in thirteen days.

Always striving for higher standards, the 1920 programme is designed to achieve new records in all departments.

McClary's

Make good stoves and Cooking utensils.



Could Fancy Picture a Vacation Trip of Such Marvelous Beauty and Interest?

ROMANTIC interest, magnificent scenery, delightful thrills, and refreshing comfort almost beggar description of this wonderful boat trip from

"NIAGARA TO THE SEA"

Artist never brushed fairer beauty onto canvas than the glorious picture that enfolds itself as the luxurious boat steams slowly through the Thousand Islands. Nature has lavished her colors on these gorgeously modeled clusters of green verdure, which reflect their emerald beauty into the glassy depths of the river water.

The delightful thrill comes when you shoot the tossing foam-lashed waters of the St. Lawrence. Travellers come year after year to enjoy this experience.

But equally wonderful beauties await you farther down the St. Lawrence. Travel its broad expanse as far as Quebec—where history casts its romantic glow of interest over this quaint old city.

A few miles from Quebec is St. Anne de Beaupré where for 250 years townfolks and pilgrims have bowed together before wayside altars—and in the great church of St. Anne itself—to do homage to the Saint in whose name so many miraculous cures have been effected.

The grand finale of this trip comes when you reach the famous River Saguenay. Here massive cliffs rise almost perpendicular from the dark shadowy waters till they seem to touch the sky. Higher and more awe-inspiring than Gibraltar.

The 1,000 mile journey affords you an opportunity of seeing the most picturesque part of America. And you will return from it convinced that this boat trip surpasses anything in America or the old world.

Send 2c postage for illustrated booklet, map and guide to John F. Pierce, Passenger Traffic Manager, Canada Steamship Lines, 203 R. and O. Building, Montreal, Canada.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LIMITED

Have You Ever Taken This World-famous Vacation Trip?

THOSE who have taken this wonder trip of unexcelled beauty, never tire of recounting the thrills and sensations they experienced as the luxurious steamer carried them over this famous journey from

"NIAGARA TO THE SEA"

Commencing at Niagara we cross Lake Ontario to Toronto—thence through the beautiful Thousand Islands to Prescott. Presently we "shoot" the tossing foam-lashed waters of the St. Lawrence rapids and arrive at Montreal. Then Quebec is visited—that quaint old city of tradition and enchantment.

The route continues East and North, touching at Murray Bay and Tadousac, a much favored summer resort by reason of beautiful scenery and splendid hotels.

Finally we come to the canyon-like scenery of the Saguenay, where massive capes tower two thousand feet above our boat deck. Where Capes Trinity and Eternity hold us spellbound with their magnificent beauty. These mightiest of all the promontories that tower above the dark waters of the majestic Saguenay form a fitting climax to a vacation trip that surpasses all others in grandeur and majesty.

Are You Travelling West?

Break the long journey; travel by boat from Sarnia to the "Soo", Port Arthur or Duluth. Write for particulars of Upper Lake Cruises through the Great Unsalted Seas.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LIMITED

MONTREAL OFFICE **VICTORIA SQUARE**

"JULIAN SALE"

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

'RITE-HITE' WARDROBE TRUNKS

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter. In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the "hangers" or in the "Chest of Drawers" in the home.

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

$33.00 to $90.00

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

105 King Street West, Toronto

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

VACATION LAND OF PERFECT SUMMER CLIMATE

Hay fever unknown. One thousand to two thousand feet above the sea. Air scented with pine and balsam. Modern hotels in Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Kawartha Lakes and Timagami. A short, pleasant ride from Toronto, and you are in the midst of a charming summer playground. Fishing, boating, bathing, golf and the great out-of-doors. Write for free illustrated literature.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

C. E. HORNING, D. P. A
Union Station,
Toronto, Ont.

E. C ELLIOTT, D. P. A
Bonaventure Station,
Montreal, Que.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

A Real Infants' Food, easily Digested, and a bone and muscle builder.

One of the few Preparations which make Cow's Milk readily digestible by Infants.

Write for "My Book" the latest booklet on the care of Infants.

MAGOR SON & CO., LIMITED, Sole Agents for Canada
191 St. Paul Street West, Montreal———30 Church Street, Toronto

Barber-Ellis FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery

In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match

Dainty Summer repasts that everyone enjoys

IT may be the full-spread luncheon table in city home or vacation cottage—tea on the lawn or in camp—or the picnic hamper, opened beneath the shadowed fringe of highway or river—wherever it is, Swift's Premium Ham, always adaptable, provides delicious menus suited to every summer occasion.

Of course, you can buy Swift's Pemium Ham sliced, but there is a big advantage in buying a ***whole*** ham —for then you obtain a variety of dishes: you can bake the butt, boil the shank, and fry the centre slices, and never lack a "meat course" as long as a vestige remains.

The careful selection and exclusive, mild cure of

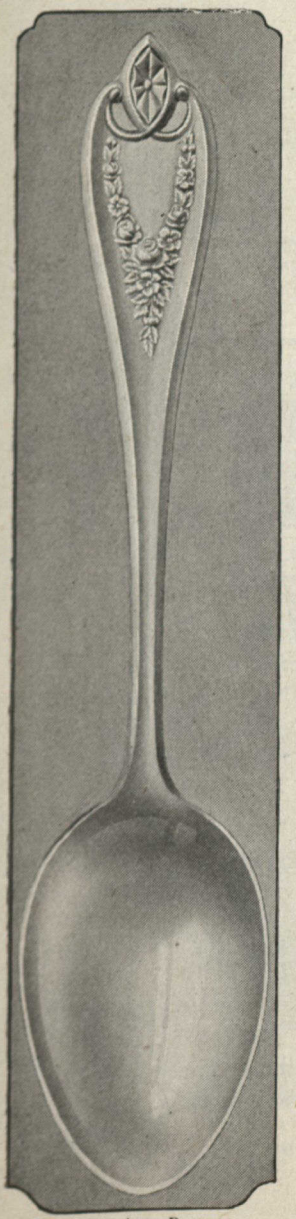
Swift's Premium Ham

make it unique in flavor and excellence. It is particularly adapted to summer use, because it keeps so well under conditions where fresh meat is impracticable.

Order from your Butcher or Grocer.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

M-32 B Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton



Old Colony Pattern

Buy This Silverplate

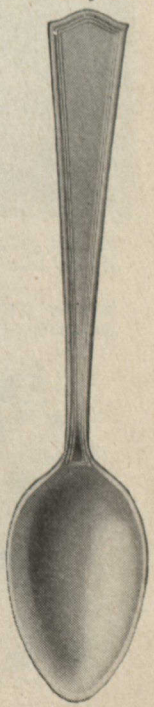
WHEN you know from personal experience that this or that household article is the very best of its kind, you do not hesitate to recommend it to your friends.

In similar confidence, we urge you to buy the silverplated spoons, knives and forks marked "1847 Rogers Bros." For more than seventy years, this brand of silverplate has been chosen for high quality. Its durability is proverbial—and without durability, silverplate is a poor investment.

Leading dealers will show you several attractive patterns if you will ask for this fine silverplate by its *full name*. Emphasize the date—"1847."

Fine Sterling Silver—In keeping with the value of the precious metal, is the fine workmanship which produces our sterling patterns. All are marked "M. B. Co." The Fairfield, here illustrated is one of several attractive patterns.

Fairfield



1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Ltd., HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Made in Canada by Canadians and sold by leading Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion

The right soap for Skin Beauty

THE beauty of your skin depends largely upon the healthful activity of the delicate skin-pores.

Fairy Soap leaves the tiny pores healthfully active because its pure lather *cleanses so thoroughly,* and *rinses off easily,* perfectly.

Make friends with pure, *easy-rinsing* Fairy Soap. But be sure to use Fairy consistently both for your complexion and your bath.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

BOBBIE'S big sister suggested a League o' Nations party for his birthday, mamma and the younger folks concurred, and North America is very strongly represented.

First of all, as you see, the pressing problem of the day, food for the Nations, engages the earnest attention of the different countries present.

JELL-O

plainly enough, has a unanimous vote of approval.

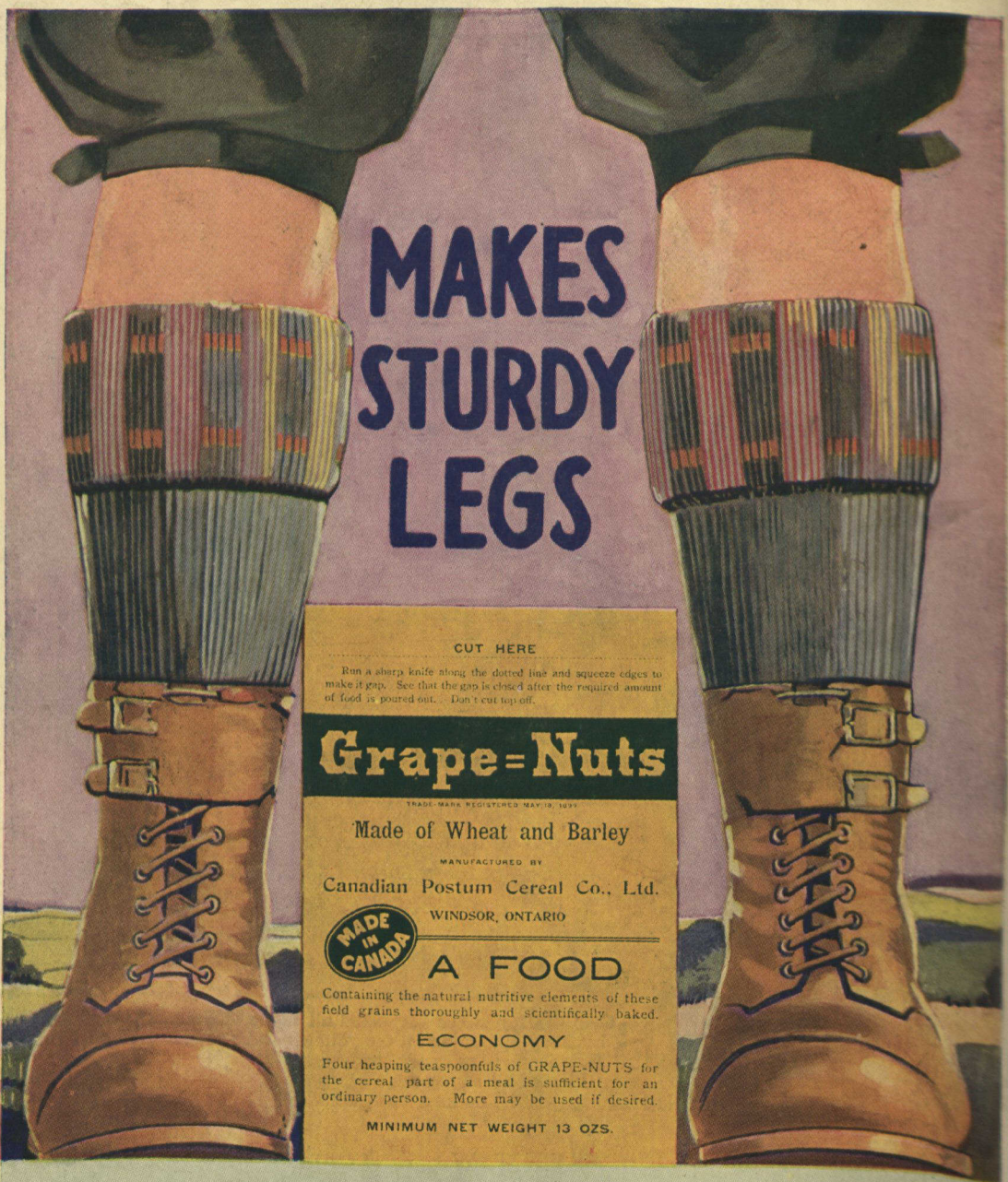
If diplomats could only agree as amicably on all questions as the young folks do about Jell-O, nations would never even quarrel.

And at that, Jell-O is as popular with "grown-ups" as it is with the children, there being a dozen reasons why it should be.

Send for a copy of the 1920 Jell-O Book.

Jell-O is made in seven pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Vanilla, Cherry, Chocolate.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited,
Bridgeburg, Ont.



Grape-Nuts

A wonderful food for Children and Grown-ups