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A MADONNA OF THE PLAINS

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

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NATIONS WITHIN THE EMPIRE

AN ADDRESS

BY HON. W. E. RANEY

A BY-PRODUCT of the war is said to have been the birth of Canada and Australia and South Africa as nations. Others prefer to say that the war only led to the discovery of what has already long been the fact. Be that as it may, this is at all events true that there was no official recognition of the overseas dominions as autonomous states until the war, and that now the fact is officially conceded not only by Great Britain, but by all the other nations of the world.

Of course the birth of a nation, or the discovery of the birth of a nation, and of their own nation at that, must be a profound event for the lawyers of Canada, and it was fitting that they should invite their relations to assist in the celebration of the event. May we therefore regard this as a lawyers' national birthday celebration, and Viscount Cave, and Mr. Taft and Sir Auckland Geddes as wise men from the east and south come to honour the new star in the national firmament.

When I was a school boy, we were taught that there were some half a dozen first rate powers in the Western World. There were Great Britain, the United States, Russia, Germany, France, Austria and perhaps Italy. Then there was a list of second rate powers headed by decrepit old Spain; and finally there was a list of third rate powers—Switzerland, Denmark, Portugal, Greece, Mexico and so on. And if any of the boys noticed that Canada was not included in any of the lists they were told that Canada was not a nation, but only a colony—and no other explanation was thought necessary.

It was true that some of the fathers of the Canadian Confederation saw visions and dreamed dreams, and in his correspondence with Lord Carnavon over the jurisdiction to be given to the Supreme Court of Canada, Edward Blake made a brave attempt to establish the court on a national

rather than a colonial basis. But whilst the Minister of Justice at Ottawa had the best of the argument the Colonial Secretary in Downing Street had the last word.

Even a quarter of a century later, when the Australian Confederacy was being born, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was able, in spite of the vigorous protests of the Australians, to impose the colonial status upon the Supreme Court of the island continent.

But many things have happened since the Blake-Carnavon correspondence of the middle seventies of the last century, and many things besides the automobile, and the flying machine, and wireless telegraphy, have happened even since the beginning of the present century. Some political dreams have come true and some political visions have taken on form and substance. The war has not only torn down, but it has built up, and whether we like it or not the political world of 1920 is a different world from that of the natal year of Australia twenty years ago, and a different world from that of the natal year of Canada more than fifty years ago.

Germany, the great Babylonia of the modern world, is fallen, bankrupt morally and materially. Austria has all but disappeared from the map. Russia is another name for anarchy and old chaos come again. France and Italy are war-worn and weary and will not recover from the shock in a generation. Besides they have no area for expansion and no reserve of natural resources. So that the geographers' list of first rate powers of my boyhood has been pretty well shot to pieces, and the Anglo-Saxon nations alone emerge comparatively and potentially greater than they were before and therefore with correspondingly greater responsilbities. The North American Continent, from the Rio Grande to the Arctic Circle, the continent of Australia, New Zealand, the continent of Africa, and lastly, the right little tight little islands, set like gems in the midst of the seas, the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, mother of the free institutions and of the common law of them all—in the hands of these nations for good or for ill, is to a very large extent the destiny of the world.

And if any division of the nations of the world into classes were now to be made by geographers or historians for the information of the rising generation, Canada and Australia would certainly be included among the first half dozen names, and any study of the present, or forecast of the future, relations of the Britannic nations must take notice of this change of status of Canada and Australia. It has ceased to be a question for academic discussion. It is not a matter of theory or argument. It is a matter of conditions and of fact.

Greatness in a nation does not depend wholly upon any one factor. It certainly does not depend upon numbers—else China would be the greatest nation in the world. It does not depend upon area alone, or Russia would be greatest. Both numbers and areas are factors, but the greatest assets of a nation and therefore the greatest factors in nationality are in the character, the intelligence, the energy and the initiative of her people.

Canada has vast area and boundless reserves of natural resources and 9,000,000 of people unsurpassed in intelligence, energy, initiative and character by the people of any nation in the world, and if not now actually in the front rank of the nations, she is so potentially and before the middle of the twentieth century will, if she is true to herself, take rank in wealth and world influence beside her elder sister on this continent.

That is the material and practical side. There is also the sentimental side.

The young poet, Rupert Brooke, wrote in his diary just before his death, early in the war, that he intended to write a poem on the "nonlocality of England". Wherever his

dust might mingle wtih mother earth, —whether on an island of the Aegean or under the burning sands of Egypt, or in the Southern Seas—there would be a spot of old England, there would be the lanes and hedge-rows of the banks of Avon, there the larks would soar and sing.

But England is not the only country of which "non-locality" can be predicated. In Flanders fields lies the dust of 50,000 or more of the sons of Canada, and wherever one of them who was born in Canada lies buried—and many of them were of the fourth or sixth and even the tenth generation of Canadians—there is a spot of Canada, a bit of the blossom-scented apple orchards of the provinces down by the sea, or of the blue skies and clover meadows of the valley of the St. Lawrence, or of the wild free life of the prairies, or of the mountain vistas of the Pacific slope.

They all died for Canada and for freedom and justice and the right of Belgian and Serbians and of all nations everywhere to control their own affairs free from the dictation of more powerful neighbours—and their memory will abide for evermore.

The cabled newspaper reports of the Russell case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council credited Lord Haldane with the remark that "more and more the principle of self-government is being granted" to Canada. If Lord Haldane was correctly reported his words were not well chosen, for it is not necessary for Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen and Welshmen at Westminster to grant self-government to Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen and Welshmen or their descendants in Canada. We already have it.

It is true the shell of the old colonial order remains, but the life is as extinct as the dodo.

It only remains to make the necessary adjustments and the Blake-Carnavon correspondence of forty odd years ago, as indeed Lord Haldane admitted in his remarks in the Russell case, could not be repeated in the twentieth year of the twentieth century. There are no differences between Englishmen and Canadians on that point.

In short the old colonial bottles will no longer hold the new national wine.

Under the new order which is now here Canada will in the future amend her own constitution and make her own treaties.

The issues of peace and war for Canada will be determined both actually and technically at Ottawa, and the Governor General of Canada will be appointed by the King on the nomination of His Majesty's Privy Council for Canada. (Not of course that Canada has any fault to find with the Governors General of the past or present. They have been of the very highest type of British statesmen, which means the highest type of statesmen in the world.

Moreover a nation cannot be a nation and have its ultimate court of judicial appeal located outside its own boundaries and independent of its own government. And, as this is a subject in which the Canadian Bar Association has a special interest, I will be pardoned if I discuss it briefly.

The Judicial Committee of His Majesty's Privy Council has rendered great service to the old order, and it will continue for many years and perhaps for generations to carry the white man's burden of "the lesser breeds without the law". But besides acting as an appellate court for India and the crown colonies it may render a great service to the new political order, the confederacy of British nations.

British, Canadian, Australian, South African statesmen — all are agreed that in this confederacy (or as Lord Cave prefers to call it, Imperial Commonwealth, and perhaps that is a better word) there will be no superior and no inferior. All will be of equal status, as are the provinces of Canada in the Canadian Confederation, and the different states of the

Union of the United States of America. The great state of New York has no right of suzerainty or superiority over Rhode Island, or Ontario over Prince Edward Island. If that is the correct basis—and that is of course the only possible basis—the jurisdiction of the reconstituted Judicial Committee for the purposes of the Imperial Commonwealth must be on the footing of the reciprocal rights and responsibilities of the nations in the Confederacy — Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, and in good time, India and the West Indies.

And here may perhaps be found the solution of the age-long Irish question—for to this High Court of International Justice for the Imperial Commonwealth will be referred—not as now questions between citizens of Canada, or between citizens of Australia, or even between different provinces of Canada or different states of Australia, (all of these will be determined finally by the supreme courts of those nations), but questions between the different nations represented in the international court, —between Great Britain, for instance, and Ireland; or between Canada and Newfoundland; or between South Africa and Australia.

Mr. Elihu Root is advocating an international court for the members of the League of Nations. The court that I am now suggesting will be a different court from that. It will be a Britannic court, a court for the British League of Nations, another happy phrase for which we are indebted to my Lord Cave—and that court is now at hand and almost ready made in the great tribunal of which Lord Cave is a distinguished member. Mr. Root's court will be composed of judges speaking different languages and schooled under different systems of law—the Common Law of England, the Code Napoleon, the Civil Law, the Law of Mohammed and what not? But the Britannic International Court will be composed wholly of Judges speaking the English language and schooled in the Common Law of England—except when a French Judge is named from Canada, or a Dutch Judge from South Africa. This will be a wonderful advantage, and that Court, call it if you like (and there could be no better name) the Judicial Committee of His Majesty's Privy Councils (observe the plural) will be an invaluable guide and mentor to the other more cosmopolitan and less cohesive court proposed by Mr. Root, should that court be established.

Two converging events make it impossible for the public men of Great Britain and the other Britannic commonwealths to longer ignore the question of the relations of their countries to each other and to the other nations of the world. Those two events are the consummation of the League of Nations and the British Imperial Conference which is to be held next year.

Canada claims to be entitled to representation in the Assembly of the League of Nations and her claim has been conceded. No public man in Canada or in England will question Canada's right to participate in world politics, but such participation is obviously utterly and absolutely irreconcilable with the existence of a superior authority over Canada either in the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, or in His Majesty's Privy Council for Great Britain and Ireland.

The whole subject must be discussed at the approaching Imperial Conference and it is vastly important that it should be the subject of public discussion before the conference meets, in order that Canada's representatives at the Conference may be fully informed of Canadian public sentiment. In this discussion the lawyers of Canada will of necessity take a foremost part, and I am therefore making no apology for introducing the subject at this national meeting of Canadian lawyers. It is not to be expected that we shall all agree. Per-

haps that is not to be desired. But what is desirable and what is essential is that there should be a free and frank exchange of views.

I am of course well aware that there are eminent members of this Association who look upon the control of Canada's constitution by the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, and the control of Canada's courts by a committee of His Majesty's Privy Council for Great Britain and Ireland, as links of empire. And so they were under the old dispensation — under the order of superior and inferior. But we have the high authority of the War Cabinet of Great Britain and of Sir Robert Borden and of Earl Grey and of many others, including the Prince of Wales, that "the Dominions are no longer colonies, but sister nations of the British nation". In other words the only true bonds are the bonds of which Edmund Burke spoke more than a hundred years ago — bonds "light as air though strong as iron", the bonds of sentiment—bonds that grow stronger the lighter they are and the less they are felt. A common kingship is its sufficient expression. With all deference I venture to suggest that those who cling to the lesser so-called links of empire have their faces turned to the past.

Then there is that once large and still respectable school of political thought that looked, and still perhaps looks, for a partnership of the Britannic Dominions in an imperial federation. I am not proposing to discuss now any of the various plans that have been put forward from time to time for a closer political union of the spots marked red on the map of the world. I content myself with pointing out that Canadian and Australian and South African national autonomy is the antithesis of imperial federation, and that imperial federation is inconsistent with the representation of Canada and Australia and South Africa in the Assembly of the League of Nations—as inconsistent as it would be for the state of Massachussets or Texas to claim such representation. Canada has elected definitely in favour of membership in the League of Nations and by that course she has elected in favour of autonomy and against imperial federation.

This election was not the result of argument but of the development of events. In the language of the War Cabinet of Great Britain the question was forced to the front by the common effort and sacrifices of the war.

When a youth attains to manhood he assumes the rights and with them takes on the responsibilities of manhood. In assuming the rights of nationhood Canada must accept the responsibilities. In no other way can she play her part in the great world drama which is now unfolding so rapidly and which will continue to unfold whether any individual nation does its whole duty or not. Thus can only Canada assist in the vast schemes of world betterment whose focus at the moment is in England—thus only can she be a branch of the great tree of international probity, comity and fellowship whose leaves — justice, freedom, right, truth and open diplomacy—shall be for the healing of the nations.

The Canadian Bar Association is honoured in having as its guests at this meeting representatives of the best traditions of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, Great Britain, and the off-spring of her loins, the family of commonwealths known as the United States of America.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS AND THE MODERN WORLD

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE

WHEN the pilgrim fathers landed on the coast of New England three hundred years ago they made a heavy dent not only upon the new world in its infinitesimal proportions of that distant day, but also upon the new world of a later development, as it grew into a vast continent embracing immense cities and thickly-populated commonwealths, with unlimited wealth of all kinds in its rivers, its lakes, its mountains and its forests.

Theodore Roosevelt went still further than this when he said at the laying of the corner-stone of the Pilgrim Memorial monument at Provincetown, Mass., in 1907: "The coming hither of the Pilgrims three centuries ago, shaped the destinies of this continent and therefore profoundly affected the destiny of the whole world".

In old England there had long been unrest in the hearts of many earnest conscientious souls who could not find that which satisfied them in the formalities of religion prevailing in their day. For decades there had been a deep undercurrent of dissatisfaction which in time came forcibly to the surface. These people were in reality searching for that which has been the goal of attainment for so many choice spirits of various periods—something which indeed is so difficult yet to be fully realized, even in our modern free civilizations—human freedom.

Their particular quest was for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. This seemingly moderate pursuit had far-reaching results.

To begin with, it was considered sufficiently important to receive the attention of the English Parliament. Statutes were enacted requiring all to worship God according to a definite prescribed form. The path of the would-be Independents became more rigorous than before. For breach of the law a number of them were arrested and imprisoned.

After being harassed and persecuted in various ways, these pioneers of independent thought came to realize that they could not obtain in their own land that for which they were striving. Under Elizabeth their position was sufficiently difficult, but when James ascended the throne it became still worse. He said, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land or else worse." They, therefore, prepared to leave their country on a great adventure of faith.

Holland was the only country in Europe at that time that was broad enough to open its doors freely to all followers of Jesus Christ, regardless of creed or ritual, and it was to Holland that they decided to go. Other Englishmen had gone there as early as 1593 for a very similar purpose. Amsterdam was already becoming quite an asylum of liberty. To this city these refugees of 1608

made their way. After a short time they decided to settle in Leyden, some twenty miles distant. Here they remained for eleven years.

As the years passed by it became increasingly clear that on account of their more or less uncongenial environment their permanent home could not be in Holland. Another move was necessary.

This time their course was by no means so clear. After much discussion they decided to try America. But to cross the Atlantic in the early part of the seventeenth century was a difficult and hazardous undertaking. However, they did not shrink from it. After careful preparation, overcoming many obstacles before sailing, and enduring great hardships on their long and perilous voyage of nearly ten weeks on the ocean, they finally landed on the shores of this continent so late in the year that winter had already begun. Without a house or refuge of any kind to shelter them from the severity of the rigorous Atlantic coast, what they must have endured can only be imagined. It is not strange that during that first winter about half of their number died. The wonder is that before the advent of spring they had not all perished.

It was but a small group that began that far away Christmas season to hew down the trees on that rugged Massachusetts coast to make themselves homes. When the winter was over there were only half a hundred of them to carry on the work of the colony. They had put the great ocean between them and their dearest friends. Except for the Indians they had no neighbours for hundreds of miles.

They were also a group of obscure men and women. They were not of the great or titled class. But the names of many of them are household words to-day: William Brewster, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, Miles Standish, John Alden, together with their curiously-named children, Wrestling Brewster, Love Brewster, Fear Brewster, Remember Allerton, Desire Minter, Humility Cooper, Resolved White, Oceanus Hopkins, etc.

Even many of the simple incidents of their lives have become quite well-known to us, as, for example, the question which Priscilla Mullins addressed to John Alden when he was suing her on behalf of Captain Standish, which has its modern counterpart in the case of another Puritan maid who, in answer to the question, "If I should ask you to become my wife, would you say, 'Yes'?", replied, "If you thought I would say, 'Yes', would you ask me to become your wife?"

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson has gone so far as to say of these colonists that they "had more to do with the building of our modern world than any other body of men who have lived since the days of the Apostles," and then adds, "They are the men best knowing of all the men who have lived within the last thousand years."

The principles for which they stood were of that abiding kind, that they can in their broader significance be profitably applied to the problems confronting us to-day.

I.—THE PILGRIMS AND INTERNATIONALISM

The Pilgrims were internationalists. They dwelt successively in three different countries. They were not only loyal to each in turn. They continued to have a deep affection for each. Though they were not content to make Holland their permanent home, they had become not a little attached to the country and to the people during the twelve years they spent there. Moreover, the greater part of their company had remained in Holland after they left.

Still more did they love England. That was their native land. It was hard for them to leave it in the first place. It must have been still more difficult to spend a little time there en route to the New World, and then turn their backs upon it forever.

Many of their own kin were still there, most of whom they would never see again.

And America they soon came to love more than either of the others.

This experience was favourable to the development of a healthy international mind. This naturally proceeds from a consideration of the individual to that of the family, the nation and the sisterhood of nations. The result of this need not be feared if reasonable proportions be observed.

"That man's the true cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best."

"The man who loves his own home best makes the best citizen. The citizen who loves and cherishes his own native land most is the one who best understands the affiliation of the world."—Dr. S. A. Eliot.

It is time for us to learn a new international ethics. We have gone on the theory that for one nation to prosper it has been necessary for it to take some advantage of its neighbour by which the latter should be in some manner worsted. That was the old idea of a business transaction. Now we know that a good business transaction is that in which both parties to it are benefitted.

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

We may now narrow the thought. Those early immigrants belonged especially to two nations. Though the influence of their sojourn in Holland is not to be minimized, yet it was mainly a "sojourn". Their abiding affection was for the land of their nativity. Though there came in the process of time what seemed an unfortunate clash, yet these two peoples have not only continued in the most harmonious relations with each other, but also to stand for the same exalted ideals.

If there is one thing that this troubled world needs to-day more than anything else, it is the active and enthusiastic co-operations on its behalf of these two nations. This does not mean that war between them should be averted. That goes without saying. Such a calamity is unthinkable. This would threaten the existence of all that is most precious in the world to-day. It would imperil the very being of civilization itself. It would at least retard the higher forms of civilization for centuries. We are of one family, and as the *London Spectator* puts it: "We are not, and we do not pretend to be an agreeable people, but when there is trouble in the family, we know where our hearts are".

But there is more than this. Lloyd George has recently said: "There is no more important work than to establish a good understanding between the American and British democracies. The future largely depends upon the co-operations of all the great western democracies in the colossal task of rebuilding the world on better lines . . . . It is especially on our two countries that the responsibility rests, because they have now in especial degree the energy, the wealth, and, as I believe, the ideals necssary to the making of a new and better world."

We have been waging war to end war. The final goal we have in view is that which Tennyson has portrayed:

"When the war-drums throb no longer,
and the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation
of the World."

All nations may not yet be ready to co-operate in this; but the two

greatest nations should now be in a position to take a strong leadership in it. They have been drawn closer together in recent times. This was noticeably the case during the war between Spain and the United States. Still more is it the case since they have been fighting side by side in the greatest of all wars.

"Two Empires by the Sea,
Two Nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise."

II.—THE PILGRIMS AND INTER-DENOMINATIONALISM

The activity of the Pilgrims resulted in the formation of a new denomination, though this was not part of their programme. Like Luther in the previous century they had no intention of breaking away from the Established Church. Soon many other sects sprang up, showing at least an awakening religious interest.

It has now long been felt that the division into sects has been carried to an absurd extreme. It was only as a matter of expediency that the Pilgrims were led to form another denomination. It is quite in keeping with their principles, therefore, if similar reasons should now lead us in the opposite direction. This, indeed, is the proper method of approach to this problem. It is no conclusive argument to say that there was only one form of the Church in New Testament times. Nor is it primarily a question of church policy or theology. It is a matter of expediency, economy and efficiency.

There can be no doubt in what direction the pendulum is now swinging.

Shortly after the war closed leading representatives of over twenty denominations gathered in Philadelphia in the interest of the complete organic unity of the Protestant churches. Though enthusiasm and confidence have been expressed as to the probable outcome of these negotiations, it may be doubted whether so great a step can be taken in a short time. In the meantime some very significant experiments are being tried.

In many places two or more local denominations are uniting for worship, retaining membership in their respective churches, earmarking their contributions and choosing their pastors from the different denominations in turn. In other cases the membership has been fused. Denomination A yields in one place to Denomination B, while in another B yields to A, a certain equity between them being thus preserved. In our Canadian West many union churches have been formed without affiliation with any particular body. If the proposed union of the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists takes place many of these will doubtless affiliate with the United Church so formed.

A rather remarkable instance of cordial entente has been that between two denominations in the United States so different from each other as the Protestant Episcopal and the Congregational. Many prominent leaders in both believe that there might be a great gain from certain adaptations of the form of ordination to permit the clergy of each body to exercise their functions in certain cases within the bounds of the other as well.

In addition to these movements not a few unions have taken place in recent times, as in the case of three Methodist bodies in England, all of the Methodists in Japan, and three large Lutheran bodies in the United States, not to mention the earlier unions among the various Methodists as well as among the various Presbyterians in Canada.

A recent survey in Ohio seems to show that the smaller churches do not make the same impact upon a community as the larger. This survey indicates the percentage of grow-

ing churches among groups of different sizes to be as follows:

Those	with	membership of	1 to 25— 2.2%
"	"	"	26 to 50—16.6%
"	"	"	51 to 100—33.5%
"	"	"	101 to 150—48.2%
"	"	"	151 to 150—58.5%
"	"	"	over 200—70 %

Lloyd George has well caricatured at least a portion of the existing divisions in his humorous statement to a friend, as follows: "The Church to which I belong is torn with a fierce dispute. One part say that it is a baptism into the name of the Father, and the other that it is a baptism in the name of the Father. I belong to one of these parties. I feel most strongly about it. In fact I would die for it. But I forget which it is".

III.—THE PILGRIMS AND FREEDOM

From the very first freedom is what the Pilgrims were especially seeking. Their intense earnestness is shown by what they were ready to suffer for it.

This was characteristic of all these early pioneers. When the Virginia colony came out two years previously, they lost 130 of their 180 passengers before the voyage was completed. The Massachusetts Bay Colony which came a few years later lost no less than two hundred during their first eight months. A similar fate awaited the Pilgrims, for of the hundred and two who landed from the *Mayflower* about one-half died during the first few months. Neverthless, when the ship was returning to England in the spring, not a man or a woman, in spite of all their losses, was willing to go back and abandon their enterprise, though a free passage was offered them. For a few years, too, they were frequently in great want, but they bore all cheerfully in the interest of the great cause.

Strange to say, however, after gaining their own freedom at such cost, they themselves have been charged with intolerance. Even if it should be admitted that there is any ground for the charge, the following defence by Professor Gardiner has great force: "The question . . . was not whether they were to tolerate others, but whether they were to give others the opportunity of being intolerant to themselves. The cases, therefore, are not parallel between a strong government harrying out of the land a little community of conscientious men far too weak to be dangerous, and that little community fighting as for dear life, to guard the liberty which has cost them so much, and which might easily be taken from them again."

But most of these charges are groundless, many of them resulting from confusion. It was not in Plymouth but in Salem that witches were put to death; Mary Dyer met her fate not on Plymouth Rock, but on Boston Common; and the Pilgrims are not to be blamed for certain forms of intolerance that developed in various places later.

Even these have been greatly exaggerated. The so-called "Blue Laws" were simply the fictitious production of a man who was driven out of the country during the Revolutionary War and took revenge when he returned to England by publishing this imaginative code of laws by which the new world was supposed to be governed. There were but five capital crimes in Plymouth compared with thirteen in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, seventeen in Virginia and thirty-one in England under James I.

Ex-President Charles W. Eliot indirectly eulogizes the Pilgrim Fathers when he says: "The present conception of toleration in religion was a gradual growth through four centuries, and is the principal achievment of the human race since the Reformation . . . .In the church and state and family the real benefactors of our race are the men or the committee that have known how to increase mental and spiritual liberty."

It was this spirit that the Pilgrims earnestly sought for themselves and consistently championed for others. The exhortation of their pastor, John

Robinson, rings out clearly over the centuries in tones that are suited to our modern days: "If God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument, be ready to receive it, for the Lord has more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word."

And freedom rests on truth.

Says a modern Pilgrim: "In the long run nothing lives or can live but the truth. The only way to combat an idea that we hold to be wrong is by another idea that we know to be right."

Said a Pioneer Pilgrim: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free". The glory of this position cannot be overestimated. The sense of freedom arising from readiness to follow the truth wherever it may lead lifts one up to the higher realms.

IV.—THE PILGRIMS AND SOCIETY

The spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers of course very strongly permeated the community life with which they were identified. The severe simplicity of this on the one hand, and its majestic sternness on the other hand, both witness the intensity of their convictions. Without regarding it necessary to adopt their formal habits and customs, we may nevertheless recognize that there is an inspiriting message for us in the deep sincerity underlying these.

This is all the more remarkable in view of the youth of the "Fathers". William Bradford who so soon became governor of the colony was barely thirty on their arrival. Edward Winslow was but twenty-five, Standish thirty-six,Allerton, thirty-two, John Alden twenty-one. It is believed that only two of the whole company were more than fifty, while the greater majority were under forty.

A chapter from the life of Rev. Francis Johnson, though it refers to his experience while in Holland, throws some light upon the ideals of these newcomers to America.

He married a widow, Mrs. Thomasine Boys, who was charged with being garish and proud. George Johnson, his brother, protested vigorously against her gold rings, her busk, her whalebones and her "schowish hat". The more George criticized the more "peert and coppet" she became. A church council was finally called which decided that her hat was "not topish in nature", though some still thought it might be regarded as "topish" when worn by the minister's wife. Other charges were made against her including that of lying in bed on the Lord's Day until nine o'clock. Francis finally excommunicated his brother, and the minister's wife is reported to have been overheard to say that she wished she were a widow again, for as a widow she could have worn any hat that was becoming to her.

Some of the laws enacted after the colony had grown considerably, indicate the attitude manifested to social customs, sports, etc. A law was passed against masquerading, the fine for the first offence being fifty shillings, and for a second offence, public whipping. Similar penalties were adopted for card-playing, while there were also laws against horse-racing, smoking tobacco in public places and "being without doors at the meeting-house on the Lord's Day".

Their punctilious attention to certain formalities in the church services testifies to their deep love of the sanctuary. They "seated the meeting-house" in accordance with the social position of the congregation. This required them also to "dignify the meeting", the seating committee deciding that a certain seat on the floor was equal in dignity to a certain seat in the gallery, etc. In determining social position one's age, military service, position in the community, each counted so many points.

Some one usually acted as precentor to lead the singing. An extract from the diary of one of these officials reads as follows: "I set York tune, and the

congregation went out of it into St. David's in the very second going over. They did the same three weeks before. This is the second sign. It seems to me an intimation for me to resign the precentor's place for a better voice. I have through the Divine long-suffering and favour done it for twenty-four years, and now God in His providence seems to call me off, my voice being enfeebled."

The educational tendencies of the early New England colonists are sufficiently indicated by the fact that Harvard College was founded within sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and only six years after the coming of the Massachusetts Bay colonists who were a stronger force numerically, and to whom credit for this achievement is chiefly due, though they had the sympathy and support of their brethren further down the bay.

Still more important was their attitude to religion. This was to them fundamental. Dr. George A. Gordon of Boston says that the Pilgrims had a special genius for religion, this being their supreme concern, and that their noble and fruitful lives testify by way of contrast to the fact that "man without religion is a poor thing, and man with a meagre religion is stunted in his nature."

It is another New England minister who asserts that the first of their fundamental religious ideals was the primacy of God, their creed consisting of the first sentence in the Bible, "In the beginning, God"; and that their second ideal was faith in the possibilities and in the sanctity of the human soul. They believed in the individual man, in what he can do, and in his inalienable rights as over against the tyranny of either state or popular opinion.

BITTERSWEET

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

A VASE of brass holds branches thin and brown,
Clustered with scarlet berries bright as flame;
Blue walls behind them; past the window-frame
White wastes and little woods lie round the town
And icebound waters musical of name.
And from one little wood these berries came,
Picked there when winter skies began to frown.

Here as a memory and a pledge they gleam
Gem-bright, a flare of colour from the chill
Of frosty whiteness; autumn's wealth they show
And summer's warmth foretell; the frozen stream
And quiet woods have lost them, but they fill
Our thoughts with beauty such as dryads know.

THE LOYAL INDIAN

AN INCIDENT TO THE REBELLION OF 1885

BY E. C. STEWART

TELL you Totose-Apwe, there's goin' to be war."

This from Kutawa, a young Salteaux interpreter, on the File Hills Indian Reserve.

"What do you mean? War? Who will make war?"

"Injuns."

"Who will the Indians fight with?"

"Government."

"What for?"

"More grub."

'I say, Kutawa, you're a crazy Indian."

"No, sir. You'll see."

One fine morning in June, 1884, as the writer was preparing for a twenty mile drive by buckboard from File Hills to Fort Qu'Appelle, Kutawa had asked for a "lift" to the Fort. He had a few minutes previously announced his intention to throw up his work as interpreter and had demanded a voucher for the salary due him, to be cashed at the Hudson's Bay Company's store.

Half the distance between the two places mentioned had been covered when the Indian had voluntarily offered the startling information about impending war. Then this impulsive, hot-headed Red Man became suddenly reticent, nor during the remainder of the trip could any further information be coaxed from him. To shut off further questioning he characteristically related a story of the early spring time when, riding along the Qu'Appelle River, he had seen an English immigrant, who, in crossing the ford had left the beaten track and had got into deep water. Kutawa had called to the Englishman in the Salteaux tongue, "Wagonin"? (What's the trouble?) The pioneer from London thinking he had been spoken to in English testily replied, "Yes, and horses too".

When the buckboard had rolled and rattled over the smooth hard floor-like road across the Qu'Appelle Valley, and finally stopped at the door of the "Echo House", the young Indian sprang lightly out and extending his hand said, "Well, good-bye, Totose Apwe, before you see me at File Hills again the war will be over". Then borrowing a pony from a relative who had just come in from the south, he rode off towards Pasqua's Reservation.

As we watched him climb the hill and disappear under the southern sky line, how little we realized that, before the June of another year, the war he had so tersely prophesied would have come and passed into history. Time proved that Kutawa had inside information.

In the following month, July, 1884, Little Black Bear, (Kusketay-Musquasis), chief of the most northern of the four File Hill Bands, asked his farm instructor for a pass to Duck Lake. "Our gardens," he set forth, "have been well hoed, and weeded, our crops well fenced, my young men have made ready to cut all the hay needed for our cattle next winter and now I wish to take my wife and daughter

to visit our friends on the South Saskatchewan".

"You have done well, Black Bear," replied Instructor Nicol, "to come to me, but since your trip will take you outside the boundaries of your own treaty, I must send you for a pass to your agent at Indian Head. You shall have some food and tobacco for your journey and I will give you a letter to him recommending that your request be granted."

Early the following day Black Bear appeared at the office of Col. McDonald, the brusque, genial, wholesouled Indian agent for Treaty Four. The Colonel listened quietly while Black Bear at some length made known his wishes through an interpreter.

"Black Bear," said the Colonel, "I am glad you came here. In this you have been more discreet than your brother chief, Star Blanket, who left for Duck Lake last week without permission. By the way, my good Chief, what is the attraction at Duck Lake this summer? I have had requests from some of my Indians at Crooked Lakes and Touchwood for passes to visit there."

"My wife had wished for many moons to see her brother who lives there," replied Black Bear with evident evasion.

"Now listen to me, Black Bear, and let me tell you a few things that you perhaps think I don't know. You Indians are all going to Duck Lake to meet Louis Riel and pow wow with him and his following of discontented half-breeds. Is it not so? Speak truly, Chief?"

"My great white brother is wise and knows all things," the Chief answered diplomatically, "and I would not seem to discount his wisdom by telling him what he already knew. This is why I did not mention the name of our half-brother, Louis. It is quite true, Shuniah Okemow, that Riel sent runners to our teepees last winter inviting us to a big talk, but it is also true that apart from meeting Louis, we wish to see our friends in the North."

"You shall have your pass, Black Bear, for yourself and family. The Great White Mother is not afraid to trust such men as yourself, to meet and talk with men who may give you bad advice, because she knows that Little Black Bear's heart is loyal and true. I wish I could say as much for that rascal chief, Star Blanket."

Thus it was that "Kusketay Musquasis", with his wife, child, and servant set out on a long two hundred and fifty mile journey, with the usual retinue, creaking carts, hungry gopher-devouring dogs and extra ponies, the latter now sleek and fat from months of feeding on the rich green prairie grass. Past Little Touchwood Hills, Big Touchwood Hills, over the Great Salt Plain, a forty mile stretch without wood or water—past Humboldt, around the foot of Mount Carmel, and then one long last sixty mile fatigue, and the South Saskatchewan and Duck lake were reached at last.

It is not easy to estimate fully the significance of this pilgrimage and of Black Bear's participation in the rebel council. It has been well established by evidence at Riel's trial and otherwise that the astute métis depended in no small degree on a general uprising among the Indians for the success of his plans. It is equally certain that the stand taken by Black Bear—known and respected among all the tribes—influenced many of his people toward caution in their resolves, and distrust of Riel himself. It is safe to say that had there been at that meeting six Indians like-minded with Black Bear—the rebellion on the banks of the Saskatchewan in 1885 would never have materialized. Two days of the great Riel convention had gone and as yet our friend had not spoken. On the third day he took his place with others under the huge skeleton tent. The summer sun was fast hastening toward the meridian when with great

deliberation he laid down his pipe, threw away his blanket and standing majestically and fearlessly before an audience, who, he knew, did not share his views, he began:

"Brothers and half-brothers, the soft summer wind from the south land, the pleasant sunshine from the bright blue sky, the hills around us covered with verdure and the songs of birds among the trees, these tell us that Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit, loves us all and wishes peace among his children, both white and red.

"Scarcely eight years have gone by since we touched our pens to parchment and took the hand of the Queen's Commissioner, who told us that we were thereby placing our hands in the hand of the Great White Mother.

"At that time we promised in the Great Spirit's presence that while the sun shines and the waters flow we would live in peace with the white man and be his friend.

"We stand again to-day before the Great Spirit. The sun still shines over our heads. We see yonder the waters of the swift flowing river, the Saskatchewan, swirling and tossing as they hurry on to their home in the ocean.

"With these three witnesses against us, shall we, can we, listen to the words of our half-brother and tear up our parchments? Will it ever be said of the Red Man that in an hour of weakness he was tempted to break his pledge, sealed with the clasp of the White Mother's hand? Oh, Red Men of the forest and of the plain, let us remember that our actions to-day will decide whether we and our children, and their children after them, shall stand erect as honest men, faithful to our word, or hang our heads in shame through all the many years to come.

"Go back to your people, my brothers—whether you have come from the Blackfoot of the sunny south, from your farms on the Battle River, from the far-off hunting-grounds of the North Saskatchewan, or from the beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle, go back, I say, to your people and tell them that so long as honour shall be known among us, and so long as red blood flows through our veins, our words stand firm as the lofty hills in the land of the setting sun."

Then turning to Riel: "My great half-brother, I have listened for two days to your words and the words of your followers. You are a man of much learning. It is known to you that our treaty with the Queen binds us to live in peace with all white people—whether they may come from beyond the Great Lakes or from across the Big Sea Water. It is no secret that we have solemnly agreed to let them till the soil and grow food for the hungry on these lands over which our fathers have chased the buffalo and the antelope. You counsel us to burn our treaty parchments, and drive out all white peoples. You speak to us in words that fall from your lips, smooth and pleasant as the waving of the summer grass, but you speak to us with a tongue that can be only the tongue of Mutchee Manitou, the Evil One. I push back your hand, and denounce you as a traitor to that noble Queen, who, fourteen years ago, gave you back your life which you had forfeited by the murder of a white man at Fort Garry! Brothers! I have spoken."

Three hours afterward, Black Bear had forded the river and was walking at the head of his little company on their return home.

It is a matter of history that a rebellion broke out in March of the following year, but ere this Black Bear had slipped away into the great unknown.

One cold January night, after weeks of illness, he sent for his four headmen: The-Old-Man-Who-Smokes; The-Man-Who-Ties-The-Knot; The Big Sky and his favourite son Peekutch.

"My children, before the sun again creeps across the snow, I shall fall

asleep. Lay my body on the hillside yonder where the trail curves to the south, plant over my grave the flag given me by Governor Morris, so that, as my people pass to and fro, I may still speak to them. For though my lips will be closed and my tongue silent, the flag of my Queen floating above may remind them of my words and keep them also loyal and true."

To the writer's personal knowledge the Union Jack floated through two winters over the old Chief's last resting-place, before the winds whipped it into shreds. The flag staff was eventually burned down by a prairie fire, and was never replaced. No stone marks the spot.

REED BIRDS

By FRANCIS H. DONAGHY

IN the sedge around the slough,
Red-winged blackbirds—likely two—
Hanging, warble notes of glee,
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!

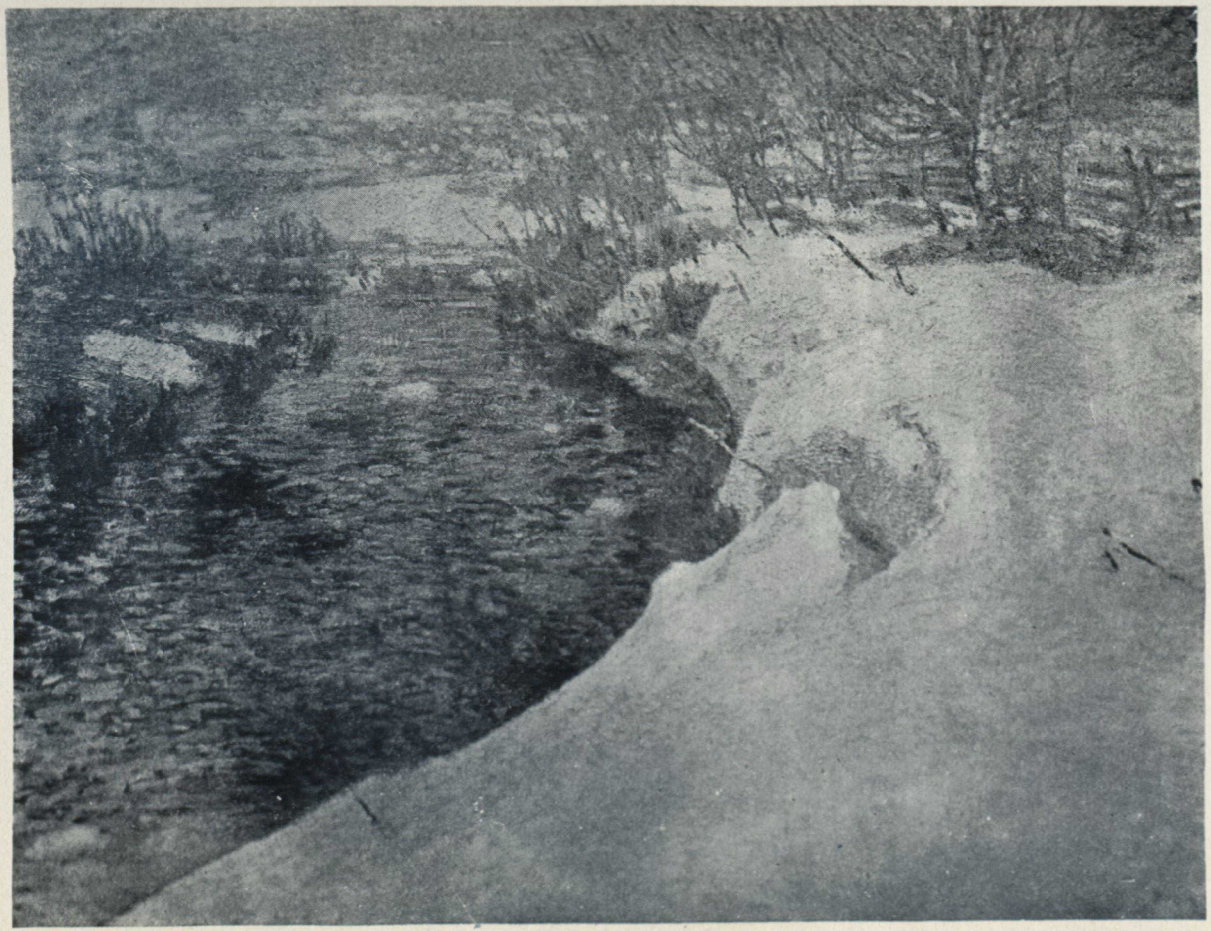
Through the fall of that refrain
Seems envoiced the lively rain,
Wind-whipped, as it splashes down,
Over water clear and brown.

Where their wings are jetty dark
Flames the clear vermilion mark—
So the world can hear and see,
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!

Moist, deep banks—a verdant gloom—
Flowers of pale sequestered bloom—
Bubbly water all along,
That and more is in their song.

Swells their liquid, whistling tone
Fearlessly, for they alone
Dwell in tangles of the sere
Rushes, by the little mere.

On a lissome reed aswing,
Happily the reed-birds sing:
Pleasant thoughts for drowsy me,
O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!



THE STREAM

From the Painting by E. Suzor-Cote. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Art.

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

V.

I PROCEED to give an account of the disposing of the case of Thomas vs. Fielding *et al* by the Privy Council of Great Britain. In 1895 the Legislature of Nova Scotia was sitting and a petition was presented by the Mayor and Town Council of the town of Truro in which petition there were certain statements reflecting on the conduct of F. A. Laurence, Q.C., on whose motion a resolution was passed by the House that the respondent had been guilty of such a breach on the privileges of the House and should be summoned to attend at its bar.

At that time Mr. Fielding was Provincial Secretary and Premier of the Local House and I was the Attorney-General. Neither of us paid any particular attention to Mr. Laurence's motion to bring the Mayor of the town of Truro before us, neither did we feel deeply concerned in the matter of the libel on the member.

It may be explained that Mr. F. A. Laurence, Q.C., was then a prominent member of the Legislature of Nova Scotia; that he was afterwards a member of the Dominion House of Commons, and finally was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, which position he occupied for a few years before he died. The petition was rather an unusual thing and contained a direct assault upon Mr. Laurence for his conduct and also upon members of the House, which constituted sufficient reason for the motion to bring the Mayor before the House.

Party feeling at that time was strong in Nova Scotia, but at last the warrant of the House of Assembly was served upon Thomas, the Mayor of Truro, and he was brought before the House. Mr. Thomas contended that the acts complained of were done by him in good faith in his capacity as Mayor and were not libelous. He was ordered to withdraw and remain in attendance, and subsequently ordered to be brought in and reprimanded by the Speaker. Both Mr. Fielding and myself regarded that as a sufficient dealing with the case. If he had come, the Speaker would have simply said that the House had regarded his petition as quite unnecessary and uncalled for and would have taken no further action in the matter, but, strange to say, influenced by counsel, he refused to obey and left the precincts of the House. Now we felt that matters had reached the stage when we regarded it as necessary for the House to take steps in order to protect us against this wilful disregard of the simple ruling of the House. The consequence was that Thomas was ordered to be arrested and brought to the bar of the House and directed by the House to be com-

mitted to the common gaol of Halifax for forty-eight hours.

There was considerable excitement. The House was crowded in the evening. The order was passed, and the detectives and constables took Thomas to the county gaol on Saturday night. On Monday morning, as early as could be done, he was brought by Habeas Corpus before the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia and the case argued fully. The result was that they passed an order discharging on the writ of Habeas Corpus. Thereupon Thomas brought an action against the member of the House of Assembly for damages for false arrest, laying his claim at ten thousand dollars. The case was tried at Truro at the next sitting of the Supreme Court and several lawyers were appointed on the case, and the Judge ruled that the action should be dismissed against the Speaker and other officers of the House, but against the others under the provisions of the Statutes, 5th Series, Chap. 3, under which they claimed to have proceeded, were not within the competency of the Legislature. I may remark in passing that the trial afforded opportunity for presenting the case in all its aspects to the jury, and I proceeded to speak on behalf of the defendants in a manner which called in question the whole circumstances of the case and placed the action of the plaintiff in the most amusing and dangerous light that could possibly be considered. The verdict, however, acting on the ruling of the Judge, was awarded to the plaintiff and the sum of two hundred dollars damages, which amounted to practically eight dollars a head.

I felt, however, that the case was misconceived by the Court and that the act of the Legislature which by sections 29-30 and 33 constituted the House a Court of Record with the inherent power to punish insults and libels upon its members during its session and the appellants possessed the privileges of Judges of a Court of Record and that by section 26 they were exempt from any civil action or damages.

The Minister of Justice in 1869 had objected as being ultra vires an Act passed by the Legislature of Ontario to define the privileges, immunities and powers of the Legislative Assembly and to give summary protection to persons employed in the publication of sessional papers. The Act had the same effect in regard to the Ontario Legislature, that the Nova Scotia Act had in respect to the Nova Scotia Legislature, and in order to become perfectly assured that his position was right he referred the matter to the Secretary of State for the Colonies in order to obtain the opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General of England, and we have therefore on the 4th May, 1869, the following opinion:

"That we have considered the several Acts to which your Lordship has been pleased to direct our attention and we are of the opinion that it was not competent of the legislature of the Province of Ontario to pass such Acts or either of them, and consider them inconsistent with the provisions of Sections 92 and 96 of the British North America Act."

This is signed "R. P. Collier" and "J. D. Colridge". Both of these afterwards became distinguished members of the British Judiciary.

The provision in Nova Scotia had been embodied in the Revised Statutes of the country, and the Government did not care about disallowing the whole series of Revised Statutes, but drew attention that it was ultra vires and asked the Government of Nova Scotia to repeal the clauses to which I refer. As I was Attorney-General at the time I replied that we did not consider them ultra vires but strictly within the limits of our jurisdiction, and stated that we would agree to a case in which these enactments should appear and be discussed before the Supreme Court of Canada with an ap-

peal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and, if they were held to be ultra vires, we would repeal them, to which the Minister of Justice, Sir John Thompson, replied that it was useless to consider the matter because the powers of our parliament did not extend to that form of enactment and it would be useless to discuss it, in fact it was declined in a manner that was almost contemptuous. So the enactment still remained on the Statute book and we had the right to take advantage of it when the case was heard.

The matter came up for argument before the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia before four Judges. Two of them, MacDonald, C. J., and Graham, J., held that the provisions in question were *ultra vires* of the local Legislature and that the indemnity clause did not apply. Ritchie, J., and Weatherbe, J., thought the Statute empowered the House to deal with matters of crime only in protecting the members in their proceedings, and that so constituted it was not *ultra vires* but was applicable to the proceedings in question. The court being equally divided, the judgment below was affirmed.

Shortly after Confederation in 1867 the courts were disposed all to lean in favour of the jurisdiction of the Federal Legislature and against the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislature. At first the Dominion legislatures loomed rather grandly in the aspect of persons and they thought that all power was to be lodged in them. This view, however, did not continue and a broad conception of what the legislatures were and the powers which they had remaining in them and the powers which they had in regard to section 92 of the B. N. A. Act became apparent and the measure of decisions entirely changed in the course of time, so that at the present time the powers of the provincial legislature are as completely and fully recognized as those of the Dominion, and to a certain extent the broad view of the question was presented to our Judges very largely through the Judges of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The difference between the opinions of the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of England in May, 1869, represented the Dominion view in a singular light. The decision of the Privy Council in 1896 represented the growth of opinion in this respect wonderfully well, and all the previous correspondence between the Minister of Justice and the Attorney-Generals of the Province seem like romance when dealing squarely with the issue as determined by the judgment in this case.

I was not satisfied with the judgment of the court of Nova Scotia and thought it was right to have the whole question argued before the highest court in the land and I took proceedings to bring the whole matter before the Privy Council of England. I went on in the latter part of June, 1896. At that time Lord Rosebery's government was in power and Lord Herschell was Lord Chancellor and would preside over the case, and I had the opportunity of referring to it in conversation with him at a dinner and also to Lord Shand. Before the case was reached, however, there was a change of Government and Lord Salisbury came into power and Lord Halsbury became Lord Chancellor instead. On July 28th the matter came on for argument. The court consisted of Lord Halsbury, Lord Herschell, Lord Watson, Lord McNaughton, Lord Morris, Lord Davie and Sir Richard Couch, as large and as able a court as could possibly assemble to discuss any matter of appeal before it. I first employed Sir Robert Finlay, but he was made Solicitor-General in the new Government and gave up his brief, whereupon I selected Sir Arthur Cohen, Q.C. Mr. Lewis Coward appeared and myself as well for the appellants. The Hon. Edward

Blake, Q.C., together with Tyrel Paine, appeared for the respondents. The cause was fully argued. Mr. Blake never appeared in any case in which he did not go to the fullest extent in availing himself of any points that were open.

The counsel for the appellants were not called upon to reply and the judgment of the Privy Council was given by the Lord Chancellor in a lengthy judgment in which they held that our Legislature was perfectly justified in passing the Act to which I refer, and they decided that the Legislature could relieve members of the House from civil liabilities for acts done and words spoken in the House, when they could not do so from liability to criminal prosecution. The judgment was that the Legislature had power to pass the Act in question and that it constituted a perfect defense to the action, that they humbly recommended to Her Majesty that the judgment in this case should be reversed and judgment entered for the appellants below with costs.

It is needless to say that the effect of this judgment was far reaching. It enabled the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec and all the other provinces in the Dominion to pass similar laws to those in force in Nova Scotia and it rendered the action of the Canadian Government in disallowing the Acts futile.

The question of making the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council arbiter on all matters which they deem proper to bring before it supreme, is a question which will naturally arise in connection with our institutions. The Australian constitution forbids appeals to the Privy Council and makes the judgment of their highest court the last authority on any matter. The Privy Council has held that it has still power under the supreme jurisdiction of British law to hear such cases and it continues to hear them in spite of the enactment of the Australian constitution. With us, we have no such rule whatever and actions are taken to the Privy Council at all times.

A few words may be said upon the subject. There is one thing must be apparent to every one, and that is that making the judgment of the Privy Council the final authority in all cases, to a certain extent interferes with the absolute independence of the colonial legislature. It is exactly the same as if in France, Germany or Italy there was an appeal from the judgment of their highest courts to the highest court of Great Britain, which would be considered perfectly absurd, and so it would appear in regard to any country which would allow such an appeal to be taken in matters which concern the country alone, but it is perfectly plain that, however much we may talk of the nationality of the several Dominions of Great Britain, in reality they are colonies dependent upon Great Britain, and the highest court for the hearing of judicial cases still remains with its powerful influences upon all commercial transactions. The court, as will be seen by references to it, is fully equal to the hearing of any matter whatever. Lord Halsbury, the former Lord Chancellor, is still alive, at eighty years of age, and is superintending the issue of a great volume of law. Lord Herschell is dead. Lord Watson, Lord MacNaughton, Lord Morris and Lord Davis are also dead, but they were all men of the utmost ability. Lord Watson himself might be singled out as a man who had the fullest grasp of all matters relating to the government and constitution of Great Britain and her various provinces.

The Canadian Bar Association has sometimes at its meetings discussed the question of continuing or dispensing with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, discussions upon which have been chiefly in regard to the independent character of the Can-

adian Government, although the discussions have been purely and wholly academic.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is undoubtedly a tribunal of the highest possible standing, the highest we may assume of any in the Empire, and so long as Canada and the other Dominions remain as parts of the Empire in any and every sense whatever so long will the Privy Council continue to exercise its functions. It will never be complained that it has lacked the necessary ability to grapple with all matters, and undoubtedly if the question were taken among the leading barristers, and perhaps among the leading Judges, in Canada, their voice would be in favour of continuing the powers and functions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. We shall never be able to look at the matter thoroughly and carefully until Canada has reached a stage in which she can feel the necessity of throwing off the character of colonial relationships and assuming an independent position. That she may do so some time is unquestionable. Possibly at the present time the sentiment of loyalty, especially after the close of the great war, would prevent such a feeling from gaining much ground in Canada, and therefore we may assume that so long as our relationship with the Empire lasts we shall always have the advantages or disadvantages, as you like, of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

I may state that at the last meeting of the Canadian Bar Association particular reference was made to the matter of the Privy Council by Hon. Mr. Raney, the Attorney-General of Ontario. I need not say that I approved of all he said on that subject personally, but it did not command the universal approval of all the audience. The matter of the retention of the Privy Council is to my mind a matter of the continuation of Canada as a part of the British Empire, and it is necessary for us to allow time to pass in order that the true meaning of carrying our suits on to England for a final determination is ultimately determined. No one at present can tell what the future may have in store for us.

This ends my Reminiscences and Recollections for the present, at all events. I could fill many, many pages of *The Canadian Magazine* with anecdote and with pleasant recollections. I have only dealt so far with the chief and leading matters that were engaged in by Canada. It is pleasant to me to employ what leisure time I have to this work. I shall soon be passing away like all the others that have been playing the political game, and when I do these Reminiscences will be something to remember and recall, and in this light only they are offered to the public.

CARLYLE AS PROPHET

BY P. M. MacDONALD

THE term prophet was applied originally to one who spoke the words of God without necessarily implying that he foretold future events. He was regarded as the interpreter of the Divine will, the expounder of the truths darkly joined in the mystic frame of humanity and nature. When we deal with a writer like Carlyle under the name of prophet, it is understood that we attach this meaning chiefly to the term, although, it is to be remembered that time, future time, constitutes an important part of the test of the prophet's message and interpretation of life's elements and events.

Materialism had its prophets and defenders before Carlyle began to write. The able arguments of Bentham, for example, captivated many and made disciples of such men as James Mill. When Carlyle began to assert the existence of a spirit in man and in his own manner and method proceeded to give reasons for his belief, he had a hearty reception from a large number of people in all ranks of society. He at once became the spokesman of inarticulate persons bewildered by what they had seen and heard through weary years of materialism and its effects. Emerson described Carlyle's work as being an honest attempt to "clap wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world."

The clapper-of-wings was, in the beginning of his career, praised as a prophet. His "lawless praise of law" was applauded by the generous and the youthful and as he exhorted his readers to extol law they took the next step and extolled him as a lawgiver. It is true that these generous and youthful admirers of the prophet found it impossible, for the most part, to comprehend exactly the teachings and denunciations of their lawgiver, but in that respect they were in the same position as many older readers since their day.

Strangely enough Carlyle seems to have scorned the idea that anyone should indulge even the suspicion that he was "orthodox", or that he agreed with the common sense of any of the doctrines and questions of his day. He evidently wished to give the impression that he had "stept out into his own secluded walk, there to meditate in independence", and it was easily known that he was unlike those of his day in his views of things in general. In the matter of sentiment he was a mass of contradictions. Now bland and liberal and expansive and approachable; and then gloomy, despondent, passionate, restless and inconsistent, he created as much talk by his actions as he did by his vocabulary, which, by the way, was of his own particular planting and cultivating.

He wrote much in the prophetic strain and was very fond of capital letters. He strove and cried not a little, and though he advocated silence on the part of others he did a lot of trumpeting and bellowing in the assemblies of the just. What stands as the contribution of Carlyle to the

solution of life's problems? "It is difficult to decide," says Edmund Gosse, "what Carlyle has bequeathed to us, now that the echoes of his sonorous denunciation are at last dying away. Standing between the infinite and the individual, he recognizes no gradations, no massing of the species; he compares the two incomparable objects of his attention and scolds the finite for its lack of infinitude as if for a preventable fault. Unjust to human effort, he barks at mankind like an ill-tempered dog, angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves. A most unhelpful physician and a prophet with no gospel but vague stir and turbulence of contradiction. We are beginning now to admit a voice and nothing more. Yet at worst what a resonant and imperial clarion of a voice."

It may be that some will think that Carlyle might have taken such a criticism as an appreciation because of the concluding admission that he was a voice. Other prophets—who were not among the least of that class—were proud to be the voice of Truth. But it is hardly likely that he would regard it as praise, for he assumed high rank as a teacher of philosophy both moral and political. He claimed that the social panaceas he offered humanity were the only genuine ones. His great panacea was Hero-Worship. He saw such discord and contradiction in life around him that he looked backward among individual departed prophets, priests, poets and kings for an ideal of human nature, and clamoured with more zeal than wisdom for a popular adoption of what he professed to find there in the past. His constructive aid to willing followers was hardly inspiring.

After reading him the road of duty becomes dim and then loses itself in the tangle of strange words and broken sentences, for, as Taine remarks, he wrote in an "exaggerated and demoniacal style" when giving out "this marvellous and sickly philosophy, this contorted and prophetic history, these sinister and furious politics." Carlyle concluded his essay on "The Hero as King" with this sentence—"This poor Napoleon, a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last Great Man."

After picturing the world as ditched and done morally, and every other way, Carlyle has no scheme or suggestion to help us. "What are we to do?" asks a critic. "Mr. Carlyle will not allow us call in the neighbours. That would be too commonplace, too cowardly and too anarchical. No; he would have us sit down beside him in the slough, and shout lustily for Hercules. If that indispensable demigod will not or cannot come we can find a useful and instructive solace during the intervals of shouting in a hearty abuse of human nature which, at the long-last, is always to blame."

Carlyle's power to describe detached scenes was marvellous and the oddities and peculiarities of human character were favourite subjects for his pen and they were handled masterfully. He lacked, however, a keen perception when he studied the temper of his time and tried to guage the slow changing of opinion in the popular mind. In "Past and Present" he delivered his famous—or infamous—opinion of England: "We have forgotten God;—in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the fact of this universe as it is *not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shams of things. We quietly believe this Universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive Cattlefold and Workhouse, with most extensive kitchen-ranges, dining-tables—whereat he is wise who can find a place! All the Truth of this Universe is uncertain; only the

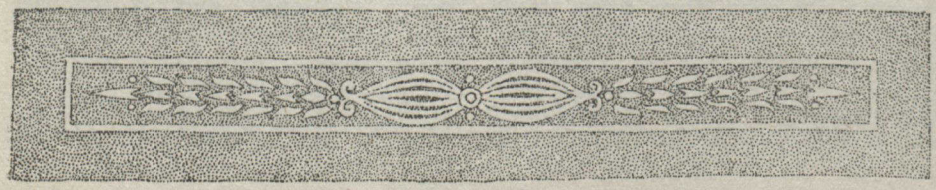
profit and loss of it, the padding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man." There is much more of this. He shrieks that constitutional monarchy is a failure, representative government is a gabble and that democracy is a birth from the bottomless pit. "There is no hope for mankind except in getting themselves under a good driver who shall not spare the lash."

Carlyle was always looking for outstanding men, leading figures to whom he might do homage. He thought of the mass of the people as a certain brute force in political tangles. The common sense of the majority he scorned. It is indicative of his mind that Frederick the Great and Cromwell were his choices for praise as individuals, and that he saw nothing but evil in the French Revolution. He was on the Watch-tower for Great Men, Heroes. They were the originators and agents of goodness and growth and he sets them up as models, and judges both past and present by them alone. The people generally—well, see what they did in the French Revolution and know them everywhere.

Now it is not true that "universal history is at bottom nothing but the history of great men". The years just past disprove and the doings of to-day disprove Carlyle's views. When the bugles sounded war in 1914, men of all classes and occupations put their games, their work and their money-getting away and with souls aflame against wrong and might went to fight and, if need be, die for truth and right. There were some great men, of course, whose splendid courage served mightily, but these same great men say—and they say it because it is true—that the war was won for right by the privates, the obscure and unknown boys and men of Christendom, who had been living nameless lives of moral endeavour and gentle worth. These went voluntarily to the place of need and danger and won the war. The driven ones, the compelled-to-go ones were a negligible quantity. Carlyle had judged wrongly when he said the age of chivalry and heroism was past and gone forever. The devotion of the youth of the world to the explained cause of righteousness in this day, sets aside Carlyle's diagnosis of the malady of the social life of the world as being "very wrong indeed".

Moreover, the unparalleled support given to the volunteering men "who went abroad to die", by the gabbling governments and the masses of the people in the thousands of home-bases round the world, shatters Carlyle's hollow views. Democracy was not found to "a birth from the bottomless pit", but rather a divinely gifted company that sought the best for the world by the roads of suffering and self-denial. Kings fasted and abstained from articles of diet that they might be like the common people, and that by the consent of all the great thing might be done that the world needed to have done. Men and women gave their sons, some gave all their sons and others their only son, and then gave their time and their money without stint to serve the cause. They were of the crowd that Carlyle mistakenly called "mostly fools" and whose chief use he said was to make up a brute force to win elections.

It is a matter for thanksgiving that the prophet of calamity has been found out to have been far from the truth and that his despair of society was founded in his own ill body, not in universal fact.



SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE CARLYLE FAMILY

BY JAMES C. HODGINS

IN the year 1887-8 I was engaged as a probationer of the Canadian Presbyterian Church in the mission-field of Clearsprings, about thirty-five miles east of the city of Winnipeg. My charge consisted of about a quarter of a township which had been settled upon principally by retired lumbermen from the Ottawa country. They were a rough-spoken but kindly lot; hard workers, thrifty and hospitable. The majority of them were of Highland descent, MacTavishes and MacCaskells principally, though here and there some old Hudson's Bay man of pronounced Orkney lineage, tired of the arduous life of trapping in the far northern wilds, had settled down for peace and quiet on his half-section. In addition to these there were some lowlanders, and among these James Slater, or "Jamie", as he was affectionately called by his neighbours, was, as he well deserved to be, the most conspicuous. James Slater, as I recall him in memory, was a typical Scottish peasant or "hind"; wide-shouldered, of immense strength, with clear, glancing blue eyes. His ordinary speech was a broad, racy Doric, and his wit of that dry, subtle order which seems to be peculiar to the Scotch and a certain type of Yankee farmer. Mistress Slater was just such another in appearance as Jean Walsh Carlyle: the same high colour, the same sharp, clear-cut features, shrewd, penetrating eyes—the type of face, in fact, which Holbein delighted to paint.

Slater was not exactly in my parish; but in those days when everything was on the "rough and ready" order I not infrequently held service for the little band of Scots stranded like a small island among the métis and habitants around Point du Chene. It was while on one of these pastoral visits that the old gentleman, then considerably more than eighty, opened his heart to me on the subject of Thomas Carlyle and the Carlyle family. For he had played with Thomas as a child in Ecclefechan, and as he expressed it, knew the Carlyles "root and branch and down to the ground". Strange to say, the personality of Thomas did not appeal to him with quite the same force as that of the father, though he acknowledged his greatness as a literary artist, and was tolerably familiar with his works. Another curious fact was that he considered the father, for whom he had an immense respect, decidedly inferior to his gifted son, the doctor, and well known translator of the works of Dante. I can well remember the old man's eyes kindling when speaking of the latter. "There was a man!" he exclaimed. "Mind you, I'm no denyin' but what Tammas was a great writer, though somewhat of a bletherskite, to my plain way 'o thinkin', but the dochter was one of the best men God Almighty ever made."

Of Carlyle himself Slater had a vivid recollection. He described him as a tall, lean, scrawny creature, much given to argument, an unbending stickler for what he considered his rights, a prodigious walker, uncompanionable and melancholy yet with a fine sense of justice, and a strange victim of sentiment at times. He also mentioned quite frequently his fashion of going off into paroxsyms of laughter at the tail of some particularly sarcastic criticism of men and things. I do not remember that he had a single story about Carlyle. His impression of his youthful personality was singularly vivid, so far as it went, but it was easy to see that the two had never really been congenial. The great Thomas drifted away to London, and the humble Scotch hind remained on his patient acres to desert them half a century afterwards for the hardships of the bleak Canadian North-west.

But though scant and dry as regards the great literary artist of his time Jamie was full and abundant when it came to the other members of the family. I shall never forget the inimitable way in which he described the chargin and sorrow of Carlyle's younger brother, who had set up shop in Ecclefechan as a grocer and had come to grief. As the bailiff was busily engaged in removing the goods and chattels into a cart the poor bankrupt took to the middle of the road and shouted at the top of his lungs so that all might hear: "I've brithers wha can talk to dooks and belted knights and I'm no fit to sell saut (salt) to the weavers of Ecclefechan." As who should say, "I'm but a poor ne'er do weel myself, but don't forget that the Carlyle stock is away up above par." From what he told me I gathered that James Carlyle, the elder, was a sort of incarnate conscience in the community. "A dour, just man," he described him, "not much given to words, but a tremendous "doer of The Word," according to his light." We know from his son's loving testimony that that light was ethically very high and pure. He gave me an instance of the stern, unbending character of this old puritan which is too good to supress. It would seem that on one occasion a neighbour openly coveted a huge boulder which lay near the dividing line between the respective farms. He wanted it as a weight for his cheese-press, and hinted his wishes publicly, not to Carlyle himself, but to some mutual friends. This was too much for the dour James, and without more ado he hitched up his horses, fitted chains around the monster rock and hauled it quite to the opposite end of his farm. "I'll no be the innocent cause of makin' my neighbour break the commandment 'o God, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods', was his strange justification for the act. On another occasion, the tenant-farmers having been invited by their landlord to partake of a dinner in the village tavern, as was the usual custom on rent-day, a venerable but long-winded elder was invited to say grace. He began with a general supplication, passed out to foreign lands, reviewed history, sacred and profane, current events, local happenings in the parish and, finally, after twenty minutes of a meaty prayer, came to a stop for want of breath. The moment he had got the "Amen" out of his mouth James Carlyle shouted aloud in a voice of thunder, "Man, Jamie, ye've gone and spoiled the brose!"

In those days it was the custom for the Irish peasants to cross over to Scotland and help reap the harvest. James Carlyle, as things went, was a considerable farmer as well as a stonemason. His holding was, I should judge, what would be called a stock-farm. At any rate, every blade of straw was esteemed precious for bedding and manure, and there was sharp rivalry among the neighbours to see who could leave the cleanest

gleaned field when all the grain was off. Poor Ruth, I imagine, would have had a hard time among those thrifty lowland farmers at that time. Among the band of wild Irish labourers who were engaged in reaping James Carlyle's fields, one day, there was a huge fat woman who found great difficulty in stooping down to pick up the windrows of wheat left in the wake of the cradle. Her row after a while became conspicuously "dirty". James Carlyle stood it as long as he was able, but at length, unable to restrain his wrath any longer, he marched up to the poor creature and thundered out: "Ye'r hecht and ye'r fu and ye'r little o' it. Sclant the boag ye o'er-grown tinkled baith ye and your buckets." Which being translated is: "You are big and fat and you have little to show for it. Get over the meadow, you over-grown good-for-nothing, both you and your boots."

Carlyle's sly joke in his autobiography anent his wonderful precocity was really not far short of the mark. According to Slater, the future sage of Chelsea was a marvel of erudition even at the early age of seven, and would pass off-hand, vigorous criticism on the great ones of history with the easy certainty of an inspired prophet. Once an old conservative ventured to uphold the character of Charles I. in a little company. To his intense surprise, and the delight of the fierce radicals gathered about in dispute, young Carlyle, then about ten years of age, shouted at the top of his childish treble, "He was juist an ass!" This calls to mind the incident recorded by Sir John Richardson, he of Arctic fame. He had been invited to meet Carlyle at the house of a mutual friend. While the company was being seated in the drawing-room a friend of the host's came in quite breathless with the startling information that the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated. Without uttering a word, or even apologizing to the company, Carlyle broke out into a loud guffaw of laughter and, seizing his hat, rushed away into the night.

The picture the old farmer drew for me of the Carlyle household was a very entertaining one. "They a' had a gift o' the gab, and were mighty sarcastic," was the way in which he expressed it. It seems that it was the custom of the family to meet in the kitchen of an evening after the day's work was over for a "clack". Those must, in their way, have been rare "noctes ambrosianæ". Old James would open out in his hard, just, moral fashion and proceed to lay bare the weaknesses of the parish, not even excepting those of the minister. Slater vouched for the perfect correctness of the incident, which someone has already recorded, of how James got up in the church-loft and shouted at the top of his lungs to the apologetic parson: "Gie the hirelin' his wages and let him gang to Jerusalem!" A strong man himself he spared no moral weakness in another. Without doubt the habit of moral preaching which Thomas developed to the point of genius in after years was begun here. On the other hand, the picture left on my mind of Mrs. Carlyle was a very tender and witty one. I should judge that she was the more human of the two and not infrequently would she retort on "the gude man" for his hardness, rubbing it in anent his own weaknesses with a "Ye need'na say that aboot the puir body. Ye ken ye yersel is no a'ways able to control that temper o' yours".

It is easy to give bald facts, but what is by no means so easy is to reproduce the atmosphere created by one who speaks of facts at first-hand. What is completely beyond me is the power to put down the broad lowland dialect in which things were told me. Oftentimes I had to pinch myself to make sure that I was not back in Ecclefechan listening to the very voices of those strangely gifted Dumfrieshire peasants.

CARLYLE AND CANADA

BY HERBERT L. STEWART

IT has become the fashion to sneer at the outworn influence of Thomas Carlyle, and to liken him to a comet which blazes for a brief time across the sky, disappearing in due course into that darkness which it emerged. The war gave a great impetus to the revising of literary reputations, and the sage of Chelsea has been a special victim. We now hear much about those tirades against science which once seemed so crushing but which calm scientific advance has long since shown to have been mere sound and fury, about those outbursts against the democratic movement which did not avail either to stop or to discredit its progress, about those violent explosions in book after book, —the products of a dyspeptic but very eloquent old sage—in which the right of the "strong man armed" was urged with a vehemence which, men say, was just the Prussianism we have learned to hate. Criticism has clearly changed its tone since our fathers looked to Carlyle as their oracle. He has been re-examined under the glaring light of that authority which he himself used to name "the Able Editor". It is safe to predict that much will yet have to be said and controverted before we find the golden mean between the old extreme of reverence and the new extreme of contempt. It may turn out that the more cautious and slowly formed valuation by his own age has not everywhere been improved upon in the rapid and somewhat excited decisions of our contemporary press.

The present writer has been much struck of late in turning over the pages of "Latter Day Pamphlets" by one side of Carlyle's message which few seem to remember, but which to us in Canada is of deep and lasting significance. Seventy years ago "colonies"—as they were called—received scant respect in the imperial household. The attitude taken up towards them became perhaps best known to Canadians by its later survival in the writings of Goldwin Smith. It was the current doctrine that these dominions of the Crown had a sort of sentimental charm as recalling the great soldiers and seamen who had acquired them, but that, like the proverbial white elephant, they cost far more than they were worth, that in the end Canada, for instance, was sure to break away, and that whether the change took the form of subjection to the United States or that of setting up an independent government the mother country would gain far more than she would lose.

He would be a bold man who would speak to us from Downing Street in such terms to-day. So long as the tale of Ypres and Vimy Ridge continues to be told, we shall scarcely hear of Canada either as a mere memorial of Wolfe or as a mere dumping ground for British surplus population. But we should not forget that one voice at least in that remote past was raised against the scheming of narrow politicians and the calculation

of avaricious economists. As we hear Carlyle reproached for his lack of political insight and his incapacity for practical statesmanship, we recall one problem whose gravity he with only a very few others was able to discern, and for whose settlement he spoke some of the wisest words that were then heard. To many he seemed to be arguing, as usual, against the "logic of events", and in truth he had little to sustain his courage but a kind of intuitive faith. Yet there is not now a true Canadian whose pulse is not quickened and whose blood is not stirred as he turns back to Carlyle's passages of withering scorn towards those who would have acquiesced in a breach with the British commonwealth across the seas.

The article in which he relieved his mind upon this subject was called "The New Downing Street", and it appeared on April 15, 1850. Carlyle began by noting in his usual contemptuous strain that the colonies were in a bad way, and that those who pinned their faith to parliamentary arrangements were hoping to cure the evil by "new constitutions". For himself, he cherished a doubt whether this would be found anything better than a "Godfrey's-Cordial to stop their whimperings". But what struck him most of all was the openly avowed contentment of British statesmen that Canada should, if she chose, cut loose from British bonds. Every mail was bringing news of singular meetings at such centres as Montreal, meetings in which the expediency of sedition was discussed as if it were a mere difference in party politics, where the chairman would ask all who were for rebelling to hold up their hands, where the representative of the Crown either absented himself altogether or came out to "receive the impact of a few rotten eggs"! Liberty had indeed gone to a great length in that quarter of the Queen's dominions. But no one in Downing Street seemed to mind if it went farther still.

Why, asks Carlyle, is there such apathetic feeling on this matter? Were not these colonies the outcome of much toil and blood expended by "those we have the honour to be sons of?" Did they not contain limitless possibilities of expansion, incalculable resources yet to be tapped, boundless areas of fertility into which the overcrowded masses of Englishmen might still find their way, and "make at once the Old World and the New World human?" Had not our fathers bequeathed to us this vast heritage, and were we so degenerate children as to be unfit to develop what they had acquired?

The shameful answer to this question, says Carlyle, is that the economists have told us we are losing money on the business. "McCrondy" finds that the accounts are bad in the national ledger, and he infers, not that we need better managers to make the concern a success, but that we had best abandon the concern itself, letting it fall into the hands of anyone else who knows how to work it! Like "spirited young gentlemen", whose father's estate is too complicated for them to handle, we have decided to give it all up to the attorneys!

Carlyle's view of Canadian problems seventy years ago will have varying kinds of interest for different Canadian readers who look at it again to-day. There are those who are concerned chiefly to recall the features of value, just as there are others chiefly concerned to emphasize the defects, in a great writer of the past. Among Carlyle's critics there are not a few who corroborate Byron's psychology when he speaks of

> that desire which ever sways
> Mankind the rather to condemn than praise.

It is easy to point out aspects in which the old prophet's judgment was

mistaken, and to recognize the sources of his mistake. He distrusted parliamentary government at home, and it is natural that he should have disbelieved in its promise abroad. He thought it of little importance by what machinery a people is managed, so long as the managing is good, and he expected that democracies would go on managing worse and worse. He was writing soon after the anarchic disorders in the Europe of 1848, and he saw in the burning of the Parliament House at Montreal just a symptom of the same turbulence across the Atlantic. Thus, what he prescribed for Canada was reached as a corrollary from his doctrine of the state in general. He would send out a "real Governor of Men", one of his heaven-inspired heroes, to hold office for a prolonged period, to treat rebellion with salutary rigour, to call into his councils a legislature elected not by universal suffrage but on a substantial property qualification for voters, and—whatever his detailed policy might be—to preserve as the lodestar of Canadian government a steadfast loyalty to the British household.

We all know, as Liberals knew even then, that such a plan would have defeated the purpose it was meant to serve. We know that the discontent which flamed out in the rebellion of 1837 was stirred by the same imperial arrogance which had lost the American colonies sixty years before, and which was bidding fair to repeat the same disaster again. We know that among the chief roots of the Canadian loyalty in which we now exult is that system of free self-governing institutions which was once branded as the parent of revolt. We know that the enthronement of "the strong man armed" or a scheme of discrimination among voters so as to increase the power of the rich would have provoked a resistance still more formidable in Canada than in England. Carlyle was indeed by no means alone in this sort of judgment at the time. One may even suspect that there are "imperialists" to-day who in their heart of hearts still believe as he then believed, and who would make the same proposals still, if they dared.

Carlyle's insight was by no means limited to a sentimental enthusiasm for keeping firm the imperial bond, though for this—even if it had stood alone—he would merit our gratitude. But he also foresaw some of the most significant points of detail upon which the statesmanship of the future would have to be concentrated. For example, he diagnosed—with rare skill for one judging from such a distance—that Canada's problem would yet lie largely in her blend of many nationalities, her "fluctuating migratory mass, not destitute of money, but very much so of loyalty, permanency, or civic availability", and he inferred, some would say, with great wisdom, that not all of these should be trusted at once with the elective franchise. His imagination pictured with delight, at least seventeen years before it became a settled policy, the great enterprise of the C.P.R., "the grand Atlantic and Pacific Junction Railway". He touched the very spot of soreness at the moment in insisting that what Canada needed was "enfranchisement from red tape". Carlyle was indeed no friend of what is often called "democracy". But he, too, had words to say, with a very democratic ring about them, respecting the choice of Colonial governors, and perhaps his real service to an ideal, joined as it was with lip or pen derision of what he promoted though under another name, is to be all the more esteemed, even as he in the parable who said, "I will not"—but went—is more commended for obedience than he who said "I go, sir"—but went not. The very title of his paper was, like many of his titles, brilliantly suggestive. He saw that what was needed was not a dissolving of the tie with the mother country, but finding of men with deeper in-

sight into imperial administration, not new status so much as a *New Downing Street*. "Choose well your Governor—not from this or that poor section of the aristocracy, military, naval, or red-tapist; wherever there are born kings of men, you had better seek them out, and breed them to this work. All sections of the British population will be open to you, and, on the whole, you must succeed in finding a man *fit*." And he fiercely sounded the note which then as always the cunning devisers of new political machinery require to hear, that not all our dexterous contriving of checks and balances, but the inspiration of a higher moral spirit and purpose in international relations is the safeguard of a people's prosperity.

The idealistic prophets are a perpetual object of scornful criticism to the "practical man". Perhaps the points to which I have called attention in Carlyle's message are among the most practical which our experience has since pressed upon us. But beyond all these was the lofty enthusiasm without which even these would be attended to in vain, and which only the seer is able to define or to arouse. Practical folk we have always with us, and little good they often do. Prophets we have not always, and woe unto us when they are wholly lacking.

THE END

Lines written on the passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, February 17th, 1919

By J. W. G.

AN unfamiliar stillness falls,
And gloom o'er mart and street is cast,
While friend greets friend in softened tones,
For lo! the great tribune hath passed.

Still in his chosen task absorbed,
Though long and hard has been the day,
There came to him the resting-time,
And task and care were put away.

And over all his native land,
From east to west from tide to tide,
The people mourn a famous son
Who served them well and, serving, died.

Is it regret for service lost
Hath made the eye grow strangely dim,
Or that rare essence of the soul
They miss, that drew their hearts to him?

The wider loss they do not heed,
Assured that when the tale is told,
And Time and Truth have marked his place,
The scroll will bear his name in gold.

In days to come, when dawn shall sweep
Across the far horizon's rim,
And touch with glowing light the bronze
Men for remembrance built to him;

Then, as the wakened birds shall sing,
And flowers lift their heads to smile,
The commoner, for whom he wrought,
Before that shrine shall pause awhile.

But now these things seem little worth—
They render him from whom they part,
Who lived, who loved, who was beloved,
The richer homage of the heart.

Men meet and say: "'Tis best for him
Thus to be called from strife and fret,
We would not keep him from his rest";
But as they speak, their cheeks are wet.

And children, who have lost a friend,
Come softly there beside his bier
To leave the tribute of a rose,
Made sweeter by a falling tear.

The toiler lays his tools away,
The youth puts by his gown and book,
And Age forsakes the fireside,
Once more upon his face to look.

There high and low touch shoulder now;
There rank is but a withered leaf
Beneath the branching fellowship
That strikes its root in common grief.

Yet these, from farm or modest home,
With sorrow graven on the face
In deeper lines, have precedence,
For he was of their ancient race.

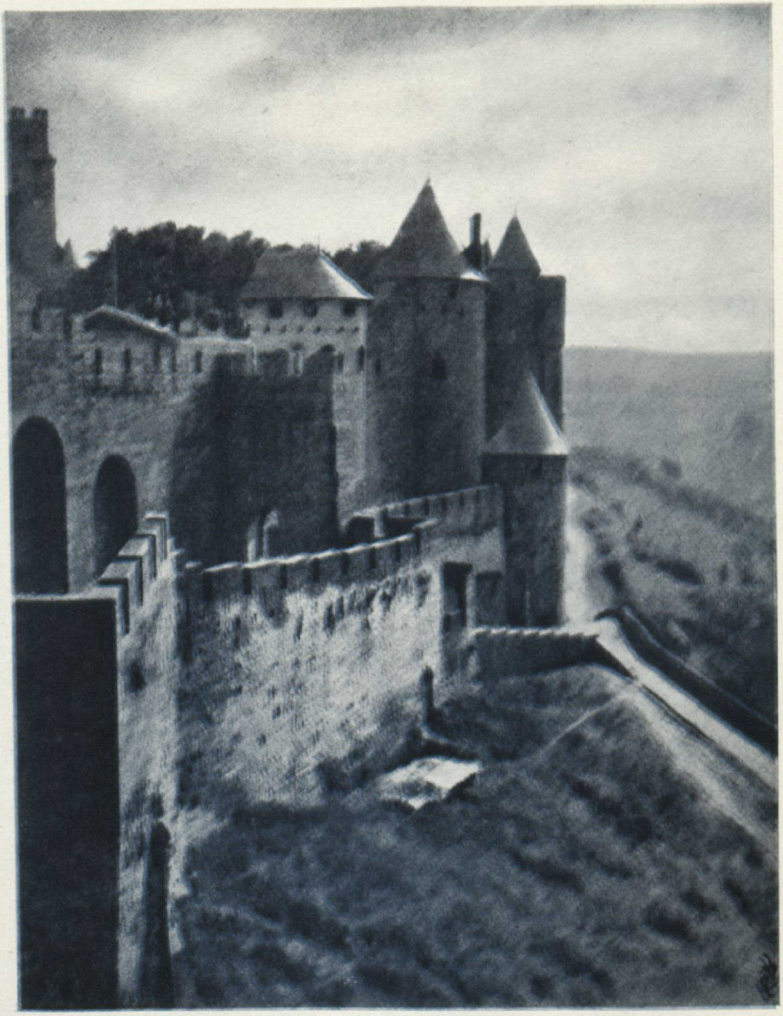
Then, borne in solmen state, he leaves
The Chamber where his spoken word,
Forged in a fire divinely fed,
Ofttimes his fellow-men hath stirred.

Times past, the waiting multitudes
Have marked his progress with acclaim,
But this vast, silent host reveals
The crowning lustre of his fame.

The moving silence of the plains,
When nightfall still the feathered song,
Holds naught to grip the heart like this—
The silence of a countless throng.

Thus onward to the Holy Place,
Where Grief may ever seek release
From dark despair; where swells aloft
The Requiem of hope and peace.

"It is the end." His work is done,
Though fields he tilled are yet to reap.
He lies at rest where stately trees
Keep guard about him in his sleep.



CARCASSANNE, ANDE: LA CITE

From the Photograph by Dr. A. D. Chaffee
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

OFF CAPE HORN

BY R. J. TEMPLETON

OU will come with me before the jagged throne of Death upon the utmost south of Rameriz, and there you will, for a while, look through my eyes and think my thoughts as I go about my duty on the full-rigged ship *Kildare*. 'Twill be a boisterous hour or two of grim uncertainty, for there is never certainty in that gray region of the earth, only an everlasting war between the elements of Sea and Air and their old enemy the Sailorman—the fluctuating tide of battle marked by the countless enslimed hulls and human bones which lie beneath the furious waters there.

And you will meet a lad, a stranger, too, to such environment; a lad of gentle birth, clear-eyed, slim-bodied, not yet grown from his teens; a lad with a trick of holding his head always proudly and telling you his every thought in his eyes; a lad who seemed almost a girl amongst the thick-set, brown-baked crew for'ard.

We lay at Newcastle, Australia, with a cargo of coal for Iquique, Chile, at which port we were to load nitre for Europe.

Jackson—that was the lad—came aboard from the *Black Diamond* launch—one of eight men procured for us by that boarding-house, and the only one of them sober. He carried a leather suitcase and he wore well-cut clothes. The suitcase and the clothes, taken in conjunction with his sobriety, proclaimed unmistakably that he was no sailorman.

He had never roughed it before, and I do not think he had ever done a day's work with his hands. They were awkward hands—awkward aboard ship, I mean—the hands of a gentleman, until the salt sea water had cut great cracks between the fingers, and the rough fibre of the ropes had turned the startling blisters into callous pads and the sails had broken and mis-shaped the nails. When he coiled a rope it was as if he struggled with a snake. Things dropped from him aloft. He was one of those naturally un-nautical men who never could be sailors if they spent their lives at sea.

Still everybody grew to like him, as everybody likes a clean-bred, modest chap; and his watchmates took his trick at the wheel without a grumble.

It would have been strange indeed if we had not liked him, with his naïve enthusiasm, his grace of movement, his impetuosities, his gay laugh like pealing church bells heard after months at sea, his speaking voice with its harmonious range from emphasis to emphasis. If you read a sentimental exaggeration in my words, remember the rough setting in which I knew the boy and you will realize how vividly his qualities would stand out from it, as the beauty of a tropical orchid is emphasized by the surrounding grossness.

Though he lacked all nautical facility he was absolutely interested in the life of the sea. In the dog-watches, he liked to sit and listen to the old hands' tales of other days

and other ships; and he would listen to them with such a charming intentness as must have gone right to their hearts. He was fond of watching sunrises and sunsets. To us they are the most ordinary of occurrences, of doubtful interest as an index to the day ahead; but to him they were opening flowers, and roads to fairyland, and fires dying in the gate at home, and other such extravagances. He liked to imagine—so the bo'sun told me once—that the fish playing about our head were harnessed to the ship, and that Old Father Neptune drove them from somewhere underneath the bows. He even found a charm in the decks after rain. They had the appeal to him, he said, of flowers wet with dew.

But all that was during the passage to Iquique and before we had reached the forties, south, on our way to Falmouth. No more the sunshine and calm waters; only gray turbulence and bitter cold. No more the pleasant dog-watch hours; only unending toil. No more the lively tale and friendly jest; only the sullen silence of bleak latitudes.

Then it was that something about him which had been barely noticeable before became very evident, something which seemed quite foreign to his nature—a weed growing in the fair garden of his soul; a noxious thing with roots too deeply planted for him to dig them out.

He was always afraid. To us the vagaries of wind and sea are as the changing seasons to the businessman ashore; to him they were at all times fraught with direst possibilities. His face grayed as the wind freshened; he trembled at a sudden order to shorten sail; he went aloft with terror lurking in his eyes.

He was no coward, though. Only once in all the time I knew him did he allow his fear to hold him in control. He did, as best he could, what he was ordered. That dread clawed at his heart the while but added to his task the noble duty of self-conquest. I warmed to see him fear yet plunge to do what he was told, with overacted nonchalance. And it was good to see the flush upon his cheek, the sparkle in his eye, afterwards. Each time I marked his gallant fight against the craven thing that would enchain him, my heart went out to him in that strange love of men that takes no thought of sex.

Why he was so afflicted, I can only guess. Maybe his mother, frightened before his birth, was involuntarily responsible; maybe his fear was something inseparable from his artistic temperament. I get a curious impression as I think of him—that ever about him hovered the ghosts of gallant ancestors, ministering to him in his affliction; that it was they who had impelled him to take that Cape Horn trip, as a sort of spiritual medicine.

His people lived in Montreal, he told me once, and he was taking a ramble about the world before entering McGill. I spoke of my own brief college days, and from that he was led to explain that his father, apprehensive of the narrowing effect of academic culture, had sent him abroad first "to learn that there were a lot of different people and a lot of different countries in the world". He was on his way home. It was a roundabout way, he admitted with a laugh, but he wanted to experience Cape Horn before he settled down.

He paid for that experience!

As we reached to the south of the Diego Rameriz the weather improved somewhat, and the Old Man, liking the spot as little as any of the rest of us, shook out all the upper sails except the royals and the flying-jib, to drive her through for every knot she'd make. But the demon of the place was only dozing for a spell! At the turn, just as we began to alter the course northerly, the glass dropped suddenly and great sullen-looking clouds crawled from the horizon and

spread themselves ominously across our clear sky, bringing with them a vicious wind which soon whipped up a nasty following sea. We ran before it for a while, taking in sail gradually; but as it became increasingly evident that we were in for a spell of unusually dirty weather we finally hove-to.

The clouded sky dropped lower and lower upon us, until it seemed to rest upon our trucks like a monstrous blanket pressing to smother us between it and the sea; the wind wailed itself to increasing frenzy; the waves, lashed to fury, sucked their great lips beneath our keel, growing in hunger for their prey with every hour that passed; mountains of water swept us from stem to stern, booming, as they struck our plates, like muffled bells of death; snow and hail cut at us, rapier-like.

But it is impossible to give in words, much less convey to any landsman, a true impression of that worst corner of the sailing world at such a time. I can but ask this feeble pen of mine to try. Memory is numbed so that afterwards details are blurred, as of an ugly nightmare, and a week seems as a day that was long-drawn-out with misery. Some things stand vaguely clear with a persistent prominence: The gray-green hills of curling water that toss the ship about as the rough waters of your coast play with a row-boat; the wind that presses like an unseen giant's hand; the frosty darts that pierce the body through and through and cannot be withdrawn; the half-death which must take the place of sleep; the speech snatched from the lips and torn to wailing fragments. But how the super-human tasks were done is not remembered, or what the thoughts were of. It is as if the body played an automatic part, the spirit hovering off prepared for flight.

There is a huddling together in the more sheltered spots, like fowl drenched under dripping eaves. There are no longer coats and shirts and trousers; only a sodden pulp of freezing covering. Meals are forgotten, until a piece of uncooked meat and hard ship's biscuits reach the hand from some mysterious source; and now and then a little rum to warm the barely living body and coax the spirit back to it again.

Through it all Jackson carried his fear displayed in his sunken eyes. In other respects he was submerged in the indistinctness of a group of men levelled to the zero point of life. The hardship of that time took toll from all of us, but double toll from him who had much more to give. The spring went from his buoyant step; his body sagged where it had swayed in youthful litheness; there was a deadness to his voice; years leaped upon his shoulders in a week.

I mentioned that there was an occasion on which the lad allowed his fear to control him. It was one night during the ultimate fury of the gale. The other watch had gone below for the first time in a week. My men were with me on the poop, as the main deck was, of course, untenable. They were huddled about the mizzen fiferail and one of them was standing apart by the weather shrouds. I was at the lee wheel, assisting the steersman and watching the ship's action as indicated by the compass.

There came a faintly flapping sound from aloft, which brought my eyes searching up the mizzen-mast to the royal yard where a gasket had worked loose.

I waved my arm as a sign to someone to secure the sail.

Now, there is an understanding aboard ship that when a general order is given it falls to the man then nearest to where the work has to be done. It therefore fell to the man standing apart at the weather shrouds.

Immediately after giving the order I turned to give the man who was

steering a hand in putting the wheel down. Then I glanced forward again.

Nothing had been done. I looked sharply at the man who was hesitating by the weather shrouds, and for the first time I recognized that it was Jackson. Several of the men were shuffling about as if offering to take his place, glancing interrogatingly at me for some sign that I wished one of them to do so. But I hesitated to take such action as I felt confident that the boy would get a grip on himself at any moment and go through with what was his ordinary duty. Indeed, it was necessary, for his own good, that he should do so.

I made an impatient sign to him to hurry up, and he got into the rigging and began to make his way aloft —but with a torturing slowness.

I watched him, astonished. Quick action was necessary. In five minutes, in such a wind as was blowing, the sail would be wrenched completely free, and if it was not soon torn into ribbons the royal-mast must snap under the strain. There was no unusual danger attached to the job at the moment; but it would speedily develop into a downright dangerous undertaking, with the sail blown to leeward and out of control. Whoever went up then would have a race with death—his life depending on his success in cutting the sail from the jack-stay before the sail took him, with the mast, by the board. My duty to the ship almost compelled me to send another man at once. Yet still I hesitated. To do so, I felt, would be to force a moral wound upon the lad which would leave upon his soul a scar no time could heal.

All hands were watching him as he reached the futtuck shrouds. He glanced down into the upturned faces of his shipmates, then looked towards me. Surely, I thought, he must now go manfully upon his task.

He hesitated for a moment, made several ineffectual attempts to reach the grab-ratline, then surrendered abjectly to his fear, clutching the shrouds on either side of him as he stared fearfully aloft.

I motioned to the others, and a man named Murphy jumped into the rigging. He was a good man, and he made his way aloft as rapidly as was possible, but before he could get to the yard the sail had been wrenched completely free of the gaskets and streamed, like a board, to leeward. Like the true sailor he was, he sprang unhesitatingly upon the yard, holding his sheath-knife between his teeth. The wind dragged at the sail in vicious spite, seeing its chance to claim at least one man from the ship which had successfully defied its worst. The mast bent as though it were a sapling, jumping in its collar with every toss of the ship. Still Murphy hung on, hacking at the sail until, in the hands of the wind, it was torn from its final hold. Cheers of relief rang from the throats of all on deck—a sound unusual off grim Cape Horn.

And Jackson had sent that man into great needless danger!

I tried to dismiss the incident from my mind, but the distaste of it remained with me for the balance of the watch, although, in truth, there was plenty else of serious moment to occupy my thoughts exclusively. The ship was behaving badly, swinging off and on like a pendulum, and every now and then, in consequence, taking the buffetings of the heavy seas too much abeam.

At eight bells I remained on deck for about fifteen minutes to instruct the second mate. Then I started for my cabin.

Jackson was waiting for me at the break of the poop. For a moment I looked into eyes of such dull, beaten misery as I pray God that I shall never have to face again. Then the lad's head drooped forward, as if his soul felt shame of the nakedness it had exposed.

I led him to my room.

"What on earth came over you?" I asked, moved to speak more softly to him than I had intended.

He attempted to answer me, but his feelings overcame him. He leaned his head against the woodwork, and great, long, quivering sobs swept through him. Hardened sailor that I am, I felt the tears fly to my eyes, and a strange motherliness to my heart. I put a hand grown gentle upon his shoulder as words long unfamiliar came to my tongue. And so I soothed him at last.

As he stood there, his face buried in his arm, it seemed to me that such a strength of feeling could not go with cowardice.

"Did you ever read *"The Drums of the Fore and Aft?"* I asked, presently.

"Yes," he breathed, looking at me quickly.

"You remember how those men fled in utter panic—and how heroically they came back?"

He turned towards me and stood erect. For a while he was silent, looking at me curiously. Then,

"Thank you, sir," he said simply. But there was an understanding flash in his eyes which said lots more than that.

Then I sent him forward to his bunk.

Although I had not slept that week, I sat long afterwards upon my cabin locker smoking and thinking of the lad who had almost forced a woman's entry to my heart. I pictured him in the forecastle, staring sleeplessly at the deck above his head, going over and over the whole wretched business and flaming in shame at each new thought of it. My heart ached for him in his lonely torture of the mind, and I resolved that some means must be found whereby he could retrieve himself. We had still two months at sea ahead of us. At least I could give him abundant opportunity to do those things he feared to do, and I had no doubt that he would gladly welcome all the chance I gave him.

Outside, the fierce Antarctic winds raged against the ship, flinging great seas across her decks, plucking at masts and stays, battering her sides, whining through her rigging, like devils' souls in torment, as they fought in hellish frenzy to add her, even yet, to the dread gallery of shattered hulls beneath.

I was preparing to get into my berth when there was a sound of some unusual confusion overhead, then a grinding, crashing noise, followed by the second mate's whistle and the shout "All hands on deck!"

I hurried into my clothes again.

When I reached the deck I found that one of the lifeboats had been wrenched from his lashings and was fast dashing itself to pieces in a mad career about the main deck forward of the fore-mast. The starboard watch had collected abaft the fore-mast and about the half-deck, waiting for our assistance to harness it. Two of the men were holding the bights of running-bowlines in their hands with the intention of slipping them round the lifeboat, fore and aft, when they got a chance, while the others made ready to haul the boat, for the time being, snug to the fore-mast rail, to which it could best be secured until such time as we could replace it in its davits.

Meanwhile, my men were emerging, in ones and twos, from their forecastle. They would watch their opportunity, then charge through the swirling danger-zone to where we stood in comparative safety.

Jackson and Murphy were the last to leave. They waited until a sea, breaking over the ship, caught up the drifting lifeboat and dashed it splintering past them to the starboard rail. Then Murphy, signing to Jackson, made a run for it.

He had hardly started when he slipped on the greasy, sloping deck, and fell, head first, against the bitts. The blow must have stunned him for he made no move to get upon his feet

again, and he began to drift to leeward in the knee-deep frothing swirl which raced across the deck.

Some of the men made a move towards him, but they stopped when they saw Jackson dash after him from the forecastle door. He grabbed at him, missed, grabbed again and fell. Then a monster gray-back curled inboard and broke upon us, blotting out everything in the churning confusion of prisoned water, and giving each of us all he could do to hang on to something and keep from being swept overboard.

When the decks had cleared somewhat, and we could gasp in air again, my first glance was to see how the two men had fared. I saw Murphy jammed under the lifeboat, which had become momentarily stationary beneath the starboard ladder to the forecastle-head. Jackson had been separated from him and was now quite close to us. I saw him rising from the lee scuppers by the fore shrouds, against which he must have been flung by the sea, which would otherwise have carried him with it overboard.

The men were looking towards Murphy and glancing back at me for orders. But to attempt a rescue just then would be to hopelessly throw other lives away. The ship's head had fallen off badly, and another sea was at the moment mounting inboard.

Then came some minutes of utter and obscure confusion. Off the wind as she was, the ship shuddered from truck to keelson beneath the tempest's blows more squarely planted. Huge seas made ready to engulf us, tossing their shaggy heads in gross malevolence. The deck lurched from our feet as the ship fought doggedly for better heading. Gusts of salt water, wind-driven, swept over us in horizontal cataracts from rail to rail, blinding us as though we sailed beneath the ocean's surface.

It cleared for some brief seconds, and we had barely time to see Jackson floundering half-buried in the water that surged through the open port close to where Murphy lay when another mountain of water broke over us. Then the ship beat into the wind again and we could go about our work.

We found the lifeboat smashed and the two men crushed beside it.

We laid the bodies side by side in the sail locker. Murphy was dead; Jackson's heart still fluttered feebly.

"How did the lad get there?" asked the second mate.

The men could not answer, as no one had been able to see his movements during those minutes of blinding turmoil. There was no thought that he had gone to Murphy's rescue. They remembered the constant fear that he had not hidden from them.

"'E must 'ave lorst 'is' ead in the mix-up," suggested the bo'sun, voicing the general opinion.

Just then Jackson opened his eyes. He saw me bending over him, and his lips moved in a faint, proud whisper: "The drums—of the—fore—and—aft."

So he died, and only I of all that ship's company could guess how gallantly he had lost his life—how nobly he had retrieved himself.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

BY CHARLES DORIAN

AT seven-fifteen in the evening of July 5th an aeroplane made its seventh visit to Barryfield, alighting according to custom in the Fair grounds to the west. The pilot, George Dickerson, tramped the half mile into town and called at the Besson's house to see Florence, as he had done on the six former visits.

Going up the steps he met the minister who was looking especially funereal and the thing he whispered to George at once transformed his smiling features into an expression of horror. The maid, who answered his ring, said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dickerson, but Miss Besson can't see anybody. Her father—"

Her chin quivered and her lips failed to make the rest of the sentence audible.

"I'm very sorry," said Dickerson contritely. "I'll be at the hotel till Monday. If I can be of any assistance, call me."

"I'm afraid it will be no use to call you," said the maid, looking extremely unhappy. "Miss Florence said to tell you never to come to this house again." At that the girl blubbered hysterically and ran indoors.

Dickerson fled reeling down the street more dizzy than he had ever felt among the clouds. He ran into the coroner, who immediately summoned him to appear at an inquest to be held at nine.

The coroner walked the short distance with him talking in his usual cordial tone.

"Did you happen to drop anything on your way in?" he asked casually.

Dickerson fumbled in his pocket and took out two pieces of sharp steel. They were about four inches long and fluted and about a quarter of an inch in diameter. They had long sharp points and the flutings showed up four prominent edges of razor-like sharpness.

"I had three of these" he mused half-stupidly. "Wonder if I *did* lose one?"

"There was one just like them found buried in Besson's skull out on the Midland road," said the coroner quietly, while closely observing the pallor that came into the face of Dickerson. "You will see for yourself at nine."

He was the first witness called. The coroner asked him:

"When you were approaching Barryfield, coming along the Midland road, did you see any pedestrians?"

"Yes, I saw a man walking slowly eastward just near the first jog in the road."

"Anyone else?"

"Only a horse and buggy also going east, but they were half a mile nearer town."

"No one else?"

"No one else," confirmed Dickerson. "I was flying low and saw no one else on the road. People stood in the doorways of the farmhouses, and

down near the little white farmhouse a hundred yards east of the jog in the road a dog ran out to the road and barked up at me."

"Did you put your hands into your pockets at any time during your flight close to town?"

"Yes—I took out my handkerchief twice."

"The pieces of steel you have in your right hand pocket—" Here the small group of listeners caught their breaths and crowded closer—"were they in the same pocket in which you kept your handkerchief?"

Dickerson produced them. The crowd gasped.

"Yes," he said.

"You had three of these?"

"I had three," Dickerson affirmed.

"Then it is possible that you pulled one out with your handkerchief?"

"Quite possible. I don't see any other way I could have dropped it."

The sheet was removed from the remains of David Besson, revealing a dart identical with those held by Dickerson, jammed two inches into the skull of the deceased.

"My God!" cried Dickerson. "Did I do that?"

"What would be your object in carrying those things?"

"I brought them along to give to Florence. They are souvenirs from France. These were fired from air bombs used by the French."

John Blezard was next called.

"What the boy says is right," he swore. "The girl herself told me about the souvenirs. I bring in vegetables to the Bessons twice a week and the girl used to tell me all about the things done by the flying men in France. It's an awful accident, but—"

"You were driving eastward from Barryfield about seven o'clock?"

"It was after seven. He was just gasping his last when I found him."

"Did you see him fall?"

"No. I couldn't see him at all till I drove around the jog in the road, down there near the Hermit's bush."

"That will do," said the coroner. "Next witness, Slade Grant."

Slade Grant, better known as the Hermit, lived in a shack in the heart of the Hermit's bush. He grasped his shaggy beard with horny hands and in a creaking voice stated that he knew nothing at all about the case—that it was a mistake dragging him to any inquest.

"But you saw the aeroplane?" reminded the coroner.

"'Course I seen it—I ain't blind."

"Did you see anything fall from it?"

A strident laugh greeted this question. "Yes—I seen a spider get off to build a web on top a telegraph pole."

"Answer straight. A piece of steel would have glistened in the sun. Did you see it fall?"

"My eyes ain't *that* good."

"Did you see anybody on the road?"

"Through that bush? I would be a wizard."

"Was there anybody in the bush?"

Another laugh greeted this question.

"Yes—the German army wuz all there layin' for Besson."

"That sort of answer won't do," scolded the coroner.

"Well, don't ask queer questions. Somebody killed Besson and saved somebody else the job. I didn't do it; don't know who did, so what's the use keepinp' me here?"

"Sit down," ordered the coroner. "Billy Ferguson; what can you tell us?"

Billy Ferguson was a clean-cut farmer bachelor of twenty-five, who lived with his dog at the white farmhouse beyond the Hermit's.

"I heard my dog bark and I went to the door. I followed the dog's point and saw the aeroplane coming and soon heard the drone of the motor. It suddenly swooped low and the noise

grew louder and louder. When it passed my dog ran down the road after it as he usually does and came back about half an hour later looking sheepish as if he had seen something ugly, or just felt foolish following a wild goose."

"Did you see the pilot pull out a pocket handkerchief or anything fall from the machine?"

"No."

Briefly the coroner summed up the evidence and gave a verdict of accidental death caused by a sharp piece of steel dropping from an aeroplane.

That seemed plausible. David Besson had gone out for a stroll as he had often done before. That he was near the Hermit's bush when Dickerson passed in his 'plane was certain, but that any human agency caused deliberate murder was out of the question. So it seemed. The evidence pointed that way. Yet the general impression that David Besson was murdered would not keep down. Florence Besson herself was not satisfied with the result of the inquest. Dickerson sent her a short note before he left in which he hoped that she would reconsider her decision about his calling; and that he would wait until he was invited. After reading this note she tore it up and burnt it.

One clause in the will was significant. Slade Grant was mentioned for a hundred thousand dollars, "as a reward for saving me from drowning when we were boys. He would never let me help him while I lived and I want him to know that he was not forgotten."

It was town gossip that Slade Grant had saved Besson's life and the retired farmer had put Slade on his feet a couple of times. Then there was a quarrel and Grant refused to accept anymore "alms" as he called it. He lived a recluse's life because he was too lazy to work, except to cultivate enough vegetables to keep him alive.

On the face of it there was room for suspicion. Florence Besson would inherit half a million. Who would immediately profit? The Hermit was getting a hundred thousand, so he ought to be satisfied. Perhaps he thought he was going to get more! Billy Ferguson was known to be "sweet" on Florence — schooldays courtship and all that—and nobody would ever suspect Billy. Dickerson, then—but pshaw, wasn't the thing as purely an accident as could be? Thus the reasoning, all in a circle.

If it was not an accident, then Dickerson deliberately aimed the dart that killed Besson. That was it in a nutshell. What was Dickerson to gain? He was getting only a living wage as pilot for the Aero Commercial Company and was getting tired of it. He said so to Florence.

He was an expert in aeronautics. What would be easier than to swoop down close to a pedestrian whom he knew was in the habit of taking a stroll about the same time every day along a certain road and so aim his dart, probably shoot it from an air pistol, so that it would penetrate a man's skull through his cap? No one would believe it of Dickerson. He was a nerveless young man of pleasant manner; handsome of face and physique; clear-eyed and clean-skinned.

Florence Besson first saw him during the early months of preparation for overseas, when flying was a strange game in that part of the country. He had a personality so engaging, and was so truly a "crack" airman, that she was at least infatuated if not entirely in love with him.

He took to her affectionately. Such was his nature. He had bought her presents—but no solitaire. Florence was not a beauty; she was comely and girlish, clean-limbed, strong and fair —the sort of girl a good man seeks for a wife. She was reared in the country and obtained the usual city education that girls in good circumstances obtain.

The conviction that her father was not killed by accident grew stronger day by day until at last she swore to secrecy the editor of the local paper and gave him an advertisement to insert:

> "If any young man resident of Barryfield or vicinity wishes to take up detective work communicate with 'Detective', box eleven."

This was not the regular Besson box but one engaged for her purpose. She would test the latent detective talent of Barryfield. It so happened, from the deluge of replies, that the woods were full of budding detectives.

The morning when all the letters were handed her and she sat down to make her choice, the maid came to her and said that the nice young farmer that lives in the white cottage was in the hall and would like to see her.

Billy Ferguson, hat in hand, stood respectfully at ease while Florence Besson was making up her mind as to what she could possibly expect from this visit. Billy's dog, Blimp, an amber-eyed collie, lay quietly on the rug in the vestibule, panting healthfully.

"Oh, it's you Billy," she greeted. "I haven't seen you since the day you came home from overseas."

"No," drawled Billy. "Our paths don't cross very often. Wish they did. I aim to make them."

"Why? How? What do you mean?" she stammered, taken aback by his frankness. Yet she might have known that Billy would be blunt.

"There's an ad. in *The Bugle*," he went on, "askin' for a Barryfield hayseed about my size to act as detective."

"Yes, I saw it," she dissembled.

"Well, I didn't answer it," he confided. "Kind o' thought I'd trot right over and ask you for the job."

"Why," she faltered, "what have I to do with it?"

"It's your ad, ain't it? I hung 'round o'purpose to see who took the mail out o' box eleven and it was your hired girl."

Florence smiled.

"You show promise," she admitted, "and needless to say, you're engaged. You know what I want. I'm convinced it was not an accident. I want it proved one way or the other for my peace of mind."

"I aim to find the mur—" he began. She interrupted.

"Then, you believe it was no accident?"

"'Taint reasonable. Give me a free hand with no one else pryin' into the case and I'll show you. When's Dickerson comin' up?"

"Why, ah—" she evaded, "he's on long distance trips and may not be up for a long time."

"Let me know when he comes," he said, not as a question nor yet as a command.

"I will—but may I ask why?"

"I want to see if he lost this."

He took from his pocket the steel end of a chisel—a very small but very sharp one.

"Why do you ask? He admits losing one of the steel darts but it does not necessarily follow that he was dropping sharp-edged tools all along the route."

"Hope you're right," nodded Billy Ferguson. "But if a man wanted to kill from the air he wouldn't take a chance on but *one* shot."

"Shot!" the girl repeated.

"I'm only supposin'. If a man wanted to kill from the air a shot from a gun would be the surest way—especially from an air gun. But it wasn't done that way."

He moved toward the door and Blimp stood up ready to accompany him. Florence stooped to pat him and he snuggled his nose into her cool palm.

"What a lovely old Blimp," she cooed. "You're right," she said to Billy. "It wasn't done that way."

And man and dog departed—detectives both.

Billy stepped into old Hermit Grant's hovel to have a chat. He followed the narrow path through the pine grove to the two-roomed shack the old man pleased to call home. He greeted Billy with good-natured brusqueness, which was the nearest he ever came to being pleasant. He was as unkempt in person as his home was untidy. His hair and beard were graying and greasy, his face caked and seamed.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Oh, railroad man's strike," yawned Billy.

The old man nodded while he sucked enjoyably at his cob pipe.

"Sign o' the times," he said. "The worm is turning under the heel o' capitalism. It won't be so easy one o' these fine days for one man to make thousands while another makes a dollar. Mark that!"

"You're right enough," agreed Billy. "But what about them that inherit small fortunes? You can't blame them for being rich?"

"Can't I though?" the old man flared. "Don't be so sure, Billy, me boy. No man has a right to inherit what he doesn't work for."

"That's fine talk for a man that's just inherited a hundred thousand," observed Billy, quietly.

"Willin' and takin' are different. What'd I do with it? I git all I want out o' life. I don't need money to spend because there's nothin' worth spendin' it on. Only thing I regret is he didn't leave it all to me."

Billy laughed. "That sounds queer," he said.

"Ain't 's queer's it sounds, though. He couldn't give back to them that helped him make it, but if he'd given it all to me he'd 've reached most of them. I know every family that was ever dependent on Besson and there ain't one o' them doin' at all well. I've a list o' them."

He showed Billy a large sheet of Brown paper on which were scribbled many names.

"Some o' them is widows, some o' them is orphans, and to each and every one o' them old Slade Grant is givin' a thousand dollars. What's left o' the hundred thousand goes to the hospital."

"Won't you keep some of it?" asked Billy, amazed at this declaration of philanthropy.

"Not a red cent. I don't need it. I can mortgage this piece o' ground t'pay funeral expenses. I'm independent o' Besson's money."

"Your tastes are simple," said Billy. "Now, take me—I'd like a lot of things I can't get now, such as an automobile, fine house, books to read, pictures, nice garden, and—and—a wife."

"Vaugh!" grunted Grant. "You could do without 'em all. Will power! Better for you doin' without things. When you go on wantin' things there's no limit. Never satisfied. The more money you get the more you take from them that need it. What this old world needs is a limit for all instead of just for nine-tenths. Make the best o' what you have—that's the idea."

"Takes brains or somethin' to make your dollar's worth look like two dollars' worth, but I guess there's people doin' it every day."

"It's genius," said the old man, "that's why the rich don't often amount to much except for show."

"Well, I must be goin'. Pipe's out. How's yours?"

"Out, too," said Slade Grant.

"Let's fill up again," and Billy packed Grant's pipe full; then filled his own. This was a regular performance at the end of Billy's visits to the old man.

"What d'ye make of him, Blimp?" he inquired of his dog as they walked along the road. "Queer ideas, eh?"

Blimp wagged his tail.

"Slade Grant didn't do it," Billy registered in his mind, "and George Dickerson didn't do it. Now, I wonder who did?"

Nothing disturbed Billy's bachelor life for four days after his chat with the old hermit. Then something he read in the city paper gave him a start. He immediately telephoned to Florence.

"Have you heard from Mr. Dickerson yet?" he asked.

"No—o," she replied. "I—really, Billy, I'm not expecting him to come up again. We—we quarreled."

"Did you read about him in the paper?"

"Why, no—is—he—hurt?"

"I'll bring the paper over," offered Billy and rang off. Which was more like a husband than a lover. He regretted his abruptness when he and Blimp arrived at the Besson home forty minutes later.

"Miss Besson was taken suddenly ill while telephoning," the maid told him. "The doctor sent her to the hospital at once."

"I'm blamed sorry," said Billy. "Is it her heart?"

"It was a shock of some sort, the doctor said."

Billy obtained an armful of flowers and charged head on for the hospital.

"Give her the flowers," he begged of the matron, "and ask her if she will see Billy Ferguson for a minute."

"The doctor says she's to see no one," declared the woman.

Billy was visibly crestfallen while the matron smiled the conventional "good-day" smile.

"You see," stammered Billy. "It was something I said that gave her the shock."

The matron opened her eyes wide.

"Dear me," she said. "Then, you'll make her worse if she sees you."

"I want to say it again backwards," he explained.

"I'll tell her," the matron smiled, "and let you know what she says."

Billy and Blimp waited in the reception room.

"What's the matter, Blimp?" asked Billy, noting in his dog's eyes the same "sheepish" expression he saw on the night of the aeroplane incident.

Blimp stood up and walked around Billy's chair, then to the door, while the hair on his neck bristled. He slunk behind Billy's chair when the matron came back.

"She will see you," she smiled.

Billy jumped to his feet and hurried along the hall, Blimp at his heels.

"The dog," reminded the matron, "cannot go up. They're not allowed in the building in fact."

"Blimp—wait in the hall!" ordered Billy.

Blimp gave his master a pained look and retreated to the hall.

Billy blurted out the moment he saw Florence:

"I'm sorry I didn't explain—but I felt so glad about Dickerson I couldn't wait."

"Then he wasn't hurt?" she asked.

"No—just engaged." He showed her the announcement of the engagement in New York of Mr. George Dickerson to Miss Violet Osprey.

"The girl he met in France," she murmured. "I expected it."

"Feel better?" he asked.

"I'm perfectly all right," she assured him. "The doctor needn't have rushed me here for a fainting spell."

"Florence," he whispered, blushing like a schoolboy. "Does it sort o' make your mind easier?"

"Well, yes it does," she confessed, laughing.

"Mine, too," he sighed.

Blimp stopped further dialogue by a sudden rush into the room, licking Billy's hands with frenzied affection. For good measure he leaped upon the bed and licked Florence on the chin. The matron was at the doorway, stormily indignant, while Blimp backed out, followed by Billy. Then his whole manner changed; his hair bristled all over and he growled threateningly.

"He did that coming up. Really, we can't be too careful about letting dogs in. I wish—"

Here Blimp looked up at a door knob and snarled.

"Who's in there?" asked Billy.

"A blood-poisoning case, convalescent. It is Ted Granger who used to keep the Grange Hotel before prohibition. By the way, he was bitten by a dog. I'm really afraid of that animal."

"Maybe my dog did it," observed Billy. "If he did—" Billy indicated by his expression that even his love for his dog would not stand in the way of justice. "I'd like to ask Granger about it. May I go in?"

"Just for a moment," she conceded.

When Billy opened the door Blimp was through like a shot and stood bristling between Billy and the bed.

Ted Granger, ashy white, gasped at the intrusion. Billy stroked Blimp and commanded him to stand by the door. Blimp obeyed and watched proceedings warily.

"Did my dog bite you?" asked Billy.

"That's the dog," said Granger.

"When?"

"About a month ago."

"Can't you remember the date?"

"No," growled Ted stubbornly.

"Is this yours?" asked Billy, flashing the chisel blade in front of Granger.

"My God!" blurted the man, squirming.

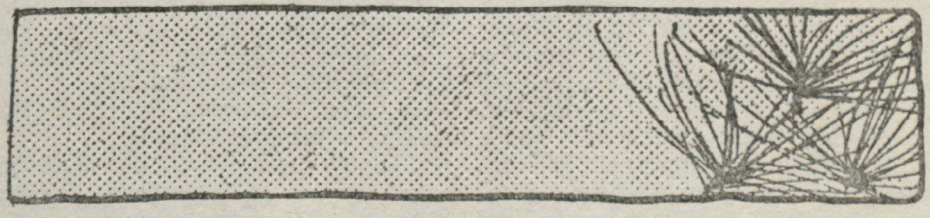
"That's enough for now," said Billy. "Come Blimp."

The matron was much relieved when the pair left the hospital.

"Ted Granger's the man," he told Florence that evening. "I've doped it out like this: He kicked my dog and Blimp bit him. I've been trailin' Blimp around for the signs he showed at the hospital. I knew some one treated him rough that night last month. Granger no doubt intended to use this chisel. I found it on the road near Slade Grant's bush. When the dart dropped on the road from the aeroplane Granger got an inspiration, threw away the chisel and stuck the dart in the chisel handle. My dog was chasin' the 'plane and would make for Granger—that's when he kicked him. When the deed was done he probably buried or did away with the chisel handle someway. Looks as if he'd planned to put the crime on Slade Grant: that's why he picked the spot near Grant's place—he could jump out from behind a tree before anyone'd know. Kind o' suspected Granger after I talked with the hermit. He showed me a paper with a lot of names on it and Granger headed the list."

Granger later confessed that he was trapped:

"Grant and me was friends and we talked about squarin' up wealth and sech like. He know'd Besson was goin' to leave him somethin' but he allus said he'd give it to them as needed it. Heavens know'd I needed it—me that allus had lots. I thought first I'd make it look so's Grant done it but w'en the aeroplane started shooting down on the road I saw's quick as a flash that it could be all done accident-like."



CANADA'S RED ARMY

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

Hon. Secretary of the Historical Society of Alberta

TO-DAY, to use the expressive figure of General Smuts, "the world's caravan is on the march". In Central Europe, in Ireland and in India, on the banks of the distant Euphrates, and in the valley of the Nile, mighty movements are stirring and one knows not what the next hour may bring forth. In comparison with these troubled areas Canada slumbers between her two oceans like the fabled land of the Lotos Eaters where it "seemed always afternoon". Yet even here there is "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees", and indications are not wanting that a race that has slept for centuries is now awakening to life. Indeed, to those who take time to scan the horizon for "signs of the times" no single movement is more highly significant than that now on foot for the federation of the Indian tribes of Canada.

This is one of the results of the War. The Indian feels that he has done a man's work, and he will never again be content to stand aside, uttering no word in matters that directly concern him. The spirit of unrest has taken hold of him and is expressing itself in various forms of race consciousness. Tribes far removed from each other, unknown to each other and hitherto uninterested in each other, are now corresponding and exchanging opinions. The more civilized Indians of Ontario are imparting their broader outlook and keener desire for progress to their brethren in the West. An Indian League has been formed which most of the eastern reserves and many in British Columbia have already joined. The reserves of the Prairie Provinces are joining, and soon this federation of Red Men will be represented by every province in the Dominion.

A provincial constitution has been drawn up, and its general tone is wise and temperate. Its keynote is earnest co-operation with the federal Government and loyalty to the persons of King George and the Royal Family. Its aims include the following: Educational facilities more appropriate to Indian needs; enlightenment on matters of health; the perpetuation of the memory of those who died in the War, and proper provision for their dependents; mutual help and encouragement relating to the improvement of Indians in all walks of life. The constitution also calls for representative meetings of Indians to be held from time to time for the purpose of discussing ways and means whereby they may raise themselves above their present position, and the hope is expressed that Parliament will depute a committee to meet these representatives whenever any legislation affecting the Indian is being considered.

Keeping the foregoing facts in mind, we are quite prepared to hear that the Dominion Government is proposing to extend the franchise to

the Indians of Canada. In fact, since the ending of the War more than two hundred Indians, with their families, have passed out of wardship and are now Canadian citizens in every sense of the word. That our Indians deserve full citizenship can be doubted by no one who recalls the splendid part they played in the greatest struggle of all time. Out of a total Indian population of less than 106,000 men, women and children, more than 4,000 enlisted for active service with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, while there were probably many cases of Indian enlistment that were not reported. These figures represent approximately thirty-five per cent. of the Indian male population of military age then resident in the Dominion of Canada.

This record appears the more remarkable when we remember that their services were purely voluntary. The Indians of Canada were specially exempted from the operation of the Military Service Act, and there was no possible way of compelling them to enlist. It should be further borne in mind that a large proportion of the Indian population are located in remote and often inaccessible regions. Many, indeed, are so little acquainted with the English language that they could not possibly understand the cause and character of this world-wide struggle. As an instance of this, one of the head men of a northern reserve sent to the nearest missionary to inquire whether it was true that fighting was taking place just east of Battleford.

It may indeed be doubted whether, among all the peoples who went to the war, there were any who took up arms from a higher or more disinterested motive than these sons of the ancient possessors of our soil. Never before had the call come to them to lay down their lives, if need be, in a land beyond the seas. Yet they went, and right well did they acquit themselves. To quote from the report of the Minister of the Interior: "Their officers have commended them most highly for their courage, intelligence, efficiency, stamina and discipline. In daring and intrepidity they were second to none, and their performance is a ringing rebuttal to the familiar assertion that the Red Man has deteriorated in spirit." As an inevitable result of their splendid enlistment record and the prominent part given them in the fighting line their casualties were very heavy, and to-day in common with their fellow countrymen of the white race, the Indians mourn the loss of their most promising young men.

But it was not only the younger and more adventurous braves who heard their country's call. One small band of eight men sent seven to the front, the one left behind having attained the ripe age of seventy-five. The File Hills Reserve in Saskatchewan sent twenty-four of its thirty-eight men. The Cote band of old Fort Pelly sent twenty-two out of a total male population of forty-three. The Algonquins of Golden Lake sent twenty-nine men to the front, leaving only three men on their reserve. The total number of adult male Indians in Prince Edward Island was sixty-four, of whom thirty or practically every eligible man enlisted. Perhaps the most striking instance of all is that of John Campbell who, when the war broke out, was living on the Arctic Coast. This full-blooded Indian travelled three thousand miles by trail, canoe and river steamer before he ultimately donned khaki in Vancouver.

One of the most interesting battalions to go from Western Canada was the 107th, commanded by the late Lieut.-Col. Glen Campbell, formerly chief inspector of Indian Agencies. Its muster roll contained the names of more than five hundred Indians, three of whom, Tom Longboat, Joe Keeper and John Mackaway, were

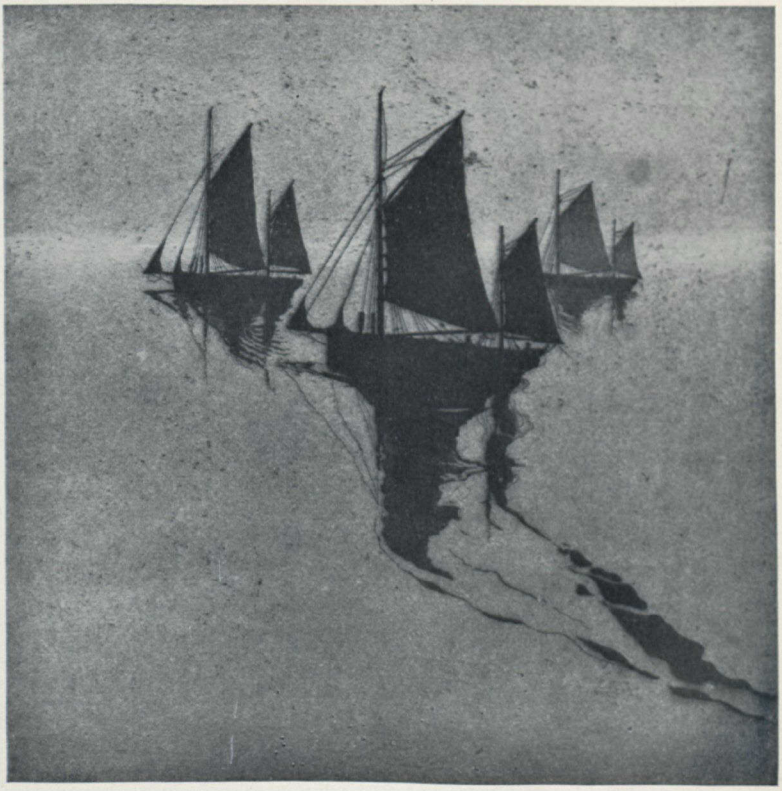
noted athletes. The Crees, Salteaux and Sioux of the West were drilled alongside the Micmacs of the Maritime Provinces, and both eastern and western Indians rubbed shoulders with the Mohawks, Onodagas, Tuscaroras, Delawares and Chippewas of Ontario. In fact, one might almost say that the new Indian Federation was conceived on the drill-grounds of old England and born on the bloody battle-fields of France.

At the front there were no better fighting men than the Canadian Indians. It was as marksmen that they specially distinguished themselves, and it is claimed that they did a great deal towards demoralizing the enemy system of sniping. They displayed all their old-time patience and self-control when engaged in this arduous work, recording each hit by a notch on their rifles. Corporal Peghamagabow won the military medal and two bars for his achievements in this species of warfare, and the official record states that he killed 378 of the enemy by sniping. Private Philip McDonald of the famous "Little Black Devils" regiment of Winnipeg killed forty of the enemy by sniping before he himself was shot. Lance-Corporal Norwest, an Alberta Indian, was officially credited with 115 observed hits. Private Ballantyne of Battleford killed fifty-eight of the enemy before he was returned to Canada with an injured knee.

But the Indian was more than a mere marksman; he proved himself to be an all-round soldier, and many acts of splendid heroism and self-sacrifice are recorded. John Pandash, besides saving life under heavy fire, procured information at Hill 70 that averted a serious reverse. During the heavy fighting around Cambrai Dave Kesik, the tallest man in the 52nd Battalion, unstrapped a machine gun from his shoulder and ran along the top of the enemy trench, doing such deadly execution that he succeeded in taking thirty prisoners single-handed. During a heavy gas attack Sergeant Clear Sky of the 11th Battalion noticed out in "no man's land" a wounded man whose mask had been rendered useless. Clear Sky crawled out to him through the poisonous fumes, removed his own mask, and adjusted it to the head of the wounded man, whose life was thereby saved.

The foregoing are but a few of many instances that go far to support the strong statement made by the Minister of the Interior, that in daring and intrepidity Canada's red soldiers were second to none. They have nobly upheld the loyal tradition of their gallant forefathers who rendered invaluable service to the British cause in 1775 and 1812, and they have added thereto a heritage of deathless honour, which will be for all time an example and an inspiration to their descendants.

If, then, the Indian desires the full privileges of Canadian citizenship, shall we not grant him what he asks? We have long regarded him as a child, but it was no child's part he played in the War. The formation of a National Indian League is one way in which the Red Man has expressed his new-found manhood, and few there be who will not applaud the sentiments expressed in the words of one of its founders: "Not in vain did our young men die in a strange land; not in vain are our Indian bones mingled with the soil of a foreign land for the first time since the world began; not in vain did the Indian fathers and mothers see their sons march away to face what to them were unknown dangers. The unseen tears of Indian mothers in many isolated Indian reserves have watered the seeds from which may spring those desires and efforts and aspirations which will enable us to reach the stage when we will take our place side by side with the white people, doing our share of productive work and gladly shouldering the responsibility of citizens in this, our country."



OUT TO THEIR MIDNIGHT TOIL

From the Etching by C. S. Spackman

Exhibited by the

Canadian National Exhibition

LUIGI MARIOTTI

BY F. W. VROOM

THE ideals of higher education in Nova Scotia in early days were naturally those which were in vogue in the Old Country, and in was inevitable that the university system of the Province should have been modelled on Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin. A man of liberal education was one who was well versed in classical literature; who could freely quote from the Greek and Latin poets, and whose mind was disciplined in mathematics. Logic and mental and moral philosophy were sometimes regarded as a part of the humanities and the text books on these subjects were in Latin. Technical subjects like theology, medicine and law were the superstructure built upon this foundation, and the study of modern languages, such as French, German, Spanish or Italian, or even of English literature, men might take up or leave alone according to their tastes or the circumstances in which they were placed.

It was perhaps the Napoleonic wars as much as anything else that led men to think that undergraduates at Colleges ought to have the opportunity of gaining some knowledge of French and German; but it was not until the later days of Bishop John Inglis, to whose wisdom and energy King's College, our oldest university, owes so much, that such opportunity for students was afforded; and the first person to undertake the work in Nova Scotia was a young man of unusual interest who came out from England for that purpose in 1842 under the name of *Luigi Mariotti.*

His real name was Antonio Carlo Napoleone Gallenga. He was born at Parma on the 4th day of November, 1810, and graduated from the University of Parma at the age of eighteen.

Italy was then in a very unsettled condition. The disposition of its several states by the Congress of Vienna was anything but satisfactory. Austria held Lombardy and Venetia, and the rest of the country was divided up into little states, each under an autocratic ruler. There was a spirit of insurrection in the air, and it is no wonder that young Gallenga was thrilled by it. The French Revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne caused a ferment in Italy, and Gallenga was stirred by the impulse to throw himself into the struggle. For a few months at the beginning of 1831, we are told, he was "a conspirator, a state prisoner, a combatant, a fugitive; and for the five ensuing years an exile", wandering in France, in Spain and Africa.

It was apparently from his unwillingness to bring any injury upon his family that he changed his name to *Luigi Mariotti,* and under this name he went to Turin in August, 1833, furnished with a passport, money and letters by Mazzini and commissioned by him to assassinate Charles Albert, King of Piedmont. The whole story of this struggle is told in a most interesting way in Thayer's "Life of Cavour". For two months Mariotti stayed in Turin, waiting for an opportunity to strike the blow which he rashly thought would be heroic,

but which he afterward learnt to execrate as a crime.

After this he lived at Corsica for two years, and then for a time at Malta, and at Tangier, where he was employed as a private tutor. In August, 1836, he wearied of this work and sailed for New York, resolved to try his fortunes in the new world. He was in hopes of obtaining a position at Harvard; but Harvard was a comparatively small and struggling university at that time, and although he formed rather close friendships with Edward Everett and others of influence, the best he could do was to accept a temporary mastership in modern languages at a ladies' school, supplementing this by private tuition and a little literary work.

During the three years which he spent at Cambridge he met most of the well-known literary men of the time, including Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Longfellow he found particularly charming. He was then, he says, "about 30 years old, beautiful as the god of the day, with golden hair which he wore down to his shoulders, clear blue eyes, a fair healthy complexion and well-cut features. He was somewhat undersized, but there was both ease and dignity in all his movements, and the expression of his face was that of a cheerful, benevolent disposition".

An experience of three years convinced him that he was not fitted for American life. Private teaching was drudgery to him, and he could not bring himself to what he called "the theatrical exhibition of public lecturing"; and on May 1, 1839, he embarked again for England, and reached Portsmouth after a voyage of thirty-two days, where he delighted to lunch once more on "English mutton-chops and English stout".

The next year he visited Italy, but decided that he was not safe there, and returned to London, where he was employed in writing arcticles on Italian subjects for English reviews. Here he made the acquaintance of Disraeli, Sir Edward Lytton-Bulwer, Tom Hood, George Lewes, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray and Carlyle. The latter he described as "the grisly philosopher, seated in a low arm-chair near the fire, with his feet half up the chimney-piece, Yankee fashion, with half-closed eyes, and a meerschaum between his teeth, holding forth in his own drawling Scotch sing-song, and so much in the phraseology with which I had become familiar in his writings . . . that I often turned to him wondering whether he was merely talking, or reading, or reciting".

He published a book on Italy in 1841 which met with no success, and was much disheartened, when Sir Edward Lytton-Bulwer offered to make him his private secretary until something better should turn up. While he was considering this offer, and there seemed to be no alternative but to accept it, a letter came to him bearing the Boston post-mark, and signed "J. Nova Scotia", offering him a position at King's College, Windsor. The Bishop, while in Boston on diocesan business, had picked up a copy of Mariotti's book, "Italy Past and Present", and had been greatly struck with it, and on making inquiries concerning its author it occurred to him that perhaps he might think favourably of an invitation to come to Windsor.

The Bishop in his letter said that they were desirous of enlarging the plan and extending the efficiency of King's College, and among other improvements they proposed to establish a professorship of modern languages, history and literature. He referred Mariotti to the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, secretary of the S. P. G., who informed him that the salary would be £100 sterling, besides students' fees, with the opportunity to earn what he could outside for six months in the year as private instructor, or in any other capacity, both in Windsor and Halifax. The offer, coming at such a time, seemed too

good to be rejected, as it furnished a fixed income, although it was small, and in less than a day he had accepted it, and took the first steamer, the *Britannia* of the Cunard Line, in January, 1842, from Liverpool to Halifax, where he arrived safely after a most unpleasant voyage of sixteen days. The sharer of his cabin was a Mr. Shannon—doubtless S. L. Shannon, barrister, a graduate of King's College — whom he describes as "a well-educated man, and very popular in the town".

The Bishop was surprised to see him, as he came by the same steamer which brought the news of his acceptance of the position; but he welcomed him heartily and took him in his carriage to visit the Governor, Lord Falkland, and asked him to dine the same evening. He describes Bishop Inglis as "a dapper little man with a lively face, on which the sense of what was due to his prelatic dignity was perpetually struggling to check the impulses of his bustling activity". "The Bishop's wife," he says, "and her four thin and not very young daughters had stateliness enough for the whole Episcopal Bench in the Lords".

His drive to Windsor by sleigh, on a foggy day, over a rough road, did not impress him favourably; but at last he was landed at the principal hotel in Windsor, and with the assistance of black porters his luggage was taken to the College. His recollections of Windsor and the College are not very flattering: "Windsor was something between a town and a village on the estuary of a little river at the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the north-west of Halifax, from which it was divided by the whole width of the Acadian Peninsula, here only forty miles across. The little town was surrounded by low hills, on the summit of one of which, about half-a-mile outside the town, stood the College, while another hill facing the College, was then the residence of Judge Haliburton, the humorous creator of 'Sam Slick'. The College—'King's College and University of Nova Scotia'—consisted of one building, divided into five large and lofty wooden barns called 'Bays', in one of which resided the president, Dr. McCawley, with his wife and an only child, a daughter, ten years old. In the bay next to that the ground-floor was reserved for the Professor of Modern Literature. On the floor above it lived Mr. Stevenson, a raw Scotchman, the vice-president and bursar of the College. The students at the time, eighteen in number, were quartered in two of the other bays. The fifth contained the dining-hall and the apartments of Mr. Mahon, the Steward. The President," he says, "besides theology taught Latin and Greek, and the Bursar . . . had charge of mathematics and the humanities".

The new professor found his position almost a sinecure, because his lectures were not a necessary part of the curriculum. "The poor students were already crammed more than to their hearts' content with studies about which they would have to undergo an examination, and they were not likely to volunteer to add to the classical lessons a task about the fulfilment of which no one could call them to account." The classes soon dwindled away, and the professor was left with only two or three pupils.

What was he to do to pass the time? He bought a horse, hired a black groom, and went riding with Dr. and Mrs. McCawley, and sometimes with Judge Haliburton or some of his daughters. Then Windsor had balls and concerts, where, besides the Haliburtons he met the Murphys, Uniackes, Heads and others. In the summer he formed a class in Halifax, where the time passed pleasantly with boating-parties, picnics, balls, etc., but he notes with respect to all the Halifax beauties and indeed to his pupils generally that he was heart-whole. "But," he adds, "there was in Windsor someone who would be sure

to be seen at morning service at the College chapel"—meaning the old Parish Church where the students attended on Sunday mornings—"and in order to see that one, and with hardly a hope or wish to be seen, every Saturday evening, my duties being over for the day, I had my horse brought to the hotel door, and sallied out at dusk, riding all night, moonlight or starlight, fair weather or foul; riding the whole forty miles' distance to Windsor, barely stopping for two hours to bait at the half-way house, and only arriving at King's College at break of day. At College I breakfasted with McCawley and his wife, went with them to the College chapel, where the Doctor preached, and Mr. King of the Academy read prayers; dined with the latter and his wife; and when all good people went to evening service, I shook hands at the church door with all of them and left them, who said nothing, but doubtless wondered and thought me crazy, as they saw me mount my horse and ride away into the night. I rode back the way I came, and arrived at Halifax in time for my earliest classes on Monday morning."

He returned in the autumn to what he calls "another term of ignoble idleness" at the College, and at Christmas he begged the Bishop to permit him to go back to England. The Bishop granted his request on two conditions; first that he should wait till Easter to go, and then that he should find someone else to take his place. His successor was his friend Signor Montovani, a Milanese, of whom he writes, "he was a wiser man than I was, and had the success he deserved". Montovani married Miss Murphy, of Windsor, and built a house about five minutes' walk from the College.

Mariotti left for England on the Cunard steamer *Acadia*, and most of the leading gentlemen of Halifax and some of the ladies came on board to bid him good-bye. There is probably no one now living who remembers him in his Windsor days. His friendship with Dr. McCawley lasted for many years. The last of those who were students of King's College in his time was the late Col. C. J. Stewart of Halifax. It is said that he was a handsome man, with the bearing of a soldier, but rather shy in manner, and short-sighted; but he seems to have been a man of attractive personality.

His subsequent life may be touched upon briefly. He lived in London from 1843 to 1848. He became a British subject in 1846, and in 1847 he married an English lady and resumed his own name, Gallenga. In 1848-49 he filled the position of Chargé d'Affairs for Piedmont at Frankfort, and for the next few years he travelled backwards and forwards between Italy and England in the interests of his country. For a time he was Professor of Italian in University College, London, and in 1854 (through the influence of Cavour) he was elected deputy of the Piedmontese Parliament, and retained his seat till 1864, passing most of his summers in England.

During the Austro-French war of 1859 he was war correspondent of *The Times*, thus beginning a connection with that paper which continued until 1883. He was correspondent in the United States in 1863 during the Civil War, and subsequently in Spain, Cuba and Constantinople. He was a forcible and picturesque writer, and his published works number about twenty volumes. He died at his home, The Falls, Llandogo, December 17th, 1895.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

MANY endearing names were given to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe by those who knew her best, but there was none which expressed more truly than "The Queen of Hearts" the unquesttioned sway which she exercised, not only over the brilliant coterie of world-famed Boston celebrities, but also over all classes and conditions of men and women who came under the witchery of her charming personality.

One of the laughable regrets of Mrs Howe's life was that she arrived in this world three days too late or Queen Victoria and she, who were so much alike in personal appearance, might have opened their eyes upon this dear old world on the same day, and opened their mouths in concert to express in an unconventional way their joy at being alive and at being girl-babies. Some poor male body has said that girls as a general thing are sorry that they are not boys. This was not true of Victoria the Good or of this American girl, whose winsome personality and untiring labours of love won for her a kingdom where she queened it over loyal, loving hearts.

Julia Ward was a beautiful child, but like Anne of Green Gables she had red hair, which was a great grief to her mother, who tried by the use of washes and leaden combs to change the colour, but she was no more successful in her efforts than the immortal Anne of Miss Montgomery's delightful story.

The time came when her red hair was no longer looked upon as a social handicap. She was a beautiful girl who by her keen wit and sweet graciousness of manner won every heart. Men, young and old, fell in love with her at first sight. James De Mille, the most versatile genius of Canadian literature, in his amusing story, "The American Baron", tells of a girl who was travelling in Europe who could not go anywhere without meeting with an accident from which she was always rescued by a man who hastened to propose to her. The girl came at length to fear the face of man. She longed to get to Rome where she thought most of the men were priests, and then she knew that if rescued from death by one of them he would not propose. Julia Ward had good reason to wish that all men were celibates, although some of her friends felt that she rather enjoyed her fate.

Sometimes there was a serio-comic turn to the love-making. One day an old bachelor sea-captain, who was on friendly terms with the family, asked Julia, who was then eighteen, to walk with him in the garden where the roses and the gooseberries grew. Drawing a visiting card from his pocket on which he had written these words, "My heart is yours", he presented it to her. She felt that he had lived so long with his heart, which had no doubt done him many a good turn, that it was unkind of him to give it away under the influence of the roses and gooseberries.

In due time this charming girl met her fate, or as she put it, her fortune, in the person of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who first taught language to the blind deaf mute Laura Bridgman. Her marriage with Dr. Howe proved a singularly happy one, which resulted in an ideal home with children aplenty to keep the mother's heart young.

In one of her jocular moods Mrs. Howe said that she felt that she was an incarnation of one of the goody-goody stories where the heroine marries and lives happily ever after. She had no sympathy with the splenetic critics who maintain that authors should substitute death for marriage and end their stories with the formula that the couple *died* and lived happily ever after.

In one of Mrs. Howe's poems there is a beautiful picture of herself one rainy afternoon, taking exercise by walking up and down the street past the window where her children were watching in merry eagerness to catch a glimpse of their mother, and the mother was watching with equal delight to catch a glimpse of her babies. Her untiring efforts to advance the interests of every good cause never weaned her heart from home, and never made her less of a wife and mother.

Mrs. Howe had an aunt who had for a husband a brilliant but most eccentric man. When a member of the family asked her how she put up with his queer ways she replied, "My dear, I shipped as captain's mate for the volage''. Mrs. Howe thought at the time that this was a good conception of the relationship subsisting between husband and wife; but as the years went by she began to realize that woman's true position is one in which she shares fully with man every human right and responsibility. She says that there was a time when she thought that superior women should have been born men, and that inferior men should have been born old women, but she completely outgrew this way of looking at life, and saw very clearly that woman's work in the world was in no way inferior to man's, and required a no less active brain or cultured intellect.

It was the Civil War which awakened in the women of the United States a desire to make more of life than they had done. The work which they did for the soldiers brought them into public companionship with men, and led them to feel that woman's world was larger than it had been. History repeated itself in the late war and made women realize as never before what their capabilities and responsibilities are.

When it dawned upon Mrs. Howe that women had rights in the world from which they were deprived, and that women themselves as well as the world were suffering from the manifest injustice of the centuries, she threw herself mind and heart and soul into the fight for women's rights. It was when this thought, that there is no position that man can fill which woman cannot fill, had taken complete possession of her that one night she dreamed that she had an interview with a female pope. The pope blessed her and she blessed the pope.

It was at this time that Mrs. Howe began to organize Women's Clubs because of the opportunities which they would afford for self-culture and public service. She had a perfect mania for institutions of this kind, so much so that she was sometimes called the "Queen of Clubs".

Some wag has pictured Mrs. Howe to-day as an angel of light smiling benedictions upon the head of President Wilson for espousing the cause so dear to her heart. Soon, we are told, this same angel of light will wing her flight to Ottawa and shower blessings upon the head of Sir Robert Borden. It is feared that some members of the Canadian Parliament may not participate in this benediction.

If Mrs. Howe has organized clubs in heaven—and heaven would be no heaven to her without clubs—what

joy there must be as the members meet together over the wonderful success of the woman suffrage movement in Great Britain and the United States and Canada. They will be able to sing to-day as never before the triumphant refrain of Mrs. Howe's battle hymn, "Our God is Marching On!"

It is not so much as an advocate of woman suffrage, successful as she was in popularizing this reform, as the author of the "Battle Hymn" that Mrs. Howe has found a place amongst the world's immortals. Wherever English songs are sung this hymn has gone with its heavenly inspiration and hopeful outlook. During the late war some of the largest Canadian audiences were thrilled by these words, and the Chancellor of one of the Toronto universities, a few days ago, in addressing a large congregation, quoted one verse of this song with telling effect.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!"

The story of the writing of this hymn is told at length by Mrs. Howe's daughters in the illuminating biography of their mother, recently published. A little company of Boston people, including Mrs. Howe and her husband, and the celebrated Dr. James Freeman Clarke, visited Washington during the early days of the Civil War. They drove out of the city to witness a review of the troops. On their way back they were delayed by the soldiers who had possession of the street. As they waited in their carriage they sang that most popular war-song of that time, "John Brown's Body", the soldiers joining in tumultuously in the chorus as they marched along.

On the way home Dr. Clarke asked Mrs. Howe why she did not write some better words for that popular air. The next morning, when the day began to break, the words of the "Battle Hymn" came to her like an inspiration, and rising hastily she committed them to paper. The poem was published in *The Atlantic Monthly,* and soon the whole nation was singing it.

It was this hymn which Abraham Lincoln, with tears rolling down his face, asked a great audience in Washington, which had just sung the song with thrilling effect, to sing it again. It was this hymn which General Pershing's American soldiers in France sang so lustily as they marched away to join the French and English at the battle front. The following additional stanza has been written by Dr. Henry Van Dyke:

"We have heard the cry of anguish from the victims of the Hun,
And we know our country's peril if the war-lords' will is done
We will fight for world-wide freedom till the victory is won,
For God is marching on!"

Mrs. Howe's daughters, who wrote their mother's biography, are greatly incensed against Dr. Van Dyke for what he has done. They have likened his attempt to "making an annex to Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, or to Hamlet's soliloquy". They think it very foolish to try to "gild refined gold, and paint the lily, and throw a perfume of the violet"; but at that awful crisis in the history of the world anything which brought our national songs to tell more effectively against the enemy was not unwelcome.

Although Mrs. Howe was a great lover of peace, she fully realized that there are times when we must fight in order to enjoy this blessing. At a great Peace Congress, where war was being denounced as evil and only evil and evil continually, Mrs. Howe felt compelled to do what she could to set the Congress right. She said: "Assembled in the blessed cause of peace, let me remind you that there is one word even more holy than peace,

namely, *justice*. The impulse which causes men to contend against injustice is a divine one, deeply implanted in the human breast."

After reading these words we can understand why Richard Watson Gilder in his poem on Mrs. Howe refers to her as "Priestess of Righteous War and Holy Peace".

The author of the immortal "Battle Hymn" never grew old. With far more enthusiasm and far more success than many a school boy, she began the study of Greek when she was fifty. On her seventieth birthday her daughter wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Mamma will be seventy years young to-morrow. Come and play with her." Dr. Holmes in his characteristic reply said, "It is better to be seventy years young than forty years old."

When the end of Mrs. Howe's life was approaching, with more than fourscore years and ten of intensely active life behind her, she felt that she was just beginning to live, that she was just ready for college. Perhaps Wordsworth was right in thinking that death is matriculation into God's great University. Mrs. Howe lived a beautiful life and died a beautiful death, and her soul goes marching on.

COVE ISLAND

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

AUTUMN has painted the island yellow and brown
And red, with a brush of frost,
And the voice of the wind goes ever-moaning down
In piteous anguish tossed.
Above, the white gulls circling fly
Far out, and plaintively they cry;
White is the slender beacon light,
And the crests of the tumbling waves are white
That curl, as the ships go by———

The day has vanished below the western rim
And left for the water a robe of richest blue;
Far to the north there lies the vision dim
Of the island hunting-ground of the Manitou.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Some of the most influential newspapers of Canada oppose renewal of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan. There are also sections of British opinion which have always regarded the alliance with disfavour. It will be remembered that the first treaty with Japan was entered into during Great Britain's period of "splendid isolation". France was not too friendly, Russia was in league with France, and even closer to Germany than to Great Britain, there was smouldering if not active hostility to the British Empire at Berlin, and even at Washington there was at best a feeling of cold neutrality. There have been revolutionary changes in the relations of the great nations to the British Empire and to one another, but there are still powerful if not decisive reasons for a close understanding between Britain and Japan.

The position of Australia cannot be ignored. It would be idle to deny the power of Japan to make mischief in India or even to effect a dangerous alliance with Russia. Probably, too, Britain as an ally of Japan, has greater power to protect China than she would have if no actual alliance existed. There is no prospect that Britain will ever support Japan in aggressive action against the United States. This seems to be fully understood at Washington and at Tokio. Doubtless this understanding will be made more absolute in any renewal of the treaty if there is need for more definite reservations. It is true that Canada can have no interest in the Pacific, nor any relation with Japan even under Imperial engagements, which could separate Ottawa and Washington. If Canada is to interpret the British Empire on this continent the first and last letter of the condition is sympathy and co-operation between the Dominion and the Republic. As to this we may be certain that British statesmen have no illusion even were it not inconceivable that the Mother Country could consider any alliance which would hold the possibilities of conflict with the American people.

But as an ally of Japan Great Britain can be very powerful in promoting goodwill between Americans and Japanese and in maintaining happy relations between Japan and the British oversea Dominions. No alliance which stood the test of war can be lightly abandoned and one does not need to go far beneath the surface to find pregnant reasons against any action by Great Britain which would excite distrust at Tokio and breed the suspicion that interests hostile to Japan would henceforth control British world policy. There is nothing in conflict with the Covenants of the League of Nations in the British understanding with Japan. To refuse to renew a treaty which was respected by that country and which was never made an instrument of aggression would seem like a proclamation of distrust which Japanese statesmen would resent and which British statesmen could not explain in language which a proud and spirited people could easily accept as consonant with their dignity or their honour.

II

It is remarkable that Ulster should be preparing to establish a legislature with powers of self-government which its people have never demanded. The Home Rule Act which has been finally adopted by the Imperial Parliament provides for parliaments in Northern and Southern Ireland. In the North the House of Commons will have fifty-two members while in the South there will be a House of Commons of 128 members. But, hereafter, Ireland will send only forty-six members to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The Act also establishes a Council which will have, if it is ever constituted, twenty members from each Parliamentary area with a President appointed by the Sovereign. Each Parliament must also create a Senate and send to the Council seven members from the Senate and thirteen from the Commons. Of supreme significance is the provision that the two Parliaments may by common action establish a single Parliament for Ireland or delegate powers to the Council of Ireland.

The Irish Parliaments may not make war in respect of the Crown; peace or war; the navy, the army or the air force; treaties or foreign relations; dignities or titles; treason, alienage or naturalization; trade outside Ireland; submarine cables wiresless telegraphy or aërial navigation; coinage or legal tender; the Lord Lieutenancy continues and Irish ministers must be Privy Councillors and members of one or other of the Irish Parliaments. For three years the police forces will remain under Imperial control. The Postal Service, stamp designs and the Public Record office will pass under Irish control when Irish Parliamentary union is completed, or they can be taken over by identical Acts of the two Irish Legislatures. These Parliaments cannot levy a capital tax, nor will they have authority over customs, excise, excess profits taxes or corporation or income taxes, but they will have full power over local taxation. It is provided that Ireland shall contribute £18,000,000 annually towards Imperial expenditures and liabilities of which forty-four per cent. shall be provided by Northern and fifty-six per cent. by Southern Ireland, and that to Ireland the product of Irish land purchase annuities shall be credited. The Act also provides High Courts of Justice for North and South with an Irish High Court of Appeal. As significant as the provision for the creation of a common Parliament by mutual action of North and South is that which stipulates that if either Irish Legislature is not constituted within three and a half years the Act becomes inapplicable to the contumacious district and in the meantime the section which fails to accept the measure will be administered as a Crown Colony.

No doubt the Act falls short of "Dominion Home Rule", but it gives a great measure of local self-government and affords the Irish people opportunity to reconcile their differences and prove whether or not they are equal to common political action in the general interest of the country. At the moment the Sinn Fein separatists will have nothing to do with the Act, will have no reconciliation with Ulster, will have only an Irish Republic with its seat at Dublin. But even De Valera and his insensate extremists must sooner or later abandon the hopeless struggle in which they are engaged. There cannot be "self-determination for Ireland" until Great Britain is ready to strike a mortal blow at British prestige the world over and confess its inability to maintain the authority of its government and Parliament.

The story of Ireland since the war constitutes one of the most distressing chapters in all its tragic history. There can be no doubt that the excesses of the Sinn Fein faction have led multitudes all over the world in natural sym-

pathy with Irish aspirations to wonder if the Irish people are equal to self-government. All of us who have believed in the natural humanity of the Irish character have been amazed at the cowardly, brutal and inhuman methods which have been adopted to force British statesmen to their knees and to humiliate and discredit Great Britain before other nations. Probably in Canada there is less active sympathy for the Home Rule movement than there was twenty-five or thirty years ago. There is evidence also that even in the United States the appeal for Ireland against Great Britain has become less effective for political purposes. The references of Cox and Harding to the Irish question in the recent Presidential contest were far milder than were those of James G. Blaine when he was among the chief spokesmen of the Republican party. When Hon. Edward Blake, a sincere and courageous Home Ruler, was leader of the Liberal party of Canada, he did not hesitate to make Home Rule for Ireland a direct issue in Canadian elections. Even Sir John Macdonald permitted a Home Rule resolution to be adopted by the Canadian Parliament and Sir Oliver Mowat followed his example in the Legislature of Ontario. One wonders if any political leader would now think it profitable to raise Home Rule as an issue in Canada. No faction in Ireland which demands an Irish Republic can command much sympathy in the Dominions while in other countries responsible statesmen recognize that Sinn Fein demands what Great Britain dare not concede.

The Republican leaders of the United States do not forget the conditions and the issues which gave birth to the party. They remember that the North fought a long and bloody war to hold the South and prevent the dismemberment of the Union. Mr. Lloyd George has not overlooked one of the supreme facts of American history nor has he hesitated to challenge the American people to pass judgment between himself and De Valera upon the evidence which their own teaching and example affords. It is still true, however, that in the Dominions and in Great Britain there is a stronger and more universal sentiment than has ever existed before in favour of the most generous measure of local self-government for Ireland. The only condition required is that the measure shall not be such as will merely pave the way to an Irish Republic and dismemberment of the United Kingdom. For organized reprisals against Sinn Fein there is and can be no justification but one does feel that among certain political groups in Great Britain there is a vigour and anger in denunciation of reprisals which is not so vehement in denunciating the cruelties, maimings and murders by which they were provoked. There are things which revolt human nature and produce a temper which cannot be controlled. In history there is a curious toleration for Ku Klux which drove the carpet-baggers out of the South and whose methods had a close likeness to reprisals in Ireland. But to reprisals which meet murder with murder no one would dare give his sanction.

The new Home Rule Act cannot be without effect. It is clear that Mr. Lloyd George will go far to establish peace and goodwill among the Irish people and despite all the excesses of Sinn Fein there is singular restraint and a flavour of compassion in Irish debates in the Imperial Parliament. Even the House of Lords reveals a new spirit. Possibly we may be nearer than we have ever been before to a united Ireland and a united Empire. In the speech from the Throne, dissolving Parliament a few weeks ago, the King expressed the hope that "this Act, the fruit of more than thirty years of ceaseless controversy, will finally bring about unity and friendship between all the peoples of my Kingdom".

III

An extraordinary railway situation has developed in Great Britain. When the war began the State took over the railways. Through Mr. Asquith the Government pledged itself to reimburse the private companies for "deferred maintenance", for damage and for deterioration. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declares that, "Mr. Asquith gave the railways a blank cheque and left the present Government to pay the bill". It is estimated that there are 600,000 investors in British railway securities.

The Government offers to give the companies $600,000,000 for "deferred maintenance", but they demand $1,000,000,000. It seems that Mr. Lloyd George also promised the Railway Union that the workers should have a share in the management. The Ministry of Transport proposes that the roads shall be consolidated into seven groups and that each group shall have a board of twenty-one directors. It is suggested that seven of these directors shall be shareholders, seven shall be shippers and seven shall be employees. The Association of Railroad Companies, however, objects to Labour directors, while Mr. J. H. Thomas, speaking for the union, says, "We were promised a voice and a vote in the Boards of Directors and there will be a big fight if this promise is broken".

According to Mr. Herbert N. Casson, special correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal,* the railways are not strongly opposed to nationalization but in effect they say to the Government, "Either buy the railways or pay us our indemnity and leave us alone". By the British Railway Act of 1844, which seems to have contemplated ultimate public ownership, the Government has the right to buy the roads by paying twenty-five times the average profits. To this Mr. Casson thinks the companies would not object. Discussing the effects of government control a writer in The Trade Supplement of *The Times* (London), says: "One result has been that all initiative on the part of railway companies has been paralyzed; the public is deprived of reasonable facilities; rates and charges have advanced beyond all precedent or expectation, grossly falsifying the forecasts of responsible ministers; and the trading public has been drawn into a state of exasperation which is now reaching a climax and threatens to bring the Ministry of Transport to an untimely end."

It seems that recurring annual deficits reached ultimately the great sum of £70,000,000, and it is alleged that because railways were subsidized undertakings rival or complementary forms of transport, like road motors and coastwise shipping which had to charge rates that would cover working expenses, have been almost driven out of existence. *The Times* writer does not declare definitely against nationalization but insists that the railways shall be divorced from political considerations and handled on business principles. He contends that a reversion to the old policy of individual management and the free play of competition through the deplorable results of a prolonged period of government control has been rendered impossible, and seems to think that a further increase of rates and fares cannot be avoided. Finally he asks, "Are the railways to be allowed the necessary measure of freedom to work out their own salvation after being almost ruined by the Government—or are they in future to be the sport of political parties?"

Probably the Government would be very willing to restore the roads to the private companies if the difficulty over the representation of Labour on the Boards of Directors could be satisfactorily adjusted. But apparently

the companies will not accept such representation except under actual coercion by Parliament. It is clear that in Great Britain as in the United States experiments in public control have not produced any great body of opinion favourable to government interference in business or in transportation. Nor can it be established that the railways of either country gave as efficient service during the war under public control as did those of Canada under private management. This is not submitted as evidence that the Canadian National Railways will not be economically and efficiently managed. Mr. Hanna and his associates are showing a resolute determination to keep the system "out of politics". They inherited a grave situation and the whole disposition of the public is to say nothing and do nothing that will make their task more difficult. It must be remembered also that the action of the Government in Canada arose out of conditions which did not exist in the United States or in Great Britain.

IV

Sir George Foster and Mr. Doherty have been engaged in important negotiations with Imperial ministers in London. It is desired that the British North America Act shall be so amended as to give Dominion legislation the same force of exterritoriality as now inheres in measures passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The Canadian Government does not ask power to enact legislation which shall have force outside the boundaries of the Dominion but only that Canadians offending against Canadian statutes while they are outside the country may be punished on their return. The amendment is required chiefly in order to assert authority over seamen and airmen. Canada is now unable to impose penalties on airmen disregarding Canadian regulations while not actually flying over Canadian territory. A resolution in favour of such amendment of the constitution was adopted at the last session of Parliament but points have arisen which require explanation and discussion with the Imperial authorities.

It is not understood that the wider proposal, endorsed by Mr. Doherty, and by Mr. Mackenzie King, to vest in the Canadian Parliament power to amend the Canadian constitution without reference to the Imperial Parliament will now be considered. Indeed Parliament has not seriously discussed or formally sanctioned this proposal, although in the press it has been freely debated and perhaps generally approved in the English Provinces. In Quebec, however, opinion is far less favourable although Mr. Doherty and Mr. King agree that constitutional changes suggested by the Federal Parliament would require ratification by all the Provincial Legislatures. There is a disposition in Quebec to regard the Imperial Parliament and the Imperial Privy Council as the safeguards of the rights and privileges of the French minority guaranteed at Confederation, and to examine very closely any proposal which might seem to weaken these guarantees or in any way disturb the federal compact of union. But these considerations do not arise in the immediate negotiations with Imperial ministers.

In recent years the Imperial Government and the Governments of the Dominions have sought to establish uniformity in the conditions of naturalization throughout the Empire. But it is found that amendments are still required. The position of a Canadian woman, married to an alien and therefore becoming the subject of an alien State, needs to be more clearly defined. There is legislation enabling such a woman to resume her British nationality under special circumstances, but cases arise in which the existing regulations are defective. It may be, too, that war experiences have dis-

covered perplexities and difficulties in relation to naturalization which require common legislative treatment by the Dominions and the Mother Country. There is no reason to think that Canada has altered its attitude towards Hindu and Oriental immigration or that races or nationalities now debarred from citizenship will secure greater rights or privileges. Remote as is British Columbia from the seat of government the Dominion is as resolved to maintain a "white Canada" as the Commonwealth is to maintain a "white Australia".

V

It is stated that the case for Canada over the "Cote de Labrador" is still in preparation and there are few official documents on the subject. The Royal Proclamation of 1763 defined the boundaries of Quebec on the Labrador coast as the River St. John, and from thence a line drawn from the head of that river through the Lake St. John to the south end of the Nipissimi and up to the Hudson Strait. All the country to the east was then assigned to Newfoundland. But by the order of 1774 all territories and islands in America which by the Proclamation of 1763 became part of Newfoundland, were transferred to Lower Canada. The Imperial Act of 1909, however, declares that all that portion of the Province of Lower Canada lying on the north shore of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence and called "Le Cote Labrador", to the east of the River St. John, together with the Island of Anticosti and the Magdalen Islands are re-annexed to the Province of Newfoundland, while the Imperial Act of 1824 says that all that part of the Province of Lower Canada heretofore annexed to the Province of Newfoundland is re-annexed to the said Province of Lower Canada. Quebec by this Act extends from the River St. John descending the Gulf of St. Lawrence to L'Anse au Sablon inclusive.

It seems to be clear that the territory of Quebec extended along the coast line to Blanc Sablon. It is equally clear that Newfoundland has been administering, and that its right to do so has been tacitly recognized for the last ninety years, the remainder of the Labrador coast from Sablon up to Cape Chidley. What is disputed is its right to administer the interior west to the old boundary of Quebec running up to Ungava Bay. The point is, how far inland does the jurisdiction of Quebec extend from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A map prepared by William Sax and placed in evidence before a committee of the Lower Canada Assembly in 1829 and thus recognized by that body, shows the eastern boundary of Lower Canada to be, or is defined as, the fifty-second degree of north latitude extending from the River St. John to Blanc Sablon. The average depth of this strip is approximately twenty-five miles. A map issued by the Department of the Interior as late as 1881 shows the eastern boundary of Quebec to be practically that outlined on Sax's map, with this addition that running northward the boundary follows the height of land to Ungava Bay. All to the east and north of this is described as Labrador, and coloured the same as Newfoundland.

In the Act of 1912, by which Ungava was assigned to Quebec, it is set forth that the boundary shall extend along the shore of Ungava Bay and Hudson Strait to the boundary over which the Island of Newfoundland has lawful jurisdiction; thence easterly along the westerly boundary of the said last mentioned territory to the middle of Hamilton Inlet, thence westerly along the northern boundary of Quebec as established by the Act of 1898, to

the place of commencement; and all the land embraced by this description shall be added to Quebec. The Act of 1898 seems to have recognized the boundaries as defined by the legislation of that Province and Quebec apparently claims all but the territory east of a line drawn between Blanc Sablon and Cape Chidley. But, as has been said, within the area north of the eastern boundary of Quebec outlined on Sax's map, Newfoundland has administered the territory for years and has granted valuable concessions. Out of the right to grant these concessions the necessity for an adjustment of the boundaries arises.

A despatch from St. John's thus explains the position of Newfoundland: "The coast of Labrador was annexed to Newfoundland in 1763. Ten years later, owing to difficulties arising out of grants made to a number of persons under French rule, it was tranferred to the jurisdiction of Canada. In 1809 it was again transferred to Newfoundland and has since remained under the jurisdiction of that Colony. The difficulty arises over the interpretation of the 'Coast of Labrador'. One view is that Newfoundland can claim only the coast between Blanc Sablon and Cape Chidley, with perhaps a mile inland, and that the rest of Labrador belongs to Canada. As defined in the letters patent constituting the office of Governor of Newfoundland the boundary was described as a line drawn between Blanc Sablon and Cap Chidley, which would pass through the ocean at certain sections and leave large areas of the coast to the westward of the line and therefore not under Newfoundland's jurisdiction. Some Newfoundland officials claim that the correct delimitation was made in a sessional paper issued by Newfoundland in 1864, under which the Colony would be entitled to thousands of square miles of the interior of the Labrador peninsula in addition to the coast."

Newfoundland in brief claims that portion of the peninsula of Ungava which drains into the Atlantic and the Straits of Belle Isle through her Labrador coast strip. Canada contends that Labrador is entitled only to the coast strip from Blanc Sablon to Cape Chidley, and that as this was assigned to Newfoundland because she could better attend to the administration of the fisheries her control of the coast inland would only extend to the depth considered necessary for the work of administration. The act of 1912 extending the boundaries of Quebec did not define the boundary of that Province on the side facing the north-east Labrador coast, but merely declared that on that side the territory extended to the "lawful jurisdiction" of Newfoundland. The territory in the interior of the peninsula of Labrador, after the cession belonged in part to the Hudson's Bay Company and the Crown, the former having the north and the latter the southern portion. There seems to be no doubt that by the Quebec Act the Crown lands passed to Quebec and that the Hudson's Bay Company's portion passed to the Dominion by the Imperial order in Council of 1870. On official maps issued by Canada after 1912 Newfoundland is given only a strip of the coast from Blanc Sablon to Chidley, and clearly these maps conflict with admissions in 1911.

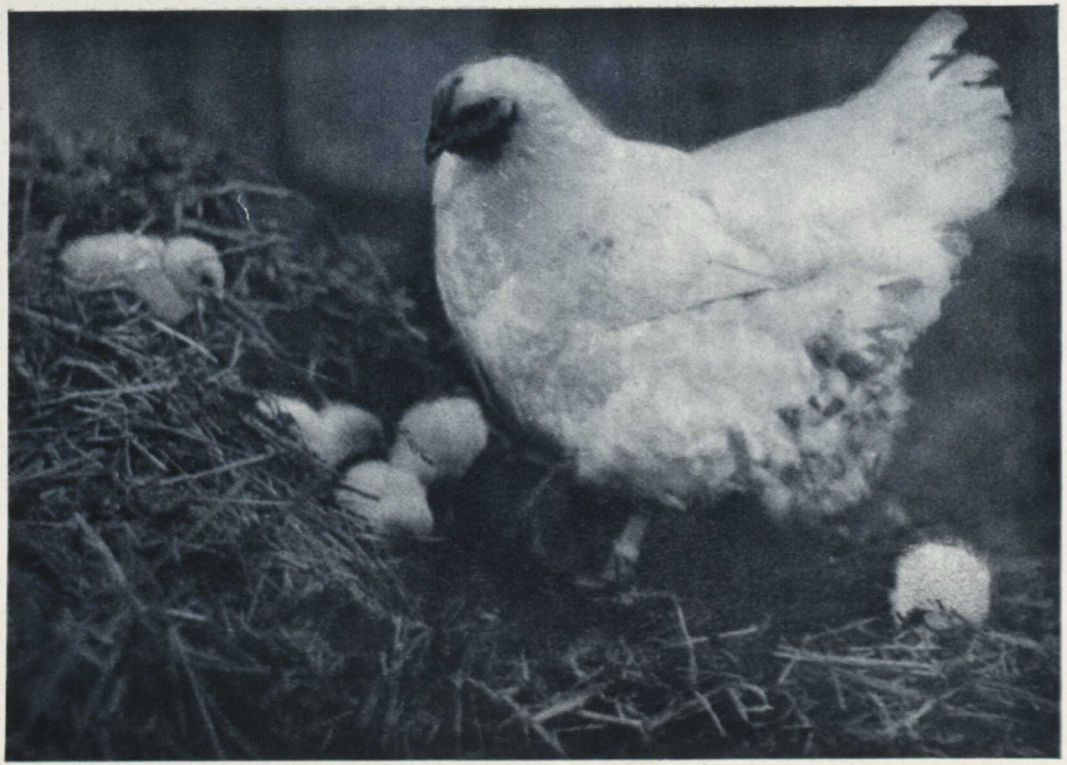
It may be interesting to add an opinion by Mr. Bram Thompson of Regina, who is understood to have investigated the whole question for American capitalists. He says:

"Old Quebec, after its surreunder in 1763, was bounded on the east by the River St. John, which runs west of the Island of Anticosti, and all the rest of the territory in question was placed under the 'control and inspection' of the Government of Newfoundland. In 1774 through an enactment of the British Parliament this whole area

of Labrador was annexed to and made 'part and parcel' of Quebec, but the coast strip for fishery purposes was again in 1809 placed under Newfoundland. Government control and proprietary rights are two different things and the net result of the Imperial orders and statutes was that at the time of Confederation the whole territorial area of Labrador belonged to Quebec, though the coast strip was subject to the Newfoundland Government. It all entered the Confederation and became subject to the British North America Act of 1867. This Act was the last Imperial enactment on Provincial rights. By three different sections it gave to each Province absolute ownership of and legislative control over its own resources and it repealed by implication all anterior enactments repugnant to it. It repealed, as of course, the old makeshift enactment of 1809, giving Newfoundland a governmental control over a part of Labrador, and Labrador to-day is, if our Dominion Government were as astute in affairs of the east as it is avaricious in propensity in regard to the west, 'part and parcel' of the heritage of Canada."

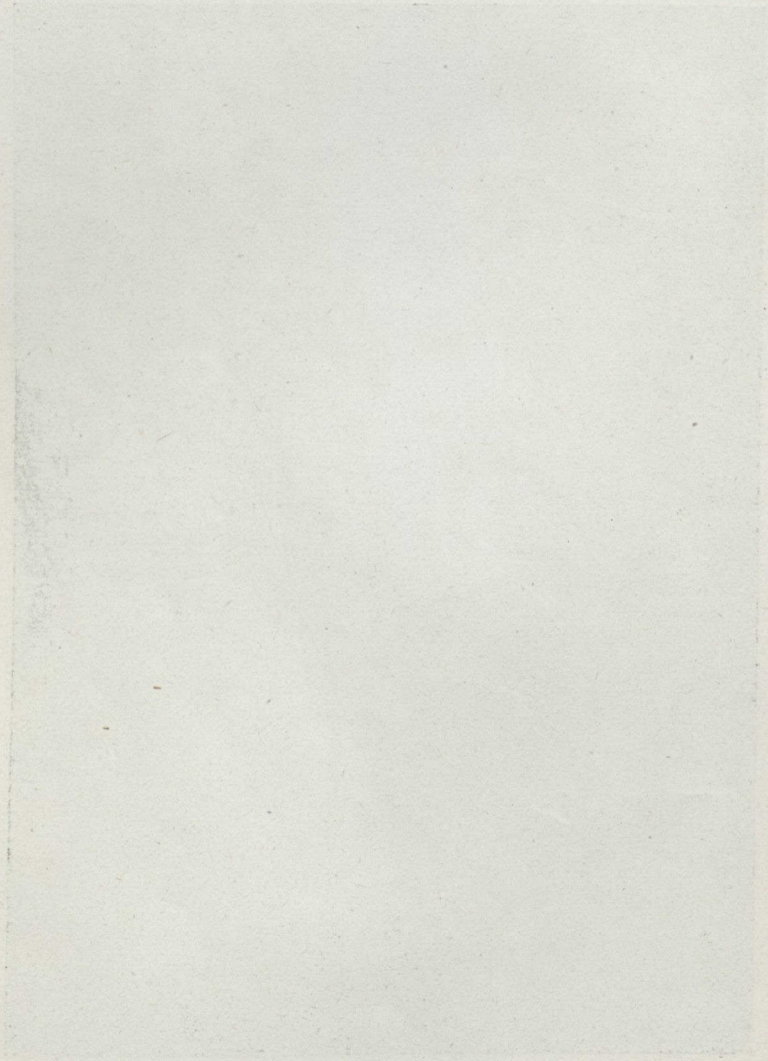
No doubt investment and development in the disputed territory have been affected by the delay in delimiting the boundary but definite evidence in support of this statement is not easy to obtain. For any considerable development of the pulp and paper industry much capital is required. If there is any cloud upon the title capital cannot be obtained. For this reason while grants of timber have been made no development has followed. No valuable mineral resources have been discovered in the disputed area. But neither geological surveys nor geographical explorations have been carried on since Mr. A. P. Low explored the Hamilton River in 1895, a quarter of a century ago. With the boundary defined the governments of Quebec and Newfoundland will be in a position to issue patents and licenses to prospectors. But capitalists will not make investments in an area where a legal decision may invalidate the authority under which they are operating. Possibly, however, grants made in good faith before protests were registered by Quebec or Newfoundland may be confirmed by the Privy Council. It is important that the dispute should be settled before controversy becomes acute.

There is reason now to think that the Ashburton Treaty was advantageous to Canada. The British Government had full knowledge of the "Red Line" map but did not produce it because it was valueless as evidence. Webster was persuaded to produce the map in Congress as an authentic document of high significance when it was almost certainly a French map showing the French contention prior to the cession of Canada. The settlement was made in 1842, but the people of Canada are still convinced that Ashburton was over-reached by the Americans and a valuable section of territory lost forever through the feeble fatuity and complacent ignorance of "British diplomacy". Not so long ago there was an eruption of Canadian feeling over the Alaskan Boundary Award. Many of us have believed that there was a deliberate if reluctant betrayal of Canada by the British negotiator. But there were those in Canada who had made long, deep and anxious study of the whole question that thought otherwise. One remembers that in 1899 when the Joint High Commission was sitting at Washington which ended without result because of differences over the Alaskan Boundary, Sir Wilfrid Laurier said: "So far as I can see we have not a leg to stand on, but politically it is the best question on which to disagree". Public men hesitate to make admissions in international negotiations and posterity cherishes grievances which sometimes have no sounder foundation than a confident patriotism. Between British Dominions no doubtful position should be taken or held for a moment against reasonable evidence and it will be wise to have the issues arising out of the Quebec-Newfoundland-Labrador Boundary argued in this spirit before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.



MATERNAL CARE

From the Photograph by A. R. Blackburn, Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition



ALONG THE ATHABASCA

BY MARY RUSSELL

EARLY in the afternoon a gentle rain had started. Slowly and persistently the heavy sky crept downwards until the whole atmosphere was one damp, soft gray mist, which settled on the broad branches of the trees and fell in heavy showers of drops when the branches were touched.

Louis Leblanc crouched beside a smouldering camp-fire, coaxing it in every possible way to burn properly. His efforts seemed all in vain, the spruce twigs would splutter for a moment, then die away in smoke. The dreary, dripping rain fell suddenly from the branches of the jackpines above, and almost drowned the feeble spark that struggled for existence.

Impatiently he pushed all the smouldering twigs and sticks to another spot, more out of the drip of the pines. Then on his hands and knees he blew and blew, until he gasped for breath; then he took his old battered felt hat and fanned it with all the strength of his arm, as he muttered furiously in his great exasperation.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, burn, will you? You meeserable, damned, sulky fool, *sapré!* The boys will be in soon, and there will be somet'ing doing on thees camp if the grub she's not ready Bon Dieu," he exclaimed excitedly; "there she go at last, I am save thees trip, bagosh."

A cheery flame had sprung up, and soon the spruce branches were crackling, and the heat of the fire was making the ground steam.

Louis got slowly to his feet, and searched nearby for two green birch saplings, with a fork at one end. When he found two that were right he cut them with his pocket-knife—sticks about three or four feet long—and carefully stuck them into the sodden ground, one on each side of the fire, with the forked end upwards. Then he looked for a stout, straight green willow, about two inches in diameter, which he carefully peeled with his knife, and laid across the fire, resting it at each end in the forked stick. On this cross-stick he swung a big billy tin of pork and beans, which sat close by, with his pack and axe. Attached to his pack were several frying pans and another big billy tin. With it he proceeded down the steep bank on his right hand, to the whirling Athabasca River below.

He had to go slowly, and most carefully, clutching for safety to the ground juniper, and red willow bushes. The soft, loose, brown clay, and shaly gravel crumbled away beneath his feet, and fell splashing into the water. Big flat-faced boulders were exposed in places, and against these his moccasin-clad feet got a good grip. Reaching the bottom at last, he filled his billy tin with the brown-coloured water, and laboriously climbed with it up to the fire, and slung it on the stick beside the pork and beans, to boil for the tea.

These preparations being done, he proceeded to unroll his pack, consisting of a tent, blankets, and food. Clearing the small bushes off a piece of ground with his axe, he erected the tent, as close to the fire as possible. This tent was just for sleeping in, or a place of shelter from the rain; the meals were eaten sitting round the fire.

The tent set up, Louis pitched the blankets inside, and set about making bannocks for supper, with some flour, baking powder, salt, and water; cooking them in the frying pans over the glowing coals. He had done two panfuls when he heard footsteps approaching, and loud voices shouting.

"Hurrah, Louis, By the great jumping Jehoshophat, we hope you've got the grub pile ready, we are famished, and so beastly wet and cold."

Louis nodded assent, he was very busy tossing flap-jacks.

One by one the men appeared out of the gray mist, eight in all, nine counting Louis, the half-breed cook, and man-of-all-work. They were a Government Survey party, going from Edmonton to Fort McMurray, down the Athabasca River. They had been out since April, and were now returning to Edmonton. There was Douglas Ward, the boss, and the head surveyor; two young surveyors, Mitchell and Wood, just fresh from the University in Edmonton; they were the chain men, and carried all the chains and the iron pegs. The line men, Hardy and McGinnis, were Western Americans, and old-timers on the job. They carried spades, shovels, axes, and they prepared the lines for the chain men, cutting necessary timber, and digging the four holes at the section corners, and driving corner stakes.

Last, but not least, were three Indians, Straw Hat, Hawkeye, and Angel:—who were the guides, and paddled the canoes, and carried them over the portages. Their names were characteristic in some way.

Straw Hat was never seen without a bedraggled old straw hat without a crown, just the brim—with his jet black hair showing above; and below two long black pigtails, threaded with brass wire, and an old brass lamp burner attached to each end. One dangled over each shoulder, and they were his greatest pride and delight.

Hawkeye was chief guide, and he ran the canoes over the rapids on their way down the river: coming up they had to make portages over these rapids in many places. He had marvellously piercing black eyes, and also wore two long black pigtails.

Angel looked seraphic and also very meek. He had been at the Mission School in St. Albert, and had his hair cut like a white man. Yes—he looked seraphic—but in fact he was an incorrigible rustler, nobody's pipes, tobacco, matches, pencils, or socks were ever safe, when he was round. Very often in the morning Angel's blankets would be unrolled by someone and a systematic search made for missing property! It was no good asking questions, he would just shake his head, and pretend he did not understand, looking so very innocent all the while.

What a strangely assorted outfit of men they looked, as they sat round the camp-fire, and devoured pork and beans, and flap-jacks, and drank cups of strong, black, smoky tea. The fire burnt like a beacon light in a sea of fog, which shut out all the outer world. It illuminated the faces of the men, leaving the rest in shadow. Behind them, for a background, where their wet outer garments hung upon the branches of the trees, to dry in the heat of the fire. Douglas Ward, tall, dark, clean-shaven, was a natural leader of men; he was one *of* them, and yet he was the one *above* them. He was one of the circle round the fire, where there was no dividing line; he did the same hard work, and shared the same hardships, yet perfect order and harmony prevailed.

When he spoke it was not a command, it was an expressed wish, yet his slightest wish was carried out without a murmur. The men saw he often took the heaviest end himself, and at nights, when all were dead tired, and had crept to their blankets in the tent, he would still be studying maps, and writing by the light of the fire.

The young surveyors were boyish and keen, but fearfully plagued by the swarms of mosquitoes, gnats, sandflys, ants;—all the myriad hosts of insect life that take no rest either day or night, and are determined that no man shall do so either. It was an unending, weary fight against them, and many a night the boys dozed by the fire, instead of going to the tent, for the smoke kept them off a little anyway.

The two Americans were more hardened to the mosquitoes, but both suffered from rheumatism in the rainy weather, the result of hardihood.

All wore dark flannel shirts, mackinaw coats and overalls, and some wore moccasins. They all looked burnt and brown, and very weary.

It had been a trying day. A portage of eight miles had been necessary. The Indians shouldered the canoes, but the other men had the tools, tripods, instruments, blankets, and provisions. The going had been very bad. Almost impassable muskegs and creeks up to their waists; or else over timber, the windfalls of generations. This was infinitely worse than either muskeg or deep creeks, this jumping from log to log, with a heavy pack on your back, keeping your balance all the while. To make matters worse the rain had started. Louis's burden had been lightened to enable him to get ahead quickly to the camping-place, and prepare supper for them.

To-morrow night they hope to reach the junction of the House and the Athabasca Rivers. Here was a stopping-house of a sort, and for one night they could have a roof over their heads if they wished. Other survey parties were coming in, and they were almost sure to meet someone they knew; it would be a welcome change after months in the wilderness, seeing no fresh faces, and hearing no news.

Still, Douglas Ward was rather nervous of stopping-houses. Half-breeds and Indians are notorious gamblers, and at a stopping-house he was never sure that the canoes, provisions, guns, etc., would be forthcoming in the morning. When an Indian begins to gamble, his favourite canoe, or his precious gun or rifle, have just the same value as his last cent; he will bet one just as easily as the other.

Douglas had had this gambling propensity of the Indians impressed upon his mind in Fort McMurray in the summer. He saw eight solemn old Chiefs sitting in a circle on the grass, while one stood by them, waiting. Thinking to hear some words of wisdom from this Great Council, he drew near and listened. There was not a sound, and it seemed most mysterious. They had an old red blanket stretched all over their feet and hands, and under this were strange weird movements. Suddenly the Chief standing by made a quick jump and seized something moving under the blanket, speaking excitedly in Blackfoot as he did so. Douglas understood enough to know that he was betting one cayuse on something. He was taken on at once, while many smiles went round the circle, and great struggles under the blanket.

But the cayuse-better held on to the object he had grabbed, and it was brought to light amid the delighted titterings and headshakings of all the solemn old Chiefs. It was a hand, tightly clenched. When forced open there was exposed the silver paper cap off a salt bottle.

Over this valuable article Douglas discovered that a whole bunch of cayuses had changed hands that day!

However, as they struggled up the river the next day in the canoes, Douglas forgot his fears; and in the evening was sincerely glad to reach the stopping-house at the Junction. It was run by a half-breed, Pièrre Dubois, though a dirty old squaw presumably did the scanty cooking, which was served on a long counter at the back of the room. You took your own plate, knife and fork, and tin cup, and marched up to this counter, to be helped to pork and beans; sour, heavy, black-looking bread; and vile coffee, without milk of any kind. For this the charge was fifty cents, for which you also acquired the right to lay your own blankets on the dirty floor, and go to sleep, if such a thing were possible among such a rough, noisy crowd.

The only furniture of the place was a stove, one small rough board table, and some boxes for seats. The illumination was one smoky stable lantern hung from the ceiling of peeled spruce poles.

Two other parties were in, also on their homeward way, one from Lesser Slave Lake, one from the West country, and there was great talking and excitement. It was inevitable that gambling of some kind should begin.

The Indians were tossing five-cent and ten-cent pieces, heads and tails, all down on the floor; the Americans seized the small table for a game of poker; twenty-five-cent ante, every time; and on a roll of blankets Louis Leblanc and another half-breed were playing black jack. Their serious play and betting seemed greatly to amuse a young Englishman of one of the other surveys; he stood watching intently, and finally attracted the attention of Louis, who was winning, and who at once laid a challenge.

"Hello, ma frien' you like a hand on thees game? Bagosh, I'll beat you too," and he picked up the cards and the money, as if dismissing his first opponent.

"Well,—I do not know," drawled the Englishman, "it does not seem very hard to play that game, I'll try a hand if you like," and he sat down upon the old soap-box that the other man had vacated.

Louis was shuffling the cards, and they cut for deal, lowest cut taking the deal, and the game proceeded. At first it was very cautious, nothing being bet higher than a quarter. Louis was winning, he had about two dollars to the good, when the Englishman began to go higher, he raised his opponent two dollars on one hand, and Louis was forced to show down; he had nineteen spots, against twenty of the Englishman.

This made him very angry, and he shook his fist in the air, declaring vociferously,

"Bagosh, I'll bet you $25. this time!"

"All right" said his opponent, "I'll raise you $25."

When the cards were all drawn, the Englishman quietly and calmly laid down Knave, Eight, and Three, against Louis's two tens.

At this Louis went quite crazy for the time being.

"Sapré! Bon Dieu!" he cried frantically, "You go for take all ma monee on thees dam' game. I'll have heem back, I'll bet ma last dollare on the next hand."

Douglas Ward now thought it was time to interfere. It grieved him sorely to see Louis losing his money at this useless game with a perfect stranger. He came forward and spoke very gently:

"Louis, Louis, don't get so excited, and waste your money, you have not got much, anyhow."

"Bagosh, I've got my whole summer's wages," he interrupted rudely, "over $300, I'll bet it all if I like; damned if any meeserable man can stop me! By the Devil, I'll bet it all on thees hand, if I like!"

Douglas laid his hand upon his arm, in expostulation, saying sternly:

"But Louis, you have not got that money, you won't get it until we reach Edmonton."

"Oh, bagosh, can't you leave me alone?" Louis growled fiercely, and impatiently shaking off the detaining hand, "If I am lose thees game, someone will write a note for me. The monee, she come sure. I'll be dam' if I can't do what I like with it. Come on, ma frien', I'm on the game."

And again he shuffled the cards. Again the Englishman won the deal. Amidst the crowd of interested watchers Louis looked at his first card, it was a five. He should have bet very little on that, but excitement was too much for him, and the fear that people would think him a coward.

"I bet $25," he shouted, "and another card, please."

"I'll raise you $25," said the dealer quickly, and dealt another card to them both. Louis's was another five.

He muttered fiercely under his moustache.

The Englishman looked at his second card, and said nothing, only looked at Louis questioningly,

"Yes," demanded Louis, "another card." This time he drew a ten, that was twenty spots, he stood at that. He was feeling more confident.

"Show down, then," said the dealer. Louis exposed his twenty spots.

The Englishman then turned up his two cards—one was a ten, the other an ace, a natural twenty-one!

That meant the loser had to pay double, that would be a $100!

Louis was almost too excited to speak, his eyes were jumping, and he could not sit still; he began to swear incoherently.

"Sapre diable, of all the blankety, blank fool Engleeshman, he is the limit. I'll beat heem if we play all night."

Douglas Ward saw there was no good doing anything more. The gambling fever had completely taken possession of him, and he would not stop until all his money was gone, perhaps all his other belongings as well, his gun, his blankets, his beaded jacket, and his sheath-knife.

It was a great disappointment. Louis Leblanc was such a good fellow, hardworking, uncomplaining, and always so cheerful. Douglas thought of the long trying summer, the hard work, the mosquitoes, the sandflys, the burning hot days, and the pouring rain. Louis had been cheerful through it all. He had done a share of the work, then had stooped over a smoky camp-fire, doing the cooking, perhaps when the other men were having a swim in the river. Struggling along all summer, with scant provisions, and miserable ways of cooking, he had always had meals ready—and now—it had been all done for nothing, his hardly-earned money was gone.

He had a wife, too, Douglas knew, and a small family, at Lac St. Anne. What a beastly shame it was, it really ruined the success of the summer.

The next morning Louis thought that way too, and could almost have drowned himself, he felt so sorry and miserable. But the thing was done, and irretrievable, he knew. He had signed an I.O.U., and given it to the Englishman, for his whole summer's wages.

He was morosely packing their dishes into the canoe, when an Indian boy in a blanket touched him on the shoulder, and held out a dirty looking envelope, without saying a word. Louis took the envelope and could see his name was written on it. He opened it and held a single page of writing in his fingers. As he had never learnt to read or write more than his own name, it was incomprehensible to him.

At that moment the Englishman appeared, also bringing luggage to the canoes; he had to pass in front of Louis, who looked up, and said bashfully,

"Excuse to me, but will you read thees for me?"

The man seemed rather surprised, yet he dropped his pile of blankets on the top of a canoe, and slowly took the half-sheet of paper, and began to read the bad, ill-spelt writing aloud. It was a letter from his wife.

Deer Louis,

I am send you these by Running Deer. I want you to know I am veree seeck, I lie on the bed all day, veree bad pain in the side. The baby, he is seeck too, and we are nearly starve. Leetle Jeanne he snare some rabbit, and peek some beree, else we are hongry. Come home as queeck as you can, with all your monee, then we get well again for sure. Your wife Marie at Lac St. Anne.

The Englishman flushed to the roots of his hair. He felt keenly the awkward position he was in, the man's money practically lay in his pocket; yet he had not wished to take the money from him, he had won it fairly enough. In fact he had been annoyed at Louis's wild betting, it almost seemed as if he wanted to throw his money away. Could he offer it back? He would do it in a minute if he would accept it, but it would be adding insult to injury; he knew the pride of these blooming French half-breeds. He picked up his blankets and went on his way, feeling very puzzled and annoyed; it would be a lesson to him not to gamble with strangers.

By the time he had packed his canoe, a brilliant idea had struck him, he would go and have a talk with the boss of that survey.

The surveyors worked steadily up the river. When they reached the landing they would leave the water, and go by rail to Edmonton. The days were getting shorter and colder, and all seemed anxious to get back.

Louis Leblanc had lost all his cheerfulness, he was moody and very irritable, and hardly spoke to anyone. By the fire at nights he would sit with his elbows on his knees, smoking his pipe silently, thinking of a letter in his pocket, which he had never mentioned to any of these men.

He was worried and discouraged. He had visions of his wife, lying in bed sick, with very little to eat. He had told Running Deer to go back and shoot some partridge and prairie chicken for her, but he would be some time getting back. He saw his baby, little Pièrre, with the soft, white skin, and round, black, beady eyes; he saw him sick too, and longed to reach him, and hold him in his arms again, and coax him with dainty pieces to eat.

And where were the dainties to come from, he had gambled away all his money. Poor Louis! He was paying dearly for his weakness.

He fancied the men were smiling at him all the time, in contempt, he imagined, so he would not speak to them. None of them had ever mentioned the night at the stopping-house, nor were in any way different in their attitude to him. But he was suspicious, and wanted to be left alone, and if they chaffed or teased him, he would flare right up, and want to fight, instead of laughing as he used to. So they left him alone, with his thoughts.

In the beginning of November they reached Edmonton, and were waiting to be paid their wages. In a Government office on Jasper Avenue Douglas Ward sat talking to the Head of the Survey Department. He scanned the different maps presented to him, and glanced over pages of reports.

Next in order came the pay-sheets, which Douglas had carefully filled in for each man on the gang. He laid them on the desk.

"Ah, just so," remarked the Head. "Good men, I suppose? No wages to be deducted, I see."

"Splendid men," answered Douglas, "never would want better on any survey. They earned their money thoroughly."

"No faults at all, I see, eh? And no complaints. Are the men here?" He was busily writing cheques by this time, not waiting for an answer.

"Yes," replied Douglas, "I told them to call here this morning for their money, they will be in the waiting-room now, I expect."

The Head finally handed him nine cheques, and a lot of forms to fill in. He took the cheques to the outer room, where the men were waiting.

Mitchell, Wood, Hardy, and McGinnis were all talking together of what they were going to do during the winter with the little wad they had earned. Straw Hat, Hawkeye, and Angel stood at the window gravely watching the traffic in the street below, while Louis Leblanc sat at one end of the room alone, his broad-brimmed hat drawn down over his eyes.

They all turned to Douglas as he entered, one hand full of cheques. With the other he fumbled in an inner pocket for something, it was a very soiled scrap of paper, folded small. He unfolded it slowly.

It was instantly recognized by everyone.

Louis flushed red. He imagined what was coming—he expected to pay the I.O.U. at once—and his mind was full of the things he could buy for his sick wife and child out at Lac St. Anne. To him it seemed hours before Douglas spoke, very slowly,

"You recognize this note, Louis?"

"Yes, M'sier, for sure I do." His face grew redder than ever.

"Then watch, all of you."

He deliberately went to the stove, lifted the top, and lightly dropped the scrap of paper into the flames, saying quietly and firmly, as he watched Louis's astonished face.

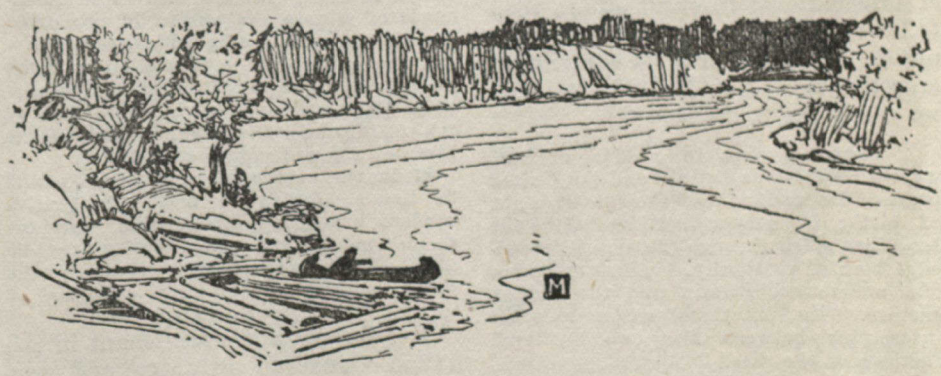
"That is the end of the whole thing. The I.O.U. does not exist. Now here is your money, go straight with it to your wife at Lac St. Anne, unless you buy food here with some of it. And I hope both she and the baby will soon be strong and well again."

Too bewildered to ask for explanations, he ejaculated hoarsely,

"Merci, M'sieur, merci, ma frien'," and held out his hand to Douglas, who shook it warmly.

With that handshake the moroseness of weeks passed away. The old cheery, happy-go-lucky smile came back to his face, and he exclaimed gaily as he shook hands all round.

"Bon jour, ma frien's, bon jour. Bagosh, you'll see me hit that trail. Queek march! Again merci, Monsieur, ma frien'."



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE PARTS MEN PLAY

By Arthur Beverley Baxter. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

LORD BEAVERBROOK certainly is a sportsman, for he took the sportsman's chance when the author of this universally interesting novel, then but little known as a writer, was discussing with him the possibility of occupying a position on one of Beaverbrook's London dailies. "Do you know anything about newspaper work?" Beaverbrook is reported as having asked. "I haven't had any actual experience," Baxter had to confess. "Then I'll give you a job," said his Lordship. Baxter had published "The Blower of Bubbles" and some good short stories, and being a Canadian, a native of Toronto, with Canadian adaptability, he soon mastered the position (on the staff of *The London Daily Express*), and this novel of international life and affairs soon followed. It is an unusually clever novel. Lord Beaverbrook contributes an estimate of it, and of that estimate we quote the following:

> A Canadian lives in a kind of half way house between Britain and the United States. He understands Canada by right of birth; he can sympathize with the American spirit through the closest knowledge born of contiguity, his history makes him understand Britain and the British Empire. He is, therefore, a national interpreter between the two sundered factions of the race.
>
> It is this rôle of interpreter that Mr. Baxter is destined to fill, a rôle for which he is particularly suited, not only by temperament, but by reason of his experiences gained from his entrance into the world of London journalism and English literature.

I do not know in what order the chapters of "The Parts Men Play" were written but it seems to me that as Mr. Baxter gets to grip with the realities of his theme, he begins to lose a certain looseness of touch which marks his opening pages. If so, he is showing the power of development, and to the artist this power is everything. The writer who is without it is a mere static consciousness weaving words round the creatures of his own imagination. The man who has it possesses a future because he is open to the teaching of experience. And among the men with a future I number Mr. Baxter.

Throughout the book his pictures of life are certainly arresting—taken impartially in Great Britain and America. What could be better than some of his descriptions?

But I fear that I may be giving the impression that "The Parts Men Play" is merely a piece of propagandist fiction—something from which the natural man shrinks back with suspicion. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Baxter's strength lies in the rapid flow and sweep of his narrative. His characterization is clear and firm in outline, but it is never pursued into those quicksands of minute analysis which too often impede the stream of good story-telling.

I am glad that a Canadian novelist should have given us a book which supports the promise shown by the author of "The Blower of Bubbles" and marks him out for a distinguished future.

If in the course of a novel of action he has something to teach his British readers something about the American temperament,, and his American public about British mentality, so much the better.

Mr. Baxter was a lieutenant in the 122nd Canadian Infantry and was transferred to the Canadian Engineers. He went to France with the Signals of the First Canadian Division, and returned invalided, in 1918.

DOOMSDAY BOOK

By Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A TRAPPER walking along the east side of the Illinois River, a mile above *Starved Rock*, finds the dead body of Elenor Murray, and the coroner, a public-spirited man who is interested in life and its mysteries, conducts an inquest. The result, as recorded in this book by the author of "Spoon River Anthology", "Toward the Gulf", "Starved Rock", etc., is a formidable revelation of the flights and eddies of one life—Elenor Murray's. An account is given of the birth and death of this woman, the inquest reveals the rest. The reader sees how a human being is adamant to one person and softer than clay to another—"the seed of that old grandma, who was mad, and cousin of Taylor, who did murder". And yet this is the estimate of Barrett Bays, her lover, the one in whose arms she died, of "syncope", that memorable day by the river.

"This Elenor Murray,
What was she, just a woman a little life
Swept in the war and broken? If no more,
She is not worth these words. She is the symbol
Of our America, perhaps this world
This side of India, of America
At least she is the symbol. What was she?
A restlessness, a hunger, and a zeal,
A hope for goodness, and a tenderness;
A love, a sorrow and a venturing will;
A dreamer fooled, but dreaming still, a vision
That followed lures that fled her, generous, loving,
But also avid and insatiable;
An egoism chained and starved too long
That breaks away and runs, a cruelty,
A wilfulness, a dealer in false weights,
And measures of herself, her duty, others,
A lust, a slick hypocrisy and a faith
Faithless and hollow. But at last say
She taught, saved me for myself, and turned
My steps upon the path of making self
As much as I can make myself—my thanks
To Elenor Murray!"

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By H. G. Wells. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THESE two large volumes do not pretend to be a record of the progress of the universe and of men therein, but rather a plain, understandable review of what has been revealed by historians, geologists, astrologists, biologists, indeed, by science and the scientists. It admits doubt frankly where doubt exists, and while the author favours the Darwinian theory of evolution, he confesses that the line of ancestry is broken here and there and that while indications point to an early creature, or creatures, that resembled men, so far no remains have been discovered that are final or convincing. But there are traces in the Upper Palæozoic Age which show the "first-known step of our own ancestry upon the land, the amphibia". Then come the "Mesozoic ancestors of all existing mammals up to and including man". The author proceeds to speculate on the origin of man, and concludes that he is descended from a walking ape. Still he confesses that the origin of man is "very obscure". He doubts descent from the ape, but he refers to crude stone implements found that must have been made about four hundred thousand years ago. But no remains have been found of any creature that might have used these stones. However, at Trinil, in Java, in strata that are said to correspond either to the later Pliocene or to the American or European First Ice Age, there have been found some scattered bones of a creature such as the makers of these early implements may have been—the top of a skull, some teeth, and a thigh bone. The skull shows a brain-case about half-way in size between that of the Chimpanzee and man. "We cannot say that it is a direct human ancestor, but we may guess that the creatures who scat-

tered these first stone tools over the world must have been closely similar and kindred, and that our ancestor was a beast of like kind."

The Outline ends with the prophecy that history will yet record the final achievement of world-wide political and social unity. But that will be no resting stage. "Life begins perpetually. Gathered together at last under the leadership of man, the student-teacher of the universe, unified, disciplined, armed with the secret powers of the atom and with knowledge as yet beyond dreaming, life, for ever dying to be born afresh, for ever young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as a footstool and stretch out its realm amidst the stars."

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ACANTHUS AND WILD GRAPE

By F. O. Call. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

A BOOK of poetry, after it has stood the test of truthfulness and a certain standard of beauty in the impression of an idea or an emotion, must then submit to a comparison with other books of poems, first of its own generation and later with the poetry that through the years has been acknowledged great.

"Acanthus and Wild Grape," by F. O. Call, passes the first test—the inspiration is genuine and the workmanship honest and to a large extent successful. The reader may make the second test by comparing these poems with contemporary work such as "Day That I Have Loved," by Rupert Brooke, or "I Never Knew the Earth Had so Much Gold," by Louis Untermeyer or "My November Guest," by Robert Frost.

Mr. Call, who is a professor in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, has divided his book into two parts, the first under the heading of "Acanthus", comprising poems in rhyme and metre; the second, under the heading "Wild Grape", free verse forms. In "Wild Grape", because free verse is easier, he has produced better effects, but Mr. Call is young in poetic work, his book is extremely interesting and it may confidently be expected that he will grow into finer achievement.

"Hidden Treasure" built about the lines,

> "For we are two pirates, fierce and bold,
> And we'll capture the hoard of the morning's gold"

carries its point." Japanese Prints" and "Love Songs" are gems of delicate imagery. The following, "Lucerne", is done strongly, after the ultra-modern manner:

From staring eyes
Of hotel windows,
From flaunting rich
And cringing poor,
From men and women
Drunken with wine, passion, money,
From tired Cook's tourists
Doing Switzerland on sixteen pounds,
From shrieking steamers
Tearing the shadow of Mount Pilatus into shreds,
From bands beating out brazen music
Under the twisted plane-trees,
From all that is poor and rich and ugly,
I lift my eyes unto the eternal hills
Which are outlined upon orange and crimson
By a Supreme Master with a brush of sunlight,
And there my soul finds peace.

*

NEIGHBOURS

By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN reading this book one thinks of "Spoon River Anthology", more because of the subjects treated than of the treatment. For whether one doubt the poetic values of "Spoon River" one has no doubt of it in "Neighbours". The first part of the book, from which the title is derived, reveals English country characters and the temperament, foibles, and peculiarities of an English commun-

ity. The author has a simple, terse, vivid style, which is displayed with equal force in the section entitled "Travels", poems descriptive rather of places than of persons, and in "Home", a group of poems on England and some love songs. Of these we quote:

THE SADDLE

The Saddle—where that August noon we basked
Above the gorse in the quivering golden glow
Was a smother of white mist and driving snow
That, stinging, blinding and bewildering, tasked
My utmost powers as in the wan twilight
I crossed the ridge this afternoon alone,
Plunging thigh-deep through drifts of whirling white
In a wind that seemed to strip me to the bone.

Yet as I struggled through the drifts I knew
No sharp regret for golden days gone by;
For in my heart was the blaze and scent and bloom
Of unforgotten summer, as I thought of you
And the happy babes even then awaiting me
In the golden heartlight of our little room.

*

TENSION

By E. M. Delafield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"TENSION" is distinctly a story showing how ruthlessly a girl's actions and character, though perfectly good, may be made a topic of scandal by that most pernicious method, common among women, of suggestive criticism. Lady Rossiter was an honourary member of the governing board of a college in an English town, and upon hearing that the new lady superintendent was Miss Marchrose, she decided she must be the young lady of that name who had jilted a distant cousin of hers some years previously. Although the cousin married someone else in the meantime, Lady Rossiter felt it her duty to warn everyone of this girl's light tendencies, ignoring the fact that she fulfilled her duties at the college in a highly capable manner. Finally, as a result of her assisting Mr. Easter, Sir Julian Rossiter's business agent, it provided a splendid opportunity for Lady Rossiter, with a word to one and a hint to another, to set numerous tongues wagging on incidents that ordinarily they would not have noticed. But the whole air of the college became charged with such a tension that it was evident something drastic must occur. What did occur came like a bolt from the blue, and makes a very interesting ending to the book. Lady Rossiter is a character which typifies many women who take a hobby-like interest in some institution and paint their own narrow ideas in such pleasing colours that they cannot discern the more drab but vastly broader suggestions of those handling the situation, who understand it from all sides.

*

BLIND

By Ernest Poole. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS semi-social, semi-romantic document can be termed a novel only by courtesy. It is even more formless than Mr. Poole's 'novel'—*The Village*—touching conditions in contemporary Russia, and there is, we think, less excuse for its formlessness. While it is true that certain interestingly developed thoughts and tendencies emerge from the preliminary welter of the book and attempt some definition, they do so at the relative expense of the two or three characters that have any "body" and at the complete expense of the thin-funnelled, cyclonic plot. The book is adventitiously epical, a thinly fictionalized reaction to the problems revealed and induced by the Great War. Nor is it by any means an adequate interpretation of the spirit that is moving on the face of the social and political waters of the world.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

CHRISTOPHER DRAKE

He was a Devonshireman

CHRISTOPHER DRAKE was a Devonshireman who settled on a farm in Ontario fifty years ago. God had not thought of him as a farmer, but fate cast him there, and there he remained. He is remembered now because of the paradoxical nature that permitted him to display the very essence of heartiness and goodwill towards everyone outside his own home and the very essence of deviltry and illwill within. On one hand he had the spirit of geniality, on the other, of a tyrant and a despot. For he had primitive man's idea of the proper fitness of things. A wife, for instance, was an inferior member of the household, a creature convenient whenever anything had to be fetched or carried; indeed, as one who catered to his comfort and well-being. And his comfort and well-being demanded certain things on certain occasions. For one thing, he demanded apple-butter for breakfast summer and winter, with pancakes and bacon. At dinner, the mid-day meal, he insisted on having with his meat a huge slice of cheese, whose surface he always covered with mustard. At this meal also he called for a pitcher of hard cider, drawn from the spring-house in summer and heated with a red-hot iron in winter. And red-hot, to be sure, was Christopher Drake whenever he revealed his real personality. But on those memorable occasions when two little boys came his way, he did not even try to conceal the fact that he possessed as well all the mirthful qualities of Santa Claus and King Cole combined. For he just went on in his own assumed manner, shaking for all the world like a real bowlful of jelly, puffing out his whiskers, getting red in the face with merriment, coughing and hiccoughing with nervous excitement, and twinkling his eyes like two stars on a winter's night.

Always wore a Mink Cap

Winter, as one thinks of it, is his proper background. For he never appeared in the village except during the cold months, and he always wore a mink cap, with earlugs flapping

loose, a great shaggy coat of buffalo hide, gauntlets of brown calf skin and top boots of soft kip, with high heels and patent leather fronts. And although his farm adjoined the village and the stones of his house showed gray beyond the beaver meadow, through the apple orchard, only half a mile distant, he never came afoot, but always drove a black blood stallion hitched to a red cutter and engirdled by a chime of bells that even with their warning notes gave out a measure of delight. And as he drew up at the post-office, threw the buffalo robe over the dashboard and stepped out with the reins still in his hands, he looked like a picture from a fairy book. And if he actually was not Santa Claus or King Cole or some wild rover of seas, he must have descended from his own illustrious namesake. For Christopher Drake, notwithstanding his pittance of opportunity, lived in a world of colour and action and romance. He was not just the average old countryman determined to go afarming. Not Christopher Drake. For he had an imagination that took him all over the world, serving him much better than his gouty feet, and making it possible for him to work out his own salvation even in the face of an arrogant disposition, a slender education and a squeamish community. And although he moved amongst settlers from Scotland, Ireland and his own England, and listened to several differing accents, he still retained his broad Devonshire twang, uttering words which in strange ears sounded as if begotten of a foreign tongue.

And a Great Coat of Buffalo Hide

"Wa'ar be gwine?" he would ask if the village boys happened to wander into his orchard in harvest apple time. "Ah doan min' a vew apples, but doan sgin the bark off wi' they bare feet o' yourn."

And whenever anyone inquired as to the health of Mrs. Drake he always answered, "'Er's a little better'n 'er 'ath abin, I tzank 'ee."

Mrs. Drake was a woman of conspicuous resignation. She was resigned to everything, even to one of her husband's proudest possessions—a Peruvian parrot. This brilliant bird Christopher had taught to pronounce profane words, for no other reason than to amuse himself and harrow the tender feelings of his pious wife. In the midst of grace at table (in this respect Christopher had not departed from the ways of his fathers) the parrot oftentimes would exclaim, to Christopher's huge delight, "Oh, 'ell! damn 'er eyes, Polly wants a cracker." To a woman of Mrs. Drake's natural piety and sensitiveness, the effect of these exclamations was relieved only

Mrs. Drake was Naturally Pious

Christopher Never Went to Church

by her attendance at church and other forms of worship. Worship of an unseen deity did not appeal to Christopher. Perhaps for that reason he never was seen in church. Nor did he ever accompany his wife anywhere in public. On the other hand, he never was known to enter the tavern or even to darken the doorway of a neighbour's house. He had keen, social tendencies, but he confined every social act to the village street and his own fireside, where Mrs. Drake enacted the rôle of feminine inferiority.

Inferior in Christopher's mind Mrs. Drake was, because she had come from Cornwall. Her genealogy also was the cause of his contemptuous attitude towards her. He nicknamed her "Cornwall", and on all important occasions, such as threshings, logging bees or apple-picking time, it was Cornwall this and Cornwall that, with as sardonic a flavour as anyone could produce. But she bore up under it all with marvellous resignation, thanking the Lord every Thursday night at prayer-meeting for His great mercy and setting an example to any who on slighter provocation might groan or complain or appear to be ungrateful.

Gratefulness was Mrs. Drake's conspicuous virtue. She was so grateful it was hard for her not to keep on talking about it. She had many things to be thankful for, even if she were ailing at times and had a constant pain in her side. For the Lord was good. But the pain continued.

"One of these days," said the doctor to Christopher, "she will just topple over."

He was right.

Christopher followed her remains to the graveyard one cold winter's day, and the occasion was the nearest he had ever come to appearing with her in public.

At the graveside he joined with gusto in the singing of "Come, Ye Disconsolate", and then he lowered himself into the grave, took a screw driver and screwed the lid of the rough-box tight into place, then took a spade and helped in the ghastly practice of throwing the loose earth back into the hole. Having thus committed his better half to earth, he returned, let us write not joyfully, to his widowed fireside.

And what a fireside, compared with the box stove of every other house in the neighbourhood! It was constructed of stone cut roughly and large enough to receive a stick of cord-wood. The mantelpiece was decorated with an old musket, a powder horn, a mug or two, and several churchwarden pipes. For Christopher smoked inordinately, morning, noon and night. And he took great pains in the preparation of his

He Smoked Inordinately

tobacco, all of which he grew in his own garden, giving much time and consideration to every stage of its development, from seedling to drying rack. In holding his attention tobacco almost divided honours with cider.

Cider and Tobacco Divide Honours

Cider, however, was Christopher's pet lamb. Of it he was a connoisseur. And well so. For he had an ample orchard, and the cider mill was on the corner of his farm, next to the village. From fresh cider in autumn he had this cheering beverage in several degrees of potency up to five years in wood. And it was his delight to produce a jug of it every time anyone appeared at his door, and nothing gave him greater joy than the manœuvres of the one who would dare to imbibe freely of the five-year-old extract. It was his boast that he could drink a quart of his hardest cider and never feel it and that there wasn't another man in those parts who could drink even a pint and remain upright.

Cider affected greatly the momentum of Christopher's life. For with it he seemed to be perpetually saturated. He sat down to breakfast always with a jug of it at his elbow. A stone jar accompanied him to the fields. At noon he drank freely of it before eating and again after eating. He kept cider by him during the afternoon; and in the evening, when the chores were done, especially in winter, he loved to stretch his huge legs in front of the open fire, dreaming or cajoling or cursing, according to his humour and the character of his audience. If his audience consisted of his wife and two sons and two daughters or any fraction or combination of the five, cursing was in order as an appropriate indulgence. And what opportunity he had on the rare occasions when his pipe and tobacco were not in place, when the cider was not nipping hot, when the log was not roaring behind the dogs! But, oh, whenever a stranger graced the hearth, whenever two little boys, permitted to pass the night under that roof, found themselves at last cuddled close against that great paunch and listening with ever-increasing interest to the tale of the Hairy Man or of the two bear cubs that found a nest of honey in an old hollow log.

Hollow, indeed, are all the stories told by all the great writers of the world when they are compared with the stories hiccoughed by Christopher Drake as he sat before his fire, sipping betimes from an earthern jug and sending blinding whiffs of smoke between the boys and the tall tallow candle that flickered wistfully in the brass stick upon the mantel. For you could see the Hairy Man in his den away down in the ground and hear him roar should anyone be so bold as to

Stories Hiccoughed by Christopher

The Hairy Man in His Den

pass that way. And you watched with exquisite terror a little fellow who always carried with him on his adventures a shining tin dipper, for he never knew when he might need a drink, or the protection of sunlight reflected dazzlingly from the tin into the bewildered eyes of some prowling beast. And as he drew nearer and nearer you held your breath and listened eagerly to every word, for you knew that the Hairy Man was crawling yearningly and cunningly up the sides of the well-like entrance to his den and that the moment the little boy, lured on by a determination to see what was in the hole, should come near enough a great hairy hand, with long finger-nails like claws, would dart out and snatch the boy, just as a spider might snatch a gnat that has wandered into the web. But the boy outwits the Hairy Man, for by an adroit movement he flashes some sunlight into the Hairy Man's eyes, and then during the second or two of blinking he strikes him full on the head with the dipper and sends him kerplump down, down, down to the very bottom of the den. Then was the time to laugh and gloat. And Christopher laughed, too, after first roaring and hiccoughing and drawing with great gusto at the blackened stem of his old clay pipe.

After everyone had settled down again, Christopher would begin to recite in slow, even rhythm:

> There was an old woman all skin and bone,
> Who went one day to church alone.
> As she looked up, as she looked down,
> She saw a corpse upon the groun';
> And going up to it she said,
> "Shall I be like thee when I am dead?"
> "Oh, yes, oh, yes," the corpse it said,
> "Thou shalt be like me when thou art dead."
> And with that she gave a yell and died.

The yell, which was half shriek, that Christopher would emit always made the boys shrink under the skin, and kept ringing in their ears until they would fall asleep, hours and hours afterwards, to dream of goblins and graveyards yawning.

Christopher was born a story-teller. But how often he lacked an audience. Think of all the hundreds of nights that he sat there alone, doing nothing but drinking and smoking and settling down into his thoughts. Perhaps that explains how the cider at last undermined him. But with or without evident cause, he slipped away, and we put what he represented of Devonshire beside the fragment of Cornwall, yonder upon the hill. The spot overlooks what were his own acres, where we used to help ourselves to his marrow fat peas, his tender white turnips, and the Astrachans that hung red and luscious under a harvest moon.

Devonshire beside Cornwall